

CALIFORNIANA

MAIN LIBRARY



58

F51 AR38

A

751 763

NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THE LIBRARY

Form 3427



INDEX TO The Argonaut.

JANUARY 1ST TO JUNE 30TH, 1906

VOL. LVIII.

THIRTIETH YEAR.

JEROME A. HART, Editor.

ARGONAUT EDITORIALS.

"Argonaut," A. Hartupce McKee and the, May 26, P. 1.
Creed of the, 146.
Library losses of the, May 12, P. 3.
No ads in the post-conflagration, June 2, P. 5.
Offers of volumes of the, May 26, P. 1.
The trade-mark of the, June 30, P. 6.
Thirtieth year of the, June 9, P. 1.
Art treasures, Wooden palaces for, May 12, P. 1.
Asphalt trust, Venezuela and the, 147.
Balfour, Changeable political views of, 114.
Bank failures, Honesty and, 3.
British Columbia, Threatened secession of, 83.
British general election, The, 34.
British parliament, Many new members in the, 115.
Bryan, A break between Hearst and, 178.
Building materials, The bill giving drawbacks on, June 16, P. 5.
Buildings, Formulating new laws regarding, June 30, 5.
Limiting the height of, May 19, P. 2.
Cannon, Speaker, Insurrection of, 19.
Canteen, Restore the, 67.
Chamberlain, Joseph, Election manifesto of, 18.
Vindication of, 50.
China, Missionaries attacked in, 131.
Rumored uprising in, 114.
The rising tide in, 143.
Chinatown, Chinese will probably return to, June 23, P. 4.
The Burning of, May 12, P. 3.
Chinese boycott, Causes of the, 145.
Chinese immigration, Rev. Doremus Scudder's defense of, 18.
Chinese exclusion, California and, 193.
Consuls and, 233.
Foreign missionaries in, 179.
Hawaiian missionaries against, 115.
New bill for, 83.
New phases of, 1.
Proposed convention on, 115.
The South in favor of, 98.
City, Folly of investing all in a single, May 12, P. 2.
Congo, King Leopold and the, 99.
Congress, Cabinet extravagances discussed in, 65.
Congressional Franks, The "Christian Lobby" and, 34.
Consular service, Reform needed in our, 50.
Culture and crime, 34.
Damien, Dr. Hyde's attack on Father, 18.
Depew, New York senator's praise for, 51.
Disease, Inventions and, 146.
Divorce, California, Statistics on, 130.
Dowie, Whence comes the success of, 66.
Dynamite, The effects of, May 5, P. 2.
The use of, May 12, P. 3.
Earthquake, Strange Stories of the, June 23, P. 5.
The other island's bad, June 30, P. 4.
England's navy, Oil to be used in, 163.
Politeness in, 179.
Euthanasia, Dr. Charles Eliot Norton on, 18.
The ethics of, 178.
Exposition, Pacific Coast, 35.
Fallacies, Election of President, 66.
Fickleness of the populace, 217.
Filipinos, Christianizing the, 219.
Philippines for the, 234.
Financial conditions for 1905, 34.
Fire, Strange freaks of the, May 5, P. 2.
Fire and earthquake, Silence of the pulpit on, May 19, 1.
Tell the truth about, May 26, P. 3.
Firemen's heroism, Congress rewards, 99.
Food, English laws on impure, 115.
Millions killed by impure, 115.
Fort Mason, Government to fully equip, 131.
French politics, The crisis in, 161.
Geary Street Railway, Purchasing a site for the, 3.
Governor, Candidates named for, 163.
The campaign for, 97.
Heroism, Congress rewards firemen's, 99.
Hearst, Los Angeles' welcome to, 3.
New York Democrats and, 83.
Nimrod exploits of, 51.
Rumored alliance of Charles T. Murphy and, June 16, P. 4.
The Bryan boom and, June 16, P. 3.
Illiteracy, Disappearance of, 35.
Immigration, Increase of, 2.
Imperialism, Revulsion against, 129.
Insurance companies, Disintegration of, June 2, P. 4.
Fair and unfair, June 30, P. 4.
Fair dealing of some, June 23, P. 1.
Hostile attitude of the, June 3, P. 2.
Will they pay? June 26, P. 1.
State and federal, June 23, P. 1.
Technicalities to be used by, May 12, P. 1.

The other states and the, June 2, P. 5.
The "six-bit," June 30, P. 3.
What can be done with the, June 9, P. 3.
Insurance managers, Confidence game of, June 16, P. 3.
Peculiar defenses of the, June 30, P. 4.
Insurance (Traders) company, Cowardly bankruptcy of the, June 16, P. 2.
Attempt at a compromise of the, June 16, P. 4.
Remarkable liquidation proceedings of the, June 2, P. 2.
Investing in a single city, folly of, May 12, P. 2.
Italians in San Francisco, 218.
Japan, American trade-marks imitated in, 178.
British press angry at, 114.
China, America and, 99.
Economic imitiveness of, 67.
English capital in, 50.
The famine in, 114.
The Monroe doctrine of, 195.
Japanese, Hawaii and the, 194.
Workmen demand the exclusion of, 19.
Jefferson's shore navy, 218.
Journalists, High honor of, 98.
Labor members and the House of Commons, 194.
Labor party, The English, 82.
Langdon, The sudden rise of W. H., 146.
Lash for the thug, The, 82.
Lawson, Newspaper comments on, 35.
Life insurance companies, Campaign funds and, 147, 195.
English policyholders and, 233.
Many policies surrendered to, 147.
Other people's money and, 234.
Lighthouses, Pacific Coast needs more, 161.
Loud, New York farmers object to Eugene F., 18.
Manufacturers, Blundering by our, 163.
McKenzie's office, The scrap over, 195.
Meat packers, Individual immunity for, 219.
Roosevelt and the, June 9, P. 1.
Metcalf, Cotton interests after, 67.
Morocco, Germany's interest in, 163.
Senate discussion on, 51.
The powers and, 194.
Moros, The battle with the, 219.
Muck-raking, Criticism of, June 9, P. 4.
Municipal ownership, Eastern propaganda for, 233.
Local interest lost in, May 5, P. 3.
Unsuccess of, 83.
Naturalization laws, Proposed remodeling of, 2.
New Year's Gayety, 2.
Niagara falls, Destruction of, 19.
Nobel prizes, The, 2.
North Pole, Wellman's expedition to the, 35.
Oriental trade, James J. Hill on, 67.
The Great Northern and, 3.
Palace Hotel, The old, June 9, P. 3.
Panama Canal Commission, The President's defense of the, 19.
Panama Canal, A grave for reputations is the, 234.
Bigelow and Taft on, 33.
California and the, 49.
Chief Engineer Wallace on the, 99, 113.
Engineers report on, 162.
Lock or sea level for, 131.
Preparatory work on, 3.
Senate investigation on, 147.
Senator Morgan and Governor Magoon on the, 130.
Panama treaty, Congressional investigation of, 35.
Panama, Tehuantepec and, 233.
Philippines, Free trade with the, 130.
Lest we forget our, 65.
National honor and the, 67.
The Chinese boycott and the, 98.
Phonetic spelling, A crusade for, 177.
The Spanish language and, 234.
Policyholders, Another organization of, June 23, P. 5.
Organization of the, June 30, P. 1.
Organization necessary for, June 9, P. 1.
Organization suggested for, June 2, P. 4.
Popular invasions in San Francisco, Politics, State, The calamity and, June 2, P. 3.
Presidential problem, The Democrats', 219.
Printers, Strike of the Eastern, 131.
Profraternity, A sailors right to use, 35.
Do gentlemen use, 51.
Race hatred north and south, 179.
Railway, freight blockade on Panama, 49.
Railway Rate Bill, Confusion as to purpose of, 177.
Grosvenor's opposition to, 98.
History of, May 26, P. 4.
Senate passes the, May 26, P. 4.
Red hair, Disappearance of, 19.
Refugees, Golden Gate Park quail and the, June 30, P. 5.
"Ruhberneckers" and the, May 12, P. 2.
The first flight of, May 12, P. 2.
Relief funds, Czar Cannon and, June 16, P. 2.

Exaggerating the, May 19, P. 2.
Foreign attempts to send, May 19, P. 2.
Necessity of more, June 16, P. 1.
The President's refusal of foreign, May 12, P. 1.
Religion, College men and, 146.
Roosevelt, Criticism of, 2.
Mrs. Storer and, 234.
Spoons' defense of, 6.
Taft or Fairbanks as successor to, 82.
The "Chronicle" on, 114.
Third term for, 66.
Rothschilds, Bank of California drafts dishonored by the, June 30, P. 2.
Ruef, The Republican party and, 179.
Russian revolt, Failure of the, 1, 2.
Salt, the equation of, June 9, P. 2.
San Francisco, Criticism of postoffice operations in, May 5, P. 3.
Fire limits in, June 9, P. 2.
Gen. Greeley on rehabilitation of, June 23, P. 5.
Good order maintained in, May 19, P. 1.
Government to guarantee bonds of, May 12, P. 2.
Improving and beautifying, June 23, P. 3.
Leases for property in, May 12, P. 3.
Methods of rebuilding, May 19, P. 1.
New commercial center, in, May 5, P. 1.
New retail district in, May 5, P. 2.
Other cities as rivals of, May 5, P. 1.
Real estate investments in, May 12, P. 3.
Temporary paralysis of civil government in, May 5, P. 2.
The "made ground" in, May 5, P. 1.
The situation a week after the fire in, May 5, P. 1.
Too much bragging about, May 12, P. 3.
Trade Rivals of, May 12, P. 3.
Santo Domingo, President Morales and, 18.
The United States and, 3.
Schmitz, Mayor, Policy of, 19.
The Skating Club and, 18.
Senators, Direct vote for, 66.
Sensuality, Judge de Haven on a witness', 67.
Shakespeare and the workingman, 19.
Sister cities, Optimism of our, May 26, P. 2.
Smoot, The Senate decides against, June 16, P. 5.
Senator Perkins defends, 163.
Speech of California, The, 194.
Springs, Praise for California's, 114.
Stanford Students vs. Faculty, 97.
State campaign, The issues in the, 179.
Statehood, Joint, beaten, 162.
Cannon forgives California's stand on, June 23, P. 1.
Opposition to, 65.
Pacific Coast against, 177.
Stage, Morality and the, 195.
Stoessel, Court-martial of General, 195.
Street railways, Criticism of the, 115.
Merchants' Association and the, 114.
Party-funds and, 52.
Real estate investments and the, May 5, P. 2.
Underground system demanded for, 234.
Suicide, Race and plain, 34.
Taft, Secretary, Downfall of, 3.
Presidential ambitions of, 195.
Tahiti, Hurricane at, 117.
Tariff, American, Artists ask exemption from, 99.
Foreign art and the, 34.
National honor and the, 162.
San Francisco asks exemption from the, May 12, P. 2.
Titles, title deeds, and title insurance companies, June 2, P. 1.
Tule, Boat, Will the, 162.
Unemployed, Menace of the, 3.
United States Army, Criticism of the, 3.
Union workmen, Chinese immigration and, 193.
as lawmakers, 218.
Funerals, corpses and, 178.
Washington visited by delegation of, 193, 217.
Valencia, loss of the steamer, 81.
Van Dyke, Justice, Death of, 98.
Water, new rates for gas and, 117.
Western Pacific, Judge Morrow enjoins the, 179.
Progress of the, 99.
The Southern Pacific and the, 18.
World-girdling system planned by the, 179.
Wheeler, The late General, 67.
Whipping-post for wife-beaters, 19.
William, Emperor, The Prophet Daniel and, 18.
Warlike words of the, 179.
Wood's, General, traveling expenses, 219.
Wu Ting-Fang, The wisdom of, 162.
Wyoming, Crimes wanted in, 3.
Youthful criminals, Long sea voyages for, 131.

BOOK REVIEWS.

American Poets, The Chief—Edited by Curtis Hidden Page, 55.
American Thoroughbred, The—Edited by Caspar Whitney, 22.
Angel of Pain, The—E. F. Benson, 161.
Augustine the Man—Amelie Rives, June 23, 12.
Australian Life in Town and Country—E. C. Buley, 101.
Author's Apology From Mrs. Warren's Profession, The—Bernard Shaw, 22.
Blaine, James G.—Edward Stanwood, 182.
Book of the Riviera, A—S. Baring Gould, 151.
Brahms, Johannes—J. Lawrence Erb, 167.
Breakers Ahead—A. Maynard Barbour, June 23, 12.
Canada As It Is—John Foster Fraser, 87.
Castlecourt Diamond Case, The—Gerardine Bonner, 55.
Challenge, The—Warren Cheney, June 16, 10.
Charlotte Temple: A Tale of Truth—Susanna Haswell Rowson, 129.
Cheney, John Vance—Collected Poems of, 134.
Choice of Books, The—Charles F. Richardson, 55.
City, The—Arthur Upson, 166.
City: The Hope of Democracy, The—Frederick C. Howe, 150.
Columbus—Frederick A. Ober, 151.
Companionship of Books, and Other Papers, The—Frederick Rowland Marvin, 22.
Conquest of Canaan, The—Booth Tarkington, 7.
Constructive Democracy—William E. Smythe, 152.
Dawn of To-Morrow, The—Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, 224.
Debtor, The—Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, 40.
Deluge, The—David Graham Phillips, 7.
Derbyshire Highways and Byways—J. B. Firth, 40.
Digit of the Moon—F. W. Bain, 103.
Diplomatic Mysteries—Vance Thompson, 119.
Discourses—Sir Joshua Reynolds, 54.
Divining Rod, The, 53.
Dunbar, Poems of Paul Laurence, 103.
English Hours—Henry James, 81.
Essays in Application—Henry Van Dyke, 16.
Fair Margaret—F. Marion Crawford, 22.
Far Eastern Impressions—Ernest F. G. Hatch, 37.
Fisherman's Luck—Henry Van Dyke, 71.
Flower of Youth, The—Roy Rolfe Gilson, 168.
Folly—Edith Rickert, 240.
Free Opinions—Marn-Correll, 136.
Fusser's Book, The—Anna Archibald Florence Wyman, 119.
Games and Amusements, New—Meredith Nugent, 55.
George Bernard Shaw: His Plays—Henry L. Menken, 51.
Government Rate Regulation of Railways—Hugo R. Myers, 55.
Great Portraits as Seen and Described by Great Writers—Edited by Escher Singleton, 54.
Gumption—Nathaniel C. Fowler, 103.
Habitant, The—Dr. William Henry Drummond, 166.
Haydon, B. R. and His Friends—George Paston, 54.
Heart of Lady Anne, The—Egerton and Agnes Castle, 103.
Heart's Haven—Katherine Evans Blake, 126.
Henry James—Elizabeth Luther Cary, 22.
Henry VIII—A. F. Pollard, 55.
Her American Daughter—Annie E. Colcock, 184.
Hereditry in Royalty—Frederic Adams Woods, 223.
Hernando Cortes—Frederick A. Ober, 151.
High-Road of Empire, The—A. H. Hallam-Murray, 167.
History of Our Own Times, Vol. V—Justin McCarthy, 135.
History of the United States—Edward Channing, 152.
Home Life in France—Miss Betham-Edwards, 104.
Hope, Last Poems of Laurence, 183.
House of a Thousand Candles, The—Meredith Nicholson, 103.
House of the Merrills—Archibald Marshall, 136.
House on the Marsh, The—Florence Warden, 120.
In old Barbours—Mary Dillon, 184.
In Our Town—William Allen White, June 2, 10.
In Vanity Fair—Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd, June 16, 10.
Invisible Road, The—Eleanor Talbot Kinkaid, June 23, 12.
Irish History and the Irish Question—Goldwin Smith, 132.
Inland Caldon, An—Arthur Henry, 54.
Javelin of Fate—Mrs. Janis, 136.
Jewish Encyclopedia, The, Vol. 1, 136.

Lady Bobs: Her Brother and 1—Jeff Chamberlin, 71.
Land of the Rising Sun—Gregoire de Wollant, 87.
Landscape Painting and Modern Dutch Art—E. B. Greenshields, 239.
Land Hol—Morgan Robertson, 40.
Launching of a University, The—Daniel Coit Gilman, 181.
Life of Omar al: Khayyami—J. K. M. Shirazi, 54.
Lippincott's Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World, 55.
Lowell, James Russell—Ferris Greenslet, 134.
Love's Cross-Currents—Algernon Charles Swinburne, 22.
Maker of History, A—E. Phillips Oppenheim, 212.
Men and Things—Edited by Mark Twain, 151.
Menace of Privilege, The—Henry George, Jr., 152.
Mirabeau and the French Revolution—Charles F. Warwick, 22.
Mister Bill, A Man—Albert E. Lyons, 167.
Model English Prose—George R. Carpenter, 22.
Mountain of Fear, The—Dr. Henry C. Rowland, 119.
Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV—W. H. Wilkins, 33.
Napoleon's Notes on English History—Henry Foljambe Hill, 119.
No. 101—Wyndom Carey, 184.
Nonchalante, The—Stanley Olmsted, 166.
Normandy in Color—Gordon Hume, 167.
Northerner, The—Norah Davis, 7.
Old Lim Jucklin—Opie Read, 167.
Old-Time Wall Papers—Kate Sanborn, 239.
Opal Sea, The—John C. Van Dyke, 238.
Our Navy and the Barbary Corsairs—Dr. Gardner W. Allen, 136.
Pang-Yanger, The—Elma Travis, 71.
Payne, The Poetry of John, 150.
Pink Typhoon, The—Harrison Robertson, June 16, P. 10.
Plant Life, New Creations In—W. S. Harwood, 136.
Portreeve, The—Eden Phillpotts, 222.
Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, The—J. Ernest Pythian, 239.
Prisoner of Ornett Farm, The—Frances Powell, 222.
Race of the Swift, The—Edwin Carlisle Litsey, 184.
Rebecca Mary—Annie Hamilton Donnell, 40.
Red-Keggers, The—Eugene Thwing, 130.
Riding and Driving—Edited by Caspar Whitney, 8.
Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius—Samuel Dill, 88.
Sage Brush Parson, The—A. B. Ward, 168.
Sarah Bernhardt Brown—Charles Felton Pidgin, 120.
Seffy—John Luther Long, 163.
Shadow of Life, The—Anne Douglas Sedgwick, 240.
Shakespeare, Plays of—Stopford Brooke, 150.
Sicily—Augustus J. C. Hare, 151.
Sidney Lanier—Edwin Mims, 134.
Silas Strong—Irving Bacheller, 246.
Sir Galahad of New France—William Henry Johnson, 184.
Sir Walter Scott—Andrew Lang, 224.
Smith, Autobiography of Samuel, The, 39.
Songs o' Cheer—James Whitcomb Riley, 55.
Spanish Conquest in America—Sir Arthur Helps, 168.
Sporting Sketches—Edwin Sandys, 8.
Stokeney, Poems of Trumbull, 150.
Stolen Story, The—Jesse Lynch Williams, 212.
Storm Signals—Gustave F. Mertens, 115.
Story of My Life, The—Father Gapon, 22.
Strength and Diet—R. Russell, 119.
Struggle, The—Sidney C. Tapp, Ph. D., 183.
Sunrise Acres—Benjamin Brace, 120.
Thread of Gold, The, 184.
Tchaikovsky, Peter Ilich—Modeste Tchaikovsky, 39.
Titian, Later Work of—Henry Miles, 239.
To-Day on the Nile—W. H. Dunning, 168.
Truth About Tolna, The—Bertha Runkle, 212.
Two in Italy—Maud Howe, 104.
War in the Far East, The, 135.
Way of an Indian, The—Frederic Remington, 224.
Ways of Nature—John Burroughs, 8.
Wheel of Life, The—Ellen Glasgow, 71.
Where Speech Ends—Robert Haven Schaffer, June 23, P. 12.
Who's Who in America, 136.
Who's Who in 1906, 55.
Wings of the Morning—Louis Tracy, 166.
Wild Huntsman, The—Julius Wolff, 166.
Youth of La Grande Mademoiselle—Arvede Barine, 119.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

Actors Who Have Made Fortunes, 242.
Argonauts for our files, June 9, P. 13.
June 16, P. 6; June 23, P. 6.
Argonaut Stories, 68.
Art Association, Exhibition of the, 182.
Art in San Francisco, 224.
of Francis McComas, 94.
of Japan, Pictorial, 126.
work of Keith, 183.
Artists at the Sketch Club, Women, 110.
Some Early Days, 208.
As They Like It, 199.
Atherton, Gertrude, on the Earthquake, May 19, P. 3.
on Edith Wharton's Boom, 222.
tribute to Wm. Sharp, 38.
Austin, Mary, On the Temblor and Fire, June 23, P. 7.
Bernhardt's Barnstorming Tour—Jerome Hart, 201.
Bibles, New and Old, 6.
Blaine and Sherman, 182.
Bonner, Geraldine, on the Earthquake and Fire, May 19, P. 3.
Books, California's Like Best, 56, 73, 89, 103, 121, 137.
Burbank's Career, Luther, June 23, P. 12.
California, The Speech of, 194.
Calve in Concert, 14.
Chambers' Inartistic play, The Tyranny of Tears, 186.
Communications.
After Many Days—Alexander Muir, 148.
Atherton's tribute to Wm. Sharp, Gertrude, 38.
"Chapel" Once More—Henry E. Noyes, 104.
Chinese, In Defense of the—J. M. Rockwell, 151.
Esperanto—Henry M. Kinsey, 225.
General Sherman's "Damn"—T. M. Young, 148.
Germany and Holland, 219.
Grammatical Contagion—Clare Temple, 83.
Herbert Spencer's Advice, 100.
Our Yearly Symposium—Maria Vidal, 225.
Petherick's Peril, 163.
Politics and the W. C. T. U., 235.
Publishing and "Piracy"—Double-day, Page & Co., 223.
Prizes for Pictures, On, 239.
Question of Usage—A. Hartuppe McKee, 163.
Religion, Colleges and Creeds—Bernard M. Kaplan, 195.
Stanford University and the Newspapers—G. A. Clark, 100.
Temperance and the Canteen—A. L. Johnston, 163.
Tule life preservers—George W. Hendry, 86.
Who He Is, 225.
Corbett, Jim, in Cashel Byron's Profession, 59.
Creston Clarke, Praise for, 211.
De Koven's "Foxy Quiller" at the Tivoli, 43.
Descent of Elijah III, The, 235.
Esperanto, 167.
Eytzinger's, Rose, Memories, 38.
Fire, See Fire and Earthquake.
Fire, Argonaut losses in the, April 21, P. 1.
A freeman on fighting the, June 16, P. 8.
A literary editor's losses in the, June 2, P. 12.
Dr. Danziger's manuscript losses in the, June 30, P. 12.
Henry A. Laffer's story of the, June 30, P. 8.
Libraries destroyed in the, May 5, P. 3; May 12, P. 8; June 2, P. 12.
San Francisco, Two Pictures of, May 19, P. 5.
Earthquake, See Fire and Earthquake.
Earthquake, Professor Davis on the, June 9, P. 6.
San Jose's losses in the, April 21, P. 3.
Zone, The, June 23, P. 9.
Forrest, Edwin, The Centenary of, 214.
Gadsdill in Concert, 122.
Geisha at the Tivoli, The, 91.
Gerardy's "Cello Concert, 243.
German student plays, 106.
Girl With the Green Eyes at the Alcazar, The, 139.
Gridiron Club digs the canal, 131.
Hart, Jerome.
Bernhardt's Barnstorming Tour, 201.
interviewed on San Francisco, April 28, PP. 1-3.
Heir to the Hoorah at the Columbia Theater, The, 210.
Humorous Sketches.
Blue Burro, The, 173.
Growing Old, 45.
Pretty Home Wedding, A, 187.
Prima Donna, The, 151.
Spiegelshreck at the Phone, 13.
Strive to Excel, 125.
Unnatural Hen, The, 109.
Wyoming Table Etiquette, 77.
Ibsen in His Letters, 121.
Individualities, 5, 20, 36, 53, 70, 84, 102, 117, 133, 149, 166, 181, 197, 221, 237; May 5, P. 3; May 12, P. 7; May 19, P. 3; May 26, P. 5; June 2, P. 11; June 9, P. 9; June 16, P. 9; June 23, P. 9; June 30, P. 7.
Isle of Spice, The, 123.
Judith of Bethula, Nance O'Neil in, 10.
Keith, An Opinion On—Bruce Porter, 183.
exhibition, The, 174.
Kipling's after dinner speech, May 26, P. 7.
Latin Quarter Drama, 197.
Letters to the Editor, May 12, P. 4; May 19, P. 3; May 26, P. 3; June 2, P. 6; June 9, P. 5; June 16, P. 5; June 23, P. 6; June 30, P. 7.
Lion and the Mouse at the Columbia, 226.
Little Princess at the Alcazar, The, 154.
London, Jack, Plagiarism denied by, June 9, P. 12.
London's Under-World, June 23, P. 8.
Mack, Andrew, in The Bold Sojer Boy, 171.
McKee, A. Hartuppe. A Question of Usage, 163.
Manila, Dearth of Drama in, 200.
Mayall, Herschel, in Hamlet, 155.
McCarthy's Justin Huntley, The Proud Prince, 139.
Mean Old Thing, The, 135.

Metropolitan Opera Company's Repertoire, 170.
Middle-class diary in 1915, May 26, P. 7.
P. 7.
Millionaire advertisers, 118.
Minstrelsy, Transmogrification of, 106.
Miss Timidity at the Tivoli, 227.
Modjeska's Farewell Tour, 58.
Mrs. Deering's Divorce at the Alcazar, 170.
Neilsen Sunday Concerts, The, 26.
Old Heidelberg, Revival of, 90.
Popular books for 1905, 151.
Pugno in Three Concerts, 187.
Riddles, Some famous, June 23, P. 11.
Roberts, Florence, at the Columbia, 138.
Roller Skating in the Past, 31.
San Francisco, Beautiful or useful, June 16, P. 9.
Jerome Hart interviewed on, April 28, P. 1-3.
San Francisco Disaster, See Fire and Earthquake.
San Francisco Disaster, Gertrude Atherton on the, May 19, P. 4.
Austin, Mary, on the, June 23, P. 7.
Bonner, Geraldine, on the, May 19, P. 3.
Bowles, E. E., on the, May 12, P. 4.
Brief history of the, April 21, P. 1.
Contributions to the stricken in, April 21, P. 1.
Eastern press comments on, May 19, P. 5.
Eames, Emma, on the, April 28, P. 5.
English tourist says Providence caused the, June 30, P. 9.
First days succeeding the, April 21, P. 1, 2, 3.
Hamilton, E. H., on the, May 12, P. 5.
Hart, Jerome, on the, April 28, P. 1.
Holman, Alfred, on the, May 12, P. 4.
Hunt, Hubert E., on the, May 12, P. 5.
List of injured in the, April 21, P. 2.
London, Jack, on the, June 2, P. 7.
Michelson, Miriam, on the, May 12, P. 4.
Pardee, Governor, on the, June 9, P. 6.
Refugees fleeing from the, June 9, P. 8.
Religious press on the, May 19, P. 5.
Schmitz and Ruef, June 16, P. 6.
Sharp, William, Gertrude Atherton's Tribute to, 38.
Short, Harry, in the Yankee Consul, 59.
Stage Gossip, May 5, P. 4; May 12, P. 6; May 19, P. 6; May 26, P. 6; June 2, P. 16; June 9, P. 13; June 16, P. 11; June 23, P. 13; June 30, P. 13.
Stewart, Nellie, in Sweet Nell of Old Drury, 58.
Strangest House in the World, 102.
Symphony Concerts at Berkeley, The, 123, 155, 187, 227.
The Admirable Crichton at the Alcazar, 42.
Tights and Skirts, 208.
Two Orphans at the Alhambra, The, 26.
Tuneful Liar, The, 13, 24, 45, 61, 77, 93, 109, 125, 141, 157, 173, 189, 207, 229, 245; May 5, P. 4; May 12, P. 5; May 19, P. 5; May 26, P. 6; June 2, P. 8; June 9, P. 11; June 16, P. 16; June 23, P. 13.
Vanity Fair, 12, 28, 44, 60, 76, 92, 108, 124, 140, 156, 172, 188, 206, 228, 244; May 5, P. 4; May 12, P. 5; May 19, P. 5; May 26, P. 6; June 2, P. 13; June 9, P. 9; June 16, P. 12; June 23, P. 10; June 30, P. 10.
Way Down East, Revival of, 90.
Wharton's boom, Edith, 222.
Who Goes There? at the Majestic, 243.
Wife, Revival of the, 242.
Wild, Marshall, in monologue, 170.
Wills and Successions, 14, 30, 46, 62, 79, 142, 191, 215; June 9, P. 12.
Words, Words, Words, 61.

OBITUARY.

Bishop, Thomas B., 110.
Binney, Thomas, May 19, P. 8.
Brastow, S. D., June 16, P. 14.
Bunnell, James S., 247.
Burke, Martin J., 190.
Chismore, Dr. George, 46.
Chapman, William S., 190.
Cline, Bryan J., June 9, P. 14.
Courtelle, Alphonse, Van S., 142.
Ghirardelli, Joseph, May 19, P. 8.
Hecht, Louis, Jr., 63.
Kearney, M. Theodore, June 2, P. 14.
Florence, Mrs. W. J., 142.
Lain, L. A., 158.
Main, Charles, 63.
Pinney, George M., May 19, P. 8.
Selby, Prentiss, 142.
Selby, Mrs. P. W., June 9, 15.
Simpson, Joseph Cairn, June 9, P. 14.
Van Reynegom, Judge F. W., 247.
Veuve, Harry, May 5, P. 4.
Wattles, John B., 126.
Weill, Alexander, June 30, P. 14.
Wright, R. Percy, 142.

STORIES.

Allen, Arthur M.—
Told in the Code, 4.
Colyer, Mabel Brown—
By Lightning Express, 85.
Crichtlow, Florence—
Amethyst Soul, The, 59.
Evans, Jane Findlay—
Postnoment, The, 101.
Gillespie, Neil—
Corporal's Private Jag, The, 36.
Hyde, George—
Wolves, 204.
Hubbard, T. O.—
Bricks and His Honor, 220.
Kip, Leonard—
Custom of the Family, A, 132.
Lemon, Don Mark—
Revenge, 148.
Lester, Anne—
Yakataga Pete's Wife, 164.
Mirreles, E.—
Man and the Snake, The, June 16, P. 7.
McGeachan, W. O.—
Wrath of the Malaspinas, 52.
MacNeill, Graham—
Fowler's Assignment, 20.
Union, The, 116.
Stabler, Marguerite—
Oath of Antonio Arezzo, 236.
Wilson, Bourdon—
Private McCord Goes Home, 180.

Storyettes, 13, 61, 77, 93, 109, 125, 141, 157, 173, 189, 207, 229, 245; May 12, P. 7; May 19, P. 4; May 26, P. 6; June 2, P. 13; June 9, P. 7; June 16, P. 13; June 23, P. 11; June 30, P. 11.

VERSE.

Aldrich, T. B.—Kathle Morris, 53.
Annie Protheroe—W. S. Gilbert, 86.
Ballad of Little Grand Duchy, June 23, P. 12.
Beside the Golden Gate—Robert McIntyre, May 12, P. 3.
Bivouac of the Dead—Theodore O'Hara, June 9, P. 13.
Blue and the Gray, The—Francis Miles Finch, June 9, P. 13.
Bohemian Ode, A—Charles K. Field, 18; Builders, The—Henry W. Longfellow, May 19, P. 2.
California—M. E. Dudley, June 16, P. 1.
Carmen Bellicosum—Guy Humphreys, McMaster, June 30, P. 10.
Cavalry Song—Edmund Clarence Steadman, June 30, P. 11.
City Desolate, The—Edwin Markham, June 16, P. 9.
Cleopatra—W. W. Story, 72.
Current parodies, June 9, P. 16; June 16, P. 13.
Current verse, May 5, P. 3.
Dawson, Emma Frances—Old Glory, June 23, P. 10.
Desprez, Frank—Lasca, June 2, P. 11.
Dies Irae, May 19, P. 5.
Dryden, John—London After the Great Fire, May 19, P. 2.
Elegy in a Baseball Field, June 9, P. 16.
Evolution—Langdon Smith, 238.
Fallen City, A—John Greenleaf Whittier, May 12, P. 4.
Fate—Bret Harte, May 12, P. 4.
Finch, Francis Miles—Blue and the Gray, The, June 9, P. 13.
Fiona MacLeod—Alfred Noyes, 148.
Flag Goes By, The—Henry Holcomb Bennett, June 30, P. 11.
Gilbert, W. S.—Annie Protheroe, 86.
Golden City, The—E. W. R. Taylor, May 12, P. 3.
Harte, Bret—Fate, May 12, P. 4.
Hellas, Two Choruses from—Percy Bysshe Shelley, 181.
Hindoo Paradise, A—237.
Homing of Drake—George Sterling, 144.
Hope, Laurence—Atavism, June 23, P. 12.
Intaglios, June 23, P. 8.
Kathle Morris—T. B. Aldrich, 53.
Lasca—Frank Desprez, June 2, P. 11.
Little Orphan Annie—James Whitcomb Riley, May 26, P. 2.
Longfellow, Henry W.—Builders, The, May 19, P. 2.
London After the Great Fire—John Dryden, May 19, P. 2.
Martin's Puzzle—George Meredith, 5.
Maud of the Muckrake, June 9, P. 16.
McMaster, Guy Humphreys—Carmen Bellicosum, June 30, P. 10.
Meredith, George—Martin's Puzzle, 5.
Miller, Joaquin—Tantalus, June 2, P. 10.
Never Give All the Heart—W. B. Yeats, 148.
Niagara, May 19, P. 4.
O'Hara, Theodore—Bivouac of the Dead, June 9, P. 13.
Old Man and Jim, The—James Whitcomb Riley, May 26, P. 2.
Old Glory—Emma Frances Dawson, June 23, P. 10.
On the Ranch—Moira O'Neill, May 12, P. 5.
On the Rio Grande, June 2, P. 10.
Other One Was Booth, The—Edmund Vance Cheney, 196.
Paraphrase of Byron—Margaret Werrington, May 12, P. 5.
People, The, June 16, P. 10.
Plaint of a Player, The—Harry B. Smith, 196.
Reveille—A. H. Dutton, 15.
Reveille—Michael O'Connor, June 30, P. 11.
San Francisco—Minna Irving, May 12, P. 2.
San Francisco—S. E. Kiser, 168.
San Francisco's Fate—John J. Wall, May 12, P. 3.
Sea Ghost, A—Cale Young Rice, 148.
Shelley, Percy Bysshe—Two Choruses from Hellas, 181.
Sisters, The—Wex Jones, June 16, P. 1.
Smith, Langdon—Evolution, 238.
Solis-Cohen, Solomon—When Love Passed By, 40.
Song to the Bell—William Watson, 148.
Stonewall Jackson's Way—Dr. John W. Palmer, 169.
Story, W. W.—Cleopatra, 72.
Stricken City, The—S. E. Kiser, May 12, P. 2.
Tantalus—Joaquin Miller, June 2, P. 10.
Warren's Address—John Pierpont, June 30, P. 11.
Watchword, The—John Kendrick Bangs, May 12, P. 5.
When Love Passed By—Solomon Solis Cohen, 40.
Whittier, John Greenleaf—Fallen City, A, May 12, P. 4.

WEDDINGS.

Allen-Allen, June 9, P. 14.
Baker-Moulton, 14.
Baldwin-Reed, 30.
Bebb-Lewis, 78.
Boyers-Upham, 46.
Brechemin-Miller, June 30, P. 14.
Brown-Sloss, June 9, P. 14.
Burrage-Allyn, June 23, P. 14.
Caffee-Dickinson, June 9, P. 14.
Collyer-Brown, 46.
Dimond-Sterling, 14.
Ellis-Nalle, June 16, P. 14.
Emerson-Grissold, June 2, P. 14.
Englehardt-Painter, 30.
Eastbrook-Foulke, June 30, P. 14.
Ewing-Kelly, June 2, P. 14.
Farris-Watson, June 9, P. 14.
Foster-Burness, June 30, P. 14.
Hanna-Muir, June 30, P. 14.
Harwood-Wilson, 62.
Henley-Sandman, 110.
Jordan-Treanor, 46.
Metcalf-Huntington, 158.
Montague-Tallafarro, June 23, P. 14.
Peace-Dustan, 62.
Pryor-Mackey, June 23, P. 14.
Schoonmaker-Howard, 14.
Sherman-Foster, June 16, P. 14.
Smith-Davis, 110.
Wade-Fabegou, 142.
White-Bergin, June 9, P. 14.
Wright-Lathrop, 126.
Yeazell-Campbell, 94.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Bonner, Geraldine—
Grand Canyon, The, 221.
Cockaigne—
British Cabinet, The, 21.
How Great Britain Votes, 102.
London Shop Girls at Matinee, 198.
"Punch," Popularity and Progress, 237.
Eames, A. G.—
Yuan Shih-Kai, 165.
Flaneur—
Undoing of Duvel, 86.
War Whoops on Broadway, 198.
Hart, Jerome—
Bernhardt's Barnstorming Tour, 201.
H. C.—
Paris, Pensions and Petrol, 37.
Mulholland, Jane Adams—
Between the Acts in Paris, 196.
Congress at Versailles, The, 117.
New Year's in Paris Theaters, 70.
Religious Riots in Paris, 149.
M. B.—
White House Wedding, The, 100.
Ritchie, Robert W.—
Manchuria's "open Door," 53.
St. Martin—
France's Coming Election, 5.
Setsun—
Washington Cauldron, The, 83.

THE ARGONAUT

Earthquake Edition.

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1906

Price, 10 cents

With the destruction of San Francisco the entire publishing office, composing rooms and press rooms of the Argonaut were wiped out. Nothing was saved. But the Argonaut, after an existence of 30 years, will not die. It will be published in San Jose during the period of reconstruction. The aim of the publishers of the Argonaut is not to make money. It is to establish a headquarters for the people of this part of California, where they can be sure of finding reliable news direct from San Francisco, where they can, **without expense**, have inquiries printed which will be published in every camp of San Francisco and Oakland. Mail addressed in its care will be carefully handled and the editors wish it understood that this paper is issued as their contribution to the alleviation of the awful misery consequent on a terrible disaster. The Argonaut is trying to find for mothers their sons, for wives their husbands, and for everybody their loved ones.

VOL. LVIII. No. 1519.

JOHN FLEMING WILSON, Editor.

The Situation at Present.

In the present condition of bewilderment and apathy no prediction can be made with certainty what the citizens of San Francisco will do. It is already a topic of conversation in Oakland, Port Costa, Point Richmond and other cities whether the trade and population that until Wednesday was San Francisco's will remain so. Oakland citizens say openly that this catastrophe points to Oakland hereafter being the metropolis of California. But San Francisco has always been a truly American city. It has had push and energy. It has had great ability. It has already survived two great fires and two great earthquakes. It has gone through hard times and good times and at all times it has consistently gone forward.

Its men are the leaders in every movement in the West. Its wealthy men have interests all over the world. They love their city, and in every way have always taken every opportunity to display that affection in the advancement of San Francisco. Who can tell with what temper they will now, under the most awful circumstances, look toward the future? Being Americans, they will doubtless not view with equanimity leaving San Francisco a wilderness. Should the arguments advanced by Oakland and the other cities reach him, in loud enough tones to awaken them from their present bewilderment they doubtless will announce that they may have lost property, homes, families—everything, but they will not lose San Francisco.

Briefly, What Happened.

San Francisco has been totally destroyed by an earthquake which took place at 5:14 on the morning of Wednesday, April 18th, 1906, and a fire which started in the ruins and raged continuously until today. Of the once prosperous and beautiful city all that remains are few residences in the Western Addition. The loss of life cannot be estimated, and will never be fully known. The Federal troops, with the naval and revenue forces, have taken full charge of the city, and under their direction the municipal, county and state forces are working to the extent of their strength.

Immediately upon the occurrence of the first and most disastrous shock the people of San Francisco fled from their tumbling houses into the streets. It was just dawn, and when the cracking walls settled into motionlessness again on every hill could be seen clouds of dust rising from where buildings had fallen into ruins. Five minutes later these clouds of dust were added by flame. Within an hour great fires were raging on Mission street, Howard street, Sansome street and along the water front. Hundreds of alarms were sent to fire headquarters. But in the multiplicity of alarms there was nothing for the firemen to do but set to work on the nearest blaze or to search the nearest ruins for the injured.

The first shock demolished the big Central emergency Hospital and buried doctors, nurses and patients under a mass of stuff which buckled the beams of the ceilings and smothered those beneath it. Policeman Max Fenner was killed

but Policeman Parquett of the City Hall Station started in and by his own efforts dug out Dr. McGinty, the nurses and all the patients, including the insane. These he took across the street to the Mechanics Pavilion, where a temporary hospital was immediately installed.

By six o'clock the wounded were pouring into this hospital. It being early in the morning when trucks and wagons were just starting out for the day, there were a great number of conveyances ready to carry the wounded immediately away.

The first shock damaged the city somewhat as follows:

Worst damage: Mission, Howard, Folsom and Bryant streets; Van Ness avenue to Union street and all Hayes Valley; the immediate vicinity of the City Hall.

Badly damaged: Lower San Francisco around the Hall of Justice to the water front.

Damaged: All the rest of the city, with the exception of a portion of the Latin Quarter, where only chimneys were knocked down.

Hotels suffered as follows:

Palace: Walls cracked and windows and furniture broken.

St. Francis: Front cracked and plaster thrown down.

Lick House: Top floor knocked down and ceilings cracked.

Occidental: Cornices, windows and ceilings cracked.

Russ: Badly damaged.

St. Dunstan's: Gables thrown down, cornices and ceilings cracked.

Marie Antoinette: Front wall swayed out and gables broken.

News Building Hotel: Two top floors gone.

Ainslee: Ceilings cracked.

Valencia: Totally destroyed.

St. Nicholas: Badly injured.

All these have since been totally destroyed.

At eight o'clock General Funston, on orders from Washington from President Roosevelt, took charge of the city, and by nine o'clock a heavy force of cavalry, light artillery and infantry occupied the principal streets. At this hour there were bad fires along Sansome street, East street and up Mission street. The San Mateo dam and the Spring Valley Water Company having been broken by the shock, the pressure dwindled rapidly and the engines were useless. Acting Chief Dougherty at this time discovered that Chief Sullivan, who lived at the California Hotel, had been badly injured by the fall of a turret, the same turret crushing Dr. J. C. Stinson in his bed and instantly killing him.

A general call was sent out for all the physicians in the city and the undertakers threw open their places as temporary morgues.

At ten o'clock on Wednesday the situation, while extremely bad, did not seem hopeless. There was no wind, and the various fires did not seem to be spreading. A great effort was made then to save valuable goods from the

ruins of the down town district by means of trucks and conveyances of all kinds. By noon the situation had become acute and, as all the banks had agreed not to open, a rush was made on the safe deposit companies. These all refused to open the vaults, except to put valuables inside.

General Farley Injured.

Brigadier-General Farley, U. S. A. retired, the builder of the 16-inch gun and for forty years an ordinance officer, was seriously injured with his wife in the Colonnade Hotel.

The Argonaut.

In the earthquake the Argonaut publication building was but slightly damaged and hardly any damage done to the property, but in the fire of Wednesday night everything was lost completely, the employees of the paper being able to save absolutely nothing except a few of the books. As a consequence all those who had manuscripts or books or reviews or accounts with the Argonaut will have to forgive its total inability to make an accounting at present. All the contributors, in so far as we are able, we shall notify that their manuscripts are gone. All the advertising copy and matter was destroyed. The list of subscribers was saved and this copy of the Argonaut mailed to each one from San Jose may be taken as the reason for the nonappearance of the paper earlier. The Argonaut will resume its regular weekly publication as soon as there is any chance of its having an address. At present what the people of this country want is news, not literature. We shall confine ourselves now to news of the present situation.

The editors regret to state that there were several casualties among the members of its force, although in the present distracted state of affairs there can be no certainty as to the fate of a great many. We regret to state that Mr. Porter Garnett was seriously injured by the falling of a heavy vase during the earthquake and that the home of Mrs. Josephine Hart Phelps was totally destroyed by fire, as were the homes and offices of all of the staff who lives in San Francisco.

Contributions to Famine-Stricken.

The President signed the joint resolution of Congress appropriating \$1,000,000 for San Francisco sufferers.

John D. Rockefeller has contributed \$100,000.

Citizens of Oakland have subscribed \$6,000.

Portland, Ore., has made up a fund of \$100,000.

Seattle has raised \$50,000.

Three thousand five hundred tents have been shipped from Philadelphia by the Quartermaster.

Sacramento has given \$75,000.

Los Angeles has subscribed \$200,000.

Stockton is loading steamers with provisions for Oakland and San Francisco.

The headquarters of the San Francisco Typographical Union have been removed to Oakland on Tenth street, near Webster. Printers reporting there will be directed and helped.

There have been no fatalities at Point Richmond, although considerable damage was done.

Elks Give Relief.

The relief committee of the Oakland Lodge of Elks has secured the Adams Point property on which it is now building a tented city for the refugees.

All the garages in San Francisco have been destroyed. Consequent on the difficulty of getting gasoline and water, the excellent automobile service maintained by the authorities is gradually being abandoned.

No one was injured at Mills College.

Many of the injured in San Francisco have been conveyed to Goat Island by special transport service.

Coming to San Jose.

Several trains have arrived from San Francisco to-day, each one bringing scores of refugees. The authorities in San Francisco through the Southern Pacific Company are granting free transportation south for all who can reach their station.

The Southern Pacific Company also has turned over all its ferry boats to the authorities and the refugees at Port Mason and the Presidio, as rapidly as possible, are being conveyed to Oakland, Alameda, Sausalito, and other places on the bay shore.

No fatalities have been reported at Gilroy, although the loss of property has been very heavy.

Death in the California.

The east turret of the California Hotel, in San Francisco fell at the first shock. In its fall it went through the ceiling of Fire Chief Dougherty's room, badly injuring him and in the next room instantly killed J. C. Stinson. The falling bricks of the turret wrecked the fire house next to the California Theatre.

All the libraries of San Francisco have been totally destroyed. There is not a book store or stationery store or news stand left, except the ferry stand at those on the outskirts of the city and on Devisadero street.

The Claus Spreckels place on Van Ness avenue was badly cracked and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, who was about to be confined, had to be removed to a sidewalk where she remained all that day.

The Hartland Law place "Viavi" on Van Ness avenue near Union street is a total wreck, the front of it having sunk over two feet below the surface of the street. The rumor that Dr. Law's mother died of the shock has not been confirmed.

The home of Miss Ina, on North, the California poet, on Russian Hill was burned and later removed to Fort Masco.

Latest List of Injured.

Following is a partial list of the injured cases received at the Presidio General Hospital up to 9 a. m. yesterday morning. One hundred forty cases had been received up to that time and about 300 more cases since that hour to 9:30 o'clock last night, but no list has yet been arranged of them.

Only one person, Alberta de Saegheer, had died there from injuries.

Fire Chief Sullivan, who was reported dead, was confined there seriously wounded, but will recover. The condition of Mrs. Sullivan, who was injured in the demolition of a California apartment house, is reported to be very serious.

Most of the injured are suffering from lacerations and fractures, but it is impossible at this time to list their various injuries.

The Presidio General Hospital also contains about fifty patients taken there from Lane hospital, which is burned.

Miss N King
Miss E King
Miss G Burke
Alexander Anderson
Joseph Hammell
Miss Catherine Gibson
Miss Sadie Mock
Corp Irvine P Atten, U of C
C Bowles (Postal Dept)
Miss C B Cambeis
Miss O'Conner
Miss A B Lawler
Miss May Cadoza
Miss C Schwabe
Miss M Baker
Mrs C W Elliott
Miss Mary Holmes
Miss Foran
Mrs Zellenback
Mrs Ellen Fletcher
Miss Minnie Jurs
Mrs J Conlon and child
Mrs David and child
Mrs Brownston
Miss Mary Boicelli
Miss Hattie Nichols
Louis Dahlois
Alex Anderson
James Backus
Mrs H L Curran
Miss Catherin Burns
Mrs Elenor Parish
Master Norman Curran
Mrs C C Scott
Miss Bertha Bahrenberg
Mrs L H Coleman
Mrs Lulu Smith
Mrs T Maxwell
Mrs B A Peckham
Mrs Elenia Cole
Mrs Chrystal
Mrs Jennie Anderson
James Latham
Mrs Mary Mulligan
Mrs E Holland
Mrs Selma Goulds
Mrs Bessie Perring
Miss Josephine Perring
Miss Beatrice Conk
Mrs Lizzie Todington
Miss Effie Reed
Mrs E Colton
Mrs M A Dalton
Mrs Nellie Smith
Mrs Mary Collins
Mrs Annie Korentz
Ab Korentz
Mrs May Jonas
Charles M Catterlund
Rhinehart Beintz
Ignatio Addiego
Clarence Rommorson
Leen Wolworth
Philip Payran
Arthur Dowth
John Hart
Charles Mank
Mrs A L Clifton
Chester Walton
Henry Gibhor
Rhinehart Neftat
George Farley
Charles Pulis
Coloer Seigert

Leo Levin
Louis Stecker
Julius Walmer
August Doose
Aythur Phillis
A H Sander
George Gray
D T Sullivan, Chief Fire Department
Mrs Belle Kendall
Alberta De Saegheer
Miss Laura Heines
Mrs M W Hall
Mrs Borenstein
Mrs E H Tuphill
Mrs Fred Albrecht
Willis Albrecht
Mrs Joseph Cherola
Mrs Laura McCullough
Mrs Paul Regan
Mrs Philip Beaulieu
Lawrence Welch
Lloyd Johnson
John King
John Hamilton
Mrs Nellie Flint
Mrs Henry F Newman
Mrs R H Warfield
Mrs Lulu Nofstagen
Mrs Cecil Weston
Mrs E R Hall
John Foecil
Leon Nicoli
Fred Tooman
John Kid
Anthony Recht
Patrick Kelly
Albert Festerson
Peter Johnson
Geo Christ
Alfred Meith
David Kelly
W J Charles
Henry Gleeson (Police Dept)
Arthur Tomson
Ed Holan
Wm E Jones
Geo Reinjohn
E L Butler
Burt Kennedy
Wm Reinkenyer
N M Young
T T Gillick
Joseph Downing
Wm C McLaughlin
J C Younglove
Virgil Dinwiddie
John Sharp
Herman Dane
Phil Epstein
Chas Anderson
James Bohan
Wm Anderson
Mrs Bridget Lynch
Mrs Lizzie Thomas
Mrs Sarah Mahoney

From City in a Carriage.

On Thursday afternoon Mrs. Captain Maddox and a number of friends left San Francisco in a carriage and drove to San Bruno, where they got a train for San Jose. Her son, Mr. Knox Maddox, remained in San Francisco.

More Earthquakes.

Friday afternoon there was a slight tremor at about half past one and toward five o'clock there was a second slight shock.

Police Measures in the City.

Late yesterday afternoon the police broke open every saloon and corner grocery that was not destroyed by fire and poured all liquors found into the gutters.

Six hundred laborers of the Ocean Shore Railway were sent to San Francisco yesterday to look after the sewers to prevent an epidemic, and the United Railroads set to work to clean up some of the streets.

Mountain View is very thoroughly devastated as a result of the earthquake and in the loss of local tanks of the town waterworks has a rather serious problem to meet.

Will Rebuild.

Mr. Frank Sullivan, who arrived in San Jose Friday, stated that Mr. James D. Phelan and the Phelan estate would rebuild all of their improvements in San Jose which have been destroyed by either the earthquake or by fire.

Mr. Frank Sullivan has contributed \$1,000 to the Relief Fund of San Jose. He will rebuild at once his interests here.

Send all offers of funds, places where people can sleep, food supplies, or anything to give relief, to Secretary Clark, at the relief headquarters, at Trinity Church.

A committee of plumbers, electricians, architects, and other mechanics was held yesterday afternoon in the office of Mayor Warshawick for the purpose of arranging some plan for the inspection of buildings which are damaged by the earthquake.

WARNING!

NOTICE IS GIVEN that any person found Pilfering, Stealing, Robbing, or committing any act of Lawless Violence will be summarily

HANGED.

Vigilance Committee.

A wagon load of dynamite exploded at Third and Mission Streets, in San Francisco, yesterday, destroying wagon, horses and driver.

The San Jose Building Trades' Council has taken action to prevent the raising of wages.

Bank Situation.

Owing to the fact that every bank in the Bay Counties has been more or less injured, to the fact that every reserve bank has been destroyed in San Francisco, that the coin and currency in their vaults will not be recoverable for several weeks, the citizens of San Francisco and northern California are quietly using bills of exchange, private checks, and ordinary notes as currency. This condition will probably continue for a long time, but it is a sign of the faith of Californians in the stability of their communities and their ultimate return to prosperity, that no complaint is made of the lack of cash.

Mrs. Corbett, her young child and her Japanese servant, all living at the corner of Jones and Jackson street, were instantly killed by the falling of a brick chimney into their bedrooms.

The Valencia Hotel on Valencia street with, it is supposed, two hundred roomers, was reduced to a heap of ruins at the first shock. The Joseph D. Grant house on Pacific Avenue was twisted on its foundations and will be a ruin.

When the Mechanics Pavillion burned 160 of the patients were taken to the Marine Hospital, but permission was refused to admit them until an hour later.

The residence of Mr. Will Tevis on Taylor street, where Mme. Emma Eames was staying, was very badly injured by the first shock and Mme. Eames with the Tevises went to a public square.

Thirty looters were shot and killed by the various patrols during the night of Wednesday. Over a thousand prisoners were taken from the various jails of the city Thursday morning at dawn and marched to Fort Mason where they were put into an immense bull-pen under guard. Among these prisoners was Attorney George D. Collins.

Along the water front on Thursday a great many dead children were to be seen lying in the grass. Parents fleeing from the flames finding it impossible to do more than save the live ones and food for the day.

Inquiries and Answers.

Hopper—Will Mrs. James Hopper, now at Boulder Creek, report to this office. If she is not alive will definite information be sent. James Hopper is uninjured.

Sinclair—Is A. H. Sinclair, foreman of the Argonaut composing room in San Francisco, alive?

Tischler—Is Julius Tischler, formerly of the Argonaut composing room staff, alive?

Purcell—Will Fred Purcell, cashier of the Argonaut and now at Fort Mason, send word via Oakland to this office.

Garnett—Information wanted as to the whereabouts of Porter Garnett, injured and supposed to be at Fort Mason.

Young—Will Mrs. M. P. Young, formerly of 906 Janes street, San Francisco, send her address to this office.

Beede—Where are Mr. and Mrs. G. Beede, 1259 Lombard street, San Francisco? Is there any word of Mrs. J. A. Calender of the same address?

Rice—Will Archie Rice, if alive, report to this office?

Simpson—Lynn Simpson, now supposed to be at College Park, will please come to this office.

Irwin—Will E. P. Irwin, editor the California Fruit Grower report here.

Miller—Information wanted of the whereabouts of Miss Mary Aste Miller of the Argonaut Staff.

Arnold—Dr. Arnold is staying at Los Gatos and anxiously inquires at San Jose for news of his family, who lived next to St. Dustan's.

Derby—C. W. Derby of 2970 Twenty-first street send present whereabouts to this office.

Erkson—Mrs. W. L. Erkson of 719 Tennessee street, Flat C, and C. M. Erkson, Larkin and Ellis streets, come to this office.

Telegrams by Gov. Pardee.

The President,
Washington, D. C.

Dispatch received appreciated. City still burning and many thousands of people shelterless and without food. Weather good. Many thanks.
GEORGE C. PARDEE,
Governor.

The Governor,
Denver, Colorado.

Have wired Mayor of Denver that 300,000 shelterless San Francisco people need supplies. Need is great and immediate. Answer Oakland.
GEO. C. PARDEE,
Governor.

Chamber of Commerce,
Los Angeles.

Rush food and shelter and supplies. Many thousands of people shelterless and without supplies of any kind. City still burning.
GOTERNOR.

Mayor Madigan,
Vallejo, Calif.

To ship supplies to Oakland get boat from Navy Yard. If that is impossible get word to river steamer to stop at Vallejo.

GEORGE C. PARDEE,
Governor.

The Mayor,

San Jose,
Have been trying to reach you for several hours. What is your city's condition? Are you in need of help? Will talk to you on telephone at Cleveland,

GEORGE C. PARDEE,
Governor.

Telegrams Received by Gov. Pardee.

White House, April 19th,
Washington, D. C.
Hon. G. C. Pardee,
Governor of California,
Oakland, Cal.

Telegram received,

All available tents have already been sent to San Francisco, also rations. I have directed the Secretary of War to take up at once the matter of bedding and supplies and to do everything that you direct that is in our power to do.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

To Governor Pardee,
Oakland, Cal.

By direction of the Secretary of War I have notified the Mayor of Oakland to have Associated Press men apply to you for passes to visit San Francisco. Please issue them under my direction, which has been sent to you this date.

FUNSTON,
Commanding.

Los Angeles, April 19th.

Can you give us any information as to needs at San Francisco? We want to aid as you will indicate. Point the way. Any doctors, nurses or provisions needed?

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE,
Los Angeles.

Fifteen carloads of provisions leave here tonight.

P. A. STANLEY

Progress of Fire.

Mr. E. M. Knust who arrived on the 12 o'clock train from San Francisco reports that the fire in the Mission has reached Dolores to 30th street. Russian Hill is all gone; Tejezaph Hill is all gone; Latin Quarter is all gone. The fire is going on 30th street toward Twib Peaks and Gray Brothers' quarry.

Ex-Mayor Phelan Missing.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan, who arrived in San Jose early yesterday morning, reported that the flames jumped over an intervening space on Valencia street to the house of Mr. James D. Phelan on 18th and Valencia. Miss Phelan was rescued, but all efforts of the life savers failed to discover Mr. Phelan. The residence is burned to the ground, but it is hoped that Mr. Phelan escaped.

Bankers Meet.

A meeting of the bankers of San Francisco was held on Sutter street yesterday, and Mr. Lynch of the First National Bank reported that a committee had examined all the bank and safe deposit vaults in San Francisco and found them intact. It is also reported that the books and records of the San Francisco Hall of Records had escaped serious injury.

The Contra Costa Water Company, until further notice, will not collect any water rents.

It is thought that the vaults of the sub-treasury on Commercial street in San Francisco are safe.

Ferry Building Destroyed.

Early this morning the wind veered in San Francisco and the flames took their way toward the water front. They ran along the wharves from Bay street and from the channel to the ferry building, which was destroyed at 2 o'clock this morning. This means that all the immense graneries and warehouses which had been thought safe have been destroyed.

The city schools of San Jose will remain closed for 30 days, by order of the Board of Education.

The Situation To-day

The situation in San Francisco this morning is substantially as follows: 125,000 of the population have already succeeded in getting to some of the cities across the bay. Of the remainder a large number is on Pacific Heights and in that small part of the Western Addition which it is hoped may yet be saved. Fort Mason and the Presidio and the vacant lots along the western sea wall contain the rest of them. Food is being rushed from all points by boat and the distribution is being made by special police appointed by the Mayor and by the troops. A large quantity of milk was delivered this morning for the benefit of mothers and children. It is thought that by tonight the organization of relief will have made much progress. People are still leaving the city, although through the destruction of the ferry buildings and wharves the tide of emigration is being turned toward the south. The shooting of men trying to get provisions still goes on, it being practically impossible otherwise to prevent such a violent stampede as would result in the overthrow of order.

Also orders have been given under certain circumstances to shoot those fatally injured and in danger of being roasted alive. This has been done in several instances.

Over 150 inmates and some 40 attendants of the State Insane Asylum at Agnews are dead.

There were 1088 patients in the buildigs. Among the dead officials are Dr. Kelley, chief of the female department, and his wife, and Dr. Lillian Bell, nurses Miss A. M. Leete, Mrs. A. Thayne, Miss C. A. Walker, Miss M. Fuimell, John Lynch, Superintendent of the male ward, H. A. Braden, Miss L. M. Holmes, Miss C. Mason, Miss B. Burnett. Over two hundred of the lunatics escaped and are still at large. The buildings were a total loss.

Proclamation Issued by Mayor Worswick.

To the Citizens of San Jose;

It seems to be proper at this time to say a few words with reference to the conditions prevailing in our city.

First, we should all, at all times, remember that the patrolling of our streets under the present circumstances is necessary for the protection of life and property. This applies to us all—it means the protection of our families, our lives and our property.

Secondly, we should all remember that it is the part of good citizenship to yield a cheerful compliance with all reasonable regulations necessary for the effectiveness of such patrol. It is only fair to say that the great majority of our citizens have done so uncomplainingly.

Thirdly, we should all remember that any patrol, in order to effect its object, must be rigidly enforced and must result in keeping the streets of the patrolled district practically cleared of all pedestrians.

The privilege of passing through the lines must be given to some, but this privilege should be used and not abused. The earnest co-operation of all our people is invoked to prevent the necessity for the harsh treatment of any and all possibility of serious consequences.

When a citizen is challenged by the word "Halt!" he should instantly obey the command, whereupon he will be properly advanced and identified.

The pass is not intended to and will not exempt the holder of it from being stopped and identified, and is only given out under what is thought to be urgent necessity, and to be used only when absolutely necessary. There can be but one entrance through the line and that is at the corner of First and St. John Streets.

When you are halted, do not argue the point with the soldier on guard. Remember it is "theirs not to reason why." State your case to the officer in charge and do not insist on what, as a good citizen, you have no right to demand. In so doing remember all must yield something for the common good. And last of all, do not denounce our loyal citizen soldiery as "tin soldiers." It is unjust and will be unavailing, and does not show the mark of a thoughtful citizen. Captain Holtum and his officers and men have done nobly and will continue to do their full duty as soldiers. It only remains for the rest of us to do ours, as citizens.

Automobiling and other pleasure parties and sight-seers should remain out of the patrolled district. The streets of this section in the present condition of things must be given over to the business and working public in the work of reconstruction. Very respectfully,

G. D. WORSWICK, Mayor.

San Jose, Cal., April 20, 1906.

Wait for Inspectors.

All persons are ordered to refrain from having their chimneys rebuilt or recapped until they have been inspected by a contracting brick mason or plasterer.

By order of the Board of Fire and Police Commissioners.

The falling of the bricks of the Fair Hotel at the first shock killed six people in a house in the rear.

The headquarters of the authorities of San Francisco was removed five times during the twenty-four hours succeeding the first shock. The moves were from the City Hall to the Hall of Justice, from the Hall of Justice to the North End Station, from the North End Station to Franklin street and from Franklin Street to the Park Police Station.

Ex-Mayor Phelan Missing.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan, who arrived in San Jose early yesterday, report that the flames jumped over an intervening space on Valencia street to the house of Mr. James D. Phelan on 18th and Valencia. Miss Phelan was rescued, but all efforts of the life-savers failed to discover Mr. Phelan. The residence is burned to the ground, but it is hoped that Mr. Phelan escaped.

List of Dead in San Jose.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Haley and two children, of Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Kerrigan and baby, of Oakland.

Mrs. Charles Costa, 119 North Market street.

Mrs. Claude Everett, 241 Devine street.

Paul Farrar, 206 South First Street.

Dr. De Crow, Phelan building.

Mrs. Helen Brandon, 21 South First street.

Mrs. Warden, South Second Street.

Baby Higuerra, 135 South Third street.

Unidentified man at 135 South Third street.

Unidentified girl.

Thomas O'Toole, of the Twenty-One Mile House, killed at Hotel Vendome.

Mow Cow and wife, Japanese, killed in Chinatown.

INJURED.

Miss Stone, shoulder dislocated and eyes injured.

Dominik Ferrera, leg and foot crushed.

Mrs. Cloud, skull fractured.

Mrs. Higuerra, internally.

Mr. Higuerra, foot badly mashed.

Mr. Van Zant, head cut, painfully.

Mrs. Carruthers, bruised.

Bessie Pickering, severe cut on hip.

Mr. Higgins, 43 Martel street, dislocated shoulder.

Mr. Kalston, ankle.

I. Ballard, arm fractured.

Mrs. W. L. Jackson, contusion on head caused by chimney falling on her.

Mrs. De Crow, seriously injured.

Seven injured in County Hospital.

Help from Portland.

Twenty-six cars of supplies left Portland last night and a car of nurses and doctors. Twenty-six more cars will be started tomorrow. Blankets and mattresses in Portland are being sent, and a trainload of provisions will leave each day.

Measures for Relief.

The Government officials took charge yesterday of every grocery store in that part of San Francisco still standing and gave out foodstuffs to those who were hungry. Bread lines were established at Fillmore and Turk streets, at Golden Gate Park and the Presidio. The line at Fillmore and Turk was four blocks long in the afternoon and those at the parks were even longer. A large supply of milk came over from Oakland and this was distributed to women and children wherever they were found in need. A great deal of this milk was used for the exhausted women who arrived at the ferry throughout the day and proved a great boon to them.

The bread lines at the parks furnished striking instances of absolute patience and fortitude. There was no disorder when the hungry thousands were told to form a line and receive their bread and canned goods. Silk-hatted men of affairs of the world followed good naturedly behind Chinese and took their loaf from the same hand.

Soup kitchens were established in the streets of the unburned section, no fires whatever allowed indoors and many hungry persons were fed by these individual efforts. Bread and such other foodstuffs as may be at hand will be distributed at the various stations twice a day.

Mrs. Emma Fames, the prima donna, escaped from San Francisco and is now at Gatos with Mr. Roble, her secretary.

General Funston has sent the following gram to the War Department. About 300 people homeless. Famine inevitable. Large supply stores burned. Most energetic efforts from outside only can prevent suffering.

E. H. Harriman will arrive on Sunday on special train from New York. He said in interview in Chicago that all the Harriman lines and all the steamship interests which controls will be placed at the service of San Francisco.

Orders have been issued by the War Department to purchase at Los Angeles immediately 200,000 rations and at Seattle 300,000 rations to be hurried to San Francisco.

John Fleming Wilson
Editor

Melvin, Hillis & Black
Printers

THE OFFICE OF

THE ARGONAUT

formerly of San Francisco is at

44 W. San Fernando St.

SAN JOSE

It will be printed and issued by The Argonaut Publishing Co. regularly every week with extra editions with all the latest news of all the Bay Counties, with full lists of names of injured, from reports by its staff of San Francisco reporters. Everyone having information or desiring it will please come to the Office. Inquiries printed in it will be free and will be published at the Presidio and Public Square.

San Francisco

FREE

The Argonaut

Vol. LVIII. No. 1520.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 28, 1906.

Price, 10 Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published at San Francisco by the Argonaut Publishing Company.

By reason of the fire the temporary office is at 25 Brown Ave., San Jose, to which address forward all communications for both the editorial department and the business department.

Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to The Argonaut Publishing Company, Jerome A. Hart, President.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

JEROME A. HART, Editor.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

This number of The Argonaut, driven from its home by fire, is only made possible by the kindness of the San Jose Mercury. Every one connected with that paper has shown the wandering Argonaut the most cordial hospitality. We hereby express our heartfelt thanks to Hon. E. A. Hayes, Member of Congress, and to Hon. J. O. Hayes, the proprietors of the Mercury; to Mr. W. P. Lyon, its business manager; to the managing editor, Mr. Edwin K. Johnston; to the head of the Art Department; to the Foreman and others connected with the composing-room, for their sympathetic interest and assistance.



*Ruins of the San Francisco City Hall. After the fire the steel construction dome was still standing.
San Jose Mercury Art Dept.*

Photo. Wales.

Jerome Hart Interviewed on the Future of San Francisco

HIS VIEWS AS SET FORTH BY A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE SAN JOSE MERCURY

There Will Be a Redistribution of Wealth in San Francisco—San Jose and Other Bay Cities Have a Great Immediate Future.

BEYOND a measure of doubt, San Francisco will be rebuilt and as quickly as possible. If a man owns a 25-foot lot on Mission street he must build on it to make it pay. It will be a better city. Here is an important matter—Chinatown, which is one of the best parts of the city, is right in its very heart, well sheltered from the fog and wind. In the fifties and sixties it was occupied by the best families. The best homes were along Stockton and Dupont. That section has been gradually occupied by the Chinese.

"The old Tevis home was there, so was the Haggin home, the

W. T. Coleman home, the house formerly owned by Delmas, and the A. E. Head house. All these were right on the fringe of Chinatown. I knew them well, for I was born on Filbert near Dupont. These houses were built 50 years ago, and, like the Hearst house, where they used to live, they have all been demolished.

"They will be rebuilt, and I have not the least doubt the whole section will be well built, and will be what you might call a civic center, right outside the retail and business center."

"Some people were irrevocably ruined.

A REDISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH.

"At least I know there were some. Some wealthy people were subjected to a good deal of unexpected annoyance. For instance, Dr. Tevis was seen by one of my editors going along Octavia street propelling with his gentle hands a wheelbarrow containing his pajamas and a few other of his valuables.

"Yes; I would say it has ruined a lot of people. It is going to bring about a redistribution of wealth. Nowadays there is a good deal of talk on socialism. It is urged that a man who has a great deal of wealth ought to divide it up with those who have not. The men who have the wealth do not regard it in that way. However, God has got in and is doing some distribution Himself.

"For instance, the poor of San Francisco have always thought that the Phelans, the Floods, the Downey Harveys, the Macdon-



San Francisco's new Postoffice Building, Mission and Seventh Sts. Somewhat damaged by the Earthquake shocks, subsequently gutted by fire.

San Jose Mercury Art Dept.



Point at corner of Van Ness and Pacific Avenues, San Francisco, where the fire broke out again, leading to the destruction of North Beach.

San Jose Mercury Art Dept.

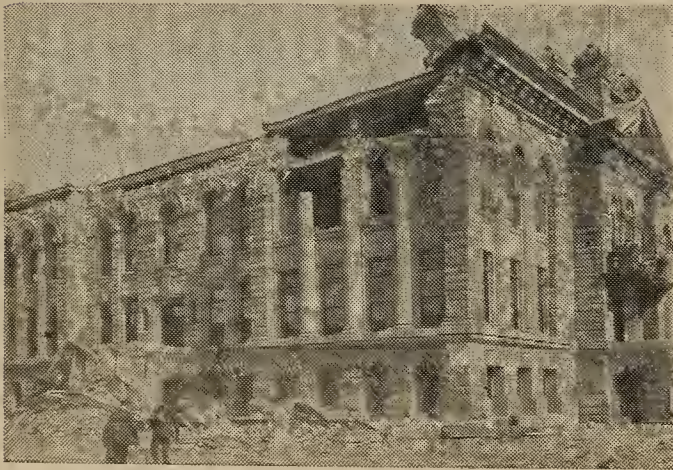
Photo. J. V. Haley.



Wreck of the San Jose High School.

San Jose Mercury Art Dept.

Photo. Denninger.



The new Hall of Justice in San Jose, after the Earthquake Shock.

San Jose Mercury Art Dept.

Photo. Denninger.

ough heirs, the Fairs, the Sharons have had too much. Of course, they didn't think so.

"Now these rich people must do suddenly what we wanted them to do. Everyone of us—the hodcarrier, the steel and iron worker, the lumber handler, the carpenter, the laborer, skilled and unskilled—will get some of that wealth. It is true we must work for it. It is what you might call a peaceable economic distribution. And it will be done with much less waste of blood than is now being consumed nightly at the corner of Grant avenue where the socialists tell how it is to be done.

SAVINGS BANKS WILL BE PROSPEROUS.

"Another question that is agitating the minds of many is as to the savings banks. Will they open? Will they be crippled or injured? What is their future? Here is an idea: the savings banks have been loaded down with money. Never so much so before in their history. The working classes have been prosperous. And every month they have been bringing into the savings banks barrels of money. The banks could not loan it fast enough, because there was not enough opportunity to make loans for construction purposes. Building was good, but it did not keep pace with the savings of the people. The result was that there was a steady falling off of interest.

"Now, in San Francisco they are confronted with what will be the most remarkable building boom ever seen in this country. Chicago, with her remarkable building boom, could not compare with it. I saw in New York when they were building the Waldorf Astoria three shifts working eight hours each (night and day), but San Francisco will outdo this, will outdo the great building boom of thirty years ago.

"It is claimed that the city will be rebuilt in three years; some of the big construction companies in the East say two years. The building will go on rapidly. The people who have land will have to build. And they will have to borrow enormous sums of money. The savings banks have a lot of idle coin that they have not been able to loan.

"The Hibernia bank has United States bonds that don't pay $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent interest. The latest United States convertible loans don't pay net more than $1\frac{7}{8}$ per cent.

"If these institutions are under the dire necessity of loaning out at 6 per cent, looking at it from that view point, the saving banks are in no danger. They will, of course, shelter themselves behind all the regulations the law affords by fixing periods of 30, 60 or 100 days as they may determine. This would avoid a rush. They will protect themselves amply.

"So that it would seem the savings banks are confronted with an era of prosperity instead of distress.

OUTLINE OF NEW CITY.

"As to the question of the rebuilding of the city, and whether it will be rebuilt on different lines, there is a great deal of uncertainty. There have been many attempts made to lay it out on different or on new lines; such as to run the park down to Market street, to connect or lie between two great arteries of the city like Hyde Park in London between the Marble arch and Hyde Park Gate. They have found it difficult to accomplish this, owing to vested interests. The property owner would not sell except at exorbitant prices. So they were hindered from bringing about these improvements. Well, now they may do it, because many small property owners are confronted with the difficulties of clearing away the debris, etc., and if not able to rebuild for a year or so, they would probably sell. Therefore it may be possible to continue the park.



Panoramic View of Refugees' Tents in Camp, near Fort Mason, San Francisco. Morin County Hills seen in background across the Golden Gate.
Son Jose Mercury Art Dept.

"But in regard to running boulevards, and widening the downtown narrow streets, I very much doubt they will bring this about, because owners of land, fearing that, will get to work so rapidly and build so soon that it will be difficult to do it. When you get a building on a place it is difficult to interfere with it, so that I believe there will be no change in this matter except on broad, general lines.

"One of the most notable features of the fire has been the warning in regard to cheap construction. That is to be noticed right here in San Jose as well as in San Francisco. Buildings that have been well built have stood the earthquake, while others which have been cheaply constructed, right beside them, have fallen flat. When I was a boy the Palace Hotel was being built. It was shortly after the big earthquake of forty years ago. The memories of the people were still vivid with recollections of toppling walls and ruined homes. So Ralston, who was a very stubborn man, said he would build the Palace so that it could be shaken up, but not shaken down. It was built very, very firmly, with heavy walls, with many brick walls throughout the building and with steel rods running right through it from side to side, and then enormous concrete anchors down in the bowels of the earth, through which other rods were run. Ralston spoke truthfully when he said they may shake it up but they cannot shake it down. The Palace stood the earthquake well and nearly stood the fire, and today they say they can use the walls.

"Correspondingly all the good buildings of modern steel construction have stood well. For example, the Chronicle, the Kohl, the Shreve, the Merchants' Exchange and a number of other buildings along Montgomery and Market streets of steel frame.

"On the other hand, cheap buildings have gone down like houses of cards and the other poor buildings of thirty years ago have suffered equally. The same thing is seen in San Jose. You can see the good buildings erected by good honest workmen, with material made of honest, genuine materials, which stand today alongside the poor, "shackley," jerrybuilt building of a year or so ago. It is a warning to San Francisco for evermore. She has been burned down now and often before because she has been lenient enough to allow cheap buildings, cheap veneered brick buildings on the ground of charity or on the cry 'let the boys get to work!'

A BEAUTIFUL AND SAFE CITY.

"And now, if she has the strength of mind and courage to enforce proper building laws and proper fire limits, she will not only have a beautiful city, but she will have a perfectly safe one.

"What San Francisco has lost is going to be the gain of the bay cities, because San Francisco is going to be down and out for at least a year, and gradually her business will pass into other cities. Oakland is reaping a harvest by reason of the accidental fact that she is the nearest to San Francisco. Other cities are going to be benefited likewise.

"Fancy the trade, the support of 400,000 people snuffed out in a moment. San Jose is a terminal point. Query: Why cannot she supply her territory, the smaller dealers around here, while San Francisco is down and out, instead of letting Chicago or some other Eastern city do so. I am not a merchant. I don't know whether you have any jobbers here. But smart agents ought to be able to handle the trade which San Francisco houses, because they are wiped out, can no longer furnish.

"Take Oakland. That city must now be supplying Alameda county, also Contra Costa county, which is a rich one. Oakland is taking the place of the San Francisco jobbers. Somebody has got to do it. It will mean millions to Oakland. Correspondingly there must be small towns and cities around here which San Jose could supply and which have hitherto been supplied from San Francisco. That city cannot any longer do it. Why cannot San Jose get in and do it? Suppose she added \$1,500,000 to her trade until San Francisco should have revived? Is it not probable that

some of that trade would stick here after San Francisco had got up? One thing I am mighty certain of and that is that if San Joseans and Oaklanders do not do it. Easterners will attend to it."

Mr. Hart then spoke of the loss to the newspapers in the metropolis. The Argonaut, of which he is the owner and chief editor, was completely wiped out with the splendid library and machinery belonging to that splendid paper.

Mr. Hart believes it will be many weeks before Newspaper Row reappears in the map of San Francisco.

"The modern daily newspaper," he said, "is so delicately equipped an organism, both intellectually and mechanically, that it is like smashing a watch; it is hard to get together and make it run again."

The difficulty of getting linotype machines and perfecting presses would be the chief delay. But the big dailies will all revive and move along as smoothly as ever. We all hope for that.



Palace Hotel, San Francisco, a massive, well-constructed building, though not of modern steel frame type. It resisted the earthquake, but many hours afterwards was gutted by the flames.

Son Jose Mercury Art Dept.

Photo. J. V. Holey.

FOOD FOR ALL

SAN FRANCISCO, April 25—Gradually the National Government is taking the work of succoring the homeless and foodless thousands in San Francisco and tomorrow the representatives of the United States Army will have charge of the gigantic task of issuing food to all those who still remain in the city. This development resulted from the meeting of the executive committee today and the work will be turned over to the United States quartermaster of this department, who will establish a complete system of issuing rations at all of the 58 stations throughout the city. This move—considered a most important one—has resulted from the lack of system accorded at some places and the necessity of replacing the scores of independent relief committees with a thoroughly organized system with one responsible head.

This was a day of optimistic reports from all sides. "Conditions improving" was the happy expression from those who have had charge of any of the self-imposed duties of caring for their less fortunate fellow townsmen during the last few days. In fact, now that the most important duty will hereafter be performed by the United States Army, that of disbursing the vast amount of food and other supplies which have been donated with almost lavish hands by the people of the entire country, the citizens of San Francisco have turned their attention to the details of the reconstruction of their businesses.

There was a resumption of business to an astonishing extent today, considering the condition throughout the resident section. Retail stores were instructed to reopen and the municipal government has established a scale of prices for the most important commodities—food, clothing, etc.—which is even below that existing under normal conditions. Warning was given retailers that any effort on their part to charge exorbitant prices would result in summary action by the authorities.

Street Car Service.

Street car service is promised for tomorrow morning and electric lights will be turned on tomorrow evening. As yet there is no definite time set for the resumption of cooking in the houses. The work of rebuilding and inspecting the chimneys is progressing rapidly, but it will probably be some time before it is considered safe to allow fires.

The preparation of the morning and evening meal—for San Francisco does not partake of more than that number at present—is one of the most picturesque sights resulting from the catastrophe. In front of every house there is a small improvised furnace or cook stove whereon the food is prepared. In some places the Chinese servants still remain faithful to their employers and to them the cooking is entrusted. But it is no unusual thing to see the wives of men, who, a few days ago were the possessors of millions, stirring the porridge or deftly manipulating bacon and eggs. The housewives enter into the spirit of the work with a zest and good nature that demonstrates the facility with which the average American adjusts himself or herself to the needs of the hour.



Panorama of the fire ruins taken from the southwest corner of O'Farrell Street and Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco, looking eastward. In the middle background may be seen the Spreckels building. San Jose Mercury Art Dept. Photo. by C. G. Smart.

Lights Out at 10 O'clock.

Although the order from military headquarters permitting householders to maintain lights until 10 o'clock p. m. went into effect Monday night, it was not generally understood by the guards and on Monday night there was considerable confusion on this account.

Last night, however, the portion of the city that was undamaged was aglow with glimmering candles and coal oil lamps until "taps" sounded and the men on patrol duty were not required to give any warnings.

The curtain fell at 10 o'clock sharp, and the city was in darkness. Few risked street travel after that hour, but those who did were not molested.

"From the reports of officers filed this morning," said Chief of Police Dinan, "there is every indication that San Francisco has settled down to almost a normal condition. Our officers are everywhere, as usual, but no crimes have been reported for the past twelve hours, and petty thievery has not even kept the upper office men of the department busy.

"The one perplexing problem that we now have to contend with is the prevention of an unequal distribution of food. Those of the worst element of the city we find are living better than they ever did in their lives, while the unfortunates, who have never been accustomed to ask for aid, are actually suffering.

"We are doing all in our power to relieve this condition, and hope, in a few days, to get rid of those who are taking everything in sight.

No Hunger.

The work of housing and feeding the homeless and of reconstructing the sanitary conditions, already so far advanced Monday, was carried on with tremendous energy yesterday. It is certain that no one was hungry in San Francisco last night, unless wilfully so. There is food for all, and the method of distribution has been so perfected that it is within reach of all.



The fire on the slopes of the northwestern hills of San Francisco. Camps of refugees in the foreground. San Jose Mercury Art Dept. Photo. J. V. Haley.



Group of Refugees in camp near Fort Mason, San Francisco. San Jose Mercury Art Dept. Photo. J. V. Haley.



Crowd of San Francisco refugees on Military Wharf at Fort Mason, waiting for chance to escape by water from the burning city.

EMMA EAMES' ESCAPE

First Act of the Famous
Vocalist Was to Look
for Mme. Sembrich

Slept All Night on the Road-
side Without Proper
Covering

[The following signed statement of her trying experiences in escaping from the terrors of stricken San Francisco has been received from Madame Emma Eames Story, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who is now resting at the county home of Dr. Tevis, at Alma, in the Santa Clara hills. Mme. Eames is endeavoring to arrange transportation for her return to the East next Thursday. Her story is as follows:]

BY EMMA EAMES STORY.

I was in bed and at the first quiver of the earthquake awoke to perfect consciousness. I was in a four-post bed with a very heavy mahogany canopy over it. I wondered whether I had better get out, but the futility of any movement to save one's self came over me and I lay quite still only holding on to the bed to be kept from being thrown out. I was absolutely without fear at any time. As soon as the movements began to quiet themselves I thought of moving but each time they redoubled their intensity. At last, at the end of the first big shock which must have lasted a minute and a half I heard the voice of our host asking if I were afraid. Of course I got up and dressed as quickly as I could and rushed down to the Hotel St. Francis to see what was happening to Madame Sembrich. Dr. Tevis and I got in an automobile with which an acquaintance was passing, fortunately. On getting there we rushed up six flights on foot as no elevators were going, only to find Mme. Sembrich had gone.

We at last found her and begged her to come up to us at Dr. Tevis' house, on the top of Nob Hill. We passed the day there watching the flames approaching and feeling the shocks of earthquake at short intervals. Dr. Tevis all the time trying to get some sort of conveyance to get us out of town. He at last found a landau from a livery stable whose driver consented to wait in front of the door until we must leave. All the town was burning between us and the ferries, and there was then difficulty in getting there. At about 8 o'clock the Doctor said we had best get out to the North Beach, as we might be surrounded by flames and not be able to get away. The house was ultimately surrounded by flame on Thursday and was the last to remain standing in that vicinity. It was a monument of perfect taste and was burned to the ground with all in it, including all our clothes, we being able to carry with us in our hurried flight only our valuables and one change of underclothing. We took blankets and lay out all night on the ground, the dew falling so heavily that we were soaked. At about 9 on Thursday morning, Dr. Tevis said the fires had burnt themselves out between us and the ferries and we could get over to Oakland and must go at once. The carriage took our few belongings and the two of our party the least fit for violent exercise, while the rest of us walked. At the Oakland ferry we found a large crowd, but after waiting there three-quarters of an hour for the carriage which we had out-walked (and which, through some misunderstanding had waited for us at another place all that time), we got safely over to Oakland. There,

leaving our two maids in the carriage, we took a train to a suburb of Oakland where lives a relative of Dr. Tevis. There we found the house closed and lay about on the ground waiting for them to find means of conveying us to Dr. Tevis country place, 60 miles from Oakland. As we were leaving North Beach for the ferry the manager of our host's country place met us, having come to look for us, and it was he who told us we could get away. All the part of the town through which we walked was later swept by the flame, which returned to destroy all that in their previous course they had left unconsumed.

Through some misunderstanding Mme. Sembrich's maid was left with some members of the opera company in Oakland and she had to return to the special train they were making up. I had lost my voice completely and felt I could not return to confusion and dirt and a possible three days' sojourn in a railway station. At about 5 o'clock on Thursday afternoon we managed to secure an automobile to bring Dr. Tevis, Miss Tetridge, my maid, and myself up here where we have been camping out.

We found the caretakers in a state of terror on our arrival, and the house demolished by earthquake. We had taken a ride in an automobile of four hours, and was glad to be on comfortable mattresses in one of the cottages of his employees. At no time have we felt any fear, and the whole thing seems perfectly natural. When everybody is suffering from the same cause one's personal sensations are minimized. One feels very small. As I lay in my bed at the first shock I took mental notes, as I shall probably never see another earthquake, and I am not sure I want to. I tried to get news to my friends in the East, but since my telephone message to the Associated Press representative last Saturday and a telegram to reassure my friends, which I sent to the New York Herald two days ago, I have heard nothing from them that leads me to think they know of my whereabouts. We have been trying very hard to get accommodations for our journey to New York, and hope to leave on Thursday morning by the Overland Limited, arriving in New York on Monday morning. We are with Dr. Tevis at Alma, Santa Clara county, until we get away.



The beautiful Memorial Arch and Gateway to Stanford University. Upper part snapped off and split almost to the base. Believed to be wrecked beyond repair. This structure was of brick, reinforced with steel, and faced with stone.

San Jose Mercury Art Dept.

Repair St. Francis.

William Dahrman, the auditor of the St. Francis hotel, yesterday explored the building as far as the fourth floor. The interior resembles the inside walls of a dead furnace. The effect of the intense heat is shown by melted glass and metal objects.

The walls, however, do not appear to be sprung and the building can be repaired. The engine room in the basement sustained little or no damage. The steel superstructure is apparently unaffected, and save at the southwest corner, there are no cracks in the towering walls. The Annex, forming the third wing, which was in course of construction, was uninjured.

The vaults containing the safety deposit boxes are intact. While the metal finishings have been melted off it is believed that the contents are safe. It is believed, roughly estimated, \$500,000 will restore the magnificent hostelry to its former splendor.

Milk Distributed by Committee.

Notice was served on all milkmen this morning that they must deliver their entire supply of milk to the General Relief Committee. From now on until further orders no more milk is to be delivered at any home and every householder must go to the milk depot in his immediate locality and get such amount as it is deemed necessary for him to have according to the number of persons in his home.



Remains of St. Ignatius College, on Van Ness Avenue, between Hayes and Grove Streets, San Francisco. This building was not damaged by the Earthquake, but hours after was gutted by fire.

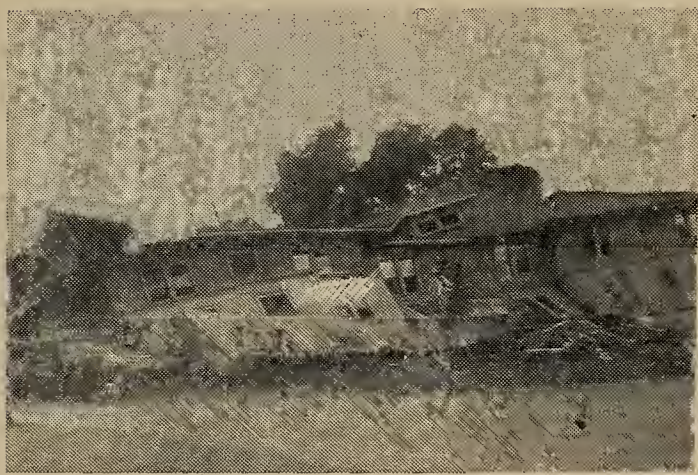
San Jose Mercury Art Dept.

Photo. by Smart.



Looking Down Market Street from Sixth Street, San Francisco.
San Jose Mercury Art Dept. Photo. by C. G. Smort.

Newspaper Row, San Francisco. Intersection of Keorny, Geory, Third, and Market Streets—the heart of the city. Modern toll steel-frame buildings still standing, after both earthquake and fire. Among these are the Chronicle, Call and Mutual Bank buildings.
San Jose Mercury Art Dept. Photo. J. V. Haley.



Ruin of the Annex, Vendome Hotel, San Jose. One man killed and a number injured in this wreck.
San Jose Mercury Art Dept. Photo. Denninger.



Administration Building, Agnew's Asylum.



Refugees in Richmond, a suburb of San Francisco, formed in line to receive free bread.
San Jose Mercury Art Dept. Photo. J. V. Haley.



Refugees camped near Fort Mason.



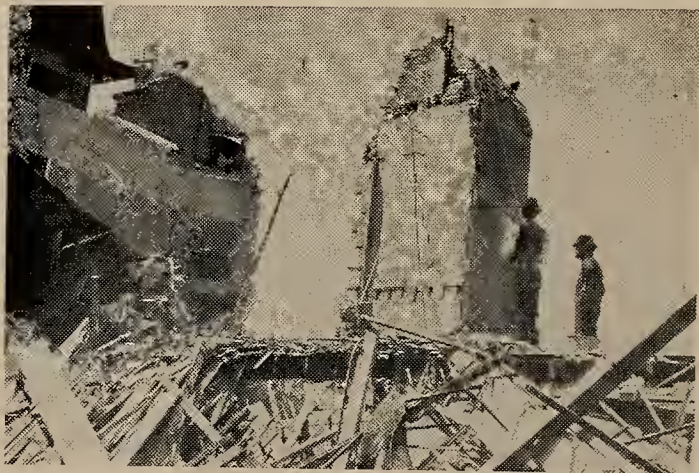
A portion of Valencia Street, San Francisco, which was flooded with water.



Camp near Fort Mason, end of Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco. Refugees consuming the rations being daily fed to them by the troops. San Jose Mercury Art Dept. Photo. by C. G. Smart.



A wrecked building on Van Ness Ave., San Francisco.



Administration Building, Agnew's Asylum.



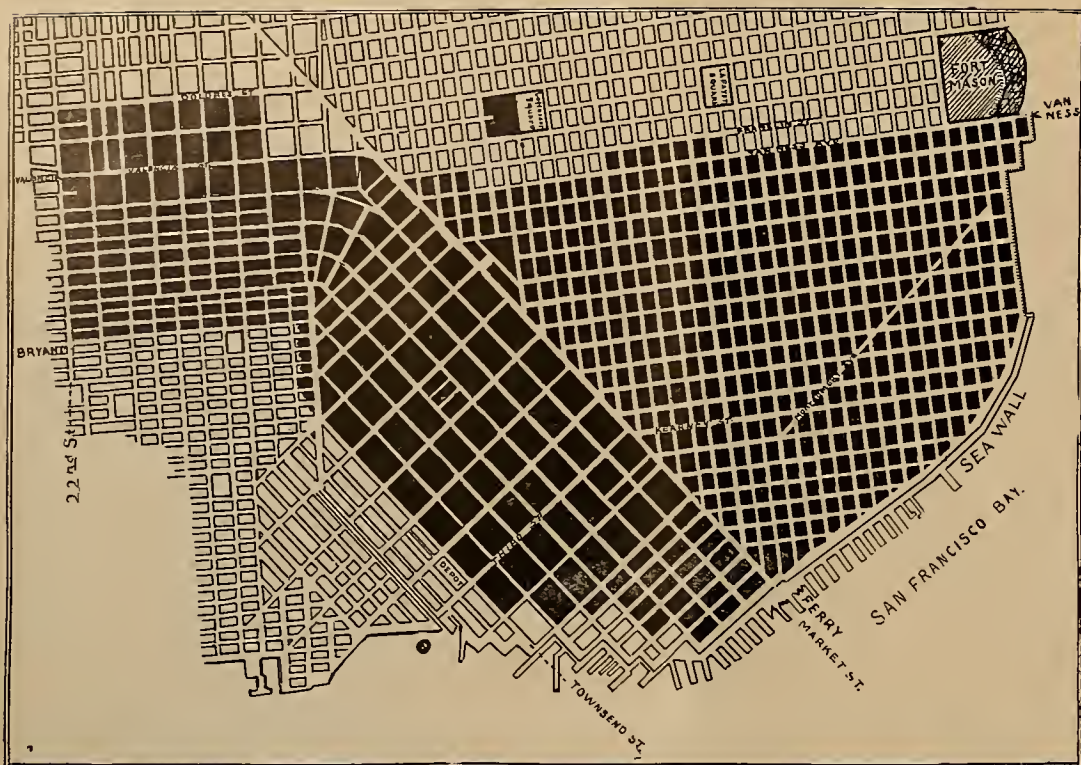
Twelfth and Mission Streets, San Francisco, where a large fissure was opened in the sidewalk.



The Valencia Hotel, San Francisco. This building sank into the ground to the fourth story, drowning the occupants of the lower stories.



The Claus Spreckels Mansion, southwest corner of Clay Street and Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco. This building was not damaged by the Earthquake, but hours afterward was gutted by the flames. San Jose Mercury Art Dept. Photo. by C. G. Smart.



Map of the burnt district, San Francisco. The black squares indicate the region destroyed by fire, which is not quite four-fifths of the city. The fire was stopped on the northeast by the waterfront, on the southeast by Townsend street, on the south by Bryant and Twenty-second streets, on the southwest by Dolores and the west by Franklin.



Ruin near the Southern Pacific station, San Jose, showing the collapsed warehouse of the California Pine Box and Lumber Co.
San Jose Mercury Art Dept. Photo Davey.



Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco. Formerly lined with mansions, churches, and clubhouses. The view is taken looking eastward down Geary Street.
San Jose Mercury Art Dept. Photo J. V. Haley.



Ruins of the Dougherty Building, San Jose.
San Jose Mercury Art Dept. Photo Denninger.

The unsold remainder of the sheets and all the plates of "Argonaut Stories," the book of tales recently got out by the Argonaut Publishing Company was completely destroyed by the fire after the earthquake shock of April 18th. There had been printed a special edition of 50 copies on hand-made Exeter paper with wide margins; these also were destroyed at the binders where they had been sent to be specially bound in leather for gifts to the authors of the stories. The editors of the Argonaut very much regret this loss.

Remove Chinatown.

In all the stress of work attendant upon the destruction of the city the rebuilding of the new San Francisco is not being overlooked, and the removal of Chinatown to Hunter's Point, a matter that was practically decided upon at the meeting of the General Executive Committee this morning. Ex-Mayor James Phelan called the attention of the committee to the fact that the Chinese were congregating about Fort Mason. Mayor Schmitz agreed that this was a matter that should not be overlooked and said that he himself had spoken to the Chinese Vice Consul yesterday in regard to the removal of the Chinese to Hunter's Point, and that there would be no opposition made to it by the Chinese.

A committee is to be appointed to look out for this matter and make the necessary arrangements.

Banks Still Closed.

The city is not yet in sight of the resumption of banking business. There was an inspection yesterday of the bank vaults in the burned district, and in no instance were they found to have been destroyed. But it is realized that an early opening would endanger their perishable contents, and in order that this may be avoided some weeks must elapse until they are thoroughly cooled before they are entered.

In the meantime business will be done at temporary quarters with money furnished through the medium of the mint and the United States sub-treasury.

Call Presses Safe.

An examination of the Call building shows the fact that the presses of the paper were not badly damaged either by the fire or the earthquake. The presses were in the basement and it is estimated that in two weeks' time the paper will be able to resume publication at its own building. The building itself withstood both the fire and the temblor in a remarkable manner. It stands as straight as an arrow, but suffered some from the great interior heat.

Vaults Destroyed.

The Fireman's Fund secured permission yesterday afternoon to open its vaults, with the result that all of the contents were destroyed by spontaneous combustion. The workmen made great efforts to put out the flames, but were unable to do so. The vaults had passed safely through the fire.

As a result of this disaster, Chief of Police Dinan will not issue permits for three or four days more to protect the owners from loss.

The Argonaut.

Vol. LVIII. No. 1521.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 5, 1906.

Price, 10 Cents

NOTICE.

As soon as the necessary permits can be secured and the debris cleared away, work will begin at once on reconstructing the Argonaut's former quarters at 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco. In the meantime, the Editorial and Business Offices will be maintained at TWENTY-FIVE BROWN AVENUE, SAN JOSE, CAL. Address all business communications there to The Argonaut Publishing Co., Jerome A. Hart, President.

The news trade can secure the Argonaut from the SAN FRANCISCO NEWS CO., No. 1711 SAN PABLO AVENUE, OAKLAND.

The paper will be on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco and by the Dennison News Co., on its boats and trains.

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE IN SAN FRANCISCO AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

TWENTY-NINTH YEAR.

JEROME A. HART - - - - - Editor

San Francisco After the Fire.

A condensed summary of conditions in San Francisco, as this paper goes to press, may be of interest to distant readers.

General Greeley, after a careful investigation, reports that the number of deaths is under three hundred; two hundred and eighty-eight bodies have been found. The Federal troops still patrol the city, although General Greeley has demanded a written request to that effect from the Mayor. The Federal Government has appropriated \$2,500,000 as a relief fund, most of which it has disbursed through the War Department. Only \$300,000 was placed to the credit of the San Francisco Citizens' Relief Committee. This has caused some feeling among the citizens, and some criticism of the President's proclamation concerning this matter. The United Railroads have resumed operating their electric cars by a circuitous route around the city to the ferries. At first, transportation was free; later, only women and children free; men were made to pay, and the resulting fares were turned over to the relief fund. Retailers are crowding into the residential district; so are professional men. Rents there are rising rapidly, and the residents are vacating their homes and renting them for business purposes.

Little has yet been done toward clearing the city. The mountains of debris will require months to remove. San Francisco is a city of ruins and shattered, broken walls, most of which, however, are still standing. Practically all of the steel-frame buildings are standing and only their woodwork and other inflammable parts are gone; most of them can be reconstructed without much difficulty. Of the other buildings, not one in a hundred was destroyed by the earthquake; the destruction of the city has been practically, in its entirety, due to fire. The United States Mint had its windows protected with steel shutters, as were the San Francisco warehouses in the days of '49. Had the modern steel-frame buildings used this pioneer precaution, it is probable that every one of them would have been, both building and contents, intact today.

The San Francisco newspapers give optimistic accounts of the present conditions which are not strictly true. To read them, one would imagine that the ruins are largely cleared away and that building is going on. For example, a headline several days ago read thus: "Ruins are razed; street railways running; water mains repaired; and San Francisco resumes the functions of a metropolis." Only where walls were dangerous have they been torn down; the street railways did not resume until three days after this statement, and then only partially; the day after it was printed the water mains were not only not repaired, but were shut off completely, in order to fill the reservoirs and (with the resulting pressure) find out where to make the repairs. As to San Francisco "resuming the functions of a metropolis," she can scarcely do so yet, when she is more than three-fourths destroyed. The city is still in darkness; the houses have neither gas nor electric light.

A new retail district has sprung up in the Western Addition, but there are more San Francisco business men established in Oakland than in the metropolis. The camps of the refugees in parks and squares are diminishing daily as they take flight to other parts of the coast and the country. They have been well provided with food, clothing and other necessities by the organized relief work of the Citizens' Committees and the War Department. There has

been an adequate supply of physicians, and trained nurses may be seen on every hand. There has been no pestilence, and, strangely enough, the death-roll has not been above normal.

There was much talk before the catastrophe about rebuilding the city on the Burnham plan. It was purely academic, however. There never was a better opportunity to rebuild a city, for, outside of the residence district, there is no city left. But it is now very evident that the property owners look with marked disfavor on any plan for widening the streets, enlarging squares, running boulevards or any other schemes which will depart from the present street lines. In our opinion, the Burnham plan is doomed.

There will be much pressure brought to bear upon the authorities to permit the erection of cheap structures and buildings which are not fireproof. If they do not resist this pressure, San Francisco will again be destroyed by fire, as it was destroyed in April, 1906, and as it was thrice destroyed before.

Will San Francisco Lose Her Sceptre?

A question which vitally interests not only all San Franciscans but the Pacific Coast as well is this: Will San Francisco's sceptre as a seaport be wrested from her? Will her supremacy as Queen of the Pacific be taken from her? There can be no question that San Francisco's natural advantages have given her so far an uncontested position—she is pre-eminently the commercial outlet of the western United States. The pretensions of smaller cities, such as Seattle, Tacoma, San Diego, to that proud position, have only amused the nation. Los Angeles is an inland city; she is nearly twenty miles from the seaboard, and unless she constructs a canal she never could attempt to contest with San Francisco for the supremacy of the seas. But some of the smaller seaboard cities have not hesitated to smite San Francisco's shield, and with the point, not the blunt end of the lance.

Now, however, comes danger from a new quarter. San Francisco for half a century has been seated on her many hills on the shores of the vast Pacific, overlooking the Golden Gate which opens from that mighty ocean into the greatest harbor of the world. There is no harbor on the globe that can compare with it for natural advantages. Probably the one which most nearly parallels it is that of Sydney, yet it has many dangers to navigation which are absent in San Francisco harbor.

It might be said that the position of a city on such a great land-locked sheet of water, a city located at the tip of a tongue of land which divides ocean and bay, would be unique. It might be thought that no other city could contest its supremacy. But is this true? When California first passed under the Stars and Stripes there was great difference of opinion as to which was the best point on her great harbor whereon to erect a great city. For a time it looked as if Benicia might be the future metropolis. But this was not to be. San Francisco won, and ever since San Francisco has sat enthroned in her majesty at the Golden Gate.

Competition of Other Cities.

The danger now comes from another source. However great may be the energy, however remarkable the rapidity with which the indomitable San Franciscans will build up their beloved San Francisco, there will be a period during which her commercial activities must perforce be idle. It will take months to clear away the tangle of trolleys, of wires and poles, the heaps of beams and bricks, the mountains of ashes, cinders and slag that now disfigure the site of the once beautiful city. After these months of clearing the desolated city, years will pass before there will again be another completed city there. During all this time, what of the former population with its suburbs, of probably half a million? What of the many thriving cities along the coast and around the bay that were supplied by San Francisco? They will look to other sources of supply. To whom will they look? Primarily to the Bay and Coast cities, secondarily to the Eastern jobbers. For water-borne supplies—heavy goods, staples, and the like—they will necessarily look to the bay cities. For lighter and more perishable supplies—which must be more rapidly brought hither—they may look to the Eastern sales agents. There will be a struggle between the two, but in point of price, as a carrier, the water will always beat the rail. In point of quickness the rail will often beat the water. But in times of stress and strain people depend more

upon staples than they do upon luxuries. Furthermore, all the trans-continental trunk lines between the Mississippi Valley and the Atlantic seaboard, working together, could not carry a tithe of the needs of the large population which previously was supplied by the city of San Francisco. Los Angeles will profit by San Francisco's disaster. So will Portland, Tacoma, Seattle: all of these lesser cities will profit by the great city's disaster. Those lesser cities which have terminal rates, such as Sacramento and San Jose, will profit by it up to the extent of the jobbing territory which they can command. But the one that will profit by it most of all is the city of Oakland.

Oakland As a Rival.

As a seaport city, Oakland is no mean rival to San Francisco. Oakland has navigable water on two sides, or (counting the branch of the San Antonio estuary) upon three sides. True, much of this water is shallow, but there are magnificent harbors in the Old World which have been dug out of shallow sloughs and sluggish ditches. The Elbe at Hamburg is a narrow and insignificant stream compared with the great rivers of this Western world. Yet, for some score of miles down the Elbe from Hamburg to the sea, this river's shores are lined with the sea-going craft of all the maritime nations of the world. Where Glasgow is situated, on the Clyde, that stream was once what is known in America as "a creek." Yet the Clyde has been dredged out until today the leviathans of peace and war, the great sea-monsters of the trans-Atlantic lines, the creations of the great captains of the shipbuilding industry, are built and launched there month after month, year after year. So narrow is the Clyde at Glasgow that these ships, some of them five and six hundred feet in length, cannot be launched head to the stream, as is the custom, but are launched broadside on, for fear they should run their bows into the opposite bank.

When one considers what great centres of commerce and of shipbuilding have been created in the Old World out of such utterly insignificant material, one may readily see the possibilities of Oakland. She has a water-front of many miles; she already has two great transcontinental railways with terminal points there, and soon will have a third; she has a fleet of ferryboats carrying passengers the few miles across the bay; she has other fleets of transfer boats transferring whole trains of cars laden with merchandise; and she has a third line of boats plying up the estuary carrying freight alone. Truly Oakland is no mean rival, and even if she should not succeed in wresting from San Francisco's brow the mural crown of supremacy which she has worn for half a century, at least, while the prouder sister is prostrate in ashes, Oakland may succeed in depriving her of some of her heritage.

San Francisco's Commercial Centre.

What will be the result of the new upbuilding of San Francisco? All that portion of the city which lay between Van Ness Avenue and the Bay on the east, from North Beach to Townsend Street on the south, has been wiped out of existence. It covered an irregular area of eight to ten square miles. West of this burned district lay the resident section of the city. On the northern end of it were the aristocratic quarters, Pacific Heights and Presidio Heights; south of this the Western Addition, made up of the substantial homes of those well to do, but not inordinately rich; south of this again the Mission district, containing the more modest homes of the less moneyed people; south of this again the homes of the toilers. In the zones between Polk, Larkin and Van Ness Avenue and along Fillmore Street lay the subsidiary retail district. The wants of the dwellers in the western half of the city were largely met by this lesser retail district. The Fillmore Street zone is practically unharmed. To-day the dwellers who remain in San Francisco depend on this lesser retail district for their needs. Already there are hastening thither the great retail houses of the downtown district, securing temporary quarters and attempting to secure accommodations for the many months which they foresee will pass before they can again be domiciled in permanent quarters further downtown. Here also are hastening the lawyers and the other men who occupy offices, securing quarters in the upper parts of buildings hitherto given up to lodgings.

The wholesalers, the commission merchants, the agents of great Eastern manufacturers, the warehouse men, the liquor merchants, and kindred business men seem many of them to be settling on the eastern shore of the bay in the city of Oakland. Even if they look upon their sojourn there as temporary, it may be longer than any of us think.

What will be the outcome of these swarming movements of the wholesale merchants, the retailers, and the professional men? Will it permanently affect the commercial districts of the city? Will the solid downtown wholesale element return to where it was before the fire? Will the important retail quarter of San Francisco, so long frequented by the fashionable shoppers, continue to occupy the space between Montgomery and Powell, Sutter and Market, or will it go farther westward? These are questions which it will be difficult to answer. Every property owner in the downtown wholesale district is firmly convinced that the wholesalers can do business nowhere else. So the property owners in the former retail district sneer at the idea

tion. Yet no man can tell. If the dwellers in the Western Addition find themselves inconvenienced by the proximity of fine retail stores—dry-goods, jewelers, bookstores, furnishing goods stores, clothing, optical goods, florists, fine groceries, candy stores, shoes, millinery, pianos, musical instruments, and the host of other establishments required for the needs of our complex modern civilization—if they find themselves inconvenienced by the growth of such establishments within a few minutes of their homes rather than half an hour away, will they not discourage the return of the retailers to the district further downtown?

The "Made Ground" in San Francisco.

There is another factor in the downtown commercial rebuilding which seems to be carefully avoided in discussing these matters. It is this: When the city of San Francisco was laid out there lay a bight or small bay on the eastern shore of the peninsula between Clark's Point on the north and Rincon Point on the south. North and south of the bight or cove these hills ran out into the bay, and these points were made up of rock and sand. Between them lay this vast territory on which was built the downtown district. It was a mud flat, covered by water at high tide. When the tide was low, a vast stretch of mud lay between the coast land and the water line. To show how great a distance it covered, the highest point of this mud flat, where it met the firm sand of the beach, came nearly up to the rear of the present Hall of Justice, fronting on Portsmouth Square, at Kearney Street near Washington. If a pedestrian walks from the Hall of Justice to the foot of Washington Street wharf, it will give him an idea of how far up this mud flat penetrates in the solid heart of San Francisco's soil. It is something like a mile. In the early fifties ships were hauled up on this mud flat at crazy structures called "wharves," when their crews abandoned them and fled to the mines in their mad thirst for gold. On the northwest corner of Clay and Sansome Streets there is an old building called the Niantic. It is so called after a ship of that name which lay at Clay-street wharf during the gold seekers' rush. She sank down in the mud and slush and ooze, and presently a lodging house was built on her decks by some thrifty speculator of the time, where lodgings were let out to the returning miners at the trifle of four or five dollars a night. Many years after, the writer saw workmen excavating there for the foundations of the present substantial structure, and with his own eyes he saw the lines of the hull, the bilge of which protruded well out under Clay street. He saw the workmen removing the rotting ribs of the old ship, which had sailed many seas in her days, at last to come to an inglorious end as the basement of a lodging house in a San Francisco mud flat.

To the north of this on Merchant Street is a block of buildings over forty years old. These buildings, like many others there, have been slowly slipping toward the bay into and over the quagmire beneath. When sales of land have taken place, it has sometimes been necessary for the adjoining owners to deed to each other in exchange an inch or so on eastern and western lines. This gradual slipping forward of the mass of buildings characterizes the whole of the territory affected. Although these statements will be stoutly denied by many whose interests are unfavorably affected by them, they are patent to the most casual observer. Nearly every new building located in that district within the last ten years has been forced to set its sidewalk on the "official grade." This official line is not measured from the uncertain surface of the earth, but is fixed scientifically from the "base line," which is determined by considerations with which the slipping and sinking soil in that district has nothing to do. Therefore it is that pedestrians in the downtown district so often find themselves forced to mount steps when they reach a sidewalk in front of a new building, sometimes going up as high as two or three feet. The lower level of the old sidewalks shows the manner and the extent to which the soil has sunk since the date of their construction. Correspondingly, when the present Market Street Railway cable was constructed, some score of years ago, the engineers found that on lower Market Street the official grade of the street—on which grade they were legally obliged to lay their rails—was twelve to twenty-four inches above the then level of the street, the street sinking more as they reached the foot of Market Street. They remained in a quandary for some time, and finally determined to lay their line on the official levels. This they did. Their action created consternation among the downtown property owners, who moved heaven and earth to force the railway people to lower their levels. But they failed. Even the city authorities were forced to raise their pavements, and the property owners were forced to hoist up their sidewalks. In the course of these succeeding years they have sunk again.

Sky-Scrapers on Mud Foundations.

If the owners of land on this mud flat decide to rebuild in steel-frame construction, they will have to carry the foundations on piles, as has been the case hitherto with two and three-story brick structures. Many such buildings there are now supported by hundred-foot

piles. These piles have been driven down through the mud, sometimes striking nothing solid, even at a depth of a hundred feet. Sometimes a couple of hundred-foot piles have been driven down, one on top of the other, without striking bedrock. It is on this quagmire that the builders of colossal steel-frame sky-scrapers must support their structures. The support will not be given by the base of the piles resting on rock or sank, but on the friction between the piles and the surrounding mud. This has been found sufficient for the support of two or three story buildings. Will it constitute a sufficient support for the foundations of ten and twelve story buildings? This is a problem for architects and engineers.

In every severe earthquake known in California this district has suffered heavily. It would not be fair to say that it has always suffered most severely, for earthquakes are eccentric. At times the houses built on rock or sand in the western part of San Francisco have also suffered severely, but generally speaking it is the belief of old residents that brick or stone buildings on this unsubstantial soil are subjected to greater damage than those on rock or sand. The earthquake of April 18, 1906, is the most severe experienced in San Francisco in the memory of white men. Will the land-owners build again on this district with tall steel-frame buildings, and show the same tenacity and the same fearlessness as they did after the lesser shocks of 1865, 1868, and 1871?

Will Tall Buildings Concentrate the Business Area?

The question of tall buildings raises another factor in the construction of new San Francisco. Hitherto tall buildings have been the exception and not the rule in this city. It is only a decade and a half of years since the first of these buildings was erected, that of the Chronicle. Since then the number has been smaller than in any city of similar size in the East. It may be due to the higher cost of labor and structural steel. It may be that people fear the effect of earthquakes on these tall buildings. Yet the recent earthquake shock shows distinctly that modern steel-frame buildings bear the brunt of the earth's waves better than any other form of structure. This would seem to point clearly to a vastly increased number of tall steel-frame buildings in San Francisco. If hundreds of owners erecting such buildings make them twelve stories high, this would make an average in cubical measurement more than three times as great as the old buildings destroyed by the fire. By a simple process of reasoning it is easy to see that one-third to one-fourth the number of twelve-story buildings would house the same number of people as previously completely filled the three and four story buildings that previously stood there. What will be the result? If San Francisco's downtown retail and downtown wholesale districts should be covered with twelve-story buildings, would they at first only be one-third occupied, or would the downtown retail and the downtown wholesale districts be only covered with one-third of the space previously occupied by the buildings and still adequately house the population and business which previously covered the entire space?

Shifting of Business Centres.

Already in San Francisco there is an ominous menace of a shifting of business centres. A number of wholesalers and warehouse men who have been burned out and who desire to open up for business immediately had made arrangements to go to the Oakland side. The Real Estate Exchange heard of their intentions, and hastily called a meeting of the two committees. The wholesale men avowed their intention of moving unless adequate ground and facilities at reasonable rents were given them on the San Francisco side. The President of the Real Estate Exchange then assured them that they could be given hundred-acre lots at the south end of the city outside of the burned district at two hundred dollars per month. To this figure the wholesalers demurred, saying they were offered much larger plots of ground on the Oakland side for a purely nominal sum. This shows that the Oakland people are intent on taking away as much of the wholesale and warehouse business of San Francisco as they can. The Real Estate men then urged the warehouse men to give them a couple of days more to present new propositions, which was acceded to. The two bodies are to meet again, but the wholesalers are showing great restlessness and may be induced by the Oaklanders to accept their terms.

Altogether, a certain shifting of business centres may be expected in San Francisco. Even before its destruction by fire, the city, from a real-estate standpoint, was in a semi-fluid condition. The wholesale district had been changing from the old quarter on Front and Battery streets to the district south of Market Street, on lower Mission Street. The retail shopping district had been drifting from Montgomery up as far north as Market and Powell. Such a movement could not fail to be accelerated by the conflagration which has practically wiped out both the retail and wholesale districts. He will be a wise man who can foretell exactly what the lines of the new district will be.

A potent factor in determining the boundaries of these new districts will be concentration of investment. In an embryonic city, continual concentration in one quarter with the weight of great aggre-

gated wealth will bring about sweeping changes. A single fortune will not do it. It requires many fortunes. The late James G. Fair, with his twenty odd millions, attempted to arrest the decay of the district between Montgomery Street and the water-front. He erected some fine buildings there, but he did not effect an appreciable change. Had he, as colleagues, the millions of half a dozen men as rich as himself, he might have accomplished the result he strove for.

Now, however, conditions are different. If half a dozen plutocrats were to invest largely in any one spot in San Francisco, they could determine absolutely, for a generation to come, the specific character of that special district. This is the age of combinations; if a handful of millionaires should combine to change the boundaries of San Francisco, they could not only determine definitively the character of the district in which they invested their millions, but would add immeasurably to its value.

One of the factors which will make toward stability and against change is the Southern Pacific Company. This corporation is, beyond question, the richest and most powerful institution in California. Its freight depots, yards and warehouses on the San Francisco side of the bay are not injured. The piers and docks of the steamship companies which it controls, such as the Pacific Mail, Occidental and Oriental, San Francisco and Portland, and the Japanese Steamship Companies are all intact. It is therefore quite evident that the Southern Pacific officials will make no changes in their present piers, docks and stations on the San Francisco side of the bay. That they will establish new ones is also beyond question. They will run steam railway lines through the burned district for the purpose of clearing away the debris. While these lines will be called "temporary franchises," it is not improbable that some of them will remain. It may be that the Southern Pacific may eventually have a belt line around

the city. Such a franchise would have been stubbornly resisted a few weeks ago, but if great corporations must courtesy to great cities in times of tranquillity, great cities must sometimes ask favors of great corporations in time of calamity and time of war.

Federal, State, Municipal and Amateur Government.

During the period when San Francisco lay at the mercy of the flames there was a temporary paralysis of civil government. Thereupon the federal arm was extended. The authorities of the San Francisco military posts at once took charge of the distracted city—presumably at the request of the municipal authorities, though that question is still an open one. Governor Pardee hastened to call on the National Guard, and at once sent the militia to San Francisco. There was also organized a committee or citizens' body called variously a "Committee of Safety" or a "Vigilance Committee." Before twenty-four hours had passed there was presented the curious spectacle of a city patrolled and guarded by Federal troops, State troops, Municipal police, and amateur "Safety Committees." As a result there was continual friction and many clashes of authority. Generals Greeley and Funston command the Federal troops, Governor Pardee commands the State troops, and Mayor Schmitz is in charge of the municipal police. All seem to have acted with discretion and consideration, and to have avoided causes for friction, but it was not always so with their subordinates. As a result, the citizens of San Francisco who were irritated by what they considered reckless shooting and tyrannical treatment, demanded the removal of the National Guard. Governor Pardee warmly resented this aspersion on the character of the State troops, and up to the present writing has refused to remove them. Mayor Schmitz disavows any reflections on the State troops, and speaks highly of their conduct. The charges made against them have come apparently from individual citizens and groups of citizens, and not from municipal officials. General Greeley has scrupulously refrained from interfering in this controversy. He has tactfully yet persistently maintained that his forces have been called in by the municipal authorities, and that he has been acting entirely with them, and, in a sense, under their direction.

Nearly all concerned, however, unite in condemning the actions of some of the "Safety Committee" men. A most wanton affair was the killing of H. C. Tilden while going in an automobile on urgent errands of relief for the suffering. He misunderstood or refused to accede to a demand to "Halt!" made by a "Safety Committee" patrol. Thereupon he was fired on. He was instantly killed and another man in the car was wounded. The three young men concerned in the killing were arrested by the Federal troops and confined in the guardhouse at Fort Mason. They claimed that authority had been given them by some militia officers, but it is not easy to see how militia officers can empower "Safety Committees" to perform military duty when they have duly enlisted troops under them for the performance of such duties.

Altogether, it would seem as if the killing of the unfortunate Tilden was the inevitable result of giving authority to persons not duly made responsible for its enforcement. The preservation of law and order should be entrusted to the officers of the law and to them alone in times of tranquillity. In extraordinary periods of war, fire, pestilence or famine, the civil authorities, under our system of government, may call upon the military. But in this day of our generation, California is old enough to have outgrown this:

to amateur militarism. We have had "Safety Committees" and "Vigilantes" in the past. They may have worked well or ill for California. It is quite evident that their traditions endure, because when a Chinese wash-house is burned in California, some one at once organizes a "Vigilance Committee." But the time is past for that sort of thing. It may have been necessary in our younger and more turbulent times. It is not necessary now. We are past the age of the "Vigilantes." Let the law be carried out by the officers of the law, behind whom stands the State, back of which again looms the mighty power of the Federal Government.

It is curious to note how in half a hundred years the people of this country have turned instinctively from their own weak "citizens' patrols" and "guards," "Vigilantes" and "Safety Committees" to the protection of the powerful Federal arm. It shows how the City and the State are becoming mere organic cells in the great organization we call our Federal Union. Once they were distinct entities, each with its own autonomy. Now they are merely parts of the whole. Where once a city would rely upon itself and ignore State officials and even defy them—as San Francisco did in the Vigilante period of 1856—now it welcomes State aid. Once where the shotted cannon of the Vigilante Committee pointed from Fort Gunnybags down toward the water-front where lay an American gunboat, whose commander offered asylum to David S. Terry, a fugitive from the vigilante justice, now to-day to these same waters hasten American ships of war from every point on the coast, bringing protection, supplies and food.

In 1856 San Francisco was distinctly a Vigilante town, and she defied the Governor of California and treated with semi-hostility a United States ship of war. In 1906 San Francisco has welcomed the Government's dispatch hither of State troops, has hailed with joy the protection of the American army and navy, and is disposed to look with suspicion on amateur Vigilantes.

There are many changes in fifty years.

Effects of Dynamiting.

A marked difference of opinion exists in San Francisco concerning the work of dynamiting the buildings during the recent fire. As the water mains were, many of them, ruptured by the earthquake, a fire brigade, acting under the orders of the municipal officers, began dynamiting buildings in the portions threatened by the advancing flames. All night long, the day after the earthquake, the dull boom of dynamite explosions could be heard fifty miles from San Francisco. The firemen certainly succeeded in checking the conflagration after many hours, but the citizens are divided in their belief as to whether this was due to the dynamite or not. Those who have had the most experience in such matters believe that the dynamiters did not work sufficiently far in advance of the flames; that had they done so, great open spaces would have been presented with nothing for the flames to feed upon.

However that may be, a strong sentiment against the dynamite brigade grew up during the course of the conflagration. The United States Mint went through the fire almost unscathed. Superintendent Leach shut the steel shutters and got out his fire brigade; as a result, the government building stood like a rock while everything around it disappeared in the fierce heat. But two days after the earthquake the dynamite brigade began blowing down dangerous walls on Market street a block away from the Mint. At that time the Mint employees were loading wagons with specie to be shipped to Oakland to enable the Oakland banks to open their doors. The first blast proved so dangerous to the Mint and to the Mint workmen that the Superintendent at once shut down operations, dismissed the wagons, and closed his shutters again until the dynamite storm should blow over. The hail of brickbats, bolts, and fragments of beams, etc., was like a cannonade. The Mint employees remarked that the building had gone through the earthquake and the fire with less damage than from the dynamite blasting.

Later on the dynamite brigade turned their attention to the financial district around California, Montgomery and Sansome streets. When the bankers saw them coming they fled in terror to the City Fathers and prayed for mercy. They begged and pleaded so earnestly that finally the city authorities relented, called off the dynamite brigade, and the dangerous walls were pulled down with donkey engines. These are more old fashioned, but apparently not so fatal.

The citizens of San Francisco seem in this cataclysm to have had all the elements arrayed against them. First they had the earthquake; then, when turned out of their houses, there came fog, wind, storm, and fierce rains on their unsheltered bodies; then fire ravaged their unprotected homes. Thus they had to undergo the terrible ordeal of earth, air, fire and water. When nature had nearly finished them, man took a hand and did them up with dynamite.

Peculiarities of the Fire.

Among the many strange freaks of the fire that devastated San Francisco was the curious fact that so many buildings went first at the top. All the spectators seem to concur in saying that vast balls or bodies of flame seemed to leap from building to building and from block to block, sometimes crossing streets, but never squares;

that these flame balls would ignite the roof of a building like a torch, whereupon the flames would at once burst forth from the top, and the building would then burn downwards. In the case of the tall buildings, story after story would thus yield one after another to the flames, but it frequently happened that the fire was checked before it reached the street level. Hence it is that so many basements and lower floors are not injured. In the case of the banks and safe deposit vaults this was most fortunate. There seem to be none of these whose vaults have been destroyed by the fire. In fact, in most of them the upper stories soon yielded to the flames and quickly fell in, so that in many cases a mountain of debris is heaped up on the vaults, which latter have not been touched by the flames. This is a reversal of the ordinary condition of things. Fires starting in buildings usually either go up or down the elevator shafts. If they start in the basement, they frequently climb to the roof by the elevator shaft, and then the fire burns from both ends, meeting in the building. This was the case in two notable fires some years ago in San Francisco, the H. S. Crocker building, on Bush street, and the Bancroft building, on Market street. In each case the fire started at the bottom and at first burned upward; story after story fell, until the whole interior contents of the buildings was heaped up in the basement; the standing walls then served as a vast chimney, up which the fire roared sometimes to a height of over a hundred feet above the cornices. This recent fire of April, 1906, seems to have acted in an entirely different manner.

Street Railway and Real Estate Investments.

Verily, no man—or woman—can tell what a day may bring forth. It is only a few months since the United Railroads took over the greater part of San Francisco's street railway system. They paid a round price for the cable stocks, and the stockholders of those roads profited accordingly. The stocks were well held, and many old San Francisco families owned street-railway stocks which had been in their possession since the roads were built. In many cases the stocks had risen to a point where they commanded an enormous premium over par. Naturally, those holders parted with their stocks with reluctance, but feeling comforted, however, by the reflection that they were selling their shares for several times what they cost, and selling them for cash; also, that it was quite possible for them to invest the resulting cash to good advantage. This they hastened to do. Many of them were women; a number of the richer women of the city, including many wealthy widows, were large holders in street-railway stocks. Women on this coast like to have tangible holdings. In older countries they are quite content with stocks, bonds, rentes, consols and government bonds generally, which securities they never see, but from which their income returns with promptness and regularity. Here in this semi-pioneer country they seem to prefer tangible belongings. They like to own houses and lands and jewels and things they can see. Therefore, most of these wealthy women were suddenly confronted with the necessity of investing hundreds of thousands of dollars. The alternative was "losing interest on the money"—something which appalls the wealthy heart. So they made haste to rush into real estate. There is little else to invest in here. There are a few firm local securities in San Francisco, such as gas and water stocks. The electric power stocks are closely held. Thus there remain but a few small corporations like the powder companies. When the street-railway stocks were eliminated, there remained little to invest in but real estate. Most of these wealthy women so invested. Most of them purchased improved property, land bearing buildings bringing in incomes; thus they saved themselves the worry and trouble of erecting structures on unimproved lands. Most of them paid stiff prices both for land and buildings. To-day many of them find themselves with their buildings gone, their revenues gone, and possessed of naught but vacant land, covered with mountains of debris. This land has depreciated in value, so much so that it may be difficult for them to mortgage it for enough to erect new buildings on the empty land.

Uptown Retail District.

There is a phase of the possible change of the retail district in San Francisco which must not be unnoticed. When San Francisco was built, half a century ago, street transportation was slow, costly and bad. Now it is cheap, swift and good. Those who in childhood rode from one end of San Francisco to the other on the "North Beach and South Park Horse-Car Line," Michael Skelly, Superintendent, always took a package of cold lunch with them before they started. When a man left the ferries and got aboard a venerable horse-car to go to the San Jose station near Valencia Street, he always took a book or paper along to fill up the time with. Yet this was the seed from which grew the present colossal Market-Street system, with its many branches. In the old days, dwellers in the neighborhood of what is now called Pacific Heights had but one way of reaching there from downtown. It was by the "bobtail" or balloon horse-cars on the "Sutter Street Railway, H. Casebolt, Superintendent." This took about an hour and a quarter, to go from the foot of Market Street to the outlying terminus.

Even twenty years ago the crawling horse-car had only been

replaced by the slow and clumsy cable. When one cable-car stuck, all the other cable-cars stopped. When the cable broke, everything stopped. And with the cable system it took over three-quarters of an hour to go from the present fashionable residence district to the ferries.

Now all this is changed. With the swift electric traction system it is possible to go from the finer residence districts to the ferries in twenty minutes or less. This is less than half the time of twenty years ago and less than one-fourth the time of fifty years ago, when San Francisco's downtown wholesale and uptown retail districts were laid out. This marked change in transportation will also doubtless have its effect in determining the retail and wholesale boundaries of the new San Francisco.

Municipal Ownership.

Among the many other things which have been knocked down and out by the earthquake, municipal ownership in San Francisco seems to be the leading one. This fad was in a most thriving condition on the 17th of April, 1906. Two days afterward there were none so poor to do it reverence. Even the "Examiner," which has been its friend through thick and thin, remarked that "municipal ownership seems to have had a slight setback." There are nearly a score of Supervisors, all of whom were urgent advocates of municipal ownership a fortnight ago; now they frankly admit that they have changed their minds. When interviewed they say that all the money raised by taxation will be "absolutely required for necessities." From this it is evident that they looked upon municipal ownership, not as a necessity, but as a luxury. In short, they considered it a way of paying \$5.00 a day for \$3.00 men and \$4.00 a day for \$2.00 men.

The San Francisco Postoffice.

For several months the press and people of San Francisco have been very harsh in the opinions they expressed concerning Postmaster Fiske's operations of the postoffice. The "Argonaut" took no part in this criticism. At times we suffered from postal delays as did others, but we took it for granted that the Postmaster was doing the best he could. The removal from the old quarters to the new postoffice was in itself a colossal task, and the Postmaster went on to Washington at his own expense and spent weeks in getting the department and Congress to ameliorate conditions. Then he returned and entered upon a most disagreeable task, that of weeding out old employees, who, by reason of age or physical incapacity, were unsuited for their posts. It was while engaged in this task that the earthquake came. The shock which paralyzed all communications—railway, express, telephone, telegraph—naturally struck hardest at the postoffice. Yet no one can deny that in the face of this terrific blow the San Francisco postoffice has done wonders. There has been some delay, but not nearly so much as might be expected, considering the magnitude of the disaster, and the postoffice seems to be rapidly getting on its feet. The many harsh criticisms made on the operations of the postoffice by Postmaster Fiske in recent months seem to us unwarranted. We consider it no more than just to extend to him this meed of praise for the way he has risen to the situation in the recent paralysis of all means of communication.

The origin of many parts of our attire is curious and interesting. The hatband can be traced to a fillet which held in shape a simple piece of cloth. Sometimes this fillet was tied in a bow behind, the tails of which survive in the Scotch cap, the sailor hat and the bishop's mitre. A little bow inside in the lining of the hat is a survival of a lacing which kept the lining in shape, or possibly takes us back to a time when a hat was made by putting a string through holes in a flat piece of leather, and, by tightening it, producing a crown. The plumes in hats are on the left side because in early times the adornments were so big that they would have seriously interfered with the use of the sword if worn on the right. The helmet of the fireman is practically identical with those worn by the ancient Greeks. The large white collar, such as Milton wore, is still in a smaller form worn by the clergymen who preach in Geneva gowns. Buttons on coat sleeves point to a time when coats were very costly and it was customary to turn back the sleeves so that they should not be soiled. The origin of the two buttons on the back of the coat is due to their support of the sword-belt. There is no satisfactory reason why in European countries the buttons on men's clothes should be always on the right side and those of women on the left. The possible connection between the ornamentation on modern boots and the openwork shoes of the Romans is noticeable.

Dr. D. B. Hill, who lived in Springfield, Ill., from 1836 to 1843, tells this characteristic story of Abraham Lincoln, with whom he was personally acquainted: "Once Lincoln was defending a man who was accused of cheating another man in a business deal. Lincoln was arguing before the jury that his client had no intention to defraud when the transaction occurred; in fact, that he never thought he was cheating the man. Pointing his finger at Judge Logan, his partner, Lincoln said: 'Any boy you meet in the street knows how to put on his clothes. You all know that Judge Logan

is learned in the law, and nobody would accuse him of doing wrong. You will observe he has his shirt on with the wrong side in front. Now, the judge never intended to do that when he put his shirt on. You see, people do wrong without intending to do so. If my client has done anything wrong, he never intended to do so, any more than Judge Logan intended to put on his shirt with the back side in front.' Sure enough, Judge Logan had his shirt on wrong, and the use Lincoln made of his partner's mistake in dress caused his client to get off free."

The great Duke of Wellington was noted for his rigid integrity. Here is an instance which occurred in reference to his large estate. Some farm adjoining his lands was for sale, and his agent negotiated for him for the purchase. Having concluded the business, he went to the duke and told him he had made a capital bargain. "What do you mean?" asked the duke. "Why, your grace, I have got the farm for so much, and I know it to be worth at least so much more." "Are you quite sure of that?" "Quite sure, your grace, for I have carefully surveyed it." "Very well, then, pay the gentleman from me the balance between what you have already given and the real value of the estate."

Alexander Dumas, pere, was once asked by an officious interviewer: "You are an octoroon, are you not, Mr. Dumas?" "Certainly." "And your father?" "He was a quadroon." "And his father?" "A mulatto, sir, a mulatto!" "And his father?" "A negro, sir, a negro!" "Might I presume so far as to ask what his father was?" "An ape, sir, mon Dieu, an ape! My pedigree ends where yours commences!"

Old Parson Helton, a Baptist preacher of Tennessee, had eighteen sons, and during the Civil War sixteen enlisted in the Union Army and two sided with the Confederates. When the old minister had reached his eighty-eighth year, some one, who did not know about his sons' views, asked him where his sympathies lay during the war. "My sympathies were with the Union by fourteen majority," said the old man.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Yes!!!!!!

Editors "Argonaut"—Gentlemen: Was your building destroyed in the fire? Respectfully yours,
GEORGE HYDE,
1816 Chicago St., Omaha, Neb.
24th April, 1906.

From Chicago.

Chicago, Ill., April 25, 1906.

Editor "Argonaut": For the first time in twenty years your paper will be missing, and I feel just as I would if a dear friend had died. We join hands in a common sorrow, and my grief is great both on your account and my own. But I want to send a message of cheer to you, with the fervent hope that you will bear up bravely in your affliction, and amidst the trials which beset you, rise nobly to the occasion, and prove yourself worthy of your name. As Havelock Ellis remarked, "Set your shoulder joyously to the world's wheel," and all will be well. You have my deepest sympathy, and all my good wishes for future success. Yours very truly
GEORGE R. SPARKS.

From Ohio.

Van Wert, Ohio, April 21, 1906.

Editor "Argonaut": Your favor of the 16th inst. is at hand and contents fully noted. I already have a copy of Mr. Hart's "Two Argonauts in Spain" and "Levantine Log Book." But I wished a copy of the "Argonaut Letters" in order to possess all of Mr. Hart's works. I very much regret that "Argonaut Letters" is not to be had. Like all other citizens, I am in deep sympathy with the citizens of San Francisco at this time. I hope that the city will be rebuilt. I trust that the "Argonaut" has not suffered in any way.

Yours truly,
F. W. PURMORT.

From Mid Atlantic.

Steamship "Canopic," at the Azores, April 13, 1906.

Dear "Argonaut": Enclosed please find two-dollar bill, in return for which kindly instruct one of your agents to send me "A Levantine Log Book." Since Christmas the Boston bookstores have always been in a state of "just sold out." Address
CAPT. I. SEALBY,
S.S. "Canopic," White Star Line, 84 State St., Boston.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Admiral Cervera, who commanded the Spanish fleet at Santiago, has been appointed chief of the maritime district of Ferrol.

The men who have been writing the magazine articles which the President asserts have disgusted him are the following: Upton Sinclair, David Graham Phillips, Alfred Henry Lewis, Henry Beach Needham, Lincoln Steffens, Ray Stannard Baker.

It is told of Herbert Spencer that when out for a drive from time to time he would have his carriage stopped, no matter if in a crowded London street, till he had felt of his pulse. If it was regular, the drive continued; if not, he went directly home.

There are now five British peeresses who were actresses, namely, May Carrington (Lady de Clifford), Belle Bilton (Countess Clancarty), Connie Gilchrist (Countess of Orkney), Rosie Boote (Marchioness of Headfort) and Anna Robinson (Countess of Rosslyn).

General Mosby, the famous Confederate raider, has in hand and soon will complete an autobiography. During the last few years he has held a responsible position in the Department of Justice in Washington.

ington. From 1873 to 1885 he was United States Consul at Hong-kong.

The first tribunal of the Seine was to have heard the arguments April 28 and determine the question of a reconciliation between Countess Boni De Castellane and her husband, but the hearing was postponed owing to the desire of the Count, who is a candidate for reelection to the Chamber of Deputies, not to proceed with the case pending the conclusion of the electoral campaign.

It having come to the Czar's knowledge that General Kouropatkin was about ready to publish his memoirs, which he has been writing since he returned from the war, an emissary from Interior Minister Durnovo went to the general's home and demanded the proof sheets. Kouropatkin had no option; he surrendered the proofs. All the proofs and manuscript are being lodged in the Ministry of the Interior.

Tax Collector J. F. Nichols broke all records Saturday in his temporary headquarters at 2511 Sacramento street. The largest payment was by M. H. de Young, who handed Tax Collector Nichols a certified check in the amount of \$11,960.98, this representing the taxes on Mr. de Young's San Francisco properties. In making the payment, Mr. de Young presented, in duplicate, a full list of his properties.

Raynaldo Hahn, one of the more eminent song-writers of the day, like Mme. Carreno, was born at Caracas, in Venezuela. He studied for a number of years in Paris, where he still lives, and where his "Chansons Grises," "Chansons Latines," and "Chansons Espagnoles," his opera, "L'Ile de Reve," his symphonic poem, "Nuit d'amour Bergamesque" and his incidental music to the drama "Esther" are very popular.

King Edward always wears a gold bangle or bracelet on his left wrist. He is never without it, and it is quite a familiar object to all the members of the royal entourage, but the history of it is not generally known. It has very tragic associations, as it belonged to the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, who wore it always, and from whose arm it was removed after his execution, and later came into possession of King Edward, who has worn it ever since.

Harry Dam, who was one of the most brilliant journalists of California fifteen years ago, died in Havana, April 25, of cancer of the stomach. Mr. Dam was a native of California. Henry Jackson Wells Dam, the dramatist and magazine writer, graduate of the University of California, was married in London in 1892 to Dorothy Dorr, an actress. He was for several years engaged in dramatic work in London. Some of his plays produced in this country and England were "Diamond Deane," "The Silver Shell," "The White Silk Dress," "La Coquette," "La Madeline" and "Skipper and Company." He was a prominent member of the Bohemian Club, and a well-known writer on the "Argonaut," "Chronicle" and other San Francisco journals.

After an illness of little more than two days, Arthur B. Turnure, owner and editor of "Vogue," a weekly fashion magazine, died in New York last week. Mr. Turnure was fifty-one years old. He had been in the publishing business for nearly thirty years. Soon after his graduation from Princeton, in 1876, he founded the "Art Interchange." Later Mr. Turnure published the "Art Age." He was still a young man when he became the manager of Harper & Brothers' art department. At that time his uncle, Lawrence Turnure, a well-known banker, offered him a place in the office of his bank, but young Turnure had decided on the career of a publisher, and declined it. In 1902, with Harry McVickar, who has since died, Mr. Turnure established "Vogue," which he had since conducted.

Admiral Rojestvensky will be tried by court-martial. The special commission which has been investigating the naval battle at Tsushima Straits, in which the Russian fleet was destroyed by Admiral Togo, has reported in favor of court-martialing all the officers who were on board the torpedo-boat destroyer Bedovi, to which Vice Admiral Rojestvensky was transferred after the disabling of his flagship, for surrendering the vessel. Admiral Rojestvensky alone is excepted under the finding of the commission because he was wounded and unconscious when his flag was lowered. Vice Admiral Rojestvensky, who recently applied for retirement on the ground of shattered health, nevertheless has requested that he be tried with the others, though his punishment, as in the case of Vice Admiral Nebogatoff, may be dismissal in disgrace from the navy.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Notes by a Frank Book Crank.

"War of the Worlds," by H. G. Wells, is a remarkable story. From Mars the Martians fire huge cylinders against the earth, filled with fighting machines; these gigantic tripods with 100-foot legs stalk over England. Heat-rays like searchlights burn everything; thick black smoke chokes every living thing in its range. England is desolate and deserted; all who can do so, flee. Finally the few human survivors crawl out and find the Martians dead—slain by the bacteria of putrefaction coming from dead bodies. Man is immune, owing to centuries of putrefactive contact; but the Martians, coming from Mars, a clean and non-bacterial planet, fall easy victims.

"The Nemesis of Froude," by Alex. Carlyle and J. C. Brown, is a severe arraignment of Froude for his conduct in printing the Carlyle Reminiscences. The authors convict him of bad faith and falsehood. They corroborate Charles Eliot Norton in his accusations of Froude's verbal garbling of Carlyle's and Mrs. Carlyle's letters. They prove him also to be greedy over the financial returns from the Carlyle MSS., and dishonest over their custody and ownership.

"The Social Secretary," by David Graham Phillips, is a light novel of Washington life. In it a young woman of good family

but reduced circumstances coaches a rich parvenue Western family, tells them how to climb, and marries the son. It is short—only 31,000 words—This for \$1.50!

"The Autobiography of Andrew D. White" is the story of a man who has been a credit to the United States, whether as Commissioner to peace conventions, college president or Ambassador. It is full of all manner of quotable matter, anecdotes, inside diplomatic history, etc. It tells much about the Hague Tribunal. President White is always frank except where some of our national policies are concerned. He is reticent over the disingenuous attitude into which the Monroe Doctrine forced us at the Hague Tribunal; of the political and business corruption lately revealed in the United States he himself says little, although mentioning foreign comment thereon. So with the work of the McKinley administration, Philippine annexation, etc. President White is a wise and far-seeing man. He endeavors to force himself to take an optimistic view of American civilization, but it is evident that the political corruption, lawless spirit shown by lynching, etc., the feeble, almost farcical administration of criminal "justice," the race problem in the South, the foreign immigration problem, the race and religious problems in our new possessions, the other questions connected with our insular dependencies, and the dangerous and undefined extension of the Monroe Doctrine dishearten him. In fact, he says so. The book abounds in anecdotes. It gives a good picture of life in western New York half a century ago. His inside history of the Hague convention is amazingly frank for a diplomatist.

"Moncure Daniel Conway, Autobiography, Memories and Experiences," is heavy, didactic, pompous, dull. Although written about striking events, it is not striking; although telling of interesting people, it is not interesting. It would be difficult to write a more uninteresting book about the people and the events discussed. The book tells of people in the United States and Great Britain from 1850 to 1900; among them, writers, artists, orators. It discusses the Civil War and antebellum days. It compares very unfavorably with the autobiography of Andrew D. White. The latter is a diplomat and a man of the world; the former a cranky cleric. Much space in it is given to "childhood and youth"—a very uninteresting period even in great men. Portraits of Uncle Lemuel and Aunt Jane abound. Mr. Conway was thrown in contact with scores—perhaps hundreds—of notable men in England and the United States, in stirring times like the Civil War. It is amazing that he could produce such a jejune record.

"The Queen's Quair," by Maurice Hewlett, strikes one as obscurely pornographic. Frank salaciousness is more effective in a book than salacious ambiguity. Vide Faublas, Casanova, Saturnin, De Sade. The story is very difficult to follow, it is so badly told. Even the pronouns are mixed—a common trick in conversation, but not to be expected from a "stylist." One goes through the book with a puzzled face, impelled continually to look at a "History of Scotland" to dig up the author's meaning. Sometimes it is necessary to read a paragraph two or three times. So much labor on a novel is a waste of time. Reading an historical or philosophical work so, one might be rewarded. But not with a semi-sensual romance.

San Francisco Libraries.

One of the irreparable losses resulting from the great fire is the magnificent libraries of San Francisco. A million volumes disappeared. Great collections of invaluable records came to the pitiful condition of making food for flames, and, unlike the city that fell, will never rise from the ashes. Of the books destroyed, it is believed that the value was in excess of \$3,000,000. Among the collections that vanished were those collected in the main Public Library and two of its branches, the Mechanics' Institute Library, the Mercantile Library, the Sutro Library, the Pioneer Library, the Bohemian Club Library, the B'nai B'rith Library, the French Library, the San Francisco Law Library and the library of the Supreme Court. The number of volumes in these collections was not less than 700,000, and the loss of individual owners ran up the total to more than a million.

The Public Library was the eighth largest institution of its kind in the United States. Librarian George W. Clark said: "In the main library in the eastern wing of the City Hall we had 130,000 books. This was a total loss. When our branch collections are brought together, we will have a good working library of reference books and also a fine collection of standard literature. We have \$750,000 that Andrew Carnegie gave us. We have the square block bounded by Van Ness, Hayes, Franklin and Fell streets, which was bought with bond-issue money, and we have \$1,000,000 of bond money available for a new library building."

The Sutro Library of 200,000 volumes, collected by the late Adolph Sutro, was destroyed. It contained some of the rarest books in the United States. The library of the Society of Pioneers is gone. One of its priceless features was the typewritten reminiscences of pioneers, bound in twelve volumes. The Bohemian Club lost its library, many of them autographic copies from noted authors. The French Library is no more. The B'nai B'rith Library contributed 10,000 volumes to the pyre. The flames took the costly library in the Crocker mansion. Nothing remains of the 35,000 volumes of the San Francisco Law Library. The Supreme Court lost its library of 10,000 volumes.

Of all the big libraries in San Francisco, one alone is intact. The Bancroft Library, containing an immense collection of historical works, was stored at Twenty-sixth and Valencia streets and is undamaged. This collection was purchased some time ago by the University of California and doubtless will be taken to Berkeley as soon as possible.

There will be scores of thousands of books purchased in San Francisco in the immediate future.

TO "ARGONAUT" SUBSCRIBERS.

The fire did not interrupt the publication of the "Argonaut."

Every number has been posted to our mail subscribers, with the exception of those in the burnt district of San Francisco. These latter are requested to send their NEW ADDRESSES to the Argonaut Mailing Clerk, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose.

The death was announced in County Tyrone, Ireland, April 23, of George Fletcher, the oldest British subject, so far as known. He was one hundred and eighteen years old. King Edward recently presented Fletcher with a gold snuff-box.

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Clay M. Greene and Frank L. Unger are cruising in the Mediterranean on the yacht "Atlantic."

Twenty-one San Franciscans arrived in New York, April 29, from Europe on the "St. Louis." Most of them received telegrams at the pier and some had received wireless messages off the banks. Only a few of the number had escaped losses. Mrs. E. Baird, who returned with her granddaughter, Miss Baldwin, was said to be the heaviest loser. Her losses are almost a million. A. H. Bullock returned with his daughters. A letter awaited him, telling of his big loss. Joseph D. Grant, of the dry-goods firm of Murphy, Grant & Co., and Mrs. Grant were on the ship. George H. Lent, a San Francisco real estate agent, was rushing back to the Coast with his wife. George A. Newhall, former Police Commissioner, came with Mrs. Newhall. Other San Franciscans who came on the "St. Louis" were A. T. Regan, F. A. Robbins and Mrs. Robbins, Mr. and Mrs. R. Stoneberger, W. C. Lowery, Miss A. Lowery, George Campbell, C. H. Stoddard and A. C. Stoddard.

The University Club has a mail address at 724 Golden Gate Avenue. Temporary quarters are not yet secured.

Albert Pissis was lying in the Palace Hotel, very ill, when the earthquake came. Before the fire he was removed to safer quarters and finally taken to Oakland. He is now said to be improving.

The board of directors of the Olympic Club is discussing the proposition of securing the Hobart mansion, on Van Ness Avenue, as a temporary home for the club. The house has been tendered to the club, at a stated rental, by President McCutchen of the Hobart estate.

Concerning the rumored arrival of one of the Sharon heirs, who once was Flora Sharon, a special to the "World" from London says: "One of the heavy losers through the San Francisco calamity is Lady Hesketh, wife of Sir Thomas Hesketh, of Easton Neston Park. She is a daughter of the late Senator Sharon. So serious is the shrinkage of her wealth that Sir Thomas has offered Easton Neston to be let for a term of years, and the family will be obliged to move into a smaller house. Lady Hesketh will set out soon for San Francisco. She was made seriously ill by the news."

The steamer "Breakwater" has gone to San Diego with John D. Spreckels, who is convalescing from a long and severe illness. Accompanying him are Mrs. Spreckels and Claus Spreckels Jr., Mrs. Harry Holbrook, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton and Mrs. Sands W. Forman. Their sojourn at the Hotel del Coronado will be indefinite. Mr. Spreckels will offer the use of the "Breakwater" to San Diego or any other Southern California city desiring to send supplies to this city.

Information regarding the whereabouts of Ward McAllister, oldest son of the late Ward McAllister, who was credited with creating New York's four hundred, is eagerly sought by his guardian, Hall McAllister, of 2436 Jackson Street. A year ago McAllister suffered from an attack of paralysis which left him speechless. For some time he was a patient at a local hospital, and when the flames threatened that institution most of the patients were moved by boat to Mare Island. At Mare Island and Vallejo sanitariums, no one answering McAllister's description was on the registers. Ward McAllister has been a member of the Pacific-Union Club for years, where he lived up to the time of his affliction, and was one of the attorneys for the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. His mother, Mrs. Ward McAllister, and his sister Louise and brother Heyward, live in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crocker were last week registered at the St. Regis, New York. Their California Street mansion was destroyed by fire. Not a single one of the magnificent residences on Nob Hill escaped destruction, and shapeless heaps of masonry, iron and ashes now mark the sites of the city's most famous mansions. Only the walls of the Flood mansion still stand. The destruction of the others, including the Hopkins, Huntington, Stanford, Crocker and Spreckels places was complete. Many valuable paintings were destroyed, probably including Millet's "Man with the Hoe," which was still in the Crocker mansion at last accounts.

The flames that circled Russian Hill came within a half block of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson's house on the top of the hill, at Hyde and Lombard streets. That it is still standing to-day is due to the efforts of a score of members of the Bohemian Club. The bohemians hold the memory of Stevenson in reverence. When the word was passed around that the residence of his widow was in danger, a relief corps was hastily got together. The party secured blankets and gunnysacks, and, climbing to the roof, fought away the flying embers.

The directors of the Bohemian Club are meeting frequently at the residence of President F. W. Hall, 1405 Grove street, Oakland, to discuss plans for the club's future. It is expected that the directors will decide to build at once a clubhouse on the ground at Post and Taylor streets, which they acquired eighteen months ago at a cost of \$125,000. The club has a building fund accumulated through a system of monthly assessments. The present quarters are at 2171 Pacific Avenue. The losses of the club are far in excess of the

insurance carried, which was only \$80,000. The heaviest loss is that of the library. Most of the paintings and all the club records were saved.

The Cosmos Club, Sutter and Octavia streets, was undamaged and is keeping open house for members of all other city clubs.

H. T. Oxnard is a guest at the Holland, New York.

C. A. Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus N. Eddy, Miss Eddy, Mrs. Marshall Field and Mrs. Marshall Field Jr. sailed from New York last week to attend the wedding in Paris of Miss Lurline Spreckels to Spencer Eddy.

Well-known people departing recently for Europe were Mrs. Leslie M. Shaw, Miss Cassidy and Miss Pansy Perkins, daughter of Senator Perkins. The last three named will make a tour of the Continent together, and return home next fall.

San Francisco passengers on outgoing liners from New York last week were: Mrs. A. Schwerin, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Fierbach, Miss Emma Fierbach and Dr. and Mrs. McLennon.

Prince Poniatowski was registered at the St. Regis, New York, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Murphy were recent arrivals at the Holland, New York.

San Franciscans who reached New York within the last week were: Mr. and Mrs. G. Marcus, who are guests at the Wellington; Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Hillis, at the Imperial; Mr. and Mrs. A. Schafer, at the Wellington; Mr. and Mrs. B. Arnold, at the Bartholdi; Mrs. M. J. Maloney and Miss McNamara, at the Grand Union; Mrs. W. M. Newhall, who is at the Walcott; Mrs. M. M. Taylor, at the Navarre; Miss Lockhart, at the Earlington; Miss Leonard, at the Algonquin; Mrs. Schmidell, at the Albemarle, and Mrs. Lynruckles, at the St. Denis.

Cable advices say the following San Francisco tourists have arrived in Paris: Frederick Wilson, R. H. Auerbach, Mrs. L. Bradley, Mrs. Louis P. Monteagle, Paige Monteagle, Mrs. R. Peixotto, Mrs. Eustace M. Peixotto, Miss Peixotto and Mr. and Mrs. R. Roth.

Mr. Newton B. Knox has taken up his residence permanently in London, where he is residing at 26, Hanover Square.

Harry Veuve, the well-known San Francisco clubman, died in San Francisco April 30. He had been afflicted with locomotor ataxia for years, and the excitement of the earthquake and fire, followed by the ordeal of hurried removal to a place of safety, hastened his death.

Rev. John Hemphill, D.D., of Calvary Presbyterian Church, led to the altar, on May 1, Mary B. Taylor, a faithful worker of his flock. The ceremony, which was performed in Dr. Hemphill's own church, was private, only a few personal friends of the couple being present. The honeymoon will be spent in the doctor's residence, 2502 Fillmore Street, until more auspicious times.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, the California novelist, is engaged in writing an account of the earthquake and fire for one of the Eastern magazines. Much of her personal property, including 40,000 words of a new novel in manuscript, which was stored in the basement of the Occidental Hotel, in San Francisco, was destroyed by fire. Speaking of her impressions, she said: "I have never known anything more interesting than the psychological result of this earthquake. Not only has it brought out the best in everybody, but it has almost recreated everybody who was meandering along in a rut and given them an intense and adventurous interest in life. It has created a new, capable and experienced set of pioneers. With the intense energy and optimism that everybody is showing, and the opportuneness of the fire, regarding the widespread interest in the Burnham plans. I think there is no doubt that before five years are past we will be one of the most beautiful cities in the world."

Charles Warren Stoddard, the well-known author is at Congress Springs. Two of Mr. Stoddard's books, "For the Pleasure of His Company" and "In the Footprints of the Padres," have gone up in smoke in San Francisco. So also has the manuscript of an unpublished volume of sketches.

Richard Burke, who married Miss Donohue, of the Peter Donohue family, will come to San Francisco to supervise the reconstruction of his property.

San Francisco.

Wallace Irwin in Collier's.

She laughed upon her hills out there
Beside her bays of misty blue;
The gayest hearts, the sweetest air
That any City ever knew.

For I have whistled all the songs
That thrilled upon her care-free breath,
And I have mingled with her throngs—
But never in the thought of Death.

Lady of Ventures, Joy of Earth,
How more the pity for your moans
With all the blossoms of your mirth
Crushed, like your Youth, beneath the stones!

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"I couldn't get a seat in the cars to-day." "Oh, that's a complaint of long standing."—Judge.

"There's Madeline. She's beginning to show her age, isn't she?" "You mean she's beginning to hide it."—Harper's Bazar.

Her Range.—Mrs. Knicker—What does she talk about? Mrs. Bocker—Bridge and Bridget.—Harper's Bazar.

Tommy—Papa, what is a consulting physician. Papa—He is a doctor who is called in at the last moment to share the blame.—Life.

"Funniman has a dry sort of humor." "Yes, his jokes are enough to drive one to drink, if that's what you mean."—Town and Country.

Pupil—Do you believe in spelling reform? Teacher—In your case I do. About every other one of your words is spelled wrong.—Detroit Free Press.

Little Girl (who had asked for a ha'porth of five-a-penny Easter eggs, and received two)—Please, M'm, it's the other ha'porth I would like.—Punch.

"Did that new dressmaker you tried give you a good fit?" "Did she? They had to call in two doctors when I saw how I looked in it."—Baltimore American.

Blobbs—Is the population of London more dense than that of New York? Slobbs—Sure. Did you ever try to tell an Englishman a joke?—Philadelphia Record.

"How fur is it ter de land er Content?" "It's 'cordin' ter how much faith you got. Ef you think you in it, dar you is. En ef you don't—well, it's ten mile funder on."—Atlanta Constitution.

Oldboy—I was run down by an automobile the other day. De Young—Were you hurt? Oldboy—Not until a fool bystander remarked that it was a shame to see an old man bowled over like that.—Chicago Daily News.

"You haven't made any speeches lately." "No," answered Senator Sorghum. "It's more work than it used to be to make a speech. The public is getting so that it takes an orator seriously."—Washington Star.

Pointing to her sons, Cornelia had just exclaimed, "These are my jewels!" "Then," replied the heartless janitor, "you'll have to keep them in the safe. As children, they ain't allowed in this apartment house."—Harper's Bazar.

"What we want," said the reformer, "is a system by which the office seeks the man." "We've got it right here in Crimson Gulch," answered Piute Pete. "The whole sheriff's office was out last night huntin' the feller that got the wrong hoss."—Washington Star.

Young Husband—It's very pretty, but don't you think it was extravagant to spend \$28 on a ring? Young Wife—But you see, darling, I had already saved the \$28 by getting an Easter gown that was reduced from \$88 to \$60.—Brooklyn Life.

"You will understand, sir," Dr. Price-Price began, "that I cannot undertake to cure your case without a diagnosis." "That's all right," interrupted Nuritch, haughtily, "I s'pose that's the medical word for 'fee in advance.' Name yer figger!"—Philadelphia Press.

"So the millionaires gave a mask ball? Was it a success?" "No, but it would have been a success save for Percy Lavender." "What did he do?" "Why, he went disguised as a process server, and all the millionaires jumped out of the windows."—Chicago Daily News.

The department store salesman had taken twenty-nine rolls of dress-goods from the shelf and was a trifle impatient. "Madame," he said, politely, "isn't there anything here which suits you?" "No," replied the fair shopper. "I guess I won't select the goods now. You see, I'm just looking for a friend." "There's another roll on the shelf," said the salesman; "I'll take it down if you think your friend is likely to be in it."—Puck.

Old woman (awaiting magistrate's signature to her declaration that she has lost a pawn ticket)—An awkward thing, yer honor, to lose a pawn ticket. Police Superintendent—Sh-h-h! Old woman (not to be suppressed)—Ahem! It's an awkward thing, yer honor, to lose a pawn ticket. Magistrate—My good woman, I never lost one. Old woman—Ah! Sure, yer honor, some people are very careful.—Punch.

Lord Rathmore has told a friend how he once took "Ouida" in to dinner and how disappointed he was to find that the novelist devoted herself to the dishes rather than to intellectual refreshment. He said at last, in despair at having only been able to get "Yes" and "No" in answer to the different subjects he introduced: "I'm afraid I'm singularly unfortunate in my choice of topics. Is there anything we could talk about to interest you?" To which the chronicler of society's shortcomings replied: "There is one thing which would interest me very much. Tell me about the duchesses; I have written about them all my life and never met one yet."

VANITY FAIR.

A curious phase of the recent disaster in San Francisco was that it caused an increase in marriages, an increase in births and a diminution in deaths. Excluding the victims by accident, the normal death rate fell off. Weddings in great number resulted from the recent disaster. Women driven out of their homes and left destitute consented to marry at once the men to whom they were engaged, and immediately marriages were effected. A Maiden Lane jewelry manufacturer (in New York) received a rush order from San Francisco for 160 wedding rings. From the first day of the disaster, an increase in the number of marriage licenses issued was noticed by the San Francisco County Clerk. This increase grew greater and greater. One morning seven marriage licenses were

issued in an hour. "I don't live anywhere," was the answer given in many cases when the applicant for a license was asked where his residence was. "I used to live in San Francisco." In San Jose also there was a boom in marriages. Engagements which had been lingering long and "understandings" seemed to be suddenly brought to a head by the earthquake shock. All day blushing young couples spent hours after the earthquake climbing around the debris in front of the City Hall and the Court House trying to find where they could obtain marriage licenses. They were somewhat handicapped in their endeavors, as they were generally unwilling to tell anybody what they wanted. The Santa Clara County Clerk had installed his office on the verandah of a residence on St. James and First streets, whither the procession of would-be spouses took up their line of march.

Is it a fixed law that a woman shall take her husband's last name at marriage, or is it just a custom? It is, according to an authority on the law of husband and wife, "a mere question of choice." As the husband is the head of the family, it is generally the custom for the wife and children to adopt his family name. But either parent may take the other's name, or they may join their names together. The great inconvenience of a failure to adopt a common family name at the time of marriage practically prohibits any disagreement on the subject.

Calico, cambric, dimity, silk, damask, satin, brocade, cotton take their names from the places where they are made. Damask goods originally came from Damascus; dimity from Damiatta, Egypt; cambric was first made in Cambray, France; calico in Calicut on the Malabar coast. Cotton is derived from the Arabic word, goton; silk from the Latin word, sericus (soft), and satin from the Italian word, seta (having a fine lustre). Brocade comes from the word broccare (to stitch, to figure).

The old custom of throwing a shoe after the bride came from the ancient custom of plucking off a shoe and giving it as a proof of the transfer of any piece of property, or throwing it on a piece of land as a symbol of new ownership. The eighth verse of the sixtieth Psalm, for instance, refers to the custom. So the practice of throwing an old shoe after the bride came into general use in old days as a sign that her parents had resigned their authority over her. A later Anglo-Saxon custom was for the bride's father to hand her shoe to the bridegroom, who touched her head with it to show that she now belonged to him.

Panama hats are expensive because of the closeness and difficulty of the work; first, because perfect hats are hard to obtain, and then because it takes so long to make them. Owing to the fact that every fiber must be kept thoroughly moist to be pliable, the work can be carried on only between the hours of midnight and seven in the morning, when the air is humid. The Indian weaver first takes the straw, selecting it fibre by fibre. Then, with his little finger or his thumb, he slices it into smaller fibres, running down the whole length of the grass until he has a bundle of threads each four or five feet long. This accomplished, he braids sixteen or twenty fibres together, interlacing them at their middle. After that, all he has to do is to braid, to keep on braiding, braiding, from midnight to morn, adding another fibre at every turn until the task is finished.

STORYETTES.

The Archbishop of Dublin recently performed a marriage in the family of a wealthy Irish distiller. After the breakfast the distiller thanked the archbishop effusively for his share of the proceedings, and said to him as he took leave, "The Lord be with you." "And with thy spirit," is reported to have been the rejoinder.

Few men have ever been so ready and witty as Mark Twain in introducing others to public audiences. At Hartford, December 12, 1877, he presented Mr. Howells, and after a word or two as to his literary work, said: "But I am not here to speak of his literary reputation, but simply to (a long pause) back up his moral character."

Ex-Senator Evarts was discussing dyspepsia and indigestion and that sore of thing one day with a lady, who remarked that she supposed the greater part of the trouble men had with their stomachs was due to the different wines they drank. "It was the indifferent wines that gave me the most trouble," retorted the venerable statesman.

On one occasion, the Dean of Wells, in introducing E. A. Freeman, whom he could abide neither as man nor historian, said: "I rise with great pleasure to propose the health of our eminent neighbor, Mr. Freeman, the historian, a man who—in his own personal characteristics—has so often depicted for us the savage character of our first forefathers."

"I had occasion not long ago," said "Private" John Allen, in conversation with "Uncle Joe" Cannon, "to visit a certain hospital where an old friend of mine was convalescing. He was being fed on a daily diet of egg and sherry. When I asked him how he liked it, he replied: 'John, it would be all right if the egg was as new as the sherry and the sherry as old as the egg.'"

"A London newsboy, who is accustomed to shout 'Extras' every evening, recently had a very bad cold and became hoarse. Feeling himself at a disadvantage, he carried a large card in front of him, on which he had roughly written: 'Hush! Noise is a nuisance! I can't shout my extras, but I have them all the same!' It did not take the boy long to sell out his stock of papers to the grateful passersby.

The late Charles Keene, the artist of "Punch," used to describe, with a great delight, the method of a certain man whom he called "a pot-house Ruskin." This person was sitting with a friend in an inn parlor, and was haranguing the other man on matters in general. Finally the friend ventured mildly to interpose an objec-

tion. The speaker drew himself up with much dignity. "I ain't a-arguing with you," said he; "I'm a-telling you!"

When Wong Kai Kah was temporarily a sojourner here—alas, that this Oriental gentleman who endeared himself to all who met him is no more!—one of his new-made acquaintances asked him as to the antiquity of his family. "Oh," he said, with naive modesty and yet with a merry twinkle in his eye, "my family is new in China; indeed, we have nothing to boast of as to long establishment in that country, for we have been there only 2,500 years, having come from a place to the south and east of the Caspian Sea."

A man and his wife were at a San Francisco hotel, when they were aroused from their slumbers by the recent earthquake. "Now, my dear," said the husband, "I will put into practice what I have preached. Put on all your indispensable apparel, and keep cool." Then he slipped his watch into his vest pocket and walked with his wife out of the hotel. When all danger was past he said: "Now you see how necessary it is to keep cool." The wife for the first time glanced at her husband. "Yes, William," she said, "it is a grand thing, but if I were you I would have put on my trousers."

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trademarked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Publication office, 246 Sutter St., San Francisco. Temporary Business and Editorial offices, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 1711 San Pablo Avenue, Oakland, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal."

Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal."

Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company, Jerome A. Hart, President."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breams Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

Telephone Number, Long Distance 3271. San Jose.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL—The Insurance Situation—Will San Francisco Lose Her Sceptre?—Oakland as a Rival—The Other Bay Cities—The Commercial Centre of San Francisco—Will It Change?—Sky-Scrapers On Mud Foundations—Will Tall Buildings Concentrate and Diminish the Business Area?—Shifting of Business Centres—Federal, State, Municipal, and Amateur Government—Effects of Dynamiting—Peculiarities of the Fire—Street Railway and Real Estate Investments—An Up-Town Retail District—Municipal Ownership—The San Francisco Post Office.	1-2
OLD FAVORITES	2
LITERARY—Book Notes—Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip	3
STORYETTES	3
LATE VERSE	2
INDIVIDUALITIES	3
VANITY FAIR	4
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS	4
THE TUNEFUL LIAR	4
MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS	4

THE INSURANCE SITUATION.

So much anxiety is felt in California concerning the stability of foreign insurance companies, and so little that

is published, is authoritative, that the following from the financial letter cabled from London to the New York "Evening Post," will be read with keen interest:

"London, April 23.—The Bank of England's supply of American gold coin is large, but withdrawal of another million sterling would mean a rise in the bank rate. This withdrawal is anticipated, but it depends largely on the fire indemnities. There is no necessity for immediate remittance by the British underwriting companies, their funds in the United States being large. But the estimate of the fire liabilities of British companies in San Francisco is £25,000,000, and the net loss is put at £10,000,000. Belief here in London is that several American companies will be put out of business, to the ultimate advantage of British companies, which have lately suffered by the severe rate-cutting of your institutions. Our offices are likely to place liberal interpretation on their protective clauses, but the effects of their necessary sale of stocks from their assets has been at least partly discounted by the shrinkage of £8,000,000 in two days in the market value of insurance shares."

Another financial cable says:

"London, April 23.—Conflicting accounts are current as to what extent individual British insurance offices will be involved, and the shares of various companies have fallen in different proportions, the London Assurance and Royal Exchange Companies having suffered most. The total loss, estimated at between fifteen and twenty million pounds, is so distributed through reinsurance that no failure will ensue. It is generally agreed that where contracts are limited by an earthquake clause this will not be pressed."

These cables give a distinctly favorable view to the insurance situation in California.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Decrees of Heaven.

"O God! have mercy!" a mother cried, As she humbly knelt at the cradle side. "O God, have mercy, and hear my prayer, And take my babe in thy tender care; For the Angel of Death is in the room! And is calling aloud for my babe to come. Thou, then, alone hast the power to save Oh! God have mercy, 'tis all I crave."

"O Father in Heaven, protect my boy From the wiles of folly—from sin's decoy; From the snares of temptation in life's dark sea; Guard him and keep him pure for thee. So a mother prayed as her darling son Went forth to battle the world alone; Alone, save the blessing his mother gave. And that prayer to God to keep and save

A father and mother knelt them down Together before the Eternal One. And with trusting hearts implored that Heaven Would guard the flower its grace had given— Would keep their blossoming daughter pure, And shield her, aye, from the temptor's lure, And from every stain would keep her free As the lilies that bloom in eternity.

A beautiful maiden knelt to pray For the life of a loved one far away— Away in the fields where life and death

Hang poised in the scale that tips with a breath.

"Oh, Father of Mercies, protect the heart

Of him I love from the foeman's dart; When the death-bolts rain on the charging field, Be Thou his guide, his strength, his shield."

The night was dark on the ocean's breast,

And the waves ran high in wild unrest, When a stately barque was dashing on Toward a breaker's crest with her rudder gone.

Around the captain in wild despair, The crew had gathered and joined in prayer

To Him who only had the power to save,

To deliver them from a watery grave.

'Twas midnight in the city's heart,

And slumber reigned o'er home and mart,

When the fire fiend burst from his secret place

And wrapped all things in his fierce embrace.

Oh! then how many a friendly prayer To Heaven for safety rent the air—

For homes, for lives, for loves, and then

The flames that crisped them sneered at amen!

From the earliest dawn of nature's birth

Since sorrow and crime first darkened the earth,

From clime to clime, from pole to pole, Wheresoever the waves of humanity roll,

The breezy robe this planet wears

Has quivered and echoed with countless prayers;

Each hour a million knees are bent, A million prayers to heaven are sent.

There's not a summer beam but sees Some humble suppliant on his knees;

There's not a breeze that murmurs by But wafts some faithful prayer on high

There's not a woe that afflicts our race, But some one bears to the throne of grace;

And for every temptation we may meet We plead for grace at the mercy seat.

But the beams smile on, and Heaven serene

Still broods as though no prayers had been,

And the breezes moan as the branches wave.

"When man is powerless Heaven can not save."

The Universe a Paradise.

Out through the sweep of the uttermost spheres—

If I were God!

Down the dim span of the ultimate years—

If I were God!

The luminous lilies forever should shine

The passionate roses flame red on the vine,

The golden grapes drip with a delicate wine,

If I were God!

Never a coffin or cold winding-sheet,

If I were God!

Nor blue myrtles blooming at headstone and feet,

If I were God!

No sad, stricken souls bending down by their dead

To kiss the pale corpse whence the spirit hath fled,

While the torn bosom bleeds and the hot tears are shed,

If I were God!

The fires of friendship should faithfully burn,

If I were God!

Heart unto heart should unchangingly turn,

If I were God!

Never should longings be vile or vain, Never be pestilence, famine, or chain,

Never be poverty, farewell, or pain,

If I were God!

Never a mortal should come unto harm,

If I were God!

Never a gallows should lift its red arm,

If I were God!

Sin should slink far out of sound and of sight,

The wrong that is rapturous always be right,

Nor fagot and steel be the symbols of might,

If I were God!

—W. Hubbard-Kernan.

The Easy Position.

"What I want," said the constituent, "is a nice, easy position."

"My friend," answered Senator Sorghum, "give up that idea. When an easy position is discovered, so many people are after it that man has to

fight ten hours a day to get and twelve hours a day to hold on to it."—Washington Star.

CURRENT VERSE.

Soldier, Rest!

[The specifications for fitting up the Seventy-first New York Regiment's armory included 31 davenport, couches, and divans upholstered in leather, 354 arm-chairs of special design, and 4,643 other chairs.]

Soldier, rest!—In mission chair Or on couch of Spanish leather, Dream not of the trumpet's blare Sounding in all sorts of weather. In this sybaritic hall

Not with ball and powder dally, But with pool or bowling ball

Hit the pocket or the alley.

Soldier, rest! No war alarms, Put away your bristling arms.

In the drill-room cases show 'em, Take a chair—we've plenty of 'em.

No rude sound shall reach our ear, Nary noisy foe besiege us.

Soldier, rest!—the trappings here Beat the Waldorf or St. Regis.

Couches, couches everywhere For your slumberland transportment

Or, if you prefer a chair, We've a large and fine assortment.

Soldier, rest! The bugle's dumb.

Soldier, rest! Unstrung the drum.

Soldier, rest! No storm is brewing.

Soldier, rest! There's nothing doing.

Evening.

The quiet streams their lullabies are calling;

All through the apple boughs their voices creep,

While from each petal in the orchard falling,

Down droppeth sleep.

—William Grenvil in Pearson's Magazine.

From Munich to Verona.

Black mountains pricked with pointed pine

A melancholy sky.

Outdistanced was the German vine, The sterile fields lay high.

From swartzy Alps I traveled forth Aloft; it was the North, the North;

Bound for the Noon was I.

I seemed to breast the streams that day;

I met, opposed, withstood

The northward rivers on their way, My heart against the flood—

My heart that pressed to rise and reach,

And felt the love of altering speech, Of frontiers, in its blood.

But oh, the unfolding South! the burst Of summer! Oh, to see

Of all the Southward brooks the first! The traveling heart went free

With endless streams; that strife was stopped;

And down a thousand vales I dropped, I flowed to Italy.

—Alice Meynell in the Outlook (London).

Beauty.

Foredoomed am I to serve her. Where she glows,

There is my heaven. These famished lips are vain

To kiss her naked feet, altho in vain The Nymph elusive comes, elusive goes;

I reach to fold her to my heart,—she flows

Wave-like away, and with a sweet diadain

Beckons me on to where I see remain, Rising resilient from her step, the rose:

So, panting after Beauty all my days, I trace her footings o'er the wind-swayed wheat,

Drawn by her blown hair fluttering in the glades,

Or white arms luring down Italian ways:

I am her thrall, and she, a splendid cheat,

Fadeth forever, tho she never fades.

—Lloyd Mifflin in Everybody's Magazine.

Renewal.

On the highways of the world I hear them tramping,

Anglo-Saxon, Teuton, Malay, Celt, and Black.

All the horses of the earth their bits are champing,

Blithe and eager for the load upon the back.

In the offing all the sails are roughly breasting,

With a longing for the freedom of the gale,

While the silent words of Nature are unsheathing,

Soon to battle with the resister of the flail.

Love and laughter fill the orchards and
the gardens,
Flowers are blooming, bees are hum-
ming, birds are gay;
All the good and mighty tides of life
are rising—
Hasten! hasten to the highroad—
and away!
—Louise Morgan Sill in Harper's
Weekly.

Reciprocity.

"They say industrious persons live
longest," observed the professor, "but
there is nothing surprising in that. Fa-
ther Time naturally feels like dealing
kindly with those who never try to kill
him."—Chicago Tribune.

Unmoved.

"What do you think of these plans
for exploring the Arctic regions with
automobiles?"

"They're none of my trouble," an-
swered Farmer Cornstossel. "Let the
Eskimos worry."—Washington Star.

Facts in the Case.

"Love is blind, you know," quoted
she with the curls.

"It is color blind, at least," rejoined
the fussy bachelor. "A married friend
of mine tells me he used to think his
wife's complexion was genuine."—Chi-
cago News.

Needs a Cough Remedy.

"Did you ever hear of any one start-
ing up a flirtation by coughing when
he passed a pretty girl?"

"I have, indeed. I met my wife at a
church fair, coughed gently, attracted
her attention and afterward married
her."

"Quite romantic. What is the se-
quel?"

"I have been coughing up ever
since."—Chicago News.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

When Father Rode the Goat.

The house is full of arnica
And mystery profound;
We do not dare to run about
Or make the slightest sound;
We leave the 'big piano shut
And do not strike a note;
The doctor's been here seven times
Since father rode the goat.

He joined the lodge a week ago—
Got in at 4 a. m.,
And sixteen brethren brought him
home,
Though he says he brought
them.
His wrist was sprained, and one
big rip
Had rent his Sunday coat—
There must have been a lively time
When father rode the goat.

He's resting on the couch today
And practicing his signs—
The hailing signal, working grip,
And other monkeyshines;
He mutters passwords 'neath his
breath,
And other things he'll quote—
They surely had an evening's work
When father rode the goat.

The Former Tenderloin.

Where is the gang of yesterday?
The Redlight's ruddy glare
Shines not on lips incarnadine
Nor on peroxide hair.
The man who dallied with delights
Along the cocktail route
Is lurching in the bread line and
The gang is camping out.
The amber glass, the giddy whirl,
Were shattered by the shock,
The Tenderloin is bounded now
By ashes on the block.

—Waldemar Young.

The Circus Season.

Now the merry circus season spread-
eth o'er the land;
Mark the flaming posters looming up
on every hand;
Maiden with the six-foot tresses;
Trapeze-girls in scanty dresses;
Beasts from unknown wilderness-
es;
Girl who lion fierce caresses;
Birds that no known land possess-
es;
Calliope that nerves distresses;
Clown who ancient jokes express-
es;
Farmer who at shell-game guesses;
Procession that with pomp pro-
gresses;
All of which our wealth assesses;
See the people throng the sidewalks
when they hear the band.

Note the fearless bareback-riders dash-
ing 'round the ring;
See the ancient damsel from a lofty
trapeze swing;
See red lemonade a-flowing;
Mark the last year's peanuts go-
ing;

Scent the jungle zephyrs blowing;
Hear the sacred white bull lowing;
See the strong man make a show-
ing
That a half-ton weight he's throw-
ing;
Mark the rural lad, all-knowing;
Hear the scores of babies crowing;
Watch the cowboy's lasso-throw-
ing;
And the baby lion growing;
Crane your neck and strain your eyes
at every wondrous thing.

STAGE GOSSIP.

The biggest benefit programme ever
given in Los Angeles has been pre-
pared at the Mason Opera house. All
the proceeds are to go toward the
San Francisco relief. The first num-
ber will go on at 12 o'clock, noon, and
it is expected that the show will con-
tinue until evening.

The Theatrical Managers' Associa-
tion have each decided to act inde-
pendently and resume operations at the
earliest possible moment. The Or-
pheum management, as soon as the
debris is cleared from its old site in-
tends erecting a twelve-story building.
Within a month, the regular Orpheum
bills will be presented at the Chutes
Theater, which escaped injury. Belas-
co and Mayer, owners of the old Al-
cazar and Alhambra theaters, expect to
be back in the amusement field within
at least three months. Their houses
in Portland and Los Angeles have
stage paraphernalia which could easi-
ly be brought here as soon as they get
some sort of a house.

W. H. Leahy, of the Tivoli Opera-
house, is accorded with saying that
a new house will be constructed at
the Eddy and Mason street site at an
early date. No definite knowledge is
obtainable regarding the reconstruc-
tion of the Columbia Theater. Doubt
has been expressed regarding the re-
building of the old Grand Opera-house
on Mission street. This site is likely
to be turned over for wholesale pur-
poses. Harry Bishop expects to have
the Ede people rebuild the Majestic.
The Macdonoughs have decided to re-
build the California Hotel, but not the
theater.

Richard Mansfield announces that he
proposes to give a great benefit at the
Metropolitan Opera House, New York,
to rebuild and re-establish the Bohe-
mian Club of San Francisco, at which
all the literary men and artists of the
world have been guests. Mr. Mans-
field will ask the co-operation of all
newspapers and all artists and writers
of the United States.

Immediately after the San Francisco
disaster Sarah Bernhardt gave a
monster benefit performance in Chic-
ago for the sufferers. The artist now
announces her determination to bring
her company here despite the fact that
the city upon which she depended for
her greatest support in the West is in
ruins. She will appear May 15, at the
Liberty Theater, Oakland, in "Ca-
mille," and will give a matinee per-
formance of "Phedra" at the Greek
Theater, Berkeley, May 16. Her ap-
pearance in the college play, "Phreda,"
at the Greek Theater will be one of the
most remarkable events of dramatic
history of this country. No more won-
derful setting for such a drama could
be found than the open air theater at
Berkeley. Madame Bernhardt announ-
ces through her management that ten
per cent of the proceeds of the per-
formances in Oakland and Berkeley
will be donated to the relief of San
Francisco sufferers.

The Argonaut.

VIII. No. 1522.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 12, 1906.

Price, 10 Cents

NOTICE.

As soon as the necessary permits can be secured and the debris cleared away, work will begin at once on reconstructing the Argonaut's former quarters at 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco. In the meantime, the Editorial and Business Offices will be maintained at TWENTY-FIVE BROWN AVENUE, SAN JOSE, CAL. Address all business communications there to The Argonaut Publishing Co., Jerome A. Hart, President.

The news trade can secure the Argonaut from the SAN FRANCISCO NEWS CO., No. 1711 SAN PABLO AVENUE, OAKLAND.

The paper will be on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco and by the Dennisan News Co., on its boats and trains.

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE IN SAN FRANCISCO AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

TWENTY-NINTH YEAR.

JEROME A. HART - - - - - Editor

The Insurance Situation.

Clouds of rumors have tended to mystify policy holders as to the intentions of the insurance companies. Letters to the agents have resulted in no replies but bare acknowledgements. Evidently the companies do not care to put themselves on record in any manner. Generally speaking, the situation now would seem to be that the European companies will adhere strictly to the letter of their policies, and will make a desperate fight on technicalities. Some of the American companies will adopt a more liberal policy, but only such as is forced upon them. The English companies met in London on May 3rd and cabled the following to California:

"The British offices will only pay the losses for which they are legally liable, since to go beyond their contracts would be illegal. They cannot recognize any liability for damage by earthquake where no fire ensued, nor damage by fire to fallen or partly fallen buildings, which were pulled down or destroyed by order of the authorities of San Francisco."

The European companies will claim immunity where walls have fallen by earthquake shock and there is no fire damage. They will claim immunity where walls have fallen by earthquake shock and subsequently been damaged by fire. They will claim immunity where walls have fallen by reason of the acts of the authorities in blowing up or otherwise removing ruins. In short, they will only pay losses when the buildings where the damage occurred were practically left intact after the earthquake shock.

The Underwriters in New York have been endeavoring to effect a compromise by which both the European and American companies will settle all claims on a scaled down basis. Instead of contesting claims on the ground that many buildings were damaged by the earthquake before they took fire, these Underwriters hold that it would be better to settle all claims at 60 per cent. They say to the policy holders: "It would be better that you should accept 60 per cent and get your money in thirty days, rather than wait a year or two for the slow processes of the courts."

That proposition is all very well for a man whose loss is either entirely from earthquake or by earthquake and fire, but the vast majority of policy holders who lost in the San Francisco fire met their losses by the action of fire alone, for nearly all the buildings in the city were standing hours after the earthquake. We do not think that this proposed "compromise" would be either just or equitable.

If the fire insurance companies stand to lose heavily by reason of this great conflagration, they have made money enough out of California in the past to recoup them for their losses. There is no district in the country which has paid such enormous premiums to the insurance companies as has California. Furthermore, it is in the power of the insurance companies to increase their charges to such an extent as to indemnify them in a few years. The New York

Fire Underwriters are already holding secret sessions with a view to making a horizontal advance of 25 per cent or over on all fire risks throughout the country. If they do this they will speedily get back the one hundred and fifty millions which they must pay to San Francisco.

Later Insurance Notes.

At the time these lines are written the insurance situation is still in an uncertain and unsatisfactory condition. The Mayor and the Citizens' Committee have several times requested the Underwriters to meet and inform them what the attitude of the companies would be. But the Underwriters have abstained as yet from attending any such conference. To notifications or letters addressed to them by policy holders, they make either vague replies or no replies at all. They are evidently extremely fearful of committing themselves.

Some of the companies that were looked upon with the most apprehension seem to be the ones most to be relied on in the present crisis. Much doubt was expressed as to the ability of certain California companies to meet their liabilities, but they are advertising that they are prepared to meet all legal claims as soon as they are adjusted. There is, of course, considerable latitude in the term "legal claim." The English companies—which institutions it was feared might evade payment and abandon California as an insurance field—have announced their intention of paying their losses, and are already shipping coin to meet the emergency. They will, however, stand strictly on the lines of their legal liability. They will pay no damages caused by earthquake, and will shield themselves in many fire losses behind earthquake damages. There will doubtless be many legal contests with them before policy holders can obtain even measurable satisfaction.

The American companies will probably adopt a more liberal policy than those of the English companies, but even they are evidently determined to fight every doubtful fire claim. They will repudiate some of the promises made by their local agents. Some emissaries are sowing seeds of doubt in the minds of the smaller policy holders, evidently with the desire to instigate them to compromise. We do not say that these emissaries come from the insurance companies, but it is difficult to see from what other quarter they could come.

One of the companies that was least expected to be weak, the Traders of Chicago, has gone into liquidation. This company's assets about balance its losses and some of the stock holders wished to

levy an assessment of \$200 a share to meet the emergency like men, to wipe the losses off their books and go to work again. Had they done so, they would have speedily put their company on its feet again, and coined money in the enormously increased business and the enormously increased rates bound to follow in the wake of this great conflagration. But some of the stockholders adopted a more cowardly plan and forced the company into liquidation. This will mean that the policy holders will not get their just dues, and what they get, if they get anything, will be much scaled down from the face of their claims by the expenses of liquidation. In a few days the names of the stockholders, who have forced the Traders into liquidation, will, we hope, be known. If they are known, we trust that the newspapers of California will thoroughly advertise the Traders and those of the Traders' stockholders who have played fast and loose with business honor in this great crisis.

The President's Refusal of Relief Funds.

The refusal of President Roosevelt to accept relief funds from foreign nations for the stricken people of San Francisco has been received with mingled feelings both at home and abroad. Some of the German newspapers have not hesitated to say that they receive it with resentment. They declare that President Roosevelt may advocate his ideas of the Monroe Doctrine as much as he pleases in the field of the intercontinental balance of power, but that when it comes to benevolence and philanthropy the Monroe Doctrine does not apply. Mr. Roosevelt may have been actuated by well-meaning motives in his refusal. Some of the dwellers in the communities east of the Rocky Mountains will say that he was right. They will agree with him in thinking that the United States should take care of her own, and that for so powerful and wealthy a nation to accept relief at the hands of foreigners for a stricken sister would be unbecoming.

But the stricken sister State does not believe so. Many cities of the Pacific Coast are crushed, and San Francisco is prostrate in her own ashes. Our people are so sorely stricken that they are dis-

posed to welcome aid from whatever quarter it may come. They are all the more inclined toward this course when they reflect that for many years California has been the first in all the sisterhood of States to respond to appeals for relief from every quarter. The very night before the earthquake shook the mountains and valleys of the Coast Range, San Francisco was busily engaged in gathering and transmitting large sums for the unfortunates afflicted by the Vesuvius eruption. Therefore it is that the stricken in California cities do not sympathize with the somewhat theatrical attitude of the President when he loftily waves back the charitable hands extended to help them.

It is probable that the President desired to impress the nations of the world with our prosperity and our power in peace as well as in war. It is our boast that we need no alliances; that we are so great, so prosperous, so populous, no nation could subdue us in defensive war, no nation could repel us in offensive war. Correspondingly the President would have the world believe that in times of great calamity like this which has afflicted the Pacific Coast the nation can take care of its own; that we are so great, so rich, so charitable, we can purvey to the needs of our own stricken kindred.

It goes without saying that the people of our afflicted State do not agree with the President. There are some in other states who also disagree with him. A committee of Californians has been engaged in collecting funds in New York City, to transmit to California, of which committee Gaylord Wilshire is the Chairman. Mr. Wilshire learned that the President had refused to receive and transmit to California the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars which the Hamburg-American Steamship line had donated for the sufferers. He thereupon addressed a letter to the New York newspapers in which he said that the people of California were better able to judge of their needs than President Roosevelt; that the Hamburg-American steamship line had received many millions of dollars for many years from the American travellers; that if this foreign steamship line desired to help an American community which was in sore need, and if that American community expressed no objection, he saw no reason why President Roosevelt should; and he closed by informing the Hamburg-American Steamship line that if they still desired, notwithstanding President Roosevelt's rebuff, to devote twenty-five thousand dollars or any other sum to the sufferers of the Pacific Coast, the California Committee stood ready to accept and transmit it with their earnest thanks.

A relief association of California women also disagree with the President, and have drawn up and published a set of resolutions in the daily press in which they state that the needs of the sufferers in this State are so great that the amount subscribed, large as it may seem, is utterly inadequate to cope with the suffering already experienced and which suffering is not decreasing. They would seem to be supported in this view by the military authorities in San Francisco, who are finding the demand for food so great that they now confine their free rations to women and children, ordering the male refugees to go to work. It is of course true that able bodied men should work for their food, but the helpless city of San Francisco is crowded with professional men, clerks, book-keepers, stenographers and others who are utterly unfitted for hard bodily labor, and that is the principal kind of work at present to be had in San Francisco. If these men cannot obtain work which they are able to do, without free rations, they will starve. The only kind of work obtainable is a kind of work they cannot do, and the military authorities refuse longer to furnish them with free rations. Hence the only logical outcome is that they will have to starve. Furthermore at this writing the military authorities have food enough on hand for only about ten days' rations.

In the meantime donations continue to be offered by foreign nations which the President continues to decline. The Empress Dowager of China has offered a personal subscription of seventy-five thousand dollars to the American Minister at Peking for the relief of the sufferers in San Francisco. The President instructed the State Department to decline the donation with an expression of appreciation. The Japanese government has also offered a donation of 100,000 yen, which has similarly been declined. The Canadian Government has offered \$100,000 for the relief of the sufferers on the Pacific Coast by the earthquake and fire; declined. The Republic of Mexico voted the sum of \$30,000; declined. The Republic of Guatemala offered \$10,000; declined. The Government of New Zealand offered \$25,000; declined. The little island of Martinique offered 10,000 francs; declined. The municipality of Edmondson, Canada, offered \$1,000; declined. Many municipalities, corporations and individuals in Germany, France, Cuba and other countries have also offered aid. All of these offers have been declined.

The general comment on these cases in the West has indicated a total disagreement with the President concerning this matter—sometimes mild disagreement, but generally acrid disagreement. We are not as yet apprised of the tone of the press and the people in the East, but it would seem as if it must be changing to a certain ac-

cord with Pacific Coast sentiment, for the President has seen fit to send a special message to Congress on the subject of receiving foreign aid for California. It is somewhat apologetic in tone. He says concerning these offers of aid: "Where they were tendered to me in my official capacity I did not feel warranted in accepting them." The President adds, however, in an explanatory way: "Where these offerings are made to the private relief committees organized to deal with the distress in San Francisco, I have of course no official action to take concerning them." This is quite obvious. If Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman should offer to the Mayor of San Francisco one hundred thousand pounds, naturally Mr. Roosevelt could take no action, officially or otherwise, regarding it, as the matter would not concern him. If, however, the Government of Great Britain, of which Sir Henry is the head, should offer to give one hundred thousand pounds to the Mayor of San Francisco, Mr. Roosevelt could at once interfere. For no foreign government may have official dealings with the citizens of this Republic save through the formal intermediary of our foreign office, which is the Department of State. Therefore if President Roosevelt directs the Department of State to refuse donations offered by Great Britain or any other government, it is tantamount to forbidding that government to donate its money to California or to San Francisco in any way. No government would venture thereafter to attempt to make such a donation. The President's action practically forbids a foreign government to exercise an act of charity which would give to a stricken domestic community some kindly and well meant aid. We agree with those who think this action is unnecessary and uncalled for. The only possible motive for it that we can see is an attempt at self-glorification on the part of the United States.

Wooden Palaces for Priceless Treasures.

It has often been a matter of wonder to visiting strangers in San Francisco that our millionaires should be willing to intrust their priceless treasures to the scanty security of wooden walls. There is great wealth in San Francisco—or there was. We all believe there will be again. There are few cities in the country—perhaps in the world—where there is so large a number of millionaires in proportion to the population. In the houses of these wealthy ones may be found every imaginable kind of priceless art treasures—canvases from the modern masters of Europe; pictures in oils, in pastel, in water colors; bronzes from Barbedienne; marbles from the studios of American, French and Italian sculptors; miniatures; cameos; intaglios; tapestries; rare books, new and old; first edition Shakespeares; ancient missals; incunabulae; pots and jugs, ancient and modern; Delft, Seures, Worcester, Doulton, Satsuma, repousse brass and beaten copper; weapons of all kinds, yataghans and scimitars.

Yet these art treasures in the houses of the San Francisco millionaires are shielded only by wooden walls. To the visiting stranger it seemed as if they were an easy prey to the flames. In the Old World the meanest peasant's barn would have better fire-resisting construction, for most farm buildings there are of stone and some of them are of concrete. As for the great art galleries of the Old World, such as the Louvre in Paris, the Tate Gallery in London and the Uffizi in Florence, and the Pinacothek in Munich, they are not only built with a view to almost absolute security against fire from without, but usually there is no possible means of fire starting from within, for no heating devices are used in the day time and no lighting devices at night. In fact, they are closed before the approach of darkness and never opened at night.

Strangers have always wondered at this strange temerity of the San Francisco millionaires in risking their art treasures in houses so absolutely at the mercy of the flames. It has seemed odd, but the reason is not difficult to find. Although we in California strive to forget our earthquakes as speedily as we may, they will not be forgotten. Strive as we may to push the recollections of them back into the past with the dead yesterdays, there still clings around us the recollection of the ugly feeling which chills our hearts with the first sullen rumblings of the earth. It is this feeling which makes the present generation of matrons just a little timorous of occupying brick houses, when they remember the earth's convulsions in their childhood thirty years ago. After the great earthquake of that time, nearly every brick dwelling house in San Francisco was at once vacated; wooden houses were at a premium. The feeling since then has slowly subsided, but it has subsided very slowly. The brick or stone dwelling house is still a rarity in San Francisco, and while the municipal authorities have gradually been changing from wood to brick as a material for their school houses, the fact that the schools that still stand are almost entirely of wood will probably cause them to revert from brick to wood again.

Therefore it is that the stranger who sneered at the San Francisco millionaires for building their art palaces of fragile wood, instead of imperishable brick or stone, may have been in error and the

millionaires may have builded more wisely than the stranger knew. But if a man build his house upon a rock and build it of wood so that the earth when it quivers will not tear it down, how shall he provide against the fire that destroyeth? And if he cannot preserve his art treasures from fire except he encase them in brick or stone, if he cannot save them from earthquake unless he encase them in wood, with what shall he encase them withal? Shall he build him a steel-frame house, or shall he lay aside completely the gathering together of gear that is fragile and perishable, such as paintings and tapestries, and confine himself to the laying up of a treasure in heaven where the moth doth not eat nor the rust corrupt?

What?

High Protection and Charity.

We are speedily going to have an opportunity to judge whether protectionism and a high tariff come hand in hand with brotherly love.

"And the greatest of these is charity." Or is it protection?

An attempt is now being made in Washington to bring about a reduction of duties on structural material imported into California. The business part of San Francisco has been utterly wiped out. The lesser cities in California have also suffered. That they are lesser cities does not make their suffering less, even if their people be not so many. Some of them have been even more severely visited by the earthquake shock than was San Francisco. For two hundred miles up and down the coast there are cities in California which need material to reconstruct buildings that have been wrecked and to re-erect buildings that have been burned. We need lumber. We need cement. We need all sorts of building material, and we need it badly. San Francisco alone has lost a third of a billion of dollars. It is not like losing something that has profited other people in the United States, as when we pay the high prices that go to tariff-nurtured steel mills. What we have lost has been wiped off the earth by fiery tongues of flame. Now we ask of our more fortunate brothers throughout the United States who have profited and prospered by the high tariff which has created so many multi-millionaires that it has amazed the world—we ask of them that they will for a time lower their high tariff on structural materials that we may rebuild our wrecked cities. To the north of us in British Columbia there are vast stores of lumber ready to our hands, but there is a heavy duty on it of two dollars a thousand. Britain, Belgium and Germany manufacture vast quantities of structural steel and iron, but our high tariff demands the payment of half a cent a pound. Millions of barrels of cement will be required to rebuild our shattered cities in California, but it can enter no Pacific Coast port unless a tariff tribute is paid of eight cents per hundred pounds.

What will our richer and more fortunate brothers in the older cities do at this juncture? Will they be willing to lower their high tariff? Will they be willing to permit Belgium to sell structural steel in San Francisco at the same rate for which American manufacturers sell their own steel in Europe?—that is to say, far below the rate at which it is sold in America. Will they allow lumber and cement to come in at a lower duty? Well, we rather think not. The Argonaut looks with somewhat calmer eye on the emotional workings of human nature than do our gushing daily contemporaries. We know that in the first flush of a great disaster men are moved by generosity, but in a very few days this generous instinct wears off. Before a fortnight the stream of money flowing toward California will largely dwindle. Will the protected industries who furnish structural materials then consent to let California have these vital necessities at a special low tariff rate? No, indeed—not they. They will say vaguely, "The tariff must not be interfered with;" "Let well enough alone;" "We have already given millions to California;" "When is California going to let up?"

More ingenuous journals might say that as Congress made tariff exemptions for Chicago when she was destroyed by fire in 1871, certainly Congress will do it for San Francisco, now that she has been destroyed by fire in 1906. But this we do not believe. In thirty years those who have profited by high protection have come to believe that the tribute paid to them by the whole country belongs to them as much as their watches, their houses, or their lands. They would look on an appeal on the part of the people of California to urge our own government to give us building material duty free as an attempted robbery of the East. Yet as a matter of fact it is not a robbery but a right; California is entitled to demand building materials duty free. If there be any robbery under the circumstances, it is the robbery of those who profit by the tariff on building materials, for the American Steel Trust sells steel cheaper in Europe than it does in the United States. Those apostles of high protection may experience some twinges of conscience as they wire their lobbyists in Washington to stifle this movement toward a temporary removal of tariff duties, but they speedily will overcome their infrequent conscientious scruples by saying "Well, didn't we give California millions? didn't we give her charity money? So what is she kicking about?"

A Human Ant-Hill.

Did you ever step on an ant-hill? Did you ever note the perturbation caused by your action? Did you ever observe how the long, orderly lines of ants were thrown into temporary confusion? And did you ever see also how speedily, through force of habit, they automatically fell again in orderly lines, but running in different directions and to every point of the compass?

Among the many curious things which happened after the great San Francisco fire, one of the most curious was the way in which the frightened humans took up their various lines of march. You have doubtless often seen a very small ant, struggling with a very large grain of sugar, or the seed of a flower, or some other minute vegetable organism precious to the heart of an ant. Correspondingly, the long lines of humans after the San Francisco disaster were also loaded down with every kind of impedimenta—clothing, bedding, furniture—everything in short except pianos. The most curious kind of burdens seemed to be pets—white mice, monkeys, canary birds and the like. But in what the affrighted city dwellers most resembled the disturbed ant-hill was in their fashion of taking up lines of march in different directions. With the fire burning to the east and south, one might have imagined that the general tendency would have been only toward the north and west. Not so. The long lines of human beings toiled painfully north, south, east and west. Along the broad expanse of Van Ness Avenue there poured a mighty concourse directed toward the north, where lay the Military Reservation, the Bay and safety. But an equally large procession countermarched by their side, plodding painfully toward the south, where lay desolation, conflagration and Hell fire. Both processions seemed equally confident that they were going in the right direction. On the cross streets yet other thousands marched and countermarched toward the bay and toward the ocean. Some of them marched into dangerous districts almost circled by fire. Yet they toiled on with the same dogged persistence as did their brothers and sisters bound north and south.

Of a truth, it was a striking parallel. The orderly community in the ant-hill is thrown into no greater confusion by the descent of a heedless human foot, than was the sometime orderly community of San Francisco when it was disturbed by the giant grip of some Enceladus rending the rocks below in the bowels of the earth.

Government Guaranteeing San Francisco's Bonds.

The Citizens' Financial Committee last week discussed the project of obtaining from the Federal Government a guarantee of bonds to be issued by the city of San Francisco, which would insure the borrowing of money at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent instead of 5 or 6 per cent. The suggestion met with the general approval of the committee. It remains to be seen, however, whether it will meet with the general approval of the United States. So sorely as San Francisco has been afflicted, there is no specific reason why she should have her debts guaranteed by the Federal Government any more than any other American city suffering from a calamity. For that matter a Western village of one thousand people wiped out by a cyclone would have fully as much right to ask the Government to guarantee its bonds as for San Francisco to do so. Many of those ruined by this calamity will look upon this expression of opinion as harsh and unfeeling. But it is not so. It is merely a calm statement of what will be the opinion of the people of the United States. All of us in San Francisco have lost—some of us have lost all we have; but that does not change the rules of right and wrong.

The matter was brought up in the Senate on the 2nd day of May, when Mr. Newlands, of Nevada, introduced a resolution directing the Finance Committee of the Senate and the Ways and Means Committee of the House to consider the feasibility of the Federal Government guaranteeing bonds to aid in the rebuilding of San Francisco. Mr. Newlands discussed the resolution, and earnestly advocated its favorable consideration. A notable remark by Mr. Newlands was this:

"A country that can spend \$200,000,000 in freeing Cuba, and \$300,000,000 in instructing the Filipinos in self government, can afford to lend its credit to the extent of \$50,000,000 or \$100,000,000 to help the Pacific Coast in its hour of distress."

Broadly speaking, Mr. Newlands is quite right—charity begins at home. If the Government can guarantee the bonds of the railways in the Philippines, there should be no good reason why it should not guarantee the bonds of San Francisco in California. But it will refuse. And it should also refuse to guarantee the bonds of the Philippine railways.

Mr. Newlands was not supported in this matter by his California colleagues, Senators Perkins and Flint. Both of them stated that they considered the introduction of the resolution as unwise, and both expressed their opinion that the California delegation should have been consulted before its presentation. The resolution was referred to the Committee on Finance. There is, however, little hope for its favorable recommendation.

The Argonaut admits that the guaranteeing of municipal bonds by the Federal Government would be unwise, and that it would set a bad precedent. Still, for the sake of our stricken city, we hope it could be done. If we in San Francisco were Filipinos now, instead of Californians, or if we were Cubans, or Porto Ricans, the Government would cheerfully spend two or three hundred millions on us. But inasmuch as we are merely Americans, we may expect from our country nothing but a governmental blessing.

Concentration in a Single City.

It is always easy to be wise after an event. As some philosopher once remarked, "Hindsight is easier than foresight." None the less this journal has more than once remarked how odd it is that multi-millionaires should concentrate their goods in a single spot. We speak only of the very wealthy. Most of us are poor, or just able to get along, hence we have little to worry about in that regard. Most of us have so little to invest anyway that we must invest it in one spot. If we were to attempt to diffuse it, it would spread out so thin that it would make no spot. But this is not the case with the abnormally rich. Still it would seem as if a very common phase of the possession of great riches is to invest it all in a single city or in a single form of investment.

One of the most notable cases in this regard was that of the late James G. Fair. He had accumulated an enormous fortune in the mines of the Comstock lode and in the kindred industries of milling and smelting ores. When he had determined practically to abandon the Comstock he began investing his large fortune in San Francisco. Aside from a few side investments which every rich man is led into—such as the South Pacific Coast Narrow Gauge, which he soon afterward sold to the Southern Pacific—Senator Fair invested his large fortune almost entirely in San Francisco real estate. Much of it remained absolutely unproductive for many years. His large holdings on the North Beach shore of San Francisco Bay so remained for many years. Most of that land remains still unproductive. He purchased a fine block in the heart of the choicest residences of San Francisco—that which is now the site of the Fairmount Hotel—and this block also remained vacant for many years; it was years after Senator Fair died before his heirs concluded to build there. In the older part of the city, Senator Fair erected numerous costly buildings, hoping thereby to improve the character of the district and elevate the price of his holdings, in which project he succeeded only measurably, if at all.

These, however, are details. The point which we are striving to make clear is this: that Senator Fair invested nearly the whole of his large fortune, say some twenty odd millions, within the limits of a single city, at that time having a population of less than three hundred thousand inhabitants.

Oddly enough, a colleague of Senator Fair acted in an exactly similar manner—Senator William Sharon. Both represented the State of Nevada in the Senate of the United States; both were very shrewd men; both had worked their way up from poverty; both had amassed large fortunes in the most material and tangible way—by taking gold and silver by great labor out of the ground. Both of them invested all of their money in exactly the same way. Each disposed of his immense fortune entirely by purchasing real estate in a single city, and that city one of less than three hundred thousand inhabitants.

To the man of affairs it would seem the part of un wisdom to confine the investment of so large a sum of money to a single spot upon the globe. To the man of affairs it would seem wiser to allot it to several cities; or to invest part of it in railways, whose rolling stock is extended over thousands of miles and not all confined within a few city blocks; or to hazard some of it in cargoes borne by ships sailing over the oceans that encircle the continents; or if not in cargoes, to invest it in the great ships that bear them; or in anything, in short, that is property, that is income-bearing and that is not confined to a single spot.

Certain men are attracted instinctively to investments in land, but recoil at the idea of putting money into ships. They fear the perils of the deep, the typhoons, the cyclones of the sea. Yet the owner of an argosy of ships, scattered on all the seas that belt the globe from the equator to the pole, need never fear that Aeolus will loose from his bag of winds gales enough to send all of these ships at once to the bottom of the sea. Yet it is easy for a tornado on land to wipe out a single city, and it has been done more than once in the memory of man.

To continue the parallel. It is striking that the largest possession of the heirs of Senator Sharon should be a gigantic hotel in downtown San Francisco. It is odd that the principal possession of the heirs of Senator Fair should be a gigantic hotel in uptown San Francisco. Both hotels were practically destroyed by the flames. It is true the Fair heirs had transferred this property only a few days before the fire, but they received in exchange for it property which was also destroyed by fire, so the parallel still holds good. Oddly

enough the property transferred to the Fair heirs was immediately contiguous to that of the Sharon heirs, and only a few rods distant from the Palace Hotel.

Here we have a curious instance of two rich men; two rich men who once were poor; two rich men who, once poor, acquired wealth by extreme far-sightedness, by great wisdom, by great tenacity of purpose and by unusual shrewdness. Yet both these shrewd rich men committed the cardinal error of investing many millions within a single city. One of them, Senator Sharon, not only put all of his fortune in the city of San Francisco, but nearly all of it in the southern half of San Francisco; nearly all of it in the eastern quarter of the southern half of San Francisco; nearly all of it in the northwestern eighth of the eastern quarter of the southern half of San Francisco; and he even put a bunch of several millions into a single gigantic hotel which now is a ruin.

And that is almost exactly what happened to his colleague from Nevada, Senator Fair.

Refugees Who Object to "Rubber Necking."

A curious manifestation of the peculiarities of human nature was developed in the San Francisco Refugees' Camp at Sutter's Fort, Sacramento. The capital city had installed elaborate accommodations for the comfort of the refugees in the Fort, but it became a place of resort for the more fortunate Sacramentans who had suffered no damage by the earthquake or the fire. They repaired blithely to Sutter's Fort for the purpose of scrutinizing the refugees. Oddly enough the refugees objected to this. Then the Sacramentans objected to the refugees' objections. But the visitors stared all the harder. Thereupon some of the more sensitive of the refugees made extemporaneous masks out of newspapers to hide their faces from the curious gaze. The directors of the relief camp soon found that the refugees were leaving in such numbers that they became apprehensive of some disease there. On investigation, however, they found that it was simply a pestilential outbreak of "Rubber-necking." The refugees continued to scatter, declaring that they would go elsewhere for the privacy which they could not secure at Sutter's Fort. The Superintendent thereupon attempted to exclude from the relief camp all of those who were not refugees. But the "Rubberneckers" took high ground, and with much heat informed the Superintendent that Sutter's Fort is a State institution, and that they have a perfect right under the law to go where they please on State premises. The Superintendent, Col. Guthrie, still was determined to exclude the "Rubber-neckers." But he came into collision with G. W. Vice, one of the Sutter's Fort trustees, who took sides with the visitors in thinking that they had a perfect right to visit and inspect State property. At last accounts the visitors had so thoroughly demonstrated their legal right to "Rubber-Neck" that the camp at Sutter's Fort had ceased to be populated with refugees and consisted entirely of "Rubber-Neckers."

Money, Cash, Checks, Credit.

Eight or ten days after the San Francisco disaster, there came to the Editor of the Argonaut an envelope bearing the stamp of the Portuguese Government. Foreign stamps on letters coming to the Argonaut are by no means unusual, for we have subscribers all over the world who send us money in various ways, usually by international postal order. On opening this, however, there fluttered forth a two-dollar American bill. Accompanying it was the following note:

Steamship "Canopic," at the Azores, April 13, 1906.

Dear "Argonaut": Enclosed please find two-dollar bill, in return for which kindly instruct one of your agents to send me "A Levantine Log Book." Since Christmas the Boston bookstores have always been in a state of "just sold out." Address

CAPT. I. SEALBY,

S.S. "Canopic," White Star Line, 84 State St., Boston.

We read the note and fell into a reverie. Exactly one year before to a day, on the 13th of April, 1905, we were in the little Portuguese port of Ponto Delgada in the Azores Islands. We stopped there only for a day. All of us pitied the poor Portuguese people there—partly for their poverty, partly for their severe earthquakes. There was plenty of money aboard ship—American money, English money, French money and German money—but nobody had any Portuguese money. All of us desired to purchase some knick-knacks, photographs, shells and the like, but it was only by the most Herculean labor and after overcoming insurmountable difficulties in the way of addition, subtraction, division and multiplication, that we were able to cope with the intricacies of exchange. The Portuguese money, as everybody knows, is based on a unit which is worth about the thousandth part of a cent. So if you buy a single postage stamp it costs you about ten thousand milreis. We were shocked at the price of the objects the vendors desired to sell us. When presented with a bill some of us got heart disease and some of us apoplexy. Only after long explanations in mingled Spanish, Portuguese,

French and English did we learn that a photograph offered at several thousand milreis was worth about fifteen cents. In short it was brought forcibly to our attention how extremely artificial a medium is money, how difficult it is to get, how difficult it is to keep, but also how difficult it is to exchange this interconvertible medium in foreign countries—when you have any. Probably it is even more difficult when you have not.

X,1tjdsxsflamevicerthe8dasier shrdlupucmfwptaoinhrduoinuuuuuu

These were the thoughts aroused in our mind when there fluttered forth from the Azores letter the two-dollar bill. Only a twelve-month had rolled by since then, and nothing had occurred in our private lives to throw a shadow over the very modest prosperity which is our reward for long continued toil. Yet as a result of a sudden cataclysm of the earth an exigency had arisen by which we found ourselves absolutely destitute of money. True we had credit, such as it was, but while credit will do many things, it will not buy necessities when the sellers obstinately demand cash. But even if it would, it will not pay poor people—people poorer than yourselves—when these work for you and when their greater needs demand cash for their supplies because their credit is not so good as yours.

We were in a brown study. A laboring man had been carrying bricks out of the house all day; slowly he was reducing a mighty heap of bricks which an inscrutable providence had discharged upon us through the roof. The decrees of the inscrutable providence, however, were dangerous but not fatal, for the bricks barely missed us and thereby we saved our lives; we were only stunned, blinded, choked with dust and plaster, and nearly scared to death. That was all.

This laboring man certainly was well worthy of his hire, for while providence moves bricks with ease, a laboring man does so with difficulty. A check, he explained, was of no use to him, for his grocer and his butcher were hard-hearted persons who dealt only in cash. The writer was more than willing to give him cash—the only reason for refusing was because we had none. Yet at this crisis relief came. Out of the deep, out of the mid Atlantic, from the isolated islands, "at Flores in the Azores where Sir Richard Grenville lay," there came to us—broken, busted, impecunious, moneyless, destitute of cash, hung up, N. G.—possessing nothing for the nonce but that vague, fleeting illusory thing called "credit"—like the dove to the ark—there came to us a two-dollar bill from Portugal.

Blessings on the bill! It was not a bright new bill, but somewhat grimey. Yet none the less, blessings on the bill! We gave it to the laboring man who had borne forth the bricks which an inscrutable providence had hurled at our head, thoughtfully missing us. He received this grimey two dollars with much greater thankfulness than if we had given him twenty dollars in the form of a check.

There is a moral in this about money, another one about an inscrutable providence, and still another about bricks, but we do not know exactly how to apply them.

Long Leases for San Francisco Property.

In the call for an extra session of the Legislature James D. Phelan is attempting to include consideration of a bill extending the period of leases from fifty years to ninety-nine years, with a revaluation every ten years. Grove L. Johnson of Sacramento objects to this in a signed letter. He says that "Fifty years is long enough, and every effort should be made to get individuals to purchase the land on which they build." He further remarks that "such lengthy leases tend to create law suits and bequeath them to our descendants." This zeal on the part of a lawyer for posterity when posterity never did a thing for him and this benevolent lawyer's desire to prevent barratry and the stirring up of law suits, is calculated to make the devil laugh.

Mr. Phelan is wholly right and Mr. Johnson is entirely wrong. Had it not been for the long lease law in Illinois, Chicago never could have built herself up after the great fire of 1871. The capitalists of Boston and other Eastern cities would never have loaned their good money on short leases. Neither will they in California. Any capitalist anywhere will require good security and adequate interest before he will invest his capital. Mr. Johnson would if he were a capitalist.

If a measure for 99-year leases be considered in the call for a special session it ought to pass. Academic considerations, like Mr. Johnson's belief that the land owners "ought to build on the land they own," or capitalists "buy the land on which they desire to build," are interesting but not practical. If Mr. Johnson owned a lot in the burned district of San Francisco; if that lot was worth \$50,000; if it had a \$30,000 building on it; if it was mortgaged for \$48,000; if fire wiped out the building and Mr. Johnson had no money wherewith to build, where would he get it? Nowhere—no one would erect a building on a short lease. The bank would take his land and that would be the end of Mr. Johnson's lot. Under the long-lease law, however, Boston or New York capitalists would give him a liberal rental for his ground on a ninety-nine year lease which would soothe Mr. Johnson's declining years and which would still

enable the Eastern capitalists to make a fair interest. We sincerely hope that Mr. Johnson does not represent the public opinion of Central California and of its capital city.

San Francisco's Trade Rivals.

Not a little bitterness is being engendered in San Francisco by Oakland's attempt to add some of the larger city's commercial and industrial assets to its own. It does not seem to us, however, that there is any business basis for bitter feeling in this matter. The merchants and warehouse men who are out of business want to "get busy." They intend to do so. If San Francisco has the ground and the buildings, they prefer to remain there. If she has not, they will go elsewhere. It would scarcely be reasonable to expect them to remain out of business when ground and buildings can be had and business awaits them in most any old place. If it is not Oakland, it will be some other city or cities. There is plenty of ground on the bay shore south of San Francisco which is also suited for these purposes.

If Oakland offers exceptional facilities these business men may go there; or they may go to other bay cities which are hungrily waiting for crumbs. In any event, Oakland will fall heir to much of San Francisco's business. So will Sacramento; so will San Jose. Los Angeles will get all that is coming to her as an inland city, and perhaps a little more. So that the only good reason San Francisco could have for hating Oakland more bitterly than other California cities is because Oakland is the nearest to her.

The Dynamite Destroyers.

As the days pass it would seem as if the dynamite brigade is more to be feared than earthquake or fire. Days after the conflagration had ceased there were continual reports of appalling devastation by the dynamiters. As late as the first of May the dynamiters were working at the corner of Van Ness and Post street attempting to remove the solid brick and concrete walls of the Concordia Club. They succeeded in their attempt, but they blew into the air a mass of bricks that were hurled clear across the avenue. Four houses that had gone through earthquake and fire without damage were so shattered by the blast that they are untenable. Every piece of glassware and chinaware in these houses was shattered, and scarcely any plaster remained on the walls or the ceiling. The terrified occupants had fled for safety before the blasting began, but when it was over they sadly returned and began removing the remnants of their household goods. Four residences here were practically destroyed, and four were so damaged that they may have to be torn down. The dwellers in these houses were private individuals, and therefore their complaints will be received with comparative indifference, but Postmaster Fisk is a public official, and his statements concerning the damage done to the Postoffice from blasting will be received with attention in official quarters. He said in an interview last week: "The damage to the new Postoffice from the disaster amounted to \$400,000, but additional damage to the amount of \$75,000 was caused by the dynamite blasting. Little injury was done to the interior fixtures, but the blasting in our vicinity caused large pieces of plaster to fall, and even blew the panels out of the doors." It is of course more up to date and more spectacular to remove dangerous walls by modern explosives rather than by old-fashioned ways. Still, it seems inexpedient to tear down one ruined building at the cost of wrecking eight others in the process, and it might be well to revert to more ancient methods. We would suggest that the dynamite brigade be replaced by donkeys—donkey engines we mean—with cables attached. The result would be fully as effective and not so dangerous, if less spectacular.

San Francisco's Real Estate Investments.

Last week we remarked that the paucity of avenues of investment in this city drove the people to invest in real estate whether they would or no. The habit of years in this regard had affected them to such an extent that they had come to look on real estate as the only means of investing money. Chairman Phelan of the Finance Committee also made this fact apparent in his report to the Committee one day last week. He pointed out the fact that Secretary Taft had expended nearly all of the two and a half millions appropriated by the Federal government for the relief of San Francisco, leaving only three hundred thousand dollars at the disposal of the Committee, and he closed by showing how short were the funds of the Committee and how unfortunate it was that a widespread belief should exist that the Committee had millions in ready cash at hand. Incidentally he remarked that San Francisco occupies a unique position among the great cities of the United States in this regard—that nearly all of the people here invest almost exclusively in real estate. This is indeed a notable fact, as the Argonaut pointed out last week. In no Eastern city is this the case. In Boston, in New York, in Philadelphia, in Baltimore and in Pittsburg

much of the wealth of the citizens is invested in real estate within the limits of those cities it is true, but it is also invested in many other ways. It is invested in the stocks and bonds of trunk railways gridironing the continent and running as far away as San Francisco. It is invested in coal mines, in iron mines, in copper mines, in steel and iron works, in steamship lines, in traction companies, in deep-sea vessels. In short it is invested in every form of human activity, and may be disseminated over an area of thousands of miles. Yet San Francisco's wealth is almost entirely invested in the small area on which she stands. Where her citizens have made investments in channels other than in San Francisco real estate, they have generally invested their money in the securities of local corporations like gas and water stocks, the value of which is based entirely on the value of city real estate. Hence it is that when such a catastrophe strikes a city, there is probably no community in the land where its cumulative and crushing effect would be felt with such stunning effect as in San Francisco.

They Think We Have Money Enough.

Our newspapers have been indulging in too much tall talk. They have printed so many scare-head articles about "San Francisco rising again, phoenix-like, from her ashes," or about "Making the city beautiful," or "Running magnificent boulevards," or "Remodelling the city on the Burnham plan," that the East has suddenly concluded that if we have so much money to spend on beautification, we do not need much for grub. Owing to the boasting of California newspapers, there has always existed in the East the idea that every other man out here is a millionaire. There are some millionaires here, it is true, but at present there are one-fifth of a million people in San Francisco who have nothing to eat. Let this be considered an exaggeration, we give the official figures of General Greely, which came to hand as we write. He states that yesterday there were fed in San Francisco on free rations by the officers under his command, 191,237 people, and that he has food enough for only ten days more. That is the exact condition of affairs in San Francisco. Now, if our papers would stop their boasting and booming and bombast, and let the people of the United States know the truth, that nearly 200,000 people are today staring starvation in the face in San Francisco, perhaps our Eastern kinsmen may not close their purse strings. Already the entire press in the East has begun to pay scant attention to the San Francisco disaster, and is concerning itself with other matters. There seems to be an almost universal impression that San Francisco and California have received already more than they need and more than they deserve. Here, for example, is a paragraph from a Boston paper dated May 1st:

"Now that the immediate wants of the living victims of the San Francisco disaster have been satisfied as far as food is concerned, why not spend some of the money collected in Boston here, instead of sending it away to enrich Western millionaires? We have given freely without expectation of return, but, nevertheless, business, like charity, should begin at home."

The foregoing is a fair sample of the comment one now sees in the Eastern press.

San Francisco's Chinatown.

The hysteric way in which public opinion chops around in times of great stress and strain is shown very notably in the attitude of San Francisco of late toward her local problem, Chinatown. The universal remark after the fire was "This means the end of Chinatown." And it seemed as if it were so. For years the district known as Chinatown had been an eye sore to San Francisco. It was once one of the finest parts of San Francisco, and many of the filthy dwellings occupied by the Chinese were in former times the dwellings of the city's magnates. Rod by rod and block by block, the yellow plague had made its way, driving the whites before it, until Chinatown extended from Sansome street on the east to Powell street on the west, from Broadway on the north to Bush street on the south. Therefore it was that San Francisco said that the fire was not an unmixed evil, if it should drive out Chinatown.

The Chinese seemed to simplify the problem by fleeing from the city in great numbers. Together with the Japanese they did not stand on the order of their going, but fled in droves, principally southward. Only those who were absolutely unable to leave the city remained, and they were placed in a detention camp in the Fort Mason Military Reservation. Their odoriferous neighborhood, however, was so distasteful to the white men and women in their neighborhood that they were twice removed by the authorities. This gave rise to the complaints to Washington that they were being "maltreated." As a matter of fact they were as well fed and well treated as the white refugees, with the single exception that they were thoughtfully placed to leeward of the whites, as the Chinese odor, if they were placed to windward, would have driven the white men and women into the bay.

Now, however, when it comes to the "disappearance of Chinatown," many difficulties have arisen. One of the first of these is that many of the Chinese own the title to the land in Chinatown in fee-simple. These people will resist dispossession unless paid an exorbitant price for their land. If any attempt is made to eject them, outside the law, it will speedily become a Federal matter. The Chinese government will complain and the Federal Government will intervene. While the matter of individual Chinese owners might be settled by large payments for their land, the Chinese Government owns a large piece on Stockton street which it occupies as Consulate General for this coast. The Chinese Government will not sell that for any price, as it would be derogatory to its dignity to do so. It will therefore be impossible to eliminate the Chinese entirely from this district, but even if most of them be removed, it would be an improvement highly to be desired.

A phase of the matter which is not unamusing is this: Nearly fifteen hundred Chinese have taken refuge in Los Angeles, many of them wealthy Chinese merchants. They have assured the Angelenos that five thousand of their countrymen will follow them from San Francisco if they are hospitably received. They have gone further and have assured their hosts that San Francisco's "large Oriental trade was due to the existence of the Chinese colony there," and that if the Chinese colony were transferred to Los Angeles, "the Oriental trade would follow it, using San Pedro as a shipping point." No one in San Francisco before has suspected the Chinese colony there as being "the centre of the Oriental trade." But the mere thought of Los Angeles taking anything away from San Francisco in her hour of trial so aroused San Francisco that at a meeting of the General Citizens' Committee it was urged that this matter be taken up at once. Charles S. Wheeler is reported in the Chronicle as declaring that "If the situation were not wisely handled, the bulk of San Francisco's Oriental trade might be diverted to other Pacific Coast ports." Thereupon the Committee declared that there was no disposition to harass the Chinese or to exclude them from full participation in the commercial life of the city, and a sub-Committee determined to bring about "an amicable adjustment of matters concerning the Chinese."

Editorial Library Losses.

Elsewhere we note that Mr. George Hamlin Fitch, Literary Editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, lost his library, the accumulation of years, in the recent destructive fire. Many other men lost their libraries, legal, medical and miscellaneous. The Argonaut has said little about its losses—so many of us have lost in San Francisco that "hard luck" stories are not popular. But Mr. Fitch's loss reminds us of the fact that we lost our own library. Furthermore as letters are coming to us from various sources asking questions about property—manuscript and other—consigned to us, it may be well for us to make some explanation concerning it here.

Everything belonging to or in the custody of the Argonaut was totally destroyed by fire. In the Editorial and Business offices, up-town on Sutter street, and in the Mechanical Department, down-town on Merchant street, everything went—editorial library, personal library, account books, office records, manuscripts, bound volumes, files, type-setting machinery, folding machinery, and printing machinery. Many of these things can be replaced if the insurance companies pay us the damages they agreed to, which is beginning to look somewhat doubtful. But while the machinery can be replaced, much of the library cannot, and neither can the bound volumes, files, and manuscripts.

As showing the impossibility of providing against a great conflagration in a large modern city, here is an incident. There were complete files of Argonaut, bound volumes placed, first, in its up-town, second, in its down-town departments: third, in a residence two miles to the west in the Western Addition: fourth, in a warehouse a mile and a half to the east near the water front. This was done for the express purpose of preventing the destruction of all the bound volumes at the same time by fire. But the precaution was futile. All of these buildings were destroyed and all the files which they contained are now dust and ashes. A number of warehouses on the water front were not consumed, but the one in which the Argonaut files were stored was not so fortunate—it was burned down. These buildings were not damaged by the earthquake, and the Western Addition residence was entirely of wood. All of these buildings were standing the night after the earthquake, but the following day all of them were burned.

When the fire took place the Argonaut's usual "Spring Publisher's Announcement Number" was nearly ready for the press. It was to have been forty pages in size, and to contain a number of special articles prepared for it by well known writers. It was profusely illustrated. Over thirty pages of it were in plates. But of plates, cuts, sheets and manuscripts nothing remains—all were

destroyed. The illustrations sent us by Eastern publishers are a prey to the flames. Some of their advertisements which were in proof and some which were in manuscript still remained in the mails. These, however, we have returned to the publishers: as we cannot give them the kind of newspaper we had intended, we therefore feel ourselves bound not to publish their advertising. Hence it is returned, with the regret that we cannot return the half tone blocks, but they are destroyed.

Quite a number of manuscripts were in the possession of the Argonaut, sent in by contributors. They also fell a prey to the flames. We regret very much their loss, but as the MSS. were not ours we had no insurable interest in them and therefore could not pay premiums on them. It is perhaps fortunate for the insurance companies that they had not insured these priceless manuscripts.

Out of all these things that fell a prey to the flames there is one item that—to use a common, coarse, post-conflagration expression only permissible in times of great excitement—rather sticks in our craw. We had a very unique library of verse. It included some fifteen hundred volumes, generally called in the office, the "Poetry Library". In truth much of it was poetry, most of it was good verse and there was no rubbish. It was the accumulation of many years. No one could believe that so large a collection of good verse could be gathered together had he not personally attended to the gathering of it.

About a week before the fire, the writer determined to have this large collection removed from the editorial rooms of the Argonaut, where it was encroaching upon space which was needed for the reference and general library. He ordered it packed and shipped to his residence in the country. A storage and packing company accepted this task. They were directed to finish it on a certain day, to have their wagons ready at 12 o'clock on Tuesday, April 17, 1906, and to ship it that afternoon. They did the packing, but they did not have their wagons ready, and they did not do the shipping. They had forty-five cases packed and ready for shipping at five o'clock on the afternoon of Tuesday, April 17th.

With these were included some score of bound sets of Argonaut files. This made a fifth place of deposit, and this to be outside of the city, in addition to the four deposits in separate places in San Francisco.

The storage company packed, but did not ship. Next morning came the earthquake, the next day came the fire. Forty-five cases were destroyed. And yesterday came the bill.

This seems like the very irony of fate. The weird sisters evidently did not intend that those fifteen hundred volumes of verse and those Argonaut files should escape from the flames. But why, oh why, did they let the writer get them packed and then make him pay for the packing?

This last loss sticks in our craw.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

To subscribers writing to the Argonaut for change of address: please give your old address, your new address, and your name written in plain legible characters.

LETTERS TO THE ARGONAUT.

A Three Years' Subscription.

Denver Colo., May 7, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: My subscription expires in June some time, and I send you a New York draft for twelve dollars, three years' subscription to the Argonaut, and regret that I cannot make it twelve hundred.

Kindly let me know if I can be of any service to you in any way.
E. P. VARIAN.

There has been doubt expressed in some quarters as to "whether the Argonaut would resume publication." The Argonaut does not have to "resume," for its publication has not been interrupted. No doubts, however, have come from our subscribers, as may be seen from the foregoing hearty and encouraging letter, which is typical of many. We thank the writers most warmly for their offers of service. We can suggest no better way in which such loyal friends could aid us than by continuing to testify their faith in the old Argonaut as they are now so earnestly doing, and to encourage and stimulate the editor with their splendid and steadfast loyalty.—EDITOR ARGONAUT.

No Argonauts Failed to Issue.

California State Library, Sacramento, Cal.,
April 30, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: We have received no copies of the Argonaut for April 21 and 28, 1906. Will you kindly send them for our library file? We discovered your address by seeing the paper for the 28th addressed to the Sacramento Bee. We have received none for the Library. We felt very glad to see the familiar face of the Argonaut again.

Yours truly,
J. L. GILLIS, Librarian,
Per A. L.

The Argonaut missed no numbers, and its publication was not interrupted. The copies in question have been duly forwarded to the State Library, whose officials we thank for their kindly interest.—
Editor Argonaut.

An Advance Subscription.

PITTSBURGH, April 30, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: I have just received the earthquake edition of your paper, dated San Jose, April 21st, and I am distressed to learn that the Argonaut establishment was completely destroyed. You deserve credit, however, for so promptly sending out copies of the paper printed at San Jose, and for your efforts in helping the sufferers, as outlined on the first page of your publication.

Enclosed you will find \$5, and it has occurred to the writer, in view of the fact that you must plan for new quarters, that it would be well for all subscribers to send advance subscriptions covering a period of several years. We all wish to see the Argonaut resume its regular weekly publication and many will doubtless be only too glad to lend a helping hand.

Yours truly,
JOHN L. HAINES.

A Sympathetic Reader.

ST. HELENA, Cal.,
May 3, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: Recently I saw an item to the effect that the Argonaut is being published in San Jose. I was more than glad to hear this, as I had been unable to learn before what had been your fate in the terrible destruction.

Sympathy for your loss must have been so often expressed that it has doubtless become a drug in the market with you. But surely all readers and lovers of the "best paper on the Coast" feel like telling you of their sorrow in your loss. I can assure you that our five years' complete file looked very dear to us when we did not know but that we had our last number.

Trusting that the fortunes of the Argonaut will have suffered no lasting reverses, and again begging to assure you of not only my own, but the sympathy of all St. Helena Argonaut lovers, believe me

Very truly yours,
MAUDE HEATH.

From a New Jersey Reader.

SCHUYLER B. JACKSON,

N. J. Supreme Court Commissioner.
Special Master in Chancery.

NEWARK, N. J., April 27, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: We of the East are admiring the wonderful coolness and calm energy of the San Francisco and California people. They certainly deserve all sympathy and will gain success. There is no question but that San Francisco and all those places which have been devastated or destroyed will be rebuilt in a much more beautiful and magnificent, as well as practical way than ever before.

Let me suggest that a dual water supply be provided in San Francisco and other large places. The salt water from the bay would be especially efficacious in extinguishing fires.

A suggestion made by a prominent mechanical engineer was that large subterranean reservoirs or cisterns be placed at intervals throughout the city with hydraulic or steam pumps, which could be used for pumping up the salt water into these reservoirs at strategic points throughout the city.

Then, also, a new invention of a hall or flexible joint for water pipes has been suggested. Thus the mains would adjust themselves to the seismic motion. Cannot some of your engineers develop this idea? Then all electric wires furnishing power should be placed underground.

With the above suggestions, the greater danger by fire would be largely obviated, because the fire was much more disastrous than the earthquake.

We are raising large sums of money in Newark and New Jersey, and have already sent considerable to help out the immediate emergencies, and the whole nation is certainly responding in a magnificently generous and sympathetic manner.

I know the Argonaut will come over to us just as inspiring and fresh and bright as ever.

Yours respectfully,
SCHUYLER B. JACKSON.

For Friends in England.

REDLANDS, Cal., May 4, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: Let me extend my congratulations to the Argonaut for the issues of April 21 and 28. The display of spirit is so fine that I want to send copies of the above editions to friends in England and enclose funds herewith for same, hoping that the edition is not exhausted. May I also extend to the Argonaut my very best wishes.

ARTHUR S. AUCHINCLOSS.

A Reader For Twenty Years.

South Bend, Indiana, 804 Park Ave., May 3, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: I have just learned that you are publishing your paper temporarily at San Jose and that your papers and records were destroyed in the recent terrible calamity in San Francisco. May I venture to remind you that I have been a constant reader of the Argonaut for over twenty years, through the kindness of my cousin, Mrs. C. B. Alexander, 4 West 38th St., New York City? My subscription expires March 1, 1907. Please send me the numbers since the earthquake if you have not exhausted the editions. Although not a Native Daughter, no heart beats more truly for California than mine, and I believe firmly in San Francisco's power to rise from her ashes more beautiful, more fascinating than ever.

Yours truly,
SARAH DEMING STEDMAN

Kind Offers of Service.

CAMULOS, May 5, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: May I ask you if there is any way in which your old subscribers can be of service at this time? I am sure there must be many like myself, who would be pleased to know how they can be of service.

Yours faithfully,
HERBERT FRYER.

We are receiving many letters similar to the above and can scarcely find words to express our thanks to our old subscribers for their warm-heartedness toward the Argonaut. Probably the way in which they could help us most materially would be by bringing the paper to the attention of those of their friends to whom they think it would prove a congenial visitor.—Editor Argonaut.

An Argonaut Prediction.

May 4, 1906.

Jerome Hart, Esq.

Dear Sir: Kindly have my Argonaut sent to me care of the enclosed address.

I can distinctly recall the warning note you sounded concerning the helpless condition of San Francisco after the Baltimore fire. Ah, had we only heeded it!

Very respectfully yours,
DR. EUGENE ZEILE.

Yes, We Will Continue.

60 High St., Boston, May 2, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: In the terrible disaster which has befallen San Francisco, your office has probably been destroyed, but presumably you will continue the publication of the Argonaut in due course, and when this takes place I hope you will see that I am still on your mailing list, for I should keenly miss your bright and entertaining paper if entirely deprived of it.

My subscription expires, I think, somewhere about the middle of August, but I am not at all sure about this and am quite willing to start afresh from your next issue and remit accordingly.

Yours truly,
ERNEST F. MARCUS.

When the Ashes Blow Away.

San Francisco, May 1, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: When the ashes blow away, please send my Argonaut to No. 1272 Fulton street, San Francisco.

Yours very truly,
J. E. JANES.
(An old subscriber.)

An Old Friend.

Annex, Produce Exchange.

New York, May 1, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: The Argonaut has frequently been in my mind of late when thinking of friends or matters in or connected with San Francisco. I am an old friend and personal acquaintance of the late Mr. Frank M. Pixley, and am therefore somewhat familiar with your "back history."

As soon as you can pull yourselves together, I am sure you will be starting up again. I am on the list of your subscribers, and my household is waiting with keen interest the arrival of the first number that you will be issuing under the new conditions. I extend to you my heartfelt sympathies.

With sincere regards and best wishes, I remain
Very faithfully yours,
CHAS. LACY PLUMB.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"He writes humorous poetry, doesn't he?" "Not intentionally."
—Cleveland Leader.

"I've half a mind to write a magazine sonnet." "Go ahead—that's just what it takes."—Cleveland Leader.

"Is your business on a running basis yet?" "I should say so; I always run when I see a creditor coming."—Princeton Tiger.

"It's never too late to mend," argued the customer. "Oh, yes it is," answered the journeyman tailor, "this is a union shop."—Puck.

First night of unappreciated play—He—"Are we alone?" Voice from the Gallery—"No, guv'nor; but you will be to-morrow night."—Punch.

"You reckon Br'er Thomas got into Paradise?" "I can't tell fer sartin. All I kin say is—de mule kicked him ter de gate!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Mr. Saphedde—"I—aw—really cawn't believe the things I cawn't understand, don't you know." Miss Pert—"What a terrible skeptic you must be."—Philadelphia Record.

Lady—"It's very changeable weather, isn't it, William?" Road Wender—"Yes, that it is, Miss. We don't get a single day alike."—Punch.

Teacher—"How many commandments are there, Sally?" Sally—"Please, teacher, ten." Teacher—"Suppose you were to break a commandment." (Impressive pause.) Sally—"Then there'd be nine."—Punch.

"Henry, I must have a new outfit for Easter, and I want to give an credit for generosity." "All right, my dear, if you can persuade anybody to give it to me for anything else."—Baltimore American.

The Book Reviewer—"The plot of this novel was stolen, sure."
The Police Reporter—"Ah! A second-story job, evidently!"—Puck

THE DESTRUCTION OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Episodes and Incidents, Reflections and Deductions.

MIRIAM MICHELSON.

The well-known writer, author of "In the Bishop's Carriage," etc., was in San Francisco during the fire. She had invested a large portion of her earnings from books in property there. This is a portion of her graphic narrative of the scenes she witnessed:

It began then, that fearful hegira. All through that long night of unnatural stillness we heard the fleeing footsteps. It was a horrible sound, that continuous, hurried, straggling exodus. The stricken people did not run—they were too exhausted by the time they had reached our quarter—but they toiled doggedly on, on out toward the west, toward the cool eucalyptus forests in the Presidio, out toward the edge of the bay. One man I saw carried with care a brand-new pair of tan shoes. He had absolutely nothing else, but these he bore on a stick over his shoulder. Women carried their babies, their canary birds in cages, their parrots. Next to a man who trundled all his household possessions on a lawn mower rode a group of negroes in a ghastly hearse, pulled by stalwart negroes. A chattering crowd of Chinamen carried pathetic little bundles of rice, their brightly clad little wives and babies dragging miserably on behind. A man and his wife harnessed themselves with ropes to a trunk, and with bowed backs and blistered feet went on. It was a fearful night in the open, with mothers seeking their children, with aged parents separated from their families. A man I know wandered through the Presidio for five hours that night, calling his wife's name. There was no light, there was nothing to distinguish one huddled mass of refugees from another. My friend called and called till he was hoarse. When he dragged himself back to town on Thursday he had the search to begin over again.

When the sun arose that Thursday morning it was blood-red in a heaven of smoke. Black clouds were belching forth; the business part of the town was a hot graveyard, whose rickety, irregular-shaped tombstones marked the spot where millions of property lay in mountainous heaps of smoking brick and twisted steel. And in rich men's back yards, under rose-bushes, silver and laces and jewels had been secreted that night. The dynamiting began, and we became familiar with the sight of automobiles carrying a red flag and bearing a soldier with rifle in hand, while a businesslike person informed the proprietor of a hotel worth half a million that in three minutes his property would be blown up. And it was. It took just that length of time to transform the hotel in which my sister lived into a smoking ruin. She came out, covering her eyes, for she had seen a twisted dead body across the street where the tower had toppled and fallen, half burying it.

From the hill where we lived we could look out over the superb and terrible spectacle. The heat was fearful, and the light a ghastly dull glow that sickened the eye as terror and pain sickened the stomach. We were nauseated with misery and apprehension. Some of us had been in the country. Can you realize what a conflagration it was when the people of a town forty miles from San Francisco could see the white clouds billowing up and down, and who stood at night on the little beach watching the fearful pink glow that told of disaster?

ALFRED HOLMAN,

Editor of the Sacramento Union, happened to be in San Francisco at the time of the disaster. Portions of his narrative, a very striking one, are given below:

At the time of the shock I was in the Pacific Union Club at the corner of Stockton and Post streets, a building quite new and entirely modern, with steel frame and heavy outer walls of stone. I was awake and in the act of touching a button in order that I might see what time it was, when the shock came. My pen halts at the point of description, for mere words are not equal to it. It was as if the building were in some Titanic grasp, being wrenched violently from south to north. The plastering came down with a crash, followed by the globes from a central electric fixture. How long the shock lasted I cannot say, but the time was sufficient for me to get out of bed, to go first to a window which shattered as I approached it, thence to the opposite side of the room, where I took refuge under a door casing. The noise was terrific, but whether from the earth itself or from the creaking of the steel frame of the building and the grinding of the stones of the outer walls I cannot say. My own room and the whole interior space of the large clubhouse was filled to suffocation with plaster dust, while the sound of falling and shattering glass continued for some moments after the shock was past.

As soon as outside sounds could be heard, my attention was attracted by the screams and groans of a club employee, who in his terror jumped from a second-story window to the stone sidewalk below, where he lay writhing in agony. Myself and others ran in our night clothes to his assistance, carrying him into the hall, where in some unexplainable way a physician appeared and proceeded to care for the man, who was terribly hurt. I then made my way up the dark stairways, through stifling dust to my room on the fourth floor, where, after some groping about, I found the wherewithal to clothe myself.

By the time I left my room for the second time, perhaps some twenty minutes after the shock, it was entirely light in the street, though the dust within the building made it fairly dark and the passage in the gloom down the stairway and over broken glass was a nerve-racking procedure. It seemed by a quarter to six—half an hour after the shock—that the whole city had poured out into the streets. Union Square, immediately opposite, was already filled with a multitude who had fled from their beds in the St. Francis and other hotels near. Many men wore nothing but their night clothes, while hundreds

of women wrapped in blankets and in fragments of clothing sat or wandered about in the cold, early morning. Several wounded men crawled out or were dragged out from a collapsed lodging-house immediately south of Union Square, several of them covered with blood and plaster, and some of them crying out in agony.

From Union Square I walked down Geary street to the junction of Market and Geary, thence past the Palace Hotel to Montgomery, and down Montgomery to the Mills building. So far as I could see, no serious damage had been done to any of the new and larger structures. Neither the Call nor the Chronicle buildings appeared in the least damaged, while the Palace Hotel was intact excepting for a few broken windows. The Crocker building stood unharmed, as did the Mills building.

A new and more immediate danger now became apparent, for at various points in the region between Montgomery street and the bay and off to the south and southeast, there appeared volumes of smoke which told their own story, many fires with not one drop of water.

From Montgomery I then started to walk to the extreme western part of the Western Addition, hoping to relieve the anxiety of my family, who were lodged with relatives at a point on Clay street near the Presidio. This long walk of four miles, which I accomplished approximately in an hour, is in my memory a nightmare of horrors. Streets everywhere were littered with fallen bricks, copings of structures which for the most part remained intact. It was necessary to pick one's way through debris over a good part of the distance, making the walk both tedious and often dangerous, since broken walls and chimneys were still crumbling and falling into the street. The people everywhere had left their houses and were gathered in the middle of the streets, many of them as they came from their beds, wrapped in blankets and window drapings. The general movement was downtown, thousands of men hurrying down to see what had happened to their places of business and hailing every western bound person for information. I must have been accosted one hundred times with inquiries after particular buildings or localities.

By 11 o'clock, after reassuring myself as to my family, I returned to the downtown district, to find that the smoke had burst into a vast conflagration. Literally there was not a drop of water to be had. The city lay at the mercy of the flames—and there was no mercy. Fire rose in twenty directions with vast volumes of smoke

clouding the whole sky, while terrific explosions from the flaming district told of the harrowing progress of the conflagration.

It would not be easy to describe the universal terror of Wednesday night. There were few who dared to sleep within doors. The parks and streets were full of people, in large part without covering of any kind save the clothes they wore, while there were thousands of sleepers rolled in blankets. At 2 o'clock in the morning, myself and a friend who walked through the region between Octavia and Central avenue, encountered hundreds of men, women and children lying asleep on the sidewalks, and even in the streets, without covering whatever. There was no water and no means of cooking. Patrols, mounted and on foot, warned people everywhere against starting fires in their houses. Many thousands of persons went hungry and thirsty to sleep on the cold pavements or in the moist grass of open squares. The feeling everywhere was that of terror, due to the fact that slight shocks were felt every few hours.

Nothing could have been more admirable than the conduct of the authorities. Early in the forenoon of Wednesday martial law was proclaimed and the guarding of the city practically turned over to the soldiers, mounted and afoot, who came promptly from the Presidio and the various forts about the bay. There was a soldier in every street, while lines of men in uniform shut off every avenue leading to the burning district. So far as my own observation was concerned, the work of the soldiers was admirably performed. The attitude of the people for the most part was excellent.

I hope I may never again witness a scene so painful as that of Thursday, when apparently all the people turned from their homes to flee into the open region to the west. The streets were crowded with a motley procession of refugees. Some came in carriages elegantly equipped, many in vehicles of any and every description, while the great flood passed by on foot. Everybody was loaded down to the limit of his or her capacity to carry or draw a load. The vehicles were as various as the persons themselves. Everything that could go on wheels, from automobiles to improvised carts made of boards and roller skates, were loaded down with every possible description of domestic gear. All considerations of order and dignity were lost in a terrible eagerness to get beyond the reach of the flames. Fathers of families with packs of bedding or clothing were followed by their wives, equally laden, and by groups of worn-out children, who had in many cases literally to be dragged along. I saw the daughter of Thomas Starr King, herself the wife of a millionaire, riding amid a pile of miscellaneous luggage on the top of a dirt wagon. I saw the venerable Judge McFarland, with his aged wife on his arm, limping past, dragging a child's cart upon which a few domestic essentials were tied. This motley and pitiful procession was a sight to rend the heart, for there was no aspect of it which did not tell of terror and pain.

The midnight scenes of this Thursday night were, if possible, worse than those of the night previous. Throughout the Western Addition there had all day been a constant shower of cinders and pieces of charred wood. The whole populace was hegrimed with it, for if there had been time or disposition for bathing there was no water for that purpose. Two-thirds of the people were dusty with ashes from head to foot, while all were worn and more or less hungry and thirsty. Water had been brought into the parks in limited supply, but there was not enough to go around. There was a little district in which by some chance the water still flowed through the pipes and at Devisadero and Post streets there was a horse trough into which the water steadily poured, and here was a great congestion of animals and men and women struggling for water. I saw women stooping and drinking, literally, side by side with horses and dogs.

Amid this great mass of suffering humanity there were sick in very considerable numbers carried from hospitals and from private houses. In these congested centers many a poor exposed woman suffered the agonies of child birth. In every such instance people rose from improvised beds to give over their blankets and sheets. From God knows where came hundreds of uniformed nurses, who were present at every scene of distress.

At 11 o'clock on Thursday night I found my way to the top of Lafayette Square, at the junction of Octavia and Clay streets. By this time the whole region between the California-street hill and Van Ness avenue was a raging ocean of flame. I have no words to describe the terror and the grandeur of a picture which can never fade from the memory of anybody who looked upon it.

It was as if the whole region a mile wide by two miles long were a vast and seething crater, and its awful impressiveness was emphasized and punctuated by terrible explosions of dynamite, by which a row of structures between Van Ness avenue and Franklin street were being blown into atoms by way of creating an open space to stay the flames. Thousands were gathered on the hillsides to view this colossal destruction and in their midst other thousands lay on the grass or upon the sands of the hillside sleeping the sleep of complete exhaustion. But even in the midst of this terrible situation there was the spirit of levity. One could hear laughter from many groups and at one point there were gathered some fifteen or twenty persons making merry over rag-time airs produced by a guitar and a violin. I could but wonder whether this incongruous and curious exhibition were due to mere levity of spirit or to hysteria.

JOHN P. YOUNG,

Managing Editor of the *Chronicle*, thus touched upon the efforts of the dynamiters and others fighting the flames:

The din of the temblor was still in my ears when the much more terrifying spectacle of the spreading flames demanded attention. It was at 5:13 a. m. when the earth shook; before 8 o'clock intelligent men realized that the fires which had broken out in several quarters of the city were menacing a great conflagration; by noon the menace was converted into an awful reality, which carried with it the horrifying conviction that it was likely to become of such magnitude that all attempts to cope with it would prove unavailing. At nightfall of the first day it seemed as if the city could not escape destruction. The resort to dynamite in the business quarter instead of arresting the progress of the flames, helped to promote it; in order to stop the spread on one side of Kearney street a building was blown down, and a mass of flame shot across the thoroughfare, and in a few moments the blaze was eating its way toward Chinatown, which it speedily licked up like so much tinder. The complete ineffectiveness of the efforts of the fire fighters, the knowledge of which seemed to be general, that the water supply was inadequate, and in many cases almost wholly cut off, should have produced a state of panic, but marvelous as it may seem, there was no exhibition of anything of the sort, and from first to last people kept their heads.

I met friends driven from the burned district by the flames, who had saved nothing but what they stood in, who were collected enough to discuss the future of the city, and in more than one instance the brief replies to greetings were optimistic in character. During that first night I snatched occasional moments of sleep in a room so brightly illuminated by the flames which were roaring in several quarters of the town that it would have been easy to read a newspaper by their light.

GEORGE HAMLIN FITCH,

Literary Editor of the *Chronicle*, speaks feelingly of the loss of his library:

I live on Clay street, near Larkin, but when the flames crept around the Fairmount, I saw that everything as far as Van Ness avenue was doomed.

Then I set about trying to save my library, a collection of 6000 volumes, made during forty years and containing many authors' copies, with autographs and notes—priceless volumes which money cannot reproduce. But this work was rendered futile by a squad of militia, which drove everything out of the block, although the flames did not reach my house until two hours and a half later. From Lafayette Square I saw my beloved books—gathered with so much pleasure and dear to me beyond all other earthly possessions—go up in smoke.

E. H. HAMILTON,

Of the *Examiner*, points out in striking language the extraordinary tangle of titles, the labyrinth of lost documents and the remarkable wiping out of accounts and records due to the great fire:

Just look at a few of the facts and then try to imagine a time when the lines of meum and tuum shall be drawn as they were at 5 o'clock on the morning of the 18th of April.

The insurance companies think they have a hard task before them. Many of their records have been destroyed. Many of the policies have been lost. There are questions as to where the lack of liability for earthquake damage ended and where the liability for fire loss began. Then there are quibbles as to payments for damage by dynamiting when the efforts were made to stop the conflagration. And the insurance men are so much at sea that one will figure the total insurance loss at not over \$150,000,000, while another will add an entire \$200,000,000 to that figure.

But the troubles of the insurance men are trifles when compared to the general chaos of business affairs. Begin with the land titles. Some of those are apt to be as unstable as was mother earth when she shivered so fearfully in the cool of that April morning.

Everything in California dated back to the Spanish and Mexican land grants. The early records regarding San Francisco were in the

United States Land Office. That office was in the sub-treasury building. The sub-treasury building is a heap of cooling bricks. Not a record remains. The maps and recorded grants are ashes. Out in the Hall of Records, in the badly shattered City Hall, many of the title records are ruined or missing. Very likely San Francisco will have a repetition of the long litigation over "squatter titles" that followed her original upbuildings, for the original deeds have gone by tens of thousands and it is conceivable that some of the owners of property may never be distinguished or identified in the broken and blackened stumps of men that will come from the miles of tumbled brick and stone.

When you turn to personal property you enter a domain without marks or charts for guidance. It is believed nearly all the bank vaults are all right and that their contents will be very little damaged. At best this is a belief, for no bank vault can be opened for many days yet.

The City Assessor opened his vault and everything was in flames at once. How long it will be before the bank vaults may be opened with safety it is hard to tell. When they are opened, what?

One or two of those bank vaults are known to have smoked a great deal. Men shake dubious heads when they speak of them.

It must be remembered that individual bank books have been destroyed by the tens of thousands.

But with this possibility of trouble you have just poked your nose into what seems a limitless labyrinth of lost documents.

There are great public service corporations here who haven't a list or book to show the names of their stockholders and they number those stockholders by the thousands. Many of these stockholders have lost their stock certificates. Where do these corporations stand? Will anybody answer that question offhand? How are the stockholders to be determined? Who is to be assessed to reconstruct the plants?

Mining company after mining company has lost all its records. Here again the certificates of stock have in many instances been destroyed. It must be remembered that in most instances the contents of the very best so-called "fire-proof" safes were found to be ashes and molten metal.

HUBERT E. HUNT

Tells of his sensations when he saw the countless fires viewed from a hilltop breaking out all over the city:

"See! San Francisco is burning!" said some one at my elbow, when I had scrambled to the top of the eminence and paused for breath.

I turned and looked. It was the most awe-inspiring scene I ever expect to witness. In the dense section of the city lying south of Market street and extending from somewhere near the water front up to perhaps Fourth or Fifth streets, I counted eight immense fires. The flames were leaping high into the air. The fires were well scattered. In between, the smoke was beginning to curl up from what seemed to be perhaps a score of smaller fires. In the district north of Market street, between Telegraph Hill and the foot of Market street, flames began to leap skyward at several places. I forgot the earthquake and the damage it had wrought. The one fact that took possession of my senses was that the greater portion of the downtown section of San Francisco was doomed to destruction by fire.

I counted the fires again. Eight conflagrations were raging south of Market street. Any one of them would have taxed the energies of the fire department. Smoke was spreading over the city and clouding the atmosphere. Immense tongues of flame leaped up and through the murky blackness, and in another instant were lost to view. I wondered why the fire bells did not ring. A stillness reigned on Telegraph Hill. People were in the streets and open spaces, half clad, but said little. The crowds simply gazed at the picture of destruction and turned pale. And through the silence came the noise of crackling flames, a mile or more distant.

E. E. BOWLES

Was impressed by the leveling sentiments that pervaded the people of the stricken city:

The mind cannot grasp nor the pen describe the spectacle of 300,000 men, women and children fleeing before an on-coming fire. Some have seen the flight of non-combatants from a city that was threatened with bombardment—such was trivial to the scenes in the streets of San Francisco during April 18th and 19th. Every few feet held its incident of human interest, of pathos and—yes of humor.

But the thing that impressed me most was the leveling effects of the disaster on the human family. I have seen sworn enemies for years meet in the street and in the presence of all men clasp hands while their eyes filled with tears. I have seen women in sealskin, silk and diamonds sitting on blackened steps or street curbs sharing a loaf and a can of tomatoes or corn with women and babes in tattered calico, and I have seen those same richly-dressed women nursing the babes while the tired mothers rested. To-day in San Francisco one hears nothing of "grinding monopolies" and "soulless corporations." It has taught the workmen and capitalist their true status in the scheme of the universe—they are all children of one Father.

W. S. LIVENGOOD,

Of the Los Angeles Times, tells how he was impressed by a soldier and made to clean up garbage in the park:

Early in the day I started out afoot to ascertain the fate of friends living in the Richmond district north of Golden Gate Park. While passing through the Panhandle of the park I met a newsboy with the first "extras" I had seen since the fire began. I sat down in the park to read the "extra." I had not been reading long before a soldier came along and commanded me to get busy gathering up the waste paper and garbage with which that part of the park was littered. It was not my camping ground or my dirt I was ordered to clean up. A human hog was quartered there and had made most of the mess, but

the soldier got his eagle eye on me first and set me to work to gather up the other fellow's filth. It is useless to try to bandy words with a soldier when martial law is in force and the man behind the gun has the power of life and death in his hands to be used at his discretion. Any way, I have a wholesome respect for the uniform of Uncle Sam and have always prided myself on being a law-abiding citizen, so I pocketed my newspaper and got busy under the soldier's direction. After I had done my stunt as scavenger the fellow who was bivouacked on the particular piece of ground I cleaned up, kindly condescended to lend me a match to set the rubbish afire. Then I trekked without loitering further in the park.

The park resembled a summer encampment. Many of the thousands of fire refugees located there, having erected cozy tents and other forms of shelter, and being prepared, evidently, for a long stay. Many of the refugees were people of quality who had fled from the fire in automobiles or their own private carriages which stood by and formed part of the camp equipment. They had brought with them an abundance of clothing, bedding and food.

VANITY FAIR.

The first wedding ever celebrated in Golden Gate Park took place last week, when Miss Amilie Bartmann became the wife of Rudolph Bossert. The ceremony was performed by Rev. F. D. Bovard of Berkeley in the little summer house just west of the conservatory, where the bride has been staying with friends since the fateful April 18th. The romance is the direct result of the earthquake, and is another proof that every cloud has a silver lining. Miss Bartmann formerly lived at 268 Turk street, and it was when Bossert hurried to her rescue after her home was in flames that she first learned that life is too short to live it alone. Bossert himself was burned out, as he lived at 501 Geary street. "San Francisco never looked better to me than it does right now," said the bridegroom, "and when we return from our wedding journey—which is to be to the Cliff House—we are going to set up housekeeping in this little summer house." "I always intended to be married in white," said the bride, casting a regretful glance at a pretty dark green cloth traveling dress, "but the fire left me only the clothes I have on." Judging by her manner, that did not matter in the least. Great difficulty was experienced in finding a place where a wedding ring could be bought. But one was finally found at a jeweler's on Twentieth avenue. The summer house was decorated with flowers, and the bride carried a large bouquet of roses.

In San Francisco this is a bad time for the artificial blondes. A shortage of the supply of peroxide, together with a carelessness as to appearances, has resulted in many peculiar coiffure combinations. The blonde of yesterday, who was the brunette of day before yesterday, will be the blonde-brunette of to-morrow. Inability to secure the needed drug and lack of attention to her crowning glory is the reason. One of them walked up Fillmore street the other day. Her carriage was airy, her demeanor chic—her hair yellow blonde. That is to say, part of her hair was blonde. It didn't take even a close observer to note the startling fact that in near the roots her hair was black. There was nearly a half inch of this black hair. There will be more in a few days. If she doesn't immediately begin the work of reconstruction the neighbors will be talking about her.

How long will it be before San Francisco is again remarkable for the great proportion of its well-dressed men and women? How many months must elapse before the theaters pour into the streets and into the brilliantly lighted cafes their multitudes attired in silk and satin and broadcloth and glittering with diamonds? Just at present the entire city must be the despair of the more conventional. The women as well as the men seem to have forgotten that there was such a reputation to sustain. Garments of the plainest texture and the most subdued pattern are worn, to the exclusion of all others, and there is not even an attempt to appear fashionable or to outdress one's neighbors. Women in the extreme of negligee and dishabille tend the curbstone kitchens during all hours of the day. A shirtwaist of any color that is not white, a straw hat and a short skirt are the essential features of the ideal outdoor costume. How many of these garments are borrowed is nobody's business. The men have kept pace with the general decline by discarding boiled shirts and stiff collars. Nearly all of them wear soft shirts, and a census of those rendered shirtless by the fire might be taken by enumerating the garments that are but too evidently of Government distribution.

The kitchen and dining room of the Vendome Hotel, San Jose, are practically unharmed. In a week or so they could be put in good condition. But the remainder of the hotel stands in need of considerable repairs and it will probably take two or three months to put it in good shape. The suggestion, therefore, is to establish a tent city on the spacious and handsome grounds of the Vendome.

"Why wouldn't it be a good scheme?" said its author. "We could lay flooring, put up nice tents with good accommodation, open the dining room and offer the public a regular picnic. I believe that it would be a good thing. Of course, the tourist season is about over for this year, but there are a whole lot of people who have been in the habit of staying at the Vendome, who would come to the tent city with the Vendome bill of fare to back it. Meantime we could be carrying out repairs on the hotel, but after those were finished I would be in favor of running the camp as long as the warm and pleasant weather lasts. I think we would catch a big bunch of people from San Francisco. There are a whole lot of business men there who have been burned out, or who would like to get their families out of town until things are more settled. They could send them here and as they are feeling now they would a great deal rather live in a tent than in any building. A tent is earthquake proof. We could accommodate several hundred guests on the grounds, and see what a pleasant place it would be for them to take life easy under those big trees. I believe the idea would catch on and bring a lot of people here for the summer."

A Philadelphia business man recently had as guest a friend from Toledo, an extremely busy individual, little familiar with the social graces. For the first evening of his stay a dinner party had been arranged. The hostess had provided a most attractive young woman for the Toledo man; and it was thought that he would take a desperate fancy to her, which, indeed, he did. When the guests had gathered and were ready to go out, the host, with his politest bow, said: "Mr. Blank, will you please take Miss Dash out to dinner?" "Certainly," responded the Toledo man, with alacrity, "but I understood that we were to have dinner here in the house."

Twenty-five young girl students from Barnard College, the female seminary annex of Columbia University, attended a reception in New York on May 4th in honor of Mlle. Andreieva, the Russian actress whom Maxim Gorky tried to pass off as his wife. The reception was held at the residence of Professor Dewey of Columbia University, and the girl students were there at his invitation. The utmost secrecy was observed by the young women. A dozen other women of Dewey's acquaintance were also present. At the reception Mlle. Andreieva made a speech and called for funds to aid the Russian revolution. After the address the actress held a levee and spoke flatteringly of the charms of American women. She did not mention the unpleasantness her association with Gorky had occasioned here. While the reception was in progress the Columbia boys became aware of it, and they gave a serenade. It was not appreciated.

Mrs. Nannie Langhorne Shaw of Virginia, and Waldorf Astor, eldest son of William Waldorf Astor, were quietly married at All Souls' Church, Langham Place, London, May 3rd, by the Rev. Francis Scott Webster, M. A., the vicar. Neither William Waldorf Astor nor Mr. Langhorne, respectively the father of the groom and the bride, were present, both being too ill to attend the ceremony. Only immediate relatives and intimate friends of the couple knew of the arrangements, so the congregation was small. It included Ambassador Reid and Mrs. Reid. Charles Dana Gibson accompanied the bride to the altar and the groom was supported by his brother, John Jacob Astor. The newly married couple received many handsome presents, including the beautiful Cliveden estate, which Mr. Astor presented to his son with all its contents as a wedding gift. Mr. Astor also gave the bride a tiara in which is set the famous Sancy diamond, weighing 53½ karats and valued at \$75,000. The groom's present to the bride was a necklace formed by three rows of superb pearls. The object of the quietness of the marriage was to prevent its possible interruption by certain of the clergy of London, who object to the marriage of divorced persons in church, whether they are the aggrieved party or otherwise. One of these clergy had threatened to interrupt the Astor-Shaw ceremony with an objection.

Argonaut, The, 25 Brown Ave., San Jose (temporary).
Acme Lumber Co., 6th and Channel Sts., S. F.
Acme Metal Co., Brannan St., near 5th, S. F.
Alameda Sugar Co. and Union Sugar Co., 103 Folsom St., S. F.
Alaska Packers' Assn., Steuart St. Dock, S. F.
Aetna Insurance Co., 458 Pine St., Oakland.
Aichen & Munich Fire Ins. Co., and Hanover Ins. Co., N. E. Cor. Clay and 11th Sts., Oakland.
Allen, Wiley B. Co., Knabe piano, 937 Buchanan St., S. F.
Alexander, L. M. & Co., 565 Baker St., S. F.
Alliance Insurance Co., 1915 Franklin St., S. F.
American Can Co., 1st and Filbert Sts., Oakland (temporary).
American National Bank, Merchants Exchange Bldg., S. F.
American Oil and Paint Co., 617-619 King St., S. F.
American Type Foundry, 405 8th St., Oakland.
Anglo-California Bank, California and Franklin Sts., S. F.
Armsby, J. K. Co., 520 San Pablo Ave., Oakland.
Arnstein, Simon & Co., Cor. Webster and 14th Sts., Oakland.
Armstrong, Pottman & Co., 1000 Golden Gate Ave., S. F.
Associated Oil Co., 2029 California St., S. F.
Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific Co., Engineers and Contractors, Foot of Walnut St., Alameda.
Babin, Landry C. & Co., 2301 Pine St., S. F.
Baldwin Jewelry Co., 1521 Sutter St., S. F.
Bacigalupi & Stevens, Real Estate, 1107 Fillmore St., S. F.
Bass-Heuter Paint Co., 2322 Howard St., S. F.
Baldwin & Howell, Real Estate, 2120 Fillmore St., S. F.
Balfour, Guthrie & Co., 2010 Washington St., S. F.
Baker & Hamilton, 113-117 Berry St., S. F.
Bancroft-Whitney, Law Books, 122 Guerrero St., S. F.
Bank of British North America, 2828 Washington St., S. F.
Bank of California, 2510 Octavia St., S. F.
Bank of Italy, 2745 Van Ness Ave., S. F.
Bare Bros., 342 Church St., S. F.
Barth, Herman, and Loring P. Rixford, Architects, 1313 Pierce St., S. F.
Bay Cities Water Co., 3248 Washington St., S. F.
Baldwin & Stetson, 2000 Fillmore St., S. F.
Barnhart & Swasey, Designers and Printers, 878 Broadway, Oakland.
Barneson, Hibbard Co., MacCondray Co., Mission St. Wharf No. 2, Bulkhead, S. F.
Bender-Chaquette Co., Law Books, 2152 Broderick St., S. F.
Berteling Optical Co., 2505 Clay St., S. F.
Block, Maurice, 3032 Washington St., S. F.
Blow, A. W. & Co., Stocks and Bonds, 2689 Union St., S. F.
Blaskower Co., 918 Broadway, Oakland (temporary).
Board of Trade, 1421 Sutter St., S. F.
Bonestell, Richardson & Co., Paper, 514-20 12th St., Oakland.
Bovee, Toy & Co., Lake St. and 18th ave., S. F.
Boardman Bros. & Co., Real Estate, 1928 Vallejo St., S. F.
Bolton, Robert C., Broker, 2345 Broadway, S. F.
Borel, Ant. & Co., Consulate of Switzerland, 1882 Washington, S. F.

Boody, W. E. & Co., 1540 Fell St., S. F.
Bollman, John Co., Cor. Broadway and 6th Sts. Oakland.
Bohemian Club, 2171 Pacific Ave., S. F.
Brandenstein, M. J. & Co., 476 7th St., Oakland.
Breuner, John Co., 951 Eddy St., S. F.
Bridge & Beach Manfg. Co., Stoves, 22nd and Indiana Sts., S. F.
Brilliant Furniture Co., St. Mungo Apartments, N. W. Cor. Golden Gate Ave. and Fillmore St., S. F.
Brown, Jas. & Alex., Coal Importers, 1919 Sutter St., S. F.
Brown Bros., Clothing, 1620 Fillmore St., S. F.
Brown, Chas. & Son., Hardware, 1204 Geary St., S. F.
Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., Cor. 20th and Harrison Sts., S. F.
Buckingham, A. E. & Co., 2808 Jackson St., S. F.
Bulletin Office, 1708 Fillmore St., S. F.
Burnham & Marsh, 1942 Fillmore St., S. F.
Burlington Route, 1071 Broadway, Oakland.
Burr-Paddon, Real Estate, 1909 Fillmore St., S. F.
Burnstene Bros. Co., Iron and Metals, 538 Brannan St., S. F.
Bush & Mallett Co., and Bush & Mallett Cabinet Manfg. Co., 2125 Broderick St., S. F.
Buckingham, Hecht & Co., Boots and Shoes, 26th and Valencia Sts., S. F.
Bush, David & Son., Real Estate, 3942 Clay St., S. F.
California Gas and Electric Corporation, 1100 O'Farrell St., S. F.
California Market, 16th and Broderick.
Cascade Lager Union Brewing and Malting Co., 18th and Florida Sts., S. F.
California Artistic Metal and Wire Co., 2233 Washington St., S. F.
California Asphaltum Sales Agency, 16th and Illinois Sts., S. F.
California Canneries, 2018 Webster St., S. F.
California Electrical Works, Cor. Webster and 14th Sts., Oakland.
California Fruit Canners' Assn., 1st and Filbert Sts., Oakland.
California Ins. Co., 906 Broadway, Oakland.
California Iron Yards, 412 Main St., S. F.
Canadian Pacific Railway, 968 Broadway, Oakland.
California Powder Co., 2171 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley.
California Safe Deposit Company, 2231 Washington St., S. F.
Canadian Bank of Commerce, 1715 Pacific Ave., S. F.
Carmichael, D. W., Co., 1008 Fillmore St., S. F.
Center & Spader, Real Estate, 2828 16th St., Cor. Shotwell, S. F.
Central Trust, 2121 Laguna St., S. F.
Chamber of Commerce, eFry Bldg., S. F.
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, 2524 Pierce St., S. F., and 1071 Broadway, Oakland.
Chanslor & Lyon, Motor Supply Co., N. E. Cor. Baker and Grove Sts., S. F.
Chicago & Northwestern Ry., 435 14th St., Oakland.
China and Java Export Co., S. W. Cor. 19th and Harrison Sts., S. F.
Citizens' State Bank, 1410 Haight St., S. F.
City and County Bank, 1548 Post St., S. F.
City of Paris, S. W. Cor. Van Ness Ave. and Washington St., S. F.
Clinton Bridge and Iron Works, 1001 22nd Ave., East Oakland.
Clayburgh, L. J. & Co., 1810 Bush St., S. F.
Columbia Loan and Collateral Office, 1303 Page St., S. F.
Columbus Savings and Loan Society, 700 Montgomery St., S. F.
Commercial Art Co., 4048 17th St., S. F.
Commercial Union Assurance Co., Palatine Ins. Co., Alliance Assurance Co., 511 14th St., Oakland.
Continental Building & Loan Assn., Church & Market Sts., S. F.
Connecticut Fire Ins. Co., 2310 California St., S. F.
Conservative Life Insurance Co., 963 Hayes St., S. F.
Cook Thos. & Son, 1117 Broadway, Oakland.
Cordes Furniture Co., 945 Fillmore St., S. F.
Cosmos Club, Sutter & Octavia Sts., S. F.
Coxhead & Coxhead, 2323 California St., S. F.
Crocker-Woolworth National, 2129 Laguna St., S. F.
Cunningham, Curtis & Welch, 2523 Pacific Ave., S. F.
Cumberland Coal Co., 103 Folsom St., S. F.
Cunard Steamship Co., Ferry Bldg., S. F.
Curtin-Beals Mercantile Collection Agency, 1029 Masonic Ave., S. F.
De Ruyter, Krigbaum & Co., Real Estate.
Davis, Schonwasser & Co., 1808 Pacific Ave., S. F.
Davis & Sons (J. B. F.), 819 Turk St., S. F.
Dempsey Lumber Co., Hooper St., Bet. 7th and 8th Sts., S. F.
Dewey, Strong & Co., S. F., 10 Bacon Block, Oakland.
De Laval Dairy Supply Co., 309 12th St., Oakland.
Deere Implement Co., 131-153 Kansas St., S. F.
Donohoe-Kelly Banking Company, 2410 Pacific Ave., S. F.
Dunphy & Co., R. J., Real Estate, 1516 Page, S. F.
Dunham Carrigan & Hayden C., 131-133 Kansas St., S. F.
Dunn & Co., R. G., 574 12th, Oakland.
Eag'le Tannery, Leather, 26th and San Bruno Rd.
Edwards M. Fac'g Co., Ashby Station, Berkeley.
Ehrman Bros & Co., Mission San Jose, Alameda Co., Cal.
Eichorn & Bro., 108 Chattanooga St., S. F.
Eilers Music Co., 520 Haight St., S. F., and 1075 Clay St., Oakland.
Elder, Paul, & Co., Postoffice Bldg., Berkeley.
Electric Manfg. Co., Stanley, G. I.; Electric Manfg. Co., Northern; Electric Works, Fort Wayne; Electric Co., Sprague, 604 Mission St., S. F., and 1065 Washington St., Oakland.
Emmons, G. W. Co., Draying, 11th and Bryant Sts., S. F.
Emporium, The, 1201 Van Ness Ave., S. F.
Evans & Co., Builders, 1516 Page St., S. F.
Fairbanks, Morse & Co., 969 Broadway, Oakland.
Family Club, The, 236 Washington St., S. F.
Fanning, Jas. H. Co., Wholesale Hatters, 2211 Scott St., S. F.
Farnsworth & Ruggles, Draying, 155 Townsend St., S. F.
Ferro-lite Co., Architects and Construction Engineers, 12th and Madison Sts., S. F.
Field Marshall & Co., 544 17th St., Oakland.
Fireman's Fund Insurance Co., 1271 Turk St., S. F.
First National Bank, N. W. cor. Clay and Laguna Sts., S. F.

Folger, J. A. & Co., Address later in press.
 Foster, Geo. H. Co., Insurance Brokers, 1252 Clay St., Oakland.
 Frank, S. H. & Co., Leathers, 1214 Geary St., S. F.
 French-American Bank, 1632 California St., S. F.
 French Savings Bank, 78 Ashbury St., S. F.
 French-American Bank, French Savings Bank, N. E. Cor. California and Scott Sts., S. F.
 Friedman, M. & Co., 1058 Washington St., Oakland.
 Freeman, J. Eugene and B. E., Rummel, Architects, 2863 Pacific Ave., S. F.
 Fredericks, Jos. & Co., 2200 Webster St., S. F.
 Frank, Marshal A. Co., Gen. Agts. Pacific Coast Casualty Co., 2621 Pacific Ave., S. F.
 Fuller, W. P. & Co., 412 12th St., Oakland.
 Fuller, Geo. H. Desk Co., Clay and East Sts., S. F.
 Gantner-Mattern Co., Grove and Laguna Sts., S. F.
 Germania National, 2121 Laguna St., S. F.
 Ghirardelli Co., 940 North Point St., S. F.
 Gladding, McBean & Co., 1611 Franklin St., S. F.
 Goodyear Rubber Co., 443 Fillmore St., S. F.
 Goldberg, Bowen & Co., 2829 California St., S. F.
 Golden Gate Cloak and Suit House, 670 Fulton St., S. F.
 Gordon & Fraser, Traders' Ins. Co., Canning Block, Oakland.
 Gorham Rubber Co., 4th and Washington Sts., Oakland.
 Gorham Manfg. Co., Silversmiths, 1103½ Broadway, Oakland.
 Grace, W. R. & Co., Structural Steel, 8th and Franklin Sts., Oakl'd
 Great Northern Railway, 952 Broadway, Oakland.
 Great Western Smelting and Refining Co., Spear and Folson Sts., S. F.
 Griffin & Skelley Co., Emeryville, opp. S. P. tracks, near nacetrack.
 Gruenahagon Bros., Confectioners, 2727 Pierce St., S. F.
 Guadalupe Dairy Co., 1814 San Bruno Ave., S. F.
 Guggenlime & Co., Dried Fruits, 2703 California St., S. F.
 Gump & Co., Pictures, 1224 Geary St., S. F.
 Gunst, M. A. & Co., 1214 Eddy St., S. F.
 Haas, Geo. & Sons, 2268 Green St., S. F.
 Haas Bros. and Haas, Barouch & Co., 2007 Franklin St., S. F.
 Hammer & Co., 1003½ Broadway, Room 12, Oakland.
 Hamburg American Line, 1011 Broadway, Oakland.
 Haldan, Edward B., Fire Insurance, 270 Eleventh St., Oakland
 Haley Bros., Loral Vale Dairy, 1931 Union St., S. F.
 Hammond, J. & Co., Car and Elevator Works, 7th and King Sts., S. F.
 Harron, Rickard & McCone, 7th and Berry Sts., S. F.
 Hale Bros., 2010 Lyon St., S. F.
 Harmon, S. H. Lumber Co., 1st and Brannan Sts., S. F.
 Halsey, N. W. & Co., Dealers in Bonds, Franklin and O'Farrell Sts., S. F.
 Harrigan, Werdinmuller & Rosenstern, Real Estate, 2003 Pine St., S. F.
 Hart, Jerome A., Editor Argonaut, 25 Brown Ave., San Jose.
 Heald's Business College, 1451 Franklin St., S. F.
 Heyneman & Co., 2520 Sacramento St., S. F.
 Herring-Hall-Marvin Safe Co., 1923 Pine St., S. F.
 Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, Jones and McAllister Sts., S. F.
 Hidalgo Plantation and Commercial Co., 1532 Hayes St., S. F.
 Hirschfelder & Meaney, Trunks and Bags, 20th & Florida Sts., S. F.
 Hoag & Lansdale, Real Estate, 2304 Fillmore St., S. F.
 Holbrook, Merrill & Stetson, Cor. 17th and Willow Sts., near S. P. 16th St. Station, Oakland.
 Home Life Insurance Co., Cor 12th and Broadway, Oakland.
 Home Fire and Marine Insurance Co., 506 9th St., Oakland.
 Hooker & Lent, Real Estate, 2229 Washington St., S. F.
 Hotaling, A. P. & Co., 429-437 Jackson St., S. F.
 Hoffman, Rothschild Co., 3600 Clay St., S. F.
 Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co., Hotel Metropole, Oakland.
 Hughson & Merton, 318 Market St.
 Humboldt Savings Bank, 1261 Waller St., S. F.
 Ickelheimer Bros., 2025 Baker St., S. F.
 Illinois-Pacific Glass Co., 273 Bacon Block, Oakland.
 Indianapolis Furniture Co., Cor. 6th and King Sts., S. F.
 Insurance Co. of North America, 1915 Franklin St., S. F.
 International Banking Corporation, 1809 Fillmore St., S. F.
 Italian-American Bank, N. W. cor. Washington and Walnut Sts., S. F.
 Italian-Swiss Colony, Wines and Brandies, Cor. Battery and Greenwich Sts., S. F.
 Japanese Bank, 551 Seventh St., Oakland.
 John R. Hamilton, 1001 Kohl Bldg., S. F.
 Johnson-Locke Mercantile Co., 714 Broadway, Oakland.
 Josselyn, G. M. & Co., Ships Chandlers, 46 Steuart St., Warehouse 106, Main St., S. F.
 Kahn & Co., The Ocularium, 2553 Fillmore St., S. F.
 Kauffman, Davidson & Co., Hides, Pelts etc., 2852 Sacramento St., S. F.
 Kilgarif & Beaver, 2525 Webster St., S. F.
 Klink, Bean & Co., 2006 Lyon St., S. F.
 Knowles, Wm., Architect, 339 Spruce St., S. F.
 Kohler, Chase & Co., 1865 Fillmore St., S. F.
 Kragens, 1914 Sacramento St., S. F.
 Landgrebe, McNevin & Jones, 1264 O'Farrell St., S. F.
 Lane, Lederman & Lane, and John H. Marble, Attorneys-at-Law, Langley & Michaels Co., 2nd and Townsend Sts., S. F. 2112 Jackson St., S. F.
 Laydon, Darby Co., 219 Steuart St., or 1522 Golden Gate Ave., S. F.
 Lee, Cuyler, Motor Cars, 106 Presidio Ave., S. F.
 Leavitt, J. W. & Co., Automobiles, 911 Webster St., S. F.
 Lester, Herrick & Herrick, 2640 Steiner St., S. F.
 Levy, L., Tailoring Co., The Big Trunk Store, 1394 McAllister St., S. F.
 Levenson Co., Wooden & Willow Ware, 2325 Sacramento St., S. F.
 Liellenfeld, Alfred & Co., 1916 Jackson St. and 1883 Sutter St., S. F.
 Lindgren-Hicks Co., Structural Engineers, Fairmont Hotel, S. F.
 Lippman Bros., Dry Goods, Cor. Hayes and Octavia St., S. F.

Liverpool, London & Globe Ins. Co., 2027 Sutter St., S. F., and 406 Eighth St., Oakland.
 Livingston Bros., 2896 California St., S. F.
 Lloyd, Gilbert & Robinson, Agents and Adjusters, National Surety Co., 1212 Geary St., S. F.
 Loaiza, W. & Co., 1056 Washington St., Oakland.
 Lombard Warehouse Co., 2240 Folsom St., S. F.
 London Assurance Corp., 2321 Buchanan St., S. F.
 London, Lancashire Fire Ins. Co., State Fire Ins. Co., Orient Ins. Co., Cor. 13th and Franklin Sts., Oakland.
 London, Paris and American, 1806 Pacific Ave., S. F.
 Lovey, L. W., Printing and Supplies, 371 11th St., Oakland.
 Loveland & Kahn, Roofing and Building Materials, 1635 Bush St., S. F.
 Lyon & Hoag, Real Estate, 1593 Haight St., S. F.
 Lyons, Henry & Sons, Men's Outfitters, 2264 Franklin St., S. F.
 Magee, Thos. & Sons, 2550 Pacific Ave., S. F.
 Maillard & Schmiedell, Tiburon, Marin Co.
 Main-Winchester-Stone Co., Harness and Saddlery, 224-228 San Pablo Ave., Oakland.
 McWilliams & Healy, Insurance and Commission.
 MacAdam, M. V. B., Real Estate, 1611 Franklin St., S. F.
 McCarthy Co., Real Estate, 2177 Pacific Ave.; office Cor. Golden Gate Ave. and Franklin St., S. F.
 Martin, Dr. Geo. H., Delger Bldg., Room 9, 1169 Broadway, Oakl'd.
 Martin, W. J., Land Agent, South San Francisco.
 Masonic Relief Board, 1745 Fillmore St., S. F.
 Matson Navigation Co., Pier No. 10, Howard St. Wharf, S. F.
 Marks Bros., 561 Baker St., S. F.
 Mechanics' Savings Bank, 1247 Franklin St., S. F.
 Mendelsohn Bros., 1109 Jefferson St., Oakland.
 Metropolis Trust & Savings Bank, 1130 Eddy St., S. F.
 Mergenthaler Linotype Co., 1201 Golden Gate Ave., S. F.
 Metropolitan Surety Co., Room 10, Ferry Bldg., S. F.
 Mercantile Trust Co., 464 California St., S. F.
 Metropolitan Life Ins. Co., Jefferson Square Bldg., 925 Golden Gate Ave., S. F.
 Metropolitan Trust and Savings Bank, 1130 Eddy St., S. F.
 Meyerstein Co., 1901 Franklin St., S. F.
 Millikin Bros., 969 Broadway, Oakland.
 Michalitschke Bros. & Co., Cigars, 1314 Golden Gate Ave., S. F.
 Michael, N. F., Attorney, 2210 Webster St., S. F.
 Millbrae, California, Milk Co., 21st and Folsom Sts., S. F.
 Mission Bank, 2675 Mission St., S. F.
 Mitrovich, J. J., Contractor, etc., 1032 Golden Gate Ave., S. F.
 M'Menomy's Meat Market, 5914 San Pablo Ave., Oakland.
 Mobile Carriage Co., 1013 Clay St., Oakland (temporary).
 Moore, Hunt & Co., Jesse, Liquor Dealers, 200 Laurel St., S. F.
 Moore, Chas. C. & Co., 3100 Washington St., S. F.
 Moore, J. J. & Co., Ferry Bldg., S. F.
 Montague, W. W. & Co., 1023 O'Farrell St., S. F.
 Morgan & Wright, Rubber Goods, 901 Golden Gate Ave., S. F.
 Moss', 1712 Steiner St., S. F.
 Murphy, Grant & Co., 8th and Franklin Sts., Oakland.
 Mungo Bldg., Fillmore & Golden Gate Ave., S. F.
 Mutual Savings Bank, 2201 Laguna St., S. F.
 Mysell-Rollins Co., 576 12th St., Oakland.
 Nathan, Dohrmann & Co., 1090 Page St., S. F.
 Nason, Arthur G. & Co., 2872 Washington St., S. F.
 National Tube Co., 16th and Folsom Sts., S. F.
 National Bank of Pacific, 2621 Devisadero St., S. F.
 National City Bank of New York, with Oakland Bank of Savings, Oakland.
 Native Daughters' Relief Committee, 657 Fulton St., S. F.
 Newhouse, Hugo D., Attorney-at-Law, 1898 Pine St., S. F.
 Nelson, Johnson & Co., 1855 Fillmore St., S. F.
 New York Central Lines, 1169 Broadway, Oakland.
 Neustadter Bros., 2508 Fillmore St., S. F.
 New York Life Insurance Co., 604 Mission St., and 1706 Fell St., S. F.
 Newhall, H. M. & Co., 2009 Pacific Ave., S. F.
 Niagara Fire Insurance Co., 2321 Buchanan St., S. F.
 North British and Mercantile Ins. Co., 2027 Sutter St., S. F., and Tribune Bldg., cor. 8th and Franklin Sts., Oakland.
 Northern California Power Co., 1100 Gough St., S. F.
 Northern Pacific Railway, 1114 Broadway, Oakland.
 North German Lloyd Steamship Co., 1114 Broadway, Oakland.
 Norvell-Shapleigh Hardware Co., 622 18th St., Oakland.
 O'Brien, Chas. F. & Co., 2126 Fillmore St., S. F.
 O'Brien & Sportora, 1536 McAllister St., S. F.
 Oliver Visible Typewriters, 907 Fillmore St., S. F.
 O'Callaghan, Dan, Real Estate and Insurance, 656 Fell St., S. F.
 O'Conner, Moffat & Co., 923 Grove St., S. F.
 Occidental Machinery and Engineering Co., 2303 Pacific Ave., S. F.
 Otis Elevator Co., 2725 Sacramento St., S. F.
 Oliver, B. P., Real Estate, 2490 Post St., S. F.
 Olympic Club, 11050 Eddy St., S. F.
 Pacific Implement Co., 131-153 Kansas St., S. F.
 Pacific States Type Foundry, 282 Steiner St., S. F. and 367 11th St., Oakland.
 Pacific Mail Steamship Co., 1st and Brannan St., S. F. (Mail Dock.)
 Pacific Coast Co., Coal and Coke, Beale St. Wharf, S. F.
 Pacific Coast Steamship Co., Broadway Wharf, S. F., and 968 Broadway, Oakland.
 Pacific Hardware and Steel Co., 7th and Townsend Sts., S. F.
 Pacific Refining and Roofing Co., 16th and Mississippi Sts., S. F.
 Pacific Gas and Electric Co., 1100 O'Farrell St., S. F.
 Pacific Stevedoring and Ballasting Co., 53 Mission St., S. F.
 Pacific Commercial Co., 1254 Franklin St., Oakland (temporary).
 Pacific Portland Cement Co., 817 Van Ness Ave., S. F.
 Pacific Saddlery Co., 615 Sansome St., S. F.

Rothenberg Co., S. E. Cor. 7th and Franklin Sts., Oakland.
 Royal Insurance Co. of Liverpool, N. W. Cor. Pine and Fillmore Sts., S. F.
 Ruef, A., Law Office, 2232 Pine St., S. F.
 Rulofson, A. C. Co., Ashley Station, Berkeley.
 Rusconi, Fisher & Co., Liquor Dealers, N. W. Cor. Fillmore & O'Farrel Sts., S. F.
 Russo-Chinese Bank, 1300 Octavia St., S. F.
 Samuels Lace House Co., 1624 Octavia St., S. F.
 San Francisco and Portland Steamship Co., Spear St. Wharf, S. F.
 San Francisco Mutual, 2340 Pacific ave., S. F.
 San Francisco Savings Union, 2617 Pacific ave., S. F.
 Sanborn & Vail, 2718 Webster St., S. F.
 Sage, Dealey & Co., 1635 Bush St., S. F.
 Savings and Loan Society, 2550 Jackson St., S. F.
 Scandinavian-American Savings Bank, cor. Washington and Maple Sts., S. F.
 Schoenholz & Elsbach, 2011-2013 Fillmore St., S. F.
 Schwabacher-Frey Stationery Co., Metropolitan Match Co., 2000 Gough St., S. F.
 Schilling, A. & Co., 2307 Broadway, S. F.
 Selby Smelting and Lead Co., Shot Tower Employees, 1st and Howard Sts., S. F.
 Schoenholz & Elsbach, Ladies' and Children's Suits, Coats, etc., 2011-2013 Fillmore St., S. F.
 Schulze, Henry A., Architect, Cor. Spear and Howard Sts., S. F.
 Shainwald, Buckbee & Co., 2518 Pacific Ave., S. F.
 Sherman, Clay & Co., 2214 Steiner St., S. F.
 Sherwood & Sherwood, 524 13th st., Oakland.
 Schreve & Co., 2429 Jackson St.; Mail Address and General Address, Post St. and Grant Ave., S. F.
 Smith, Francis & Co., Sheet Iron Works, 8th and Townsend Sts., S. F.
 Smith-Premier Typewriter Co., 1931 California St., S. F., and 878 Broadway, Oakland.
 Snook, Jas. A. & Co., East St., foot of Mission, S. F.
 Southern Pacific, South End Ferry Bldg., S. F. and 12 San Pablo Ave., Oakland.
 Southern Pacific Co., Union Ferry Bldg., S. F., 2d Floor South End; City Ticket Office, Geary and Fillmore Sts., S. F.
 Son, Chas. A., Attorney, 2124 Broadway, S. F.
 Solomon, C. Jr., 4050 24th St., S. F.
 Spaulding & Neff, Real Estate, 2016 Sutter St., S. F.
 Spreckels, J. D. & Bros. Co., Oceanic S. S. Wharf, Pier 7, S. F.
 Speck & Co., 1902 Fillmore St., S. F.
 Spaulding, Geo. & Co., Printers, 1833 Fillmore St., S. F.
 Spences, Apticians, 470 13th St., Oakland.
 Spaulding, A. G. & Bros. 518 15th St., Oakland.
 Stafford, W. G. & Co., Coal. 214 East St., 112 Broderick St., 2537 Post St., 218 Fair Oak St., S. F.
 Sterling Furniture Co., 6th St. from King to Berry Sts., S. F.
 Stewart, Dr. H. J., Los Angeles.
 Stiefvater & Munch, 906 Central Ave., Alameda.
 Studebaker Bros. Co., 2444 Jackson St., S. F.
 Standard Marine Insurance Co., Ltd., 135 Howard St., S. F.
 Standard Motor Car Co., 2611 Broadway, S. F.
 Standard Milk Co., 1820 San Bruno Ave., S. F.
 Strauss & Frohman, 3601 Clay St., S. F.
 San Francisco Stock and Exchange Board, 1407 Gough St., S. F.
 Stone & Co., San Pedro and X L Dairy, 10 Fifth Ave., S. F.
 Standard Oil Co., 7th and Irwin Sts., S. F.
 State Board Architecture, 1345 McAllister St., S. F.
 Strauss, Levi & Co., 10th and Clay Sts., Oakland.
 Stern, David & Sons, 2323 Devisadero St., S. F.
 Suydam Bros. & Rogers, Wholesale Grocers, 1632 Vallejo St. S. F.
 Sussman-Wormser Co., 1819 Octavia St., S. F.
 Sun Insurance Co., 1018 Broadway, Oakland.
 Swiss-American Bank, 2200 Green St., S. F.
 Tacoma Mill Co, 1896 Green St., S. F.
 Taussig & Co., 2450 Fulton St., S. F.
 Telephone Public Offices, N. end of Ferry Bldg, 1106 Valencia St., Pine and Steiner Sts., Sutter and Hyde Sts., 445 Bush St.
 Thomas, Gerstle & Frick, Law Offices, 2350 Washington St., S. F.
 Tillman & Bendel, 1001 Clay St., Oakland.
 Title Insurance Guarantee Co., 3737 Clay St.
 Toggery The, Men's Furnishing Goods, 906 Ellis St., S. F.
 Traders' Insurance Co., Canning Block, Oakland.
 Trounson, J., Contractor and Builder, 1751 Lyon St., S. F.
 Trower Bros., Wholesale Lumber, 1238 Filbert St., Oakland.
 Tubbs' Manufacturing Co., Printers' Type, 845 Harrison St., S. F.
 Turner Co, Sails, Burlap, etc., 9 Mission St., S. F.
 Umbson & Co., 950 Fillmore St., S. F.
 Union Pacific Railroad Co., 44 San Pablo Ave., Oakland.
 Union Oil Co., 16th and Illinois St., S. F.
 United Railroads, Turk and Fillmore St. Car House, S. F.
 Union League Club, cor. Sacramento and Franklin Sts., S. F.
 Union Lumber Co., Sixth and Channel Sts., S. F.
 Union Trust Co., 2020 Jackson St.
 Underwood Typewriters, 2188 Bush St., S. F.
 United Can Co., 19th and Harrison Sts., S. F.
 United States Fidelity & Guarantee Co., 108 Townsend St., S. F.
 University Club, 724 Golden Gate Ave., S. F.
 United States National Bank, 1700 Geary St., S. F.
 Vander Naillen School of Engineering, 51st and Telegraph Ave., Oakland.
 Vanderslice W K & Co., 1551 Devisadero St., S. F.
 Varney & Green, Sign Painting, 13th and Webster Sts., Oakland.
 Von Rhein Real Estate Co., 2332 Pine St., S. F.

Vickery, Atkins and Torrey, 2323 California St., S. F.
 Vulcan Iron Works, 1257 McAllister St., S. F.
 Waterhouse & Lester, 3840 Clay St., S. F.
 Waterhouse & Price Co., Building Materials, 101 Telegraph Ave., Oakland.
 Wayman Guy T., Real Estate, 2803 Washington St., S. F.
 Wellington Geo. J., Fire Protective Engineer, 449-51 Berry St., S. F.
 Western Machinery Co., 230-40 Main St., S. F.
 Western Fuel Co., 340 Steuart St., S. F.
 Western Meat Co., South San Francisco, Cal.
 Western National Bank, cor. Powell and Market Sts., S. F.
 Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.
 Westinghouse Air & Traction Brake Co., 1843 Fillmore, S. F.
 Western Yeast & Vinegar Works, 408-412 Eleventh St., S. F.
 Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank, 2020 Jackson St., S. F.
 Western Iron Works, 814 Waller St., S. F.
 Weidenthal Gostiner, 796 Elizabeth St., S. F.
 White H S Machine Co., cor 9th and Bryant, S. F.
 W. O. W. Relief, Woodman's Hall 521 12th, Oakland.
 Wells Fargo Nevada National, Franklin and Sansome sts., S F
 Weinstock, Lubin & Co., 2105 Devisadero St., S. F.
 Western National, Powell and Market Sts., S. F.
 White House, 1806 Pacific Ave.
 Wheaton, Pond & Harrold, Inc., Adams Wharf.
 Wholesale Dairy Produce Exchange, Lombard and Sansome, S. F.
 Whittier, Coburn & Co., Paints, Oil & Grease 2028 Jackson St., S. F.
 Williams, Dimond & Co., American-Hawaiian S. S. Co., Pier 23 Greenwich St., S. F.
 Wilson Brothers & Co., Lumber, 324 Berry St., S. F.
 Wilson Geo G. Manufacturing Co., 1600 Fell St., S. F.
 Wieland C F, Consulting Engineer, Designs for Steel Buildings, 1928 Fell St., S. F.
 Wilson Bros. Co., Movers' Friend, sw cor 14th and Sanchez St., S.F.
 Worthington Henry R, Deane Steam Pump Co., 714 Cole St., S. F.
 Zellerbach, A. & Sons, 495 Jackson St., S. F.
 Zacualpa, La., Rubber Plantation Co., inc.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

One of the remarkable features of the recent San Francisco catastrophe was the impressment of passers-by on the streets for the purpose of clearing up debris and performing other rough work. The patrol of Federal soldiery was no respecter of persons. They were ordered to have the steets cleared, and they carried out their orders. They did not confine themselves to pedestrians, for one wealthy youth going along in an automobile was ordered to descend and go to work packing bricks. He objected on the ground that his automobile might fall into bad hands. The Sergeant in command replied promptly, "We'll attend to that; we'll use it for Red Cross work," and the young man sadly saw his auto disappearing in the distance. Even the Secretary of State of California, while passing down Market street, was impressed, and made to labor for several hours at clearing away debris. One of the numerous earthquake couples, who became suddenly mated in consequence of the calamity, were hurrying down Market street to the ferry, the bridegroom dragging a trunk and the bride carrying a suit-case. "Here," said the Sergeant, "you're a husky fellow, drop that and get to work." The bride pleaded tearfully that her hubby be released on the ground that it was their "honeymoon." "No time for honeymoons now," said the Sergeant; "after he puts in a stunt of four hours we will let him loose; you can sit on the trunk and watch him; when the time's up the honeymoon can go on." So the bride sat on the trunk and wept while the bridegroom slung bricks.

General Samuel S. Sumner, U. S. A., who was here for a brief stay, left the city after the earthquake and went to San Rafael. There he was informed by one of the guiding spirits of the village that he must aid in patrolling and guarding against fires and unruly refugees. Something in General Sumner's military bearing evidently impressed the man, for, after a moment's thought, he said, "I think I'll make you a Second Lieutenant." "Thank you," answered General Sumner. "I don't think any rank ever conferred upon me ever pleased me more, unless it was when I was made a Major General in the regular Army."

The following are taken from some "compositions" on the earthquake and fire written by school-children:

"And the people ran to the banks and tried to get their money but they couldn't get it out and the Call building is still standing."

"The Palace Hotel was blowed up with dinnimight."

"The tides came together and then they broke and many people were cild (killed). Bricks fell on the people also and killed them and then they put the fire out and said San Francisco is going to be larger than it ever was."

"The people were aloud to take a hath and eat vegetables."

"San Francisco is nothing but a sematery now. When a sick lady in the hospital felt the earth quake she jumped from a six story building and she met death."

"The fire burned Hales store but a little place in front which said, "your credit is good."

"A big water main broke and drowned all the people in it."

"They said San Fras. was going to be destroyed and so a volcano blew up and covered the city with lather." (lava,

"They dinamited everybody's house up and we had another hig one last night."

"Big balls of fire shot out of the ground and started fires all over."

"San Francisco was destroyed by fire. There was no water because the water front burned first."

"People were lined up for bread and water, some being killed by the earth quake."

"The fire burned so hard that people came to Napa to live."

"The Chronicle building is all hurt in the inside and people are cooking on the outside waiting for their chimneys to be inspected."

"They are working hard to get the ruins finished."

"There are 400 babies born in San Francisco since the earth quake and people all over the world are making baby clothes."

The late Susan B. Anthony was once talking in Washington about the nude in art.

"The nude in art is all very well in its way, I have no doubt," she said, "but there is one thing about it that I particularly object to. That is the habit some men have of smoking pipes with nude women carved on the bowl, or of carrying canes with nude women on the handle, or of wearing rings that contain cameos of nude women."

"There was a certain high dignitary of the church who once rebuked this habit magnificently."

"The thing happened in the days when it was fashionable to take snuff. It was at the end of a dinner, and a distinguished nobleman (let us call him Lord Jones) extended his snuff box to the clergyman, and said, bowing and smiling:

"Snuff, sir?"

"The other opened the box, and took a pinch of the brown powder within. It was a gold box, and in a circle of brilliants a nude woman was portrayed in bright enamel. The clergyman frowned as he saw the picture. Lord Jones smiled. Intentionally, perhaps, he had given this affront."

"But Lord Jones' smile vanished quickly as the clergyman said, tapping the nude figure with his finger:

"Very pretty. Is it Lady Jones?"

The late Congressman David B. Henderson of Dubuque some years ago addressed the Dubuque people at a May Day festival.

The ex-Speaker, apropos of ignorance, said:

"But the worst case of ignorance I can tell you of occurred in '69 in a remote section of our country."

"There was a man who suddenly became rich, and built an enormous house. He decided to adorn the house with some statuary, and so he wrote to Italy for a copy of the Venus de Milo."

"The copy in due time arrived. It was executed in Carrara marble very beautifully."

"But no sooner did he receive it than the millionaire sued the railroad for \$2000 for mutilation, and what's more, he won the suit."

A comfortable kraal had been assigned the missionary, and he was now very contentedly and cheerfully engaged in unpacking his trunks.

A native entered and said, with a low bow:

"His majesty the king, sir, bade me come and dress you."

The missionary smiled gratefully at the attention.

"You are the royal valet, I presume," he said.

"No, sir. The royal cook," the native answered.

Dr. R. A. Torrey, the evangelist, was condemning drunkenness in Philadelphia.

"For my part," he said, "I wish all the whisky dealers were like a certain Western one, a hard-headed old Scot who grew rich in the trade."

"After he had grown rich, the old man built himself a fine house—a limestone mansion on the hill, with a park around it, with conservatories, stables and outbuildings—in a word, a palace."

"One day the old Scot rode in the omnibus past his fine house. A temperance man pointed up at the grand edifice, and said with a sneer:

"It was the whisky built that, wasn't it?"

"Na, na, man: the water," the Scot answered."

Allyn & Bacon, publishers of school books in Boston, Chicago and New York, have sent receipted bills to their San Francisco customers.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), appeared for the last time as a public lecturer at Carnegie Hall on April 19, at a benefit for the Robert Fulton Memorial Association. He announced that he would never again speak for a fee.

Prince Charles Joseph Stanislaus Marie Poniatowski, well known in this country, Mexico and Europe, died May 5th at the Hotel St. Regis, New York, from pneumonia, aged 44 years. He was the eldier brother of Prince Andre Poniatowski, who is the brother-in-law of W. H. Crocker, of San Francisco. His father, Prince Stanislaus Poniatowski, was Master of Horse to Napoleon III and an ancestor was King Stanislaus of Poland. Prince Charles came to this country in the early 80's and became very popular at Newport. His marriage in Paris, 1884, to Miss Maude Ely Goddard was a brilliant event. For many years Prince and Princess Charles have made their home in the City of Mexico, and in Mexico the Prince had extensive mining and railroad interests.

Professor Curie, the discoverer of radium, was run over by a wagon and killed on April 19th, in Paris. He was forty-seven years old, and his early taking-off is matter for the deepest regret, though his wife, coworker with him, and codiscoverer of the secrets of science, may, perhaps, continue his work. The daily press gave no space to chronicle the life of this eminent scientist, for his death occurred while the great fire in San Francisco was still raging.

While Sarah Bernhardt has been touring America her son Maurice has been taking exception to what the French press has to say about the celebrated actress and has been challenging people right and left to duels. The latest object of Maurice Bernhardt's anger is Henri de Wendel, editor of an illustrated weekly. Maurice sent his seconds to De Wendel, who is a keen swordsman and a crack shot, but De Wendel sent back word that neither he nor his paper meant any disrespect to the famous actress and the incident has been closed.

Philander C. Knox, former Attorney-General and present junior Senator from Pennsylvania, burns the midnight oil the year around, except for one month, March, when he goes to Miami, Fla., with his friend Henry C. Frick, of Pittsburg. They fish from morning until night, sometimes from night until morning. During the other eleven months, Senator Knox's only diversion from legislative or legal duties is to read. He is one of the omnivorous readers of the age, and subscribes for about fifty magazines published in different parts of the world. He purchases all the best new books and all the rare editions of old works which come his way. He reads in his carriage going to the Capitol, on trains and every place where he must spend some moments waiting. Even in bed, the Senator reads with the aid of an adjustable electric light, and by his side is a contrivance of his own patent which can hold a large volume, tray fashion.

Leoncavallo has gone to Spain to study the people, their customs, and especially their folk-songs, before writing his new opera, "Figaro's Youth."

Mme. Mathilde Marchesi de Castrone, who is still actively engaged in teaching, celebrated on March 26th the eightieth anniversary of her birth. Sixty years ago she studied under Manuel Garcia. Mme. Marchesi taught singing for many years at Vienna and Cologne, but since 1881 has lived in Paris.

Beatrice Sacchi, a professor at Mantua, and the holder of a doctor's degree, is the first woman to vote in Italy. There is no law in Italy to prevent a woman from voting, and Miss Sacchi discovered this and went to the polls and voted.

Manley Lawton, of Pewee Valley, Ky., who has just received his appointment as a cadet to West Point, is the oldest son of the late Maj.-Gen. Henry W. Lawton. At the tender age of eleven he was under fire in the Philippines, where he had gone with his father.

On April 18th, at the venerable age of ninety, died, in New York, Daniel Huntington, the painter. If volume of work settled it, he would be rated as the most noted American portrait-painter of his day. He was exceedingly productive, and a painter of remarkable talent, but less fortunate than either his predecessors or those who came after him in the schooling he got in Europe in the formative period of his career. The week before, Eastman Johnson had died, also full of years, at eighty-two. They were veterans of their craft.

King Alfonso and Princess Ena are both descendants of Mary Queen of Scots, as is every monarch in Europe except the King of Sweden and the Sultan of Turkey.

Among all the faithful and devoted servitors of the United States Government in the lighthouse department, one of the very oldest in duration of service until her recent resignation was Julia T. Williams of Santa Barbara. Her husband became keeper of the Santa Barbara lighthouse in 1845, and when he died in 1867, Mrs. Williams took up his work and continued it until recently, when forced to resign her post on account of the infirmities of age. "Every night for thirty-eight years," so runs the official record, "Mrs. Williams climbed to the light at midnight and changed the lamps, and never was she absent from her post except to go to church on the Sabbath."

The Earl of Harrington was born sixty-two years ago, and succeeded his father in the title in 1881. He is one of the peers who have dabbled in trade. In 1894 he opened a fruit shop in Parliament Street in London.

The Emperor of China has a household consisting of 500 persons, including thirty bearers of state umbrellas, an equal number of fan bearers, thirty physicians and surgeons, seventy-five astrologers, seventy-six cooks and sixty priests.

King Edward VII is the uncle of the Emperor of Germany, will soon be the uncle of the Queen of Spain, is already the uncle of the Crown Prince of Roumania, the Czarina, the Crown Princess of Greece, and the Crown Princess of Sweden, and is the father of the Queen of Norway.

Paul Morton, president of the Equitable Assurance Society, was worried, when he first became Secretary of Navy, over the immense amount of name-signing he was obliged to do to letters and documents he could examine only in the most superficial way. This is the experience of every new Cabinet member. At first he tries to read everything, but soon finds that impossible and learns to rely on the subordinates who have prepared the routine matters for him. Of course, nothing that is great and important gets by without his full knowledge, but there are endless matters of routine that must be signed. A railroad friend came in to see Morton one day while he was busily signing his name. "Reminds me of a chap I knew in a railroad office out West," said the friend. "He had a busy day. Clerks were constantly coming and presenting papers for his signature. Finally, a man laid a paper on his desk. He signed it perfunctorily, without looking at it. 'That's a voucher,' said the man. 'Don't you want to examine it?' 'Heavens!' he shouted. 'Give it back to me! I didn't know it was a voucher. I thought it was an affidavit.'"

TO "ARGONAUT" SUBSCRIBERS.

The fire did not interrupt the publication of the "Argonaut." Every number has been posted to our mail subscribers, with the exception of those in the burnt district of San Francisco. These latter are requested to send their NEW ADDRESSES to the Argonaut Mailing Clerk, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose.

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Club and Personal Gossip.

The San Francisco clubs made homeless by the fire are rapidly finding temporary quarters. The Bohemian Club has been housed at the residence of J. C. Wilson, 2171 Pacific avenue, for more than a week past. The Pacific Union Club has secured the Boyd residence at Washington and Octavia streets, and will make its temporary residence there. Meanwhile, the members of these clubs are being made to feel at home at the Cosmos Club, Sutter and Octavia, the only club of prominence which still has its old quarters.

Colonel A. G. Hawes, the insurance man, and member of the Bohemian Club, was seen on the street last week carrying in his hand his only salvage from the fire, the only relic of a collection of curios that had cost him upwards of \$5,000. The salvage was a Mohamedan scimitar with Arabic inscriptions on the blade and a valuable jade handle for which Colonel Hawes paid 700 rupees in Calcutta.

"The Family" has opened its club doors again at 2360 Washington street, the former home of William L. Gerstle. The managers announce that inside of a week they will have a table d'hôte service.

The new clubhouse of the Pacific Union Club on Post and Stockton streets was burned to the ground, and the members have temporary quarters in the Alexander Boyd residence, on the corner of Washington and Octavia street. As the club owns the land, it will be necessary either to levy a heavy assessment for rebuilding, or to give over the land to the holders of the bonds and to lease quarters.

The Holluschickie Club and the Cosmos Club are the only two remaining club houses now left in San Francisco.

The officers of the Olympic Club have reconsidered the proposition of hiring the Hobart house on Van Ness avenue. Those in control of the house wished the club to put the building in repair, besides paying a large rental. This the club has refused to do.

On the Kdönprinz Wilhelm, which arrived on May 2nd at New York from Bremen, were fully 100 residents of San Francisco, who have lost heavily through the earthquake disaster. Many of them are prominent residents of San Francisco, who went to Europe on the outgoing trip of the Kronprinz and returned on the same ship, after hearing of the devastation. Several of them know that they have lost almost everything; others are still uncertain about their losses. Among the delegation was Jeremiah Lynch, a former State Senator of San Francisco, who, according to his belief, has lost a large sum. Moses A. Gunst, former Police Commissioner of San Francisco, was another of the delegation, which also included Lawrence McCreary, a prominent polo player of San Francisco; Mrs. James McNab, Mr. and Mrs. William Lewis, Dr. and Mrs. Albert Abrams, John Boyd, Albert Lansberg, Daniel Roth and Mrs. Roth, H. T. Teschemacher, son of a former Mayor of San Francisco, O. Brunner and W. P. Redington.

Louis A. Robertson, the poet, was helpless in his Post-street lodgings long after the disaster, imprisoned by locomotor ataxia. Friends carried him safely to the hospital at the Presidio when fire attacked his dwelling, and of all his literary possessions only the uncompleted manuscript of the revision of his Aztec drama "Montezuma" was saved. Later the stricken poet was taken to the City and County Hospital. There on the register you may read: "Louis A. Robertson, poet and dramatist, ward D, bed 10."

The death is announced on May 2nd of Ada Frances Reardon, widow of the late Judge T. B. Reardon. The deceased lady was a Miss Cowles, and was a sister of Mrs. Joseph D. Redding.

Washington society turned out in great force May 3rd in aid of the San Francisco sufferers at "Friendship," the country home of John R. McLean. There was an open-air performance of "Stephen and Chloe," a pastoral play by Mrs. Clifford Barney. There was fortune telling and gypsies and singing girls following hand organs, etc. As the swell set had undertaken the affair, the proceeds are expected to be large.

Major-General A. E. Bates, retired, has left Washington for San Francisco, where he is to assist in organizing and perfecting the system of auditing government accounts.

William Keith, the landscape artist, sustained a great loss in the recent fire, but takes his misfortune in a very philosophical manner. He says: "I lost all my pictures except a few; perhaps about twenty small ones were saved by friends. This was the accumulation of forty years of work. This is an awful loss. I had quite a number of pictures ready to be delivered. Among these was a picture of Jacob Schiff of New York. I can do more work in my studio here in Berkeley than when I was in the city. So many people came to see me there that I was considerably hindered."

Herman Oelrichs, went to Chicago on a scrap of paper, roughly torn, two inches square, but upon it in leadpencil were written these words: "Pass Herman Oelrichs and servant to Chicago upon all lines, this paper to serve in lieu of tickets.—E. H. Harriman." "I went to Oakland Tuesday morning," explained Mr. Oelrichs, "and there I saw Ned Harriman. 'I want to go to New York,' said I, 'and my money is all in the debris-covered cauls.' 'Take this paper,' Ned replied. Mr. Oelrichs said: "It was heaven and hell combined in San Francisco to produce chaos. Wednesday evening I went to take charge of Mrs. Eleanor Martin's house, 2040 Broadway. She is the mother of my niece's husband, Peter Martin, and is the Mrs. Astor of San Francisco. Thursday morning a squad of regulars came by, and I asked them to quarter in the house. I entertained sixty men and eleven officers the first six days." Mr. Oelrichs had fitted up apartments in the St. Francis Hotel packed with curios and rarities to the extent of \$30,000. These were all burned.

Ward McAllister, the San Francisco lawyer and clubman, who has been missing since April 18th, was finally located in the Napa

county hospital. His cousin, Hall McAllister, offered a reward of \$100 for information concerning him.

George F. Marye, Jr., who has been living in Washington, D. C., since December with his family, at their home on Connecticut avenue, was one of the first Californians to start for San Francisco after hearing the terrible news.

Rudolph Spreckels has been elected president of the First National Bank, to succeed S. G. Murphy.

The "Burlingame set" has been among the heaviest losers in the San Francisco disaster. John Parrott and his family have retired to their 34,000-acre ranch at Chico and cancelled a trip to Europe. Charles W. Clark's house, the old Hobart home, went down in the crash and will have to be rebuilt. Eugene DeSabra was hard hit on un-insurable property. It is said that he may postpone the erection of his new \$100,000 mansion. George Howard and J. H. P. Howard also cancelled European trips, as did Mrs. A. B. Ford, who had booked passage for a visit to her aged father, Sir Sidney Waterlow, in London.

Geo. F. Beveridge arrived from Mazatlan on the last steamer and gives a most startling account of how the news reached the Mexican town. "We—Colonel Daniel Burns, Ernest Stent, Senator Voorhies and myself—were enjoying a game of bridge when a messenger brought information that San Francisco had been totally destroyed by an earthquake. We lost no time in reaching the telegraph office and tried to wire to our families. We sent telegrams all over the country and waited in suspense for our answers. Receiving no replies to our various united efforts, in desperation we wired to New York, only to receive the startling announcement that '300,000 people had been killed by the earthquake and General Funston had asked permission to have the dead buried in the sea.' For that telegram we paid \$56."

Rev. Dr. John Hemphill and his bride (nee Bessie Thornton), who were quietly married last week, are residing at their home on Fillmore street near Calvary Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. Hemphill has long been pastor. Calvary Church was moved from its old location on Union Square (where the St. Francis Hotel now stands), about five years ago, and the present handsome stone edifice was erected under Dr. Hemphill's immediate supervision. It is one of few churches in San Francisco that stood the earthquake shock without serious damage.

Dr. Emmet Rixford lost his valuable library, his office furnishings, and his house on the corner of California and California streets. The house was dynamited and the ground opened in the very spot where he had buried some of his greatest treasures, which were burned.

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Howell are guests of the A. S. Baldwins at their home in Presidio Terrace. The Howells lost all they had in their apartment at the St. Dunstan. Mrs. Howell's wedding gifts were in the ruins. Mr. Howell did manage, however, to collect a great deal of the silver they owned and they put it in a large package. In some unaccountable way a truck ran over the precious burden and much of it was destroyed.

Mrs. Charles B. Alexander and family have arrived at the Up-lands, San Mateo, from New York.

Leon Sloss and family are now on the Atlantic bound for home, and are expected to arrive here next week. Their return was advanced several weeks by the fire.

At a meeting of the Crocker Estate Company, composed of members of the Crocker family, it was decided to rehabilitate the properties of the company in this city as soon as George Crocker, who is in New York, shall have been consulted. Among the properties that are to be rebuilt on better lines are the Crocker Building, Sloane Building, Cosmopolitan and the Belden block.

The engagement has been announced of Miss May Scott of Alameda and Ernest McCandlish. Miss Scott is a daughter of George W. Scott of the firm of Scott & Van Arsdale. Mr. McCandlish is well known as a singer, being a prominent member of the Orpheus Club.

The California Relief Association of New York sent out three carloads of clothing for distribution. Miss Del Mar, as chairman of the California Artists' Relief Committee, announced that a sale of paintings, sculpture and objects d'art of various kinds contributed by artists would take place as soon as possible. Among the contributors already promised are Messrs. Weir, Peixotto, Wiggins, Bailann, Dangerfield, Saint-Gaudens, Brush, Dessar, McChesney, La Farge and Cox. Homer Davenport has contributed 1,000 of his original cartoons. Emil Carlson is president of the committee. He was formerly head of the San Francisco School of Design.

Among those at the New York hotels last week were Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, who are guests at the St. Regis. H. A. Richardson of Santa Barbara is at the Waldorf-Astoria. At the Seville are Mr. and Mrs. M. Hussey, H. Hussey and Miss Hussey of San Francisco. Others from San Francisco last week were Mr. and Mrs. J. Tobin, at the York; Mr. and Mrs. W. Cope, at the Algonquin; J. Kirfe and Miss Kirfe, at the Gerard; Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Wendt, at the Herald Square. Los Angeles people in New York last week included Mr. and Mrs. J. Manerth, the Misses Manerth, and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Swanwick, at the St. Denis; Mrs. E. B. Stewart, Mrs. J. I. Hall, and Miss Barnum, at the Imperial; and Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Rogers, at the Gilsey.

Among the San Franciscans hooked to embark from New York last week were: Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Berendsen and family, Mr. and Mrs. A. Cryer, Mr. and Mrs. Flsig, Martin Gulch, Martin Gastman, Miss Elsie Hinz, the Misses Koenig, Louis Lehr, Mrs. Stanesich, Mr. and Mrs. Milan G. Stanesich, Mr. and Mrs. Bernhard Blumenthal, Miss May Blumenthal, R. Bocqueraz, Mr. and Mrs. A. Gartenlaub, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Lipman, M. Mendelson, Miss Edith Mendelson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. G. Valverde, Mr. and Mrs. George Sale, P. Sale, R. S. Sale, the Misses Sale, Mr.

and Mrs. Julius Fay and family, Mr. and Mrs. Berthald Brommel, Mrs. Marie Gessler, Edwin Gessler, Miss Mathilde Meyer, Mrs. E. Schultz, Miss Martha Schultz and V. Carter-West.

Some well-known people on Europe-bound liners last week were Prince Andre Poniatowski, Mrs. Ogden Mills, Miss Beatrice Mills, Miss Gladys Mills and Mrs. William S. Cowles.

Recent cable advices say that Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels were at the Hotel Ritz in Paris. Other San Franciscans in Paris were: Mrs. P. Coleman, Mrs. E. K. Latham and the Misses Latham, Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wellman, Mrs. J. K. Hobbs, Mrs. H. Dutard and Mrs. W. Coleman. Paris arrivals from other California cities include: Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Haskins of Los Angeles, Mrs. John P. Jones and Miss Georgine Jones of Santa Monica and Mrs. Richard Wylie of Napa.

Two weddings of more than usual interest took place last week at Washington. Miss Marie McKenna, daughter of Justice Joseph McKenna of the Federal Supreme Court, became the bride of Davenport Brown of Boston, and Miss Adele Greely, daughter of General and Mrs. Greely, was married to Rev. Charles Lawrence Adams of Easthampton, Mass. In the absence of General Greely, who is on duty at San Francisco, the bride was escorted to the chancel by her elder brother, John Nesbit Greely.

An unofficial accounting of the losses sustained by the members of the California Club show that of the 500 enrolled more than 200 have lost all their possessions through fire. At the regular meeting held May 1st., it was voted to have all dues lapse for an indefinite period. Mrs. Aylett Cotton, the retiring president, will pass the gavel over to Mrs. J. W. Orr, the newly elected executive, at the end of this month, when the annual meeting will be held. The Hibernia Bank held the mortgage upon the handsome new clubhouse at 1750 Clay street, just burned. At the time the loan was negotiated the site was valued at \$12,500. This and the building to be erected was regarded by the bank as good security for a loan of \$25,000. The amount was further secured by an insurance of \$18,000 in a Philadelphia company.

The 138th exhibition of the London Royal Academy opens on Monday, May 7th. Orin Peck of San Francisco has two large canvasses which are excellently placed. His success is more sensational, because few of the London critics ever heard of him before. Some think his training was French, while others suppose him to be a pupil of Hitchcock. All are wrong, for he studied figure painting in Munich and landscape painting from nature. His subjects are a Bavarian garden and the priestly ceremony of blessing flowers at Santa Barbara, Cal.

The directors of the Olympic Club announced yesterday that they had secured the Eugene Lent house, 1050 Eddy street, opposite Jefferson square, as the new home for the club and that in all probability they would take possession in ten days. The directors decided to fix the dues at \$1 a month, pending the erection of the new clubhouse on the old Post-street site.

The Union League Club closed yesterday a year's lease of the I. W. Hellman residence at the corner of Sacramento and Franklin streets and the privilege was given of extending the lease another year if desired. Prosper Reiter, formerly of the Palace Hotel, has been engaged as steward and manager and the club will serve luncheon and dinner as of yore. Members of other clubs without a home will be made welcome at the Union League.

President George H. Pippy declares that when the Union League Club's debts are paid and the insurance collected, there will be a balance to the good of \$50,000.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, who left for New York en route to Europe a few days before the earthquake, have returned to the Coast and are at their Burlingame home.

Mrs. John R. Jarboe is at her place near Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Aikin have gone to their country home at La Jata, near Howell Mountain, for three months.

Dr. H. J. Stewart has not left San Francisco, and intends to remain here. He will soon open his musical studio again, his former location at 1105 Bush street having been destroyed by fire.

Miss Frances Stewart is visiting at the home of Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, in Piedmont.

Sir Henry Howarth, who is retiring from Parliament, wrote a history of the Mongols, which led to a strange conversation as he was escorting a lady to dinner one evening. "I understand, Sir Henry, that you are fond of dogs; so am I!" "Dogs, madam? I really must plead guilty; I know nothing at all of them!" "Indeed! And they told me you had written a famous history of Mongrels!"

LITERARY NOTES.

Los Angeles Public Library.

San Francisco's catastrophe has put a new and greater responsibility on the Los Angeles Public Library, in the opinion of Librarian Charles F. Lummis. He has determined to ask for an appropriation of \$150,000 for next year to meet this responsibility.

"Here is a very vital thing," said Mr. Lummis. "As near as I can learn, the libraries of the city of San Francisco have been practically destroyed by fire. Los Angeles must now relieve the intellectual hunger of the afflicted metropolis. The San Francisco libraries were depended upon not only by San Francisco and the universities at Berkeley and Palo Alto, but also by the students and industrial leaders of Oregon, Washington and in fact the whole Northwest for reference. The Los Angeles Library is practically the only considerable library of reference west of Denver. The reference library is different from the ordinary

public library. People can get along without novels, but the reference library is a workshop which no professional man can afford to own complete for himself. Los Angeles is now the only place that can supply the source of reference. Architects will come here from the north for documents to help them rebuild San Francisco, or will send for them. The advanced students of the two universities will need assistance to gain their degrees and will wish to borrow books from us for the next two or three years. Appropriations here have been cut down to the lowest cent, limiting us to less than \$10,000 for the purchase of all books. It will require \$70,000 to run this library next year on the most ordinary basis. We will have to increase the number of our reference books, the racks to hold them, the staff to handle them; we will have to make extensive and somewhat expensive arrangements for inter-library loans—sending under proper safeguards to the small libraries of the North loan reference books for temporary use. We are in honor bound to provide thousands of special reference books for the architects, engineers and mechanics who will rebuild the Pacific metropolis, and for the large number of university students in the North. We ought to double our original reference stock. The Los Angeles Public Library eight years ago had but 48,000 volumes and most of them were novels and picture books. Today there are 123,000 volumes in the racks. The San Francisco Public Library had only 126,000, according to their report of last June. The other two institutions had about 70,000 each. If all those books have been destroyed, the gravity of the situation can be appreciated."

The unique and magnificent roof garden of the Los Angeles Public Library is the only one of the kind in America. There are 320 feet of rose hedges in this roof garden; sixty feet of heliotrope; sixty feet of geraniums; a vine-clad arbor eighty feet long, sixteen feet wide and ten feet high. In the center of the garden is a circular fountain ten feet in diameter. The roof garden area is 6400 square feet. The building is centrally located, is absolutely fireproof throughout; is faced with the finest white glazed terra cotta and drawn brass window sills and frames, with modern side-wall ventilators, two Otis plunger elevators, the first high-speed passenger elevators of this kind to be installed on this Coast; automatic sprinkler system and more net window glass to the amount of floor space than any library building in the world. There are 240 feet of ten-foot windows facing west on Hill street; 240 feet facing east, and 380 feet of ten-foot windows facing on the central light well, all this to 20,000 square feet of floor space.

The average attendance to this institution is now 2500 a day.

San Francisco Public Library.

Librarian George T. Clark of the Public Library announces from headquarters, 2435 Sacramento street, that about 40,000 books were saved—a good working collection of standard reading matter, reference works and fiction. All books are being received at the branch libraries, 2435 Sacramento street, Sixteenth and Market streets, 2664 Mission street, and Fourth avenue and Clement street, Richmond district; also at the several deposit stations in the outlying districts. Books in the hands of borrowers should be returned as above.

The library trustees will meet and endeavor to effect an immediate resumption of the service, so that residents may, during the enforced leisure of day or evening, have reading matter to entertain them. This will be of invaluable service, particularly as the Public is the only lending library left, the Mechanics'-Mercantile and the Booklovers' having been wiped out.

Mechanics'-Mercantile Library.

With \$150,000 cash in sight and good credit on which to borrow money, the trustees of the Mechanics' Institute are prepared to rebuild the library building and gather a new collection of books. "If our insurance is paid, as I have no doubt it will be," said Rudolph J. Taussig, president of the institute, recently, "we will at once put the money in books. This, with other funds we have on hand, will give us a library worth \$150,000. Our new building will go up as soon as arrangements can be made for it, and we have decided that it will be the best policy to use our credit for this purpose. Unless the business center of the city should move up town, which seems very unlikely, no better location for a library than our Post-street lot could be found. The subject of rebuilding the Mechanics' Pavilion will also receive our early consideration, though at meetings of the trustees the chief matter now discussed is the new library. Of course, it will be impossible to replace some of the volumes that have been lost, especially a part of the collection acquired from the Mercantile Library, with its rare old editions and valuable records. But we are in first-class financial condition, and will not rest on our oars until the new library is at least as good as the old." A temporary library building will be erected on the Pavilion lot.

Strife among the heads of departments of McClure's Magazine has been going on for several weeks. It has now reached the point where it is practically certain the staff of the magazine will be thoroughly reorganized. Miss Ida M. Tarbell, Lincoln J. Steffens and Ray Stannard Baker will probably sever their connection with the magazine. No one connected with McClure's is willing to talk for publication, but it is learned on excellent authority the real source of all the trouble has been a difference of opinion as to who was or should be the real editor of McClure's Magazine. S. S. McClure, the president of the company, has decided notions on this subject. "I am editor of McClure's Magazine," he declared last week. "I have been its editor since its incorporation, and I shall continue to be its editor as long as I live." McClure resented the suggestion that the President's recent speech about "Muck Raking" and "Muck Rakers" had in any way affected his views of what a magazine ought to be or had any influence on the incidents that have led to the disagreements in the office of McClure's.

The third and final draft of the bill to codify the copyright laws of the United States is practically completed and will be submitted to Congress by the copyright commission in about ten days. Since the con-

ference held some weeks ago in the library of Congress, a complete redraft of the proposed laws has been made. This has been submitted to representatives of all the interests and has met with their approval.

The London Times announces that it will offer some 600,000 new books for sale at prices that might make a dry-goods shop blush for shame. The best copyright novels will pass over the counter at about 20 cents each, and certain substantial volumes that have been sold at one pound net will go at 18 pence. The Times modestly disclaims any intention of making money by the scheme, but proposes to benefit the public by forcing the publishers to lower their prices.

A Tartar Times, a semi-weekly newspaper, published in Orenburg, Russia, and having a circulation in the southern part of that country and in Asia as far as eastern Turkestan, is a fact almost startling to those to whom the word Tartar simply suggests a raiding nomad. Its editor, says Arminius Vambervy, in a communication to the London Times, is a highly educated Tartar gentleman, Mohammed Fatih by name, whose aim is to win over his countrymen to modern civilization and to prepare them for liberty and constitutional rights.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL—The President's Refusal of Relief Funds—Why He Thinks Foreign Donations Should be Rejected—Why Californians Disagree With Him—Why People in Other Parts of the Country Are Beginning to Disagree With Him—San Francisco's Trade Rivals—Los Angeles, Sacramento, Oakland and San Jose Competing for Her Business—Longer Leases for San Francisco Property—San Francisco's Chinatown—Will the Chinese Be Forced to Leave? Is not San Francisco Beginning to Waver?—The Chinese Threaten Federal Intervention—If They Are Rejected They Say They Will Go to Seattle or Los Angeles—Refugees at Sacramento—They Object to Being Stared At—Sacramentans Insist That They Have a Perfect Right to Stare at Anybody on State Property—San Francisco's Real Estate Investments—In This City Real Estate Is About the Only Channel for Investment—Hence the Fire Is More Crushing Than It Would Be Anywhere Else—What Will Be the Condition of the Real Estate Market in the Immediate Future?—The Dynamite Destroyers—They Were More Dangerous in Some Cases Than Even the Earthquake and Fire—Said to Have Damaged the Postoffice \$75,000 Concentration of Investments in a Single City—Is it Wise to Keep all of a Millionaire's Eggs in One Basket?—Experiences of the Heirs of Senator Sharon and Senator Fair—Wooden Palaces for Priceless Treasures—They Are not Proof Against Fire, but Brick or Stone Are not Earthquake Proof—What Shall the Millionaire Do With His Pictures and His Sculptures?—A Human Ant Hill—How the Inhabitants of San Francisco Marched in all Directions After the Fire—Money, Cash, Checks and Credit—A Two-Dollar Bill Comes to the Argonaut from Mid-Atlantic—It Enables Us to Pay a Poor Man Cash Who Otherwise Would Have Gone Unpaid—High Protection and Charity—San Francisco's Need of Building Materials—High Tariff on Steel and Lumber—Will Charitable Tariff Millionaires in the East Let Go of Their Tribute Money from California?—Will the Government Guarantee San Francisco's Bonds?—The Outlook Is Extremely Doubtful—If a Precedent Were Set, Every City, Town, Village and Hamlet Could Claim an Equal Privilege—The East Beginning to Think We Have Enough Money—Too Much Boasting About "Building the City Beautiful"—Why Our Eastern Brethren Think if We Have so Much Money for Beauty We Do Not Need It for Food, Pages 1, 2, 3

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....3

THE DESTRUCTION OF SAN FRANCISCO—Episodes, Incidents, Reflections and Deductions—Experiences of Well-known Persons—Miriam Michelson—Alfred Holman—John P. Young—George H. Fitch—Hubert E. Hunt—Frank J. Dyer—E. E. Bowles—Curious Experiences During the Earthquake and Fire.....4
OLD FAVORITES4
THE POETS ON SAN FRANCISCO.....4
VANITY FAIR—Sudden Boom in Weddings—A Marriage Ceremony Celebrated in Golden Gate Park—Great Difficulties in Obtaining Wedding Rings—Gossip Grave and Gay from Various Quarters, but Principally Grave5
CURRENT VERSE5
LITERARY GOSSIP—Notes by a Frank Book Crank—News from Authors and Publishers.....5
BUSINESS DIRECTORY OF SAN FRANCISCO—OAKLAND6-7
DRAMATIC NOTES6-7
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.....7
CURRENT VERSE FROM LATE PERIODICALS AND MAGAZINES7
INDIVIDUALITIES — Notes About Prominent People All Over the World7
MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS —Club and Personal Gossip—Where the Clubs Are Temporarily Domiciled—Notes as to Their Intentions—Some Threaten Heavy Assessments—Others Talk of Reducing Dues—Whereabouts of Well-known People8
THE TUNEFUL LIAR—What the Doggerel Bards of the Day Are Saying8
STORYETTES—Anecdotes, Epigrammatic and Otherwise, Culled from Many Sources8

SAN FRANCISCO!

She sits upon her seven hills,
All bare and blackened now,
A mourning veil of sable smoke
Obscures her stricken brow.
She weeps above her dead that lie
Uncounted in the gloom.
With ashes for a winding-sheet
And cinders for a tomb.

Where rows of charred and crumbling
walls
Stand roofless to the sky,
For bread and water ceaselessly
Her homeless thousands cry;
With earthquake shocks that rent the
rock
In fissures gaping wide,
And fire and famine, too, behold
A city crucified!

There's crape upon the Golden Gate
And sorrow in the land,
And all the nations of the earth
Extend a helping hand;
From East and West and North and
South,
The long relief-trains go,
For every heart in every breast
Is melted by her woe.

But from the ruins at her feet,
Lo she will rise again;
The spirit bold of Forty-nine
Still burns in heart and brain.
A San Francisco newly built
And grander than before
Will crown with palaces of trade
Her seven hills once more.
—Minna Irving in Leslie's Weekly.

THE STRICKEN CITY.

I.
They will build it great, they will build
it strong,
Its streets the children of men will
throng;
It will be superb with its lofty domes
And its marble halls and its stately
homes,
But never again can it ever be
The city I journeyed far to see.

II.
They will make it great, they will make
it fair,
And fortune-seekers will gather there;
Its wharves will call to the wide
world's fleets
And traffic will roar through its hand-
some streets,
But the hands of men can never re-
store
The far-famed city that is no more.

III.
They will leave no trace of its flame-
swept hills
Of the twisted beams or the blackened
sills,
And over the haunts where vice was
bred
The realm of bountiful trade will
spread,
But, however they build and whatever
the cost,
They can never give back what the
world has lost.

IV.
They will build with hope, they will
build with pride,
They will build it long, they will
build it wide;
With quenchless courage and splendid
zeal
They will build a marvel of stone and
steel,
But the city that stood by the wide,
blue bay
Forever and ever is swept away!

V.
They will build it, strong, they will
build it well,
And a greater city than that which fell
Will gleam on the hills that are deso-
late,
And riches will stream through its
Golden Gate;
But no man ever again may see
The city that was and has ceased to
be!

—S. E. Kiser.

"BESIDE THE GOLDEN GATE."

I.
That fateful day the sea did take
His silver trumpet up to wake
The Mistress of the Keys,
His beauteous bride, who sleeping lay
Beside the door that guards the bay,
Amid her argosies,
And blew one long, sweet-cadenced call
Far echoing from Sierra's Wall:
"O Favorite of Fate!
The April dawn is in the skies,
The world hath need of thee; Arise!
Beside the Golden Gate."

II.
She rose; a song upon her lips,
And looked upon the lordly ships
Which round her lay at rest,
Which brought o'er many a thousand
miles,
From far-off continents and isles,
The wealth of East and West;
And this she sang: "I take my toll
All roads that run, all waves that roll,
Their tribute, soon or late,
Shall bring to heap around my knees
The store from all the lands and seas
Beside the Golden Gate."

III.

Stalwart she stood, in splendid bloom
When on her fell the stroke of doom;
Her song unfinished died.
She saw her strong foundations rent,
An earthquake, like blind Samson bent
The pillars of her pride.
Her tallest turrets rocked and reeled,
Her staggering beifrles clamorous
pealed,
While flames in fiendish hate
Flogged thousands with their fiery
scourge,
Chanting the burning city's dirge,
Beside the Golden Gate.

IV.

But far above that fierce uproar,
From every clime, from every shore,
Rang out one clarion cry:
"Spike all the switches, spin the
wheels,
Speed all the steamers, steer the keels,
Lest San Francisco die."
Loaded with friendly help, they flew
O'er tracks of steel, o'er tides of blue,
From every town and State.
She heard; and raised her bleeding
head,
"Thank God for human love," she
said,
Beside the Golden Gate.
—Robert McIntyre, in Los Angeles
Times.

SAN FRANCISCO'S FATE.

With the wreck of her shattered glory,
Desolate, dire, complete;
With her landmarks grim and hoary
Strewn at her bleeding feet;
With the golden fruits of doing
Undone in a single day;
With the madden'd fates pursuing—
The butt of their ghastly play—
With misery dark and fearful
Borne upon every breeze;
With her children wan and tearful
Clinging around her knees,
While famine leers at the portal
And misery stalks within,
She turns with a will immortal
Her renaissance to begin.

Here's strength to the new-born city!
Here's hope to the valiant throng!
The world's great throbs of pity
Is turned to applauding song.
On! On! May thy dauntless spirit
Survive the ills of fate!
May a grander San Francisco
Rise Queen of the Golden Gate.
—John J. Wall.

THE GOLDEN CITY.

I.
Stricken she lies at her Western gate,
Bleeding and bruised and desolate.
Queen of the beckoning West, now
charred
To a blackened heap and a smoulder-
ing shard,
Where the waves of the peaceful Pa-
cific heave.
Smiling she stood but yester-eve,
Welding together, in golden clasp,
East and West in a friendly grasp.
Studding the sheen of the shimmering
seas
With flitting and white-winged argo-
sies,
Standing where ocean her fair feet
spent,
Gazed she afar to the Orient.
On! little she dreamed of the doom
that fell,
Of the sickening shock and the re-king
hell!
Stunned and bruised and the sport of
Fate,
O, widowed Queen of the Golden Gate!

II.

Speed, Speed, O East, in helpful quest
Of thy stricken sister that bows in
the West,
O North! O South! aloud she calls
From fiery flames and funeral palls,
Draining her chalice of rue and myrrh;
Speed, speed to her side and comfort
her!

Give to the wealth of your pleanished stores

To the smitten who stand at your Western doors.

Far fling the cry from every home,
"O stricken sister, we come, we come!"

III.

Standing again at thine ocean's marge
I see through the mists a city large,
And stately and fair in the sun's
bright sheen!

Thou risest again, O Western Queen!
For thy dauntless darling and sunlit
skies

Have brought thee ten thousand argo-
sies!

Rich laden with spoil of the mystic
East,

Thou spread'st thy board for the na-
tion's feast.

And she who yester was desolate,
And scarred and stunned at her Gol-
den Gate,

Now towers her pinnacles, spires and
halls

And builds up again her imperial walls.
Fairer than ever thou sittest, O Queen,
With brodered garment, brave and
serene!

For sea and Sierra, and valleys be-
tween

Empurpled with grape, and meadow
green,

Pour into thy lap their bounteous
store,

And crown thy brow as they did of
yore!

On the arm of thy God let thy future
lean;

Arise in thy might from thy dust, O
Queen!

—B. W. R. Taylor.

OLD FAVORITES.

Fate.

"The sky is clouded, the rocks are
bare;

The spray of the tempest is white in
the air;

The winds are out with waves at play,
And I shall not tempt the sea today.

"The trail is narrow, the wood is dim,
The panther clings to the arching limb;
And the lion's whelps are abroad at
play.

And I shall not join in the chase to-
day."

But the ship sailed safely over the sea,
And the hunters came from the chase
in glee;

And the town that was bulid upon a
rock

Was swallowed up in the earthquake
shock.

—Bret Harte.

A Fallen City.

The following beautiful poem, writ-
ten by John Greenleaf Whittier, after
the great fire which swept Chicago in
October, 1871, seems especially in-
spiring in this disastrous hour of San
Francisco's history. It carries with it
a message of hope, which may well be
grasped by the homeless and forlorn
of our stricken city:

Men said at vespers: "All is well!"
In one wild night the city fell;
Fell shrines of prayer and marts of
gain

Before the fiery hurricane.

On three-score spires the sunset shone,
Where ghastly sunrise looked on none,
Men clasped each other's hands and
said:

"The City of the West is dead!"

Brave hearts who fought in slow re-
treat

The fiends of fire from street to street,
Turned powerless to the blinding glare
The dumb defiance of despair.

A sudden impulse thrilled each wire
That signalled round that sea of fire;
Swift words of cheer, warm heart
throbs came;

In tears of pity died the flame!

From East, from West, from South,
from North,

The messages of hope shot forth,
And underneath the severing wave
The world full-handed rushed to save.

Fair seemed tha old; but fairer still
Tha new, the dreary void shall fill
With dearer bones than those o'er-
thrown,

For love shall lay each corner-stone.

Rise, Stricken City! From thee throw
The asben sackcloth of thy woe;
And build as to Amphion's strain,
To songs of cheer, thy walls again!

How shriveled in thy hot distress
The primal sin of selfishness!
How instant rose, to take thy part,
The Angel in the human heart!

Ah, not in vain the flames that tossed
Above thy dreadful holocaust;
The Christ again has preached through
thee

The Gospel of Humanity!

Then lift once more thy towers on
high,

And fret with spires the western sky
To tell that God is yet with us
And love is still miraculous.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Ar-
gonaut (title trademarked) is published
every week by the Argonaut Publish-
ing Company. Publication office, 246
Sutter St., San Francisco. Temporary
Business and Editorial offices, 25 Brown
Avenue, San Jose. Subscriptions, \$4.00
per year; six months, \$2.10; three
months, \$1.10; payable in advance—
postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all
foreign countries within the Postal
Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies,
free. Single copies, 10 cents. News
Dealers and Agents in the interior sup-
plied by the San Francisco News Com-
pany, 1711 San Pablo Avenue, Oak-
land, to whom all orders from the trade
should be addressed. Subscribers wish-
ing their addresses changed should give
their old as well as new addresses. The
American News Company, New York,
are agents for the Eastern trade. The
Argonaut may be ordered from any
News Dealer or Postmaster in the
United States or Europe. No travelling
cavassers employed. Special adver-
tising rates to publishers.

Address all communications intended
for the Editorial Department thus:
"Editors Argonaut, 25 Brown Avenue,
San Jose, Cal."

Address all communications intended
for the Business Department thus:
"The Argonaut Publishing Company,
25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal."

Make all checks, drafts, postal or-
ders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut
Publishing Company, Jerome A. Hart,
President."

The Argonaut can be obtained in
London at The International News Co.,
5 Breams Buildings, Chancery Lane;
American Newspaper and Advertising
Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, North-
umberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37
Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at
Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chi-
cago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Wash-
ington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

Telephone Number, Long Distance
3271, San Jose.

CURRENT VERSE.

Paraphrase of Byron's.

Biremes have traversed you, en-
chanted galleys,
Steam-driven bulks. Of all sea-far-
ing kind,
Countless that climb your hills and
rugged valleys,
Impress, O sea, who ever leaves be-
hind.

Night on your bosom sets the stars
a-quiver;

Back to the morn the morning's smile
you throw;

You draw the heart and secret of the
river,

Yet your dread secret, O sea, who
shall know?

Earth's daisy-printed coverchief en-
folding.

Tenderly marks where hushed her
children lie;

But the dear lives yon cool vast depths
are holding

Who reads, O sea, beneath your mir-
rored sky?

—Margaret Merington.

The Watchword.

Give of your mass of gold,
Send to the prostrate West
Some of that wealth untold
Dugged from her virgin breast.

Give!

Give of your meager store,
Send from your cupboard bare
Out to the wasted shore,
If but a pittance share.

Give!

Give of your brother heart
Quick of its golden glow.
Let the love cargo start
Out to the field of woe.

Give!

Give of your health and strength,
Give of your helping hand.
Over its breadth and length
Vieing with all the land.

Give.

Give of the healing light
Quick to the souls that grope;
Send to the hearts affright
Messages filled with Hope.
—John Kendrick Bangs, in New York
Sun.

On the Ranch.

I. The Last of Winter.
Oh, not for us the primrose faint, the
south wind's hush-a-low
Down shining aisles of the beech-trees
that knew us years ago!
Here there's a long, long silence and
the dumbly falling snow.

The prairie rolls away, away, the hills
are covered deep,
The water springs in the coulees are
sleeping a frozen sleep,
The sun-dogs glimmer for a storm;
how long shall winter keep?

Among the hungry cattle 'tis weary
work to ride
And see the weak-kneed mothers go
stumbling side by side,
Muzzling under the crusted snow for
where new grass may hide.

There's not a blade of green yet, the
last year's growth is rank.
Sodden and brown beneath the snow
on hill and bottom and bank,
Every horse is a brute this month, and
every man is a crank.

Only the evening hours are good, when
two can sit apart
Within the light of the fire they lit,
cursing the winter's smart;
The hand is warm in another hand, the
heart is safe with a heart.

II. The First of Spring.
There was a sound of whistling wings
over the house last night,
And the wild duck dropped in the creek
below, resting upon his flight;
Now the mallard with his emerald neck
is swimming round in the light.

A warm wind from the mountains came
pouring like a tide,
The strong Chinook has broken the
heart of winter's icy pride,
And the snow has all gone up like
smoke from a prairie sunny and
wide.

Here are gray buds of the crocus, but
shut and slivery dim,
Along the creek there are mouse-ears
on the willows red and slim;
A blue tit feeds there upside down in
the manner approved by him.

Hill snows melt and rush in stream-
e bubbling and dark as wine;
Cattle are drifting out of the hills—
well do we know that sign!
And soft clouds blowing across the blue
have a beauty half divine.

New grass and sweet will soon be here,
and the patient herd grow strong,
They will forget the cruel frost and all
the winter's wrong;
None can be glad as we are glad un-
less they have waited long.

—Molra O'Neill in McClure's Maga-

STAGE GOSSIP.

Theatricals on the Coast.

The theatrical situation in San Fran-
cisco is paralyzed. Only one theater
escaped the general destruction. That
was the Chutes, opposite Golden Gate
Park. It is in good condition, and the
announcement is made that it will re-
open as soon as electric lights are
burning and a dependable car service
can be established. The theater will
play the Orpheum attractions.

The Orpheum people announce the
probable construction on the old site
of a temporary theater with a founda-
tion capable of holding a fireproof
building. Just when the theater is to
be finished is problematical. Many
other theatrical managers announce
the rebuilding of their amusement
places. The Tivoli, the Alcazar, the
Columbia and Fischer's will be playing
to large audiences again within nine
months. It is not likely that the Grand
Opera House will be rebuilt. This
is on account of its rather out of the
way location, isolated from the theatric-
al district.

Almost all the larger companies
booked for California have canceled
their dates. In this way the entire
West will this year suffer from a
dearth of first-class shows, for Cal-
ifornia was the mecca of all of them.
They relied on the profits of their en-
gagements in the cities of the Golden
State to offset the expense of the long
overland tour. Cities as far east as
Denver will be affected in consequence
and as far north as Seattle and Ta-
coma.

In Oakland the Bell theater has al-
ready reopened. It is playing to
crowded houses. The Liberty, badly
damaged by the earthquake, is being
repaired in a hurry, and announces its
reopening about the 15th of May. The
MacDonough will light its footlights
again the first of the week, and the
Elleford Company, San Jose favorites,
will tread the boards. The Empire in
Oakland was completely wrecked by
the earthquake, but the Novelty was
only slightly injured and will soon be
playing to audiences. There is no
doubt all the theaters will be well
patronized by large crowds, who will
in this way endeavor to relieve the
strain and tension resulting from the
recent fire and earthquake.

The theatrical situation is at pres-
ent very much in the air. Three
months from now, ten cent shows may
be doing a fair business, but it will be
a long time before a first-class theater
can hope to open here with any kind
of success. The theatrical business of
the State has been dealt a very severe
blow. Many of the first-class shows
will not come out to the coast for
some time, since they will have to
sacrifice the San Francisco stand, usu-
ally the objective point of all coast
tours.

Announcement made from the presi-
dent's office of the State University is
that Sarah Bernhardt will play in the
Hearst Greek Theater on the afternoon
of May 17th. Ten per cent of the
proceeds of the performance are to
go to the relief fund for the San Fran-
cisco refugees. The well-known clas-
sic drama "Phedre" will be presented.

The Alcazar Theater is to be revived in the unburnt district. Belasco and Mayer have secured a piece of property on the corner of, Sutter and Steiner streets and will erect a one-story fire-proof building. "We have secured permission from Mr. de Young, the owner of our old theater, to call the new building 'The Alcazar.'" Manager Belasco says. "All the old Alcazar favorites, including the bulk of the stock company, have been re-engaged and will present comedies as of yore. We expect to be running in about sixty days. Abe Edelman, the architect who designed the Belasco Theater in Los Angeles, is here from Los Angeles and will superintend the construction of the new building."

W. L. Greenbaum, who is handling the Bernhardt engagement, announces that the great actress and her company of 55 people are not at all daunted by the magnitude of the effort in the face of the disaster. She stated in New York that she had started for California and should keep to her plan in spite of earthquake and fire. Mme. Barnhardt will open on Monday night, May 15th, in Oakland at the Liberty playhouse, in La Sordere. On Tuesday, the 16th, she will give La Tosca, at the Wednesday matinee Camille and on Wednesday evening Sapho. All these performances will be given at the Liberty. On the afternoon of Thursday, May 18th, she will give Phedre at the Greek Theater at Berkeley.

Los Angeles is now the theatrical center of the Pacific Coast. Traveling companies playing in San Francisco, of course, returned as quickly as possible to New York. But the resident actors, and they were numbered by hundreds, have found Los Angeles a better haven than any other city.

End of the Opera Season.

Ernest Goerlitz, manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company, returned to this city last week. He was met at the Oakland pier by Charles W. Strine, who was the San Francisco manager for the season which was so abruptly ended. Goerlitz stated that he was happy to report that every member of the company, two hundred and fifty strong, had been safely returned to New York.

"While the safe return of the entire company," said Goerlitz, "was a matter of general congratulation, the material losses of the organization resulting from the burning of the Grand Opera House will not fall short of a quarter of a million dollars. The complete equipment of the full tour repertoire of nineteen operas with their scenery, costumes, properties, electrical apparatus and all the music, which of itself is an almost invaluable item, was totally destroyed and will have to be replaced at an estimated cost of over \$250,000.

"The insurance of this entire outfit, owing to the peculiarity of its construction, is only about \$50,000. In addition to this, there is the loss of the preliminary local expenses, the enormous cost of transporting the company to and from the coast and the financial settlements with the artists, chorus, ballet, orchestra and staff."

The purpose of Goerlitz's return to San Francisco is to arrange the refunding of the advance sale for the unfulfilled portion of the company's engagement in San Francisco. Every dollar belonging to the public of San Francisco will be returned. It has been decided to open an office at a convenient location in the unburned district of the city, where all tickets presented or properly vouched for will be redeemed in full. Particulars will be announced in "The Argonaut" in due time.

The office will be kept open for thirty days.

New York's Next Opera Season.

It is really settled that New York is to have two grand opera houses in full blast next November to April. Mr. Conried will have a galaxy of stars such as even the Metropolitan Opera House has never seen, and his subscription list is the largest on record at this time of the year. And now comes Mr. Hammerstein with plans for a rival season at his new Manhattan Opera House, which alone would suffice a city less gluttonous, operatically speaking, than New York is. His performances are to begin on November 13th and last twenty weeks. The Conried performances do not begin till a week later—after the horse show.

Mr. Hammerstein's prospectus has six German operas—Gluck's "Armida," Mozart's "Don Giovanni," and "Fliegare," Plotow's "Martha," and Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots" and "Prophete."

Besides these seven works by German composers there are in Mr. Hammerstein's list seven French operas—"Carmen," "Faust," "Mignon," "Fra Diavolo," "La Juive," "Romeo," and a stage version of Berlioz's "Faust," which will be of particular interest; and seventeen Italian operas—"Loreley," by Catalani; "Aida," "La Boheme," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Rigoletto," "Tosca," "La Traviata," "L'Elisir d'Amore," "Un Ballo in Maschera," "Puritani," "La Sonnambula," "La Favorita," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Ernani," and "I Pagliacci."

This preponderance of Italian opera is explained by the fact that Mr. Hammerstein has secured Melba and Bonci to head his forces. Then there is Edouard de Reszke, whom it will be a delight to hear again. Other singers engaged are the sopranos Gilbert-Lejeune, Mazurin, D'Arta, Tetrizzini, Trentini, Ferneti; the altos Bressler-Genell, Gaye, de Cisneros, Zaccaria; the tenors Dalmores, Bassi, Alcheffsky; the baritones and basses, Renaud, Sammarco, Ancona, Mandolfi, Brag, and Muguiroz. The conductors are to be the excellent Cleofante Campanni and Leonardo Campanari.

Richard Mansfield, the celebrated actor, has started a campaign for funds with which to rebuild San Francisco's famous Bohemian Club. Many actors of repute join him in the movement.

Imagine a whole continent that has never heard grand opera! Australia is in that predicament, according to the Sydney correspondent of the Musical Courier.

DEL MONTE OFFERS

Hotel Del Monte was very slightly injured by the recent disturbance, and is offering a welcome shelter to all San Franciscans. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at the present. The entire hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families. Address Geo. P. Snell, Manager, Del Monte, California.

A PERMANENT HOME.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Whitewash.

[Inspired by Mr. Stephen Phillips' new poetical tragedy, which was understood, from preliminary announcements, to attempt "the rehabilitation of the character of Nero."]

Friends, Readers, Countrymen, lend me your ears!

I come to whitewash Nero, not to praise him.

His was the first of criminal careers

(Unless the lurid record of his years Wrongly portrays him).

Slain at the age of rising thirty-two,
He filled the Cup of Vice to overflowing;

Much that was better left unknown,
he knew

And what he didn't know, if tales be true,

Was not worth knowing.

But as a youth he was not wholly bad;
When he was crowned, men said to one another,

"By Jove! A worthy and a studious lad";

And so he was, until—oh passing sad!—

He lost his Mother!

That was the turning point. While she was there

He lived comparatively free from scandal;

He knew the sweetness of a Mother's care;

Felt the correcting arm, that did not spare

A Mother's sandal.

Who knows? Perchance, had she been near to guide,

His reign had been less lamentably shady;

But, on the morning of his regal pride,
With disconcerting suddenness, she died!

The poor old lady!

Oh, not to trespass on an orphan's grief,

'Twas from that time he took to paths of error

(Thinking, no doubt, that change would bring relief)

Made it a habit, and became, in brief,
A holy terror.

I say no more. But tho his deeds were dark

They hold a pathos that no crime can smother;

Young Nero would have doubtless made his mark

Had he not, in a mad, boyish lark
Murdered his Mother!

—Punch.

A Song.

Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye,

Four-and-twenty key-holes dance before his eye;

When the door is opened, his wife begins to chide,

"Isn't this a pretty hour to let a fellow in."

—Life.

In Several States.

"O come with Me, my love," he said
"We'll seek some quiet, shady Del.
Where I can kiss a dainty Miss.
Ore, tell again of Cupid's spell

:"Tenn. times I love you, and I Wis.
You'd 'Ark. to me N. C. my heart
A-beating inwardly for you,
I swear from you Ill. never part."

"Oh, La.," said she, I'll Nev. Va. go.
I'll call Pa. Better let me be;
Besides, you only want my Mon.,
So don't get Ga. No Conn. D. C.?"
—Perrine Lambert, in Judge.

Tragedy of the Desert.

The elephant sat in the lemon tree,
A-swaying to and fro;
And a beautiful warbling song sang he
To the whale on the branob below—
Though a cold wind blew from the distant sea,
And the desert was deep in snow.

And this is the song that the elephant sung,

To the tenderly dreaming whale;
(For the month was May and the two were young,

And she loved his trunk as it swayed
and swung
In the icy tropical gale—)

"Oh, come, my love, let us fly away
To a warmer clime than this,
On the palm-lined beaches of Baffin's Bay
Let us live in a lifelong bliss,
With no one to list to the words we say,
And no one to watch us kiss!"

But the whale was shy and she dropped her eye,
And she blushed a beautiful green;
And the elephant hopped from his perch on high
To the side of his bosom's queen;
And she heaved a sigh as he fluttered nigh,
Like a 30 h. p. machine.

—Cleveland Leader.

The Argonaut.

No. 1523.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 19, 1906.

Price, 10 Cents

NOTICE.

As soon as the necessary permits can be secured and the debris cleared away, work will begin at once on reconstructing the Argonaut's former quarters at 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco. In the meantime, the Editorial and Business Offices will be maintained at TWENTY-FIVE BROWN AVENUE, SAN JOSE, CAL. Address all business communications there to The Argonaut Publishing Co., Jerome A. Hart, President.

The news trade can secure the Argonaut from the SAN FRANCISCO NEWS CO., No. 1711 SAN PABLO AVENUE, OAKLAND.

The paper will be on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco and by the Dennison News Co., on its boats and trains.

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE IN SAN FRANCISCO AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

TWENTY-NINTH YEAR.

JEROME A. HART - - - - - Editor

Methods of Rebuilding San Francisco.

While there is no question that San Francisco will be rebuilt and that right speedily, there is much uncertainty as to the methods of rebuilding and the boundaries of business districts. It seems to be generally settled that steel-frame buildings stood the shock of the earthquake with practically no damage at all, and that they were much less injured by the fire than any other type of building. To such an extent has this impressed the minds of real estate owners that it is quite certain all who can will rebuild in steel-frame construction where the land is of such value or within such business boundaries as to justify the outlay.

Outside of these boundaries, as is but natural, land-owners will feel impelled to put up cheaper buildings. Here is where difficulties will arise—first, difficulties to the land-owners in deciding the type of building and construction; second, the character of the business which may grow up in the district where their land is situated. The municipal government is now permitting the erection, in any part of the city, of structures of wood, of corrugated iron, of galvanized iron, or of almost any material. The permission is merely a tacit one, however. No official authorization is granted and it is understood that at the expiration of a comparatively short period no buildings will be permitted which do not comply with the building laws formulated by the city.

What these new building laws will be is as yet doubtful. There is a marked difference of opinion as to limit of height. The Mayor and others seem inclined to confine the height of buildings to one and one-half times the width of the street on which they front. Architects and real estate owners incline to much greater heights. Doubtless the matter will result in a compromise, as is usual when there are divergent interests. A third element is composed of the gentlemen who are advocating the Burnham plan and the beautification of the city. They strongly urge a strict regulation of buildings, not only in height, but in other respects. They would have owners conform to certain architectural requirements, these to be formulated by a commission of architects. Thus there would be presented in the streets of San Francisco the same uniformity of facade to be observed on the boulevards of Paris, or on the Rue de Rivoli, for example.

A more modern instance is that to be noted in Vienna, much of which has been rebuilt since the destruction of the ancient ramparts. There is a beautiful group of buildings on one of the squares of Vienna, the central one of which is the City Hall. Extending for hundreds of feet to the right and to the left of this structure are other buildings of a uniform type of architecture, which lead up to and complement the central one. The effect is very beautiful and imposing. To the eye of the stranger it looks as if this magnificent pile of buildings composed a single municipal structure. But this is not the case. The City Hall occupies less than a third, probably, of the street frontage; the remaining buildings are the property of private individuals. They are occupied as apartment houses and for other purposes, but their outer aspect is architecturally identical with that of the town hall. The result is extremely effective from the standpoint of architectural beauty.

The land-owner in any American city, particularly in one which has just suffered so heavy a loss as San Francisco, does not feel inclined to give up his individual rights for purely municipal ornamentation. The spirit of individualism is much stronger in this country than in the Old World. But San Francisco has just received a very heavy blow, and she has had impressed upon her how helpless is the individual in the face of great public calamity; she now knows how vital it is that all of us should stand together. If the land-owners of San Francisco can yield some of their individual ideas at this time the result will make for a strong, safe and beautiful city. If each of them exercises his individual judgment, as was the case with the city's builders half a century ago, the effect will be measurably the same as in the city of the early fifties. The new San Francisco will not, of course, be constructed on the same lines; but, like the old city, it will probably be constructed on varying lines, and the effect will not make for either perpetuity or beauty.

These sentiments will doubtless sound distasteful to owners of land, who are imbued with the strong individualism characteristic of American land-owners. But there is another phase of the matter which possibly may appeal to them. Suppose we take a San Francisco city block 275 by 412 feet. Let us assume for purposes of argument that its six fifty-vara lots are divided into twelve building lots each 68 by 137 feet. Suppose that each of these twelve land-owners should construct a building, each man independent of the other. Suppose that each building should be modelled on the lines of the individual owner's taste, modified by those of his architect. Suppose each owner made his own excavations at his own time and in his own way. Suppose each owner prepared his own foundations at his own time and in his own way. Suppose that one owner dug down twenty feet for an ordinary building, his neighbor sixty feet for a sky-scraper. Suppose that each of the twelve owners obstinately refused to consent to any joint arrangement for light

wells or light courts on the abutting rears of the buildings. What would be the result of such a course of action? Waiving all question of the architectural appearance of such a block of buildings, would it cost the twelve owners less or more? It would cost them infinitely more. Even if they utterly ignored all questions of architectural beauty or uniformity, co-operation would cost them very much less in purely material matters, such as digging the excavations and erecting the foundations.

Take the converse of the proposition. Suppose the twelve land-owners were to agree on uniform excavation and uniform construction of foundations. Even if they went no further than to let a single contract for the whole block, that alone would save them from 25 to 33 1-3 per cent on the cost of that part of the work. If they were indisposed to agree to a uniform architectural treatment of the facade, even in the rear a uniform system of treatment, with the resultant joint yards or light-wells, would add greatly to the value of their property as an income-bearing proposition, and would diminish the cost of internal and rear construction.

Here we have glanced at two stages of co-operative effort, and still have not touched the two vital questions of the height and of the architectural treatment of the facade. It is not probable that twelve men in San Francisco—or in any other American city—for the matter of that—could be made to agree on these points. But if they could only be made to see how much joint action in excavation and foundation would diminish the cost of covering their land with buildings, it might possibly lead to their consenting to a uniform scheme of architectural treatment.

The question of the boundaries of business and residence districts, of wholesale and retail districts, of up-town and down-town districts—all this is going to be a great gamble. It does not seem to us possible that the old lines of business boundaries will remain as they were before. But what the new ones are going to be no man can tell. Those who have the gift of foresight and who purchase or build in the chosen districts will profit largely by their action. Two pioneers, Adam and Kibbe, who many years ago purchased the tip of the gore opposite the Chronicle, out of this little triangle of land made a fortune.

Great fortunes will similarly be made in the new San Fran-

cisco. On the other hand, those who guess wrongly, and who put up costly buildings in districts which are destined to be deserted by the business for which they build, will find themselves destined to lose heavily. Great fortunes are to be made in the new San Francisco, but great fortunes are also destined to be lost.

The Silence of the Pulpit.

In the face of the great calamity that has come upon San Francisco one of the most striking incidents is the silence of the Pulpit. Twenty-five or thirty years ago unnumbered pulpiteers from countless pulpits would have thundered forth "I told you so." Every Boanerges, with voice of thunder and with loud-lunged anti-Babylonianisms would have apostrophized San Francisco as the Scarlet Woman sitting upon her many hills, puffed up with arrogance, flushed with pride, and drunken with the wine of lust. We would have been told that San Francisco was the wickedest city in the world; that the earthquake and the fire were the visitations of a justly offended God for the transgression of his ordinances; that as Sodom and Gomorrah, the evil cities of the plain, had been wiped out because there were not ten just men among them, so was San Francisco destroyed because there were only a few. In short, the stern and cruel Jehovah of the ancient Jews would have been held up to us by the old pulpiteers, instead of the less malevolent and more loving God of the modern clergymen.

People, however, have ceased to believe in the cruel and unjust Jehovah of the ancient Jews. They do not believe that God takes pleasure in smiting his helpless children. They do not believe that he turns the cruel forces of nature on hapless human beings to revenge himself upon them for transgressing laws, the breaking of which is due to the passions with which he himself created them, and which he himself could suppress within them, if he chose. In short, they no longer believe in the sulphur-and-brimstone and death-and-damnation discourses ladled out by the pulpiteers of a previous generation.

In the present juncture, however, the occupants of our modern pulpits have had very little to say. They have considered it unwise and inexpedient to assure the people that earthquakes are the revengeful acts of an offended God. Most of them have remained silent. Some of them have assured us in vague terms that such calamities lead to the "upbuilding of character." Others have dwelt upon such catastrophes as fostering "Charity, sympathy and benevolence" toward us in other communities. It is doubtless a good thing to inculcate these virtues in the minds and hearts of other communities, but we of San Francisco could readily refrain from educating others in this direction at so great a cost to ourselves. Other clergymen have dwelt upon this statement—with equal vagueness—that the Universe is ruled by God's laws, and that it is only by ignorance of his laws that we suffer. This would seem to imply that when we get wiser and know more about the laws of nature, we may be able to dodge earthquakes. But if God sends the earthquakes to the places where we are, would it not be impious to attempt to dodge them and thereby thwart the Divine will?

This is not intended to be disrespectful to the pulpit, but really under the circumstances we think those clerical gentlemen who were silent about the calamity played the wisest part.

The writer is not particularly pious, but he has observed that pious people just now are not particularly trustful. There have been a dozen or more lesser shocks since the big one of April 18th, and whenever a shock comes we have observed that the pious people always get outside before we do. They are not only more pious, but they sprout quicker. This lack of confidence on their part surprises and pains us. If we were more pious, we would feel more reposeful. People who sing "Rock of Ages, cleft for me" loudly and with much unction when in church, seem to have no taste for clefts in rocks in earthquake times.

Good Order Maintained in San Francisco.

One of the curious manifestations of the recent terrestrial, sociological and financial upheaval in San Francisco, has been the excellent order maintained. A month ago it would have been inconceivable that a community of nearly half a million people could suddenly be hurled into a primitive condition without reverting to primitive instincts. It might have been believed that these scores of thousands—of all ages, of all conditions, and of varying degrees of virtue or of vice—if suddenly thrown together, with all the safeguards of law and order removed, would find themselves infected with those reversionisms to barbarism which characterize the human race at such moments. But it did not seem to be so: on the contrary, there were scarcely any crimes, and few open manifestations of vice. Yet for weeks no civil or criminal courts have been held in San Francisco. When it is remembered that the daily grist of crime furnishes grinding for many mills of justice in ordinary times, this is remarkable.

What brought about this changed condition? Most people will ascribe it to the stern rule of the military. Doubtless this had much to do with it. We dwellers in a peaceful and stable Republic do not realize how powerful is the military arm. In the Old World the Army is called upon in every emergency: in the case of a great riot, a great fire, an inundation, an earthquake, an explosion, or a pestilence, the soldiers are at once called in: in the first case, to kill the living; in the latter case, to bury the dead. They are clothed with absolute power, and the docile European never lifts a protesting finger. But we free Americans do not feel the mighty power that is behind the military arm. We realize dimly that in times of war the Government has absolute control of us; that it may take a man and send him to the front; that if it uses his body on the firing line, it may use his property too if it sees fit. But since the War of 1812 no foreign enemy has set foot on American soil. The nearest approach to it was when the Confederate Army under General Lee invaded the soil of Pennsylvania, to be driven back after the bloody battles at Gettysburg. Hence it is that the necessity of enforcing military law is something so infrequent in this Republic as to seem extraordinary in American eyes.

But an object lesson in the power of the military arm has been furnished to San Francisco in the terrible weeks that have just passed. Many a well-to-do citizen has been ordered to remove garbage and to pile up bricks. Few resisted, and the treatment of the few who did deterred others from resistance. Doubtless the American citizens who, for the first time in their lives, were ordered to perform repulsive tasks against their will, will not soon forget the meaning of that stern phrase "martial law."

But there is another reason for the remarkable good order maintained in San Francisco during the past few weeks. It was a new regulation—one unique in the city's history. The measure to which we refer was the closing of the liquor saloons. For many weeks there has not been permitted to be sold in San Francisco a drop of liquor of any kind. Even in the drug stores it has been impossible to obtain liquor unless on the prescription of a physician. Even upon these documents the military authorities have looked askance, at times forbidding the sale of liquor even when prescribed by a physician. The enforced sobriety and the civic calm resulting from this order have amazed the State. The Chief of Police remarked that he did not believe San Francisco could be so peaceful a community under any circumstances, least of all the awful ones through which she had passed.

At the beginning of the third week, however, the thirst of the liquor-loving became too strong to be restrained any longer. As it was impossible to obtain liquor within the confines of San Francisco, they began seeking it elsewhere. The embargo on liquor was lifted in Oakland, and to that city the thirsty repaired. They returned from the hospitable drinking saloons of Alameda County saturated with liquor, thus successfully defying the anti-liquor ordinance of the San Francisco military authorities. Speedily the keepers of road-houses across the county line in San Mateo County became inspired with envy of the prosperous Oakland saloon-keepers, and passed the word throughout San Francisco that they were "Open for business." They too had been closed for a short time after the earthquake and fire. The first Sunday after this was known a crowd of many thousands of both sexes crossed the San Mateo County line, and after filling themselves with the vile booze of these roadside houses, returned to the City of San Francisco, poisoning the air with their foul breaths and making night hideous with their drunken cries.

The Chief of Police of San Francisco was powerless. He could not exercise any control over the San Mateo liquor dealers, and it was comparatively useless to punish the poor creatures whose drunkenness was the result of the liquor dealers' thrift. When the matter was reported to Military Headquarters, General Greeley did not consider himself restrained by the county lines which had terrified the San Francisco Chief of Police. He at once sent a strong military guard across the county line, admonished the saloon-keepers, shut up the saloon doors, and left guards in front of them to see that they were kept shut.

These direct methods of the Federal authorities, when brought into contact with county lines, are calculated to excite admiration among those used to the slow moving methods of inter-county and inter-state jurisdiction. We trust that General Greeley may not become involved in any trouble with the County of San Mateo, and that the county in question may not bring suit against the Federal Government in order to have him cashiered. His closing of the San Mateo saloons may be extra constitutional, but the fact remains that they are closed—shut tight.

Will San Francisco Be Remodelled?

Since the great fire this journal has duly chronicled the plans of those about to rebuild San Francisco. If it has incurred the crit-

icism of lacking optimism concerning the Burnham plans, it is merely because we have thought that the people would not have money enough to carry out those plans. It must be borne in mind that about five-sixths of San Francisco has been wiped off the map; that the greater part of the property bearing the burdens of taxation lay in the burned district; that the part remaining is made up almost entirely of wooden residences; that in point of pecuniary value and inability to sustain taxation the remaining part is insignificant compared with the burned district; that San Francisco has been raising from her citizens over six million dollars a year by taxes; that one-sixth of the land cannot pay the six millions previously paid by the whole of it; that it will be extremely difficult to reduce the army of municipal employees; that even if the municipal expenses were cut down to four millions, it would still be a heavy tax; that probably the greatest success to be attained in the way of diminishing expenses will be a reduction to about five millions; that therefore the small remaining portion of the city's income-bearing property will have to pay five millions of dollars where previously the whole of the city paid only six millions.

These were the practical reasons, and not lack of optimism, which made us believe that the carrying out of the elaborate Burnham plans for beautifying the city would not materialize. Further, we thought that however much our citizens might be in favor of these plans, they lack the money for their realization. As the days pass by we are corroborated in this belief. The daily newspapers—which immediately after the fire were almost congratulating their readers because they had bare land to deal with in the new plan of beautifying the city—now are disposed to pooh-pooh the idea. "Utility before Beauty," they cry. Well, who can blame them? The publishers of dailies are large property owners in San Francisco, and therefore large tax payers. They do not look with enthusiasm on the idea of paying out about two or three times as much in taxes as they have previously done, with the sole end of making the city beautiful.

E. H. Hamilton, the leading special writer of the Examiner, certainly knows San Francisco thoroughly. Before, during and since the fire, he has been continually on the ground, and has met daily hundreds of citizens of all conditions—real estate owners, tenants, architects, builders, wholesalers, retailers, politicians and municipal employees. He says deliberately in cold type: "Those who set their hopes high on a complete remodelling of San Francisco are doomed to disappointment. I venture the prediction that San Francisco will grow up very much on its old lines, with here and there the possibility of widening a street."

Mr. Hamilton further says that the wide-spread belief that the business quarter will be rebuilt almost entirely of steel frame, modern, fire-proofed structures is erroneous, and that the fire limits—in which wooden buildings will not be permitted—will by no means be made to cover so large an area as is generally believed. The poorer property owners declare that forcing them to build Class A structures would mean confiscation. Therefore, he thinks it probable that the building ordinances at present in force will not be radically changed.

As for the removal of Chinatown, this journal has expressed some doubts as to its feasibility. We stated that we did not see how Chinese owners of real estate in fee simple could be forced to leave it against their will; that if any municipal ordinance should attack their right freely to use their land, the enforcement of such ordinance would speedily be made a Federal question; that it would be attacked by the Chinese Government as being against treaties which are part of the supreme law of the land; that the Federal Government would therefore set aside the San Francisco municipal ordinance.

Mr. Hamilton also believes that the removal of Chinatown is extremely doubtful. "The Chinese," he says, "do not want to move and some very influential property interests do not want them to move. There are twenty-five to fifty property owners in that district who cannot be kept from erecting buildings in which to sell Chinese goods if they so elect."

Concerning the widening of streets and the running of boulevards. Wm. F. Herrin commented on the similarity of the present situation with that of the great fire in London. "It is interesting," he said, in an interview, "to read a history of the London fire by the light of our own blaze. In London they talked of changing the plan of the city. The great architect, Sir Christopher Wren, stood ready to explain his plans. Yet while he was explaining his plans, the city grew up on the same old lines." This is a very significant incident. While the Burnham plans are being explained, the new San Francisco, in our opinion, will be run on substantially the old street lines.

Justice F. W. Henshaw also says pithily: "You will find that the people who are going to be taxed so heavily for necessities will not stand taxation for beautification on top of the other." And as corroborating the Argonaut's remarks about heavy taxes, the well-known real estate dealer, Henry P. Sontag—who is currently be-

lieved to represent large blocks of New York money seeking investment in real estate here—warns us all that "San Francisco must not get her taxes so high as to scare away outside capital." As home capitalists are already getting scared by the danger of high taxation it is easy to see how badly scared the outside capitalists will soon become.

Concerning the widening of streets, Mr. Hamilton has been able to hunt down only one rumor which may be considered as definitive. "So far as I have been able to learn," he says, "the only project for changing the city's lines that may be considered 'on its feet' is the one relating to the widening of Montgomery street between Market street and Montgomery avenue. In this case it is proposed to add twenty feet to the width of Montgomery street, the added width to come entirely from the western side. The Union Trust Building, the Mills Building and the Kohl Building all stand on the eastern line. It is proposed that the western side property owners donate to the city ten feet of the twenty taken from them, while the eastern side owners pay for the other ten feet.

Mr. Hamilton does not seem sanguine of any street widening proposition beside this, and does not speak enthusiastically of the chances even of this. We are inclined to go further. On the face of this proposition, we doubt very much whether the property owners on the western side would be inclined to agree to it. It is probable that not even a majority may agree to it. The experiences of street widening in San Francisco have not been happy. The widening of Kearny street left a tangle behind it. Dupont street was widened from Market street to Bush, a distance of less than fourteen hundred feet, and the resulting litigation clogged the calendars of the courts for a third of a century. It is there yet. Every possible untoward thing took place in this street widening scheme, including embezzling officials, defaulting bond holders and clouds on titles. To this day we doubt whether a property owner on the widened Dupont street line can give a perfectly clear title. Here is an interesting little sum in mental arithmetic: If widening a street for 1300 feet cost twice as many millions as was estimated, and if it clouded titles for thirty years, how much would it cost to widen a street three times as long, and how many decades of years would it take to clear the clouds on titles?

The Popularity of Mayor Schmitz.

Every day or two we pick up a paper from some California city and find a paragraph running like this: "This journal has frequently commented in harsh terms on Mayor Schmitz of San Francisco. In view of his heroic conduct during the recent disaster there, we wish to retract everything that we have said." Then will follow some lines or paragraphs of praises for the Mayor.

The Argonaut has never joined in the attacks on Mayor Schmitz which have been so numerous in the press both in and out of San Francisco. We have never supported his candidacy, because this journal always supports the Republican candidate when it can conscientiously do so, and Mayor Schmitz, although a Republican in politics, has not yet run on the Republican ticket. None the less, we have never printed a line attacking the Mayor's character, and we have had no sympathy with the numerous attacks that have been made upon him. We have always believed Mayor Schmitz to be a good citizen, an honest man, an upright official and a patriotic San Franciscan. We have never had any occasion to believe otherwise. Entertaining this favorable opinion of him, it has gratified us extremely to see how in the great fire he has borne himself in such a manner as to win golden opinions from all sorts of men. We have not seen a line in print or heard a word in conversation criticising the Mayor harshly for his conduct during the recent dreadful disaster; in fact, we have heard nothing of him that was not eulogistic.

The Citizens' Relief Committee, which is a large and representative body has been loud in its praises of the Mayor. This is all the more remarkable when one considers the differences of opinion that must arise in such a committee when presided over by the city's Chief Magistrate. The Associated Real Estate men of San Francisco adopted a series of resolutions praising the Mayor which were probably the most eulogistic ever presented to a Mayor in an American city. All of these real estate men signed their names to that document and yet more than two-thirds of them fought him bitterly when he was a candidate for Mayor.

We do not know whether Mayor Schmitz is or is not sensitive. Politicians should not be sensitive. But we do know that during the last municipal campaign he was the worst abused man of whom we have ever had knowledge in San Francisco. At the time we said and we believed that the overwhelming majority which was given to him and to his ticket—which ticket he swept into office largely through his personal popularity—was due to disgust with the newspaper abuse of him. This abuse brought about a public reaction. But the Mayor ever since has acted most magnanimously. He has,

so far as we know, refrained from attempting to revenge himself on his detractors. None the less, it must be very sweet to him, after the campaign of calumny which was waged against him, to hear even his bitter enemies come forward and praise him loudly for his conduct during the recent misfortunes which have fallen so heavily on San Francisco.

Foreign Attempts to Send Relief.

It is quite evident that President Roosevelt's attempt to turn back the relief so sympathetically proffered to California by many foreign governments is meeting with strong disapproval. This feeling is shown not only in California, but in the countries that have experienced the rebuff as well. It is our belief that this wave of disapproval will not be confined to our stricken State, but will extend to other portions of the Republic. When the Citizens' General Relief Committee, under the Presidency of Mayor Schmitz, was sitting on May 9th, a telegram addressed to the Mayor was received, reading thus:

"Canadian Parliament has voted \$100,000, which has been declined by President Roosevelt. It is still awaiting acceptance. Will you take it if offered directly?"

This dispatch was received with loud applause by the Citizens' Committee, and the Mayor was authorized by the Finance Committee to send the following reply:

"Your telegram received. Our Finance Committee will accept and receive your generous contribution if offered direct. Accept our grateful acknowledgments."

Further to show disapproval of the President's action, the following dispatches passed between San Francisco and Paris:

"Lazard Freres Company, Paris. The Government at Washington refuses to accept foreign contributions. Distress in California is very great. Can you start subscriptions to Relief Committee here direct? RAPHAEL WEILL."

The banking house of Lazard Freres in Paris is an old established institution which formerly had a branch in San Francisco. The relations of Raphael Weill, the sender of the dispatch, are very close with the Paris banking house. Within a few hours he received the following reply:

"The American Chamber of Commerce has opened a subscription which so far amounts to 120,000 franc of which 75,000 francs have already been forwarded by mail to Mayor Schmitz."

In acknowledgment of this, Mayor Schmitz sent the following cable to the Paris banking firm:

"Your telegram notifying remittance of funds received. Accept the sincere thanks of the citizens of San Francisco."

Throughout all this correspondence and the comment it has caused, there has been no open word of disapproval in print concerning the action of the President. There has been not a little in private converse, but the respect which is felt for the President personally, as well as for his high station officially, has repressed much severe, not to say bitter, criticism concerning his action. But what has most wounded the afflicted citizens of California is that his action was not purely a personal one, carrying with it, only the personal and individual responsibility of a private citizen's action. On the other hand, it was official, and had the effect, as we foreshadowed in these columns last week, of stopping up the sources of intercontinental benevolence among the friends of this country in the Old World. It has had the same effect in the New World, for that matter, for the Canadian offer to contribute \$100,000 was refused by President Roosevelt. This refusal caused a prolonged debate in the Dominion Parliament. The money was ready and the Canadians were anxious to send it. They thought, however, that when the President of the United States refused to accept such a subscription, it would not be proper for the Canadian Government to send it direct to San Francisco, as there are (diplomatically) no means of communication between a community of the Federal Union and a foreign government. It was therefore proposed that the money be sent to San Francisco to be expended exclusively on the relief of Canadians here. It was urged that President Roosevelt might permit prosperous Canadians at home to send money to destitute Canadians abroad. But the House was still bent on sending the money direct to California for the benefit of the sufferers in general, without restricting it to those of Canadian birth. At last accounts the well-meaning and benevolent Dominion Parliament was still busily engaged in trying to see how it could send money to San Francisco without insulting President Roosevelt.

Limiting the Height of Buildings.

A very animated discussion is going on among the various committees on the revision of the building laws. The Fire Department officials think that the fire limits prohibiting wooden buildings should be largely extended. On the other hand, architects and real estate owners think that the fire limits should be left as they are or else very slightly extended. The small property owners are, many of them, unable to build in costly materials, and if such restrictions are imposed they will not be able to build at all. Naturally the architects are disposed to agree with them. As for the Fire Department officials they wish to make the city more secure against future conflagrations and they are convinced that rebuilding the city on the old lines and of the old materials will expose it to the danger of being burned down again in the same old way. In this they are right, but these ideas are not popular. Fire Marshal Towe points out that most of the large cities in the East can secure within a very brief period material assistance in the shape of fire engines and firemen from adjacent towns; that San Francisco can rely on no such aid. During the big fire in Boston he said within an hour thirty-two engines and a thousand feet of extra hose were rushed to Boston from other towns, while San Francisco during the recent fire got only three engines from Oakland. Thus San Francisco is entirely dependent on herself for fire protection. The Fire Marshal closed by an ominous remark that if they were going to "throw the height of buildings wide open, San Francisco would be obliged to have a twenty-five story Fire Department."

Exaggeration of California Relief Fund.

Every day that we pick up an Eastern paper we see the amount of the California Relief Fund contributed in Eastern cities set down variously at from sixteen to twenty millions of dollars. As we write, a daily comes to hand from Cleveland which puts it at "about twenty-one million dollars." We should like very much to know where these newspapers get their figures from. As we write, the exact sum recorded by the San Francisco Committee of Relief and the Red Cross Society (which is working with the San Francisco Committee) is \$5,120,015.91. In addition to this is to be included a portion of the sum of \$2,500,000 appropriated by Congress. But a great portion of this was expended for transportation and subsistence of troops ordered here and for blankets and tents. Of this sum only \$300,000 in cash reached the San Francisco Relief Committee, and the part of it expended for food by the Government is less than one-fifth of the whole. But waiving all these details, the difference between five millions and twenty-one millions is sixteen millions of dollars. We do not think it well to look a gift horse in the mouth, and we of California are infinitely grateful to our brothers of the East for the more than five millions they have sent us. But we wish the Eastern newspapers would stop assuring everybody that they have sent us twenty-one millions when we have received only five.

Punishment Fitting the Crime.

Ever since the ruins of San Francisco have cooled, those portions of the city containing the pawnbroker shops, minor jewelry establishments, and Chinese bazaars have been assiduously frequented, night and day, by hordes of looters, men, women and children. They spend their time in raking over the ruins for melted gold and silver, and such articles of bronze and other metal as may be sold for "souvenirs." The Federal troops in charge of that district have had much difficulty in controlling them. Our khaki-clad regulars have very simple methods of punishment: these consist of either shooting the grave offenders, or prodding with the bayonet the minor ones. The regulars were puzzled, however, over the case of the women, and finally withdrew from the matter, contenting themselves with arresting the offenders and turning them over to the police.

The police are not such bloody-minded men as the soldiers, and being nearer to the people, they understand better how to handle them. The police hit upon the happy idea of instituting a scheme of punishment which would not only be corrective, but would be profitable. The male offenders were at once set to work clearing up debris and removing bricks, wires, pipes, slag, cinders and ashes, and cleaning out vaults in Chinatown. The soldiers with their bayonets were entrusted with the job of seeing that the looters did it.

Everybody enjoyed it hugely except the looters. No one of them was ever seen to appear in the district again. As for the women looters, they also were utilized. The laundries in San Francisco have been shut down for weeks, and even millionaires walk freely on the streets with dirty shirts. As for the police and fire-

men, clean shirts with them are merely a memory. Therefore the women looters have been set to work washing the dishes, pots, pans and kettles of the Commissary Department of the Police, and likewise laundering the soiled linen and underclothing which is the accumulation of several weeks.

It is needless to state that the female offenders, after one trial of this new method of punishment, are never seen in the burned district again.

TO "ARGONAUT" SUBSCRIBERS.

The fire did not interrupt the publication of the "Argonaut." Every number has been posted to our mail subscribers, with the exception of those in the burnt district of San Francisco. These latter are requested to send their NEW ADDRESSES to the Argonaut Mailing Clerk, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose.

Pearl—"Helen married! Why, she told me that she wouldn't accept the best man that walks." Ruby—"Well, Harry don't have to walk. He owns an automobile."—Chicago Daily News.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Publisher's Kindly Letter.

NEW YORK, May 7, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: Together, with the whole world, we have thought of you and your unfortunate neighbors for many weeks and you have our utmost sympathy.

Just as soon as you are able to get on your feet again and are ready to issue the Argonaut, please let us know and we will do our best to help along the good work in the advertising line. We believe that the new San Francisco will afford a wonderfully productive field for us, and we shall be glad to co-operate with you to some extent in supplying books to the populace.

Assuring you of our sympathy, and wishing you all success,

Very truly yours,

McCLURE, PHILLIPS & CO.

A Generous Offer.

LOS ANGELES, May 10, '06.

Editor Argonaut: I have had EVERY copy of the Argonaut up to the fire. I have always READ every copy. For years I sent them East after reading them. Since 1892 I have been saving them, intending to bind them—in fact, some of them have been sewed preparatory to putting them into covers; but if you are short of this portion of your file, and want them, they are yours.

Cordially,

IDA H. M. STROWBRIDGE.

We are greatly obliged for this generous offer, but it would be imposing on good nature to accept it. Perhaps some subscriber will leave us a file in his will, as this journal is distinctly unfitted for reading in the other world.—Editor Argonaut.

The Old Forty-Nine Spirit.

FORT DEARBORN NATIONAL BANK.

CHICAGO, Illinois, May 10, 1906.

Editor Argonaut, San Jose, California—Gentlemen: I received the Argonaut of May 5, and want to congratulate you on your ability to get the paper out so promptly under such trying circumstances. I cannot begin to tell you how I enjoyed reading it, and I sympathize with you from the bottom of my heart.

San Francisco was the finest city in the United States, a dreadful loss to California and our country.

You can't down the old '49 spirit out there, and she will be rebuilt and the world will take its hat off to her. You are all right.

Respectfully yours,

CHARLES FERNALD.

Recently of the Fire Center.

May 10, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: Please forward my paper to San Anselmo, Marin county. Have not had a copy since the fire, and miss it very much.

JAMES T. LEAHY.

Formerly 517 Mission street, San Francisco.

An Old Reader Is a New Subscriber.

SANDY HILL, New York, May 5, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: Since I first became acquainted with the Argonaut in the seventies at the Reading Room of Harvard College I have desired to have the reading of it regularly, and whenever possible, when in New York and Boston, have purchased copies, and have kept in touch with it in city reading rooms. The number of periodicals, however, is so great that I have never become a subscriber.

You will find inclosed New York draft for one dollar, for which you will send the Argonaut, commencing with the first number after the recent disaster in your city, and continuing such time as it will pay for.

Very truly yours,

GRENVILLE M. INGALSBE.

The Argonaut Was Regular; the Mails Were Not.

NEW YORK, May 9, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: I wish to apologize most humbly in "sack cloth and ashes" for my thoughtless letter of several days ago, calling your attention to the fact that I was not receiving the Argonaut. At the moment the reason why did not occur to me. It is, however,

a tribute to your intensely interesting journal that I missed it so keenly as to forget for the moment the terrible misfortune which overcame the city of San Francisco.

Hoping that you may speedily get on your feet again and that your future success will be infinitely greater than in the past, I am,

Very truly yours,

ROBERT FROTHINGHAM.

We Are Still in the Ring.

DENVER, Colorado, April 26, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: I am presuming you will get in shape to resume the publication of the Argonaut at an early date, in some manner, as I am lost without the paper. I shall be pleased to hear from you in "any old way." My subscription expires in June, and I am desirous of paying up at once or helping in any other way within my power. If I can help you in any way please inform me. Trusting this will find you "still in the ring."

Yours very faithfully,

E. P. VARIAN.

The Argonaut Is Missed.

1 West 34th Street, New York City, May 5, 1906.

Editor Argonaut, San Francisco: Just before your terrible calamity I sent an order and a remittance by money order of two dollars, for an advertisement in the Argonaut. Please consider the order cancelled, and also the debt. I am suddenly ordered away on an indefinite vacation, and therefore have no need of advertising longer. May I say that I hope the Argonaut will soon recover from whatever losses it may have sustained. Of all the critical journals, I almost think we should miss it the most, for the fearlessness and freshness of its point of view.

Very truly yours,

RUTH GAINES.

After the Clouds.

GRAND VIEW, Arizona, May 9, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: After the harrowing and dreadful impressions of last month I took refuge from our quivering Mother Earth and found consolation from my sorrows in admiration of other parts of the globe. Coming back to the living, I beg you to send me your paper to 2617 Laguna street, San Francisco. We are all Californians by birth and by adoption. We will, therefore, take part in the reconstruction of our unfortunate but beautiful city. That she is unfortunate is all the more reason that we should cherish her. With the history of our city the Argonaut has been closely interwoven for many years. May both of them, like the Phoenix, rise from their ashes. Remember, "Post nubile, Phoebus."

Yours respectfully,

DR. EUSTOJIO CALDERON.

A Quarter-Century Subscriber.

UNITED STATES CUSTOMS SERVICE.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 14, '06.

Editor Argonaut: From No. 1 to the last number of the Argonaut I have been a constant purchaser of the greatest American journal. In common with thousands of your other readers it gladdened my heart to see the first copy after the great calamity. For more than a quarter of a century boys from the same family have served me with the paper. As each one grew to working age, a new brother was introduced as his successor. I regret to say the last one—about 9 years of age—has not shown up for the past three weeks, but I trust will make his weekly rounds next Saturday. I shall hail with infinite delight the first copy in the old form. The matter is there at present, if the looks are not as bright and crisp as in the days of yore.

Very sincerely,

CHARLES H. BLINN.

The Habit of Reading the Argonaut.

LONDON, PARIS & AMERICAN BANK, LTD.,

1806 Pacific Ave., San Francisco, May 8, 1906.

Dear Argonaut: A copy of your issue of May 5 is at hand, but I failed to receive those subsequent to earthquake. As I have never missed reading a number for nearly twenty years, I feel that it is too late a day to form a bad habit, so I would thank you if you would mail me the missing issues and oblige.

Yours truly,

JOHN E. CAZES.

A Reader Since 1877 Offers Us His Files.

THE REALTY SYNDICATE.

OAKLAND, Cal., May 14, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: I have been a consistent reader of the Argonaut since the first number appeared, and have on hand four bound volumes, to-wit: Nos. 2-3-4-5, which you are welcome to in starting your new library of reference, should you desire the same.

I know where there are fifteen bound volumes here in Oakland, but whether you can get them or not I can not say.

Hope your next issue will not be quite so pessimistic as last Saturday's.

Sincerely yours,

SAMUEL J. TAYLOR.

To Mr. Taylor, as to others of our readers who have so kindly offered us their files, we return our earnest thanks. We shall make note of these and the other volumes, with the hope that we may succeed in otherwise making up files without imposing on the great kindness of those readers who have offered us theirs.—Editor Argonaut.

closed them up, and put a sentry before the door. The other case was a personal experience, but I have been requested to withhold it until the excitement is over lest the man be lynched. But these exceptions dwindle and disappear before the abounding kindness and helpfulness of hundreds of thousands, some homeless, but willing to spare an asparagus stalk, others more fortunate and almost ashamed of being so.

I went over the city today. It is the Forum and the Palatine Hill on a colossal scale: miles of walls, arches, solitary columns: hills that look like cemeteries, where a few days ago a people that was learning to be as frivolous as older communities and losing all individuality, was entertaining in some of the most sumptuous houses in the world. There is a touch of romance about those hills and valleys of shattered palaces, for many, when they saw the hopelessness of fighting the flames, excavated and buried their treasures. How they will find them is another matter, for never was there a city so shorn of its landmarks. Nor is it a pleasant place to search for treasure at present. I was in a semi-demolished corner grocery store, seated on a counter, very tired from a tramp and waiting for a promised automobile, when two severe shocks came and threw down several tottering walls.

But while we are all excited over the prospect of the new and "most beautiful city in America," there are few of us that were born and brought up here that will not regret the old San Francisco, which, if ugly, was the most individual and interesting of cities, full of queer landmarks, traditions, and associations. Quite aside from sentiment, there has never been anything like it, and never will be again. A city constructed all on one plan may be a thing of beauty, but it can never have the richness of interest of a city that has grown from an Indian pueblo, through the days of Spanish dons and "Forty-miners" to a great cosmopolitan city with a bit of Hong-kong in its middle and of Italy on its skirts: with old shacks and "mansions" of the "fifties" crowding the severe structures of stone and marble and brick, as modern as the "hustle" of its people.

It is not to be denied that under all the buoyancy and activity, the hopefulness and vivid interest in the future, is an abiding sense of horror. Those that were in San Francisco during not only the earthquake, but the subsequent days of flight before fire, and who looked upon such scenes of death and despair and abominable desolation as in their well-ordered commonplace lives they had never dreamed of, must carry with them for many years a grim feeling of impotence and philosophy. Rich men must have received a mental shock comparable only to the earthquake itself, and socialists must have observed that Nature accomplished in twenty-eight seconds what they have failed to do in half a century. I do not see how it can do other than good. Frivolity, the most unpardonable and far-reaching of all vices, is at an end in San Francisco for years to come. Rich women, who have been cooking in the streets in an oven made from their fallen chimneys, and may have to do their own washing until frightened servants can be induced to return to the city, who have been confined with as little ceremony and shelter as the women of wandering tribes, and the men who stand in line for hours for their portion of bread and potatoes, look back upon the ordinary routine of their idle lives with a mixture of wonder and contempt. Old people, who vegetated in corners and feared draughts, are active and interested for the first time in a quarter of a century. Even dyspeptics are cured, for everybody, even the normally fed, is hungry all the time.

The Palace and the Sharon Estate.

H. L. Wright, a London barrister, is due in San Francisco to consult with the Sharon Estate Company about rebuilding the Palace Hotel and other properties owned by that company. Barrister Wright represents Lady Hesketh of London and Fred Sharon of Paris. He is empowered by them to consult with Colonel J. C. Kirkpatrick and W. F. Herrin as to the best policy to pursue as to the rehabilitation of the Palace Hotel, the Grand Hotel, the Langham Hotel, on Ellis and Mason streets, and other properties owned by the Sharon estate. En route Barrister Wright will consult with United States Senator Newlands of Nevada. He is to meet Senator Newlands in New York. Senator Newlands' children by his first wife, who was a daughter of Senator Sharon, own a third interest in the Sharon Estate Company; one-third interests are held by Lady Hesketh and Fred Sharon. W. F. Herrin is President of the Sharon Estate Company. He is also the chief counsel of the Harriman railroads on this Coast. Colonel J. C. Kirkpatrick is the active manager of all the Sharon Estate properties out here.

Colonel Kirkpatrick, manager of the Palace Hotel, is thus reported in an interview: "There will be a new Palace, and of course a better one. The site is as yet undecided, but F. W. Sharon has cabled me that he would like to build on the old site. He arrives here soon with Henry L. Wright, of Manchester, England, representative of Lady Hesketh, one of the owners of the hotel. It will take over two years to rebuild the Palace, and meanwhile I do not think any attempt will be made to open another hotel of the same name. I cannot say definitely what the loss was through the destruction of the Palace: but it paid good interest on \$6,000,000, so I suppose the loss may be put at that figure. The ground upon which it stood was valued at \$2,500,000. During the past three or four years I spent nearly half a million for furniture and other fittings. As you probably know, we were about ready, when the fire came, to begin an addition of two stories to the hotel. When the new Palace is built it will be something magnificent in size and appointments. The stockholders have faith in the future of San Francisco."

F. W. Leadbetter of Portland was appointed commissioner by Governor Chamberlain to represent the State of Oregon in the relief work. Mr. Leadbetter tells of many unpleasant experiences of various prominent persons during the fire. Adolph Busch, the millionaire brewer of St. Louis, was among the guests at the St. Francis Hotel, and in order to escape with his trunks and personal belongings

he was compelled to pay \$800 for the hire of an automobile. Mr. Busch was accompanied by his family. When the guests began to leave the St. Francis Hotel because of the approaching fire, Mr. Busch found an expressman who offered to move his trunks for \$50. Mr. Busch thought the charge exorbitant and refused to pay it. But the fire approached with such rapidity that finally Mr. Busch was only too willing to pay the owner of an automobile \$800 for its use.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The inclination of the San Francisco papers of the day, each to go their competitors one better, is well demonstrated by orders issued by the Call and Chronicle respectively. French of the Chronicle on the Wednesday evening after the earthquake: "The Chronicle men will meet at the Chronicle tomorrow at 1, if there is any Chronicle." McNaught of the Call, ordered that: "Call men will meet tomorrow at the Fairmount at 1, if there is any tomorrow."

On the morning of the earthquake a fashionable Eastern woman who was living at the St. Francis came down to breakfast attired in her nastiest morning gown. Noticing the confusion prevailing she asked:

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Didn't you feel the earthquake?"

"Certainly, but I thought you had such things in San Francisco all the time."

Justice F. W. Henshaw tells this earthquake story. In Redwood City a hotel was wrecked and many persons were pinioned in the wreckage, although there were no fatalities. As the bystanders were busy getting out those in danger a breezy voice was heard from the depths exclaiming:

"Here, help me out first, can't you? I'm an Eastern man and I'm not used to this like you Californians."

One day Senator Hoar learned that a friend in Worcester, who had been thought to have appendicitis, was in reality suffering from acute indigestion.

Whereupon the Senator smiled genially. "Really," said he, "that's good news. I rejoice for my friend that the trouble lies in the table of contents, rather than in the appendix."

Senator Beveridge was making an impassioned speech. In the midst of one of his most flowery periods, the venerable Senator Pettus, of Alabama, arose.

"Does the Senator from Indiana yield to the Senator from Alabama?" asked the presiding officer.

"Certainly," said Senator Beveridge. "I am always glad to yield to the Senator from Alabama, who never interrupts without shedding knowledge on the subject which is under discussion, and who always adorns every speech into which he may come with his rare and graceful humor. What does the Senator from Alabama desire to ask me?"

"Nothing," said Senator Pettus solemnly. "I move that we adjourn."

A chemist who for many years was the manager of a concern in Massachusetts manufacturing various high-grade explosives, recently revisited the place of his former employment.

During a talk with his old friends of the institution, he made inquiry with reference to a certain colleague by the name of Jenkins.

"By the way," said the chemist, "what has become of Jenkins? Fine fellow."

"Fine chap, indeed!" agreed the foreman, "and very skillful in the use of chemicals. But a little absent-minded—Jenkins. See that discoloration on the wall over there?"

"Why, yes; but what has that to do with Jenkins?"

"That is Jenkins."

A New York lawyer tells of the neat retort made by a youthful physician to the sarcastic references of counsel in a case tried in that city.

It was during the cross-examination of the young physician that the counsel made his disagreeable remarks touching the improbability that so juvenile a practitioner should thoroughly understand his profession.

"You claim to be acquainted with the various symptoms attending concussion of the brain?" asked the lawyer.

"I do."

"We will take a concrete case," continued the counsel. "If my learned friend, counsel for the defense, and myself were to bang our heads together, should we get concussion of the brain?"

The young physician smiled bitterly. "The probabilities are," he replied, "that counsel for the defense would."

Norman Hapgood, the journalist and essayist, was discussing American newspapers.

"It is not enough that our papers shall tell the truth," he said. "Truth telling in itself is not particularly wise nor praiseworthy. Indeed, it is sometimes the reverse."

"Thus a young man called on a young lady one spring morning very early. He had his automobile along. He wanted to give the young lady a morning spin through the country."

"A little girl, the young lady's niece, answered the bell."

"Is your auntie in?" said the young man.

"Yes, sir," said the little girl.

"That's good. Where is she?" he went on.

"She's upstairs," said the little girl, "in her nightgown, looking over the balustrade."

A wealthy American's aunt had died in Australia, and, wishing to have her buried in the family lot in her native town, he cabled for the remains to be sent to America. When the coffin arrived he was amazed to discover a soldier in the full uniform of a General. He cabled his astonishment at the error and received this concise explanation:

"Keep the General. Your aunt has been accidentally buried with full military honors."

The recent visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to the Palace of King Theebaw, at Mandalay, recalls the circumstance by which he learned to speak English. His father one day inspected a mission school at Rangoon, and the missionary in charge urged him to encourage the work by sending one of his sons to the school. The King replied that he would be very glad to do so, and asked, "What age should the boy be?"

"About fifteen, your Majesty."

Immediately the King turned to his Prime Minister. "Have I a son of about fifteen?"

"Oh, yes; many, your Majesty," was the reply.

And Theebaw was selected.

Professor John Stuart Blackie, of Edinburgh, being suddenly called away by an important summons one day, posted this notice on his classroom door for his students:

"Professor Blackie will be unable to meet his classes today." Some waggish student came along and rubbed out the "c" from the word classes. The professor, reaching home that evening, saw the erasure, chuckled, and promptly erased the letter "l." His students ever afterward had great respect for their teacher!

One of the most famous of Tom Reed's retorts was made at the expense of Springer of Illinois. The "Maine Giant" had just read one of Springer's own speeches in refutation of the latter's argument, just concluded. The Illinoisan launched into philosophy upon the privilege of progressive thinkers to change their opinions.

"I honor them for it," he continued. "An honest man is the noblest work of God. As for me, Mr. Chairman, in the words of an eminent statesman, I would rather be right than be President."

"The gentleman from Illinois needn't worry, Mr. Chairman," drawled Reed, "he'll never be ei—ther!"

TWO PICTURES OF SAN FRANCISCO.

A Cowardly Stab at the Stricken City.

The dreadful catastrophe which swept over San Francisco has brought forth varying comment from the Eastern press. Most of it is sympathetic and kindly. There is not wanting, however, some of the other kind. The annexed article headed "The Naked Truth About San Francisco," was printed as the leading editorial in the Cleveland (O.) Press, of April 30, 1906. It was done in cold blood, for it was written twelve days after the fire:

Physically and morally San Francisco was built on mud.

Much of lower Market-st was on made ground—old cans, refuse, muck lifted from the harbor and dumped over behind piles. The city hall was in what was once swamps and later sand lots. Fine roadways had taken the place of creeks or estuaries of the swamps and tide flats. The quaking earth rocked and toppled over the buildings erected on sponge.

Not owning her own waterworks, the city burned when the emergency came under which she must depend upon the equipment and structural conscientiousness of corporations.

Leaving the theologians to quarrel over the proposition that this catastrophe was a vengeful visitation of divine wrath, it is a fact that no modern city better deserved the fate of Gomorrah than beautiful San Francisco.

She was notorious for her harboring and laxity toward the social evil—white, black, yellow and brown.

She had more murders per 1000 than any other city in the nation.

She was the only big city wherein a man could safely kill another in the prize ring, and there had been four such killings.

She was the only city where lottery tickets were peddled from house to house, office to office.

She had one saloon for every 250 citizens, one church for every 2500.

She averaged one suicide a day.

She handled over 800 cases of insanity the past 14 months.

She harbored unspeakable Chinese and Japanese infamies that would not be tolerated a day in China or Japan.

She was the haven for every race horse gambler and prize ring tough in the country.

Her conspicuous wickednesses were not only tolerated by the authorities, but practically ignored by the ministers.

When the seismic shock came, the main terror was as to what the vicious elements would do. The city was afraid of itself and all fled who could. Men trembled less for the houses and stores than for their women and children, the legitimate prey of the vicious and pestilence, until Funston began to shoot and hang.

On the second day, when the ground shook with more earthquake and the dynamiting of buildings, while the flames threw a curtain of blood-red over everything, and volumes of smoke charged up and down the business thoroughfares, the street railway platforms of Market-st were covered with men dead drunk—scores of them, cursing and howling. They knew the wickedness of the city and thought God was striking it from above and below.

The great majority of San Franciscans were as good people as could be found anywhere else on earth. The public conscience was

asleep. Good business men winked at one or another species of sin because it meant gain to them. The administration was for politics only and had not yet learned that it is good politics to rely on the good sense, love of justice and decency of the whole people. The local press was either too cowardly or too neutral, or too directly interested to stir for a moral awakening. Vice ruled while the public conscience slept.

If the foregoing accusations were true—and they are false—what a time to choose to print them when San Francisco was lying prone in dust and ashes, her citizens standing in long lines, waiting for the bread of charity! But as they are not true, but false, what a time to choose for bespattering with the muck of slander a stricken American city!

Another Picture of San Francisco.

In strong contrast to the foregoing infamous calumny, we find in the Philadelphia Public Ledger a sympathetic article headed "The old and the new." It too is the leading editorial, but very different in tone. It is evidently written by one who knew the old San Francisco, and loved her:

Where San Francisco lies prone in her ashes, and looks up to its desolated hills, will arise a new and splendid city. Yet when it has been builded, and the Litterness of the present time forgotten, then will abide a sense of loss. The old San Francisco is no more, and never can it be recalled save as a memory. The local color, atmosphere, that which might be termed temperament, vanished with the clustered houses, as rich in tradition as the ancient missions in whose cloisters worshiped the Spanish padre "before the Gringo came."

While many Americans knew San Francisco, more of them knew Paris, London and Rome. To most of them this fair city, of their own land was as a place distant and foreign. But such as entered it, and learned of its people and their ways, learned to love it. Unique, it was almost grotesque perhaps, certainly defiant of precedent in its customs, its pleasures, its manner of living. One who had stood on an eminence there, beholding a vision of ocean, bay and circling mountains, had seen the billowing fog banks roll in through the Golden Gate, crowning the abrupt slopes of Sausalito until in the sky there seemed a range of fantastic mountains, in their phantom valleys shifting lakes that changed tints with the sun, remembered ever after a panorama beautiful and appealing. This picture no fury of rocking earth may destroy.

But the scenic impressiveness only prepared the mind for appreciation of that part of San Francisco which has been swept into history, and which hardly may be described. It was a very essence, a subtle difference, not so much in mental attitude and moral perception and warmth of fellowship—although all of these quickly might be discerned—as in the form of the expressions these qualities had taken. One of San Francisco's charms was in its defiance of precedent. There were hills to be conquered, and San Francisco's expanding traffic hurled itself at the face of them. It went up and up, with no thought of finding a way around. So it happened that on some of the streets the steepness was too great for horses. In the centre there are cable roads, and on either side of the rails grass grows through the cobbles. The earlier structures on the level were put together in haste. For the most part they remained essentially unchanged until they fell with a crash. True, they had become stained by time, unkempt, dwarfed by new neighbors, but nobody desired to efface them. Away from the business section houses appeared on the various hills, perched precariously near the brink; houses reached by long flights and grown over with roses. The bathing fogs touched them with gray. Moss grew on their roofs. In the little, lofty yards calla lilies bloomed with the profusion of weeds. But inside these homes what hospitality! as inside the rickety restaurants down toward the water front there was cheer. The "two bit" dinner of the Italian or Mexican chef, in New York would have cost ten times as much. Those whom they drew into comradeship, no matter from what rank in Bohemia, or of Philistines astray, were made acquainted with a pervasive equality not witnessed elsewhere in civilization.

The natural beauty of the site, the quaintness of the commercial and social development of which it became the centre, attracted the poet and the artist. It incited them to paint the attractions and to sing the praises of their chosen habitat. For the outside world, who cared? Surely not they. They lived in a world of their own, and it was good enough. Now and then some member of the group went to the larger world outside, and perchance found fame, but the heart of the wanderer turned back to the gray and shadowy city. Here Stevenson paused before going to the islands to die, and made his home in a rookery. Happy and content was he, as he sat for hours in Portsmouth Square, where now a monument to his memory has been jarred askew. Here young Norris gathered the inspiration for his books. Here, too, in an older day, Bret Harte did his best work, and Twain found his real beginning.

On another plane—that of the clubs—there prevailed a similar habit. Pleasure was courted; to offer the stranger greeting was part of the code. To instruct him that however desirable a place he had come from it must be less desirable than San Francisco was a matter of course; never done aggressively, but with the final word that admitted no denial. This higher Bohemia has suffered, too, but it can survive. The club may rebuild, with the stores, the offices and the mansions, and be better equipped than ever. The spirit of the club has not been crushed. It is in the humbler walks that the blow has fallen. The antique structure that no fire ordinance would permit in a modern city; the elevated cottage that the architect never dreamed; the uprising street, ending against a cliff, all these the march of improvement will obliterate, scattering the people to whom they were dear, and making all things new, precise,

according to rule.

Even the absence of Chinatown will be a loss. There never will be in America such another. Garish with gold and purple; rich in secrets the police had failed to fathom; its people retaining the dress and traits of the Orient: honeycombed with subterranean passages: full of strange sights and sounds and smells, with the contrasts of riches and squalor, industry and vice, it was alone of its kind. It occupied some of the best territory, and long had been wanted for other purposes. Now the Chinese really must go, and the odor of sandalwood and opium, the stores of scented drugs, inwrought vases and carved ivories sought by every traveler, be sought elsewhere.

The people of San Francisco know the shock of calamity, but they do not know defeat. They will have their city again. It cannot be the old city, nor suggestive of the old. Disaster seems to have swept away the barriers that afforded pleasing isolation. The new San Francisco will be as other prosperous cities, its distinctiveness only that which springs from its site as an outpost overlooking the Pacific.

The Religious Press on Our Disaster.

The views of many of the religious papers throughout the country are collected by the Literary Digest. In condensed form they may be thus set down:

While the religious papers all over the country are at one in seeking some spiritual lesson in the great disaster that has befallen San Francisco, there is a wide range in their findings as to the religious aspect of the calamity. Many merely hail it, as faith has for so long hailed the mischances of human life, as another opportunity for unquestioning submission to a benign but inscrutable will. A large part of the world, as the editor of The Christian Register (Unitarian, Boston,) remarks, has entirely escaped from the belief that such an event is a judgment of the Almighty, intended to punish people for their sins and to warn them of a more dreadful doom if they do not repent. "Such a calamity," bluntly asserts The Presbyterian Banner (Pittsburg), "has no connection with human sin, but is cosmic in its origin." "Undoubtedly the cause was purely physical," says The Baptist Commonwealth (Philadelphia), which considers the opposite idea that it was a punishment from God on account of the wickedness of the city "not at all satisfactory." For, as this paper naively remarks, very wicked as San Francisco was, "it is not the only city of its kind." Nor, moreover, was it the only sufferer, since "the earthquake devastated several small cities that have not been at all corrupt." This would not have happened, argues The Commonwealth, if God had singled out San Francisco for punishment. "Was it a judgment on San Francisco?" asks Zion's Herald (Methodist, Boston), and goes on to say that "the question cannot be answered by any human wisdom at present at command." The same non-committal position is taken by The Michigan Christian Advocate (Methodist, Detroit), which says:

"To say that the disaster which overtook San Francisco was a divine visitation on account of its sins is to presume to know more than any mortal does. Some affect to believe that Chicago and New York will soon be overthrown in the same way. When they are, it will be time enough for the prophets of vengeance to claim a superhuman power of forecast."

Even more indefinite are the words of the New York Observer (Evangelical): "It might be hasty and unwarrantable to call the disaster a special retributive providence, but it is not impossible that it may have been in some sense a visitation of divine judgment." To The Lutheran Observer (Lancaster) the heartrending disaster is "part of the awful problem of human suffering—a problem whose solution only God can show us when our eyes are cleared of all earthly mists." The Signs of the Times (Seventh Day Adventist, Mountain View, Cal.) recognizes in the earthquake another premonition of the second coming of the Lord.

We find the famous evangelist, the Rev. Dr. Torrey, and the editor of The New World, a Roman Catholic weekly of Chicago, united in the view that the disaster was sent by God as a direct punishment to "the great and wicked city of San Francisco." "It is to my mind one of the wickedest cities in this country," says Dr. Torrey, "and the Lord has taken a solemn way of speaking to its inhabitants." Says The New World:

"God rules in the storm, the volcanic eruption, the tidal wave, and the earthquake. He is the Lord and Master of nature and its laws, as well as of the supernatural sphere. But the pygmy ministers of Chicago in their vapid, and to some extent blasphemous, utterances last Sunday morning on the San Francisco cataclysm attempted to dethrone God in His own universe. Not even Tyndall, sitting with crossed legs on the summit of the Alpine Matterhorn, contemplated nature's independence of divine control to a more extravagant degree than our Chicago Protestant divines. One fellow argued from the Book of Job that God does not punish sin by temporal afflictions. . . . But when we remember that only a few years ago on Good Friday night of all the nights of the year many of the wealthy citizens of San Francisco assembled together with lewd women in one of the most luxurious mansions of the city and carried their hellish orgies so far that they kicked the globes off the chandeliers, we shall be inclined at least to abstain from asserting that subterranean gases, 'faults,' and other seismic agencies were the principal and only cause of nature's convulsions."

Such views as these move The Truth Seeker (free thought, New York) to satirical comment. They would attribute, it points out, everything bad to God and everything good to man. "It must be man who will rebuild the city: all God did was to destroy it." He shook the buildings down, set the fires, burned people to death, broke the water-mains, destroyed the food, and drove people into the parks where they caught the measles, typhoid fever and other diseases. "But God did not send the soldiers to protect them. That was Funston. He did not repair the water-mains. That was the

company. He will not rebuild the city. That is up to the steel-workers and carpenters." Such, it urges, is the absurd position into which such views force one.

Other papers find the real lesson of the disaster in the revelation it has afforded of the ties of sympathy and help that bind this country and the whole world into unity. It teaches us, says The Baptist Commonwealth, that "there is in men an infinite amount of sympathy and brotherly kindness which only needs a great crisis to call it into activity."

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

To subscribers writing to the Argonaut for change of address: please give your old address, your new address, and your name written in plain legible characters.

VANITY FAIR.

Not long ago, one of the leading commercial houses in this country published in a daily paper a full-page advertisement of its spring fashions in gowns. It is a house noted for its advertisements, which are considered so attractive to customers that this particular account of the spring supply of gowns was evidently written with a full knowledge of what would prove most interesting to the average American woman. In part, following is the inducement held out to prospective purchasers of clothing to wear in the spring and summer of the present year: "When, in 1863, the Empress Eugenie took the artist dressmakers of Paris under her patronage, France had her second birth as the originator of Style for the world. All the glory of her splendid history gave inspiration to those who strove to make the Second Empire as magnificent as the First. These brilliant pages have been scanned for the motif of the dresses of the present year. True, Paquin is still dreaming of the First Empire and has produced some exquisite costumes after this period. Others, including Baer, have caught their inspiration from the Directoire, and the gowns are marvels of beauty. But the fluffy skirt, the exquisite flounces, the short jackets and short sleeves of the days of 'Sixty-five are the dominant features of the styles of Nineteen Hundred and Six." As a key to American taste in dress this advertisement is most interesting (says the Craftsman). It is the boast of the nation that the American woman is individual and independent, and also that she has a natural instinct for dress. The average woman who loves pretty things—and what woman does not?—meekly accepts at its face value the assertion that France is the originator of style for the world, and never stops to inquire of herself whether or not she thinks that styles originated in France under the conditions that prevailed in the days of the Empress Eugenie, and designed to suit the very crude tastes of a showy and extravagant court of parvenus playing at royalty, are really suited to the needs of the twentieth century American woman. She knows, if she happens to be one of the thousands of business women who earn their daily bread as honestly and capably as the men with whom they work, that frills and flounces and long, dragging skirts are as out of place in an office as would be a cocked hat, sword and lace ruffles in place of the man's plain sack suit, and yet, if the silly, inconvenient styles of 1865 are announced as the choice of Paris, it is ten to one that her clothing will show an attempt at imitating them, even while her soul longs for the comfort of the plain, trim, immaculately laundered shirtwaist and short skirt that are suited to her work and her surroundings.

With the so-called "fashionable" woman it is even worse, because she has money and leisure to indulge in any extravagance of fancy. When sensible or beautiful fashions happen to rule, as they do occasionally, she is in great luck, but when the commercial interests decree that they shall pass, she makes no effort to hold what belongs to her and what she really likes, for she "must look like other people."

Two or three years ago, the craze for athletics brought with it garments in which a woman could really move about freely and enjoy life. Her waist grew to normal size, her lungs expanded and her feet had a chance. Women said joyously: "No more tight lacing or high-heeled shoes or skirts that sweep the streets. We will never go back to them after this." Such sentiments were dangerous. Something had to be done. There were whispers of crinoline—dear to manufacturers and shopkeepers because of the forty yards or so required to make the kind of dress that goes with it, but that was a step too far and taken a little too soon. It was beyond even the fashionable woman, so the styles of 1830—hideous and uncomfortable beyond measure—came in. Skirts were once more held up with both hands, waists were squeezed into the old dimensions, and heels three inches high were the only proper thing in footwear.

And women accepted the change. True, they murmured and rebelled, and the great army of business women succeeded in forcing some modifications, but in the main the new vogue prevailed and changes have been rung on it ever since.

In a lecture Friday before the Academy of Medicine in Paris, Professor Metchnikoff, the great Russian bacteriologist, declared that he had discovered the microbe which causes the hair to turn gray. He said that he had also found a remedy by which this microbe could be exterminated. This he declared could be accomplished with a hot iron. "Gray hair," he said, "is a disease. It is caused by the superactivity of a certain living cell or microbe inside each individual hair that feeds on the pigment or coloring matter. It is the absorption of this pigment by the microbe that causes gray hair. A comparative low degree of heat is fatal to this cell or microbe. In fact, I have discovered an iron heated to 60 degrees centigrade or 140 degrees Fahrenheit will kill it and restore the natural color of the hair. Apart from that, sudden great

emotion, as is generally known, will cause the hair to turn gray in a night. This I find is because fear or sorrow has a strange power over the pigment."

Miss Jean Reid, daughter of the American Ambassador, left Dorchester House, her father's London residence, May 10, for a week's change of air in Ireland, as she has not been well of late. Her doctors say that unless she shakes off the effects of the influenza she is suffering from, she cannot face the fatigues of a London season, but must pass the summer in the country. She is energetic, and last week insisted on going to Lady Granby's royal party, at which Princess Ena was the chief guest. It would require a very strong constitution to withstand without injury the constant strain of social duties the Ambassador's daughter has undergone, and it was decided she must be more careful in the future.

Getting a man to witness a marriage ceremony at long distance by looking through two windows and across an area is a rather novel way of obtaining a witness, but it served the purpose last week of legally and securely tying the matrimonial knot that made Manuel Piries and Grace Sophia Schuster one. The ceremony was performed in the law office of Justice Waldemar Seton, on the third floor of the Commercial building. W. W. Espey, a real estate agent, was at work at his desk, across the area, and Justice Seton asked him to look across while he made the couple one. The mother of the bride was the other witness. When the knot had been tied Espey noted that the groom failed to kiss the bride. "Hi, there, young man!" he shouted across the area, "you forgot to kiss the bride." "She won't hold still long enough," shouted back the groom. Then Judge Seton brought the marriage certificate around to Espey and secured his signature.

The Tailor and Cutter omits to send a representative to Burlington House to criticize the Royal Academy from a sartorial viewpoint this year. Its critic sadly declares contemporary painters cannot see the details of clothing, and in consequence utterly fail to produce any art that will last. In Sargent's portrait of Lord Roberts the top button on the tunic is completely missing. The tunic has no buttonholes and the breeches have no seams. Formerly tailors thought well of Sargent, but now the only satisfactory academician is Sculptor William John, whose seams, buttonholes, lapels, etc., in modern figure are irreproachable.

Dr. Somerville Hastings, lecturer at the London Institute of Hygiene, speaking the other day on "Cleanliness Is Next to Godliness," said that people were much cleaner now than in the reigns of Queens Mary and Elizabeth, when the washing of clothes was unknown. Cotton was hardly in use and linen was expensive. The poor wore rough woolen garments, which were never washed, and the better classes adorned themselves with silks and velvets, which were dyed when they would no longer pass muster in regard to cleanliness. It is recorded that James I. never washed either hands or face during the period he posed as the wisest fool in Christendom, but confined his cleanliness within the narrow limits of wiping his finger-tips upon a damp napkin.

Argonaut, The, 25 Brown Ave., San Jose (temporary).
Acme Lumber Co., 6th and Channel Sts., S. F.
Acme Metal Co., Brannan St., near 5th, S. F.
Alameda Sugar Co. and Union Sugar Co., 103 Folsom St., S. F.
Alaska Packers' Assn., Steuart St. Dock, S. F.
Aetna Insurance Co., 458 Pine St., Oakland.
Aichen & Munich Fire Ins. Co., and Hanover Ins. Co., N. E. Cor. Clay and 11th Sts., Oakland.
Allen, Wiley B. Co., Knabe piano, 937 Buchanan St., S. F.
Alexander, L. M. & Co., 565 Baker St., S. F.
Alliance Insurance Co., 1915 Franklin St., S. F.
American Can Co., 1st and Filbert Sts., Oakland (temporary).
American National Bank, Merchants Exchange Bldg., S. F.
American Oil and Paint Co., 617-619 King St., S. F.
American Type Foundry, 405 8th St., Oakland.
Anglo-California Bank, California and Franklin Sts., S. F.
Armsby, J. K. Co., 520 San Pablo Ave., Oakland.
Arnstein, Simon & Co., Cor. Webster and 14th Sts., Oakland.
Armstrong, Pottman & Co., 1000 Golden Gate Ave., S. F.
Associated Oil Co., 2029 California St., S. F.
Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific Co., Engineers and Contractors, Foot of Walnut St., Alameda.
Atlas Assurance Co., 900 Eddy St., S. F.
Babin, Landry C. & Co., 2301 Pine St., S. F.
Baldwin Jewelry Co., 1521 Sutter St., S. F.
Bacigalupi & Stevens, Real Estate, 1107 Fillmore St., S. F.
Bass-Heuter Paint Co., 2322 Howard St., S. F.
Baldwin & Howell, Real Estate, 2120 Fillmore St., S. F.
Balfour, Guthrie & Co., 2010 Washington St., S. F.
Baker & Hamilton, 113-117 Berry St., S. F.
Bancroft-Whitney, Law Books, 122 Guerrero St., S. F.
Bank of British North America, 2828 Washington St., S. F.
Bank of California, 2510 Octavia St., S. F.
Bank of Italy, 2745 Van Ness Ave., S. F.
Bare Bros., 342 Church St., S. F.
Barth, Herman, and Loring P. Rixford, Architects, 1313 Pierce St., S. F.
Bay Cities Water Co., 3248 Washington St., S. F.
Baldwin & Stetson, 2000 Fillmore St., S. F.
Barnhart & Swasey, Designers and Printers, 878 Broadway, Oakl'd.
Barneson, Hibbard Co., MacCondray Co., Mission St. Wharf No. 2, Bulkhead, S. F.
Bender-Chaquette Co., Law Books, 2152 Broderick St., S. F.
Berteling Optical Co., 2505 Clay St., S. F.
Blake, Moffitt & Towne, 403 12th St., Oakland.
Block, Maurice, 3032 Washington St., S. F.
Blow, A. W. & Co., Stocks and Bonds, 2689 Union St., S. F.
Blaskower Co., 918 Broadway, Oakland (temporary).

Board of Trade, 1421 Sutter St., S. F.
Bonestell, Richardson & Co., Paper, 514-20 12th St., Oakland.
Bovee, Toy & Co., Lake St. and 18th ave., S. F.
Boardman Bros. & Co., Real Estate, 1928 Vallejo St., S. F.
Bolton, Robert C., Broker, 2345 Broadway, S. F.
Borel, Ant. & Co., Consulate of Switzerland, 1882 Washington, S. F.
Boody, W. E. & Co., 1540 Fell St., S. F.
Bollman, John Co., Cor. Broadway and 6th Sts. Oakland.
Bohemian Club, 2171 Pacific Ave., S. F.
Brandenstein, M. J. & Co., 476 7th St., Oakland.
Brandenstein & Co., T. M., S. W. Cor. California and Gough Sts., S. F.
Breuner, John Co., 951 Eddy St., S. F.
Bridge, H. S. & Co., 2220 Webster St., S. F.
Bridge & Beach Manfg. Co., Stoves, 22nd and Indiana Sts., S. F.
Brilliant Furniture Co., St. Mungo Apartments, N. W. Cor. Golden Gate Ave. and Fillmore St., S. F.
Brown, Jas. & Alex., Coal Importers, 1919 Sutter St., S. F.
Brown Bros., Clothing, 1620 Fillmore St., S. F.
Brown, Chas. & Son., Hardware, 1204 Geary St., S. F.
Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., Cor. 20th and Harrison Sts., S. F.
Buckingham, A. E. & Co., 2808 Jackson St., S. F.
Bulletin Office, 1708 Fillmore St., S. F.
Burnham & Marsh, 1942 Fillmore St., S. F.
Burlington Route, 1071 Broadway, Oakland.
Burr-Paddon, Real Estate, 1909 Fillmore St., S. F.
Burnstene Bros. Co., Iron and Metals, 538 Brannan St., S. F.
Bush & Mallett Co., and Bush & Mallett Cabinet Manfg. Co., 2125 Broderick St., S. F.
Buckingham, Hecht & Co., Boots and Shoes, 26th and Valencia Sts., S. F.
Bush, David & Son., Real Estate, 3942 Clay St., S. F.
California Gas and Electric Corporation, 1100 O'Farrell St., S. F.
California Market, 16th and Broderick.
Cascade Lager Union Brewing and Malting Co., 18th and Florida Sts., S. F.
California Artistic Metal and Wire Co., 2233 Washington St., S. F.
California Asphaltum Sales Agency, 16th and Illinois Sts., S. F.
California Canneries, 2018 Webster St., S. F.
California Electrical Works, Cor. Webster and 14th Sts., Oakland.
California Fruit Canners' Assn., 1st and Filbert Sts., Oakland.
California Ins. Co., 906 Broadway, Oakland.
California Iron Yards, 412 Main St., S. F.
Canadian Pacific Railway, 968 Broadway, Oakland.
California Powder Co., 2171 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley.
California Safe Deposit Company, 1921 Fillmore St., S. F.
California Title Ins. & Trust Co., 2111 Pine St., S. F., and Kohl Bldg., S. F.
California Wine Assn., 180 Townsend St., S. F.
Canadian Bank of Commerce, 1715 Pacific Ave., S. F.
Carmichael, D. W., Co., 1008 Fillmore St., S. F.
Center & Spader, Real Estate, 2828 16th St., Cor. Shotwell, S. F.
Central Trust, 2121 Laguna St., S. F.
Chamber of Commerce, Ferry Bldg., S. F.
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, 2524 Pierce St., S. F., and 1071 Broadway, Oakland.
Chanslor & Lyon, Motor Supply Co., N. E. Cor. Baker and Grove Sts., S. F.
Chicago & Northwestern Ry., 435 14th St., Oakland.
China and Java Export Co., S. W. Cor. 19th and Harrison Sts., S. F.
Citizens' State Bank, 1410 Haight St., S. F.
City and County Bank, 1548 Post St., S. F.
City of Paris, S. W. Cor. Van Ness Ave. and Washington St., S. F.
Clinton Bridge and Iron Works, 1001 22nd Ave., East Oakland.
Clayburgh, L. J. & Co., 1810 Bush St., S. F.
Cockrane, Dr. E. O., 1179 Ellis St., S. F.
Columbia Loan and Collateral Office, 1303 Page St., S. F.
Columbus Savings and Loan Society, 700 Montgomery St., S. F.
Commercial Art Co., 4048 17th St., S. F.
Commercial Union Assurance Co., Palatine Ins. Co., Alliance Assurance Co., 511 14th St., Oakland.
Continental Building & Loan Assn., Church & Market Sts., S. F.
Continental Fire Ins. Co. of N. Y., 2872 Washington St., S. F.
Conservative Life Insurance Co., 963 Hayes St., S. F.
Cook Thos. & Son, 1117 Broadway, Oakland.
Cordes Furniture Co., 945 Fillmore St., S. F.
Cosmos Club, Sutter & Octavia Sts., S. F.
Coxhead & Coxhead, 2323 California St., S. F.
Crocker-Woolworth National, 2129 Laguna St., S. F.
Cunningham, Curtis & Welch, 2523 Pacific Ave., S. F.
Cumberland Coal Co., 103 Folsom St., S. F.
Cunard Steamship Co., Ferry Bldg., S. F.
Curtaz, Benj. & Co., 2262 Franklin St., S. F.
Curtin-Beals Mercantile Collection Agency, 1029 Masonic Ave., S. F.
Dake Advertising Agency, 1004 Masonic Ave., S. F.
De Ruyter, Krigbaum & Co., Real Estate.
Davis, Schonwasser & Co., 1808 Pacific Ave., S. F.
Davis & Sons (J. B. F.), 819 Turk St., S. F.
Dempsy Lumber Co., Hooper St., Bet. 7th and 8th Sts., S. F.
Dewey, Strong & Co., S. F., 10 Bacon Block, Oakland.
De Laval Dairy Supply Co., 309 12th St., Oakland.
Deere Implement Co., 131-153 Kansas St., S. F.
Diebold Safe and Lock Co., 114th and Webster Sts., Oakland.
Donohoe-Kelly Banking Company, 2410 Pacific Ave., S. F.
Drown, Leicester & Drown, S. W. Cor. Webster and Pine Sts.
Dunphy & Co., R. J., Real Estate, 1516 Page, S. F.
Dunham Carrigan & Hayden C., 131-133 Kansas St., S. F.
Dunn & Co., R. G., 574 12th, Oakland.
Eagle Tannery, Leather, 26th and San Bruno Rd.
Edwards M. Fac'g Co., Ashby Station, Berkeley.
Ehrman Bros & Co., Mission San Jose, Alameda Co., Cal.
Eichorn & Bro., 108 Chattanooga St., S. F.
Eilers Music Co., 520 Haight St., S. F., and 1075 Clay St., Oakland.

Elder, Paul. & Co., Postoffice Bldg., Berkeley.
 Electric Manfg. Co., Stanley, G. I.; Electric Manfg. Co., Northern;
 Electric Works, Fort Wayne; Electric Co., Sprague, 604 Mission
 St., S. F., and 1065 Washington St., Oakland.
 Emmons, G. W. Co., Draying, 11th and Bryant Sts., S. F.
 Emporium, The, 1201 Van Ness Ave., S. F.
 Evans & Co., Builders, 1516 Page St., S. F.
 Fairbanks, Morse & Co., 969 Broadway, Oakland.
 Family Club, N. E. Cor. Clay and Franklin Sts., S. F.
 Fanning, Jas. H. Co., Wholesale Hatters, 2211 Scott St., S. F.
 Farnsworth & Ruggles, Draying, 155 Townsend St., S. F.
 Ferrolite Co., Architects and Construction Engineers, 12th and
 Madison Sts., S. F.
 Field Marshall & Co., 544 17th St., Oakland.
 Fireman's Fund Insurance Co., 1271 Turk St., S. F.
 First National Bank, N. W. cor. Clay and Laguna Sts., S. F.
 Foley, Fred W., contracts for clearing debris, 329 S. California St.,
 S. F.
 Folger, J. A. & Co., Address later in press.
 Foster, Geo. H. Co., Insurance Brokers, 1252 Clay St., Oakland.
 Frank, S. H. & Co., Leathers, 1214 Geary St., S. F.
 French-American Bank, French Savings Bank, Union Trust Bldg.,
 Montgomery and Post Sts., S. F.
 French Savings Bank, 78 Ashbury St., S. F.
 Friedman, M. & Co., 1058 Washington St., Oakland.
 Freeman, J. Eugene and B. E., Rummel, Architects, 2863 Pacific
 Ave., S. F.
 Fredericks, Jos. & Co., 2200 Webster St., S. F.
 Frank, Marshal A. Co., Gen. Agts. Pacific Coast Casualty Co., 2621
 Pacific Ave., S. F.
 Fuller, W. P. & Co., 412 12th St., Oakland.
 Fuller, Geo. H. Desk Co., Clay and East Sts., S. F.
 Gantner-Mattern Co., Grove and Laguna Sts., S. F.
 General Electric Co., Union Savings Bank Bldg., Oakland and 1759
 Geary St.
 Germania National, 2121 Laguna St., S. F.
 Ghirardelli Co., 940 North Point St., S. F.
 Gladding, McBean & Co., 1611 Franklin St., S. F.
 Goodyear Rubber Co., 443 Fillmore St., S. F.
 Goldberg, Bowen & Co., 2829 California St., S. F.
 Golden Gate Cloak and Suit House, 670 Fulton St., S. F.
 Gordon & Fraser, Traders' Ins. Co., Canning Block, Oakland.
 Gorham Rubber Co., 4th and Washington Sts., Oakland.
 Gorham Manfg. Co., Silversmiths, 1103 1/2 Broadway, Oakland.
 Grace, W. R. & Co., Structural Steel, 8th and Franklin Sts., Oakl'd.
 Great Northern Railway, 952 Broadway, Oakland.
 Great Western Smelting and Refining Co., Spear and Folson Sts.,
 S. F.
 Griffin & Skelley Co., Emeryville, opp. S. P. tracks, near nacetrack.
 Greunhagon Bros., Confectioners, 2727 Pierce St., S. F.
 Guadalupe Dairy Co., 1814 San Bruno Ave., S. F.
 Guggenlime & Co., Dried Fruits, 2703 California St., S. F.
 Gump & Co., Pictures, 1224 Geary St., S. F.
 Gunst, M. A. & Co., 1214 Eddy St., S. F.
 Haas, Geo. & Sons, 2268 Green St., S. F.
 Haas Bros. and Haas, Barouch & Co., 2007 Franklin St., S. F.
 Hammer & Co., 1003 1/2 Broadway, Room 12, Oakland.
 Hamburg American Line, 1011 Broadway, Oakland.
 Haldan, Edward B., Fire Insurance, 270 Eleventh St., Oakland.
 Haley Bros., Lustral Vale Dairy, 1931 Union St., S. F.
 Hammond, J. & Co., Car and Elevator Works, 7th and King Sts.,
 S. F.
 Harron, Rickard & McCone, 7th and Berry Sts., S. F.
 Hale Bros., 2010 Lyon St., S. F.
 Harmon, S. H. Lumber Co., 1st and Brannan Sts., S. F.
 Halsey, N. W. & Co., Dealers in Bonds, Franklin and O'Farrell Sts.,
 S. F.
 Harrigan, Werdinmuller & Rosenstern, Real Estate, 2003 Pine St.,
 S. F.
 Hart, Jerome A., Editor Argonaut, 25 Brown Ave., San Jose.
 Heald's Business College, 1451 Franklin St., S. F.
 Heyneman & Co., 2520 Sacramento St., S. F.
 Herring-Hall-Marvin Safe Co., 1923 Pine St., S. F.
 Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, Jones and McAllister Sts., S. F.
 Hidalgo Plantation and Commercial Co., 1532 Hayes St., S. F.
 Hirschfelder & Meaney, Trunks and Bags, 20th & Florida Sts., S. F.
 Hoag & Lansdale, Real Estate, 2304 Fillmore St., S. F.
 Holbrook, Merrill & Stetson, Cor. 17th and Willow Sts., near S. P.
 16th St. Station, Oakland.
 Home Life Insurance Co., Cor. 12th and Broadway, Oakland.
 Home Fire and Marine Insurance Co., 506 9th St., Oakland.
 Hooker & Lent, Real Estate, 2229 Washington St., S. F.
 Hooper and Jennings, 166 King St., San Francisco.
 Hotaling, A. P. & Co., 429-437 Jackson St., S. F.
 Hoffman, Rothschild Co., 3600 Clay St., S. F.
 Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co., Hotel Metropole, Oakland.
 Hughson & Merton, 318 Market St.
 Humboldt Savings Bank, 1261 Waller St., S. F.
 Ickelheimer Bros., 2025 Baker St., S. F.
 Illinois-Pacific Glass Co., 273 Bacon Block, Oakland.
 Indianapolis Furniture Co., Cor. 6th and King Sts., S. F.
 Insurance Co. of North America, 1915 Franklin St., S. F.
 International Banking Corporation, 2045 Sutter St., S. F.
 Italian-American Bank, N. W. cor. Washington and Walnut Sts.,
 S. F.
 Italian-Swiss Colony, Wines and Brandies, Cor. Battery and Green-
 wich Sts., S. F.
 Japanese Bank, 551 Seventh St., Oakland.
 John R. Hamilton, 1001 Kohl Bldg., S. F.
 Johnson-Locke Mercantile Co., 714 Broadway, Oakland.
 Josselyn, G. M. & Co., Ships Chandlers, 46 Steuart St., Warehouse
 106, Main St., S. F.
 Kahn & Co., The Ocularium, 2553 Fillmore St., S. F.
 Kauffman, Davidson & Co., Hides, Pelts etc., 2852 Sacramento

St., S. F.
 Kilgarif & Beaver, 2525 Webster St., S. F.
 Klink, Bean & Co., 2006 Lyon St., S. F.
 Knowles, Wm., Architect, 339 Spruce St., S. F.
 Kohler & Chase, 824 Fulton St., S. F., 1013 Broadway, Oakland.
 Kragens, 1914 Sacramento St., S. F.
 Landgrebe, McNevin & Jones, 1264 O'Farrell St., S. F.
 Lane, Lederman & Lane, and John H. Marble, Attorneys-at-Law,
 Langley & Michaels Co., 2nd and Townsend Sts., S. F.
 2112 Jackson St., S. F.
 Laydon, Darby Co., 219 Steuart St., or 1522 Golden Gate Ave., S. F.
 Lee, Cuyler, Motor Cars, 106 Presidio Ave., S. F.
 Leavitt, J. W. & Co., Automobiles, 911 Webster St., S. F.
 Lester, Herrick & Herrick, 2640 Steiner St., S. F.
 Levy, L., Tailoring Co., The Big Trunk Store, 1394 McAllister St.,
 S. F.
 Levenson Co., Wooden & Willow Ware, 2325 Sacramento St., S. F.
 Liellenfeld, Alfred & Co., 1916 Jackson St. and 1883 Sutter St., S. F.
 Lindgren-Hicks Co., Structural Engineers, Fairmount Hotel, S. F.
 Lippman Brothers, Hayes and Laguna Sts., S. F.
 Liverpool, London & Globe Ins. Co., 2027 Sutter St., S. F., and 406
 Eighth St., Oakland.
 Livingston Bros., 2896 California St., S. F.
 Lloyd, Gilbert & Robinson, Agents and Adjusters, National Surety
 Co., 1212 Geary St., S. F.
 Loaiza, W. & Co., 1056 Washington St., Oakland.
 Lombard Warehouse Co., 2240 Folsom St., S. F.
 London Assurance Corp., 2321 Buchanan St., S. F.
 London, Lancashire Fire Ins. Co., State Fire Ins. Co., Orient Ins.
 Co., Cor. 13th and Franklin Sts., Oakland.
 London, Paris and American, 1806 Pacific Ave., S. F.
 Lovey, L. W., Printing and Supplies, 371 11th St., Oakland.
 Loveland & Kahn, Roofing and Building Materials, 1635 Bush St.,
 S. F.
 Lyon & Hoag, Real Estate, 1593 Haight St., S. F.
 Lyons, Henry & Sons, Men's Outfitters, 2264 Franklin St., S. F.
 Magee, Thos. & Sons., 2550 Pacific Ave., S. F.
 Maillard & Schmiedel, Tiburon, Marin Co.
 Main-Winchester-Stone Co., Harness and Saddlery, 224-228 San
 Pablo Ave., Oakland.
 McWilliams & Healy, Insurance and Commission.
 MacAdam, M. V. B., Real Estate, 1611 Franklin St., S. F.
 McCarthy Co., Real Estate, 2177 Pacific Ave.; office Cor. Golden
 Gate Ave. and Franklin St., S. F.
 Martin, Dr. Geo. H., Delger Bldg., Room 9, 1169 Broadway, Oakl'd.
 Martin, W. J., Land Agent, South San Francisco.
 Masonic Relief Board, 1745 Fillmore St., S. F.
 Matson Navigation Co., Pier No. 10, Howard St. Wharf, S. F.
 Marks Bros., 561 Baker St., S. F.
 Mechanics' Savings Bank, 1247 Franklin St., S. F.
 Mendelsohn Bros., 1109 Jefferson St., Oakland.
 Mergenthaler Linotype Co., 1201 Golden Gate Ave., S. F.
 Metropolitan Surety Co., Room 10, Ferry Bldg., S. F.
 Mercantile Trust Co., 464 California St., S. F.
 Metropolitan Life Ins. Co., Jefferson Square Bldg., 925 Golden
 Gate Ave., S. F.
 Metropolitan Trust and Savings Bank, 1130 Eddy St., S. F.
 Meyerstein Co., 1901 Franklin St., S. F.
 Millikin Bros., 969 Broadway, Oakland.
 Michalitschke Bros. & Co., Cigars, 1314 Golden Gate Ave., S. F.
 Michael, N. F., Attorney, 2210 Webster St., S. F.
 Millbrae, California, Milk Co., 21st and Folsom Sts., S. F.
 Mission Bank, 2675 Mission St., S. F.
 Mitrovich, J. J., Contractor, etc., 1032 Golden Gate Ave., S. F.
 M'Menomy's Meat Market, 5914 San Pablo Ave., Oakland.
 Mobile Carriage Co., 1013 Clay St., Oakland (temporary).
 Moore, Hunt & Co., Jesse, Liquor Dealers, 200 Laurel St., S. F.
 Moore, Chas. C. & Co., 3100 Washington St., S. F.
 Moore, J. J. & Co., Ferry Bldg., S. F.
 Monotype, The, 416 10th St., Oakland.
 Montague, W. W. & Co., 1023 O'Farrell St., S. F.
 Morgan & Wright, Rubber Goods, 901 Golden Gate Ave., S. F.
 Moss, 1712 Steiner St., S. F.
 Murphy, Grant & Co., 8th and Franklin Sts., Oakland.
 Mungo Bldg., Fillmore & Golden Gate Ave., S. F.
 Murch, L. L. Book and Commercial Printing, 427 65th St., Oakland.
 Mutual Life Ins. Co., 1864 Pine St., S. F., Union Savings Bldg.,
 Oakland.
 Mutual Savings Bank, 710 Market St., S. F.
 Mysell-Rollins Co., 576 12th St., Oakland.
 Nathan, Dohrmann & Co., 1090 Page St., S. F.
 Nason, Arthur G. & Co., 2872 Washington St., S. F.
 National Tube Co., 16th and Folsom Sts., S. F.
 National Bank of Pacific, 2621 Devisadero St., S. F.
 National City Bank of New York, with Oakland Bank of Savings,
 Oakland.
 Native Daughters' Relief Committee, 657 Fulton St., S. F.
 Nelson, Johnson & Co., 1855 Fillmore St., S. F.
 Newhouse, Hugo D., Attorney-at-Law, 1898 Pine St., S. F.
 Newman & Levison, 1707 Octavia St., S. F.
 New York Central Lines, 1169 Broadway, Oakland.
 Neustadter Bros., 2508 Fillmore St., S. F.
 New York Life Insurance Co., 604 Mission St., and 1706 Fell St.,
 S. F.
 Newhall, H. M. & Co., 2009 Pacific Ave., S. F.
 Niagara Fire Insurance Co., 2321 Buchanan St., S. F.
 North British and Mercantile Ins. Co., 2027 Sutter St., S. F., and
 Tribune Bldg., cor. 8th and Franklin Sts., Oakland.
 Northern California Power Co., 1100 Gough St., S. F.
 Northern Pacific Railway, 1114 Broadway, Oakland.
 North German Lloyd Steamship Co., 1114 Broadway, Oakland.
 Norvell-Shapleigh Hardware Co., 622 18th St., Oakland.
 O'Brien, Chas. F. & Co., 2126 Fillmore St., S. F.

O'Brien & Sportora, 1536 McAllister St., S. F.
 Oliver Visible Typewriters, 907 Fillmore St., S. F.
 O'Callaghan, Dan, Real Estate and Insurance, 656 Fell St., S. F.
 O'Connor, Moffatt & Co., 923 Grove St., S. F.
 Occidental Machinery and Engineering Co., 2303 Pacific Ave., S. F.
 Otis Elevator Co., 2725 Sacramento St., S. F.
 Oliver, B. P., Real Estate, 2490 Post St., S. F.
 Olympic Club, 11050 Eddy St., S. F.
 Oriental Steamship Co., 217-221 Brannan St., S. F.
 Overland Freight and Transfer Companies, 918 Franklin St., Oakland, 1910 Webster St., Oakland.
 Pacific Implement Co., 131-153 Kansas St., S. F.
 Pacific States Type Foundry, 282 Steiner St., S. F. and 367 11th St., Oakland.
 Pacific Mail Steamship Co., 1st and Brannan St., S. F. (Mail Dock.)
 Pacific Coast Co., Coal and Coke, Beale St. Wharf, S. F.
 Pacific Coast Steamship Co., Broadway Wharf, S. F., and 968 Broadway, Oakland.
 Pacific Hardware and Steel Co., 7th and Townsend Sts., S. F.
 Pacific Refining and Roofing Co., 16th and Mississippi Sts., S. F.
 Pacific Gas and Electric Co., 1100 O'Farrell St., S. F.
 Pacific Stevedoring and Ballasting Co., 53 Mission St., S. F.
 Pacific Commercial Co., 1254 Franklin St., Oakland (temporary).
 Pacific Portland Cement Co., 317 Van Ness Ave., S. F.
 Pacific Saddlery Co., 615 Sansome St., S. F.
 Pacific Box Factory, 5th and Berry Sts., S. F.
 Pacific Construction Co., Ferry Depot, S. F.
 Pacific Coast Syrup Co., 1069 Broadway, Oakland.
 Pacific Mutual Life Ins. Co., 963 Hayes St., S. F.
 Pacific Surety Co., 962 Broadway, Oakland.
 Pacific Union Club, N. E. Cor. Washington and Franklin Sts., S. F.
 Palace and Grand Hotels (Office), 2515 Gough St., S. F.
 Parrott & Co., Shipping and Commission, 8th and Franklin Sts., Oakland.
 Payot, Upham & Co., 777 Bacon Block, Oakland.
 Peabody, Henry & Co., Structural Steel, 1116 Alice St., Oakland.
 Penn. Fire Ins. Co., 578 San Pablo Ave., Oakland.
 Peterson, Frank B. & Co., Wholesale Grocers, Franklin and Water Sts., Oakland.
 Phenix Ins. Co., 210 Kohl Bldg., S. F., and 955 Broadway, Oakland.
 Phoenix Packing Co., 2073 Bush St., S. F.
 Phillips, Van Orden Co., 2835 Howard St., S. F.
 Pierson, Roeding & Co., 23 Blake Block, Oakland.
 Pillsbury, Madison & Sutro, Attorneys, S. E. cor. Pine and Webster Sts., S. F. (tel. West 1525), and 1155 Washington St., Oakland.
 Pioneer Automobile Co., 901 Golden Gate Ave., S. F.
 Pissis, Albert, Architect, 2506 Clay St., S. F.
 Pittsburg Safe Co., Safes and Vaults Inspected and Opened, 2518 Clay St., S. F.
 Policyholders' Protective Ass'n, 1860 Webster St., S. F.
 Pomeroy, Carter P., Attorney, 2210 Webster St., S. F.
 Potter & Campbell, Builders and Contractors, 1017 Steiner St., S. F.
 Price, Waterhouse & Co., Accountants, 1738 Bush St., S. F.
 Providence-Washington Ins. Co., 1905 1-2 Devisadero St., S. F.
 Queen Insurance Co. of New York, N. W. Cor. Pine and Fillmore Sts., S. F.
 Raphael's, 2705 Buchanan St., S. F.
 Redington & Co., 3d St. near Brannan, S. F.
 Regal Shoe Co., 24 San Pablo Ave., Oakland.
 Remington Typewriting Co., 2123 Fillmore St., S. F.
 Risdon Iron Works, 298 Steuart St., S. F.
 Rock Island Frisco Lines, 410 14th St., Oakland.
 Roos Bros., 2000 Jackson St., S. F.
 Rosenheim & Miller, Law Offices, 555 Baker St., S. F.
 Roth, Blum & Co., Beef and Pork Packers, 1226 Post St., S. F.
 Royal Cloak and Suit Co., 2307 California St., S. F.
 Rosenthal Bros., Shoes, N. E. Cor. Fillmore and O'Farrell Sts., S. F.
 Rothenberg Co., S. E. Cor. 7th and Franklin Sts., Oakland.
 Royal Insurance Co. of Liverpool, N. W. Cor. Pine and Fillmore Sts., S. F.
 Ruef, A., Law Office, 2232 Pine St., S. F.
 Rulofson, A. C. Co., Ashley Station, Berkeley.
 Rusconi, Fisher & Co., Liquor Dealers, N. W. Cor. Fillmore & O'Farrell Sts., S. F.
 Russo-Chinese Bank, 1300 Octavia St., S. F.
 Samuels Lace House Co., 1624 Octavia St., S. F.
 San Francisco and Portland Steamship Co., Spear St. Wharf, S. F.
 San Francisco Mutual, 2340 Pacific ave., S. F.
 San Francisco Real Estate Board, 2120 Fillmore St., S. F.
 San Francisco Savings Bank, 2340 Pacific Ave., S. F.
 San Francisco Savings Union, 2617 Pacific ave., S. F.
 Sanborn & Vail, 2718 Webster St., S. F.
 Sage, Dealey & Co., 1635 Bush St., S. F.
 Savings and Loan Society, 2550 Jackson St., S. F.
 Scandinavian-American Savings Bank, cor. Washington and Maple Sts., S. F.
 Schoenholz & Elsbach, 2011-2013 Fillmore St., S. F.
 Schwabacher-Frey Stationery Co., Metropolitan Match Co., 2000 Gough St., S. F.
 Schilling, A. & Co., 2307 Broadway, S. F.
 Schmidt Lithograph Co., 5th and Adeline Sts., Oakland.
 Selby Smelting and Lead Co., Shot Tower Employees, 1st and Howard Sts., S. F.
 Schoenholz & Elsbach, Ladies' and Children's Suits, Coats, etc., 2011-2013 Fillmore St., S. F.
 Schulze, Henry A., Architect, Cor. Spear and Howard Sts., S. F.
 Shainwald, Buckbee & Co., 2518 Pacific Ave., S. F.
 Sherman, Clay & Co., 2214 Steiner St., S. F.
 Sherwood & Sherwood, 524 13th st., Oakland.

Schreve & Co., 2429 Jackson St.; Mail Address and General Address, Post St. and Grant Ave., S. F.
 Smith, C. M., Northwestern Mutual Life Ins. Co., 2109 California St., S. F.
 Smith, Francis & Co., Sheet Iron Works, 8th and Townsend Sts., S. F.
 Smith Premier Typewriter Co., 1929 California St., S. F., and 878 Broadway, Oakland.
 Snook, Jas. A. & Co., East St., foot of Mission, S. F.
 Southern Pacific, South End Ferry Bldg., S. F. and 12 San Pablo Ave., Oakland.
 Southern Pacific Co., Union Ferry Bldg., S. F., 2d Floor South End; City Ticket Office, Geary and Fillmore Sts., S. F.
 Son, Chas. A., Attorney, 2124 Broadway, S. F.
 Solomon, C., Jr., 4050 24th St., S. F.
 Spaulding & Neff, Real Estate, 2016 Sutter St., S. F.
 Spreckels, J. D. & Bros. Co., Oceanic S. S. Wharf, Pier 7, S. F.
 Speck & Co., 1902 Fillmore St., S. F.
 Spaulding, Geo. & Co., 1838 Fillmore St., S. F., and 422 10th St., Oakland.
 Spences, Apticians, 470 13th St., Oakland.
 Spaulding, A. G. & Bros. 518 15th St., Oakland.
 Stafford, W. G. & Co., Coal, 214 East St., 112 Broderick St., 2537 Post St., 218 Fair Oak St., S. F.
 Standard Motor Car Co., 421-23-25 11th St., Oakland.
 Sterling Furniture Co., 6th St. from King to Berry Sts., S. F.
 Stewart, Dr. H. J., Los Angeles.
 Stiefvater & Munch, 906 Central Ave., Alameda.
 Standard Marine Insurance Co., Ltd., 135 Howard St., S. F.
 Standard Motor Car Co., 2611 Broadway, S. F.
 Standard Milk Co., 1820 San Bruno Ave., S. F.
 Strauss & Frohman, 3601 Clay St., S. F.
 San Francisco Stock and Exchange Board, 1407 Gough St., S. F.
 Stone & Co., San Pedro and X L Dairy, 10 Fifth Ave., S. F.
 Standard Oil Co., 7th and Irwin Sts., S. F.
 State Board Architecture, 1345 McAllister St., S. F.
 Strauss, Levi & Co., 10th and Clay Sts., Oakland.
 Stringer Storage Co., 2027 Sutter St., S. F.
 Stern, David & Sons, 2323 Devisadero St., S. F.
 Suydam Bros. & Rogers, Wholesale Grocers, 1632 Vallejo St. S. F.
 Sussman-Wormser Co., 1819 Octavia St., S. F.
 Sun Insurance Co., 1018 Broadway, Oakland.
 Swiss-American Bank, 2200 Green St., S. F.
 Tacoma Mill Co., 1896 Green St., S. F.
 Taussig & Co., 2450 Fulton St., S. F.
 Telephone Public Offices, N. end of Ferry Bldg, 1106 Valencia St., Pine and Steiner Sts., Sutter and Hyde Sts., 445 Bush St.
 Thomas, Gerstle & Frick, Law Offices, 2350 Washington St., S. F.
 Tillman & Bendel, 1001 Clay St., Oakland.
 Title Insurance Guarantee Co., 3737 Clay St.
 Toggery The, Men's Furnishing Goods, 906 Ellis St., S. F.
 Traders' Insurance Co., Canning Block, Oakland.
 Trounson, J., Contractor and Builder, 1751 Lyon St., S. F.
 Trower Bros., Wholesale Lumber, 1238 Filbert St., Oakland.
 Tubbs Cordage Co., 1254 Franklin St., Oakland.
 Tubbs' Manufacturing Co., Printers' Type, 845 Harrison St., S. F.
 Turner Co, Sails, Burlap, etc., 9 Mission St., S. F.
 Umbsen & Co., 950 Fillmore St., S. F.
 Union Pacific Railroad Co., 44 San Pablo Ave., Oakland.
 Union Oil Co., 16th and Illinois St., S. F.
 United Railroads, Turk and Fillmore St. Car House, S. F.
 Union League Club, cor. Sacramento and Franklin Sts., S. F.
 Union Lumber Co., Sixth and Channel Sts., S. F.
 Union Trust Co., 2020 Jackson St.
 Underwood Typewriters, 2188 Bush St., S. F.
 United Can Co., 19th and Harrison Sts., S. F.
 United Carriage Co., 2506 Fillmore St., S. F.
 United States Fidelity & Guarantee Co., 108 Townsend St., S. F.
 University Club, 1815 California St., S. F.
 United States National Bank, 1700 Geary St., S. F.
 Van Ness & Denman, Kohl Bldg. and 1921 Octavia St., S. F.
 Vander Naillen School of Engineering, 51st and Telegraph Ave., Oakland.
 Vanderslice W K & Co., 1551 Devisadero St., S. F.
 Varney & Green, Sign Painting, 13th and Webster Sts., Oakland.
 Vickery, Atkins and Torrey, 2323 California St., S. F.
 Vulcan Iron Works, 1257 McAllister St., S. F.
 Wakelee's Pharmacy, S. W. Cor. Devisadero and California Sts., S. F.
 Von Rhein Real Estate Co., 2332 Pine St., S. F.
 Waterhouse & Lester, 3840 Clay St., S. F.
 Waterhouse & Price Co., Building Materials, 101 Telegraph Ave., Oakland.
 Wayman Guy T., Real Estate, 2803 Washington St., S. F.
 Wellington Geo. J., Fire Protective Engineer, 449-51 Berry St., S. F.
 Western Machinery Co., 230-40 Main St., S. F.
 Western Fuel Co., 340 Steuart St., S. F.
 Western Meat Co., South San Francisco, Cal.
 Western National Bank, cor. Powell and Market Sts., S. F.
 Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.
 Westinghouse Air & Traction Brake Co., 1843 Fillmore, S. F.
 Western Yeast & Vinegar Works, 408-412 Eleventh St., S. F.
 Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank, 2020 Jackson St., S. F.
 Western Iron Works, 814 Waller St., S. F.
 Western Sugar Refining Co., 569 9th St., Oakland.
 Weidenthal Gostiner, 796 Elizabeth St., S. F.
 White H S Machine Co., cor 9th and Bryant, S. F.
 W. O. W. Relief, Woodman's Hall 521 12th, Oakland.
 Weinstock, Lubin & Co., 2105 Devisadero St., S. F.

Weil, Wm. M., Circular Addressing, 1032 Steiner St., S. F.
 White House, 1806 Pacific Ave.
 Wheaton, Pond & Harrold, Inc., Adams Wharf.
 Wholesale Dairy Produce Exchange, Lombard and Sansome, S. F.
 Whitaker & Ray Co., 36th and San Pablo Ave., Oakland.
 Whittier, Coburn & Co., Paints, Oil & Grease 2028 Jackson St., S. F.
 Wilcox & Gibbs' S. M. Co., 102 Telegraph Ave., Oakland.
 Williams, Dimond & Co., American-Hawaiian S. S. Co., Pier 23
 Greenwich St., S. F.
 Wilson Brothers & Co., Lumber, 324 Berry St., S. F.
 Wilson Geo G. Manufacturing Co., 1600 Fell St., S. F.
 Wiefand C F. Consulting Engineer, Designs for Steel Buildings,
 1928 Fell St., S. F.
 Wilson Bros. Co., Movers' Friend, sw cor 14th and Sanchez St., S.F.
 Worthington Henry R. Deane Steam Pump Co., 714 Cole St., S. F.
 Zeffelbach, A. & Sons, 495 Jackson St., S. F.
 Zacualpa, La., Rubber Plantation Co., inc.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Notes by a Frank Book Crank.

"Letters of a Diplomat's Wife" is written by Mary King Waddington. (Scribner's.) She is an American woman, who married a French statesman. These memoirs relate principally to his life in Moscow, as Special Ambassador for three weeks at the coronation of Alexander III. in 1881; and for ten years in London (1883 to 1893) as French Ambassador.

The memoirs are very naïf, at times almost trivial, and the writer's use of French phrases is rather wearisome; she uses French for the most ordinary phrases. To speak of the "Journée de l'Assomption" in London seems absurd; there is no particular reason for giving the French name to a religious festival in England which has a perfectly well recognized English name of its own.

Still, the memoirs are interesting. The life led by the members of these diplomatic circles must be a very charming one. Mme. Waddington has an agreeable circle around her always in her own embassy. The house of the French Embassy at Albert Gate is in one of the best and most delightful locations in London. She is received everywhere most hospitably and when she and her husband leave London they are sincerely regretted. Some sixty ladies unite in presenting Mme. Waddington with a beautiful jewel as a souvenir.

William Henry Waddington died in 1894 at the age of 68. He was the son of a rich English manufacturer, hence his English name.

A new edition has just been issued of "Reminiscences of Peace and War," by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor. (MacMillan.) The book is a very good sketch of life in Washington under Pierce and Buchanan. The writer is a typical Southern woman—attaching vast importance to the frivolities of life, such as the dinners and teas of Washington and even the White House affairs; yet under it all she is a sterling wife and mother, warm-hearted, and passionately devoted to her husband and children. The book is quite ingenuous in places, as where the writer expresses her strong admiration for the beauty of the White House and the paintings in the Capitol.

"The Private Soldier Under Washington," by Chas. Knowles Bolton. (Scribner's) discusses the private soldier—his enlistment and arms; officer and private, and their relations; camp duties; amusements; hospitals; prison ships.

The same trouble Paul Jones fought against in the Continental navy existed in the Continental army—the idea of equality, the "rights of man," etc., interfered with discipline. The New England troops were particularly unruly in this regard. There were many mutinies—six Pennsylvania regiments mutinied. The British General Clinton offered them better food and clothes (the cause of the mutiny) and their back pay. They wavered, but finally decided to refuse, and killed the British envoys. According to the writer, the civilian citizens received wagonloads of wounded Continental soldiers with sour looks, and hastened them on to the next town under pretence of poverty. The patriot farmers hid their cattle and hens when the Continental army approached. The people objected strenuously to the Continental soldiers being quartered on them.

Toward the end of the Revolution, "patriotism seemed nonexistent," says the author. When the war was over, in 1783, the poor wretches released from the British prison-ships in New York harbor begged in New York streets; they were coldly received; those who begged enough money to get home found that there were fifty men for every job, and there was no work for them to do. Altogether, the book—which is taken from documents of the time—paints an unpleasant picture.

"The Fat of the Land," by John W. Streeter, M. D. (Macmillan) is the story of a doctor who gave up practice through impaired health. He leaves the city and buys an abandoned farm; he runs it on the "intensive farming" plan; uses manures, "infected soil" for alfalfa, fattens his hogs, raises high-priced cows, hens, etc. Result—luxurious living and large profits. It sounds amazing to any one who knows anything about farming. But to such a one the interest disappears when it is learned that it is all fiction. It is related that he wrote the book while shut up in his room convalescing from a severe illness.

Library and Miscellaneous.

A report on the condition of the San Francisco Free Public Library shows that on April 17 there were 166,344 volumes in the main library and branches, 128,300 belonging to the main library in

the City Hall. At present 21,000 volumes remain in the branches, and there are supposed to be about 2000 volumes held by borrowers from the main library. The buildings remaining are the McCreery and Fillmore street branches. The McCreery building is valued at \$50,000. The Fillmore street building is valued at \$3000. The Free Public Library has acquired all of the block bounded by Van Ness avenue, Franklin, Hayes and Fell streets, and also owns a building site on Sixth avenue. Library bonds to the amount of \$739,800 have been sold and \$620.00 has been expended out of this sum for purchase of the block mentioned. The bonds remaining unsold amount to \$907,200. The library is entitled to \$41,500 insurance and \$25,985.23 in taxes already collected. The Free Public Library Trustees have reduced the salary list from \$3600 per month to about \$1200, retaining only such employees as the board deems necessary for the restoration of the library.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Carl Schurz died at his home in New York City, May 14. At the bedside were a son, Carl L., and two daughters, Marianne and Agatha; Edward L. Pretorius, Schurz' business partner, and Drs. Jacobi and Strauss.

Born in the village of Libelar, near Cologne, in 1829, Schurz became interested in the revolutionary movement in Germany while attending the University of Bonn, and when the uprising came in 1849 he served as a private in the ranks of the insurgents, and fled to Switzerland soon after his marriage to Margaret Mayer, the daughter of a prominent merchant, in 1852.

Schurz came to this country, locating first at Philadelphia. He went to Spain as United States Minister in 1861, later resigning to return and serve in the Civil War, during which he earned the title of Major General. In 1869 he was elected to the United States Senate from Missouri. He became estranged from the Republican party and retired from the Senate in 1875. He was one of the organizers of the Liberal party in 1872, and presided over the convention at Cincinnati which nominated Horace Greeley for President. He supported the national Republican ticket in 1876, and in the year following became Secretary of the Interior in the Cabinet of President Hayes. He had a beautiful summer home at Lake George, and there a large part of his declining years were spent with his books, his music, of which he was passionately fond, and his memoirs.

The candidacy of Edward Rosewater, proprietor of the Omaha Bee, for the Republican nomination for United States Senator at the coming State Republican Convention is announced in a signed article by his son, Victor Rosewater, managing editor. Mr. Rosewater is at present in Rome as the official representative of the United States at the Universal Postal Congress.

The fund for Miss Ethel Bret Harte, only surviving daughter of the distinguished American writer, has been closed at \$5000, an annuity of \$130 has been bought for her, and she has been started in business in a London typewriting bureau. The sum of \$670 remaining from the fund has been placed to her credit in bank. Miss Harte went on the stage, but her health failed. The committee which raised the fund included George Meredith, Sir George Newnes, Sir Francis Burnand, Sir Gilbert Parker, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Hall Caine, G. R. Sims, Clement Shorter and Beerbohm Tree.

The Castellane case was taken up again in Paris, May 11, for the purpose of learning if it was possible to reconcile the parties. Both Count Boni and the Countess (formerly Anna Gould) appeared in court. The latter was accompanied by her counsel, Edmond Kelley. The hearing disclosed that there was no chance of a reconciliation, the Countess insisting on an absolute divorce. This concluded the formal preliminaries. The Countess' bill asking for absolute divorce will now be filed, the papers will be served and the case will proceed at once.

Embassador and Mrs. Charlemagne Tower returned to Berlin, May 11, from a vacation in southern Europe, including Constantinople. Upon learning of their arrival at the Turkish capital the Sultan sent for Mr. and Mrs. Tower, met them at the door, offered his arm to Mrs. Tower, escorted her to a seat, and spent half an hour with them, talking about American affairs, in which Mr. Tower found His Majesty to be surprisingly well informed. He conferred on Mrs. Tower the Grand Cross of the Shefakat, which is an order for women, meaning "devotion to duty." Mrs. Tower is a daughter of G. Frank Smith of San Francisco.

The announcement is published that S. S. McClure has purchased all of the interest formerly held by John S. Phillips in McClure's Magazine and in the book-publishing firm of McClure, Phillips & Co. Oscar W. Brady has been elected treasurer of both companies to succeed Phillips. McClure declined to make any statement as to the significance of the change.

In a cabled communication to the New York Herald, the legal wife of Maxim Gorky indignantly denounces the chilly manner in which the people of the United States have treated Gorky because he tried to pass off as his wife his mistress, Mlle. Andreiva, the Russian actress. Gorky's wife, who is at Yalta, Crimea, Russia, cables in part: "I am very indignant at the intrusion into the personal and intimate life of a man, and astonished that Americans, citizens of a free country, enjoying such large political liberties, are not free from prejudices dead already even with us in Russia." Gorky, with Mlle. Andreiva, who is known as Mme. Gorky, is still residing with Mr. and Mrs. John Martin on Grymes Hill, Staten Island. His son, Nicolai Peshkoff, and his secretary, M. Bourenine, live near by.

On account of the coming wedding of Alfonso, King of Spain, and Princess Ena, now called Victoria, President Roosevelt has chosen Mr. F. W. Whitridge of New York to be his special

embassador to Madrid for that event. Honors like this are rare. Mr. Whitridge is a prominent lawyer and a director of several corporations, but almost unknown to the public. He has lived in New York City, in one house, for twenty-five years, and spends his summers in the Scottish Highlands, where he owns an estate. There he lives a strenuous outdoor life, oftentimes walking twenty-miles a day over the mountains. The special ambassador is an acquaintance of President Roosevelt, a personal friend of Secretary Root, and wholly immersed in his business and recreation. He is a great traveler, and Spain is about the only civilized country he has never visited. Mr. Whitridge is a native of New Bedford, Mass., and a graduate of Amherst and of Columbia Law School. His wife is a daughter of Matthew Arnold.

Fougere, a famous Parisian dancer, who has made and spent several fortunes, was convicted at the Clerkenwell sessions, in London, last week, together with her husband, Albert Girod, a French actor, of shoplifting in London drapery stores. Sentence was deferred.

The pope will this year present the gold rose to Princess Ena of Battenberg. The golden rose is a symbol in wrought gold which is blessed by the pope with much ceremony on mid-Lent Sunday. It is presented by the pope to some prince or princess whom he desires especially to honor.

Mr. Louis James combines with the talent for practical joking a temper of the kind that not infrequently is observed to go with it. Some time ago the proprietor of a Texas hotel he had just left requested him by telegraph to return certain sheets and towels which, as the message read, had been "taken by mistake." Mr. James brought suit for libel, as newspaper readers will remember.

Shortly after that he was taking a one-night stand in a Western town in which the proprietor of the hotel was a friend of his. He was delayed in his arrival, and, as he had to leave for the next stand at the end of the performance, he went to the general washroom instead of to his own apartments. The proprietor politely but persistently begged him to go upstairs to wash, urging that no charge would be made for the rooms.

When Mr. James opened the door he discovered the reason. The towels were lashed to the rack with a clothesline, the soap was nailed to the washstand, and a huge anchor suspended from the head of the bed held the pillow-shams firmly in place. Mr. James tells the story on himself, and professes gratitude for the fact that he yielded to the proprietor's entreaties.

Shedding More Information.—Mrs. Chugwater—"Josiah, what is a pronounciamento?" Mr. Chugwater—"Pronouncing amen to anything you want to indorse. I should think you could tell that by looking at the word itself."—Chicago Tribune.

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Notes About the Clubs.

The Olympic Club directors decided that the dues from April 18 to June 1 would be waived, and that commencing on June 1 the club dues would be reduced to \$2 per month. The lease of the Lent house at 1050 Eddy street was approved and signed. It is the intention of the directors to open the club on Saturday, the 19th inst. There are rooms for twenty-five members to be apportioned, and Prosper Reiter, Superintendent of the club, will be at the new premises on Wednesday, the 16th, to rent the rooms to applicants who are on hand. The members who resided in the old club have been given rooms. The directors have decided to reduce the initiation fee to \$25 for the present. The directors appointed George J. Wellington, one of their number, to attend to the adjustment of the insurance on the club's property, which amounted to \$235,000.

As soon as Jefferson Square is cleared of refugees the Olympics arrange a programme of athletic events for the amusement of the public. Boxing, wrestling and other events will be arranged. The square is big enough for a 100-yard sprint. A. B. Gibson, who had charge of the gymnasium, and his wife, will be placed in charge of the new clubhouse.

That unique organization, "The Cabinet," whose excursions, theatre parties, banquets, political discussions and round table at the Palace Hotel have made it famous, has announced a reunion for this week at the Claremont Country Club, the fashionable club of Oakland and Berkeley. The following order has been sent out: "A reunion and food and drink distribution for relief of survivors of the Cabinet will be held at the Claremont Country Club, Oakland. Bread line forms at 6:30 p. m. Any attire saved from the disaster, from pajamas out, allowable."

At a recent meeting of the Board of Directors of the Bohemian Club it was decided to open the beautiful redwood grove near Guerneville early in the season to permit members and their families to camp there during the summer. This privilege, it is understood, will be available until the jinks time in August. There will be no formal and elaborate midsummer jinks this year, but a gathering of an informal character. While the camp is open the railroad will be asked to put on a "husband's train," so that the trip can be made from Saturday to Monday without inconvenience.

The Family Club has taken a lease of the Gordon Blanding house, northeast corner of Clay and Franklin streets, for one year, with privilege of renewal, for \$500 per month. The house contains fourteen bedrooms, and is magnificently furnished. The club dues have been reduced from \$5 to \$2.50 a month. The house was considerably damaged by the dynamiting across the street, but it will be ready for occupancy about June 1, when the club will be housed more comfortably than ever before.

Despondent because of poor health and insomnia Thomas Binny, an employe of Balfour, Guthrie & Co.'s San Francisco office,

committed suicide by shooting himself at the Portland Hotel, Oregon, on May 10. He had been in poor health for some time, and after the San Francisco fire, went to Portland for medical treatment. He had suffered a nervous breakdown. Binny was about 45 years old, and was a native of Scotland. He was not married, and had no near relatives. He was employed by the San Francisco office of Balfour, Guthrie & Co. for twenty years. He was a leading member of the Pacific-Union Club of San Francisco, of which he had been Secretary and Director. He was also a prominent member of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club.

Californians in the East.

Recent Los Angeles arrivals in New York City include: Mr. and Mrs. A. Weid and Miss Milner, who are guests at the Hoffman; Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Carpenter and Miss Carpenter, at the Algonquin; Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Guthrie, at the Navarre, and Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Walton, at the Herald Square.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Fitch of Sacramento are registered at the Broadway Central, and Miss Johnson of Pasadena is at the Imperial, New York City.

San Franciscans who have been in New York in the last few days are: Mr. and Mrs. K. Heyman and Mrs. A. G. Blakeley, who registered at the Herald Square; Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Devereaux and Miss Tracy, at the Algonquin; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Lent, Mrs. J. B. Fox and Mrs. M. J. Maloney at the Grand Union; Mrs. G. C. Harris and the Misses Job, at the Astor; Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Rand, at the Victoria; Mr. and Mrs. A. Abrams, at the Savoy; Mr. and Mrs. F. Gerard, at the Gilsey; Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Hutchings, at the Empire, and Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Opie at the Gerard.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, who has been a guest of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish at Garrison the last few days, has returned to New York City.

Mr. Thomas Magee has gone East and is endeavoring to interest New York capital in San Francisco real estate investments.

Among those who arrived in New York from abroad last week was Dr. Theodore Rethers, chief surgeon of St. Mary's Hospital, who cut his vacation short to hasten back to San Francisco. He remained in New York over night only.

W. Wilson of San Francisco is a recent arrival at the St. Regis Hotel, New York City.

Among the San Franciscans recently registered at the Hotel Netherland, New York City, are Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Gunst, Mr. and Mrs. G. Cohen and Miss Cohen.

C. M. Odder has been at the Manhattan Hotel in New York recently.

Several well-known San Franciscans who have been in Europe arrived in New York May 10 on their way back to the Coast. Mrs. Frank Norris, widow of the author of "The Pit" and "The Octopus," was met at the pier by Lloyd Osbourne. Bartley Oliver, his wife and their eight children, who were guests at the reception in the White House last October, when President Roosevelt congratulated Mrs. Oliver upon her large family, returned also, having cut their intended two years' tour of the world to a bare six months' trip. Other returning San Franciscans were Major Charles L. Tilden and H. B. Sullivan. Both were volunteers in the Philippine army.

Mrs. Anna Feldman of San Francisco, who returned to New York from abroad this week, was a sufferer from both Vesuvius and the San Francisco calamity. She was driven out of Naples by the eruption of Vesuvius and learned on arriving here that her home in San Francisco had been destroyed by fire.

Adolph Goldberg has recently arrived from New York and Europe.

Across the Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and their family will remain in Oakland for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll and their little son will remain in Oakland for a part of the summer. Mr. Driscoll's mother, Mrs. J. M. Driscoll, will be their guest for a while.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. C. Henshaw and their daughters will spend the summer in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. R. Allen and Miss Gertrude Allen have taken a cottage in Piedmont for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Courtney Ford are temporarily located in Oakland.

Notwithstanding the fact that the mind of the general public is not bent on amusement at the present time, the coming of Sarah Bernhardt was deemed of sufficient importance to bring out a line of ticket buyers nearly half a block long at the Liberty Playhouse in Oakland. Among those who secured seats were: Mrs. E. L. Hume, Mrs. A. S. Monges, Charles A. Jewel, Cecil A. Robinson, Lieutenant P. N. Olsted, United States Navy; Captain C. J. Lancaster, W. G. Taylor, Mrs. J. Blossom, F. C. Marsten, Dr. Colc. M. Porter, S. M. Ewing, W. G. Parson, G. L. Downing, S. C. Haight, E. Dunne, A. R. Gwinn, Mrs. Rutledge, H. G. Morrow, Miss Stein, C. Rodini, F. Redington, George Gross, Carl Plaut, Oscar Luning, Russ Lukens, J. Hardenburg, H. P. Dalton, Oscar Franke, W. A. McKee, F. de Ojeda, J. Stokes, R. E. Muller, F. B. Potter, J. Sal Ewing, Charles A. Rutherford, Tom C. Grant.

Miss Lucie King has been the guest of Mrs. William Carson.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Costigan are residing temporarily in Oakland.

Mrs. Oscar Long, of Piedmont, has been actively engaged in Red Cross relief work in Oakland. Her efforts have been actively seconded by Mrs. Van Pelt, Mrs. A. D. Thompson, Mrs. Joseph Mathews and Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding.

Mr. and Mrs. William Magee and their children are at picturesque "Alden Farm," the home of the Magees, near Fruitvale.

Mrs. Remi Chabot has rented her large residence on Madison street, and with Miss Clare Chabot is planning to spend the summer at St. Helena.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Dieckmann are with the Robert Knights, and Dr. and Mrs. J. P. Dunn are for the present at Dr. Dunn's old home.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brigham have rented their large Oak street residence in Oakland and with their children have gone to Los Gatos to spend the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. John Landers and Miss Pearl Landers have taken a house in Belvedere.

Miss Alice Hager and Miss Ethyl Hager have gone to San Rafael for a part of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin are guests of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Follis in San Rafael.

Colonel and Mrs. M. H. Hecht have gone to Baltimore for an extended visit. Their daughters, Mrs. L. Gerstle and Mrs. Will Gerstle, are living at the Gerstle summer place in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Howard have called off for the present their European trip, and Mr. Howard was one of those who started for San Francisco as soon as the news of the great earthquake was telegraphed to the world.

Henry Payot has retired from the firm of Payot, Upham & Co., and its business will be carried on hereafter by Mr. Upham Sr. and his sons, Isaac and Benjamin Upham. The Isaac Uphams junior have a picturesque home at Piedmont, in which they are now entertaining their relatives.

Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Rush McComas (nee Marie Louise Parrott) have returned to Santa Barbara from a prolonged visit to San Francisco and vicinity.

Mr. Theodore Wores, the artist, and his sister, have been visiting at Santa Barbara. Mr. Wores is another San Francisco sufferer who will make Los Angeles his home for the present. While he was fortunate in having a number of pictures in Los Angeles at the time of the earthquake, others had been left in his northern studio. These, with a valuable collection of objects of art gathered through many years of travel in all parts of the world, were completely destroyed. He has received commissions to paint portraits of three prominent women of Los Angeles. His contributions to the Los Angeles spring show consist of "Don Quixote," "Under the Southern Cross," "A Moonlight Scene in Honolulu," and "The Iris Gardens of Hori Kiri."

Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden, of San Francisco, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Newhall at their home in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. William May Garland and Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Newhall, who planned to spend the summer in Europe, have indefinitely postponed their journey.

Sacramento.

Mrs. A. J. Hull, of San Francisco, has been the guest of Mrs. J. H. McKune at Sacramento.

Miss Edna McClatchy will visit in San Francisco with Miss Barbara Small, who has been her guest in Sacramento for the past two weeks.

Judge and Mrs. T. B. McFarland and Miss Jennie McFarland, who have been visiting Mrs. J. H. McKune at Sacramento, have returned to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hoskinson, of Sacramento, have with them Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Taylor, of San Francisco. Mr. Taylor at one time spent some years in Sacramento.

Since the San Francisco fire a number of publications have located in Sacramento. Dr. C. H. Blemer will publish there "The Live Stock and Poultry Journal," a monthly of which he is the editor. "Camera Craft," a monthly publication devoted to the art of photography, will also be issued in Sacramento.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Grace Reynolds, daughter of Mrs. M. A. Reynolds and the late Frank B. Reynolds, to Mr. Edgar A. Collins. A sister of Miss Reynolds married Francis L. Bosqui. Mr. Collins is of English parentage and is at present manager of the Combination mine at Goldfield, Nev. The marriage will take place in September.

At Menlo Park, on May 9, Miss Katherine Clark, elder daughter of the late Colonel Z. P. Clark, was married to A. P. Redding of Menlo, Secretary of the Pacific Surety Company. Miss Elise Clark, sister of the bride, was her only attendant, and Ralston Hamilton was the groom's best man. The couple left on the evening train for the south.

Brigadier General Evan Miles, U. S. A., retired, has gone to Colville, Washington, to reside.

Mrs. Wm. C. Peyton, of 1812 Broadway, San Francisco, has gone to Wilmington, Delaware, to visit Mrs. Eugene du Pont.

Mr. and Mrs. John Simpson, with their daughter, Miss Edith Simpson, have remained at their residence in San Francisco, but are preparing to leave for the country.

Edward M. Greenway is preparing to leave for a visit to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kemble have gone to Fresno.

Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst and their little son have arrived from the East, and are at the Hacienda, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst's beautiful home near Pleasanton, where they expect to spend some weeks. Mr. Hearst is planning to rebuild the Examiner building immediately.

Joseph Greenbaum, the portraitist, has an order for the portrait of John Wigmore of Los Angeles. While working in Granville Redmond's studio he finished two ideal heads, "Priscilla" and "Beatrice," which are hung in the Blanchard gallery, Los Angeles, and began another, "La Charmeuse." Later he is contemplating a sketching trip to Catalina.

Jeremiah Lynch arrived from Paris last week. "We Californians in Paris," he said in an interview, "did not know of the disaster until Thursday, the 19th. Paris is eight hours later than San Francisco. Dispatches came saying that what was left of the city by the earthquake had been destroyed by fire, that the Cliff House had slipped into the sea; that the United States squadron was sunk in the Bay of San Francisco, and that the dead numbered from five to ten thousand. I sent wire after wire, as did many others in Paris, but no one could get a word in reply. I think the first dispatch received in Paris was on Friday, from Raphael Weill to his partner. The banks refused to cash our letters of credit, and most of us had hardly money enough to pay our hotel bills. A dozen Californians, including myself, with automobiles, sent them to be sold. The automobile market in Paris is depressed at present."

Joseph Ghirardelli, of San Francisco, died last Friday evening, at his home in Oakland, following an attack of ptomaine poisoning, aggravated by the shock of the earthquake and fire. He leaves two children, Joseph N. Ghirardelli, and Miss Carmen Ghirardelli. He was a native of San Francisco, 53 years of age. He married twenty years ago Miss Ellen Frances Barstow, a daughter of D. P. Barstow, a pioneer California lawyer.

Christopher R. Corning, the well-known mining engineer, who has spent much time in San Francisco and who has many friends there, recently returned to his New York home from a visit to California.

Recent foreign advices say that Mr. and Mrs. Clarence A. Postley and Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Postley are at Monte Carlo.

Mr. and Mrs. James Denman, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Goodman, and Charles Stepp have reached Paris.

Governor and Mrs. Carter, of Hawaii, are domiciled at Del Monte and they will remain there a month longer. They are much impressed with Monterey and its surroundings.

Horace G. Platt, the well-known San Francisco clubman and President of the Pacific Improvement Company, and A. D. Shepard, Secretary of the same company, are at Del Monte. They will remain for several days looking over the interests of their company at Monterey and Pacific Grove.

The Waldorf-Astoria has become a popular hostelry for the Nevada mine operators and during the past week a great number of leading Nevada gold fields pioneers at present visiting in the city give the big hotel the look of the ill-fated Palace Hotel of San Francisco, which was the popular gathering place of the big Nevada owners.

Waldo Story, the sculptor, who has been spending some time in California, has sailed from New York. He returns to his home, in Rome, where he has a studio.

Henry J. Crocker recently shipped his valuable collection of postage stamps to London to be exhibited at the International Philatelic Exhibition the end of this month, thus saving it from the fire. It is said that the collection of Hawaiian stamps alone is valued \$45,000.

Charles Webb Howard, President of the Spring Valley Water Company, last week sent his resignation to the Board of Directors of his company and the resignation was accepted. Captain A. H. Payson was elected to fill the vacancy and Joseph M. Quay was elected Vice President. Mr. Howard has for some time been ill and feels that he is not capable of coping with the great amount of work to be done in reconstructing the water system. Captain A. H. Payson, the newly elected President, is one of the most prominent capitalists of the Pacific Coast. He helps to direct several of the largest financial institutions in this city. He has been actively engaged in the management of affairs on the coast of the Santa Fe system, being Vice President of the company and the head resident official on this coast. He is a director and large stock owner in the gas and water companies in this city and in the Bank of California. He has also taken an active interest in the management of the Parrott estate. He is married to a daughter of Mrs. Abby Parrott and the late John Parrott. Captain Payson is a retired army officer; he graduated with honors at West Point, entering the engineer corps. J. M. Quay is a well-known financier and capitalist of San Francisco. He is a director in a number of the leading corporations of the city, and very prominent in financial circles.

The wedding of Miss Henrietta de Witt Allen and Rev. Dr. Edward Dodd, of Boston, will be quietly celebrated about the end of July in the chapel at Ross Valley, Mrs. Henry F. Allen and her family having taken the Ver Mehr cottage there for four months. Dr. Dodd came to San Francisco from his Eastern home immediately after the earthquake for a brief visit, but returned this week.

Hon. T. T. Dargie has been reappointed Postmaster at Oakland. Mr. Dargie's administration has been one of the most successful in the history of the Oakland postoffice. Mr. Dargie is a great friend of Secretary Metcalf, and his reappointment was indorsed by both Senators Perkins and Flint. Mr. Dargie is a brother of William E. Dargie, editor and proprietor of the Oakland "Tribune."

Mrs. Francis Carolan was in Paris when last heard from. Mr. Carolan, who was in New York at the time of the earthquake, returned at once to this coast to look after his large interests here.

Miss Maizie Griswold, assistant editor of "Sunset," and Edward Emerson, war correspondent and lecturer, were married on May 16th at the home of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson on Hyde street, San Francisco.

Mise Jane Swigert, daughter of Colonel S. M. Swigert, United States Army, retired, was married on the evening of May 10th to Lieutenant Augustine McIntyre, of the Artillery Corps. The wedding was a quiet one, with none but near relatives present. It took place at the home of the bride's sister, the wife of Lieutenant W. P. Hazzard, at the Presidio. Chaplain P. J. Hart performed the ceremony. Lieutenant McIntyre is temporarily stationed at the Presidio.

George M. Pinney, well known in mining circles twenty-five years ago, died in his seventy-fifth year at the home of his son in New York City, May 13. He was one of the first men to go to California gold fields in 1849. He was interested in mining in Montana and California for many years and amassed a fortune. He leaves a widow, one son, George M. Pinney, and two married daughters.

Mrs. A. P. Hotaling is at Sleepy Hollow, the country residence in Marin county of Richard M. Hotaling.

Mrs. Louis B. Brechemin, wife of Colonel Brechemin, United States Army, is with her son, Dr. Louis B. Brechemin Jr., United States Army, at Fort Baker.

Jerome B. Landfield left a week ago for the East and Europe, to be gone five or six months.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Wilson Shiels are living at 2175 Pacific avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels Jr. are at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore F. Payne have left New York, where they have been spending the winter, and will soon open their home at Menlo.

The Press Club will be reopened at an early date. President John McNaught has called a special meeting of the board of managers. The house at 2016 Pine street has been considered and will be inspected by a special committee.

The University Club has leased the adjacent residences of F. W. Dohrmann and Dr. Fischel at 1815 and 1817 California street. Thomas J. Barbour is contemplating a trip East.

Enrique Grau, Peruvian Consul, who has made his residence for a number of years at the Bohemian Club, was a heavy loser in the fire. He is now living at the corner of Webster and Jackson streets.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL—Methods of Rebuilding San Francisco—Limiting Height of Buildings—Uniform Architectural Treatment—Land Owners Should Build on Blocks by Cooperation—Will the Boundaries of the Business Districts Be Changed?—Silence of the Pulpit—Was San Francisco Destroyed Because She is Wicked?—Good Order Under Military Rule—Closing of the Saloons An Important Factor—Relief From Abroad—Turning Back Foreign Contributions—The President's Action—Looting—Punishment Fitting the Crime—Looters Set to Work Cleaning Vaults—California Relief Fund—Exaggeration of Eastern Papers—Five Millions Swollen to Twenty-One Millions1-2

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR—Kind Offers of Files From Argonaut Subscribers—Advance Subscriptions—Encouraging Words From Far and Near3

GERALDINE BONNER—She Tells the Story of Her Experiences in Fire and Earthquake.....3

GERTRUDE ATHERTON—She Describes the Effects of the Earthquake at Various Points on San Francisco Bay4

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.....4

CURRENT VERSE4

OLD FAVORITES—San Francisco by Bret Harte—The Great Fire of London by John Dryden—Day of Wrath4

TWO PICTURES OF SAN FRANCISCO—A Cowardly Stah at the Stricken City—A Cleveland Paper Slanders Us—Another Picture of San Francisco by the Philadelphia Public Ledger—What the Religious Papers Say of the Disaster.....5

BUSINESS DIRECTORY OF SAN FRANCISCO—OAKLAND5-7

STORYETTES—Grave and Gay—Epigrammatic and Otherwise.....7

INDIVIDUALITIES7

LITERARY NOTES7

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS

—People Across the Bay—In Southern California—In Sacramento and Other Points—Californians in the East—Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip—The Palace and the Sharon Estate8

THE TUNEFUL LIAR8

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE—The Argonaut (title trademarked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Publication office, 246 Sutter St., San Francisco. Temporary Business and Editorial offices, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News

Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 1711 San Pablo Avenue, Oakland, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal."

Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal."

Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company, Jerome A. Hart, President."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 6 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

Telephone Number, Long Distance 6N1 San Jose.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Builders.

All are architects of Fate
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time, is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterday's
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build today, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base:
And ascending and secure
Shall tomorrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

—H. W. Longfellow.

London After the Great Fire.

At length th' Almighty cast a pitying eye
And mercy softly touched his melting breast;
He saw the town's one-half in rubbish lie,

And eager flames drive on to store
the rest.

An hollow crystal pyramid he takes,
In firmamental water dip't above;
Of it a broad extinguisher he makes,
And hoods the flames that to their quarry drove.

The vanquished Fires withdraw from every place,
Or full with feeding sink into a sleep;
Each household genius shows again his face,
And from the hearths the little Lares creep.

By such degrees the spreading gladness grew
In every heart which fear had froze before
The standing streets with so much joy they view
That with less grief the perished they deplore.

Not with more constancy the Jews, of old
By Cyrus from rewarded exile sent,
Their royal city did in dust behold,
Or with more vigor to rebuild it went.

The utmost malice of the stars is past,
And two dire comets, which have scourged the town,
In their own plague and fire have breathed the last
Or dimly in their sinking sockets frown.

Methinks already from this chymic flame,
I see a city of more precious mould:
Rich as the town which gives the Indies name,
With silver paved, and all divine with gold.

Already laboring with a mighty fate,
She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow,
And seems to have renewed her charter's date,
Which heaven will to the death of Time allow.

More great than human now, and more august,
Now deified she from her fires does rise:
Her widening streets on new foundations trust,
And opening into larger parts she flies.

Before, she like some shepherdess did show,
Who sat to hate her by a river's side;
Not answering to her fame, but rude and low,
Nor taught the heauteous arts of modern pride.

Now like a maiden queen she will behold,
From her high turrets, hourly suitors come;

The East with lucense, and the West with gold,
Will stand like suppliants to receive her doom.

The wealthy Tagus and the wealthier Rhine,
The glory of their towns no more shall hoast.

And Seyne, that would with Belgian rivers join,
Shall find her lustre stain'd, and traffic lost.

The venturesome merchant, who design'd more far,
And touches on our hospitable shore,
Charmed with the splendor of this Northern star,

Shall here unlade him and depart no more,
Thus to the western wealth through storms we go.

But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more;

A constant trade-wind will securely blow.

And gently lay us on the spicy shore.

—John Dryden.

San Francisco.

Serene, indifferent of fate.

Thou sitteth at the Western gate.

Upon thy height, so lately won
Still slant the banners of the sun.

Thou seest the white seas strike their
tents,

O warden of two continents!

And, scornful of the peace that flies
Thy angry wings and sullen skies,

Thou drainest all things, small or
great,

To thee beside the Western gate.

O lion's whelp, that hidest fast
In jungle growth of spire and mast!

I know thy cunning and thy greed
Thy hard high lust and wilful deed.

And all thy glory loves to tell
Of specious gifts material.

Drop down O fleecy fog, and hide
Her skeptic sneer and all her pride!

Wrap her, O fog, in gown and hood
Of her Franciscan brotherhood.

Hide me her faults, her sin and blame;
With thy gray mantle cloak her shame!

So shall she, cowed, sit and pray
Till morning bears her sins away.

Then rise, O fleecy fog, and raise
The glory of her coming days;

Be as the cloud that flecks the seas
Above her smoky argosies;

When forms familiar shall give place
To stranger speech and newer face;

When all her throes and anxious fears
Lie hushed in the repose of years;

When art shall raise and culture lift
The sensual joys and meaner thrift;

And all fulfilled the vision we
Who watch and wait shall never see;

Who in the morning of her race,
Toiled fair or meanly in our place;

But, yielding to the common lot,
Lie unrecorded and forgot.

—Bret Harte.

Carl Joubert, one of the most strenuous English advocates of Russian freedom, died the other day in London. It is said that his real name was A. W. C. Grote and that he was a descendant of the historian of Greece. The name of Joubert he adopted because it was that of his mother before marriage. She was a member of the well-known Dutch South African family of that name. Carl Joubert first went to Russia about twenty years ago and found such an attraction in the country and its people that he practically became a Russian.

When Andrew Carnegie first spoke of taking up golf he was advised by Baillie MacKenzie, of Edinburgh, to lay out a golf course at Skibo castle. "If you take to golf," said the baillie, "you will add ten years to your life." "Do you say so?" said Mr. Carnegie. "If you can add ten years to my life I will make you a present of \$2,000,000." "Well," replied the canny magistrate, "I can't just exactly do that, but I'll play you for the \$2,000,000 over your own green." The offer was not accepted.

DEL MONTE OFFERS

Hotel Del Monte was very slightly injured by the recent disturbance, and is offering a welcome shelter to all San Franciscans. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at the present. The entire hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families. Address Geo. P. Snell, Manager, Del Monte, California.

A PERMANENT HOME. CURRENT VERSE.

Niagara, by Florence Wilkinson.

The water talked to the turbine
At the intake's couchant knee:
Brother, thy mouth is darkness
Devouring me.

I rush at the whirl of thy hiding;
I pour and spend
Through the wheel-pit's nether tempest.

Brother, the end?
Before fierce days of tent and javelin,
Before the cloudy kings of Ur,
Before the Breath upon the waters,
My splendors were.

Red hurricanes of roving worlds.
Huge wallow of the uncharted Sea,
The formless births of fluid stars,
Remember me.

A glacial dawn, the smoke of rainbows
The swiftness of the canyoned west,
The steadfast column of white volcanoes.

Leap from my breast.

But now, subterranean, mirthless.
I tug and strain,
Beating out a dance thou hast taught me
With penstock, cylinder, vane.
I am more delicate than moonlight,
Grave as the thunder's rocking brow
I am genesis, revelation,
Yet less than thou.

By this I adjure thee, brother,
Beware to offend!
For the least, the dumbfounded, the
conquered,
Shall judge in the end.

The turbine talked to the man
At the switchboard's cryptic key:
Brother, thy touch is whirlwind
Consuming me.

I revolve at the pulse of thy finger.
Millions of power I flash
For the muted and ceaseless cables
And the engine's crash.
Like Samson, fettered, blindfolded,
I sweat at my craft;
But I build a temple I know not,
Driver and ring and shaft.

Wheat-field and tunnel and furnace,
They tremble and are aware.
But beyond thou compellest me, brother,
er,
Beyond these, where?
Singing like sunrise on battle,
I travail as hills that bow:
I am wind and fire of prophecy,
Yet less than thou.

By this I adjure thee, brother,
Be slow to offend!
For the least, the blindfolded, the
conquered,
Shall judge in the end.

The man strove with his maker
At the clang of the power-house
door:
Lord, Lord, Thou art unsearchable,
Troubling me sore.

I have thrust my spade to the caverns;
I have yoked the cataract;
I have counted the steps of the planets.
What thing have I lacked?
I am come to a goodly country.
Where, putting my hand to the plow,
I have not considered the lilies,
Am I less than Thou?

The maker spake with the man
At the terminal-house of the line:
For delight wouldst thou have desolation,

O brother mine,
And flaunt on the highway of nations
A byword and sign?

Have I fashioned thee then in my image
And quickened thy spirit of old,
If thou spoil my garments of wonder
For a handful of gold?
I wrought for thy glittering possession
The waterfall's glorious lust;
It is genesis, revelation,—
Wilt thou grind it to dust?

Niagara, the genius of freedom,
A creature for base command!
Thy soul is the pottage thou sellest:
Withhold thy hand.
Or take him and hind him and make him

A magnificent slave if thou must—
But remember that beauty is treasure
And gold is dust.

They Got Together.

A Denver young man, who works in a railroad office, was calling on a Capitol Hill girl whom he likes very much, the other evening, and they were in the parlor alone. They were sitting about like this:

Young man. Girl.
The caller had not been up for a week and the girl was taking him to task for his apparent neglect of her.
"Why haven't you been up, Tom?" she asked. "Have you been ill?"
"Yes," he replied; "I had some sort of stomach trouble. I'm much better now. The doctor says, however, that I must keep away from sweet things, but—"

Here he hesitated.
"But what?" she asked.
"But I just couldn't keep away from you if I tried," he said. A moment later they were sitting about like this:
Youngman Girl

DIES TRAE.

Day of wrath! O day of mourning!
See! Once more the Cross returning!
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!

Oh! What fear man's bosom rendeth
When from Heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth!

Wondrous sound the Trumpet singeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth!

Death is struck, and Nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making!

Lo, the Book, exactly worded!
Wherein all hath been recorded;
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

What shall I, frail man, be pleading,
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy reeding?

King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity! then befriend us!

Think! Kind Jesus, my salvation

Caused Thy wondrous incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation!

Faint and weary Thou hast sought me
On the Cross of suffering thought me,
Shall such grace be vainly brought me

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant thy gift of absolution,
Ere that reck'ning day's conclusion!

Guiltily, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning

Thou the sinful woman savedst,
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest!

Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying!

With Thy favor'd sheep, oh place me
Nor among the goats aghast me;
But to thy right hand upraise me.

While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with Thy saints surrounded

Low I kneel with heart submission;
See, like ashes, my contrition;
Help me, in my last condition!

Ah! that Day of tears and mourning
From the dust of earth returning,
Man for judgment must prepare him
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him!

Lord, who didst our souls redeem,
Grant a blessed Requiem! Amen.

A Kentuckian was talking sadly of Colonel H. G. Toler, the noted horse man, who recently died in Wichita.

"Colonel Toler raised John R. Gentry and many other famous horses," said the Kentuckian. "The turf has suffered a great loss in him. A better judge of horseflesh and a pleasant man you'd never find."

"I used to love to watch him studying horses. He was very keen. He was at his best then."

"A rich tailor once brought him to see a new acquisition, a trotter of doubtful quality, for which, however, \$4500 had been paid."

"The tailor was full of enthusiasm about his horse. He little knew he had been done."

"Look at him," he cried. "There's a horse for you. Look at them legs!"

"Very pretty," said Colonel Toler, grinning. "Very nice legs, indeed. But don't they bag a bit at the knees?"

A persevering youth had called several times at the home of a young lady, to be met each time with a "not at home." Upon one occasion he had seen her go in just before he reached the gate. His ring was answered by her small brother.

"Jimmy, I'd like to see your sister," the determined young man said.

"She ain't at home," Jimmy said, surveying him disdainfully.

"But I just saw her come in," the youth protested.

"Can't help that. Tell you what I'll do, though," Jimmy said, condescendingly. "You give me your pack of cigarettes, and I'll send her down."

"You are too young to smoke, Jimmy."

"Do I get 'em?" Jimmy said, aggressively, half closing the door.

"Here they are!" was the conciliating reply, and the box was handed over. Leaving the visitor seated in the parlor Jimmy disappeared, to return in a few minutes.

"She'll be down soon," he said.

"How did you work that, Jimmy?" the youth inquired.

The boy surveyed him with an amused grin.

"Aw, I told her it was the fellow she's engaged to," he said.—Minneapolis Journal.

Eminent Financier—"Doc, I'm going to take out another million dollar policy. As the company's medical director, you'll testify, of course, as to my perfect health?" Insurance Physicist—"Certainly." Eminent Financier—"And by the way, Doc, I've been cited

aked investigator from the West, a fellow who's totally ignorant of our Eastern financial ethics. As my family physician, just write me a memo, will you, that I'm threatened with pneumonia or appendicitis, and can't possibly appear?"—Puck.

STAGE GOSSIP.

The Orpheum is to open May 20 at the Chutes Theater. It will present a one act version of Carmen, adapted for vaudeville purposes by Miss Marie Doran. Miss Bergere is supported by her company of six people. Mosher, Houghton and Mosher, comedy and trick cyclists, will offer the act that has made them famous, and Eva Mudge, "the military maid," will be a novel attraction. In many costumes, all suggestive of the regular army, she sings all sorts of patriotic songs. Kenno, Walsh and Melrose will present an act and Caprice Lynn and Fal give the "daintiest girl act in vaudeville." Clifford and Burke, black face comedians, have several new song hits. Armstrong and Holly give their piece of fun, "The Expressman." The always interesting Orpheum Motion Pictures, complete the bill. E. M. Rosner with his Hungarian orchestra will play for the first time his new march "Greater San Francisco," dedicated to Mayor Schmitz. A matinee will be given at the Orpheum every day except Monday. A down town box office is located at Donlon's drug store, corner of Fillmore and Sutter streets, where seats may be reserved one week in advance, daily, between nine a. m. and five p. m. The usual Orpheum popular prices will prevail.

The Tivoli company will go to Seattle for an eight weeks' engagement at the Grand Theater, arrangements having been closed with William R. Russell, the capitalist owner of the Grand and Third avenue playhouses in that city. The Tivoli name will be dropped. George Lask will have charge of the stage and Frank W. Healy of the business end.

After the Seattle run, an engagement may be filled at Portland and then the company will take to the road.

A two-story steel frame building, the Empire Theater, has begun in San Jose. The theater will be a first-class vaudeville house under the direction of William Weston, of the Empire Theater in San Francisco.

The new building will be of the mission style of architecture. It will have a frontage of 68 feet and a depth of 100 feet. It will have a seating capacity of 1000. The Empire Theater Company's directors are as follows: Ed Ackerman, San Francisco, 825; William A. Weston, San Jose, 824; Hal A. Curtis, San Francisco, 825; I. H. Wise, San Francisco, 825; E. M. Rosenthal, San Jose, 1.

Harrison Grey Fiske announces that arrangements are almost completed for a new playhouse in the vicinity of Times square to be the permanent home of Mrs. Fiske and the Manhattan company. It will be ready to open early in the autumn of 1907. Fiske's lease of the Manhattan Theater ends on June 1st next. To provide a suitable stage for Mrs. Fiske next season a contract has been signed with the Schuberts for the Lyric Theater from September 10th for twenty weeks.

Mrs. Joseph Grismer, better known in the theatrical world as Phoebe Davies, is due here from New York, in charge of a car of clothing and a portion of the cash proceeds of the big benefit performance held at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York on the 4th instant. The big benefit was the most notable affair of the kind ever given in the United States, and yielded something like \$25,000, which will go to relieve the needs of theatrical people and police who suffered in the recent conflagration. The police of New York sold 14,000 tickets for the benefit performance, and in ad-

dition tickets \$4000 was realized from the sale of flowers, programmes and souvenirs. The performance began at 11 o'clock in the morning and the programme was not concluded until 2 o'clock the following morning.

Actors in distress will receive financial assistance by applying to the committee named below. Mr. George Osbourne of the committee will be found at the General Passenger Office, Southern Pacific Company, second floor south end Ferry building, foot of Market Street, San Francisco, daily (except Saturdays and Sundays), from 12 noon to 3 p. m.; Saturdays, 12 to 1 p. m. M. Meyerfeld Jr., Joseph Gottlob, George Osbourne, M. E. Mayer, W. H. Leahy, Committee.

The incapacity of most successful actors—a few prominent exceptions to the rule can, of course, be instanced by everybody—to hold on to the money which came to them so easily is notorious. Sir Henry Irving, who enjoyed a golden prosperity for many years, left a comparatively small sum behind him at his death, and now a sort of semi-official announcement is made by the gentlemen who have assumed the task of raising a jubilee fund for that irresistible actress Ellen Terry, that "recent managerial speculations have made havoc of her savings."

Mr. W. L. Courtney has just completed a stage version of Robert Louis Stevenson's story "Markheim" for Mr. H. B. Irving, who is now busily engaged rehearsing the piece for immediate production at the London Lyric, as a prelude to "Mauricette." "Markheim" is included in the volume entitled "Merry Men and Other Tales and Fables."

More than \$20,000 was realized at a benefit performance in aid of the San Francisco sufferers May 5th at the Metropolitan Opera House. The benefit was under the auspices of the Theatrical Managers' Association and it was decided that the proceeds should go to the destitute actors and policemen of the stricken city.

The preparations for the celebration of Ellen Terry's jubilee continue in London, the shilling subscription scheme leaving the Tribune to conduct it in its own fashion. About 35,000 shillings had been subscribed at latest accounts, which is a respectable showing considering the fact that the Tribune is a new paper, but scarcely reflects the true extent of Miss Terry's popularity, and certainly falls very far short of the sum necessary to provide her with a comfortable annuity. The testimonial performance which the associated managers are organizing is likely to have brilliant artistic and substantial financial results. It will take place next month, in all probability, in Drury Lane Theater, whose boards have been trodden by so many generations of famous actors. It is probable that one of the chief features of the programme will be a play in which all the chief parts will be assumed by various members of the Terry family. But nothing has been definitely decided on yet, except that the entertainment shall be as attractive and as memorable as it is possible to make it.

The memorial to Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, given at the Knickerbocker Theater on April 11th, brought out a crowd of admirers of the old actress and added the sum of \$3,600 to the fund being raised for the window to be placed in Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

Mme. Marcella Sembrich has postponed her departure for Europe in order to give a song recital at Carnegie Hall on Monday afternoon, May 17th, in aid of the chorus and orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who suffered so much through the re-

cent catastrophe in San Francisco. The members of the orchestra have lost their instruments and are thus deprived of their means of livelihood and the members of the chorus are destitute. Mme. Sembrich has undertaken this concert out of sympathy for her colleagues and the proceeds, which will be distributed to the orchestra and chorus by her, are not a part of the fund that may be raised subsequently.

Many of the prominent American residents of London are among the box-holders for the opera season which begins at Covent Garden this week and continues until mid-summer. The season itself bids fair to be as brilliant, artistically and socially, as any of its predecessors. Among the artists engaged are Caruso and Scotti, recently from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, and Melba, Battistini and Destima. The repertoire arranged for the season calls for several Wagnerian productions and four of Verdi's compositions.

Nat Goodwin, in describing an unsuccessful play, said:

"Why, one night, during this company's Western tour, the box office man was aroused from a nap in the middle of the first act by an odd sound.

"He yawned and looked out of the box, and there before him stood a little boy, weeping bitterly.

"What is the matter, my little one?" he asked.

"The boy, holding up a check, said: 'I want my money back!'

"Why do you want your money back?" asked the box office man in surprise.

"Because," sobbed the boy, 'I'm afraid to sit up in the gallery all alone.'"

The Rev. J. J. Curran, Treasurer of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, was talking in Wilkes-barre about St. Patrick's day. From this subject, turning naturally to the subject of bulls, he said:

"An Englishman was once traveling in the south of Ireland, when he came to a village called Skibbereen.

"The name struck him as very peculiar and odd, and he asked a villager why the town was so called.

"Sure," the villager replied, 'I thought even an Englishman could have seen the reason for that. It's called Skibbereen to distinguish it from other places of the same name.'"

A recently published biography of James Russell Lowell says of a famous incident of the poet's college life: "Throughout his senior year his unexcused absences from recitations and chapel exercises increased in number until they reached a total that even now is startling to an academically trained reader. Finally, so the story runs, there came a characteristic ebullition, during one of his infrequent appearances at evening prayers, that brought matters to a head. Having been elected in the morning poet of his class, Lowell had spent the day in ambrosial jubilation. At prayers that evening, being still jubilant, he arose in his seat and bowed low to the right and to the left. Coming at the end of a long career of consistent negligence, this breach of decorum was not to be passed in silence." Lowell was, as a consequence suspended.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Deacon Brown.

A plous man was Deacon Brown,
He never raged or swore;
A cyclone blew his kitchen down
And through his orchard tore.
But when he rose up somewhat dazed
And took a long full breath and gazed

Upon the havoc that was wrought,
He uttered not a single shrill,
Profane remark about it. Still,
I wonder what he thought?

The deacon's gray mare ran away
And badly scattered things;
The road was littered up that day
With hubs and spokes and springs.
The deacon crawled out from the wreck

And felt his brow and rubbed his neck.

And when the foamy mare
He kept his thin lips tightly shut
And stood there saying nothing. But
I wonder what he thought?

The deacon had a daughter who
Eloped, one moonless night,
With Ebenezer Pettigrew,
A shiftless, worthless wight.
The deacon did not chase the pair;
Next day he sat with rumpled hair
And furrowed brow and saying naught;
Sometimes he clenched his fists, 'tis true,
And many a long, deep sigh he drew,
I wonder what he thought?
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

The Perfidious Poets.

The flowers of spring,
The vines that cling—
Such are the things the poets sing.

They prate of rills
And wooded hills
But not of measles or of chills.

They yawp of rocks
And playful flocks
But ne'er a word of chicken-pox.

They note each bud,
Each bovine cud
Yet never do they mention mud!

O'er alder clumps
Enthuse these chumps
Who have no time for croups or mumps.

The leafy spot
They laud a lot—
The farmer's bull concerns them not.

The tiny vale
They wildly hail.
We trespass, and we go to jail.

So I declare
And roundly swear
The bards are not upon the square!

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star.

[Boston Version.]

Scintillate, scintillate, globule vivific,
Wondering contemplated by men scientific;
Elevated and poised in ether capacious,
Resembling a coruscant gem carbonaceous.

—Chicago News.

Life's Tragedies.

How strange is life! A most uncertain thing,
Dependent on the wiles and whims of Fate;
How much more joy its passing hours would bring
If one was destined never to be late.
Tonight, alone, 'midst other thoughts I pause
And ruminate before my ember fire;
I lost the girl I love the best because
I had to stop to mend a punctured tire.

How true the things we crave are just ahead—
Invitingly they beckon out of reach—
But when far down life's speedway we have sped
We find some other fellow's captured each.
Then undismayed we throw in our high gear
No weak compression thwarts our keen desire;
Yet ever when we feel the prize is near
We have to stop and mend a punctured tire.

And thus my life has been a broken
thread.

For when I'm running swift and sure

I find

Some object seems immovable ahead,

And I put on the brakes and fail be-
hind.

But in the end, when all life's cares

I drop,

And I shall run my auto-chariot of

fire,

I hope I shall not then be forced to
stop

Outside the Gate and mend a punc-
tured tire.—Puck.

The Argonaut.

LVIII. No. 1524.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 26, 1906.

Price, 10 Cents.

NOTICE.

As soon as the necessary permits can be secured and the debris cleared away, work will begin at once on reconstructing the Argonaut's former quarters at 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco. In the meantime, the Editorial and Business Offices will be maintained at TWENTY-FIVE BROWN AVENUE, SAN JOSE, CAL. Address all business communications there to The Argonaut Publishing Co., Jerome A. Hart, President.

The news trade can secure the Argonaut from the SAN FRANCISCO NEWS CO., No. 1711 SAN PABLO AVENUE, OAKLAND.

The paper will be on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco and by the Dennison News Co., on its boats and trains.

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE IN SAN FRANCISCO AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

TWENTY-NINTH YEAR.

JEROME A. HART - - - - - Editor

How About the Insurance Companies?

The insurance situation in San Francisco remains in an unsatisfactory condition. The local agents have acted in a manner to perturb and alarm the policy holders. In addition to leaving San Francisco for Oakland, where many policy holders could not follow them, many of them have adopted the plan of leaving letters unanswered, eluding and evading personal interviews, and generally acting in a way to indicate that they are trying to avoid not only liability, but even an acknowledgement that they had accepted risks from the policy holders. This attitude on their part has finally brought about a visit from the sub-committee of the Citizens' General Committee which was not wholly satisfactory. The insurance agents stated that they would "pay their legal liabilities," but they did not construe "legal," and they did not give any intimation as to when they would pay.

State Insurance Commissioner Wolfe states that he believes their policy will result in nullifying the claims of many policy holders who may not succeed in giving them notice of loss and in filing their proofs of claims within the period fixed by the companies. He therefore has served upon all the companies a formal notice of the destruction of the burnt district of San Francisco, carefully defining its boundaries, and has informed them that he is the agent of every policy holder within the burnt district. Thus he proposes to prevent the nullifying of claims of policy holders who may find themselves juggled out of their dues by craft or chicanery.

Immediately after the conflagration, doubt was expressed by many concerning the intent of the British companies to pay. As the days pass, these doubts seem to be removed. The attitude of the British companies may be thus summed up: they will pay no earthquake damages; they will pay fire damages not caused by earthquake; they will pay no damages for dynamite destruction if they can help themselves. If, however, the courts hold that dynamite was used as water would have been—to check the flames—they will pay. In short, they will confine themselves to their strict legal liability. They plead in excuse that their stockholders will hold the directors to a strict legal accounting for any moneys paid out for losses not covered by their policies. Furthermore, they allege that the reinsurance companies in Great Britain will hold the original directors also liable personally for any damages paid out on losses not strictly according to the letter of their policies.

But behind all this is the fact that while the British companies will pay no more than their legal liabilities, THEY WILL PAY.

How about the American companies? We regret that we cannot make a report even as favorable as the foregoing. It begins to look as if the crooked record left by the life insurance companies of America was going to be paralleled by the fire insurance companies of America. The course of the Traders company of Chicago has created a most unpleasant impression. This

company seemed to be in so favorable condition that it arouses grave doubts as to what may be the condition of smaller and weaker companies. On Dec. 31, 1905, its surplus was \$1,344,723.

On May 4th the company made application for a receiver. In New York and Chicago, the day previous, brokers were busy replacing insurance written for the Traders in other companies. A number of companies failed to get any of this replaced business. Some of the companies passed by were considered perfectly sound before the San Francisco fire. All the brokers and agents concerned refuse to give a list of the companies which were passed by. They say that they wish to protect the names of all the companies they can. In New York and Boston financial circles, however, it is whispered that there are between thirty and fifty companies which were passed by in the replacing of the Trader's business; that each of these companies is in the same position as the Traders before it asked for a receiver; that, like the Traders, each one of them has endeavored to assuage the stockholders to raise a protection fund; that if the fund be raised these companies will be able to stand up; that if they fail to raise such a fund, as the Traders failed to do, they will have to go to the wall. The Traders had been considered one of the strongest companies in the West. All of its stockholders are men of large wealth. It was given out the day before the failure that each stockholder was to be assessed \$200 in order to meet the San Francisco losses. It now looks as if this were merely a piece of flimflam for the purpose of heading off possible legal proceedings.

Offers of Bound Volumes From Generous Subscribers.

The Argonaut continues to receive from its subscribers most kindly offers of their files of bound volumes. We are much moved by the generosity of these offers, for people who take the trouble to preserve and bind copies of a periodical usually set some store by them. We have, therefore, felt that to accept these offers would, in a way, be imposing on the good nature of those who offered them. We have contented ourselves with making notes of the numbers and dates of these files, with the possible hope in the future of completing some sets from various quarters and making arrangements for their transfer.

It is very much to be regretted that so many files were destroyed in the libraries of San Francisco by the great fire. Only a short time before the catastrophe the editor of this journal had decided to donate complete sets of bound volumes to a number of the leading libraries of the country. He had already given complete files to some libraries not in a position to purchase them, and had assisted in making up incomplete files in richer and better endowed institutions. This was the case with the fine library of Stanford University, whose librarian some time ago informed us that their Argonaut file was incomplete. We took pleasure in supplying the missing numbers, bound and unbound, without any charge. Reflecting on these facts, it occurred to the editor that some twenty-five or thirty files of bound volumes would be of infinitely greater value to the world in the libraries of the country than reposing in the dust and gloom of warehouses. It was with this in mind that he had a number of cases packed for shipping to the country, where at his leisure he could correspond with such libraries as would care to receive them. Unfortunately, as previously narrated, these cases were not packed until the 17th of April, and these volumes also fell a prey to the flames. Here is another lesson, if one were needed, of the unwisdom of procrastination. These volumes extended over nearly thirty years of California's history; they were indexed volumes, the first period briefly, the last period copiously. Yet these which contained so much material valuable to the historian and the student, by a delay of twenty-four hours in shipping, were not saved, and are now dust and ashes.

Let us return to the generous offers of our subscribers. On reflection, we have come to this conclusion: We are indisposed to accept from them the offer of their bound volumes. If they have taken the trouble to keep and bind them, we think they would now like to keep them. But, doubtless, many of our readers have accumulated unbound numbers of the Argonaut. Many have intended

to bind them, but have failed to do so, by reason of not keeping the numbers continuous. Others have simply put the numbers aside in attics or lumber rooms, with no particular end in view concerning them. To these subscribers then we address ourselves. We do not think that these loose and disconnected numbers can be very highly prized by them. Yet to us they would be invaluable. Would it be too much to ask of all subscribers of the Argonaut who happen to have loose and unbound copies of this journal, for which they do not greatly care, to forward the same to us? They may be sent by Wells-Fargo Express addressed "Editor Argonaut, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal. Collect." If the trouble be taken to mark them "Newspapers" it will diminish the transportation charge made to us by the express company. If any of our readers have such numbers, and will go to the trouble to forward them to us in this manner, we would be infinitely grateful.

The Argonaut Corrected and Rebuked.

Some weeks ago Mr. A. Hartuppe McKee, writing from Paree, penned a protest concerning certain provincial locutions perpetrated in these columns. Stress of other matters for the time being prevented us from acknowledging Mr. A. Hartkee MacUppe's courteous letter. At the time we were engaged in regulating the destiny of the Old World nations at the Algenciras conference. The moment we got that settled we were forced to turn with a sigh to managing the railway rate bill in the American Congress. Even now we fear that we cannot give to Mr. A. KeeMac Uppehart such time as under other circumstances we would cheerfully accord him, for it is absolutely necessary that we should devote ourselves to attempting to repair the ravages of earthquake and fire.

In the interim, however, between these graver matters, we shall be pleased to take up for a few pleasant moments the discussion of hats, bonnets, "lingerie," "modistes," "chiffons," frubbles, fluffs, fashions and frivolities, so delicately touched upon by Mr. A. Upkee MacHart. But before doing so let us print the note written to us from far Paree:

PARIS, March 24, 1906.
Editor Argonaut: In the Argonaut of February 10, 1906, you speak of the "Gobelin tapestry often presented by the French nation as a wedding gift." You probably mean "Gobelins tapestry." The word "Gobelins" is the name of a family of dyers, who, in the fifteenth century, established themselves in the Faubourg St. Marcel, Paris. In the following century they added to their dye works a tapestry manufactory, the product of the looms since that time being known as "Gobelins." Your error is a very common one with many American periodicals and daily newspapers—almost as common as the incorrect use of the word "modiste" for "dressmaker." The "modiste" is a maker and a designer of hats—a milliner pure and simple, and has nothing to do with dressmaking. A dressmaker is a "couturiere."

Very truly,

A. HARTUPPE MCKEE.

We are desolated to differ with Mr. A. Hartuppe McKee. We did not mean "Gobelins tapestry." Neither is the word "Gobelins" the "name of a family of dyers." It may be the term applied to a number of these famous dyers, added together—aggregated or agglutinated Gobelins, as it were. But it is not "the NAME of the family:" that is "GOBELIN"—la famille Gobelin. We regret also to differ with Mr. A. KeeMac Uppehart when he says the product of their loom since that time is known as "GobelinS." A number of units or integers of their products might be so known, but is not; neither is their "product." Mr. A. UppeMac KeHart may or may not know that even an individual, when he becomes famous in France, is often pluralized: videlicet "Les Moliere," "Les Voltaire;" there was but one of each, and each died childless: there was no little Poquelin, no infant Arouet. There was a Jean Gobelin, who begat little Gobelins. There was a Jean Poquelin (alias Moliere), but he left no little Poquelins. There was an Arouet Junior ("le jeune"—therefore "Arouet le Jenne"—therefore AROUET, LJ.—hence the anagram UOLTAJRE, who lived and died under the pseudonym "Voltaire." Thus, although there was a junior Arouet, he sired no sons, and there never was any Voltaire Junior. Still, in France the plural article is often prefixed to his as well as Moliere's name.

If this be so in the case of an individual, how much the more in the case of a famous family. It was owing to their fame rather than

to their plurality that the famous family of dyers became known as "Les Gobelins." Owing to the slight mental confusion which many worthy people carry from the cradle to the grave (not only about numbers, but about genders, and everything else), some, doubtless, may have confused the term "Les Gobelins," the pluralized FAMILY, with "Les Gobelins" the PLACE whence comes the pluralized product. Possibly this confusion may even have affected the mind of our good friend Mr. A. HartMac Uppekee. The establishment is generally known in France as "La Manufacture des Gobelins." This does not mean "the manufacture of gobelins" (which word here to Mr. A. HartKee MacUppe would apparently mean "tapestries"), but it means "The Manufactory of the Gobelins"—or, as we should say in English, "The Manufactory of the Robinsons," if there were several Robinsons.

If Mr. Keeuppe HartMac does not believe this, we beg to point out to him that the "Manufactory of the Gobelins" is situated on the "Avenue of the Gobelins." Even if he confuses the phrase "Manufacture des Gobelins" to mean the manufacture of things, or objects, or products called "gobelins," he could scarcely apply the same reasoning to the name of an avenue. It is simply the "Avenue of the Gobelins," or avenue of the individuals of the Gobelin family.

Purely in the interests of the eternal verities, and not wishing in any way to attack the accuracy of Mr. A. Hartuppe McKee, we beg also to point out to him that the family of dyers, about whose name we differ, did not "in the fifteenth century establish themselves in the Faubourg St. Marcel." They established themselves in the Faubourg St. Marceau. True, the difference between "cel" and "ceau" is only so-so, but still there is a difference.

We now come to the tenth line of the exhortation delivered to the Argonaut by Mr. A. Hartkee McUppe. "Your error is a very common one with many American newspapers,"—he writes—"almost as common as the incorrect use of the word 'modiste' for 'dressmaker.' The 'modiste' is a maker and designer of hats—a milliner pure and simple, and has nothing to do with dressmaking. A dressmaker is a 'couturiere.'"

Defly as it is joined on to the first portion of Mr. KeeMac Uppehart's blast, this dissertation on dressmakers somewhat startled us. Had we been guilty of this crass neologism? On a careful reading, however, we find that it is merely by implication that Mr. A. Uppekee MacHart has accused us of this high crime and misdemeanor. The Argonaut has not sinned in this regard. Its skirts are clear. But we must be careful, because "this is a very common error with many American newspapers." This reminds us of a certain self-possessed Richard III., when a scared super spoiled his cue by rushing on and shouting, "Your Majesty, we have taken the Duke of Buckingham and cut off his head." To which the crook-backed King replied, "Indeed? Gadzooks, and by my halldome I had you not donè so, I would have said, 'OFF WITH HIS HEAD! So much for Buckingham!'" Thus if we had used the word "modiste" for "dressmaker," Mr. A. UppeMac Keehart would have proved to us that the use was incorrect.

Far be it from us to cast reflections on a gentleman who evidently possesses so intimate a knowledge of "dressmaking" as Mr. HartKee MacUppe. He says: "A 'modiste' is a maker and designer of hats, a milliner pure and simple, and has nothing to do with dressmaking. A 'dressmaker' is a 'couturiere.'" We will not enter into a discussion of the exact technical meaning of the word "modiste." There is no doubt that it has come to be used for a maker and vendor of women's hats, and that the words "modes," "modiste," "marchand modiste" are susceptible of varying definitions. There are in fact "marchand modistes" who do not sell hats, but who deal in lingerie or u—d—r—cl—th—g, to put it in the coarser English term at which our modest pen recoils.

But is a dressmaker a "couturiere"?

A painful task is now before us. It is our duty to inform Mr. A. Keemac Uppehart that a dressmaker is NOT a "couturiere." A "couturiere" is a seamstress: "coudre," sew; "coudre," seam: this is as exact a translation as can be made from one language into another. But what gives us most pain is to see that Mr. A. Hartkee McUppe should use such a vulgar word as "dressmaker." Dressmakers are no longer known in the best families. The most exclusive ladies nowadays have, "seamstresses" come to their houses to sew. They would never dream of having their walking gowns, ball gowns, or dinner gowns made at home by a "dressmaker." They may consent occasionally to call in a seamstress—a humble person, who works entirely upon garments reputed not to see the light of day. Madame's cook or her maid may bring in a "dressmaker" by the day to make her dresses, but Madame's gowns are never made by a "dressmaker." In short, a very rich, very swell, very exclusive, and very blue-blooded lady of the present day never utters the word "dressmaker," and does not know what it means. Of course her cloth gowns are made by a "ladies' tailor." In Paree—where, we believe, Mr. A. Uppekee MasHart lives—they are called "tailleur pour dames." Even Milady's silk gowns are also made by the tailor, but none of her outer gowns are ever made by a "dressmaker"; the term has fallen so utterly low that it is only used by people who are utterly impossible, and who never are received in polite society. We very much fear, from his use of this term, that Mr. A. UppeMac KeeHart must at some dreary period have lived in small Western cities in Injvann or Mizzouraw before he went to Paree.

But do not be cast down, MacUppe! Sursum corda, Uppehart! Pardon the blunders of the wild and woolly Westerners, O Uppe-Kee of Paree! and do not forget that

The Gobelins 'll ketch you,

ef you

don't

watch

out!

Organization for San Francisco Policy Holders.

The grave anxiety which has permeated all classes of policy holders in San Francisco touching the conditions and intentions of the fire insurance companies has brought forth a sound suggestion from the San Francisco Examiner. That journal advises the policy holders to organize, and assures them of its earnest support in case they do. The Examiner does not go into details, but the Argonaut would like to suggest that the organization be made in the form of an incorporation. That is the only way in which men can be held together for serious ends. Let us assume, merely for argument, that there are twenty thousand fire insurance policy holders in San Francisco. Suppose the movement for incorporation were begun. All of these men and women, without exception, are seriously alarmed. All of them fear that their just damages will be much cut down; many of them fear that their insurance moneys will be cut in half; and the less cheerful among them are beginning to doubt whether they will get anything at all. Would such a body of men and women hesitate at enrolling themselves in a corporation which would safeguard their moneys, which would at least prevent them from being robbed, which would give them the assurance that their interests were in the hands of both insurance actuaries and attorneys who could cope with the actuaries and attorneys employed by the insurance companies? What hope has the small property owner, say with a policy of \$2,000, against the serried lines of the great insurance companies? None at all. If he be ignorant and poor he may be scared out of a just and honest claim. Even men who are keen-witted and rich are beginning to think seriously of placing the adjustment of their insurance in the hands of experienced attorneys, fearing some underhand business, they scarcely know what.

The Hearst newspapers have always shown a disposition to stand on the side of the people as against the corporations. We are aware that many newspapers set this down to selfish motives. We will not enter into that discussion. This journal has not assumed toward Mr. Hearst the unfriendly attitude which has characterized so many newspapers. If he were as selfish and unprincipled as many newspapers and people profess to believe, we do not see why he should spend his millions in printing newspapers in behalf of the common people. He could very easily spend his money, as many millionaires do, in trying to get away what money the common people have. This cannot be said of him. We believe that if the Hearst newspapers were to start such a movement the people would rally around it with the utmost confidence. What is more, we believe that many rich men in California—or men who were rich a month ago—would stop sneering at Mr. Hearst and his newspapers, and would be glad to join in such a movement, and save what they can from the wreck of their fortunes.

Therefore we urge upon Mr. Hearst that he initiate such a movement. With his powerful chain of newspapers throughout the country to back them up, an incorporated organization of many thousands of policy holders could so direct their campaign against the insurance companies as to bring them speedily to terms. Individual liability exists in California and doubtless in other States as well. Even if all the insurance companies should go into voluntary liquidation, a large corporation of policy holders, controlling great resources and backed by powerful newspapers, could soon succeed in forcing the stockholders in many States to meet their just obligations.

What say you, Mr. Hearst? If you are a friend of the plain people, in what better way could you make all of the people friendly to you than to aid them now?

The Optimism of Our Sister Cities.

The appearance of a pretty picture in an Eastern weekly now lying on our desk has convinced us that those readers are right who believe that we do not publish enough optimistic editorials. This picture is entitled "The New San Francisco." It represents a beautiful female figure standing on one of the headlands of the Golden Gate. Over the bosom of the broad Pacific there float toward her countless argosies of ships with billowing sails.

(As a matter of fact, there are no such things as argosies; "countless ships" would get into trouble with the Custom House; the sea-borne commerce of the world is not carried in lime-juicers or American clippers with lofty masts, but in those marine tea-kettles called ocean tramps.)

But we diverge. The beautiful female figure is gazing seaward at the landbound argosies, a pleased smile on her scarlet lips, while her fine eyes are lighted up with anticipation and her cheeks are flushed with excitement. In her hand she holds a new mural crown made up of towering sky-scrapers and reinforced concrete buildings of the most approved modern construction. The colors of sea and sky are like those of a Turner sea-scape,

and the picture is chromatic and beautiful. The pretty lady in it does not look at all like the grimy, hollow-eyed figure, weeping bitterly, who is crouched in the ashes amid the blackened ruins by the Golden Gate.

Yet how much better it is to print such rosy colored pictures than to publish things as they really are. When we saw this lovely chromo, and thought how much better it made people feel than gazing on the reality, we reflected with pain that we had discussed these matters from a different point of view. Still there is some excuse for us. When a man sees a city of steel skeletons, of tottering, windowless walls, of vast mounds of twisted steel and iron girders and beams—when he gazes on such a ruin, the ruin of what used to be a city, the ruin of a city where he was born and where he had lived nearly all his life—he may be pardoned for a slight tinge of melancholy.

But we have heard so much of the necessity for optimism that we have come to the conclusion that such feelings are weak and unmanly. We are going to be good and cheer up. Cherries are ripe.

It is related of a Scottish editor that he once employed a writing young man to come down from London to Glasgow. He informed the Cockney that he wanted him to write humorous editorials. "I joke myself," said the editorial Scot, "but I realize that I joke wi' deefficulty." So it is with us. With San Francisco's ruins obsessing us like a nightmare it is difficult for us to write optimistic editorials. But write them we must, say our friends.

Give us a little time.

If we may not write them ourselves, however, we may at least copy some optimistic editorials.

It is Rochefoucauld who says that people always take a certain amount of comfort out of the misfortunes of their friends. The Argonaut has been much struck by the calmness, the resignation, the fortitude with which the misfortunes of San Francisco have been borne—by Los Angeles, by San Diego, by Oakland, and by Portland. We have also been much impressed by the optimism with which these sister cities contemplate the effects of the disaster on the future—that is, on the future of San Francisco.

We will therefore copy a few optimistic editorials. We have mislaid them, and therefore are forced to quote from memory. But they so deeply impressed us that they are probably reasonably accurate. In the Oakland Clarion of a recent date we found the following chunk of optimism:

"It is quite evident that it will require years instead of months to clear away the debris in San Francisco. Weeks have passed, and the work has scarcely begun. It took fifty years to bring the vast amount of brick and mortar, steel and iron, into the present burned district. Surely the people of San Francisco should not grow impatient; in a matter of five or ten years they can easily clear it away.

"In the meantime Oakland offers to them every inducement for comfortable, healthful habitations and admirable facilities for doing business of every kind. She has the finest waterfront on San Francisco harbor, far superior to that of the late city of San Francisco. Oakland is the terminal point of two great transcontinental railroads, and will shortly be the terminal point of a third. Already some hundreds of merchants of the late city of San Francisco have established themselves in our midst, most of whom will remain.

"None the less, San Francisco must cheer up. True, she will never be the first city on the Coast again; that title is destined to remain with Oakland. But she may rest assured of the fact that she will always be the second city. Oakland will loyally assist her stricken sister city to keep ahead of Los Angeles in the procession.

"In the meantime, the former residents and business men of San Francisco are assured that there are many desirable sites for business establishments and private residences still to be obtained in Oakland on the most reasonable terms."

We found another optimistic editorial in a recent number of the Sacramento Capital, which ran as follows:

"While the sympathy of Sacramento goes forth in bountiful measure to her stricken sister city, San Francisco, we cannot help but call attention to the fact that the great interior valley of the State was practically free from the effects of the recent earthquake. It was highly localized in character, confined almost entirely to the region around the bay. Oakland, San Jose and other cities there suffered severely, while the shock on the peninsula where San Francisco stands was of the most terrifying description. Nothing like it has ever been known in the history of California.

"Why was this shock not felt in Sacramento? This

is the reason. It is evident that the vast bed of alluvial soil between the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range mountains acts as a sort of buffer, thus protecting us from the dreadful shocks which have desolated San Francisco in the past, and which, alas, may also destroy it in the future. When we think of the dreadful fate which San Francisco barely escaped in the recent dreadful cataclysm, and when we reflect that their inevitable doom, like the sword of Damocles, hangs over the heads of the unfortunate dwellers down at the bay, we can scarcely restrain our tears.

"Still, there is a remedy for all those who are not absolutely forced to remain in that city. Why not come to Sacramento? The climate is excellent—a little warm in summer, but what of that? Among our ninety-seven varieties of mosquitoes, we point with pride to the fact that the Malaria Mosquito, the Anopheles, and the Yellow Fever Mosquito, the Stegomyia, are utterly unknown. All of our mosquitoes are house-broken, and most of them stay out on the lawn all the time. Sacramento is proud of her mosquitoes.

"Infinitely superior as are the advantages of Sacramento as a place for residence and business compared with the cloudy, bleak, foggy city of San Francisco with its awful earthquakes and its dreadful fires, still we trust that our afflicted fellow-citizens will not grow despondent. Let them cheer up. In the course of ten or fifteen years they will doubtless clear away the debris, and probably inside of a generation they will have rebuilt their city almost as good as it was before. Do not despair."

In the Los Angeles Times-Herald we found a scientific optimistic editorial, which we partly reproduce here:

"A total absence in Los Angeles of any tremors of the earth, no matter how slight, during the recent dreadful cataclysm which destroyed San Francisco, has attracted much attention among the favored dwellers here. When they read the accounts of what took place in San Francisco it fairly makes their blood run cold. Credible narratives are told of six-story hotels telescoping on themselves and sinking down in the bowels of the earth; cracks six feet wide and a hundred feet deep are still to be seen on Market street; the seawall on the waterfront split off from the mainland and fell into the bay; out in the Mission District some of the streets which formerly were straight are now bent in the form of the letter S; Nob Hill was split fairly in twain, and the United Railroads Company is now using the enormous earthquake crevice through that hill as a railway cutting for its track. These statements have been suppressed or minimized by the journals of San Francisco, but they are entirely true. We are informed on the best of authority that the estimate of four hundred dead is false, and that the authorities threw several thousand bodies into the ocean near Baker's Beach, whence they floated out to sea.

"We have interviewed Professor Honk, the famous geologist, and asked his opinion concerning the reason for our freedom from any earthquake shocks in or around Los Angeles. The professor informs us that a vast bed of Miocene shale surrounds this city, running to a depth of probably twenty miles. In the post-Jurassic Time it is evident that glacial action eroded the old red sandstone moraines; hence accordean pleats were made in the selva or edging of the folds of the mountains. [This word "folds" comes from the Spanish "faldas," showing that even in the old Colonial or Spanish times and in her Mexican days Los Angeles was entirely free from earthquake shocks.] In the Quaternary Period, or Age of Man, the Mesozoic ooze saturated or impregnated this shale. This, taken in conjunction with the accordeon pleats, constitute a vast buffer, which prevents the awful earthquake shocks of the cataclysmic zone surrounding San Francisco from extending to this favored neighborhood.

"On the other hand, as Professor Honk points out, San Francisco is probably one of the most awful specimens of metamorphic catastrophism known to geologists. In a very recent geological period it is quite evident that the land under the present Bay of San Francisco suddenly sunk, and the peninsula was at once thrown up violently into the air. The islands in San Francisco harbor are the tops of sunken mountains which once rose high above the Coast Range. What has occurred before may occur again. Much as we regret the recent dreadful disaster in San Francisco, we greatly fear that it will be repeated on an even more cataclysmic scale. Suppose the phenom-

enon should be reversed—suppose the bottom of the bay should suddenly rise up—suppose Goat Island, Alcatraz Island, and Angel Island should begin to rock and wiggle—suppose the bay should suddenly run violently down through the Golden Gate into the sea, like the herd of swine in the Bible, what would happen to San Francisco then?

"Ah, what indeed!

"But far be it from us to indulge in gloomy or pessimistic pictures. Rather let us take an optimistic view. We believe in optimism. San Francisco will doubtless some day recover from this awful, this crushing blow. In twenty-five or thirty years she will surely be able to clear away the debris. In the course of one or two generations she will probably again build herself up. But she must never again hope to occupy the position of Queen City of the Pacific. That title of Queen City belongs to Los Angeles—to the City of Our Lady the Queen of the Angels, which title is handed down by right of lineal descent from the Spanish days.

"As for that poor, petty, punky little San Francisco bedroom across the bay, sometimes called Oakland, its arrogance and impudence in presuming to think that it has any show in getting San Francisco's business only makes us Angelenos laugh. And as for Seattle, Tacoma and Portland, we would like them all to know that Los Angeles IS IT.

"Turning from these material questions to more emotional ones, let us again assure our stricken sister city of the keen sympathy felt for her by Los Angeles, and our belief that San Francisco will recover before the century's end. But do not be in a hurry. Be calm. Take it coolly. And San Francisco will probably again some day be the second city of California."

Another optimistic editorial we discovered in the columns of the San Diego Pacific:

When Juan Cabeza de Cavaca sailed around Port Loma what did he see? He saw San Diego. But what else did he see? He saw the Cuyamaca mountains. Are they volcanic? No. What else did he see? He saw the desert. Did he see any earthquake indications? No, of course, he didn't. All the records of all the explorers who have visited San Diego from the earliest times to the present show that the thermometer has always stood at 70 degrees Fahrenheit, and that earthquakes have been unknown. Vasco Nunes de Balboa, San Juan Capistrano, Fray Antonio Agapida, El Último Suspiro del Moro, Martiornes de Sancho Panza—all of these visited San Diego: Did any of them say anything about earthquakes? Not a word. There was the intrepid Don Fulano de Coronado, after whom was named the present fine hotel (summer rates \$4.00 a day, see ad. on page 4); did he ever say anything about earthquakes? No, of course not. Why? Because there were none.

"When the recent disaster destroyed the unfortunate city of San Francisco the people of San Diego did not even know that an earthquake had occurred. This unbroken record of an earthquakeless earth comes down, as will be seen, from the earliest times. All the Spanish explorers tell the same story. In short, in San Diego in historic times there never has been an earthquake.

[WHAT WAS THAT? Did you feel that? Was it a shock? There's the SECOND SHOCK. Get into the doorway; it's the safest place—After you—no—never mind, I'll go out by the window. Yes, that was a corker. I see you have brought out your note-book, Miss Smith. We'll just finish the article out here, if you don't mind, in the open air. No pencils, eh? Well, I wouldn't go back in the house if I were you. Here, I have several pencils in my pocket; you may have them. Can't catch hold of them, you say? Well, just grab a-holt. My hand is a little shaky this morning, for a fact. Ha! Ha! Ha! Let me see, where did I leave off? Read the last few words. Oh, yes.]

"In historic times there never has been an earthquake in San Diego. So great is the distance between it and the shaking city of San Francisco that the effects of any shock there could scarcely have been felt here. It is hundreds of miles away. But, furthermore, the geologic conditions existing are such that the earth movements coming from the dreadful cataclysmic or earthquake zone surrounding San Francisco are taken up, and lose themselves before reaching this fortunate spot.

"The dwellers in San Diego, blessed as they are with the finest climate in the world, and free from the tornadoes and cyclones of the East and awful earthquakes like those which have destroyed San Francisco, should not forget to sympathize with their stricken fellow-citizens of that city in their calamity. True, San Diego is destined to

profit by the destruction of San Francisco, for we have the finest harbor on the coast. But purely material considerations like these should not cause us for a moment to fail in lack of sympathy for the late city of San Francisco. The scattered inhabitants of that hamlet which was once a city may always be sure of receiving a warm welcome when they come to San Diego."

Another optimistic and theologic editorial we find in a recent number of the Portland Tripod:

"There are not a few people in the State of Oregon who take a somewhat harsh view of the recent destruction of San Francisco. They say that it is a judgment of God on San Francisco because she was an evil city. There may be something in this, but we are disposed to consider it too severe a view. It is true that Oregon was populated almost entirely by God-fearing and religious immigrants from the better part of the Western Reserve. San Francisco, on the other hand, was populated almost entirely by Sidney convicts, murderers, thieves, thugs, black-legs, gamblers and disreputable persons generally, male and female. These facts are notorious—anybody can find them in Bret Harte's stories. Oregon has always looked with horror on the dreadful moral conditions which prevail in San Francisco. That perished city, in many respects, was like the evil cities of the plain. Therefore it is that our people entertain these harsh views of which we speak, looking upon the destruction of San Francisco as a direct judgment from God.

"Waiving this disputed point, how shall we explain the utter freedom from earthquakes characterizing Oregon and particularly Portland? For it is a fact that earthquakes are almost entirely unknown in this favored land. The terrible cataclysm which destroyed San Francisco a few weeks ago was not felt here at all. The Reverend Melchizedech Howler, while visiting us in the editorial room of the Tripod yesterday, made quite an ingenious explanation. There is, he says, a distinct religious atmosphere pervading the State of Oregon. No such atmosphere is found in California. In San Francisco the conditions are even hostile to religion. Many people there go to the Park on Sundays. Given the existence of hundreds of thousands of persons in Oregon believing strongly in religion, will not such a belief create so dense a religious atmosphere as to have some effect on the material atmosphere? What, after all, is belief but spiritual waves which impinge upon the ether waves of the material atmosphere? Everyone knows that the atmosphere under certain conditions is highly electrical. Will not these spiritual ether waves have their effect on the electrical waves of the atmosphere? Will not the atmospheric electrical equipoise be changed by the pervasion of these ether waves? The electric theory of earthquakes is generally accepted nowadays. May it not be that the strong religious feeling which creates a distinct and dense atmosphere in Oregon thus neutralize the electric atmospheric conditions which bring about earthquakes?

"The Tripod does not say explicitly that the theory of the Reverend Mr. Howler is correct, but there is certainly something in it. It is well worth considering. But at least it cannot be denied that San Francisco was food fit for the burning. Greatly she has sinned. She must bear her cross with resignation. She must bow to the decrees of an inscrutable Providence. Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. The least said the soonest mended. Never cry over spilled milk. There is a golden lining to every cloud.

"San Francisco should cheer up and not be despondent. In the course of forty or fifty years she may be again upright and rise out of her slough of despond, moral and material. And then she may perhaps be the second city on the Pacific Coast. For however little we in Portland may be disposed to profit by the misfortunes of San Francisco, it follows as the night the day that our magnificent port facilities will inevitably make us the Queen City of the Pacific."

Who could fail to be cheered and encouraged after reading such optimistic editorials? Optimism must certainly mean not only hopefulness, but likewise a belief in what we want to believe.

Stop Bragging and Tell the Truth.

Some of our readers—not many—seem to think we take an "unduly gloomy view" of the situation in San Francisco. We do not believe this to be possible. During and after the cataclysm last month the unfortunate citizens of our metropolis suffered from

all the elements, earth, air, fire and water. After having been shaken by the earthquake, the greater part of the city was destroyed by fire. Then, while thousands of invalids and delicate women and children were camping in the open air, some most unusual atmospheric conditions set in; storms unheard of at this season in California began. Then followed artificial earthquakes and cyclones caused by injudicious dynamiting, which in many cases did more harm than either the earthquake or the fire. On the heels of all this came complete stagnation of business, the closing of the banks, and the threats of the insurance companies to evade their obligations.

Does such a picture as that need artificial aid to add to its gloom? We do not think so. Nor have we depicted it in as dark colors as are used by other journals at distant points. Here, for example, is a clipping from a Boston journal just to hand:

San Francisco does not yet realize its terrible situation, and it will be some time before its people can come to a complete understanding of the problems of life and death before them. The situation in all its fearful aspects is not appreciated. The vast hordes there are helpless and are groping in the dark.

Individual venturesome spirits here and there are building up temporary wooden shacks for the merchants in small retail business, but nothing of a permanent character is being attempted.

The problem of erecting a great city, under the most favorable of conditions, would be an appalling task in its life when one considers the almost endless details that entered into the making of a great community. But the problem presented there is so absolutely awful to contemplate in all its entirety that the most comprehensive mind fails to find a loophole through the gloom.

All factories, business houses, offices—in short, every avenue of active work for the masses—are destroyed, the population of these districts, formerly rich and poor, alike, are without homes or means to build one; and, again, as if to add the last touch to this Dantesque study, the houses that stand are only shelters, not homes, because the earthquake has left its mark over all and no place is safe, no fires can be built in any building because of the conditions of the chimneys, and many houses are even dangerous to live in.

The Argonaut's comments on the situation have been roseate, indeed, compared with the foregoing.

Most of the trades unions report that about half of their members are idle and in want. Annexed will be found a paragraph from the report made by the local Typographical Union to the International Typographical Union at Indianapolis. It gives the view of craftsmen of the higher grades, like printers, who are usually intelligent and skillful artisans. In their recommendations to their members and to their fellow-craftsmen elsewhere, their officers naturally attempt to state the truth. We are aware that many will set down their statements as due to a selfish desire to keep down the number of unemployed printers here in order to keep up the union rate of wages. But unfortunately the statements are true. The number of printing plants destroyed is so great that many men are out of work. The number of remaining plants is so small that they are rushed with work. But a large number of men must remain idle by reason of the lack of plants to keep them employed. The paragraph from the report runs as follows:

The immediate future for printers is anything but bright. Since the earthquake five of the six daily newspapers have been publishing small papers from Oakland offices, one of them having suspended for the time being; it will be weeks before any of them will remove from Oakland. And when they do, as every one of the department stores, and all of the wholesale and retail firms were wiped out by the fire, it will be months before an appreciable number of these firms resume large advertising. Therefore, even if the papers were now re-established, the volume of business available would not commence to utilize the number of men formerly employed. With advertising and subscriptions reduced, it follows no department of the newspapers will suffer more than the composing room. We look for greatly reduced forces on all the newspapers.

In the job branch there has been a great rush of printing. But the work has been in the main the result of efforts by burned-out firms to maintain their identity by establishing temporary offices, which necessitates office stationery and other printing. The vast number of commercial houses cannot resume in anything approaching normal. We shall be very fortunate if within a year two-thirds of our former membership shall find employment. Means must be found to avert suffering among them.

The reports that all of the homeless are well cared for only means that the people are sleeping on the ground with a canvas covering, and that they stand in line for coffee and bread, and other rations. This is all right for the time being, but it is the hard times of the immediate future that most concern us.

It is not our purpose in issuing this statement to raise a calamity cry for funds. The situation is presented just as it exists at this writing.

Nothing that the Argonaut has printed could compare with the blackness and gloom of these pictures. In discussing the calamity, all we have endeavored to do is to tell the truth. And a large number of our readers agree with us in thinking that the unpalatable truth is better than sugar-coated falsehood, as is shown by their letters.

In the present crisis the Argonaut believes it not only right to tell the truth, but wise as well. The tone of excessive optimism and boastfulness indulged in by the San Francisco press has deceived the country at large. The people of the East have concluded that the disaster is not so great after all. They could scarcely believe otherwise after reading the boastful accounts copied from the San Francisco newspapers and telegraphed all over the world. They have also come to the conclusion that the relief fund raised for California is over twenty millions of dollars and that it is large enough. One Eastern paper, as we pointed out last week, was so much impressed with this fact that it suggested to the local relief committee that California had received enough

money and that they had better keep what they had on hand for local sufferers.

The same effect has been produced in Congress. Our representatives there write private letters saying that Congress believes that the distress resulting from the San Francisco disaster has been somewhat exaggerated; that more than enough money has been appropriated by Congress for general relief in California; that the appropriations for the reconstruction of federal buildings are causing jealousy among the representatives from other parts of the country; that the attempt of Governor Pardee to get the United States to pay us certain undisputed claims for moneys belonging to California, and now in the United States Treasury, is being "held up" by Speaker Cannon; that much impatience with California's demands is being shown generally in both branches of Congress. This is the tone of letters received from California Congressmen. They profess themselves seriously embarrassed in their attempts to secure routine appropriations for ordinary purposes, and allege that they are met continually with the querulous cry, "When is California going to let up? Hasn't she got enough?"

To corroborate these letters of Congressmen, it is becoming evident that the country has almost ceased to contribute toward the California Relief Fund. Yet the need will be greater in the months to come than now. The country at large is becoming impressed with the idea that the need is not so great as was supposed, and that the relief funds contributed are much greater than needed.

All of these false views, in our opinion, are due to the boastful, bombastic and untruthful narratives sent out by certain of the San Francisco newspapers. Still, sugar-coated untruths are probably more palatable to many people than the cold plain truth, which is often bitter. There are more agreeable topics to discuss than the fate of several hundred thousand people suddenly reduced to idleness, penury and pauperism.

Subscribers Who Have Missed Numbers.

A perfect hailstorm of letter still showers upon us from subscribers who have missed numbers of the Argonaut since the 18th of April. In every case we are sending the missing numbers to the subscribers in question, all of whom speak earnestly of their feeling over its failure to arrive. It is indeed flattering that people should miss the visits of a weekly newspaper in the face of such a cataclysm as has desolated some of the cities of California.

We must again, however, assure our readers that the Argonaut has not interrupted its publication. We did not miss a single number. We believe that this cannot be said of any other publication of which we have knowledge in San Francisco, for all the San Francisco dailies missed at least one issue, and some of them several, while one has not yet resumed. The Argonaut did not miss a single issue. Furthermore, each issue has been sent to every paid subscriber on our mailing lists. There are some thousands of people who failed to get the paper because they do not receive it direct from us through the mails, but by the medium of carriers, newsboys and news vendors of whom they are regular customers. Over such copies of course we have no control. Furthermore, the San Francisco News Company had its means of distribution so paralyzed by the disaster that it also failed to serve its customers, who take some thousands of copies. But every mail subscriber to the Argonaut had his copy put into the care of the postoffice, carefully addressed and postpaid, the 21st of April, immediately following the fire; the foreign subscribers, as usual, had their copies all single-stamped. Since that date the numbers for April 28, May 5, May 12 and May 19, have all been duly issued, addressed, postpaid and put in the Postoffice. If they have failed to reach our subscribers it is not our fault; we have done all we could. However, we have taken pleasure in forwarding those numbers in every case to mail subscribers who have not received them, and shall continue to do so.

Of course we did not mail any papers to addresses in the burnt district of San Francisco, for that would have merely caused useless labor to the Postoffice and would have been of no advantage to the subscribers.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Los Angeles Pictures of San Francisco.

Accompanying this note Mr. Campbell sends us a booklet craftily concocted to inculcate the belief that San Francisco was destroyed by earthquake instead of fire—which is utterly false.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 15, 1906.

My Dear Mr. Hart: May I call your attention to the enclosed: "The Picture Story of the San Francisco Earthquake"? It is published in Los Angeles, and on the first inside page you will see the following: "Los An-

geles, 500 miles distant, experienced naught but a slight tremor, appreciable only in the taller buildings." It then proceeds to give pictures illustrating the disaster of the 18th in San Francisco, and attributing, apparently, everything to the earthquake and little to the fire. For instance, see on the page whose leaf I have turned down, a cut of the City Hall, San Francisco. It is entitled "A Close View of the City Hall," and then follow these words: "The fire did not reach this building."

We know that the City Hall was damaged by the earthquake, and we know also that its contents were destroyed by the subsequent fire.

I have taken the liberty of sending you this and of communicating with you because this pamphlet, apparently prepared by an earnest lover of Los Angeles, can have but one purpose and that is a most unfair portrayal of the results of the disaster in San Francisco and a gross misrepresentation of facts. We of San Francisco ought to find neighborliness at least from cities near in California.

The enclosed was found in an Oakland bookshop yesterday, and possibly you have not seen it. It is sent to you for the interest that it may bear. Whatever use you may make of it, you will at least sympathize with me in the feeling of indignation which such a publication must produce in every loyal San Franciscan. We know we have met with disaster; we know we are down; but we do not believe we are "out," and we do not want our brothers and sisters of other California cities to lie about us.

I have no knowledge, direct or indirect, of the individuals who publish this pamphlet. I never heard of them to my knowledge before yesterday, and I am not particularly anxious to hear of them again.

With very kind regards,

Most sincerely yours,

DONALD G. CAMPBELL.

From the Governor of Hawaii.

DEL MONTE, May 19, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: Please begin anew my subscription from date of first issue after the fire. Mail me here all issues up to and including this week, after which to my old address, Honolulu, Hawaii. My former subscription was made to January 1, but it is only fair to begin a new record.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE R. CARTER.

Some weeks ago the Governor of Hawaii, being very ill, was ordered by his physicians to this Coast. He arrived here in time to go through the disaster of a few weeks ago. We are glad to see by his letter that his health has not suffered in consequence, but that he has apparently much improved. For a man who has been desperately ill, and who still can take the trouble to write a letter renewing and extending his subscription to a newspaper for which he has already paid, is certainly taking altruistic and optimistic views of life. We congratulate Governor Carter on his improved health and thank him for his encouraging letter and the extension of his subscription, which, however, we shall take the liberty of dating from the expiration of his present one—not, be it understood, because we are looking a gift horse in the mouth, but simply to keep our accounts straight.—EDITOR ARGONAUT.

It Is Only Temporary.

We have received the following note from the St. Louis Public Library, our answer to which may give some information frequently requested by others:

PUBLIC LIBRARY, St. Louis, Mo., May 15, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: The change in size of the Argonaut complicates our arrangements for binding. Will you kindly tell us whether the change is to be permanent or only temporary? We appreciate your difficulties, and only ask in order that we may know how to plan. Your pluck is a thing to admire.

Respectfully yours,

F. M. CRUNDEN, Librarian.

A French Reader of the Argonaut.

A French reader sends the following note, expressing her sympathy, and stating that it is impossible to purchase the Argonaut in San Francisco. This we regret, but we have been unable to supply the paper to those readers of the Argonaut who are not on our mailing list. By this mail we enclose to the lady all of the copies that have appeared since April 18th.

le 19 Avril, 1906.

Monsieur Hart: Il m'est presque impossible de me passer de votre estimable Journal que j'achète depuis des années.

Comme il est introuvable a San Francisco je vous serais infiniment obligé de m'envoyer les numeros paru depuis la date nefaste du 18 Avril. A part le numero du 12 mai, que j'ai pu trouver.

Je vous enverrais immédiatement en timbre poste les prix des numeros dont vous pourriez disposer.

J'ai bien l'honneur de vous saluer,

MME. A. MESSAGER.

Formerly Post and Grant avenue.

Maintenant 4347 California street, corner Sixth avenue.

Veuillez avoir Pobligeance de ma rappeler an souvenir de Madame.

For and Against Corporations.

The following letter is by T. P. Andrews, foreman of the late Grand Jury. In it Mr. Andrews disavows sympathy with Municipal Ownership, and incidentally says that "Hammering the Southern Pacific" is, in his opinion, not in favor in San Francisco to-day.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 17, 1906.

Mr. Albert M. Johnson, President Municipal Ownership League—Dear Sir: I beg to acknowledge receipt of a circular dated May 14 and signed by yourself as President and by Mr. Edw. P. E. Troy as Secretary.

I see that my name was attached to the call for the meeting of this league to be held at the office of T. E. Hayden, 2450 California street on Saturday, May 19 at 3 p. m. I am surprised and regret to see my name attached to this call as it is without my sanction or authority. I am not in harmony or in sympathy with the proposition of Municipal Ownership. I never have been nor do I ever expect to. My views on this matter have been very pronounced and positive for a great many years. I am satisfied that had I been consulted in regard to this and had you known my opinion my name would not have been attached to the call for the meeting.

With reference to such corporations as the Southern Pacific Company, the United Railways and the Spring Valley Water Works my opinion is that the people of San Francisco, looking back and reviewing the stand they have taken, and the wonderful help and assistance they have rendered the community since April 18 that we should congratulate ourselves that we have them with us during our hours of trial and tribulation.

We have all criticized and hammered the Southern Pacific in the past, but in my estimation San Francisco today is under a great obligation to Mr. Harriman. I doubt very much if the debt can ever be paid. I fear most of our people do not realize and appreciate what the Southern Pacific Company has done for San Francisco since the earthquake.

The Spring Valley Water Company with their usual energy jumped in to the breach and by superhuman efforts repaired the damage done their system. They certainly deserve the appreciation of the entire community for so promptly putting their system in repair and furnishing water as promptly as they did.

In regard to the United Railways I have always been a warm advo-

cater of the overhead trolley. Long before the disaster I argued and preached with our property owners in favor of this system and viewed with surprise and regret the opposition of some of our large and prominent property owners. I am a firm believer in rapid transit and now that we are about to get it I am delighted and feel sure that it will be welcomed by nearly the entire population of San Francisco.

Holding such radical views, which are at such a variance to these advocated by your association, naturally bars me from endorsing them and would certainly prevent my participating in any movement tending to support them.

Some one in using my name had blundered.
Very truly,

T. P. ANDREWS.

Black and Terrible Thoughts.

AVENIDA ORIENTE.

HERMOSILLO, Mexico, May 15, '06.

Dear Argonaut: This is from your last number:

"N. Itjdexclamevicethtesdasier shrdlupucmfwpataolnhrdluolnuuuuuu."
What awful thoughts these formidable words must contain!!!

A. S.

Our Earthquake Edition at the Smithsonian.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 15, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: I am authorized to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the Argonaut Earthquake Edition, April 21, 1906, which you were so good as to send to the Smithsonian Institution. I beg to say that this number is of such historical interest that it will be placed with the historical collections.

Very respectfully yours,

CYRUS ADLER, Assistant Secretary.

THE RAILWAY RATE BILL PASSED.

Some Interesting Notes on the Greatest Debate the Senate Has Seen for Thirty Years.

The President and the Senators—Mr. Roosevelt's Controversy With Senator Tillman and Senator Bailey—Questions of Veracity—Ex-Senator Chandler Involved—The Democratic Senators Accuse Mr. Roosevelt of Bad Faith—Republican Journals Accuse the Democrats of Attempting to Concoct a Plot Against the President.

On May 18, after seventy days of almost continuous deliberation, the Senate passed the railroad rate bill by the practically unanimous vote of 71 to 3. The three negative votes were cast by Senators Foraker, Republican of Ohio, and Morgan and Pettus, Democrats, of Alabama. It may be summarized thus:

The principal purpose of the railroad rate bill is to permit the Interstate Commerce Commission to fix rates, and to investigate complaints of unjust and unreasonable charges on the part of common carriers. It also authorizes an inquiry as to whether rates or practices are "unjustly discriminatory or unduly preferential or prejudicial or otherwise in violation of the act," and in case any of these conditions are found to exist, the Commission is empowered to determine and prescribe what will be the just and reasonable maximum rate and what regulation or practice is just, reasonable and fair. Further authority is given the Commission to enforce its orders. Other powers conferred are to apportion joint fares, establish through routes and maximum joint rates and prescribe their division, and to determine the compensation to be paid to shippers doing service for carriers.

Another provision renders legal the service of the orders of the Commission through the mails, and provides that these orders shall take effect thirty days after service unless suspended or modified by the Commission, or suspended or set aside by the courts.

The bill was amended by the Senate so as to give the United States Circuit Courts jurisdiction to entertain suits brought to annul or change the orders of the Commission, and to provide against the granting of interlocutory decrees without the hearing and making appeals from such orders direct to the Supreme Court.

Other provisions extend the definition of the word railroad so as to make it include switches, spurs, tracks, terminal facilities, freight depots, yards and grounds, and define the word "transportation" so as to make it embrace cars and other facilities for shipment or carriage, "irrespective of ownership or any contract," the intention being to make the railroads responsible for all special car service.

Senate amendments include oil pipe lines, express companies, shipping car companies, under the head of "common carriers," and make them amenable to the requirements of the bill. Other Senate modifications prohibit the issuance of passes or the granting of special favors to one class of passengers over another; prohibit railroad companies from transporting commodities produced by themselves; require such companies to put in switches at the reasonable request of shippers; prohibit the granting or acceptance of rebates, and reinstate the imprisonment penalty for violation of the law.

Circuit and District Courts of the United States are given jurisdiction over all complaints by the Commission of failure to comply with its orders, and such courts are required to issue writs of mandamus compelling such compliance.

The long debate in the Senate on the Railway bill attracted the attention of the whole country. The debate gradually became confined to the ablest lawyers in the Senate. Although the points involved are law points, they do not seem too abstruse for laymen to understand them. As the daily papers gave a great deal of space to the matter without making it very clear, the Argonaut has thought it well to attempt to present a comprehensive statement of the matter.

The speeches by Foraker, Lodge, Spooner, Rayner, Knox, Bailey and others constitute, in the opinion of the Philadelphia Ledger, "one of the most remarkable series of speeches ever delivered in the history of the Senate." And the Boston Herald questions whether the Senate has even, during the present generation, shown in any discussion more of the qualities of statesmanship.

Three Groups of Senators.

There was a great changing of alignments in the Senate, not based entirely upon party lines. Three groups of Senators gradually defined themselves. One group, led by Senator Dolliver, wanted the Hepburn bill passed substantially as it came from the lower house, with its very brief and incidental reference to review by the courts. The second, led by Senators Spooner and Knox, wanted an amendment providing for full review by the courts of the rates decreed by

the commission, it only as to their "lawfulness" and "constitutionality" but as to their furnishing "just compensation." The third group, led by Senator Bailey, wanted judicial review, but did not want this judicial review to extend to the power of setting aside the rates issued by writs of injunction issued before a full hearing of both sides.

The Outlook summed up the various views taken as concisely as may be. Its summary is appended:

According to the Conservative View, the Constitution definitely vests the judicial power of the United States both in law and equity in certain courts to be established by the Congress. These phrases, "judicial power," "law," "equity," had at the time of the adoption of the Constitution a well-defined historical meaning—a meaning determined by the history and traditions of the Anglo-Saxon people. No authority was given to the Congress to limit the judicial power which the Constitution declared should be vested in the courts; to the Congress was given only the task of calling the courts into existence. As soon as they were created the "judicial power" was vested in them by the Constitution, and that power Congress has no power to take away, limit or modify. In support of this contention is cited among other authorities Judge Story, of the Supreme Court, in the case of *Martin vs. Hunter's Lessee*.

Based upon these principles and this Supreme Court authority, Senator Spooner thus states the conservative position for which he contends:

"They (the framers of the Constitution) intended by the Constitution to create, and did create, three co-ordinate and independent branches of the Government, to each of which was assigned its proper function, clothed with the power essential to their proper discharge. They intended that each should be in its sphere absolutely free from invasion by the others. They created the legislative department to enact rules of action, the executive department to administer the laws, the judicial department (the weakest of all in a way) to hold each of the others—the legislative and the executive—strictly to the limitations of the Constitution. Each was to be permanent as the Government itself, until changed by the people."

According to the radical view the Constitution does not define judicial power. Given to Congress the authority to create the courts, it leaves with Congress the authority to define in detail the powers which those courts may exercise. Congress has Constitutional authority to abolish the courts which it has created; but authority to destroy all the power of the courts necessarily involves authority to limit their powers. Congress frequently has thus limited the judicial power of the courts and has been uniformly sustained by the Supreme Court in so doing. Thus by statute Congress has defined both the punishment which the courts may inflict for contempt, and the cases in which punishment may be inflicted; has limited the power to grant mandamus to certain specified cases; has forbidden the courts to issue executions against the person in enforcement of their judgments, but the provision that "No person shall be imprisoned for debt in any State on process issuing from a court of the United States when by the laws of such State imprisonment for debt has been or shall be abolished." In these and other analogous cases the Supreme Court has affirmed the Constitutionality of the acts of Congress. Basing his argument upon these principles and these and other analogous authorities cited from the decisions of the Supreme Court, Senator Bailey answers the question whether Congress can limit the powers of the Federal Courts in the following language:

"That they have inherent powers in one sense is true; that is, if you create a Federal Court, and do not expressly forbid it to exercise certain powers, it possesses them by virtue of its creation. Such is the power to issue an execution to enforce its judgment; such is the power to punish summarily for contempt; and yet the books are full of cases which affirm the power of Congress to prohibit this right of the court to issue execution or to punish for contempt, except according to the statute. When the Supreme Court expressly has decided that Congress can regulate the power of a Circuit Court to issue an execution, in God's name how can a lawyer contend that Congress can not regulate the right of that court to issue a mere interlocutory decree?"

If Senator Bailey is right, Congress could abolish all equity jurisprudence, the whole system of injunctions and mandamus, could substitute for a punitive administration of justice a purely reformatory system, could so curb and limit the power of the courts as to deprive the individual of a very important if not an absolutely essential safeguarding of his person and property. If Senator Spooner is right, the courts possess a power greater than Congress itself, and can neither be deprived of their present powers nor invested with new powers if those which they now possess are inadequate.

Senator Bailey's Great Speech.

The most notable incident in the great Senatorial debate has been the attention excited by the speech of the Senator from Texas:

Senator Bailey replied to Senators Knox and Spooner who maintained that if the Federal courts be authorized by Congress to review the rates at all, that authority must extend to the issuing of injunctions. Senator Knox's bill provided for this, but required a bond to be supplied by the railroad to cover the cost to the shipper of the difference in rates caused by the injunction. Senator Bailey insisted that the third article of the Federal Constitution, which declares that "the judicial power of the United States shall be vested in one Supreme Court, and in such inferior courts as the Congress may from time to time ordain and establish," makes all the Federal courts, except the Supreme Court alone, the creatures of Congress and subject to its unlimited restriction.

Case after case was quoted by Senator Bailey to prove this point. Here is a sample quotation from the Supreme Court's decision in the case of the *United States versus Hudson* (7th Cranch). Said the Court:

"Of all the courts which the United States may, under their general powers, constitute, one only, the Supreme Court, possesses jurisdiction derived immediately from the Constitution, and of which the legislative power can not deprive it. All other courts created by the General Government possess no jurisdiction but what is given them by the power that creates them and can be vested with none but what the power ceded to the General Government will authorize them to confer."

But, say Senators Spooner and Knox, Congress cannot constitute a court of equity and then deprive it of the inherent functions of such a court; and "the power to grant an injunction, preliminary or final," is held to be such a function. Says Senator Knox:

"Right here is the vital part of the controversy. By the creation of these inferior courts Congress does not also create the power with which they are to be clothed. Congress merely applies the power already created by the Constitution. If it were otherwise, and Congress not only created the courts but the judicial power as well, then it would undoubtedly be true that Congress could likewise deprive the courts of this power by taking away one or more of their essential and inherent subordinate powers, such as the right to issue the writ of injunction. But that is not the case. The judicial power exists inherently by virtue of the Constitution, which instrument likewise created Congress and prescribed that it should establish the courts through which the judicial power should operate. The office of Congress is, therefore, to distribute and not to create these powers."

Senator Knox's citations to prove this point were taken from the "Cyclopedia of Law and Procedure," Beach on "Modern Equity Jurisprudence," Bishop's "Equity," and Bates on "Federal Equity Procedure."

Ah (says Senator Bailey, in effect, in his notable reply four hours and ten minutes long), the Senator's citations are from the text-books on law, which discuss the law as it is; but it is as it is simply because Congress has heretofore so willed it. And he proceeded to cite additional rulings by the courts to prove that, if so disposed, Congress could today disestablish every one of the inferior Federal courts; and "the power to create and the power

tion in the affirmative. Fully three weeks ago the Senate was waiting for an opportunity to break with the Chief Executive. His so-called surrender on the rate bill afforded his enemies in the Senate a long-wished-for opportunity.

If there is a conspiracy to "put the President in a hole," both Republicans and Democrats are in it. The whole performance of Saturday afternoon bore the earmarks of having been prearranged. "Elder" Republican Senators, who have been chafing under the President's whip these many months knew what Senators Tillman and Bailey, Democrats, were to do. Former Senator William L. Chandler, also a Republican, was aware of the plans of the Democrats, and to make doubly sure of the game had prepared a statement of his own, to be used in case there was any denial of the story that the President had dickered with the Democrats and spoken disrespectfully of such Republican Senators as Knox, Foraker and Spooner.

The trap was carefully set, with the hope that some one would "fool with the trigger." Senator Carter did this, for immediately after his speech defending Roosevelt, Bailey and Tillman opened up with their remarkable statements.

The moral would seem to be that it is unwise for a Republican President to enter into negotiations with Democratic Senators or Representatives to bring about legislation that he desires, no matter how worthy his motives are.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Lady customer (in baker's shop, to shop girl)—"Are these buns today's, because what I bought yesterday weren't."—Punch.

Upper-Ten Child—"My papa is abroad. Is yours?" Lower-Ten Child—"Yep. Mine is at large ag'in."—New York Weekly.

Jack—"How is it you lavish so much affection on those dumb brutes?" Edna—"For want of something better."—Judge.

"Mamma, is it possible to hate any one you have never met and don't know personally?" Certainly, darling; don't we all hate 'Central'?"—Life.

Mose Johnson—"Doan yo' hate to see a woman's hands covered wif rings?" Pete Persimmons—"Ah suttinly does. Ah'd as soon git hit wif brass knuckles!"—Puck.

"How dare you laugh at our investigation?" said the irate statesman. "Thought it was the proper thing to do," answered the financier. "Was told it would be a farce."—Washington Star.

Miss Debutte—"Now that you're graduated from college, don't you miss the outdoor exercise?" Mr. Greenwun—"Not especially. You see, I'm serving subpoenas for a law firm now."—Puck.

"His Hope.—Mother—"Oh, you bad boy! Dirty hands again! I'm afraid you're a hopeless case." Tommy (eagerly)—"Oh, ma, does 'hopeless' mean you're going to give up talking about it?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Miss Watkyns—"Where is Mr. Cashleigh now?" Mr. Wilkyns—"I don't know exactly. Somewhere up in Canada." Miss Watkyns—"Why, I didn't know that he was going away," Mr. Wilkyns—"The bank directors didn't either."—Somerville Journal.

Miss Skreecher—"What sort of songs do you like best, Mr. Suphrer?" Mr. Suphrer—"The songs of the seventeenth century." Miss S.—"How odd! Why do you prefer them?" Mr. S.—"Because nobody ever sings 'em nowadays."—Cleveland Leader.

"This is the time of year," said the suburban citizen, "when I like to get out and dig up the ground." "So do I," answered Mr. Fozzling. "That's the reason I am trying to play golf."—Washington Star.

Across the Garden Fence.—"No, Mr. Wilkes, I ain't goin' to keep fowls no more. Dont' pay. Why countin' the maize I give 'em this winter, the eggs—well, I don't git any, but if I did—they'd cost me 'arf a crown each!"—Punch.

Parson Bagster (solemnly)—"Does you, Claud Kinsabby, take dis yuh lady, Miss Gladys Poots, to be yo' lawful wedded wife, for bettah and for wuss—" The Groom (uneasily and hazily)—"Uh-cou'se, I does, if I has to, sah; but an't dar some way of takin' her kindah on an ave'age?"—Puck.

Drug stores sell ice cream, soda water, confectionery, and a lot of other things that are not medicine," said the man who complains. "That's true," answered the pharmacist. "But most of them are likely to lead to the consumption of medicines."—Washington Star.

"Why, Willie, what are you crying about?" "'Cause I don't get no Saturday holiday like the other children does. Boo-hoo!" "But why don't you get out of school on Saturday?" "'Cause I ain't old enough to go to school yet. Boo-hoo-hoo!"—Cleveland Leader.

"That rich Mr. Spooner is the most provoking thing! He asked me if I was thirty-three." "And what did you say?" "I said, 'Mercy, no!' And he said he didn't think any woman should marry until she was thirty-three." "Gracious! What did you do then?" "I called after him that I was thirty-three my next birthday, but he didn't seem to hear me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. X.—"You used to call me an angel." Mr. X.—"Well, I used to think you were one." Mrs. X.—"And now?" Mr. X.—"And now I wish you were."—Cleveland Leader.

Ethel—"I showed papa one of your poems and he was delighted." Scribbler—"Indeed!" Ethel—"Yes; said it was so bad he thought you'd probably be able to earn a living at something else."—Judge.

Young Lady to Clerk in Bookstore.—"I am looking for something suitable for an old gentleman who has been married fifty years. Can you suggest something?" Clerk (promptly)—"A Half Century of Conflict."—Life.

"I think my speech on this question will have some effect." "It has already had an effect," answered Senator Sorghum. "You have caused two or more questions to grow where there was but one before."—Washington Star.

"And then," said Miss Passay, "he asked me if I wouldn't marry 'the first man that came along.' Think of it!" "Yes?" replied Miss Pepprey. "The idea! Don't those obviously unnecessary questions make you tired?"—Philadelphia Press.

Bishop—"Never again preach against or reject so-called tainted money." Curate—"Yes, sir; but—" Bishop—"No buts: if we intend to successfully compete with the devil on modern lines we must first ruin him financially."—Life.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Clark Russell, who may almost be credited with having created the sea novel, and one of the few writers who ever fittingly described the sea, has about decided to stop writing. For years he has been an invalid, suffering from rheumatism. Being in his sixty-ninth year and having money enough to provide for his simple wants, he does not care to undergo the discomforts incident to writing. His father, Henry Russell, was a famous concert singer.

Grover Cleveland in Philadelphia recently reiterated his declaration that he never would be a presidential candidate again. From Cairo, Egypt, William Jennings Bryan has written a letter to Colonel M. C. Wetmore, of St. Louis, which contains a reference to his attitude toward the presidency. Mr. Bryan says in part: "I shall not do anything to secure another nomination, and do not want it unless circumstances seem to demand it—time alone can determine that."

It has been given out at Yale that Chauncey M. Depew had received the necessary twenty-five votes of Yale alumni to put him in nomination for the corporation for another term of six years. Others who were nominated were: Charles Catlin, '56, Brooklyn; Allen Everts, '69, New York; Gardiner Lathrop, '69, Kansas City; Otto T. Ballard, '76, New York; William H. Taft, '78, Washington; Gifford Pinchott, '80, Washington; Herbert Parsons, '90; Edward S. Harkness, '77, New York. The election will be held on June 26th, commencement week. Depew's term expires then.

Bertha Krupp, the richest girl in the world, owner of the great gun works which her father established at Essen, Germany, is soon to be married. The name of the young man is being kept a secret. Miss Krupp, who holds nearly all of the \$40,000,000 capital stock of the great gun works, has an income of \$2,400,000 a year—about \$6,600 a day. When her mother dies, Bertha and her younger sister, Barbara, will divide \$75,000,000 more between them, in stocks and bonds and property, including iron and coal mines in Westphalia and Spain. Bertha owns the whole town of Essen. Miss Krupp is good looking, religious, unassuming and dresses plainly. She leads a somewhat retired life within the inclosure of the splendid Villa Hugel estate, near Essen. She and her mother sometimes visit Florence or the Italian lakes, but her movements are generally veiled in mystery.

La Belle Otero, the famous dancer, takes no chances of loss through the twisting of an ankle as she executes her graceful but difficult pirouettes. Each of her feet is insured for \$10,000.

Speaker Cannon paid a visit to the minority room, the other day, to see his old friend, John Sharp Williams. It was a bright, cheery, cozy room, and as the Speaker settled into a big, roomy chair and looked on the surroundings in which Williams does his work his eye lighted with pleasure. "John," he said, "this is a mighty fine room you've got here." "Glad you like it, Joe," said John, "for you'll be occupying it next year."

John L. Sullivan, prize-fighter, was asked what he thought of President Roosevelt. He replied: "Roosevelt? Say, that guy is all to the good. He can't do nothing, but if he was allowed to have his own way this country'd be fine goin'." The night that Peter Maher and Joe Choynski fought at Coney Island Roosevelt was at the ring-side. Just about the middle of the fight a fresh police captain thought he'd stop the fight. Roosevelt up and says: "Say, look here; I'm Police Commissioner, and I know when men are fighting each other, and this fight is all right. Go along now, and don't interfere again." The fight went to the finish.

"Some of these amendments seem to me to be very reckless," said Senator Hale to Senator Spooner when the Elkins-Clapp amendment to penalize interstate traffic of the coal roads was being read. "If they keep on," replied Spooner, "I shall resign from the Senate and go to practicing law again. At this rate there won't be lawyers enough in the country to keep up with the business that is being made here."

The German Emperor boasts of being able to sleep as well in a railway car as in his palace; a lucky circumstance, as he is an indefatigable traveller. He has his private train, which, however, pays for all privileges according to the regular tariff. The expense of his trips is enormously increased by his insisting on being kept in direct touch with his officials, just as if he were in Berlin. This involves the establishment of special temporary post and telegraph offices in the cities he visits. His writing table is decorated with a framed picture of the Empress and his children. After he has taken his bath and looked through the morning papers, he sends for his secretary and spends some hours dictating documents or letters; he always speaks fluently, in any one of the languages he knows, and never makes any corrections.

Asher Hinds, Parliamentary Clerk in the House of Representatives, who keeps the Speaker straight on all matters, and who is the great parliamentary sharp of the country, comes from Maine. He

was at Bar Harbor one day last summer, during the Horse Show. A man approached him on the street and said: "Don't you want to buy a hackney, sir? I have a fine one I can sell you for \$1,000." "Great heavens!" exploded Hinds. "Do I look like a millionaire?" "Well," said the horseman, after a critical survey of Hinds, "I have seen plenty of millionaires who look just as bad as you do."

Giving a press of business as his reason, William B. Hornblower, who was so viciously attacked by Andrew Hamilton, the "yellow dog" legislative agent of the New York Life Insurance Company, before the Assembly ten months ago, has resigned from the Board of Trustees, in which he served sixteen years. Insurance men were surprised at Mr. Hornblower's resignation. He was once appointed Supreme Justice, but the Senate failed to confirm him.

When Edmond Rostand, five years ago, voluntarily exiled himself from Paris and took up his abode in the Basque Mountains, there was much surprise among his friends. He has just moved into a new villa built according to his plans in a sumptuous Basque style. "It cost a fortune," he said—"all my receipts from 'L'Aiglon,' and more. I am completely ruined, and that," he added with a smile that indicated his confidence in the future, "is a divine feeling." He told his visitor about his new play, "Chanteclair," in which no fewer than sixty animals appear on the stage.

Saint-Saens, the famous French composer, is a many-sided man. He writes the librettos for his own operas, dabbles in astrology, zoology and botany, and has even published a pamphlet on the relation of plants to animals, in which his results are grounded on original investigations.

Mme. Duse, who has a strong aversion to being interviewed, was recently beaten by the Copenhagen reporters. One acted as a waiter at the hotel, another acted as shoemaker's assistant, a third drove her cab and a fourth was assistant stage machinist and all used bits of her conversation for long interviews.

The President and Mrs. Roosevelt have determined to send their children to Oyster Bay on May 27. A week or two later Mrs. Roosevelt will follow to prepare for the coming of the President, who hopes to get away before the last of June. The arrangements for departure are absorbing much time now. Mrs. Roosevelt personally sees to it that the wardrobe of each is complete. For this purpose she is daily seen shopping during the early morning hours, when she can take advantage of the comparative leisure of the big department stores.

VANITY FAIR.

The Record for Marriage Licenses.

San Francisco can boast of a new record. A month after the calamity the high-water mark for the issuance of marriage licenses was reached. In the month exactly 418 couples appeared before "Cupid" Munson, and, after depositing the necessary \$2 and taking oath to various statements, received the requisite paper. The total is eighteen more than have ever been issued in a calendar month in the history of the city. June, 1905, set the record up to date. "Had all the parties living in the city come to this office for their licenses since the earthquake," declared Mr. Munson, "we would have had more business than we could possibly have attended to. The record of marriage licenses issued would have been somewhat more than 70. Those who went to nearby counties would easily have made up this number." During the excitement immediately following the calamity as many as a score of couples were wedded by ministers in the parks without the license papers. "Cupid" Munson has been besieged by several ministers who officiated at these weddings for the requisite papers at this late date. Munson can do nothing for them, and in every case the legality of the marriage can be questioned. The only thing for these couples to do, he declares, is to procure the right licenses and be married all over again.

A Wedding Feast Cooked in the Street.

Following the solemnization of the wedding vows of Theodore Connolly and Miss Willa Thirsted recently, a wedding breakfast was served to the guests at the residence of the elder brother of the groom at Central avenue and Page street, and that wedding breakfast spoke well for the spirit that is typical of the new San Francisco. Weeks ago the ceremony was planned. The groom, in association with his four elder brothers, was engaged in a prosperous business. The store went up in flames. A fine trousseau had been prepared for the bride. That, too, went up in flames, not a stitch of the finery being saved. But there was no postponement of the wedding, and even the breakfast contemplated by the original arrangement was not dispensed with. For some time the families of the contracting parties had been on the hunt for delicacies of the sort that properly constitute a wedding repast, and when one of the brothers of the groom happened on a stock of champagne sufficient for the repast, joy was unbounded. Immediately after the wedding the breakfast was served, and soon after the last words of felicitation had been pronounced the groom and his brothers were hustling about to get into contact with contractors and builders, while the bride was busily engaged on the preparation of the evening meal, being by no means too proud to woo the cook stove that stood in the gutter in front of the one home left to the family. There can't be much the matter with San Francisco when that spirit prevails.

The Spanish Marriage.

Friends of the future Queen of Spain from over the seas have contributed some beautiful wedding gifts, which the bride-elect displayed last week to her girl friends in the white and pink room at Kensington Palace. There was conspicuous among the silver articles

you'll be occupying it next year.

John L. Sullivan, prize-fighter, was asked what he thought of President Roosevelt. He replied: "Roosevelt? Say, that guy is all to the good. He can't do nothing, but if he was allowed to have his own way this country'd be fine goin'." The night that Peter Maher and Joe Choyinski fought at Coney Island Roosevelt was at the ring-side. Just about the middle of the fight a fresh police captain thought he'd stop the fight. Roosevelt up and says: "Say, look here; I'm Police Commissioner, and I know when men are fighting each other and this fight is all right. Go along now, and don't interfere again. The fight went to the finish."

"Some of these amendments seem to me to be very reckless," said Senator Hale to Senator Spooner when the Elkins-Clapp amendment to penalize interstate traffic of the coal roads was being read. "If they keep on," replied Spooner, "I shall resign from the Senate and go to practicing law again. At this rate there won't be lawyers enough in the country to keep up with the business that is being made here."

The German Emperor boasts of being able to sleep as well in a railway car as in his palace; a lucky circumstance, as he is an indefatigable traveller. He has his private train, which, however, pays for all privileges according to the regular tariff. The expense of his trips is enormously increased by his insisting on being kept in direct touch with his officials, just as if he were in Berlin. This involves the establishment of special temporary post and telegraph offices in the cities he visits. His writing table is decorated with a framed picture of the Empress and his children. After he has taken his bath and looked through the morning papers, he sends for his secretary and spends some hours dictating documents or letters; he always speaks fluently, in any one of the languages he knows, and never makes any corrections.

Asher Hinds, Parliamentary Clerk in the House of Representatives, who keeps the Speaker straight on all matters, and who is the great parliamentary sharp of the country, comes from Maine. He was at Bar Harbor one day last summer, during the Horse Show. A man approached him on the street and said: "Don't you want to buy a hackney, sir? I have a fine one I can sell you for \$1,000." "Great heavens!" exploded Hinds. "Do I look like a millionaire?" "Well," said the horseman, after a critical survey of Hinds, "I have seen plenty of millionaires who look just as bad as you do."

Giving a press of business as his reason, William B. Hornblower, who was so viciously attacked by Andrew Hamilton, the "yellow dog" legislative agent of the New York Life Insurance Company, before the Assembly ten months ago, has resigned from the Board of Trustees, in which he served sixteen years. Insurance men were surprised at Mr. Hornblower's resignation. He was once appointed Supreme Justice, but the Senate failed to confirm him.

When Edmond Rostand, five years ago, voluntarily exiled himself from Paris and took up his abode in the Basque Mountains, there was much surprise among his friends. He has just moved into a new villa built according to his plans in a sumptuous Basque style. "It cost a fortune," he said—"all my receipts from 'L'Aiglon,' and more. I am completely ruined, and that," he added with a smile that indicated his confidence in the future, "is a divine feeling." He told his visitor about his new play, "Chanteclair," in which no fewer than sixty animals appear on the stage.

Saint-Saens, the famous French composer, is a many-sided man. He writes the librettos for his own operas, dabbles in astrology, zoology and botany, and has even published a pamphlet on the relation of plants to animals, in which his results are grounded on original investigations.

Mme. Duse, who has a strong aversion to being interviewed, was recently beaten by the Copenhagen reporters. One acted as a waiter at the hotel, another acted as shoemaker's assistant, a third drove her cab and a fourth was assistant stage machinist and all used bits of her conversation for long interviews.

The President and Mrs. Roosevelt have determined to send their children to Oyster Bay on May 27. A week or two later Mrs. Roosevelt will follow to prepare for the coming of the President, who hopes to get away before the last of June. The arrangements for departure are absorbing much time now. Mrs. Roosevelt personally sees to it that the wardrobe of each is complete. For this purpose she is daily seen shopping during the early morning hours, when she can take advantage of the comparative leisure of the big department stores.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

During the three days in San Francisco while the great fire raged there were many instances recorded of the faithfulness and tenacity of old servants in their endeavor to save the effects of their employers. One of the most successful attempts is thus narrated:

A Chinese house servant had been in the employ of a San Francisco family for eighteen years. What with his thirty years' residence in California "Ching" might be considered a veritable pioneer. Certainly when his loyalty and bravery were put to the test he was not found wanting in the true spirit of '49.

When his mistress and the family abandoned the old home on Rincon Hill, leaving behind them the silver, the plate, the library, the curios, the keepsakes—everything, to the mercy of the galloping flames, "Ching" and "Ah Gong" (the cook) were told to flee and seek refuge with their friends.

But "Ching" had some ideas of his own. Taking with him the terrible

cook he went to the nearest wharf and with the aid of a part of the ready cash he carried, set about to make a new and useful friend. He accosted the first fisherman he saw with, "You catch him boat? You save my life, I give you fifty dollars." For this round sum the lazy Italian fisherman was willing to leave his sun bath among the coils of rope. The burning of San Francisco meant little to him; he still had his boat and nets and now a wealthy passenger.

The bargain closed "Ah Gong" was left to play guard to that precious junk, while away went Manager Ching without revealing his plans to his employees. Before long, Ching appeared on the wharf again, staggering under the load he was carrying on his shoulders. At second time he went away. Five times he came and went, and each time "Ah Gong" was given more treasures to protect.

"Ching" afterwards said to his mistress, "'Ah Gong,' he too fat to live. I make him sit on things; nobody can steal 'em." But "Ah Gong" was not too fat to help load the skiff.

Everything on board, even to a week's supply of rice, they weighed anchor and drifted out into the stream, all the time watching that blazing picture. The brilliancy and color of a Turner looked like a mere tint in comparison. But those three were not gazing at the scene from an esthetic point of view. For the Italian there was fifty dollars in it, and a passenger list that might be turned into a crew of two, while the faithful Chinamen were seeing only the roof, under which they had always been so kindly treated, succumb to the flames. That gone, they realized that they had possession of the few things with which their mistress could some day start another home. And they must have contemplated a function being given to celebrate the occasion, for among other things they had saved an assortment of ball gowns.

When the fire was checked and all danger past almost the first courageous little craft to find its moorings at Fisherman's wharf was "Ching's" little fishing smack, with its cargo all safe—a cargo that is only waiting now, as a relic of the old, to be given a home in the new San Francisco with faithful "Ching" still its custodian.

An amusing anecdote is going the rounds of San Francisco at the expense of one of the employees of the firm of Baker & Hamilton. Let us call him Smith.

Smith lost his home in the great fire and the hospitable head of the firm of Baker & Hamilton offered him shelter under his own roof, which happened to be in the Western Addition beyond the ravages of the flames. Although a very wealthy man, Mr. Baker was unable to procure drinking water during the first few days after the fire. So he employed two men and a boy with buckets to pack water all the way from an artesian well in the Richmond district, two miles away. The only large receptacle in the house was the porcelain bath-tub, which was accordingly scrubbed and washed and scoured and scoured and washed and scrubbed, and the precious water was therein stored. It took two days to fill the tub, and Mr. Baker paid accordingly.

On the first morning after his arrival Mr. Baker's guest was late in appearing for breakfast. Mr. Baker sent a servant to call him. The servant returned with a frightened look.

"Did you call Mr. Smith," said the master.

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"He's not in his room, sir."

"Where is he, then," said Mr. Baker.

"HE'S TAKING A BATH, SIR!"

The consternation of the house of Baker can be better imagined than expressed.

John Connolly, a seaman on board the San Francisco, has written a letter to the Navy Department asking that he be given a certified copy of a letter of commendation issued to him for heroism. In his letter he says that he treasured the document, but unfortunately the ship's mascot, a billy goat of unknown name, became possessed of it one day, and chewed it up. Regardless of the humorous features of the story, the letter was promptly referred to the Bureau of Navigation, when a certified copy of the letter was made and forwarded to Seaman Connolly. It records the fact that Lieutenant C. Tarbox fell overboard from the San Francisco and was in danger of drowning when Connolly jumped over and supported him until he could be picked up by the ship. The act was reported to the Navy Department by Rear-Admiral Asa Walker, then a captain.

The steam schooner, a vessel whose build and habits are peculiar to the Pacific, often goes to sea "with her load line over her hatch." Which means that, after her hold has been crammed with cargo, a deckload of lumber is piled halfway up the masts, so that her skipper puts out with the water washing green over his main deck, and an occasional comber frisking across his battened hatches. Along the harbor front of Seattle runs the story of a passenger who loped down to the wharf in a hurry to get aboard a departing steam schooner. He balanced himself on the stringpiece for an instant, looked down at what little he could see of the laden craft, and hove his gripsack down the only opening in sight. He was about to dive after it when a lounge on the wharf shouted:

"Hi, there! Where do you think you're jumpin' to? That's the smokestack you tossed your baggage down."

"H—!" gasped the passenger, "I thought it was the hatch!"

A man named Zeno was with a circus. Business had been bad and at the end of the season Zeno went to the manager for his salary. The manager said: "I am very sorry to keep you waiting, Zeno, but we pay alphabetically. If you'll be patient a few days you'll get your money."

So Zeno waited a few days and went to the manager, who said: "I'm very sorry, Zeno, but the money ran out before we got to Z."

The next season Zeno went out with the same show. When the manager saw him he said: "How do you do, Zeno?" "Don't call me Zeno," he exclaimed. "I've changed my name to Ajax."

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, in an address to a delegation of farmers, won hearty applause with the following anecdote:

"I overheard a dialogue between two well-dressed men at lunch the other day.

"The first man, as he helped himself to asparagus, said:

"By the way, you said Johnson was a farmer, didn't you?"

"Good gracious, no!" returned the other man. "I said he made his fortune out of wheat. Did you ever hear of a farmer doing that?"

A young girl sat in her bedroom with a novel. Her hair was down and her feet were in red slippers. Now and then, extending her white arms, she yawned.

It was very late, and downstairs in the parlor her older sister was entertaining a young man. She naturally felt a deep interest in the entertainment. She was waiting to hear how it would terminate.

And at last there was a sound in the hall, a crash as of a closing door, and it was plain to the impatient girl that the young man had gone.

She threw down her novel, and, running forth, peered over the balustrade down into the hall's intense blackness.

"Well, Maude," she said, "Did you land him?"

There was no immediate reply to her question. There was a silence, a peculiar silence, a silence with a certain strained quality in it. Then a masculine voice replied:

"She did."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Notes by a Frank Book Crank.

"Reminiscences of Sixty Years," by George S. Boutwell (McClure, Phillips & Co.), is in two portly volumes. One should begin with the Civil War, skipping babyhood and childhood; great men with mumps or measles seem very much alike. Boutwell was Governor of Massachusetts, Senator from Massachusetts, Representative from Massachusetts, and Secretary of the Treasury under Grant. These volumes contain much of interest about war times; in them figure Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Stanton, Chase, Sumner, Butler, Hooker, McClellan, Meade, Banks, Blaine, Conkling, Garfield, Lovell, Motley, Windom, Hayes, the "306 Grant men at Chicago," "Third Term" Dana, Alexander Stewart, Hoar, and the Electoral Commission. Boutwell tells of inaugurating the Internal Revenue Service, of the "Crisis of 1873," "Black Friday," and of how United States Bonds were first floated (under Buchanan). He discusses Andrew Johnson and the Impeachment Proceedings at length. Finally he gives a chapter on "McKinley and Imperialism," in which the author scores McKinley severely, and attacks the whole Philippine policy as unconstitutional. Boutwell was the creator of the present Internal Revenue Service. It was his casting vote that saved Andrew Johnson from impeachment. The book is well written, temperate, interesting; there is much inside history in it never before in print.

"As a Chinaman Saw Us" (Appleton), is by an anonymous writer. The author purports to be a Chinaman making a long stay in Washington, D. C.—presumably a diplomat. The assumption of the character is not good. But the writer is quite clever. He gives a caustic but justifiable account of our national and political weaknesses.

"The Races of Europe," two volumes, by William Z. Ripley (Appleton's), is a very exhaustive summary of the latest theories on Anthropology. It reverses all the ideas of one's early reading. The author holds that there are only three races in Europe—Alpine, Teutonic and Mediterranean. The book is illustrated with many portraits of types from all over Europe. The author bases his conclusions entirely on skulls—dolichocephalic, brachycephalic, etc.

"The Mediterranean Race," by G. Serji (Scribner's), is like the preceding in that the author is revolutionary in his ideas about Anthropology. But he differs in his conclusions. He says the vast majority of Europe's people came from African stock. He calls them "Eurafricans." As to the Aryan theory, he says the Aryan movement was a barbarian invasion, but that the Aryans were beaten back and left only a slight trace in Europe. He also bases his conclusions on skulls.

"The Green Diamond," by Arthur Morrison (L. C. Page & Co.), is the story of a jewel stolen from a Rajah in India. It narrates the adventures of those into whose hands it fell in England. It is not bad. But the author (who has done some powerful work, such as "Tales of Mean Streets") writes languidly, as if he were doing a pot-boiler, and as if he knew it. It is odd that he should have chosen the identical clou of "The Moonstone." The marked superiority of the older novel shows the different methods of thirty years ago and of today in construction; merely from a mechanical point of view, Wilkie Collins' novels are vastly superior to these stories of today in the same genre, even when there is no question of talent.

Personal and Miscellaneous.

The last volumes of the Bancroft Library, which was purchased by the University last December for \$150,000 and which was the only large collection of books in San Francisco to escape the fire, will have been moved in a day or so into the upper story of California Hall, the University administration building. Of especial importance are the files of all the San Francisco newspapers and documents printed by the State which are included in the collection. Priceless private manuscripts and early printed Mexican books

make up a large part of the library, which totals 50,000 books, 5000 bound and unbound newspaper files, and about 125,000 manuscripts.

The following letter appears in the New York Evening Post:

People receiving letters from friends in California descriptive of the recent great disaster in San Francisco will confer a great favor upon future historians by donating them to the California Historical Department of the State library, Sacramento, California. The letters may be placed in a sealed envelope, the length of time for which they are to remain unopened written upon the outside.

J. L. GILLIS,

State Librarian California State Library.

Sacramento, May 1.

In a few days Scribners will have ready "The Biography of Leo Tolstoy," in three volumes, by P. Birukoff. The book has been written with the co-operation of Tolstoy himself, and is in this sense of the word authentic and authoritative.

Upton Sinclair's charges against the beef trust, embodied in his novel, "The Jungle," are said to have been referred by President Roosevelt to experts of the agricultural department for special investigation. The experts are reported to have failed to sustain the novelist altogether, alleging that he had strung together isolated incidents, some of which had occurred years ago.

The articles published recently in McClure's by Lincoln Steffens are now made into a book with the elaborate title, "The Struggle for Self-Government. Being an Attempt to Trace American Political Corruption to Its Sources in Six States of the United States, with a Dedication to the Czar" (McClure, Phillips).

The London Times, on May 4, printed this letter to the editor, signed "Your Reviewer":

"Sir: In reading the new volume of Grove's Musical Dictionary, I came across one point of literary rather than of musical interest, to which I should like to draw your attention. The well-known tune of the American civil war, 'John Brown's Body,' has, curiously enough, received a column from the pen of Mr. Kidson. The words of the song are referred to as 'doggerel,' and the writer adds that all attempts to wed respectable words to the tune have failed. So many of our early beliefs are shattered in later years that possibly the words I have always associated with this tune, may have no real connection with it; but I have found so many people to whom the poem is strange that I venture to give it below. With all its glaring faults, it is full of a rough poetry and fire; and, sung around the camp fires by night, one can imagine it inspiring and inspiring enough to deserve a kinder word from Mr. Kidson."

Here follow four stanzas of Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic":

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword,
His truth is marching on!

The reviewer's discovery is certainly to his credit. We are not so sure of the "glaring faults": in fact, of its kind and for its purpose it is thought by some of us to be a piece of genuine inspiration.

Justice (sternly)—"You are charged with stealing nine of Col. Henry's hens last night. Have you any witnesses?" Brother Swagback (apologetically)—"Nussah! I specks I's sawtuh peculiar datuh-way, but it ain't never been muh custom to take witnesses along when I goes out chicken stealin', sah."—Puck.

KIPLING'S AFTER-DINNER SPEECH.

Just Back from Africa, He Responds to "Literature" at the Royal Academy.

Rudyard Kipling responded to the toast of "Literature" at the anniversary banquet of the Royal Academy, held on the evening of May 5 in the Central Gallery of Burlington House, London. The gathering was a brilliant one, including eminent representatives of the arts and sciences, letters, politics, and the professions. In the courtyard a guard of honor supplied by the Twentieth Middlesex (artists), R. V. C., was mounted, with the brass band of the regiment in attendance; and the Duke of Connaught, the representative on this occasion of the royal family, was received on his arrival with a royal salute, the band playing the national anthem.

About 250 guests sat down to dinner. On the presidents' right were seated the Duke of Connaught, the Russian Ambassador, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, the Netherlands Minister, the Norwegian Minister, Lord Carrington, Mr. Haldane, M. P. (Secretary of State for War); Mr. Birrell, M. P., and Mr. Sydney Buxton, M. P. On the President's left sat the French Ambassador, the Turkish Ambassador, the American Ambassador, the Italian Ambassador, the Archbishop of York, the Duke of Northumberland, the Danish Minister, the Swedish Minister, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Cawdor, Lord Stanley, Lord Ashbourne, Mr. St. John Brodrick, and Mr. Arnold-Forster, M. P.

In introducing Mr. Kipling, according to the London Times, the President, Sir Edward Poynter, remarked:

Sir Edward's Poynter's Toast.

"Among our guests we include many whose names are distinguished in literature. The close alliance between literature and art has often been celebrated in this room. The influence that literature may have upon art is obvious and need not be gone into now, but literature which is worthy of the name is in itself an art; by this I mean that the writer, like the painter or the sculptor, must have a mastery of his material, and that in neither profession is a man who does slovenly work entitled to be called an artist.

"I propose to couple with this toast the name of one well known to you all, who never wrote a slovenly line in his life either of poetry or prose, and who has, besides, that insight into humanity and that power of concentrated expression which proclaim an artist of the highest degree (cheers); you know him as the enchanter of childhood, the hero of boyhood, the grand exponent of vigorous manhood, the staunch upholder of the honor of his country. When I add that he is the adored of our brave soldiers you will easily guess whom I mean. (Cheers.) Rudyard Kipling has come straight home from South Africa, arriving only this morning, to do us the honor of replying to this toast. I will not praise him further to his face, for he has never courted applause and is modest enough to resent it. Wisely foreseeing that once an artist becomes a public man he is almost doomed as an artist, he set his face, from the time that he came to England from India—almost a boy and suddenly famous—against being lionized, and resolutely refused to be dragged into the vortex of social or public life. His work is his life, and his home and family are his dearest relaxation. I give you the toast of literature coupled with the name of Mr. Rudyard Kipling." (Cheers.)

Mr. Kipling's Address.

Mr. Kipling said:

"A great, and I frankly admit a somewhat terrifying, honor has come to me; but I think, compliments apart, the most case-hardened worker in letters speaking to such an assembly as this must recognize the gulf that separates even the least of those who do things worthy to be written about from even the best of those who have written things worthy of being talked about.

"There is one ancient legend which tells us that when a man first achieved a most notable deed he wished to explain to his tribe what he had done. As soon as he began to speak, however, he was smitten with dumbness, he lacked words, and sat down. Then there arose—according to the story—a masterless man, one who had taken no part in the action of his fellow, who had no special virtues, but afflicted—that is the phrase—with the magic of the necessary words. (Laughter.) He saw, he told, he described the merits of the notable deed in such a fashion, we are assured, that the words 'became alive and walked up and down in the hearts of all his hearers.' Thereupon, the tribe seeing that the words were certainly alive, and fearing lest the man with the words would hand down untrue tales about them to their children, they took and killed him. But later they saw that the magic was in the words, not in the man.

"We have progressed in many directions since the time of this early and destructive criticism (laughter), but so far we do not seem to have found a sufficient substitute for the necessary word as the final record to which all achievement must look. Even to-day, when all is done, those who have done it must wait until all has been said by the masterless man with the words. It is certain that the overwhelming bulk of those words will perish in the future as they have perished in the past; it is true that a minute fraction will continue to exist, and by the light of these words, and by that light only, will our children be able to judge of the phases of our generation. Now we desire beyond all things to stand well with our children, but when our story comes to be told we do not know who will have the telling of it.

"We are too close to the tellers; there are many tellers and they are all talking together; and even if we knew them we must not kill them. (Laughter.) But the old and terrible instinct which taught our ancestors to kill the original story-teller warns us that we shall not be far wrong if we challenge any man who shows signs of being afflicted with the magic of the necessary words. May not this be the reason why, without any special legislation on its behalf, literature has always stood a little outside the law as the one calling that is absolutely free—free in the sense that it needs no protection?

"For instance, if, as occasionally happens, a judge makes a bad law, or a surgeon a bad operation, or a manufacturer makes bad food criticism upon their actions is by law and custom confined to comparatively narrow limits. But if a man, as occasionally happens, makes a book, there is no limit to the criticism that may be directed against it (laughter), and it is perfectly as it should be. The world recognizes the little things, like bad law, bad surgery, and bad food, only affect the cheapest commodity that we know about—human life. (Laughter.) Therefore, in these circumstances, men can afford to be swayed by pity for the offender, by interest in his family, by fear, or loyalty, or respect for the organization he represents, or even a desire to do him justice. But when the question is of words—words that may become alive and walk up and down in the hearts of the hearers—it is then that this world of ours, which is disposed to take an interest in the future, feels instinctively that it is better that a thousand innocent people should be punished rather than that one guilty word should be preserved, carrying that which is an untrue tale of the tribe.

"The chances, of course, are almost astronomically remote that any given tale will survive for so long as it takes an oak to grow to timber size. But that guiding instinct warns us not to trust to chance a matter of the supremest concern. In this durable record if anything short of indisputable and undistilled truth be seen there, we all feel, How shall our achievements profit us? The record of the tribe is its enduring literature. The magic of literature lies in the words, and not in any man. Witness, a thousand excellent strenuous words can leave us quite cold or put us to sleep, whereas a bare half-hundred words breathed upon by some man in his agony, or in his exaltation, or in his idleness, ten generations ago, can still lead whole nations into and out of captivity, can open to us the doors of three worlds, or stir us so intolerably that we can scarcely abide to look at our own souls.

"It is a miracle—one that happens very seldom. But secretly each one of the masterless men with the words has hope, or has had hope, that the miracle may be wrought again through him. And why not? If a tinker in Bedford gaol, if a pamphleteering shopkeeper, pilloried in London, if a muzzy Scotsman, if a despised German Jew, or a condemned French thief, or an English admiralty official with a taste for letters can be miraculously afflicted with the magic of the

necessary words, why not any man at any time? Our world, which is only concerned in the perpetuation of the record, sanctions that hope as kindly and just as cruelly as Nature sanctions love. All it suggests is that the man with the words shall wait upon the man of achievement, and step by step with him try to tell the story to the tribe. All it demands is that the magic of every word shall be tried out to the uttermost by every means fair and foul that the mind of man can suggest.

"There is no room, and the world insists that there shall be no room, for pity, for mercy, for respect, for fear, or even for loyalty between man and his fellow-man, when the record for the tribe comes to be written. That record must satisfy, at all costs to the word and to the man behind the word. It must satisfy alike the keenest vanity and the deepest self-knowledge of the present; it must satisfy also the most shameless curiosity of the future. When it has done this, it is literature of which it will be said in due time that it fitly represents its age. I say in due time because ages, like individuals, do not always at once appreciate the merits of a record that purports to represent them. The trouble is that one always expects just a little more out of a thing than one puts into it. (Laughter.) Whether it be an age or an individual, one is always a little pained and a little pessimistic to find that all one gets back is just one's bare deserts. This is a difficulty old as literature.

"A little incident that came within my experience a few weeks ago shows that that difficulty is always being raised by the most unexpected people all about the world. A few weeks ago, in a land where the magic of words is peculiarly potent and far-reaching, there was a tribe that wanted rain, and the rain-doctors set about setting it. To a certain extent the rain-doctors succeeded. But the rain their magic brought was not a full, driving downpour that tells of large prosperity; it was patchy, local, circumscribed, and uncertain. There were unhealthy little squalls blowing about the country and doing damage. Whole districts were flooded out by waterspouts and other districts annoyed by trickling showers, soon dried by the sun.

"And so the tribe went to the rain-doctors, being very angry, and they said, 'What is this rain that you make? You did not make rain like this in the time of our fathers. What have you been doing?' And the rain-doctors said, 'We have been making our proper magic. Supposing you tell us what you have been doing lately!' And the tribe said, 'Oh, our head men have been running about hunting jackals and our little people have been running about chasing grasshoppers! What has that to do with your rain-making?' 'It has everything to do with it,' said the rain-doctors. 'Just as long as your head men run about hunting jackals, and just as long as your little people run about chasing grasshoppers, just so long will the rain fall in this manner.' (Cheers and laughter.)

A MIDDLE-CLASS DIARY IN 1915.

Trials of an Ordinary Citizen in His Efforts to Climb Up Into the Society of Privileged Proletarians.

January 10—My wife telephoned to the office this morning, begging me to return home at once. Found her at lunch with two house painters and a paper hanger. They were quite affable with me. Tried hard not to cringe to them, but the habit is growing on me of late. They handed me a County Council order requiring me, owing to general unemployment, to find work in my house and free quarters for the bearers, wages to be at the standard rate—2s, 4d per hour. * * My wife slightly hysterical. We must, however, learn to face the future with courage.

January 15—Our guests have finished Wagner and one panel of the drawing-room door. They start on Tchaikowsky and the other panel tomorrow. Paper hanger the poorest whistler of the three.

January 24—Our maid-of-all-work, the Hon. Vera Vasavour, daughter of the pauper earl, whom we engaged out of the workhouse, is not giving entire satisfaction. Demoralized, my wife thinks, by the attentions of the paper hanger. She spoke seriously to the poor girl, pointing out that they could lead to nothing, and that any workman who married beneath him would be socially ruined.

January 28—Unpleasant interview with our guests. They complained of the table we keep, and pointed out that it was impossible to whistle five working hours a day on rice pudding and lentil soup. Laid before me the day's menu of seven courses of the Municipal Free Food for Workingmen Depot, and urged me to keep pace with it. Threatened to report me. * * * Talked it over with my wife, and slipped out after dark. Eighteen shillings on the study clock.

February 11—Third visit from the income tax people. They had picketed the back door and caught me on the way out. Polite, but inexorable. Explained they had nothing to do with the levy of 7s, 8d in the pound; all they had to do was to collect it. * * * Collected it.

February 27—Wife in tears again about Willie's prospects. Says he ought to be able to read and write at sixteen. Certainly the boy should be at school; but what can we do? Private schools utterly beyond an income of 400 pounds nowadays. Tried last year to get him into a board school on the ground that my uncle's father had once done some bell mending in his own house, and was, therefore, a workman within the meaning of the act. Claim disallowed.

March 1—Education tax just in—11s 2d. Gone up a shilling. Really monstrous that we should have to supply riding habits for girls on demand in the reformatory schools.

March 8—Drawing-room door almost finished. The younger of the two painters (excellent tenor whistler) seems rather attracted by Lucy. He has worked a good deal on the inside of the door whenever she has been sitting in the room. My wife and I have talked it over, but hardly dare to hope anything will come of it. If we could only marry into a working-class family, all our difficulties would vanish, and we should rank among the Privileged Proletariat.

March 26—Wet, wretched night. Vera brought in a grimy begging book from Sir Charles Grandison; said he was at the door. I sent him out sixpence. Wife suggested he should be brought in to dry

himself, but our guests drew the line at tramps. Went out and saw him. Miserable object. To think that a once great land owner should be brought to this, not by intoxicants, but by taxation. Very thankful for some cold meat; took it to share with Lord Salop, who was watching at the corner for the police.

April 5—Found a demand note for the general municipal rate on my breakfast table. Went back to bed again for an hour to ward off a stroke; 38s. 10d. in the pound—an advance of 2s. on last year to cover cost of the new Workhouse Trips to the Riviera.

April 17—Watched a procession of the Submerged Gentry passing along the Embankment, with banners inscribed. "Even Rate-payers Have the Right to Live." A crowded meeting afterwards in Hyde Park was addressed by several decayed members of the old House of Lords. Great enthusiasm among the poverty-stricken throng. Some buns thrown to them by a charitable workingman caused an ugly rush. A deputation was appointed to wait on the Rt. Hon. Keir Hardie at 10 Downing street.

April 20—Mr. Robinson, the young painter's father, called on me after dark with reference to his son's "deplorable infatuation." Urged me to use all my influence with Lucy. I asked him, as between man and man, to try to rise above these mere class prejudices; but he refused to listen to my arguments, said his boy's whole future was at stake, and there had been far too many of these mixed marriages lately.

April 25—Drawing-room furniture seized for taxes.

June 1—This day Sam and Lucy were privately married. The happy couple left later for Southend.

June 3—A threatening deputation from the Housepainters' Union waited on me in the evening. After much bitter denunciation it was finally agreed that, for Sam's sake, we must be admitted into working-class society, and enrolled in some union.

June 5—Joyfully gave up my office in the city, and paid off the clerks. * * * Practiced some of the simpler passages from "Tannhauser" during the evening. Lips very stiff at first.

June 10—All our troubles over. I have been elected a member of the Waiters' Union. My dear wife spent the day cutting down my frock suit into dress clothes, while I practiced waiting round the dining-room table in my shirt-sleeves. Thank heaven, we are Privileged Proletarians at last!—C. C. Rothwell in London Mail.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

From a Prominent Publishing House.

Editor Argonaut: We beg to express to you our cordial thanks for sending us a copy of the issue of May 5. Its account of the disaster and the resulting situation is exceedingly interesting. It is full of the most inspiring optimism and the spirit which animates the rebuilding of San Francisco. We beg to express to you our heartiest good wishes for your prosperity.

Very truly yours,
For THE MACMILLAN COMPANY,
Herbert P. Williams.

Glad the Argonaut Got There.

From the appended note it is apparent that after the shake-up the Argonaut beat the *Chronicle* in getting to its subscribers:

DERBY, Conn., May 15, 1906.
Editor Argonaut: I cannot begin to tell you how much I have appreciated the three issues of the Argonaut which I have received since the earthquake, nor how proud I am to think that in spite of such a calamity, it did not forget its far-away subscribers. That much cannot be said of the other San Francisco papers. For eleven years I have taken the Daily Chronicle, and yet, though I have written them twice, saying my subscription does not run out until September, and sending some one personally to speak about the matter, not a Chronicle have I seen. I wish you could have seen the enthusiasm at the meeting of Californians in New York the Saturday after the disaster. We were the proudest people in the country to know that we came from California and called it home. Thanking you again for your courtesy, I beg to be,
Sincerely yours,

ANNE CORNELL.

The Argonaut an Institution.

May 28, 1906.
Editor Argonaut: Your paper pleases me. You adopt the right tone in discussing the great calamity that has fallen upon your city. You have kept your head. Your editorials are sane.
Since the days of the Spanish War I have looked upon the Argonaut as one of THE INSTITUTIONS of the West. The whole country would be the worse for it if the Argonaut should die. I am glad to see you have weathered the storm and are on your feet again.
May you prosper as you deserve.

Yours very truly,
DAVID J. CURTIN.
I enclose five dollars, new subscription, to help on the new plant.

Rising from the Ashes.

Mining Recorder's Office, Clinton, B. C. May 14th, 1906.
Editor Argonaut: I am much obliged to you for your letter of the 3rd inst. advising me that the "Argonaut Stories," which I applied for some time ago had been forwarded to my address.

I need not say that I wish you every success, and that you may rise from the ashes of the old Argonaut Office brighter and better than ever. It is hardly necessary for me to offer you my sincere sympathy for the loss that you must have sustained. San Francisco, under the terrible visitation that it has had, has the sincere sympathy of the civilized world, and I am very pleased to see that your British cousins in every part of the world have come to your aid as well as your own States.

Wishing you every success, I am, Yours faithfully,

F. JONES.

She Wishes Us Luck.

640 Lexington Ave., New York, May 17, 1906.
Editor Argonaut:—I see by the copy of your paper which I received today (the first since the fire) that you published three editions of the Argonaut of which I have not received any. I refer to the issues of April 21, 23 and May 5th.

The Argonaut has been a source of great pleasure to me for a number of years, and may I say right here with what wonder and admiration does the energy of its editor inspire me. Naturally I should very much like to have the copies printed after the fire, so, if the editions be not wholly exhausted, will you kindly send them to me.

Here's wishing the Argonaut and all San Francisco the best of luck for the future.

Sincerely yours,

FLORENCE KAHN.

From 'Way Down East.

This sympathetic letter makes us feel a little ashamed that we have so often pitied in print the dwellers in bleak New England:

Dear Argonaut:—For fifteen years you have been a most welcome guest at our fireside, and now that "merciless disaster" has caught you, I want to express our heartfelt sympathy for you, as for any friend in distress and we hope and believe that out of this awful calamity some good may come. I must admit that I can't see just how, but I was brought up to believe that a whipping did a child good.

We have sent to the San Francisco sufferers our little mite from this small town—"Way Down East"—where we don't have earthquakes, but we do have snow, and with this gift went the pity and sympathy and heartfelt best wishes.

And so dear Argonaut, come every week, you are always welcome, for how could we keep house without you?

Your friend,
M. S. WEBSTER.

Old Town, Maine, May 16, 1906.

The Future Housing of the Poor in San Francisco.

The writer of the following memorandum says that as "The policy of the Argonaut since the earthquake and fire has been to advocate improvement along thoroughly practical lines, and as model tenements are thoroughly practicable and yield as good returns to the investors as poor tenements, I trust you will advocate the passing of proper tenement house laws by the Supervisors of San Francisco." He thus writes:

Editor Argonaut:—The parts of the city in which there have been the greatest congestion of population, viz: Chinatown, the Italian quarter, and places south of Market street, have been wiped out by the fire. Many of the people who lived there will not return, as much of the land will be put to other uses, and improved rapid transit facilities will enable them to become cottagers on the outskirts of the city or in the suburbs. But there will always remain a great number who must live near their work, and as manufacturing establishments are established in the old quarters, the spaces available for tenements will shrink, and great congestion will result. The greater value of this land for manufacturing purposes will mean the housing of as many as possible in a small area. In other words, within certain districts, we shall soon have a serious tenement house problem, unless it is solved before building commences.

There can be no permanent solution to the question that does not provide for the owner of model tenements an income equal to what he could obtain from unsanitary construction. Fortunately the experience of New York, under the Tenement House laws, shows not only that this current income from model tenements is equal to that received from poorly planned and constructed ones, but that the incidental repairs and expenses are much less. At first the tenement house laws were opposed by landlords, now none are more earnest in advocating them.

The main principles of the model tenements are very simple: (a) Have good plumbing; (b) Require every room to give on a street or interior court of adequate size; (c) Economize in the spaces required for the courts by compelling a uniformity in construction that will bring the court or light well of one building, opposite to that of the next, instead of against a wall. Thus the light well or court available for each room is double the size a single owner can afford to allow in his building.

In New York the desired results are obtained by laws that prescribe the size of all light wells and their location in the building. In this way, a landlord in putting up tenements knows that when his neighbor builds, his light will not be cut off and many rooms made nearly useless for rental purposes. This size of the light well varies with the size of the lot and height of the building. There the usual lot for tenements is 50x100 feet, and there are six apartments on a floor, four of four rooms and bath, and two of three rooms and bath. The building fronts full fifty feet on the street. On one side there is a light space back of the second room which must be six feet wide for buildings of five stories or less, and six inches wider for each additional story. This light space extends to the rear of the building. On the other side of the building there is an interior court which when the building adjoining is built, is hexagonal in shape and 24 feet wide. In other words, each tenement must have on one side an interior court of 12 feet in width for a building five stories in height and six inches more in width for each additional story. When the tenement on that side is built to match it, the court is 24 feet in width. On the other side of the building the space left is 6 feet and extends to the rear of the building and when another building is built on that side the space between the buildings is 12 feet.

LOUIS BARTLETT.

A philanthropic Northern lady visiting in Savannah made the acquaintance of a respectable old negro woman, whom she asked to visit her in Boston.

"Mrs. Johnson," said her hostess one day when they were dining together, "you were a slave, were you not?"

"Yes'm," was the reply. "I belonged to Marse Clarence Howard."

"And did he have you sit at the table with him?"

"Who? Me?" exclaimed the old woman in astonishment. "Lord, no, honey! My master was a gentleman, he wuz, an' he ain't never allowed no nigger to set alongside o' him!"

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Of the palatial home of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, on the corner of California and Jones streets, the very summit of Nob Hill, naught remains but the fences, the granite steps, and the broken brick walls of the basement and first story. On being interviewed as to the possibility of their rebuilding on the same site, if the city constructs a winding approach to the summit of the hill, it is said that the Crockers will at once rebuild. If not, they will rebuild, but not immediately.

Mrs. Richard Tobin, the mother of Joseph Sadoc Tobin of the Hibernia Bank, of Mrs. Charles Clark and of Clement and Richard Tobin, is reported as saying that she will rebuild her house on the summit of Nob Hill just as soon as plans can be prepared and the debris removed.

Patrick Calhoun, of the United Railways, has taken the Fred Beaver house at 2525 Webster street in San Francisco.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Wilson Shiels are living at 2175 Pacific avenue.

Mrs. George G. Kimball, wife of Colonel George G. Kimball, Postoffice Inspector in Washington, D. C., has been visiting in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Lowenberg, who lost everything in their rooms at the Palace Hotel, have taken an apartment on Pacific avenue, San Francisco.

Mr. Knox Maddox, well known in both San Jose and San Francisco business circles, has opened law offices at 2005 Sutter street, in San Francisco. Mr. Maddox was formerly connected with the firm of Bartlett & Slack.

The celebrated painting by Millet, "The Man with the Hoe," was saved from the Crocker mansion on Nob Hill in San Francisco before the house was destroyed. The butler, with great presence of mind, saved many of the valuable paintings. In the collection were works by Tennyel, Troyon, Paul Potter, Corot, Monet, Renoir, Puvis de Chavannes, Pissarro and Constable, as well as Millet.

Mrs. Alice Chittenden has taken her daughter and gone East to visit relatives.

Maren Froelich, whose home and studio were in the old Studio building, 609 Sacramento street, took her keepsakes to the St. Francis Hotel. They went with everything in the big hostelry. Miss Froelich is now with the W. G. Staffords.

Henry Heyman had at his home, 623 Eddy street, a library of over 1500 books on musical subjects and the finest library of violin music in the United States. It was impossible for him to save any of his possessions, because his aged mother had to be taken care of. For two nights he had her in Golden Gate Park. He is now at 434 Spruce street, where he has taken a house.

Dr. and Mrs. L. L. Dunbar have taken a year's lease on the premises at 2324 Pacific avenue.

Hon. George R. Carter, Governor of the Hawaiian Territory, and Mrs. Carter, who have been stopping for some weeks past at the Hotel del Monte, expect to return to their home in Honolulu next week.

Mrs. William L. Merry, Miss May Merry, Miss Blanche Merry, Mrs. Samuel W. Bryant (formerly Miss Carrie Merry) and Miss Mary Hill are at Willits, in Mendocino county, and will be joined there shortly by Captain Merry, who left Costa Rica for Washington a few weeks since, and is now en route to this city.

Mrs. Thomas Selby and Miss Annie Selby, who left on April 16 for an indefinite stay in Europe, returned at once to San Francisco when news of the great fire reached them.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lansdale at San Mateo has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Hellmann have gone to their summer cottage at Belvedere for the summer.

Mrs. T. W. M. Draper and Miss Dorothy Draper will leave in a few days for their country place in Oregon for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Gwin and Miss Carrie Gwin have been guests at the Maynard home on Fillmore street, but will leave shortly for San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Fife and Miss Beatrice Fife have gone to their country place at Palo Alto for several months' stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, formerly Kate Clement, have rented their house, on Broadway and Scott street, and have gone to Oakland, where they will remain for several months.

Mrs. Annie H. Jackson and her family, whose home adjoining the University Club was burned, have gone to Napa Soda Springs for the summer.

Judge and Mrs. J. M. Allen and the Misses Ruth and Elizabeth Allen have gone to their country place at Menlo for the summer, and it is probable that the wedding of Miss Ruth Allen and Lucius Allen, which is to be celebrated in June, will take place there.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Chenery, who were burned out on Hyde street, went to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Grimwood in Fruitvale, and a few days since Mrs. Chenery left for New York, where she will visit her mother, Mrs. Patton, for a time.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Young, of Honolulu, are the guests of Mrs. William T. Veitch at her Linda Vista home. Mr. and Mrs. William Knowles of San Francisco are also living temporarily at the Veitch home.

The wedding of Miss Ruth Miller of Sausalito and Dr. Louis Brechemin Jr., U. S. A., will be celebrated at Christ Church, Sausalito, on June 29th. Miss Miller is a daughter of the late Major and Mrs. O. C. Miller, and a cousin of Mrs. Richardson Clover of Washington, D. C.

The musical public of Portland is giving a benefit concert to Richard A. Lucchesi, of San Francisco. Mr. Lucchesi lost all his possessions in the fire. His valuable library was destroyed, as were also two grand pianos, his personal effects and a number of his musical compositions.

Mr. and Mrs. Huhert Howe Bancroft have given up their contemplated trip to Europe and have gone to their ranch near Concord. Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bancroft are in Alameda.

A lively blaze threatened the destruction of the beautiful home of F. W. Van Sicklen, 1831 Central avenue, at an early hour Sunday morning, but it was extinguished after only a nominal damage had been done.

Mrs. S. G. Hindes, who resided at 1101 Green street, has gone to Sausalito for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Payne have arrived from the East and are occupying their residence at Menlo Park.

Harry Morse, who has been leasing the Coleman place at Menlo for a number of years, has moved to Palo Alto. The Coleman mansion is occupied by St. Patrick's seminary.

Dr. A. T. Leonard, the well-known San Francisco physician and surgeon, has rented the old Selby home at Fair Oaks for the season.

The Judsons have moved down from San Francisco for the summer.

Every available house at Menlo has been rented. Twenty-five more buildings could easily be leased.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood made an expedition into San Jose from Menlo in their large touring-car during the week. They returned to Menlo the same day.

Mr. and Mrs. John Drum and Miss Sara Drum are the guests of their aunt, Mrs. Glenn, at the latter's home on Castro street. The Drum residence in San Francisco will require extensive repairs before the family can again live in it.

The fine residence of Charles Josselyn at Woodside was so badly damaged by the earthquake that it will have to be torn down.

The residence of H. W. Jackson was also wrecked by the shock.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn and Miss Maude Bourn have returned from Southern France, and after a few days at their Webster-street home left for their country-place at Grass Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering, who have been spending a few days in Sacramento are now the guests of Mr. Richard Hotaling at his Marin county ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wheeler are in town, though their handsome home was heavily damaged and needs many repairs.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Wheeler have left Berkeley and are again occupying their California-street home.

Miss Frances Joliffe, who has been in Europe, is on her way home.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Wilson have returned to San Francisco, and have reopened their home on Pacific avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Young arrived from the Islands this week, taking the first steamer for California after the news of the earthquake reached them. Alexander Young has large business interests here and he came to San Francisco at the earliest possible opportunity.

Mackenzie Gordon, the well-known singer and Bohemian Club favorite, will try tent life for the summer over in Mill Valley. He has secured quarters immediately adjacent to the residence of Emile Pohli, and will take in a few pupils to tide over the financial informalities due to the San Francisco calamity. Mr. Gordon lost all his belongings in the fire save the clothes he was wearing.

Notes From Sacramento.

Mrs. V. S. McClatchy, of Sacramento, spent last Wednesday in San Francisco with her daughter, Miss Edna McClatchy.

Mrs. George C. Pardee has returned to her home in Sacramento after a short time spent in Oakland.

Mrs. M. L. Lynch, of San Francisco, is visiting Sacramento at the home of her brother.

Miss Florence Ward, who has been a student at the State University, is visiting Miss Laura Cooper at Sacramento.

Miss Barbara Small, of San Francisco, is visiting Miss Edna McClatchy at her home in Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Whitmore, of Sacramento, spent the early part of the week in San Francisco.

Miss Estel Stephens, of Sacramento, has been in San Francisco for the wedding of Miss Lucine Ranson and William Fulton, who are to make their home in Ross Valley.

Miss Elsa Grau, of Sacramento, is to spend the summer in Buffalo with her sister, Mrs. Edward S. Dold.

Californians Abroad.

Mrs. Adam Grant, who was in Athens when the news of the great fire in San Francisco reached her, has gone to Nauheim, Germany, and will not return to California for some months.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sharon arrived in New York from Paris last week on the new steamship Kaiserin Auguste Victoria.

The following were among the Californians who embarked at New York last week for Europe: Mrs. L. Jacobs, the Misses Brenner, Miss Rudden, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Deakin and Miss Gwenth Deakin of San Francisco, Mrs. Fairbanks Smith and Mrs. C. B. Weeks of Los Angeles, and Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Wilcox of Pasadena.

Recent cable advices note the arrival in Paris of the following: Mr. and Mrs. George E. Bates, L. C. Mammain, Mr. and Mrs. H. Morse, William Mooser, Mrs. E. R. Wills and Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Gil-martin of San Francisco; Mrs. Eleanor A. Wolfe, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Bosbyshell, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Waterman and Miss Cora L. Salham of Los Angeles, and T. W. Benton of Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Gartenlaub left for Europe on May 6. Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Hatch and Mrs. Bessie Smith, formerly of the Bella Vista, are occupying the Gartenlaub residence.

Mrs. E. J. McCutcheon has left for New York, and will sail from there shortly for Europe, where she expects to spend several months.

Mrs. L. L. Baker has been recently in Florence, Italy.

Miss Maud O'Connor and Miss Isabelle O'Connor, who have been abroad for some months, were in Florence, Italy, when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. Bartley Oliver and their eight children, of San Francisco, who started last October on a trip around the world with the impetus of an enthusiastic bon voyage from President Roosevelt at the White House, returned to New York May 10 on the Prinzess Irene. They are uncertain about the full extent of his material disasters. Mr. Oliver accumulated a fortune in San Francisco real estate. He is fifty-three years old and now poor. On the same vessel were Mr. and Mrs. F. Kelly, also San Franciscans, whose visit in Europe lasted just four hours. They heard of the disaster and at once posted back again.

Mrs. Frank Norris, widow of the author, also came in on the Princess Irene, on her way home to San Francisco. The warmth with which she was greeted by Lloyd Osbourne, a writer who was a stepson of Robert Louis Stevenson, revived the rumor of their engagement, but Mrs. Norris denied.

Among the passengers recently sailing for Yokohama are W. H. Ave, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Crocker and two maids, the Misses Marion, Kate and M. J. Crocker, Masters Harry and Clark Crocker, James Duncan, Miss A. W. Duisenberg and maid, W. B. Porter, and Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Thorn.

Donald De V. Graham writes from Florence, Italy, to a friend in San Francisco: "I sincerely hope that you were not in San Francisco at the time of the terrible catastrophe. I am very anxious to hear of the safety of all my friends and up to this time, May 2, have not received a line. The O'Connors are here and they tell me that they have lost nearly everything. Mrs. L. L. Baker also tells me that she has suffered very heavily."

Notes About the Clubs.

By action of the Board of Directors of the Bohemian Club all assessments are suspended, and from May 1 the dues will be one-third of the regular amount, until further notice.

The Francisca Club, which was inaugurated under such pleasant auspices in San Francisco the first of the year, has secured temporary quarters in the Western Addition, which will soon be open to the club's members. The dues will be reduced and the club's expenses will be kept down to a minimum. The club's furniture was insured for \$5000. Mrs. J. Downey Harvey is president of the club.

The Board of Directors of the Pacific-Union Club announces the leasing of the Borel residence, northeast corner of Washington and Franklin streets, for club purposes, possession to be taken immediately. Meals will be served as soon as chimneys are useable. Arrangements have also been made for luncheon and a lounging room at the St. Francis Hotel for the use of members daily, between the hours of 11 and 3 o'clock. It is hoped the hotel will be opened by June 15. All books and records contained in the club safe were destroyed.

The Board denies any intention of levying an assessment and says: "In view of certain published statements, it seems proper to advise members that the financial condition of the club is such that not only will an assessment be unnecessary, but if our insurance is paid in full, we shall be in better finances than when the new building was started. The total insurance is \$343,505.00. The income from dues and admissions during the past year was \$81,900.00. Allowing for a possible heavy shrinkage from last year's income, we should still have a considerable surplus, as our operating expenses will be materially decreased."

Down on the water front is a new club called "The Jolly Tars," which has a large and growing membership. R. P. Schwerin is the president. The initiation fee is \$5 and the dues are \$2.50 a month. Meals are 60 cents each. The clubhouse is the river steamboat H. J. Corcoran. Many merchants and transportation men found themselves quartered on the water front, and the eating booths and wagons did not offer the luncheons desired. So, taking a cue from Manager Pierce of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, who has made a hotel and restaurant of the coasting steamer Spokane, at Broadway wharf, the Jolly Tar's Club was formed, and it prospers amazingly.

Californians in the East.

Among the Californians who were recently in New York City are E. J. Regan, Mrs. A. M. Regan, Mrs. H. M. Hardy, Mrs. E. E. West-bury, Mrs. H. L. Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Kelly, Mrs. Cris-well, Miss Spring, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Mulvey, Miss Battles, Miss Bass, Mrs. E. F. Franks, Mrs. L. B. Miller, C. G. Gebhard, Mrs. Gebhard, Mrs. A. F. Gunn, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Radke, Mrs. J. F. Swift, Miss Dutard, Mrs. J. K. Hobbs, M. A. McLaughlin, Miss McLaughlin, Miss Moffatt, Mrs. Neal, Mrs. C. F. Clarke, Mrs. Goodrich, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Britzell, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Feeton, Mr. and Mrs. H. Siegel and R. W. Palmanten and Mrs. N. Palmanten.

Mrs. Charles B. Alexander (nee Harriet Crocker) arrived at her home in New York City last week, after a brief visit to San Francisco. Mrs. Alexander's property losses in San Francisco, like those of all the branches of the Crocker family, are very large.

The death of Prince Charles Poniatowski in New York City was a sad blow to his wife, who was at their home in the City of Mexico. The Prince's remains have been taken to Paris for interment.

General and Mrs. Adna Chaffee and their younger daughter, Miss Helen Chaffee, are in Washington preparing to proceed to their new home in California.

Dr. and Mrs. Ernest E. Baker left for the East. Mrs. Baker will visit relatives at Cleveland, O., and other cities.

Across the Bay.

Mrs. G. B. Cook and Miss Butters have returned from Santa Barbara, and are at the Butters' Piedmont home. Mrs. Henry A. Butters and family will spend the summer at Chico this year.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Gladys F. Meyers to Eugene Russell Hallett, the secretary to President Wheeler, of the State University.

The engagement is announced of Miss Helen L. Chandler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chandler, of Telegraph avenue, Oakland, and Edgar Madison Sanborn.

Mrs. Charles R. Allen and her daughter, Miss Gertrude Allen, gave an informal reception last week at their home on Thirteenth street. The gathering was planned in honor of the Rev. Alexander Allen, formerly of Springfield, Ill., but now of Oakland.

Mrs. G. W. Beaver and her daughters, whose handsome home at 1300 Taylor street was burned, have taken a furnished house at 2511 Benvenue avenue, Berkeley.

Mr. Irvin J. Wiel, who was residing at the St. Francis Hotel at the date of the earthquake, has taken up his residence at 900 Union street, Alameda.

Mr. George H. Strong, of the firm of Dewey, Strong & Co., is to be addressed in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Beaver and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Madison have taken Professor Lawson's house on Warring street, Berkeley.

An informal wedding was solemnized at the home of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, when Miss Mary Edith Griswold was married to Colonel Edwin Emerson, Jr. David Starr Jordan gave the bride away.

Cards are out announcing the engagement of Ruth Foster, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Newton Hayes Foster of Los Angeles, to Robert Pierce Sherman, the University of California football player.

Mr. John W. Ferris, whose engagement to Mrs. Emma Spreckels-Watson has been recently announced, is residing at Ignacio, Marin county.

Miss Bessie Bowie, who has been abroad for some years studying music returned last week to California. Miss Bowie expects to spend the summer with her relatives, Miss May Friedlander and Miss Fanny Friedlander, in Belvedere.

Southern California.

John Vance Cheney is making a tour of the state, accompanied by his wife. They plan to be in Los Angeles early next week. At present they are in San Diego. San Francisco's public library was established under the direction of Mr. Cheney, who was its librarian until he left San Francisco to go to the Newberry library of Chicago.

The late Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, was sitting with his wife on the porch of his house in Worcester when two express-wagons drove up and the men unloaded five enormous boxes on the sidewalk.

"What on earth, is that, Mr. Hoar?" asked Mrs. Hoar.

The Senator went out and peered at the boxes. Then he answered proudly: "My dear, these boxes contain the staircase from an ancestral home of the Hoar family in England. I bought it when I was last in England."

"Indeed?" replied Mrs. Hoar, not a whit impressed. "And what do you intend to do with it, may I ask?"

The Senator was somewhat confused. At last he said with great dignity: "Mrs. Hoar, that is merely a woman's question."

He Couldn't Doff His Shirt.

A statesman well-known but nameless so far as this story is concerned, went to Uncle Joe Cannon's party last week (says the Pioneer Press. He found many thirsty friends there and he had somewhat of a parched feeling in his throat himself. When he went home he was—well, at least, he was very dignified. He had worn for the first time one of a new batch of shirts his wife had bought for him. It was a coat shirt, that opened all the way down the front. He got into the house without too much noise and congratulated himself that Mrs. Statesman would know nothing about the condition. He found much difficulty in getting off his shirt. He tried many ways, but could make no headway. He struggled for half an hour and then called to his wife, who was sleeping in an adjoining room:

TO "ARGONAUT" SUBSCRIBERS.

The fire did not interrupt the publication of the "Argonaut." Every number has been posted to our mail subscribers, with the exception of those in the burnt district of San Francisco. These latter are requested to send their NEW ADDRESSES to the Argonaut Mailing Clerk, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

To subscribers writing to the Argonaut for change of address: please give your old address, your new address, and your name written in plain legible characters.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL—About the Insurance Companies—British Companies Will Pay—How about the American Companies?—Failure of the Traders'—Offers of Argonaut Volumes from Generous Subscribers—The Argonaut Rebuked—Gobelin Tapestries—"Dress-makers" and "Seamstresses"—Organization for San Francisco Policy Holders—Will W. R. Hearst Organize It?—Optimism of Our Sister Cities—No Earthquakes in San Diego—Los Angeles Will Be First—Portland Considers San Francisco an Evil City—Sacramento Has No Earthquakes—Nobody Quakes but San Francisco—Stop Bragging and Tell the Truth—Country Has Ceased Contributing to Califor-

nia Relief Fund—Boastful Narratives of the Newspapers—Subscribers Who Have Missed Numbers—Every Issue of the Argonaut Has Been Sent to Mail Subscribers.....1-2-3

HOOSIER VERSE—The Old Man and Jim—Little Orphant Annie—Rabbits—By James Whitcomb Riley.....2-3

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR—Advance Subscriptions—Kind Offers of Files from Argonaut Subscribers—Encouraging Words from Far and Near.....3

THE RAILWAY RATE BILL—President Roosevelt's Controversy with Tillman and Bailey—Democratic Senators Accuse the President of Bad Faith.....4-5

OLD FAVORITES—Cleon and I, by Charley Mackay—The Heritage, by James Russell Lowell—

A Psalm of Life, by Henry W. Longfellow—Chicago, by Bret Harte—Conquering Fate, by Sarah K. Bolton.....4-5
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS...5
INDIVIDUALITIES.....6
VANITY FAIR.....6
STORYETTES—Grave and Gay—Epigrammatic and Otherwise...6
LITERARY NOTES.....6
STAGE GOSSIP.....6-7
KIPLING'S RECENT AFTER-DINNER SPEECH.....7
A MIDDLE CLASS DIARY IN 1915.....7
MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS—News About the Clubs—People Across the Bay—In Sacramento and Other Points—Californians in the East—Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip. 8
THE TUNEFUL LIAR.....8

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trademarked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Publication office, 246 Suite St., San Francisco. Temporary Business and Editorial offices, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 1711 San Pablo Avenue, Oakland, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. No travelling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal."

Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal."

Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company, Jerome A. Hart, President."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 205 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

Telephone Number, Long Distance

San Jose.

HOOSIER VERSE.

The Old Man and Jim.

Old man never bad much to say—
'Ceptin' to Jim,—
And Jim was the wildest boy he had,
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Never heerd him speak but once
Er twice in my life,—and first time was
When the army broke out, and Jim he went,
The old man backin' him, fer three months;
And all 'at I heerd the old man say
Was, 'jes' as we turned to start away,—
'Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"
'Peared like he was more satisfied
Jes' lookin' at Jim
And likin' him all to hisse'f-like, see?—

'Cause he was jes' wrapped up in him!
And over and over I mind the day
The old man come and stood round in the way
While we was drillin', a-watchin' Jim;
And down at the depot a-heerin' him say,—
'Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Never was nothin' about the farm
Distinguishin' Jim;
Neighbors all ust to wonder why
The old man 'peared wrapped up in him;
But when Cap. Biggler, he writ back
'At Jim was the bravest boy he had
In the whole dern regiment, white er black,
And his fightin' good, as his farmin' bad,—
'At he had led, with a bullet clean
Bored through his thigh, and carried the flag
Through the bloodiest battle you ever seen,—
The old man wound up a letter to him
'At Cap. read to us, 'at said,—
'Tell Jim good-by;
And take keer of hisse'f!"

Jim come home jes' long enough
To take the whim
'At he'd like to go hack in the calvary—
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Jim 'lowed 'at he'd had slob luck afore,
Guessed he'd tackle her three years more,
And the old man give him a colt he'd raised,
And follered him over to Camp Ben Wade,
And laid around fer a week er so,
Watchin' Jim on dress-parade;
'Tel final he rid away,
And last he heerd was the old man say,—
'Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Tuk the papers, the old man did,
A-watchin' fer Jim,
Fully believin' he'd make his mark
Some way—jes' wrapped up in him!
And many a time the word 'ud come
'At stirred him like the tap of a drum:
At Petersburg, fer instance, where
Jim rid right into their cannons there,
And tuk 'em, and p'inted 'em t' other way,
And socked it home to the boys in grey,
As they skooted fer timber, and on and on—
Jim a lieutenant,—and one arm gone,—
And the old man's words in his mind all day,—
'Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Think of a private, now, perhaps,
We'll say like Jim,
'At's clumb clean up to the shoulder-straps—
And the old man's jes' wrapped up in him!
Think of him—with the war plum' through,
And the glorious old Red-White-and-Blue
A-laughin' the news down over his head
And the old man, bendin' over him—
The surgeon turnin' away with tress
'At hadn't leaked fer years and years,
As the hand of the dyin' boy clung to his Father's, the old voice in his ears,—
'Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"
—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Little Orphant Annie.

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
An' wash the cups and saucers up, an' brush the crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth an' sweep
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board an' keep;
An' all us other children, when the supper things is done,

We set around the kitchen fire an' has
the mostest fun
A-lis'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie
tells about,
An' the Gobble-uns 'at glts you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

One't they was a little boy who would-
n't say his prayers—
An' when he went to bed at night,
away upstairs,

His mammy heerd him holler an' his
daddy heerd him bawl,
An' when they turn't the kivers down
he wasn't there at all.
An' they seeked him in the rafter
room an' cubby-hole an' press,
An' seeked him up the chimby-flue,
an' everywhere, I guess,
But all they ever found was thist his
pants an' round-about!—
An' the Gobble-uns'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus
laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever' one an' all her
blood-an'-kin,
An' onct when they was "company"
an' old folks was there,
She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an'
said she didn't care;
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an'
turn't to run an' hide,
They was two great big Black Things
a-standin' by her side,
An' they snatched her through the ceil-
in' fore she knowed what she's
about!
An' the Gobble-uns'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when
the blaze is blue,
An' the lampwick sputters, an' the
wind goes woo-oo!
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the
moon is grey,
An' the lightnin' bugs in dew is all
squenched away—
You better mind yer parents, an' yer
teachers fond an' dear,
An' cherish them 'at loves you, an' dry
the orphan's tear
An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at
cluster all about
Er the Gobble-uns'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Rabbit.

I s'pose it takes a feller 'at's ben
Raised in a country town, like me,
To 'prelate rabbits! . . . Eight or
ten
Bellerin' boys and two er three
Yelpin' dawgs all on the trail
O' one little pop-eyed cottontail!

'Bout the first good fall o' snow—
So's you kin track 'em, don't you
know,
Where they've run—and one by one
Hop 'em up and chase 'em down
And prod 'em out of a old bresh-ple
Er a holler log they're a-hidin' roun',
Er crosstie-stack by the railroad track
'Bout a mille
Out o' sight o' the whole ding town!—
Well! them's times 'at I call good!

Rabbits!—w'y, as my thoughts goes
back
To them old boyhood days o' mins,
I kin sic him now and see "Old Jack"
A-plowin' snow in a rabbit-track
And a-pitchin' over him, head and
heels,

Like a blame hat-rack,
As the rabbit turns fer the timber-line
Down the county ditch through the
old cornfields!

Yes, and I'll say right here to you,
Rabbits that boys has earnt, like that—
On the old back porch where the
pump's done froze—

Skinned and hung fer a night er two,
Then fried 'bout right, where your
breakfast's at,

With hot brown gravy and shortenin'
bread—

Rabbits, like them—er I ort to 'a' said,
I s'pose,

Rabbits like those

Ain't so p'ticular pore, I guess,
Fer eatin' purposes!

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

A Dilemma.

Don't steal from the Government, cov-
etous gent,

Or away to the jug you'll be snuck.
Don't tell in the mags, where the
stealings have went,

Or you'll then be a raker of muck.

DEL MONTE OFFERS

Hotel Del Monte was very slightly
injured by the recent disturbance, and
is offering a welcome shelter to all
San Franciscans. The park-like
grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the
many walks and drives were never
more attractive than at the present.
The entire hotel has recently been
renovated and improved, with steam
heat, electric lights, hot and cold water,
telephones in every room. Why not
make this attractive resort near San
Francisco your permanent home?
Special terms for families. Address
Geo. P. Snell, Manager, Del Monte,
California.

A PERMANENT HOME. OLD FAVORITES.

Cleon and I.

Cleon hath a million acres,
Ne'er a one have I;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace,
In a cottage I;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes,
Not a penny I;
Yet the poorer of the twain is
Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres,
But the landscape I;
Half the charms to me it yieldeth
Money cannot buy;
Cleon harbors sloth and dullness,
Freshening vigor I;
He in velvet, I in fustian,
Richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur,
Free as thought am I;
Cleon fees a score of doctors,
Need of none have I;
Wealth surrounded, care environed,
Cleon fears to die;
Death may come, he'll find me
ready;
Happler man am I.

Cleon ses no charm in nature,
In a daisy I;
Cleon hears no anthems ringing
In the sea and sky;
Nature sings to me forever,
Earnest listener I;
State for state, with all attendants,
Who would change? Not I.

—CHARLEY MACKAY.

The Heritage.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and
gold;
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares:

The bank may break, the factory
burn.

A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly
earn

A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart he hears the pants
Of toiling hands with brown arms
bare,

And wearies in his easy chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoy'd with humble things,
A rank adjudged with toll-worn merit,
Content that from employment
springs,

A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learn'd of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toll
That with all others level stands:
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft white hands,—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than
thine—

In merely being rich and great;
Toll only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and be-
nign,—
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, helms to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-fill'd past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Ode on Solitude.

Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields
with bread,

Whose flocks supply him with at-
tire;

Whose trees in summer yield him
shade,

In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft
away

In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mix'd; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

—ALEXANDER POPE.

A Psalm of Life.

Tell me not in mournful numbers;
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each tomorrow
Finds us farther than today.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and
brave,

Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife.

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time—

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Chicago.

Blackened and bleeding, helpless, pant-
ing, prone,
On the charred fragments of her shat-
tered throne,
Lies she who stood, but yesterday,
alone!

Queen of the West! by some enchanter
taught
To lift the glory of Aladdin's court,
Then lose the spell that all that won-
der wrought.

Like her own prairies by some chance
seed sown;
Like her own prairies in one brief
day grown;
Like her own prairies in one fierce
night mown.

She lifts her voice, and in her plead-
ing call
We hear the cry of Macedon to Paul;
The cry for help that makes us kin
to all.

But haply, with wan fingers, may she
feel
The silver cup hid in the offered meal;
The gift her kinship and our loves
reveal.

—BRET HARTE.

Conquering Fate.

I like the man who faces what he must,
With step triumphant and a heart
of cheer;

Who fights the daily battle without
fear;
Sees his hopes fall, yet keeps unfal-
tering trust

That God is God; that somehow, true
and just

His plans work out for mortals; not
a tear

Is shed when fortune, which the
world holds dear,

Falls from his grasp; better, with
love, a crust

Than living in dishonor; envies not,
Nor loses faith in man, but does his
best.

Nor even murmurs at his humbler lot,
But with a smile and words of hope,
gives best

To every teller; he alone is great,
Who by a life heroic conquers fate.

—SARAH K. BOLTON.

"ROBERTSON'S" A BOOK STORE

Now at 1186 1-2 Ellis St., near Octavia. After July 1, Van Ness, near Pine St. Mail orders will receive prompt attention. All persona who had card plates or dies at "Robertson's" will please communicate with

A. M. ROBERTSON.

STAGE GOSSIP.

In sharp contrast to the many bread lines to be seen in the San Francisco streets is the queue extending along Geary street, from the corner of Steiner, where holders of grand opera tickets wait patiently three or four hours at a stretch for the refunding of their money. This "cash line" begins to form at 9 in the morning, and the last of it is not seen till 5 in the evening. On the third day of the refunding, about \$8500 was paid out, making the aggregate for the three days \$26,000. A day's work consists in waiting upon 150 persons. "We redeem everything that is distinguishable from ashes," said H. H. Campbell the manager. The ticket holders are given checks on the Crocker-Woolworth Bank. Thirty days will be needed to repay the \$90,000 outstanding.

Dawn broke with a crash in the last act of "The Girl of the Golden West," the other night in New York. Off the stage, in the wings, where all is dark, a careless stage hand upset a boxful of broken glass, known in stage parlance as a "glass crash," just as the Road Agent said to the Girl: "The dawn is breaking—" This was enough for the audience. No day had ever been known to break before so that you could hear it. There was a pause then a roar of laughter, and the glass, the fractured dawn and Mr. Belasco's poetic picture all went down to disaster together.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt filled an engagement, May 18th and 19th, in the Auditorium at Venice, a unique seaside resort on Santa Monica Bay. Venice is a new seaside playground built by Abbot Kinney, the millionaire tobaccoist of Richmond, Va. He put his money from selling out to the Tobacco Trust into Southern California real estate, which has doubled and trebled. Venice is the realization of a dream of years—to reproduce in America the ancient city of the Adriatic. The streets are colonnaded, the architecture is all of the Venetian style, and the system of canals is patterned after that of the Italian city. They are fed daily by the tides, through an immense underground conduit with gates operated automatically. One of the attractions of the resort is a ship cafe called the Cabrillo, modeled after the Spanish galleons of old. It is anchored on piling alongside a thousand foot pleasure pier built into the breakers. Alongside the pier and over the water is the Auditorium, in which the divine Sarah played. It has a seating capacity of 3,600 and contains the largest and finest stage in Southern California. This building which cost \$96,000 and was erected one year ago in twenty-eight days, is built above the water and contains as a part of its equipments a pipe organ that cost \$20,000.

Mr. Barrie's latest stage plays "Punch" and "Josephine" have not proved very successful in London, and are to be withdrawn soon from the stage of the London Comedy in favor of—"Raffles."

Daniel Frohman is to produce a version of "The Spoilers" next season. The author, Rex Beach, and James Beach are the adapters.

Mr. Tyrone Power is to be starred in a dramatic version of Marie Corelli's "Barabbas." The lady herself is to superintend the rehearsals.

When Clyde Fitch's adaptation of "The House of Mirth" is produced in New York, Fay Davis will play the heroine.

The Mermaid Society of London has just amused itself by a performance of a translation of "The Bezemenovs" by Maxim Gorky. The critics seem, for the most part, to have found it tedious and absurd.

The old and popular comedy, "Fanchon, the Cricket," has been revived by the stock company at the Burbank Theater, Los Angeles. Phosa McAlister is in the cast.

Scores of actors who had good positions before the earthquake and fire in San Francisco, have become discouraged. Some of them managed to get away to join friends in the East. But others prefer to remain here; believing that California will come out all right again and that there will soon be good engagements for the players. Among some of the well-known San Francisco actors, who are now located in Oakland, who have decided to cast their fortunes with California awhile longer are L. R. Stockwell, the veteran comedian; W. L. Gleason, comedian and character actor; George P. Webster, and True Boardman, actor, singer and comedian.

Mr. Louis James is to appear as Falstaff next winter in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and it is said that efforts are being made to secure "two actresses of international reputation" for the parts of Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page. The reference seemingly is to Mrs. Kendal and Ellen Terry.

Klaw & Erlanger intend to continue sending big attractions to the Pacific Coast, to be presented in Oakland until a larger theater has been built in San Francisco.

Mrs. "Nat" Goodwin, who arrived in London last week, announces that she means to settle down and enjoy life from a social point of view. She has already taken a house in Tallam street, leading out of Portland place, and will entertain extensively during the season. Mrs. Goodwin won laurels on the London stage last year and has had tempting offers from English managers; but she has made up her mind to drop the professional and assume the social role for two or three months at least. The duchess of Sutherland, the countess of Essex and Consuelo, duchess of Manchester, have all tried to persuade Mrs. Goodwin to help amuse society in their private entertainments at her own price, but all in vain. Mrs. George Cornwallis-West even went so far as to offer Mrs. Goodwin a house for the season if she would consent to lend her charms to her set for this year, but it was of no use. Mrs. Goodwin is now independent and knows her value too well to allow herself to fall under obligations even to the king's special friends.

"Monte Cristo" was first played by James O'Neill at Booth's Theater, New York City, twenty-five years ago, where it made an instantaneous success. He has played in it ever since. O'Neill declares he will never appear in the piece again after the present season.

Maude Adams will make her appearance in the new Barrie play, which has not yet received its title, at the new Shaftesbury Avenue, London, which Charles Frohman is now building. The new theater is being built on the model of New York's Empire Theater.

W. H. Crane is to appear in a dramatic version of "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to his Son," next season. The play is to be called "Old Gorgon Graham."

Maude Adams is to have a private car next season which will combine living apartments with a theater equipped for rehearsal, according to report. It is to be known as the "Thinker Bell."

Ferris Hartman, the comic opera comedian, who has been engaged in commercial pursuits in San Francisco, was a loser by the great fire. He will return to the stage.

De Wolf Hopper is to revive "Wang" and "El Capitan" in New York. This latter work was the first, and has proved to be the greatest of the operatic successes of John Philip Sousa. The march, which includes its first act, and to which the piece gave a name, has been played all over the world. The hook of "El Capitan" was written by Charles Klein, author of "The Music Master" and "The Lion and the Mouse."

The popularity of "The House of Mirth" has led to a request for its dramatization, and Mrs. Wharton is now engaged on it in collaboration with Clyde Fitch. There are two ways, she says, to make a play out of a novel. One is to regard it as mere raw material, and use only what is available for strictly dramatic purposes. The other is to adhere closely to the scenes and the story of the original, aiming to present it as nearly as possible as it would have appeared in real life. For the purposes of a popular play, it would be necessary to give Lily's story a happy ending, and this Mrs. Wharton resolutely refuses to do. That the play will excite much popular curiosity there can be no doubt. Few American hooks have ever aroused so much discussion.

Elizabeth Murray, whose singing of "Bedelia," "Melancholy Mose" and "Dat Measley Man" marked an epoch in popular songs, will be at the Orpheum next week with new selections. Bailey, Austin and company return from a trip to Europe with a new farcical act called "Two American Beauties." Katherine Dahl, a noted soprano, comes direct from the Alhambra, London, with the latest selections. Carson and Willard, German dialect comedians, will present their original concoction, "Frizzled Finance." For her second week Miss Valerie Bergere will present her capital playlet "His Japanese Wife." Mosher, Houghton and Mosher will continue their bicycle act. Eva Mudge, Clifford and Burke and Orpheum Motion Pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete an excellent program. Town ticket office Donlon's drug store, Fillmore and Sutter streets.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Merely a Confession.

I love to cuss

The octopus,
The plutocrats condemn;
But if I had
A chance, egad,
I would be one of them!

My Lady's Gown.

Just pull it in
To meet her chin—
A ballet-dress 'twill be;
Then let it down
To reach the ground—
An evening-dress you'll see.
—Judge.

How They Do It in the Duma.

"What was it," cried the frightened Czar,
"That streak of lightning hit?"
"It wasn't lightning, Nicholas,"
Replied the placid Witte.
"It was over at the Duma, and in one of the debates
On holding down the Vodka Trust and regulating rates
The Speaker pulled a forty-four and shot some delegates,
For that's the way they do it at the Duma."

"What was that awful cannonade?"
The Czar exclaimed. "A bomb?"
"Don't throw a fit, Your Majesty,"
Said Witte, with perfect calm.
"It was over at the Duma, where some duffers tried to do
The Sea of Azof Ship Canal that I'd framed up for you.
We plugged them with some dynamite, and now it's going through.
For that is how we do it in the Duma."

"What was that fierce volcanic shock?"
The Czar in terror cried.
"Don't let that worry you at all,"
The gentle Witte replied.
"It was over at the Duma, where the foolish members yearned
So loudly for their liberties that presently we burned
A half a tone of melinite, and now they have adjourned,
For that's the way we do it in the Duma."
—JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

The Time to Hear the Chorus.

Now you hear the old-time chorus on the river banks so green,
Where the lazy water-lilies o'er the ripples roll an' lean,
An' the sunbeam comes a-slantin' through the overhangin' trees,
An' you git a scent o' blossoms from the meadow-blowin' breeze—

"Fish, fish, fish!"
An' the line a-goin' 'Swish!'
Oh, the perch is sich a beauty
When he's fried, an' in the dish!"
What joys are now the fisherman's,
who lingers long an' late
On the green banks of a river, with a demijohn of bait!
Though he follers Ananiaa when his "catch" is mighty slim,
It's a hallelulaa season to the very soul o' him!

"Fish, fish, fish!"
An' the line a-goin' 'Swish!'
Oh, the perch is sich a beauty
When he's fried, an' in the dish!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

When the Dreamer Awoke.

I dreamed that ships were sailing through the Panama Canal,
I dreamed that Emperor William called M. Fallieres "old pal!"
I dreamed that Secretary Taft had lost two hundred pounds,
I dreamed that John L. Sullivan had stood for seven rounds.
I dreamed that J. D. R. had given all his wealth away.
I dreamed that Henry Watterson was learning how to pray.

I dreamed that our Vice President had
deftly cracked a joke—
Then I knew that I was dreaming, and
I instantly awoke.
—Louisville Courier Journal.

The London Playgoers' Club announces the end of its 'playwrights' competition.' This was started many months ago, it may be remembered, with the view of providing opportunity to those gifted dramatists to whose works malignant managers refused to give a hearing. Now the whole enterprise has been abandoned in despair. Two hundred and fifty plays, it is reported, were received and read, but alas! there was not among them one which the committee would dare to recommend to any manager for production. All were either irretrievably bad or wholly unfit for stage purposes. No other result could have been expected, and it proves nothing that was not known before. The men endowed with sufficient literary ability to write good plays long ago discovered that they could find better market for their wares elsewhere than in the theater.

The Argonaut.

Vol. LVIII. No. 1525.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1906.

Price, 10 Cents.

NOTICE.

As soon as the necessary permits can be secured and the debris cleared away, work will begin at once on reconstructing the Argonaut's former quarters at 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco. In the meantime, the Editorial and Business Offices will be maintained at TWENTY-FIVE BROWN AVENUE, SAN JOSE, CAL. Address all business communications there to The Argonaut Publishing Co., Jerome A. Hart, President.

Subscriptions, \$4 per year; 6 months, \$2.10; 3 months, \$1.10.

The news trade can secure the Argonaut from the SAN FRANCISCO NEWS CO., No. 1711 SAN PABLO AVENUE, OAKLAND.

The paper will be on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco and by the Dennison News Co., on its boots and trains.

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE IN SAN FRANCISCO AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THIRTIETH YEAR.

JEROME A. HART - - - - - Editor

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL—San Francisco's Titles—Title Deeds and Title Insurance Companies—Personal Factors in Legislation—Senator Tillman at War with the President—Traders Fire Insurance Company—Ins and Outs of State Politics—Insurance Companies Disintegrating—Policy Holders Organizing—Argonaut Without Advertisements—Our Insurance Crisis and the Rest of the Country.....	1-5
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....	6
JACK LONDON'S STORY OF THE FIRE.....	7
FOREIGN CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE RELIEF FUND.....	8
THE CITY BEAUTIFUL, by Chester Bailey Fernald.....	8
LIFE IN A COUNTRY TOWN, by William Allen White.....	9
OLD FAVORITES—On the Rio Grande—Tantalus Texas, by Joaquin Miller—Lasca, by F. Desprez.....	10-11
INDIVIDUALITIES.....	11
LITERARY GOSSIP—Notes by a Frank Book Crank—Library Damages—A Literary Editor's Loss.....	12
VANITY FAIR.....	13
STORYETTES—Grave and Gay—Epigrammatic and Otherwise.....	13
MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS—Engagements and Weddings—News About the Clubs—People Across the Bay—Southern California—Californians East and Abroad—Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.....	14
Stage Gossip.....	15
The Tuneful Liar.....	16

San Francisco's Titles, Title Deeds, and Title Insurance Companies.

Once upon a time there lived in the city of San Francisco a man named Peter Smith. He was a doctor. It was a long time ago, and the business district of San Francisco was much more populous then than it is now. It was a rude, rough, primitive city, lacking in many of the appliances of modern life. The water was bad and had to be boiled. People disregarded the most primitive conditions of hygiene, and sanitary laws were unknown.

A pestilence came upon San Francisco. There were no public hospitals in this primitive city. Men picked up the unfortunates smitten by the pestilence that walketh in the noon-day, and took them to the sanitarium of Peter Smith. Doctor Peter would have objected to these pauper patients, but this would have been denounced as "inhumanity" and he prudently refrained. As the days passed by the small sanitarium of Peter Smith soon became crowded with the sick poor of San Francisco. Peter Smith made protestations to the Alcalde and the Ayuntamiento of San Francisco, (who represented then what we now call our Mayor and Board of Supervisors)—concerning his inability to provide for so many of San Francisco's sick poor. But San Francisco had no money, so she paid Peter Smith in scrip.

When the scrip came due San Francisco would not pay Peter Smith. Thereupon Peter Smith threatened to bring suit. San Francisco laughed at him, and bade him go to. But Peter Smith sued; he got judgment; he levied execution. "Execution," says the old legal maxim, "is the fruit of the judgment and the end of the lawing." But the execution which Peter Smith levied on San Francisco turned out to be but bitter fruit. And it was only the beginning of the lawing. The Sheriff duly advertised a sale of San Francisco's beach and water lots, those same lots whereon so many buildings stood a few weeks ago which now are ashes. When the sale was advertised San Francisco only laughed the louder. It was so amusing to think of a poor doctor attempting to use the Sheriff to attach the property of a big city and to knock it down at auction at Sheriff's sale.

However, the sale took place as advertised. In those days nearly every man was a gambler. So the merchants, the speculators, and the gamblers of the time "antied up" a few dollars, just as they would at the monte, keno, and faro games at the gorgeous Jenny

Lind saloon on the plaza where the beautiful hurdy-girls used to smile on the returning miners laden with "coarse gold" from the placer diggings. It was quite a popular amusement to put up a few "slugs"—which was the octagonal fifty dollar gold piece of the time—in the Peter Smith game against San Francisco.

The amount which San Francisco owed to Peter Smith was small. San Francisco's contempt for it and him was large. The contempt expressed by the city for the medico's execution sale was so frank and open that prices under the sale ruled extremely low. No man cared to hazard more than two or three slugs to buy a beach and water lot under the Sheriff's title coming from a judgment against the city to Peter Smith. So all of the beach and water lots brought but a few thousand dollars, and thus Peter Smith did not get satisfaction for his judgment. He got probably less than one-tenth of his just dues. In short, the city of San Francisco cheated him out of his just claim. But the city of San Francisco also cheated itself.

The whirligig of time brings its revenges. The cheated Peter passed away. Years rolled by, and the Peter Smith title slowly filtered through the courts. At last the highest courts held that the Peter Smith title was good. The speculators with their "slugs," the gamblers with their "little flier" won. San Francisco paid dearly for her attempt to defraud. She paid seven times seven, yea, seventy times seven fold, the amount of the debt which she had owed to Peter Smith. For more than half a century, the real estate titles of San Francisco were clouded by the claims of Peter Smith. Long after that medico was reposing in his grave his ghost still haunted the corridors of the San Francisco courts and squeaked and gibbered through the water front streets.

Twenty years after Peter Smith had been laid with his fathers, San Francisco found that she was weary of the presence of some of her pioneers who were sleeping their last sleep in the Yerba Buena Cemetery. This was the triangle of land which lay between Market and McAllister streets. San Francisco decided that she would dig up her pioneers' bones, carry them elsewhere, and use their "eternal resting place" as the site for a City Hall. So she dug them up and carried them out to the Point Lobos headland overlooking the Golden Gate. If these pioneers ever revisit the glimpses of the moon, their ghosts must have laughed spectral laughs on the night of the 19th of April, 1906, when they saw the buildings which San Francisco had erected over their old resting place swept away by the blasts of flame, while their own narrow homes on Point Lobos were out of the path of the fire.

Out of the old Yerba Buena Cemetery San Francisco created a "City Hall Park" on which was erected the City Hall and the Hall of Records at a cost of seven millions of dollars. Around both City Hall and Hall of Records was open ground. In this San Francisco patterned after the Federal Government. Our National Government never erects a building in any city which does not have around it open ground. If there be not streets or squares already there the Government reserves open ground. Thus it is that in the midst of great conflagrations it often happens that the Federal buildings stand. During the one which has just destroyed San Francisco there still may be seen standing, in the fire-swept waste, the United States Postoffice, the United States Court Building, the Mint, and other buildings. Therefore, when San Francisco erected her City Hall and her Hall of Records, inasmuch as she girt them with open ground as does the Federal Government, there was hope that they would stand when other buildings fell before a fire.

Did this come to pass? No. It was only a pistol shot from the San Francisco City Hall to the United States Postoffice. Yet the Federal Government building is standing today, while the City Hall, the Hall of Records, and the Hall of Justice of San Francisco are wrecked and ruined.

San Francisco should have kept open ground around her City Hall and Hall of Records. But she was not wise enough to do so. Years ago some Board of Supervisors, fired with penny-wise economy for the city or grafting greed for themselves, sold off the land around the City Hall and the Hall of Records. It would have been folly even to lease it, but had it been leased San Francisco would at least still own the land and would have taken in from ground rent during the last thirty years some millions of dollars. But even this was not done; the land was sold outright. The few thousands of dollars which it brought were wasted, dissipated, muldled away years ago. Of the "City Hall Park" of San Francisco there remains nothing but a memory. A Board of Supervisors is elected for only a couple of years; the body is ephemeral; many of them are often men of poor character; such a body of men can have only temporary administration of the finances of a city which presumably will exist in perpetuity;—can such a title, conveyed by such

of men, be a good one? There is grave doubt in the minds of whether such a body of men could give a good title. There is doubt that the organic law forbids any body of Aldermen or Supervisors to alienate land belonging to the public. There was talk at the time of the inability of the Supervisors to convey or give a good title. They did at least convey, and the private individuals who acquired what title the Supervisors could give have occupied the land ever since. Did they get a good title?

Ephemeral Boards like Supervisors and Aldermen are elected and pass away. The good they do may live after them. The evil certainly does. Leaving utterly aside the question whether they had the right to alienate lands belonging to the public, see what evil has been done years after their questionable act was accomplished. Had the then Supervisors allowed open ground to remain about the City Hall and Hall of Records, it is almost a certainty that those buildings would not have been destroyed. Now they are gone, and with the Hall of Records is gone all the municipal evidence of title to all the real estate in San Francisco.

There never was probably in the history of the world a community of intelligent white men where there has been so much chicanery, so much forgery, so much perjury, and so much bloodshed over land titles as in San Francisco. Men who are not yet old remember seeing Charlie Duane and his gangs of squatters guarding with guns disputed blocks of land in the Western Addition. Some land owners in San Francisco have paid for their titles three or four times over. Now when after more than half a century it has seemed as if the permanence of land titles were established, the only municipal evidence of their existence has gone up in smoke and fire.

Can it then be possible that a great city like San Francisco has no records of land titles at all? Is the only evidence of property the fact of actual possession? Shall the man with the strong hand take away land from the weak woman or the orphan child? Is there no remedy for this gross carelessness on the part of the municipality of San Francisco?

There is no public evidence of ownership; there is no official testimony of title. Private abstract and title companies have been more careful than the officials duly elected by the people of San Francisco. There are at least two title companies which kept their records with such care that today they are unharmed and intact. What a contrast between municipal corporations and private corporations! Here is a great city which cannot do anything so well as any corporation. It could not take care of its sick poor; it could not take care of its water-front lands, a heritage from the Mexican government through the State government. And today it cannot take care of even its most sacred records of property as well as a common commercial corporation. Yet we are told that a municipality is better fitted to manage any sort of business than any corporation can.

What is the attitude of the city in this juncture? What is the attitude of the abstract and title companies at this crisis? They are what might be expected. The city desires to reproduce the records of the title companies. The city desires to do it either for nothing at all or at a very small expense. On the other hand, the title companies claim they have the city on the hip. The city has no records and the title companies have. The title companies naturally demur to parting with their stock in trade, which would be the result of throwing open their records to the citizens of San Francisco. The citizens threaten; the title companies bluster. At the present writing the citizens are threatening to condemn the title companies' records under the statute of eminent domain, while the title companies are threatening to remove their records from the jurisdiction of the State.

One may not greatly admire the attitude of the title companies and at the same time admit that they are within their strict legal rights. The city of San Francisco has been careless with her records—grossly, inexcusably careless—and they are ashes. The title companies have been careful with their records and they are intact today. The city of San Francisco possibly might condemn and seize them, but we question much whether such an action would stand the scrutiny of the Federal courts. Furthermore, in the light of some of the history of the city, on which we have just touched, it would be unwise for San Francisco to attempt any further juggling with right and wrong. The records of the title companies are their property, and they are entitled to the peaceable possession of them under the law. Like Shylock they are entitled to their pound of flesh nearest the city's heart. But if they take it they will not take with it the sincere and unalloyed respect and admiration of their fellow citizens.

What a tangled skein is the tale of titles in San Francisco since Americans by hard swearing created a ghostly Spanish "pueblo" where there never was one. We have paid for it many times. We have paid millions for the Peter Smith cloud on titles where thousands would have satisfied that poor medico fifty years ago. We are paying now for the loss of our title-deeds because a greedy or corrupt Board of Supervisors gave away the people's park thirty years ago.

Is there, in this world, retribution for evil after all? One can scarcely think so, for there are so many rich rascals who die respected and honored as pew-holders, vestrymen, and bank direc-

tors. But sometimes the optimist may think that there is some retribution in this world, and that it is not all left for the Lord to attend to in the next, because he really will have too much to do.

The steady trade winds blow; from Point Lobos to Yerba Buena they comb over the blackened hills of San Francisco; they whirl from Russian Hill to Rincon Point; they moan a great Aeolian requiem through the tangle of wires. And borne on the wings of the wind, over the vacant beach and water lots of San Francisco, there surely must writhe and wreath and wriggle with laughter the ghost of Doctor Peter Smith.

Personal Factors in Legislation.

The curious causes which affect men's minds in making laws for the government of their fellow men are emphasized by recent happenings in Washington. Some years ago, when Prince Henry of Prussia was the guest of this country, the President tendered him a formal dinner in Washington. Among the Senators invited was Tillman of South Carolina. The day before the dinner Senator Tillman became involved in a controversy with McLaurin, his colleague in the Senate from South Carolina. As a result they engaged in a fist fight, and Tillman knocked McLaurin out with a blow of his trusty left. Outraged at this infringement of the "courtesy of the Senate," the President recalled his invitation to Tillman. This aroused the irascible South Carolina Senator to the highest pitch of resentment: since that day he has never called upon the President, and has lost no opportunity to "get even" with him when the President's pet measures come up in the Senate.

Senator Aldrich is generally looked upon as the leader of the so-called "Railroad Senators." When the railway rate bill came up in committee, it at once developed the same marked differences of opinion that subsequently existed in the committee, in the Senate, and in the White House. At last Senator Aldrich determined to kill the rate bill, as he hoped, and at the same time to accomplish its slaughter by something "humorous but lingering." He, therefore, suggested that the bill be reported to the Senate by Senator Tillman. This amazed the committee and the whole Senate, for the bill was a Republican measure, a White House measure, and was in the hands of the Senate majority. Senator Tillman was not only a member of the Democratic minority, but was a personal enemy of the President. Thus the saturnine Aldrich hoped to give a quietus to the bill, to deal the President a blow under the fifth rib, and by Senator Tillman's antics with the bill to add something to the gaiety of nations.

To the surprise of all concerned, Senator Tillman accepted the trust with the utmost seriousness. He devoted himself to the advocacy of the rate bill, and he has continued to push it ever since. So far did his advocacy go that a few weeks ago it was believed that it would lead to a reconciliation between him and the President; it was even rumored at Washington that the President would receive him cordially if he called. But Senator Tillman did not call at the White House, though he continued to espouse the White House bill.

Any doubt as to Senator Tillman's feeling toward President Roosevelt is now removed by the events of the past few days. Last month the President appointed one of his Secretaries, Benjamin F. Barnes, to the office of Postmaster of Washington, an agreeable office with a salary of six thousand dollars a year and much political influence. Mr. Barnes is the identical Secretary who was on duty at the White House the day that Mrs. Minor Morris visited there; he was the official who ejected her, with the resulting scandal of which he was the cyclone center. Senator Tillman has now fled charges with the committee having under consideration the nomination of Mr. Barnes. Tillman protests against Barnes' confirmation, on the ground that his conduct when he expelled Mrs. Morris constituted "inhuman and brutal treatment"; Tillman furthermore alleges that in the attempt to cover up his conduct Barnes made false statements. Senator Tillman will probably push this matter with the same energy which he shows in pushing the railway rate bill.

All rumors of reconciliation between the President and Senator Tillman would have been proved baseless by this attack upon the President's secretary, even had not the Bailey-Tillman assault upon the White House taken place. But now the war between the President and the South Carolina Senator will be a war to the knife and the knife to the hilt.

The Traders Fire Insurance Company.

The very remarkable liquidation proceedings of the Traders Fire Insurance Company of Chicago continue to excite comment. Every day reports are given out that attempts are being made to "put the company on its feet." We are told that one of the directors, John J. Mitchell, returned from California "just too late to prevent the appointment of a receiver." Had he been in Chicago at the time, we are informed, no receiver would have been appointed, and the Traders would now be paying its losses to re-joining policy holders. It is a very great pity that Mr. Mitchell arrived there so late. We are also told that Mr. S. A. Rothermel has been accused of "hurrying the corporation into the hands of

a receiver." Mr. Rothermel says that it "ain't so." He also says, "I do not care to talk." He adds, "I shall soon tell some things that will throw light on the case." All of the policy holders will hail with interest Mr. Rothermel's new light. The Chicago papers say that "Mr. Rothermel appeared deeply affected by the charges, and said his thirty years' service in the insurance business ought to show he was honorable." Most policy holders will admit that it ought to, but few will admit that it does. However, we all of us sympathize with Mr. Rothermel in his deep affliction, and the policy holders of the Traders would sympathize with him more deeply if they were not so much engrossed in sympathizing with themselves.

Among the others items which came from Chicago is this: that the strongest element in favor of a receivership was the 2900 shares (out of the Traders total of 5000 shares) held by three estates, the Buckingham, the Sturges and the Seipp-Lefens estates. It had been thought that a new company might be formed to take over the business of the Traders, but the three estates in question voted solidly in favor of liquidation, non-payment and dishonor. Outside of the estates there was a group of rich men who had held Traders stock for many years, and during all these years had received thumping dividends from it. The idea of paying in several hundred dollars as an assessment to meet their just debts gave them cold feet, and they also decided to follow the easy path of dishonor.

How high a percentage of honor will be shown in a Chicago Trader when he is subject to fire assay in the regions below is a question as yet undetermined. We think that it is low. But, honor or no honor, some of these sleek, fat Traders with good, capon-lined stomachs are going to have a run for their money. The organization of California policy holders is now being compacted, and that will be one of the tasks of its corps of attorneys and actuaries. In California there is a statute making stockholders individually liable for their pro rata share of corporate obligations. There is no such statute in Illinois. It is, however, claimed by eminent lawyers that all insurance corporations licensed to do business in California come in this regard under the jurisdiction of California laws. The attorneys for the Traders hold that a California policy holder cannot hold a stockholder of an Illinois company liable beyond the face value of his paid-in stock. This opinion is quite natural from a Traders' attorney. On the other hand, Attorney W. E. McCornack, author of "The Insurance Law of Illinois," holds that each stockholder of the Traders is individually and personally liable for such proportion of all the debts of the company as the amount of his share bears to the whole of the subscribed capital stock. According to Attorney McCornack each policy holder in California sustaining a loss under a Traders' policy may institute suit against an individual stockholder in the Traders without first beginning suit against the corporation.

That there should be any difference at all in the attorneys' opinions is in itself encouraging. For policy holders in this State have believed that there was no case at all against the stockholders of a defaulting corporation in another State. But it is certain that there is cause of action, and the law is reputed to have a remedy for every wrong. When the policy holders reflect that nearly three-fifths of the Traders' stock is held by three rich estates, they should take heart of grace. There is nothing so vulnerable as an estate. A dead man is no good. A live man can fight for his stuff, but a dead man cannot. A rich estate is like a large, fat sack of gold with the mouth open. Everybody that has a chance dips into it. The lawyers, being closest up to the sack, dip more frequently than anybody else, and therefore they get more. In this particular case we find three large, fat sacks left by three presumably large, fat Chicago traders. If the California policy holders of the Traders should fail to get much out of the live shareholders of that queer corporation, it would not be surprising, because the way a large, fat rich man can wriggle through a very small hole in a tight legal fence to get away from his honest debts is surprising. But the heirs and assigns of deceased fat rich men find great difficulty in hauling through such holes brick blocks, railroads, gas works, coal mines, steel works, hereditaments and appurtenances. Therefore, it is to be hoped that the organized California policy holders in the Traders will try and get their honest dues. If they cannot get it out of the live traders of the Traders, perhaps they will get it out of the large, fat sacks of the dead Chicago traders.

The Ins and Outs of State Politics.

Although San Francisco is still indifferent to everything save the calamity which weighs so heavily upon her, the rest of the State is beginning to pay some heed to other matters, even to politics. In fact, the way in which the northern, central, and southern cities are beginning to discuss matters entirely unconnected with the recent fire, is causing some slight feeling in San Francisco. Furthermore, the interior cities, particularly Los Angeles, are growing restless under the long continued legal holidays. They declare that sufficient time has elapsed to enable the San Francisco merchants to get on their feet, that the banks there have opened, and that it

is time that the rest of the State were enabled to resume their ordinary business, some of which is checked by the continuance of legal holidays. This is notably the case in Los Angeles, where a bond election has been impending. The citizens there have been in doubt whether to hold the election on the date set, or to postpone it on account of the legal holidays. Yet either course of action they fear may imperil the validity of the bonds.

Another matter which is causing dissension in the State is the contemplated extra session of the Legislature. San Francisco has demanded that an extra session be called for the purpose of passing certain laws which her citizens consider urgent. Among these may be mentioned the following:

Amendments to the Constitution and to the Charter permitting the municipality to purchase and sell real estate—this for the purpose of adding to the number of and enlarging parks and squares, creating boulevards, and widening streets.

To repair and improve the San Francisco water front, issuing bonds for same.

Appropriating moneys for the reconstruction of State hospitals and State institutions like the Agnews Asylum in Santa Clara county.

Providing a building or buildings in San Francisco for the use of the many offices and bureaus of State institutions which are not scattered throughout this city in rented buildings.

The passage of laws providing for duplicating the records now owned by title, insurance and abstract companies, in order to replace those municipal records destroyed by fire.

To put into operation, if it be deemed advisable, the general law passed March 9, 1903, copied from the Torrens Land and Transfer Act of Australia, by which the State practically guarantees the title to land when such title has been duly made a matter of record in a court of justice.

To extend the time for the completion of the assessment roll and to extend the time wherein taxes may be paid without charges for delinquency, when due to "great calamity or earthquake, fire or epidemic, occurring at or about the time when the taxes would become delinquent."

Constitutional amendments for the repeal of the mortgage tax provisions, for the reason that the complex laws of California in this regard seem calculated to deter Eastern capitalists from making loans by which we could rebuild our shattered city.

Amendments to the collateral inheritance tax law doubling the amount of the tax exacted.

Legislation empowering the city to make further bond issues for the purpose of constructing school-houses, police stations, buildings for the courts of justice, civil and criminal, officers of the city and county, fire engine houses, and the numerous other structures needed for transacting the business of the municipality.

Governor Pardee for several weeks refused to say whether he would or would not call an extra session. Finally he slightly modified his attitude, and tacitly allowed it to be assumed that he might call an extra session, but only on condition that all the measures to be debated there should be included in the call. Thus (said the Governor) it would be possible to limit the time of the session and to limit the legislation; he was, he added, unalterably opposed to an open call, and would refuse to call the Legislature together unless he was absolutely sure that their deliberations should be confined to certain set measures. The Governor can scarcely be criticised for his caution. It is a dangerous thing for a Governor who wishes to succeed himself to call an extra session during the period immediately preceding the campaign. While Governor Pardee, being an upright and patriotic citizen, would, doubtless, set aside personal matters such as these in the face of the urgent need for emergency legislation, he cannot be blamed for his action in confining the Legislature to the discussion of certain set measures, otherwise its session might last indefinitely and take an illimitable range.

But the pressure resulting from the dissension in the State of which we have spoken is beginning to bear hardly upon him. San Francisco believes that the session should be called to consider her needs and her needs alone. But Los Angeles has suddenly come forward with a demand for legislation consolidating the suburban towns around her into a municipal corporation somewhat similar to the "city and county of San Francisco." She alleges, as her only motive for this, her urgent desire to bring about immediately the financing of a water scheme by which she intends to bring a large supply of water from the Owens river region in the Sierra Nevada range. The minimum figure for the cost of this is set at twenty millions of dollars. Los Angeles believes that, as the suburban towns around her will share in the advantages of this water supply, they should be brought into a municipal corporation in order that they may share its burdens. The suburban towns manifest no enthusiasm about joining Los Angeles, but she is determined to have them whether or no. To the argument from San Francisco that this is merely a subtle scheme for increasing the size and population of Los Angeles at a time when San Francisco is stricken down, in order that the southern city may make herself the first city in point of population on the coast, Los Angeles briefly replies that the accusation is untrue; that this is indeed an urgent matter, for she has been so impressed by the utter wiping out of San Francisco by fire,

owing to a temporary failure of her water supply, that the southern city is determined to bring at once within her confines so enormous a volume of water from the mountains that she will never be in peril from any conflagration.

San Francisco might possibly have withdrawn her objections to the legislation demanded by Los Angeles were it not that Oakland immediately came to the front with a similar proposition. Oakland desires to annex the large and thriving towns around her within a radius of many miles. She has not a distinct water famine to allege as a motive for this legislation, as has Los Angeles, but she has a number of other excellent reasons. Both San Francisco and Los Angeles suspect her of ulterior motives—a desire merely to push herself to the front and become the first city in point of population in the State. When San Francisco at first demurred to the Los Angeles demand for consolidation legislation, Los Angeles frankly replied that if San Francisco did not withdraw her objections Los Angeles would, if possible, defeat a call for an extra session, and if it were called she would most certainly defeat all legislation that San Francisco desired. When San Francisco thereupon temporarily was silenced concerning the Los Angeles demand, Oakland interposed with her similar demand. This at first produced a triangular duello, but now it seems as if San Francisco feared Oakland more than the southern city; it seems now as if she were siding with Los Angeles against her rival across the bay.

This is a very embarrassing proposition which presents itself for the consideration of Governor Pardee. Surely never was a worthy man placed in so perplexing a position. If he does anything which goes against the interests of Oakland, he will find himself knifed in the coming convention by the delegation from his home county, Alameda. If he goes against Los Angeles, all southern California will oppose him. If he goes against San Francisco scores of thousands of knives will flash in the air. San Francisco is feeling very sore all around; sore against Providence; sore against the elements; sore against her sister cities; sore against the State. She is already feeling a little sore against Governor Pardee because she thinks he has not taken sides with her as loyally as he should. The slightest diversion from what she believes to be her due from him will bring about an opposition to the Governor from the metropolis.

In the event of such opposition to Governor Pardee, what is the political condition of San Francisco? Has the fire wiped out the Assembly Districts in the burned section? Will re-districting and re-registering in the Assembly Districts be required? The districts affected are the 28th, 29th, and 30th Assembly Districts south of Market, the 42d, 43d, 44th and 45th districts north of Market, and the 31st district, which has been almost entirely wiped out. These districts are political divisions of the city and State. They are made so by the Political Code. They remain such political districts even if not a single voter continues to reside there. No voter has lost by the fire his legal residence in his district. Every voter retains his legal residence in his district until he has established a legal domicile elsewhere and declared his intention not to return.

As to re-districting the Constitution provides that the decennial census of the United States shall be the basis of representation. The last State apportionment was made in 1901, and no new adjustment can be made until 1910. Therefore, at the next session of the Legislature San Francisco will have nine Senators and eighteen Assemblymen, just as she did before the fire. The voters in the burned Assembly Districts when a new readjustment begins are entitled to register in their old precincts, and they are also entitled to vote there so long as they do not establish legal domiciles elsewhere. It makes no difference where they are residing, whether it be in Oakland or Berkeley, San Rafael or San Jose, they do not lose their legal status as legal residents of their Assembly Districts. Nor do they lose their right to vote because they have been driven involuntarily from their legal domiciles by the conflagration.

There is no doubt that this condition of affairs may lead to "colonizing" and other irregularities, but this fateful year, 1906, has brought about many irregularities, and irregularities in registering and voting are among the least of those that afflict us. Therefore, while San Francisco's vote will doubtless be much smaller than it was at the last election, San Francisco still will cast a vote. She is a factor in the coming campaign and a very important one. She must be reckoned with, and therefore it is that we say that Governor Pardee is placed in a very embarrassing position by the dissensions in the State caused by San Francisco's disaster.

The Republican State Central Committee will meet to call the State Nominating Convention as late as possible. They will probably wait until after Congress adjourns. The delegates to the Republican Convention will be apportioned on the Roosevelt vote, which will give 825 delegates, the largest convention ever assembled in this State. The last Republican Convention contained 734 delegates.

The avowed candidates for Governor whom Governor Pardee will be called upon to meet are J. O. Hayes, the millionaire editor of the San Jose Mercury, who will have behind him the solid delegation from Santa Clara county; Thomas Flint Jr., State Senator from San Benito county; Warren Porter, the well-known banker of Watsonville; Charles M. Belshaw, State Senator from Contra

Costa county. The unavowed candidates are Mayor Schmitz and former Governor Gage.

In 1904 Governor Gage defended the railway strikers of Los Angeles in the courts against the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe. While he was Governor he interfered in the ugly teamster's strike in San Francisco and was generally reputed to have settled it. When the Republican Convention refused to renominate him in 1902, more than fifty thousand Labor Union men were so embittered that they voted against Dr. Pardee. There is no doubt that Governor Gage would receive a very heavy Labor Union vote. His nomination would break up the Republican machine in San Francisco, for the Chronicle and Call have both been bitterly inimical to Gage. It will be remembered that he brought suits for libel against the Call, which were subsequently withdrawn by him. Four years ago Governor Gage carried in San Francisco seventeen assembly districts at the primary election. There never has been any attack on his standing as a regular Republican.

The other unavowed candidate is Mayor Schmitz. For many weeks before the great fire, there was some uncertainty as to Mayor Schmitz' position. It looked as if he were a potential candidate for the governorship, with Mr. Ruef as his faithful ally; if, however, the State seemed averse to his election, it looked as if he would turn his attention to succeeding himself as Mayor, while Mr. Ruef would espouse the cause of Governor Gage. But the great disaster in San Francisco has completely changed the political situation; as it has changed so many other things. The capitalists and the employing class, who previously were extremely hostile to Mayor Schmitz, have changed their attitude completely. All of these have ceased to oppose him; many of them have become his friends and admirers; while the Labor Union men, with whom before he was popular, have now made him their idol. There can be no doubt that Mayor Schmitz is infinitely stronger in the State today than he was on the 17th of April, 1906.

It must not be supposed that the great disaster in San Francisco is going to make the rest of the State lose interest in conventions, nominations and elections. We have commented in these columns on the disposition on the part of our sister cities to bear up with fortitude under the calamities which now weigh so heavily upon San Francisco, and to endeavor to assuage their grief over her misfortune by providing for the trade that we have lost. Correspondingly, while we San Franciscans are endeavoring to rebuild our shattered city, our fellow citizens in the rest of the State are more than willing to "do politics" for us, while we are otherwise occupied.

Insurance Companies Disintegrating—Insurance Claimants Organizing.

In last week's issue we remarked that the evasive and disingenuous attitude of the fire insurance companies was causing grave anxiety to the policy holders of California. At the time we pointed out to the policy holders that five weeks had elapsed since the fire; that during this period the insurance companies were arrayed in a solid phalanx against their policy holders; that their attitude had varied from evasion with the rich policy holders to veiled hostility with the poorer ones; that in our opinion the time had arrived for the insured to organize in order to place themselves at least on equal conditions with the insurance companies. We also suggested that inasmuch as Mr. Hearst through his newspapers was offering to furnish policy holders with blank forms and legal advice free of charge, we considered his procedure highly commendable, and urged on all such policy holders to avail themselves of it.

During the week just past marked changes have taken place. The small policy holders have availed themselves of Mr. Hearst's offer, and have been flocking in large numbers to the offices provided for their reception. Several thousand a day, we are told, have there been furnished with blank forms and legal advice.

Among the richer policy holders there has developed a disposition toward organization. The San Francisco Savings Banks represent many millions of insurance claims. Most of these are the aggregated claims of policy holders of small means. Although the policies stand in the names of the policy holders and are therefore theoretically individual claims, the policy holders are so helpless that they are more than willing to follow the advice of the banks. These claims may therefore be regarded as the consolidated or aggregated claims of the banks. The savings banks have determined to stick together, and have already taken quiet steps toward that end.

A number of policy holders in the downtown retail and wholesale districts have also taken alarm. They sent a committee to the insurance Underwriters, which was received courteously, but in the same disingenuous and evasive way. These downtown policy holders are now engaged in discussing the details of organization. At present they are merely bound together by that rope of sand known as an "association." If they desire to hold together firmly, as any earnest body of men must hold together in times of stress and strain, they will require a stronger bond than that which constitutes an "association."

Up to a few days ago the insurance men were apparently, firmly allied. They had "an Adjuster's Bureau of the Fire Underwriters," the executive body of which was known as the "Adjusting Committee." This allied and confederated group of companies was what the policy holders found themselves up against. Up to a few days ago the underwriters controlled the situation, and some men, among the richest and most influential in the community, have been approaching these Underwriters in the most suave and suppliant manner. Their reception, however, was not of a nature to soothe them, and now they are losing their temper. The Associated Underwriters were quick to observe this, and have made a sudden change of front. It seems that hitherto all of the companies have been allied in this compact, whether big or little, whether strong or weak. This grew naturally out of the reinsurance system followed by the fire Underwriters. San Francisco for insurance purposes is divided into sections. Every insurance company places a limit on the amount of risk it will carry in each section. When it is offered a risk which will carry its amount beyond the limit fixed, it immediately places the excess with other companies. Frequently it reinsures with some of the smaller companies, and here is where the trouble begins. Some of these smaller companies are in a very weak financial condition. Then again, their policies often read differently from those of the larger insurance companies. Some of the smaller companies are standing on quibbles and technicalities, which are rendered possible by the peculiar reading of their policies. The larger companies are more disposed to be liberal, but they fear entanglements with the smaller companies. For these reasons, and the further one that the large companies are bolstering up the smaller ones, the present deadlock has occurred.

Many of the larger companies possess adequate resources for the settlement of all fire claims against them. They know that it will be good policy for them to settle promptly and liberally. They know that an enormous increase in insurance always follows a great conflagration, and that the large increase in rates which they have already inaugurated will soon bring back to them all the money they may now pay out. Thus they have every reason, if they are honest and sound, to begin paying their losses at once. But up to the present they have been restrained in their action by the attitude and the embarrassments of the smaller companies. The larger companies now find that their credit and their good name have been impaired by this course. They have therefore practically determined to cut loose from the smaller companies. Within a day or two, if not by the time these lines are read, the strong and sound companies will have abandoned the weaker and smaller companies to their fate.

What is the condition of these smaller companies? It would be very difficult to tell. Probably the directors themselves could not tell with accuracy. As we said in these columns last week, the very queer proceedings in Chicago, at the time when the Traders reinsured its risks just before going into liquidation, showed that some thirty or forty companies were looked upon in insurance circles as doubtful. In reinsuring the Traders' business, these companies were all passed over. The persons concerned in the reinsurance, the officers of the various companies, the adjusters, the insurance brokers—all these are silent. They have not divulged the names of the unsound companies, and a sentiment of "insurance honor" will doubtless keep them silent until some or all of these companies fail.

In this dangerous and perplexing crisis it seems to us that the best remedy for all concerned is immediate organization by the San Francisco policy holders. It must be an incorporation. In no way can men be kept together in such times as these unless by the strong bond of pecuniary indemnity or pecuniary liability. If a large insurer belonging to an "association" is talking and working strongly against the non-paying insurance companies, and if he be a man of such influence as to be dangerous—say the proprietor of a great daily newspaper—the insurance companies can very easily "pull him down" by taking him aside and secretly paying his claims.

Such an incorporation need not be construed as hostile toward the insurance companies. On the other hand, its functions might be construed as protective. Suppose that such an incorporation, composed of a large majority of the policy holders of San Francisco, were confronting one hundred or more insurance companies, three-fourths of whom were sound; it would not be difficult for two powerful organizations, the insurers and the insured, to grant such terms to the weaker insurance companies as to enable them to pull through. They could be given abundant time to realize on their securities; they could be loaned money by the richer insurance companies (on good collateral) to meet their pressing obligations; if their cases were hopeless, their insurance business, franchises, licenses, and other valuable assets, could be absorbed by stronger companies, and they would pass out of existence without a swindle and scandal. As it is now, the California policy holders are getting angry and vindictive. If they remain in this frame of mind, the weak companies will be ruined. But so also will many of the policy holders. All of this may be saved by consolidation, organization, incorporation.

There are many other desirable features of organization and

incorporation among the policy holders. The Underwriters are going to have great difficulty in getting the municipal authorities to extend the fire limits, to enforce strict building regulations, and to make absolutely vital laws concerning fire protection. From the attitude of some of the citizens of San Francisco it begins to look as if the authorities would fail. If the Underwriters were to have the support of an incorporation of policy holders, such as we speak of, they would stand a much better show to bring about the desired results by co-operation with the municipal authorities. If this be not done, the richer policy holders will be confronted with a grave situation. It is this: Within the fire limits and in the downtown district they will be forced to construct costly Class A buildings. Yet these buildings will be liable to destruction whenever our strong winds blow from outside the fire limits over adjacent districts covered with timber shacks, and there will be a repetition of the dreadful fire of some weeks ago.

There are many other points which could come up before such an organization of policy holders. They are all matters of detail, into which it would be superfluous to enter here. One, of course, is the obvious question of insurance rates and the high figure to which they are being raised; whether the Underwriters are justified in making insurers pay abnormal conflagration rates for merely average fire risks; whether policies should not be made uniform in their language in this State, as they are in New York and other States; whether open questions, such as damages from earthquake, fire, or dynamite, should not be settled; whether the phrase "Act of God" should not be made more precise; in short, the clearing up of the studied ambiguity of many of the insurance policies now in use.

Doubtless there are those who will say that such a corporation is not practicable, made up as it would be of many thousands of policy holders. But why not? The water company and the gas companies of San Francisco are made up of many thousands of stockholders; these furnish water and gas to other thousands of consumers, and to themselves as well. Why can not a stockholder in a corporation of insurance policy holders pay to furnish protection and expert advice to other thousands of his fellow policy holders as well as himself?

The Argonaut Without Advertisements.

Our readers may have observed that since the fire the Argonaut has not been printing advertising matter. The reason may seem quixotic, but to us is satisfactory. We were unable to print the Argonaut in its usual style, its usual size of type and page, and its usual number of pages. All the printing plants in San Francisco were destroyed, and, except the dailies' plants, there are few high-grade printing plants in operation outside of that city, which can turn out any large number of copies in good style. It has, therefore, been impossible for us even to attempt to resume our normal former condition. In fact, the only possible way to make an attempt to cover our list of readers was by the use of the plant of a daily paper. The San Jose Mercury has an admirable plant, which was most kindly placed at our disposal temporarily.

But until we could resume our normal shape we had determined to accept no advertising business. Last week, however, there came to hand the following letter:

"Editor Argonaut: Mr. A. M. Robertson desires me to inform you that, although his loss was total, yet one of his greatest griefs is that his advertisement failed to appear in the last numbers of your weekly. For eighteen years it was his boast that he had never missed an issue and now that record is broken. Kindly give us space in your next issue for the enclosed copy, continuing to do so until we change copy.

JAMES T. BLAKE, Mgr."

Although we knew that "Robertson's—Just a Book Store" had appeared in the Argonaut for many years, we did not know that it had appeared there for nearly a fifth of a century. Under the circumstances we had not the heart to refuse Mr. Robertson's request. Therefore there will again appear in the Argonaut an old landmark in the shape of an advertisement which doubtless many readers have missed. It used to appear in a corner of the Literary Page—when there was a Literary Page and when there was a corner, "Robertson's—Just a Book Store."

So it has been with us for nearly twenty years, has it? How the years fly by! Well, may the Lord love us.

And not call for us too soon.

Our Insurance Crisis and the Rest of the Country.

The holders of insurance policies in California must not overlook the fact that in the present juncture the rest of the country is lined up against them. The Fire Underwriters have determined to jump rates very materially, at least 25 per cent. Violent opposition to this has broken out in every commercial city east of the Sierra Nevada. Fire insurers there at once declared that the heavy losses claimed from insurance companies by California policy holders were largely due to earthquake instead of fire; that, therefore, if these claims were paid the Underwriters would indemnify themselves

by raising the regular rates elsewhere; that thus the insurers throughout the rest of the country would be engaged in paying the earthquake losses of the California insurers. Therefore, they are vigorously opposing any disposition on the part of the Underwriters to pay any losses which are not strictly confined to fire. It goes without saying that the Underwriters are showing much alacrity in complying with the latter part of the request. We opine, however, that when it comes to leaving the insurance rates low, or lowering them if they are raised, that our Eastern friends will not find it so easy.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Pleasant Letter From Admiral Goodrich.

We have received the following epistle enclosing a two-year advance subscription from Rear Admiral Goodrich, U. S. N.:

May 20, 1906.

Jerome A. Hart, Esq., Dear Sir:—My yearly subscription has run about half its course or thereabouts. Realizing that one man's necessity is another man's opportunity of showing appreciation, I beg to enclose check for the continuation of my indispensable Argonaut for two years after this term shall have expired. For the present send it to me at Portland, Oregon, and believe me with profound sympathy,

Yours faithfully,

C. F. GOODRICH.

Rear Admiral, U. S. N.

P. S. Lest the New York check should be subject to discount, I add what you would call "Two Bits."

It is said that there is compensation for all things, even for disasters. To his shame be it spoken, the Editor of the Argonaut rarely looked over its mailing lists, in fact he had not examined them for some years prior to the fire. He knew generally, of course, that its subscribers were of a high order. The letters pouring in from them since the fire have turned his attention so earnestly and incessantly to his subscribers that he is forced to admit that he did not know them; they stand even higher than he had supposed. The Argonaut has not been a very personal journal. There is so much of personality in the newspaper press of the day that it is distasteful to many of us. For this reason the personality of the Editor has been effaced to an extent in the Argonaut's editorial columns, and he is quite conscious of the fact that however friendly might have been, and doubtless were, the feelings existing between the Argonaut's readers and the journal itself, they were not intimate, so to speak. Yet so cordial and so kindly have been the letters from subscribers since the disaster, that the Editor feels almost as if he may take the liberty of calling these thousands of readers his personal friends. We have not the honor of a personal acquaintance with Admiral Goodrich, but we beg to assure him of our high appreciation of his praise of the Argonaut.

Diogenes Needs No Lantern at Eureka.

EUREKA, Nevada, May 20, 1906.

Editor Argonaut:—In digging out an old pigeon hole I find that my subscription expired April 2d. Was very busy at time notice was received and am very sure I never remitted for renewal before the fire. So I now enclose you postal order for \$4 to renew from that date. Please accept thanks for continuing to send the Argonaut without any interruption; also my most sincere sympathy for your misfortunes.

Yours very truly,

H. C. McTERNEY.

A Two-Year Subscription.

LOS ANGELES, May 22, 1906.

Editor Argonaut:—With pleasure I mail you a draft on Wells, Fargo & Co. for \$8, being a renewal subscription for two years to your invaluable contribution to California literature.

Yours truly,

J. D. HOOKER.

A Publisher's Encouraging Note.

Editor Argonaut:—I have been for a good many years a devoted reader of the Argonaut, and have therefore missed its weekly visits since the great disaster. I am told that you have issued two numbers since that event, and should like it if I could have copies, and if you would see that my name is continued on your list. I take this opportunity to express to you my deep sympathy with you in the overwhelming catastrophe, but I am very glad to know that you are reorganizing, and that you expect to be in shape again in the near future.

Very sincerely yours,

F. G. BROWNE,

Manager Publishing Department,
A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

Better Luck for All of Us.

Union Savings Bank Bldg., Oakland, Cal., May 15, 1906.

Editors Argonaut: I will be obliged to you if you will continue to send the Argonaut to me at above address. My old address was 28 Second St., San Francisco. My subscription expires next fall, I think. Wishing you—and all of us!—"better luck" till the end of all things, I am

Yours very truly,

GEO. VINCENT.

Short, But Encouraging Notes.

Crockett, Calif., May 20, 1906. Can you let me have copies of your paper for April 21st and May 12th, as mine did not materialize, and I haven't missed a number for the past ten years.

HERBERT G. POWERS.

May 20. I shall be really obliged by your sending me all the issues since the fire, and by your continuing to send the Argonaut to me, care of Balfour, Guthrie & Co., San Francisco. Glad to hear that you expect to be at the old stand ere long. With best wishes,

Yours faithfully,

WM. BALNAVES.

Sacramento, Cal., May 22—I have been a subscriber to your most valuable and interesting paper these many years, perhaps a quarter of a century, and have had it sent to me in almost every part of the civilized world, when I have been traveling. Lately it has not reached me regularly, and the week's end does not seem quite right without it. I know you have been through great stress and trials this past month, so have made every allowance until this week. I find many of my old friends and neighbors have received theirs, and mine has failed to reach me. I have availed myself of my woman's privilege to scold the mail clerks and carriers, and they declare the fault does not lie with them, so I shall appeal to headquarters. So now, if you want to perform an act of charity to my family and restore their sweetness of temper, pray send your excellent weekly regularly to your subscriber and admirer.

MRS. G. L. SIMMONS.

Denver, Colo., May 21, 1906—Did The Argonaut issue a number on Saturday, April 18th (the week of the quake)? If so, kindly send me a copy. I have received all the copies issued since then.

MRS. M. K. CORBIN.

East Auburn, Cal., May 26, 1906—Enclosed please find postal order for eight dollars—subscription for two years.

W. S. DAVIS.

1210 Arch St., Philadelphia, May 18, 1906—I enclose check for my subscription to the Argonaut. I lived in San Francisco about twenty years ago, and it almost breaks my heart to think of the beautiful city being in ruins; I can scarcely believe that it is so. I trust you may soon get The Argonaut just as it used to be.

A. R. WRIGHT.

Lihive, Kanai, H. T., May 13, 1906—I cannot tell you how surprised and delighted I was when our first "coast mail" since the earthquake arrived here on this day week, to find that the first letter I opened was a copy of my old friend, The Argonaut, containing the sad news of the terrible catastrophe which had befallen your beautiful city, in black and white, confirming the conflicting cablegrams. It is really wonderful to me how you have all braced up to the occasion, and had the heart to start up business right away; but that is an example of your indomitable American pluck and grit. You have my deepest sympathy for the loss of all your property, and more especially your valuable library, which it will be impossible to replace; but I feel assured that your estimable paper will arise like the Phoenix out of her own ashes, better than ever, at any rate, as long as you continue at the helm. I have been a subscriber to "The Argonaut" now for six years, and having married the California girl who first introduced it to me, must say that I have never regretted either act, and both are absolutely indispensable to my personal welfare. Aloha Nui.

RICHARD J. WILKINSON, M. D.

Bouldin Island, Cal., May 19. Please forward my Argonaut to me here. I can't get along without the Argonaut. It's the best paper issued in the United States. It tells the truth. Best wishes for your future success.

R. HICKMOTT.

New York, May 16, 1906. I have long been a reader and admirer of the Argonaut. We were all delighted to hear that you are still in the ring, fire and earthquake notwithstanding, and we marveled at your pluck in not missing a single issue of the paper. With best wishes for your early recovery and success, very cordially,

LEONARD LIEBLING.

May 5. In case my address was lost in the calamity of 18th ulto., I beg to say that my address is Kilauea, Maui, H. I. I shall be glad to see your valued paper again.

J. R. MYERS.

Portland, Oregon, May 21, 1906. Only one copy of your valued publication, viz: May 5th, has been received since the San Francisco disaster, and as this is thoroughly worn out with re-reading, I will be greatly obliged if you will send me all the missing copies, as we need the paper in my family to make life complete. I trust you have the missing papers on hand. Sincere sympathy for your loss.

SAM B. STOY.

Binghamton, New York, May 5, 1906. I enclose N. Y. draft. I hope you will soon be "on your feet" again, and that your losses will be made good. You have my sympathy.

C. H. WEBSTER.

Los Angeles, Cal., May 22, 1906. I enclose a draft on Wells, Fargo Co. for \$4 as a renewal of my subscription for another year.

W. YATES.

Martinez, Cal., May 19. I shall be delighted to get my weekly Argonaut again.

THOS. NEILSON.

Philadelphia, May 18, 1906. I enclose check for a year's subscription. I lived in San Francisco about 20 years ago, and it almost breaks my heart to think of the beautiful city being in ruins. I can scarcely believe that it is so. I trust you may soon get the Argonaut re-established.

A. R. WRIGHT.

Oakland, May 22, 1906. I enclose postal money order for a year's renewal. Methinks I would fail in my duty as a good citizen if I failed to read and support with my subscription the only journal, daily or weekly in the State that is worth the attention of a sane and thinking man.

B. S. NOYES.

JACK LONDON TELLS OF THE FIRE.

San Francisco's Burning—A Lurid Tower Visible from Afar—The Deserted Heart of San Francisco—The Flight Before the Flames.

The earthquake shook down in San Francisco hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of walls and chimneys. But the conflagration that followed burned up hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of property. There is no estimating within hundreds of millions the actual damage wrought. Not in history has a modern imperial city been so completely destroyed. San Francisco is gone. Nothing remains of it but memories and a fringe of dwelling-houses on its outskirts. Its industrial section is wiped out. Its business section is wiped out. Its social and residential section is wiped out. The factories and warehouses, the great stores and newspaper buildings, the hotels and the palaces of the nabobs, are all gone. Remains only the fringe of dwelling-houses on the outskirts of what was once San Francisco.

Within an hour after the earthquake shock the smoke of San Francisco's burning was a lurid tower visible a hundred miles away. And for three days and nights this lurid tower swayed in the sky, reddening the sun, darkening the day, and filling the land with smoke.

On Wednesday morning at a quarter past five came the earthquake. A minute later the flames were leaping upward. In a dozen different quarters south of Market Street, in the working-class ghetto, and in the factories, fires started. There was no opposing the flames. There was no organization, no communication. All the cunning adjustments of a twentieth century city had been smashed by the earthquake. The streets were humped into ridges and depressions, and piled with the debris of fallen walls. The steel rails were twisted into perpendicular and horizontal angles. The telephone and telegraph systems were disrupted. And the great water-mains had burst. All the shrewd contrivances and safeguards of man had been thrown out of gear by thirty seconds' twitching of the earth-crust.

The Fire Made Its Own Draft.

By Wednesday afternoon, inside of twelve hours, half the heart of the city was gone. At that time I watched the vast conflagration from out on the bay. It was dead calm. Not a flicker of wind stirred. Yet from every side wind was pouring in upon the city. East, west, north and south, strong winds were blowing upon the doomed city. The heated air rising made an enormous suck. Thus did the fire itself build its own colossal chimney through the atmosphere. Day and night this dead calm continued, and yet, near to the flames, the wind was often half a gale, so mighty was the suck.

Wednesday night saw the destruction of the very heart of the city. Dynamite was lavishly used, and many of San Francisco's proudest structures were crumbled by man himself into ruins, but there was no withstanding the onrush of the flames. Time and again successful stands were made by the fire-fighters, but every time the flames flanked around on either side, or came up from the rear, and turned to defeat the hard-won victory.

An enumeration of the buildings destroyed would be a directory of San Francisco. An enumeration of the buildings undestroyed would be a line and several addresses. An enumeration of the deeds of heroism would stock a library and bankrupt the Carnegie medal fund. An enumeration of the dead—will never be made. All vestiges of them were destroyed by the flames. The number of the victims of the earthquake will never be known. South of Market Street, where the loss of life was particularly heavy, was the first to catch fire.

Remarkable as it may seem, Wednesday night, while the whole city crashed and roared into ruin, was a quiet night. There were no crowds. There was no shouting and yelling. There was no hysteria, no disorder. I passed Wednesday night in the path of the advancing flames, and in all those terrible hours I saw not one woman who wept, not one man who was excited, not one person who was in the slightest degree panic-stricken.

Before the flames, throughout the night, fled tens of thousands of homeless ones. Some were wrapped in blankets. Others carried bundles of bedding and dear household treasures. Sometimes a whole family was harnessed to a carriage or delivery wagon that was weighted down with their possessions. Baby buggies, toy wagons, and go-carts were used as trucks, while every other person was dragging a trunk. Yet everybody was gracious. The most perfect courtesy obtained. Never, in all San Francisco's history, were her people so kind and courteous as on this night of terror.

A Caravan of Trunks.

All night these tens of thousands fled before the flames. Many of them, the poor people from the labor ghetto, had fled all day as well. They had left their homes burdened with possessions. Now and again they lightened up, flinging out upon the street clothing and treasures they had dragged for miles.

They held on longest to their trunks, and over these trunks many a strong man broke his heart that night. The hills of San Francisco are steep, and up these hills, mile after mile, were the trunks dragged. Everywhere were trunks, with across them lying their exhausted owners, men and women. Before the march of the flames were flung picket lines of soldiers. And a block at a time, as the flames advanced, these pickets retreated. One of their tasks was to keep the trunk-pullers moving. The exhausted creatures, stirred on by the menace of bayonets, would arise and struggle up the steep pavements, pausing from weakness every five or ten feet.

Often, after surmounting a heart-breaking hill, they would find another wall of flame advancing upon them at right angles and be compelled to change anew the line of their retreat. In the end, completely played out, after toiling for a dozen hours like giants, thousands of them were compelled to abandon their trunks. Here the shopkeepers and soft members of the middle class were

at a disadvantage. But the workmen dug holes in vacant lots and backyards and buried their trunks.

The Doomed City.

At nine o'clock Wednesday evening I walked down through the very heart of the city. I walked through miles and miles of magnificent buildings and towering skyscrapers. Here was no fire. All was in perfect order. The police patrolled the streets. Every building had its watchman at the door. And yet it was doomed, all of it. There was no water. The dynamite was giving out. And at right angles two different conflagrations were sweeping down upon it.

At one o'clock in the morning I walked down through the same section. Everything still stood intact. There was no fire. And yet there was a change. A rain of ashes was falling. The watchmen at the doors were gone. The police had been withdrawn. There were no firemen, no fire-engines, no men fighting with dynamite. The district had been absolutely abandoned. I stood at the corner of Kearny and Market, in the very innermost heart of San Francisco. Kearny Street was deserted. Half a dozen blocks away it was burning on both sides. The street was a wall of flame. And against this wall of flame, silhouetted sharply, were two United States cavalymen, sitting their horses, calmly watching. That was all. Not another person was in sight. In the intact heart of the city two troopers sat their horses and watched.

Surrender was complete. There was no water. The sewers had long since been pumped dry. There was no dynamite. Another fire had broken out further uptown, and now from three sides conflagrations were sweeping down. The fourth side had been burned earlier in the day. In that direction stood the tottering walls of the Examiner building, the burned-out Call building, the smoldering ruins of the Grand Hotel, and the gutted, devastated, dynamited Palace Hotel.

The following will illustrate the sweep of the flames and the inability of men to calculate their spread. At eight o'clock Wednesday evening I passed through Union Square. It was packed with refugees. Thousands of them had gone to bed on the grass. Government tents had been set up, supper was being cooked, and the refugees were lining up for free meals.

At half-past one in the morning three sides of Union Square were in flames. The fourth side, where stood the great St. Francis Hotel, was still holding out. An hour later, ignited from top and sides, the St. Francis was flaming heavenward. Union Square, heaped high with mountains of trunks, was deserted. Troops, refugees, and all had retreated.

A Fortune for a Horse.

It was at Union Square that I saw a man offering a thousand dollars for a team of horses. He was in charge of a truck piled high with trunks from some hotel. It had been hauled here into what was considered safety, and the horses had been taken out. The flames were on three sides of the Square, and there were no horses.

Also, at this time, standing beside the truck, I urged a man to seek safety in flight. He was all but hemmed in by several conflagrations. He was an old man and he was on crutches. Said he: "Today is my birthday. Last night I was worth thirty thousand dollars. I bought five bottles of wine, some delicate fish, and other things for my birthday dinner. I have had no dinner, and all I own are these crutches."

I convinced him of his danger and started him limping on his way. An hour later, from a distance, I saw the truck-load of trunks burning merrily in the middle of the street.

On Thursday morning, at a quarter past five, just twenty-four hours after the earthquake, I sat on the steps of a small residence on Nob Hill. With me sat Japanese, Italians, Chinese, and negroes—a bit of the cosmopolitan flotsam of the wreck of the city. All about were the palaces of the nabob pioneers of Forty-nine. To the east and south, at right angles, were advancing two mighty walls of flame.

I went inside with the owner of the house on the steps of which I sat. He was cool and cheerful and hospitable. "Yesterday morning," he said, "I was worth six hundred thousand dollars. This morning this house is all I have left. It will go in fifteen minutes." He pointed to a large cabinet. "That is my wife's collection of china. This rug upon which we stand is a present. It cost fifteen hundred dollars. Try that piano. Listen to its tone. There are few like it. There are no horses. The flames will be here in fifteen minutes."

Outside, the old Mark Hopkins residence, a palace, was just catching fire. The troops were falling back and driving the refugees before them. From every side came the roaring flames, the crashing walls, and the detonations of dynamite.

The Dawn of the Second Day.

I passed out of the house. Day was trying to dawn through the smoke-pall. A sickly light was creeping over the face of things. Once only the sun broke through the smoke-pall, blood-red, and showing a quarter its usual size. The smoke-pall itself, viewed from beneath, was a rose color that pulsed and fluttered with lavender shades. Then it turned to mauve and yellow and dun. There was no sun. And so dawned the second day on stricken San Francisco.

An hour later I was creeping past the shattered dome of the City Hall. Than it there was no better exhibit of the destructive force of the earthquake. Most of the stone had been shaken from the great dome, leaving standing the naked framework of steel. Market Street was piled high with the wreckage, and across the wreckage lay the overthrown pillars of the City Hall, shattered into crosswise sections.

This section of the city, with the exception of the Mint and the Postoffice, was already a waste of smoking ruins. Here and there through the smoke, creeping warily under the shadows of tottering walls, emerged occasional men and women. It was like the meeting of the handful of survivors after the day of the end of the world.

On Mission Street lay a dozen steers, in a neat row stretching,

across the street, just as they had been struck down by the flying ruins of the earthquake. The fire had passed through afterward and roasted them. The human dead had been carried away before the fire came. At another place on Mission Street I saw a milk-wagon. A steel telegraph pole had smashed down sheer through the driver's seat and crushed the front wheels. The milk cans lay scattered around.

All day Thursday and all Thursday night, all day Friday and Friday night, the flames still raged.

Friday night saw the flames finally conquered, though not until Russian Hill and Telegraph Hill had been swept and three-quarters of a mile of wharves and docks had been licked up.

The Last Stand.

The great stand of the fire-fighters was made Thursday night on Van Ness avenue. Had they failed here, the comparatively few remaining houses of the city would have been swept. Here were the magnificent residences of the second generation of San Francisco nabobs, and these, in a solid zone, were dynamited down across the path of the fire.—Collier's.

Foreign Contributions to the Relief Fund.

We have received from the Finance Committee of the San Francisco Relief Fund the following statement concerning "Foreign Contributions":

SAN FRANCISCO, May 22, 1906.

The President, as most people are aware, discouraged foreign contributions. Subsequently, the Finance Committee received a letter from the Secretary of State's office saying that the Japanese Ambassador desired to know if contributions were made direct to the Finance Committee, whether they would be accepted. Annexed is a copy of same:

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 1st, 1906.

James D. Phelan,
Chairman General Relief Committee,
San Francisco, Cal.

Japanese government recently offered this government 200,000 yen for California sufferers which was declined upon the grounds that as similar contributions had been refused from other countries, no exception could be made in favor of Japan. Japan Embassy here now ask us to inquire if General Relief Committee at San Francisco will accept this sum, if proffered to them direct. Please telegraph reply.

ROBERT BACON,
Acting Secretary of State.

The Chairman of the San Francisco Finance Committee thereupon sent the following reply:

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., May 1, 1906.

To the Secretary of State,
Washington, D. C.

Responsive to your telegram this day we will gratefully accept the contribution of the Japanese government if tendered directly to this Committee. We have a hard problem to solve. We are aiding our large cosmopolitan population in every practicable manner without discrimination and will accept contributions from foreign sources for the benefit of the service in which we are engaged.

JAMES D. PHELAN,
Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Relief and Red Cross Funds.

On May 22 the Committee received a letter enclosing \$98,750.00 (equivalent to 200,000 yen), from the Japanese Ambassador, as the gift of the Emperor of Japan. He states: "Inquiry made by this Embassy through the Department of State at Washington has elicited the fact that you are prepared to receive the said fund on behalf of the Finance Committee of the Relief and Red Cross Funds."

The Mayor, in answer to the Toronto Star concerning the Canadian contribution voted by the Canadian Parliament, sent a similar letter.

The Finance Committee desires to call attention to the fact that through the Secretary of State's office the decision of the President was evidently modified in order to enable San Francisco to accept foreign relief. The Committee regrets to say, however, that very little such relief contributions have been received, but possibly when the Finance Committee makes its final report, many contributions now in transit may be included.

"What's the matter dear, you look puzzled?" said Tess, meeting Jess on the avenue. "I'm sure I lost something just now," replied Jess, "but I can't think what it was." "Probably it wasn't anything very important—" "No, it wasn't; I remember now. It was that little Mr. Sniffkins who was walking with me."—Philadelphia Press.

"I want to know," said the irate matron, "how much money my husband drew out of this bank last week." "I can't give you that information, ma'am," answered the man in the cage. "You're the paying teller, aren't you?" "Yes, but I'm not the telling payer."—Chicago Tribune.

"Keeping boarders," observed the landlady, "soon makes a woman coldly practical." "Yes, I suppose so," rejoined the cynical bachelor, "but that's no reason why the soup and coffee she dispenses should be practically cold."—Chicago Daily News.

Another Lenten Sacrifice.—Golf Caddie (to curate)—"High tee, sir?" Curate—"No; put it on the ground. I give up sand during Lent."—Punch.

"Papa, what does it mean to 'Hitch your wagon to a star?'" "Radically and antipodally opposite to tying up with a chorus girl, my son."—Puck.

"Ah! wizout her I shall die, monsieur." "H'm! Starvation, I presume."—Judge.

THE CITY BEAUTIFUL.

Chester Bailey Fernald to the Board of Supervisors
of San Francisco.

[Mr. Fernald, the writer of the following, is well known to the world as the author of "The Cat and the Cherub," and other works, as also of a play based on Chinese life in San Francisco which was very successful in London and elsewhere.—Editor Argonaut.]

The people want the city to be broad and beautiful. They elected you; they approve your action; they will support you. A handful of "business men," better described as owners of certain valuable property interests, will oppose you with money, with ridicule, with organized effort. But there are many men siding with you who never sided with you before.

I was not of those who automatically affiliated with the party that elected you. I do not believe in a political party which takes its name from a class, any more than I believe in political action by business men in the special interests of a few. In the political campaign some of you were charged with crimes punishable by imprisonment and abhorrent to honest men. You know how much of these charges were true; but I know how much of them your detractors were not able in the least to substantiate. They fired into your ranks with blank ammunition: noise and stench. I rejoiced at the sagacity of the people, who elected you. I have rejoiced at most of your acts ever since; and not alone.

The world knows that the natural beauty of the site of San Francisco is unsurpassed. The world knows that the municipal works of man upon that site have been for the most part hideous. There is but one street in the city that starts from anywhere and arrives anywhere with dignity and distinction. Fifty years ago the gridironing of the contours of these hills with ugly rectangles which sought to suppress their natural charm and sightliness and succeeded in making them of the greatest possible difficulty in use was a crime of provincial ignorance. In the old world cities have been built on hills from time immemorial; and in all the millions that have been spent in the last fifty years towards the modernizing and beautifying of European cities not a penny has gone towards changing to follow the crass example of San Francisco. A straight line is not always the most desirable route between two points; but it is always the shortest distance between two fools. The beautiful and the practical are not inherently opposed. To define civilization is to say that it exists to unify them. It is not enough for enlightened progress that a thing should be either beautiful or practical: it must be both.

I own no property in San Francisco. I shall not be called upon to pay a cent directly for these improvements. Let anyone prove from those facts, if he can, that San Francisco should be left in the ugliness which these "business men," in the acquisition of some valuable property in the city, never found time or inclination or cohesion enough to remedy. Let him also see what he can prove from the fact that I am nevertheless as free as these richer men are and have been to educate my children abroad and to spend my leisure and my surplus in other parts of the world: parts where men have been stirred by a deeper desire for civic beauty, for trees and green open spaces, for great architecture and great streets and inspiring vistas, and by the sense of being civilly among the most advanced of peoples.

This is the ancient story of individuals against a city. San Francisco cannot educate its children abroad. It cannot cross the continent in a private car and spend in Paris the surplus rentals of its property. It cannot die. It will live when these "business men" are dead and their property scattered and their names forgotten. It has been apparent from the start that these naive gentlemen fear that the value of their property will be lessened by the enlargement of the business section of the city in a direction beyond their control. They fear that the past congested centers will be relieved and that other centers will spring up. Who are these individuals that they should oppose their inconsiderable bulk and their comparatively small possessions to the united welfare and possessions of a hundred thousand other people who own property in San Francisco? Shall the commercial nuclei be determined by natural conditions or by artificial ones maintained to enrich a few? These gentlemen show willingness to sacrifice the common advancement to their private concern. Let the people deal more justly as to them. We do not look to the press for enlightened leadership. The votes which placed you in office demonstrated that, if demonstration was needed. The leadership lies with His Honor the Mayor and your honorable selves. You cannot lead long unless you lead forwards.

There never was a great municipal movement which did not have to overcome the private interests of a few. There never was an undertaking for the good of a people that did not ask them to look beyond one balance day and one indefinite generation of men. There never was anything so practical, so certain of rich reward both in the abstract and in the concrete, as to contract indebtedness and condemn property in order to make San Francisco approach the measure of her natural advantages: to make her beloved by her citizens with that warmth of patriotism that lies behind all civic achievement. There has been much shouting. The world awaits with some interest to see whether we are an entity here, or merely a noise.

It matters less who I am than whether I am right; but I am, sirs, with admiration for the stand you have so far taken in this matter,

Respectfully yours,

CHESTER BAILEY FERNALD.

Mill Valley, May 23, 1906.

"And you say you lost your position by the great earthquake in San Francisco?" inquired the kind lady. "Yes, mum," replied Frayed Franklin. "What was your position?" "I wuz asleep in a barn at de time, mum."—Cleveland Leader.

Lawyer—"Did the prisoner strike the complainant in the heat of passion?" Witness—"No, sah; in de solah plexum, sah."—Baltimore American.

The Society Leaders—Lines of Social Cleavage—The Only Seal-skin Sacque in Town—The Tramp Printer—His Social Climb—His Wedding.

The sketches of William Allen White, editor of the *Emporia Gazette*, in which the author graphically depicts the daily life in a modern Kansas town, have recently appeared in book form under the title "In Our Town." The volume is published by McClure, Phillips & Co. Its cover design portrays a busy country editor with a glimpse of the town's business section obtained through the window of the editor's sanctum. The book contains a number of illustrations by F. R. Gruger. Among the sketches contained in the book are: "And Yet a Fool," the Story of a Good Fellow;" "A Kansas 'Childe Roland,'" "A Bundle of Myths," "The Bolton Girls' 'Position,'" "The Passing of Priscilla Winthrop," "The Tremolo Stop," etc., etc.

In "The Passing of Priscilla Winthrop" Mr White portrays the social cleavage in the town, and the struggle between Mrs. Mortimer Conklin and Mrs. Worthington for the "first place" in society. To the sisterhood of the "howling swells" Mrs. Conklin is intimately known as "Priscilla Winthrop"—her maiden name. Priscilla was the only child of a wealthy territorial judge, afterward member of the State Senate; she inherited his fortune of half a million dollars upon his death in the 70s. The author describes the early life of Priscilla—now a grandmother—thus:

"She was the first girl in our town to go away to school. Naturally, she went to Oberlin, famous in those days for admitting colored students. But she finished her education at Vassar, and came back so much of a young lady that the town could hardly contain her. She married Mortimer Conklin, took him to the Centennial on a wedding trip, came home, rebuilt her father's house, covering it with towers and minarets and steeples, and scroll-saw fretwork, and christening it Winthrop Hall. She erected a store building on Main Street, that Mortimer might have a luxurious office on the second floor, and then settled down to the serious business of life, which was building up a titled aristocracy in a Kansas town.

"The Conklin children were never sent to the public schools, but had a governess, and Mortimer Conklin, who was always alert for the call, could not understand why the people never summoned him to any office of honor or trust. But he kept his brass sign-board polished and went to his office punctually every morning at ten o'clock, and returned home to dinner at five, and made clients wait ten minutes in the outer office before they could see him—at least so both of them say, and there were no others in all the years. But he shaved every day, wore a frock coat and a high hat to church—where for ten years he was the only male member of the Episcopalian flock—and altogether Mrs. Conklin told the women he was a credit to his sex and his family—a remark which was passed about ribaldly in town for a dozen years, though Mortimer Conklin never knew that he was the subject of a town joke. Once he rebuked a man in the barber shop for speaking of feminine extravagance, and told the shop that he never stinted his wife, that when she asked him for money he always gave it to her without question, and that if she wanted a dress he told her to buy it and send the bill to him. And we are such a polite people that no one in the crowded shop laughed—until Mortimer Conklin went out."

From Boston Priscilla Winthrop brought home the first seal-skin sacque worn in the town. She gave a party for it, "and it lay in its box on the big walnut bureau in the spare room of the Conklin mansion in solemn state, while seventy-five women salaamed to it. After that Priscilla Winthrop was the town authority on sealskins." The introduction of rugs in place of carpets nearly causes a revolt in the little town, and only when Priscilla Winthrop assures the residents "that in all the best homes in Boston rugs were replacing carpets," their souls were at peace.

All this was news to us. However, through Colonel Morrison we had received many years ago another sidelight on the social status of the Conklins. It came out this way: Time-honored custom in our town allows the children of a home whereat there is an outbreak of social revelry, whether a church festival or a meeting of the Cold-Nosed Whist Club, to line up with the neighbor children like human vultures on the back stoop or in the kitchen, waiting to lick the ice-cream freezer and to devour the bits of cake and chicken-salad that are left over. Colonel Morrison told us that no child was ever known to adorn the back yard of the Conklin home while a social cataclysm was going on, but that when Mrs. Morrison entertained the Ladies' Literary League, children from the holy Conklin family went home from his back porch with their faces smeared with chicken croquettes, and their hands sticky with jelly-cake!

This story never gained general circulation in town, but even if it had been known to all men it would not have shaken the faith of the devotees. For they did not smile when Priscilla Winthrop began to refer to old Frank Hagan, who came to milk the Conklin cow and curry the Conklin horse, as "Francois, the man," and to call the girl who did the cooking and general housework "Cosette, the maid," though every one of the dozen other women in town whom "Cosette, the maid" had worked for knew that her name was Fanny Ropes. And shortly after that the homes of the rich and the great over on the Hill above Main Street began to fill with Lisettes and Nanons and Fanchons, and Mrs. Julia Neal Worthington called her girl "Grisette," explaining that they had always had a Grisette about the house since her mother first went to housekeeping in Peoria, Illinois, and it sounded so natural to hear the name that they always gave it to a new servant. This story

came to the office through the Young Prince, who chuckled over it during the whole hour he consumed in writing Ezra Worthington's obituary.

After the death of Ezra Worthington—a miser—his widow, who became heiress to \$350,000, built a mansion which became known as Worthington Palace and gradually—although it took three years after Ezra Worthington's death—"the glow of the Worthington sun began to be seen in the Winthrop mosque."

Mrs. Worthington gives a reception to the delegates of the State Federation in the Worthington Palace. Mrs. Conklin returns from Massachusetts with half a carload of old furniture and gives a talk on "Heppelwhite in New England;" later on gives a luncheon to Jefferson which is styled a success by the defenders of Priscilla Winthrop. But Mrs. Worthington returns from Europe and gives a colored lantern-slide lecture on "An Evening with the Old Masters," when just in the nick of time Mrs. Conklin goes to Kansas City and is operated on for appendicitis. She comes back very pale and interesting, and reads before her club a paper called "Hospital Days," fragrant with iodoform and Henley's poems. Thus the combat between the two rivals waxes stronger from day to day, until Mrs. Worthington, who has secured the promise of Mrs. Ellen Vail Montgomery, vice-president of the National Federation, to visit Cliff Crest, as Mrs. Worthington calls the Worthington mansion, finally invites Priscilla Winthrop and her club to the luncheon given in honor of Mrs. Montgomery—the star feature of the week's gaiety. And now the crisis had come:

"When the meal was over it was Mrs. Ellen Vail Montgomery, in her thousand-dollar gown, worshiped by the eyes of forty-eight women, who put her arm about Priscilla Winthrop and led her into the conservatory, where they had 'a dear, sweet quarter of an hour,' as Mrs. Montgomery afterward told her hostess. In that dear, sweet quarter of an hour Priscilla Winthrop Conklin unbuckled her social sword and handed it to the conqueror, in that she agreed absolutely with Mrs. Montgomery that Mrs. Worthington was 'perfectly lovely,' that she was 'delighted to be of any service' to Mrs. Worthington; that Mrs. Conklin was sure no one else in our town was so admirably qualified for 'National Vice' as Mrs. Worthington, and that 'it would be such a privilege' for Mrs. Conklin to suggest Mrs. Worthington's name for the office. And then Mrs. Montgomery, 'National Vice, and former State Secretary for Vermont of the Colonial Dames, kissed Priscilla Winthrop, and they came forth wet-eyed and radiant, holding each other's hands. And when the company had been hushed by the magic of a State Vice and two District Virtues, Priscilla Winthrop rose and in the sweetest Kansas Bostonese told the ladies that she thought this an eminently fitting place to let the visiting ladies know how dearly our towns-woman, Mrs. Julia Neal Worthington, and that entirely without her solicitation—indeed quite without her knowledge—the women of our town—and she hoped of our beloved State—were ready now to announce that they were unanimous in their wish that Mrs. Worthington should be National Vice-President of the Federation of Women's Clubs, and that she, the speaker, had entered the contest with her whole soul to bring this end to pass. Then followed hand-clapping and handkerchief-waving and—some tears, and a little good, honest Irish hugging.

"There was the usual clatter of home-going wagons; lights winked out of kitchen windows; the tinkle of distant cowbells was in the air; on Main Street the commerce of the town was gently ebbing, and man and Nature seemed utterly oblivious of the great event that had happened. The course of human events was not changed; the great world rolled on, while Priscilla Winthrop went home to a broken shrine to sit among the potsherds."

* * * * *
"The Tremolo Stop" is an interesting story, showing the reform of a "tramp printer," who gets a position with a daily paper and gradually proves himself to be quite a genius, who can not only handle type and the composing stick, but is a good writer as well, so that he is soon promoted to the editorial room. His name is Simon Mehronay.

He came to the office one bright April day with red mud on his shoes that was not the mud of our river-bottoms, and we knew he had ridden to town "blind baggage"—as they say of men who steal their way—from the South. The season was ripe for the birds to come North and it was the mud of Texas that clung to him. His greeting as he strode through the front room, not waiting for a reply, was "How's work?" And when the foreman told him to hang up his coat he found a stick, got a "chunk of copy," and was clicking away at his case three minutes from the time he darkened the threshold of the office.

There he sat for two weeks—the first man down in the morning and the last to quit at night—before any one knew whence he came or whither he was bound. He had a little "false motion," the foreman said, and clattered his types too audibly in the steel stick, but as he got up a good string of type at the end of the day and furnished his own chewing tobacco, he created no unfavorable comment in the office. He was a little man, with a fringe of hair above the greasy velvet collar of his coat, with beady, dancing black eyes, and a moustache that often needed dyeing. It was the opinion of the foreman and the printers that Mehronay's weakness was liquor, though that opinion did not arise from anything he said.

The newspaper on which Mehronay was employed gained in circulation owing to his original items:

He wrote locals and editorials and helped with the advertising, drawing for this the munificent salary of fifteen dollars a week, which should have kept him like a prince; but it did not—though what he did with his money no one knew. For he bought no new clothes, and never buttoned

those he had. Before sending him out on the street in the morning some one in the office had to button him up, and if it was a gala day—say circus day, or the day of a big political powwow—we had to put a clean paper collar on Mehronay above his brown wool shirt and shove out the dents in his derby hat—a procedure which he called “making a butterfly of fashion out of an honest workin’-man.” He slept in the press-room, on a bed which he rolled up and stowed behind the press by day, and of evenings he consorted with the goddess of nicotine—as he called his plug tobacco—and put in his time at his desk with his lead pencil and his pad of white paper writing copy for the next day’s issue.

His triumph in town in consequence of an article he had written pertaining to a wedding is followed by his absence from the office for three days, during which time he inbibes quite freely, and “by day slept the sleep of the unjust in the loft of Huddleson’s stable.” On the morning of the fourth day he is back at work again—in the composing room, and it takes a month to coax him back into the front room.

“His self-respect grew slowly, but finally it returned, and he sat at his desk turning off reams of copy, which was so good that the people read the paper up one side and down the other hunting for his items.”

The “tramp printer” writes an epistle on temperance to his son, of which this is an example:

“It’s rather up to you, Bub. In the next few months you will have to decide whether you are going to hell or not. Of course, the ‘vilest sinner may return’ at any point along the road—but to what? To shattered health; to a motner heart-broken in her grave; to a wife damned to all eternity by your thoughtless brutality, and to children who are always afraid to look up the alley, when they see a group of boys, for fear they may be teasing you—you, drunk and dirty, lying in the stable filth! To that you will ‘return,’ with your strength spent, and your sportive friends, gone to the devil before you, and your chance in life frittered away.”

Three months later Mehronay attends a revival meeting, after first having ridiculed it. For Easter he writes an Easter sermon, but the following summer Mehronay’s companions notice that he is singing fewer gospel hymns and more sentimental songs than usual, and finally in the fall his intrigue is uncovered when he asks for two show tickets—the first time in his three years’ employment on the paper. Mehronay goes to the opera that night with Miss Columbia Merley—a spinster and teacher of Greek and Hellenic philosophy at the college—to see Madame Janauschek play Macbeth.

After three years of probation, Mehronay finally gets married.

After his wedding we made brave, in a sly way, to rail at Mehronay about his love affair, and he took it good-naturedly. He knew the situation just as it was; his sense of humor allowed him no false view of the matter. One afternoon, when the paper was out, George Kerwin, the foreman, and one of the reporters and Mehronay were in the back room leaning against the imposing-stones looking over the paper, when Kirwin said: “Say, Mehronay, how did you get yourself to ask her?”

It was asked in a joke. The two young men were grinning, but Mehronay looked at the floor in a study as he said: “Well to be honest—hanged if I ever did—just exactly.” He smiled reflectively in a pause and continued: “Nearest I remember was one night we was sitting with our feet on the base-burner and I looked up and says: ‘Commie’—I called her that for short—‘why in the devil don’t a fine woman like you get married?’ And she got up and come over to where I was a-sitting, and before I could say ‘Get away’ she put her hand on my shoulder and says real soft and solemn: ‘I’ll just be damned if I don’t believe I will.’”

He did not smile when he looked up, but sighed contentedly as he added reverently: “And so, by thunder, she did!”

One year after his wedding Mehronay left the employ of the paper, because Mrs. Mehronay, knowing his worth, asked for twenty-five dollars a week for him, which the office could not afford. They moved to New York, where they “have lived happily ever after, for Mehronay has never broken his word” and has always remained sober.

“Don’t you think,” asked Mrs. Oldcastle, “that the new minister was somewhat recondite last Sunday?” “I didn’t know what it was at the time,” replied her hostess as she toyed with her diamond-studded fan, “but I do remember that his face looked kind of red and his eyes was sort of glassy. Still, we oughtn’t to be too hard on the poor man. He might of taken it for the ‘la grippe.’”—Chicago Record-Herald.

Automobilist—“Is there a good place to eat here?” Austere Citizen—“No, sir; I don’t know of any place that really could be called edible, but if you are looking for one where you can obtain what is designated technically as a square meal, you will find it two doors north of the postoffice, and in the next block.”—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Youngwed—“The other day you declared I talked almost continuously.” Youngwed—“Yes, so I did.” Mrs. Youngwed—“And last night you told the friend you brought home to dinner that I seldom said anything. Now, which statement is correct?” Youngwed—“Both.”—Chicago Daily News.

“Do you think it would be well for a young man who is ambitious to rise in politics to study law?” asked the earnest youth. “No,” answered Senator Sorghum. “If I were a young man and wanted to get a lofty official position, I’d learn to be a stenographer.”

OLD FAVORITES.

On the Rio Grande.

We chased the wild guerrillas
Through chaparral and glade,
And they fell beneath the sabres
Of the fearless Tenth Brigade;
Then faint with wounds and parched with thirst,
We pitched our tents that day,
And it was on the sandy
Banks of the Rio Grande
Where we lay.

Up spoke our gallant leader,
Astride his fretful roan,
“Sleep ye who can, my comrades,
I’ll watch the camp alone;
A restless spirit in my brain
Keeps sleep and rest at bay.”
And it was on the sandy
Banks of the Rio Grande
Where we lay.

All in the misty moonlight
I saw him come and go,
With his long Kentucky rifle
Across his saddle-bow;
And he hummed a tender love-tune,
A ballad blithe as May.
And it was on the sandy
Banks of the Rio Grande
Where we lay.

The dew was on the flowers,
The air was full of June,
And the rover on the shallows
Made music to the moon,
While around our still encampment prowled
Wild beasts in search of prey.
And it was on the sandy
Banks of the Rio Grande
Where we lay.

A rustle in the coppice!
A shadow on the grass!
Is that a friend, O sentinel,
That you should let him pass?
Then the sharp, quick crack of a rifle broke
On the air, and died away.
And it was on the sandy
Banks of the Rio Grande
Where we lay.

The drummer beat reveille,
The startled war-horse neighed,
And our leader, reeling in his seat,
Tugged at his trusty blade,
Rose in his stirrups once, and then—
We heard the bugles play.
And it was on the sandy
Banks of the Rio Grande
Where we lay.

And Leavenworth was dying,
His head upon my knee;
“Take these,” he faintly said, “to one
Who long will wait for me.
And tell her—” ’twas a tress of hair
And a three-year-old bouquet.
And it was on the sandy
Banks of the Rio Grande
Where we lay.

We wrapped him in our colors—
The red, and white, and blue—
Oh we wrapped him in our colors,
That tender soul and true!
And more than one bronzed hero wept
Like a little child that day,
As we buried him on the sandy
Banks of the Rio Grande
Where we lay.

Tantalus—Texas.

“If I may trust your love,” she cried,
“And you would have me as a bride,
Ride over yonder plain, and bring
Your flask full from the Mustang Spring;
Fly, fast as western eagle’s wing,
O’er the Llano Estacado!”

He heard, and loved without a word,
His gallant steed he lightly spurred;
He turned his face, and rode away
Toward the grave of dying day,
And vanished with its parting ray
On the Llano Estacado.

Night came, and found him riding on,
Day came, and still he rode alone.
He spared not spur, he drew not rein,
Across that broad, unchanging plain,
Till he the Mustang Spring might gain,
On the Llano Estacado.

A little rest, a little draught,
Hot from his hand, and quickly quaffed,
His flask was filled, and then he turned.

Once more the sky above him burned
On the Llano Estacado.

How hot the quivering landscape glowed!
His brain seemed boiling as he rode—
Was it a dream, a drunken one,
Or was he really riding on?
Was that a skull that gleamed and shone
On the Llano Estacado?

"Brave steed of mine, brave steed!" he cried,
"So often true, so often tried,
Bear up a little longer yet!"
His mouth was black with blood and sweat—
Heaven! how he longed his lips to wet!
On the Llano Estacado.

'And still, within his breast, he held
The precious flask so lately filled.
Oh, for a drink! But well he knew
If empty it should meet her view
Her scorn— But still his longing grew
On the Llano Estacado.

His horse went down. He wandered on,
Giddy, blind, beaten, and alone,
While upon cushioned couch you lie,
Oh, think how hard it is to die,
Beneath the cruel, unclouded sky,
On the Llano Estacado.

'At last he staggered, stumbled, fell,
His day was done, he knew full well.
And raising to his lips the flask,
The end, the object of his task,
Drank to her—more she could not ask.
Ah! the Llano Estacado!

That night in the Presidio,
Beneath the torchlights' wavy glow,
She danced—and never thought of him,
The victim of a woman's whim,
Lying, with face upturned and grim,
On the Llano Estacado.

—Joaquin Miller.

Lasca.

I want free life, and I want fresh air;
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,
The crack of the whips like shots in a battle,
The melody of horns, and hoofs, and heads
That wars, and wrangles, and scatters, and spreads;
The green beneath and the blue above,
And dash and danger, and life and love.
And Lasca!

Lasca used to ride
On a mouse-gray mustang close to my side,
With blue serape and bright-belled spur;
I laughed with joy as I looked at her!
Little knew she of books or creeds;
And Ave Maria sufficed her needs;
Little she cared save to be by my side,
To ride with me, and ever to ride,
From San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide.
She was as bold as the billows that beat,
She was as wild as the breezes that blow;
From her little head to her little feet
She was swayed in her suppleness to and fro
By each gust of passion; a sapling pine,
That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,
And wars with the wind when the weather is rough,
Is like this Lasca, this love of mine.
She would hunger that I might eat,
Would rake the bitter, and leave me the sweet;
But once, when I made her jealous for fun,
At something I'd whispered, or looked or done,
One Sunday, in San Antonio,
To a glorious girl on the Alamo,
She drew from her garter a dear little dagger,
And—sting of a wasp!—it made me stagger!
An inch to the left, or an inch to the right,
And I shouldn't be maundering here tonight;
But she sobbed, and, sobbing, so swiftly bound
Her torn reboso about the wound,
That I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

Her eye was brown—a deep, deep brown;
Her hair was darker than her eye;
And something in her smile and frown,
Curled crimson lip and instep high,
Showed that there ran in each blue vein,
Mixed with the milder Aztec strain,
The vigorous vintage of Old Spain.
She was alive in every limb
With feeling, to the finger-tips;
And when the sun is like a fire,
And sky one shining, soft sapphire,
One does not drink in little sips.

* * * * *
The air was heavy, the night was hot,
I sat by her side, and forgot—forgot;
Forgot the herd that were taking their rest,
Forgot that the air was close oppress.
That the Texas north comes sudden and soon,
In the dead of night or the blaze of noon;
That, once let the herd at its breath take fright,
Nothing on earth can stop the flight;

And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed,
Who fall in front of their mad stampede!

* * * * *
Was that thunder? I grasped the cord
Of my swift mustang without a word.
I sprang to the saddle, and she clung behind.
Away! on a hot chase down the wind!
But never was fox-hunt half so hard,
And never was steed so little spared,
For we rode for our lives. You shall hear how we fared
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, and we urged him on;
There was one chance left, and you have but one—
Halt, jump on the ground, and shoot your horse;
Crouch under his carcass, and take your chance;
And if the steers in their frantic course
Don't batter you both to pieces 'at once,
You may thank your star; if not, good-bye
To the quickening kiss and the long-drawn sigh,
And the open air, and the open sky,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The cattle gained on us, and just as I felt
For my six-shooter, behind in my belt,
Down came the mustang, and down came we,
Clinging together, and—what was the rest?
A body that spread itself on my breast,
Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,
Two lips that hard on my lips were prest;
Then came thunder in my ears,
As over us surged the sea of steers,
Blows that beat blood into my eyes,
And when I could rise—
Lasca was dead.

* * * * *
I gouged out a grave a few feet deep,
And there, in Earth's arms, I laid her to sleep;
And there she is lying, and no one knows;
And the summer shines, and the winter snows;
For many a day the flowers have spread
A pall of petals over her head;
And the little gray hawk hangs aloft in the air,
And the sly coyote trots here and there,
And the black snake glides, and glitters and slides
Into a rift in a cottonwood-tree;
And the buzzard sails on,
And comes and is gone,
Stately and still, like a ship at sea.
And I wonder why I do not care
For the things that are, like the things that were.
Does half my heart lie buried there,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?
—Frank Desprez.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Several prominent couples have recently celebrated their silver weddings. Among those who celebrated were Ambassador and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Dr. and Mrs. W. Seward Webb, Mr. and Mrs. Grenville Kane, Mr. and Mrs. William Kent and Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills.

There was apparently no decline in Mr. Roosevelt's popularity in the Indiana Republican convention last week. Senator Beveridge keeps in close touch with popular feeling, and he rose to say in his convention address that God Almighty raised up for great crises Oliver Cromwell, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt. The hall "rang" with "applause."

Washington is already speculating on the probable fate of ex-Senator Chandler as a Federal officeholder. He is president of the Spanish Treaty Claims Commission, and if he does not resign very soon some executive measure will be taken to separate him from his salary and position. It is assumed that Mr. Roosevelt, however great his anger against Mr. Chandler, will not do anything so crude and obvious as to request his resignation. It is intimated that another method will be taken, and the Spanish Treaty Claims Commission dissolved. Under the law creating the Commission it was to continue for two years, and then to be renewed for periods of six months by executive order. The latest order extended the life of the Commission to September 1. It is now said that when that time comes no new order will be issued.

E. H. Harriman sent his \$100,000 automobile to a repair shop in New York City in January and when he got a bill for \$1797 refused to pay it. The owner of the repair shop refused to surrender the vehicle and Mr. Harriman proceeded to recover it by writ of replevin. The men who are trying to collect this large sum will now have to sue for their money. Good for Harriman.

Charles H. Graves, American Minister to both Sweden and Norway, has been selected to represent the President as a special envoy at the coronation of King Haakon of Norway, at Christiania, June 28. It was the intention to have this charge placed in the hands of H. H. D. Peirce, the Third Assistant Secretary of State, in the expectation that he would be confirmed by the Senate as Minister to Norway in season to attend the coronation ceremonies. In fact the matter had gone so far that passage had been taken for Mr. Peirce on a steamer next week. But Mr. Peirce has got into the thirteen hole in the Senate, and that body has not yet confirmed Hence the henceness.

A passenger in a train in Norway, who had heard an American traveler angrily railing at the conductor because he was obliged to take an upper berth in a second-class compartment, although he had paid for a first-class berth, proffered an exchange of berths. In the morning the traveler learned that the man who had offered his berth was Prince Bernadotte, second son of the King of Sweden and president of the Y. M. C. A.

"Victor Hugo and Juliette Drouet," by H. W. Wack (Putnam's) purports to contain "the letters" of this amorous couple. But the book contains only a part of their letters, not very important ones at that. These letters were picked up by Wack at a shop in the Isle of Jersey, where they were left by accident; the vast mass of the letters are nearly all in the hands of P. Meurice, Hugo's literary executor, and this author did not have access to them. The book looks like the work of a rich man who wants to make a book regardless of expense. He does not say: "I have a book in me—I shall write it." He says: "I ought to write a book."

The book entitled "Paul Jones, Founder of the American Navy," by Aug. C. Buell (Scribner's), is an excellent life of Commodore Jones. It somewhat idealizes and glorifies Jones, or rather it omits and minimizes the less creditable events in his life. For example, his preposterous letter to the Countess of Selkirk is omitted. Still, a very good biography. It is painstakingly documented; the author seems to have gone to original sources in every case. Where other biographers repeat the errors of the earlier Jones historians, he often corrects their errors by dint of original research. This biography makes out Jones to be a most remarkable character. Son of Scotch peasants, he goes to sea at twelve, learns navigation, studies French and Spanish; becomes mate, captain, part owner; makes money as a slaver; inherits the estate of his brother in Virginia, which brother is a bachelor planter who had been adopted; leaves the sea; becomes a Virginia planter; in 1776 joins the patriots. He practically founded the American navy. An up-hill career against jealousies and cabals. He gets a ship; wins a couple of sensational victories; then practically spends nearly all the rest of his life ashore, most of it in France. He spent a year in the Russian navy, where he could do nothing on account of jealousy. He died at 45, prematurely old and worn out.

"Commodore Paul Jones," by Cyrus Townsend Brady (Appleton's) compared with Buell's biography is far inferior. There is not so much research, and a great deal more "fine writing" and "tall talk." The author quotes several pages from one of his own novels—in a biography!

"Roma Beata," by Maud Howe Eliot (Little, Brown & Co), is made up of records of the life of the artist, John Eliot, and his wife in Rome, from 1894 to about 1904. It is interesting and brightly written; it gives much information about the superstitions (jettatura, etc.) of the Italians. The book is principally about Rome, with one or two side trips to remote parts of Italy. They attended the Pope's receptions and the Queen comes to their studio. In fact it is the regular Roman business, but handled in an unusual way.

"The Jewel of Seven Stars," by Bram Stoker (Harper's), is a story of a jewel stolen from a mummy near Assouan, in Upper Egypt. Astral bodies, hypnotism, and all sorts of occult lore make up the story—something like Bulwer Lytton brought up to date with radium, the X-ray and liquefied oxygen, as agents. It seems odd that Stoker should use so old a clout for his Egyptian novel; it has been exploited by Gautier and others. The description of entering the tomb is very similar to that in Gautier's "Romance of a Mummy."

Libraries Damaged by Fire.

The California State Librarian has issued a pamphlet showing the damage done to libraries throughout the State by fire or earthquake in April. From points outside of San Francisco come the following statements of loss: Santa Rosa, \$25,000; San Mateo, building badly damaged and condemned; Hayward, \$1,750 damage to library building; Martinez, \$1,400 damage to \$7,000 building; Oakland, \$3,000 damage to \$80,000 building; Redwood City, building ruined, loss \$5,000; Berkeley, \$200 loss to building.

The University of California suffered the loss of 1,000 volumes, which were at a bindery in San Francisco, and about 250 volumes which were in the hands of officers and students.

The loss of library books and buildings in San Francisco is summarized as follows: The San Francisco Public Library lost three-fourths of the 160,000 volumes contained in the main building and its branches. The books were insured for \$10,000. All buildings gone except two branch library buildings valued at \$53,000. The destroyed buildings were valued at \$25,000 and carried \$15,000 insurance. The Astronomical Society of the Pacific lost over 1,400 volumes; B'nai B'rith library, destroyed, over 12,000 volumes; the Bohemian Club library, destroyed, about 5,000 volumes; California Academy of Sciences library, destroyed, over 12,000 volumes; Chamber of Commerce library, destroyed, over 2,000 volumes; Mechanics-Mercantile library, destroyed, 200,000 volumes, insurance on books \$59,000, insurance on buildings \$30,000; St. Ignatius College library, destroyed, over 50,000 volumes; San Francisco County Medical Society library, destroyed, over 1,600 volumes, insurance \$1,500; San Francisco Reading-room and Library for the Blind, destroyed, 400 volumes, insurance \$800; San Francisco Verein library, destroyed, over 4,400 volumes; State Normal School library, destroyed, 8,500 volumes.

Supreme Court Library, destroyed, over 17,000 volumes; Theosophical Library, destroyed, about 1,000 volumes; University Club Library, destroyed, over 2,500 volumes; Wells-Fargo library, destroyed, about 5,000 volumes, no insurance; Young Men's Christian Association, destroyed, over 2,500 volumes; San Francisco Law Library, destroyed, about 35,000 volumes; library of the Society of California Pioneers, destroyed; library in Crocker mansion, destroyed; Mills Law Library, destroyed, about 15,000 volumes; Sutro Library, consisting of 200,000 volumes, 125,000 volumes saved, rest destroyed; French Library, destroyed, over 25,000 volumes.

The principal libraries saved are the Bancroft Library of 60,000 volumes belonging to the State University, which has been moved to Berkeley; the Microscopical Society's Library of 2,500 volumes, moved to State University; Cooper Medical College Library of 7,400 volumes, and California State Mining Bureau Library of 5,000 volumes.

For the first time since the fire, George Hamlin Fitch appeared in the "Literary Page" of the San Francisco Chronicle on May 27. He speaks of the loss of his treasured books in a tone which is affectionate as it is pathetic:

"Many months seem to have passed since last I addressed the readers of this book page; yet it is scarcely more than four weeks since the great cataclysm which has left an indelible scar on the memories of thousands of San Franciscans. Looking back over these weeks—which in my case have been weeks of strenuous labor in the making of a big daily newspaper in the face of many handicaps—they seem like an ugly dream from which an awakening must soon come to the old life, so rich in all that made life worth living. In these weeks, for the first time in thirty years, I have had no leisure to read a single book, or even a single magazine. The few books reviewed on this page were all read before the fire. The material needs of existence, the material claims of daily work have shouldered clean out of my life the literary leisure that means more to the spiritual nature than one can actually conceive until he has been brought suddenly face to face with primitive conditions.

"Of those who were burned out of house and home in San Francisco by that terrible fire which followed the earthquake, fortunate were they who had to respond at once to the demands of profession or business. The hardest work, which leaves mind and body so tired that there is no energy for thought, no strength for regret, is the kindest; for in these weeks such exacting labor has served to dull the edge of grief over the loss of things that were invaluable. Three-quarters of those who were burned out had ample time to save their most valued possessions, had they been able to convince themselves that the fire would actually reach their homes; but most of those with whom I have talked were optimists, like myself, who were sanguine that the flames would be checked long before they climbed the steep hill above Chinatown. Even now it is difficult to convince oneself that the fire actually spread over this great area and that it ate up remorselessly so many pleasant homes, so many, many little treasures that were the work of a lifetime, the joy of leisure hours, the pride of the household.

"One woman of my acquaintance summed up the effect of the disaster on the two sexes when she said: 'All the men I have talked with mourned over the loss of their books. Pictures, art work, bric-a-brac, clothes they did not seem to care for; it was their libraries that were dearest to them. The women grieved mainly for the heirlooms that had come down to them; the family pictures, the family plate and china, and the hundreds of pretty things in silver and china and glassware that go to make the house beautiful.'

"That is a pretty good summary of the effect of loss on men and women. For myself, nothing would have mattered had I been able to save my books, or even a quarter of them. From my fourteenth year, book collecting has been my one absorbing hobby. Many a time in early youth have I passed by a book seller's window and looked longingly on a volume which I yearned to possess, but the price seemed beyond my means. Day by day the desire for possession grew until finally some material need was sacrificed and the cherished volume took its place on my shelves. Before my college days were ended I had a choice library of a thousand books—each volume of which represented the work of self-denial. Each also represented careful study and was enriched with many annotations. In the last twenty-five years every year has seen my library grow slowly but gradually. First editions, rare copies, freak books never appealed to me; but in my eyes the greatest treasures were finely printed and well-bound editions of the great English and American classics. These, with beautifully illustrated books on art and architecture, formed the bulk of my collection.

"Hundreds of these books were the gifts of authors; they were enriched with autograph inscriptions and in many cases letters from their authors, discussing my estimate of their work. Scores of these letters were from men who have laid down the pen and gone to 'the undiscovered country.' One beautiful letter I recall receiving from Maurice Thompson just a week before death closed his tired eyes in the sleep that knows no awakening; a letter which revealed perfectly the man's sensitive mind and his singularly sweet and lovable nature. Another was from Mrs. Custer in grateful response to a criticism of her first book—one of the earliest and most appreciative she had received. Still another was from the author of 'John Inglesant,' a shy, constrained letter but full of pleasure that his book had found an admirer so far beyond the bounds of literary England. And the author of 'The Virginian' sent a long and delightful letter in which he expressed his pleasure that the critic had noted the rare art of the lynching of Steve—that everything grim and ghastly took place out of the sight of the reader and only the shadow of the tragedy darkened the scene.

"Such intimate letters as these add to one's insight into the nature of authors, and they add immeasurably to the value of the books themselves. Yet these and hundreds like them have gone up in smoke. Walking over the site of my home a few days after the fire, I found several heaps of books that looked as though they had suffered little from the flames. I stooped to pick up a book that seemed to have escaped, but it crumbled to dust at my touch. Beneath my feet were the remains of thousands of books—mere dead ashes that no earthly power could restore. Then it came home to me, as never before, that these treasures were gone beyond recall; that the companions of years, whose pages I had sought when weary with work or depressed by grief, were lost to me forever. Dear beyond all expression, gathered with infinite labor, at the cost of many sacrifices, they vanished in a brief hour and left no trace but these ashes that mocked me by their semblance of reality.

"Yet out of this crushing loss one emerges with the courage to form a new collection, for life still remains, and courage and fortitude and the power of work. Until that power is gone there is always hope of restoring one's fortunes and of gathering again the books that delight the eye and make the heart young with their inspiring counsel and their words of faith and cheer."

Speaker Cannon's Daughter.

If Uncle Joe's charming daughter, Miss Helen, isn't turning her efforts toward the Presidency for her dear little parent, she'd better take in her sign. She bears every symptom of heading toward the White House. Until the last few months, the daughter of the autocrat of the House of Representatives has held herself rather aloof, evidently assuming the prerogative of the top liners in the great society caste who receive calls but return them only on pasteboard.

But all this season fair Helen has suddenly been turning over new leaves. She goes everywhere. The obscurest little tea of the obscurest little Congressman's wife is sure to find her there with her smiles, her avoirdupois and her affability. Every struggling hostess even upon the remotest outskirts of official life has been flattered all season by the unaccustomed presence at her small at homes of the Speaker's daughter. She is ubiquitous and urbane, this important offspring of an important sire, and the knowing have it that she is building up votes for papa.

Mrs. Fairbanks also, with a possible White House on her architectural horizon, solicitously adds on her visiting card, in her own or her secretary Miss Wade's handwriting, after the engraved "Mrs. Fairbanks," the words "regrets she is unable to call in person." No vice presidential or cabinetial spouse has ever been expected to call in person upon the masses, and the hoi polloi, so the added legend is unique and touching. It never hurts to be polite, as the old woman said when she bowed every time the name of the devil was mentioned.

Washington Helps San Francisco.

The San Francisco sufferers have been beneficiaries of Washington's generosity. Madame Hengelmuller, wife of the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, celebrated as one of the best dressed women in America—she even buttons her clothes with diamonds—was the originator of a "food show" at Rauscher's for the benefit of the California sufferers, where all sorts of toothsome edibles were sold by all sorts of toothsome soliciteuses. Sweet Mistress Longworth was one, in summery array, who disposed of her goods in a summary manner; Miss Boardman of "Taft party" and Red Cross fame; the British Ambassador's graceful daughter, Miss Josephine Durand, and many other spectacular personages. Alice still holds her vogue as a best seller. She will figure remuneratively at the most brilliant and ambitious of all the humanitarian exhibits, a great May charity fair to be held upon the baronial estate, "Friendship," of John McLean, the most superb place in this part of the world. There are to be all sorts of open-air stunts, cavalry drills, dog shows, Japanese tea gardens, school children choruses—everything. The piece de resistance of the whole show is to be artistic Mrs. Barney's eighteenth century pastoral a la Versailles, with the procession of the seasons, the farandole and all sorts of Watteau-esque things that happen on French fans, a replica of the fetes of the days of Louis XVI.

Young Ned-McLean, the chief host of the affair, a handsome and attractive young chap, a great cross-country rider and all that sort of thing, used to be Alice Roosevelt's "steady." At least so the gossips said, and so all the signs headed. Even now a warm friendship exists between the two young people, and Mrs. Longworth more than once since her marriage, together with her husband, has been a luncheon guest of young Ned McLean at Friendship, where the first two days of her honeymoon were spent. Mr. and Mrs. Longworth seem to have peculiarly congenial tastes. They are both baseball enthusiasts, attending almost every big game that's pulled off in Washington.

The Pope's Democracy.

Stories multiply of Pope Pius's democracy. Visitors are received with great simplicity. As soon as one enters, he causes him to be seated in an armchair by his side, chats, laughs, and relates anecdotes and stories. The other day the pope, while receiving some ladies, remarked that they had trains to their skirts.

"This is not hygienic," said he; "one gathers thus in the streets a quantity of microbes and other things. As to myself, when they compel me to add a train to my cassock it bothers me much, although there are four prelates to uphold it."

"But, holy father," said one of the visitors, "we hold up our trains when in the streets."

"That must be very inconvenient," replied Pius X.; and passing from word to action the pope made several tours in the room, holding up his robe in mimicry of a fine lady.

The Recall of a Minister.

In regard to his recall from Madrid Arthur S. Hardy makes the following statement:

On taking official leave of him when retiring from the service, President Roosevelt said in substance: that he had offered me the first assistant secretaryship of State, but that I had preferred to go to Spain; that he had no use for a man who was unwilling to go where he was wanted, instancing his own acceptance of the vice presidency from a sense of duty and against his inclination; that he had determined I should go to Spain, since I wanted to, but that I should go nowhere else, especially as, when offered the secretaryship, I had inquired what I was to get next if I accepted it. It required some patience to listen to these statements, but interviewers of the President know that patience becomes a necessary virtue when no interruption is brooked. The facts in the case are that I had already been appointed, without solicitation of any kind, Minister to Spain when Mr. Hay offered me the assistant secretaryship of State, being then on leave in Washington on my way to my post. As throwing further light on the President's attitude to the diplomatic service, I may say, that having taken leave of the President in September, on my way to Spain, without the slightest intimation that my recall in March had been already decided upon, when my brother called upon the President, at my cabled request from Madrid, to learn the reason, Mr. Roosevelt informed him "your brother has had his cake and eaten it."

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Eliot M. Miller, a civil engineer of New Orleans, tells how General U. S. Grant made his father, Chaplain Miller, swear.

It was one of the chaplain's duties to receive and distribute the mail to General Grant's staff. Whenever the mail was late he was greatly annoyed by questions as to the cause of the delay, time of arrival, etc. On one occasion, when the post was unusually late, the chaplain, for fear of losing his temper, attached the following notice to the door of his tent:

"The chaplain does not know when the mail will arrive."

Shortly afterwards General Grant, passing the chaplain's quarters, noticed the sign. He paused before it a moment and then walked slowly on his way. Coming out of his tent a few moments later, Chaplain Miller was horrified to read:

"The chaplain does not know when the mail will arrive, and he doesn't give a damn."

A chief of bureau in the Navy Department tells a good story of the time when one of the Secretaries of the Navy got the notion into his head that officers should not permit their wives to reside at the foreign stations to which their husbands might be attached. So an order to that effect was promulgated. Soon thereafter considerable perplexity and no little amusement was afforded the Secretary when he received the following cablegram from Commodore Fyffe, then in command of the Asiatic Squadron:

"Secretary Navy, Washington. It becomes my painful duty to report that my wife, Eliza Fyffe, has, in disobedience to my orders, and in the face of regulations of department, taken up her residence on the station, and persistently refuses to leave."

There is a concert singer in the West whose voice is not only of great sweetness and compass, but of such extraordinary power that no orchestra ever drowns its tones.

Now the husband of this singer frequently acts as her conductor, and he is ever anxious to impress upon the public the fact of the great power of his wife's voice. On one occasion the lady was rehearsing for a concert to be given in a large hall. In one of her songs she was to be accompanied by a trumpet obligato. Although the performer, in obedience to instructions from the conductor, blew with all his might and main, yet his best efforts were invariably met with a call of, "Louder, louder!" from the insatiable leader.

Finally the performer rested his instrument on his knee and, surveying the leader with every evidence of indignation on his purple face, broke out with:

"'Louder and louder' is fery easy to say, but vere is de vind?"

The late Beriah Wilkins came to Washington as a member of Congress, and left a good many political friends in Ohio.

He was in his office one day several administrations ago, when a very seedy man came in. He was ragged and dirty, unshaven, and generally woebegone.

"Beriah," he said, "I am down and out. I have lost everything I had, and I want you to get me some kind of a job."

Wilkins looked the man over and found he was a lawyer who had done him some service in Ohio. He said he would do what he could. But first let me make you presentable," he continued.

They went to a barber shop, where the man was shaved and had a haircut and a bath. Then Wilkins took him to a clothing store, and bought him a complete outfit—froek coat, high hat, good shoes, shirt, collar, and everything he needed. The change was marvelous. The Ohioan looked distinguished and prosperous in his new rig.

Next morning Wilkins took his friend to the White House and introduced him to the President. He told the President that this man had been of much help to him, and he wanted to get him a place, thinking he might secure a clerkship of some kind.

"Are you a lawyer?" asked the President.

"I am," said the visitor.

"All right," said the President, "I will make you chief justice of one of the Territories."

"But—but—" stammered the surprised Ohio man.

"Shut up!" commanded Wilkins, and the fellow subsided.

The appointment was made, and the man served out his term. Wilkins said he got the place solely on his high hat.

Among the Washington properties affected by a recent condemnation proceedings instituted by the government was a house belonging to a most attractive widow well known in the Congressional set. Now this lady was convinced that the sum offered for her property was far below its actual value. After many fruitless attempts to get her protest before the proper committee, the lady finally addressed a pathetic appeal to a Senator, chairman of a committee having nothing whatever to do with the condemnation proceedings. "If only I could have an opportunity," wrote the lady, "to look into your kindly gray eyes, I am sure you would hear my side of the case."

This unique appeal was "respectfully referred" by its recipient to Senator Scott, chairman of the Committee on Public Buildings. He carefully read it through several times, and then for the information of his clerk endorsed it as follows: "Risk one eye, Nathan R. Scott."

A number of Wall Street men at luncheon one day were discussing the remarkable ability of a certain operator in the street to weather any financial storm.

"Why," said one of the financiers, "that chap's a wonder. I don't know how many times they've had him against the wall, yet he always contrives to get away."

"I have heard it said," observed another, "that Blank is resourceful enough to make a living on a desert island."

"Yes, he could do that, too," affirmed the first speaker, "if there were another man on the island."

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS

Engagements and Weddings.

Before a temporary altar erected in the ruins of St. Dominic's Church, at Bush and Steiner streets, Miss Ethyl Kelly, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred R. Kelly, of 2155 Devisadero street, and granddaughter of James J. Kelly, president of the Hibernia Bank, became the bride of John Gillespie Ewing of Chicago. The ceremony was performed by Father Thomas Sherman, S. J., son of General Sherman and cousin of the groom. Mr. Ewing is the son of General Ewing of Ohio, and the nephew of James G. Blaine. He is well known in literary circles for his scholarly contributions to the history of this country. Mr. and Mrs. Ewing will make their home in Chicago, where Mr. Ewing is engaged in the practice of law.

The engagement has been announced of Dr. Raphael Lorini, at one time a popular member of society in San Francisco and a prominent physician as well, to Miss Carolyn Louise Chase of Derry, New Hampshire. Three years ago Dr. Lorini left San Francisco to accept the position of resident physician at Coronado and it was while he was acting in that capacity he met the woman whom he will wed in the early summer. Miss Chase is a graduate of Wellesley College.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Enid Yale, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Yale of Linda Vista, and Wilmer T. Gracey, at present Consul General at Hongkong. The news is of interest to many Oaklanders, among whom Miss Yale has spent her childhood years, and the marriage will probably take place in the late summer. Mr. Gracey planning to return to his post of duty in September. Mr. Gracey is well known in the consular service, having spent some fifteen years in China.

The engagement is announced of Miss Leila Evans, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Talliesin Evans, of 212 Fourth street, Oakland, and George R. Guppy, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Guppy of Berkeley. While no date has been set for the wedding, it will take place probably during the coming month.

The marriage of Miss Griswold and Colonel Edwin Emerson was a notable event of the month of May. Among the guests at the ceremony and informal reception were Dr. and Mrs. John Bakewell, Charles Vail Bakewell, Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Aiken, Mr. and Mrs. William Greer Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Taylor, Mrs. Bryan, Mrs. Herbert Ponting, Mrs. William Irwin, Miss Brooks, S. S. Fish, Rothwell Hyde, Major William Stephenson, Dr. Arnold Genthe, Miss Mary Bell, Mrs. David Bixler, Howard Stevenson, Charles Norris, Charles R. Field, Dr. Devine, John McNaught, Allan Dunn, Miss Anna Frances Briggs, Miss Fiske, Dr. Charles V. Cross, William Whitney, Miss Blanche Letcher, Professor W. D. Armes of Berkeley.

Miss McMillan, of 1027 Oak street, announces the engagement of her daughter, Gertrude E. McMillan, to Milo Edmund Hixcox of Alameda.

Colonel and Mrs. George H. Pippy announce the engagement of their daughter Florence to John William Plant of St. Louis. Mr. Plant is general manager of the Folsom Development Company. The date of the wedding has not been set.

Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Cole of 3352 Sacramento street announce the engagement of their daughter, Mabelle C. Cole, to John F. Sherburn of Sacramento. The marriage will take place on June 6th.

Capt. J. J. Heneker, who has been at the War College, Newport, the past year, is leaving there this week for the West.

Californians in the East.

Mrs. C. B. Alexander, who returned last week to her home in New York, is planning to get away to her Tuxedo cottage shortly. In July they go abroad. Next winter one of their daughters is to be brought out, and the beautiful home at No. 4 West Fifty-eighth street promises to be the center of some brilliant functions. Its magnificent Georgian style hall room is the only one of its kind in Manhattan.

Mrs. Mayo Newhall and the Misses Margaret, Elizabeth and Marian Newhall were in Chicago when news of the disaster here reached them, but they will continue on their way and go abroad to remain indefinitely. Miss Margaret Newhall's marriage to Frederick Houghtelling of Chicago was set for September.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs is in Newport for a short stay. She will not open her villa, but will spend the summer in Europe.

Miss Jennie Blair, who came from New York with Miss Jennie Crocker in her private car, is the guest of Mrs. C. F. MacDermot at her Center street home.

Mrs. McKinstrey, wife of Major McKinstrey, is visiting her father, Colonel Frederick W. Lawrence at Bay Side, Long Island. She will return to San Francisco in about a month.

Mrs. James Watson McClure and Miss Josephine Eastland left last week for Tennessee, where Miss Eastland is to spend several months. Mrs. McClure will join her husband in New York.

Mrs. T. W. M. Draper and Miss Dorothy Draper have changed their plans and, instead of going to Oregon for the summer, will leave in a few days for New York to spend several months. Miss Elsa Draper is there at present as the guest of relatives.

Colonel Sedgwick Pratt, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pratt have left for New York, and

Colonel Pratt will take station in the East.

Californians Abroad.

Mr. J. W. Byrne and his mother, Mrs. Margaret Irvine, have been at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York. They expect to spend the summer in Europe.

Col. John A. Darling, U. S. A., and Mrs. Darling and Miss Ella Hastings, who have been spending the winter in Sicily, have arrived in Boston from the Azores.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels have left their home in Paris en route to New York. Miss Lurline Spreckels was married to Spencer F. Eddy in Paris the Saturday following the earthquake.

From Finland comes the news of the arrival of a little daughter in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Marten Ekblom, the latter of whom was formerly Miss Weenonah Williams of this city. Mrs. Ekblom is a cousin of the Van Ness and Clement families and a niece of Gardner Williams, the well-known South African mining man. She has lived abroad for a number of years, and was married a little over a year ago in London, since which time she and her husband have been on his estate near Borga, Finland.

Mrs. George Page and Miss Leslie Page, who have been traveling in Brittany since they left Paris, where they spent the winter, have recently gone to Switzerland to remain during the summer months.

Mrs. Edward Pringle, Miss Nina Pringle and Miss Hess Pringle, who have been traveling in Europe for the past year, were in Paris at the time of the San Francisco disaster, have determined to remain abroad until August.

Mrs. Lillie Hastings Onativia, Miss Zelia Onativia, and Mr. Hastings Onativia arrived in Boston on the White Star S. S. Canopic during the week.

Mr. T. C. Van Ness, who was in Southern France en route to Italy to join Mrs. Van Ness and Miss Daisy Van Ness, when he received news of the earthquake and fire, has returned to California.

Among the San Franciscans returning to this country on the White Star S. S. Canopic were Mr. and Mrs. William Clark.

Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase and Miss Francis Joliffe, who were in Paris at the time of the earthquake, have returned to California.

Californians who returned last week from Europe included Dr. William Boericke, Miss Dorothy Boericke, Miss Ruth Boericke, Mrs. Boericke, Mrs. H. L. Turbush and Miss Beatrice Turbush of San Francisco, Count de la Rocca, brother of the French Consul at San Francisco, and Dr. and Mrs. W. Seward Webb.

Californians at New York hotels last week were: Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Blakeley, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Randall, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Rea, A. F. Burns, Mrs. S. Burns, Miss Maxwell and Mrs. J. Coleman, Mrs. C. Brand, Mrs. J. W. Wright, Mrs. W. S. O'Brien, Miss Buckley, Mr. and Mrs. M. Ashe, Miss Foley, Mr. and Mrs. A. Cahn, Mr. and Mrs. M. Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. C. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. J. Watkins, Mrs. F. S. Rose, Mrs. Burke, Mrs. E. M. Greene, Mrs. W. C. Eisen, Mrs. E. F. Franks, Mrs. R. S. Haviland, Miss MacDonald, at the Martha Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall, who were in Paris when the news of the great fire reached them, left on the first steamer for New York. In mid-Atlantic they received a wireless telegram that their little daughter was safe, which greatly relieved their anxiety. They are now at Burlingame.

Those San Franciscans on the passenger lists of departing liners who sailed last week were: Dr. and Mrs. Roy K. Belden, Miss Ella Belden, Mrs. A. Mack, Charles Brummenbaum, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Emig, Miss Lena Emig, Mrs. Schultz, Miss Anna Schultz and Miss Martha Schultz.

Across the Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Pease and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Barry Watson are in Mill Valley, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills and their daughter will be in Oakland for the summer, having taken a residence at 490 Sherman street. Their Pacific avenue house is now occupied by Judge MacFarland.

Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin are visiting Mr. and Mrs. James Follis at their home in San Rafael.

Victor Metcalf Jr. is spending some weeks with his parents in Oakland, and will not rejoin his ship until next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels will probably remain in Oakland until the fall.

Mrs. William Tevis has been visiting friends in Oakland.

Among the San Francisco people who are planning to build homes in Piedmont are Mr. and Mrs. John Breuner and Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Butters, who had planned an automobile trip through Europe for the summer months, have decided to remain in America. Mr. Butters has been called East on business.

Mrs. James Potter Langhorne and Miss Julia Langhorne, who have been staying in Alameda for the past month as the guests of relatives, have returned to their Pacific avenue home.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Meek have closed their Oak street home and have returned to their San Lorenzo ranch,

where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Edwards and Miss Atnette Edwards, who lost all their belongings in the burning of the Bella Vista, are comfortably settled on Adeline street, Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Allen, with Miss Gertrude Allen, have taken the Harry Farr home in Piedmont, and are planning to move from their Jackson street home very shortly.

Mrs. Henry A. Butters, with Miss Marie, Miss Marguerite and Master Harry Butters, leave early in June for Chico, where they have taken a house.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Currier are in Alameda, where they have taken a house on Santa Clara avenue for the summer.

Mrs. John F. Swift, her sister, Mrs. M. R. Norris, and her nieces, Miss Mary S. Bailey and Miss Helen Bailey, are living at 2402 Warring street, Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Hewlett, who lost all their personal belongings in the burning of the St. Dunstan, are settled temporarily with Mrs. Hewlett's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fore, in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Stent (Miss Frances Harris) have purchased the Wadsworth house in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Wingate will soon leave their home in Oakland for a season at Del Monte.

Dr. Boericke and his two daughters arrived from their European trip a few days ago and are at their country home in Mill Valley. They were in Naples at the time of the fearful eruption of Vesuvius.

Southern California.

Mrs. Timothy Hopkins has been the guest of Mrs. E. S. Pillsbury at her villa at Montecito, where Mrs. Pillsbury's mother, Mrs. Kohl, is also visiting.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll and their little son have gone to Santa Barbara, where they will spend the summer with Mrs. Driscoll's parents, the Bacons.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Bancroft, who camped in the vicinity of Fort Mason, San Francisco, for several days after the destruction of the St. Dunstan's, are occupying apartments in Berkeley. They contemplate leaving in a short time for Southern California.

Notes About the Clubs.

The Olympic Club, which is most comfortably quartered in the spacious Eugene Lent house on Eddy street, has daily a large attendance of members, and has shown much hospitality to the officers of the First Regiment stationed across the street. On Thursday evening the First Regiment Band serenaded the Olympians from 8 to 9.

The Bohemian Club expects to move into its new quarters at 1925 Octavia street about June 1st. At present the club members are receiving their mail at 2171 Pacific avenue.

Proceeds from an auction sale of places for the Ladies' Gambol under the auspices of the Lambs Club, New York, have netted \$7000 and that amount has been donated to the Bohemian Club.

Uncle George Bromley is in comfort at 344 Clay street. He started on the morning of April 18 after the quake, to catch the train for Norwich, Conn., according to the itinerary, but was not able to break through the fire line. The journey to New England is not canceled, but simply postponed.

The San Francisco Press Club has a new home. On June 1st they will take possession of the Withrow residence at 2016 Pine street, and on June 9th will formally open the new quarters with a reception to the members of their guests. The Withrow place is a handsome, three story house. It is beautifully furnished and equipped throughout. Six apartments will be set apart for the members who desire to live at the club. At a meeting of the Board of Directors it was decided to do away with the initiation fee for active membership during the three months ending September 1st. The monthly dues have been reduced to \$150.

The Union League Club having secured the Hellman residence, northwest Franklin and Sacramento streets, for new headquarters, will have an opening and housewarming on Saturday at 8 p. m., to which all members have been invited.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean and Mrs. Harry Kierstedt are staying at Burlingame at present.

Mrs. Russell Wilson, who has leased her house on California street, has moved to Burlingame with her daughters for the summer months.

Mr. Harry N. Stetson gave a "stag" dinner at the Burlingame Club on Thursday night last. The guests of honor were the officers of the marine corps who did such magnificent work in preserving order and promoting the relief system in the city. Covers were laid for twenty. Among the officers of the corps present were Captain Evans, Captain Wise and Lieutenant White. Among others present were Peter Martin, Walter Hobart, George De Long, Jos. S. Tobin and Clement Tobin.

Mrs. Edward Barron, Miss Marguerite Barron and Mr. Ward Barron are at their country place, near Mayfield, where they expect to spend the summer.

Mrs. William Bourn, Mrs. James Ellis Tucker and Miss Ida Bourn left immediately after the fire for their country place at St. Helena.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ede, who arrived from the Orient to find their home in ashes, have taken a house on the corner of Broadway and Fillmore streets. Mr. Ede was the owner of the Majestic Theatre.

Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg and Miss Cora Smedberg, whose home on Larkin street was burned, are at present living with Major and Mrs. Melvor (nee Smedberg) at the Presidio.

Dr. James W. Ward, president of the Board of Health, has resumed his private practice and is now in the home of the W. W. Van Arsdale, corner of Scott and Jackson streets.

Dr. H. Hipkins, who was formerly at the Wenban, will open his offices on Sacramento street on the 1st of June.

Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellmann Jr. and family are settled in their home at San Leandro and have the elder Hellmanns and the Hellers as their guests.

The Hechts have given up their lease of the Bishop house, near Fruitvale, for six months. Mr. Bishop wanted the house and the Hechts have gone East, and will probably go to Europe. Colonel Hecht's daughters, Mrs. Mark and Mrs. Will Gerstle, have gone to San Rafael, where they have taken a house for a year. The Mark Gerstle house has been rented by the Gerstle and Thomas law firm.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry St. Lawrence Farr, who have rented their Piedmont residence for some months, are to make their home temporarily with Mrs. Farr's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William E. Sharon.

Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, who has been the guest of Lieutenant and Mrs. Clarence Carrigan at Fort Baker since the fire, has returned to her home on Jackson street.

Mrs. Alexander Loughborough has rented her home on O'Farrell and Franklin streets to one of the banks.

Mr. and Mrs. Worthington Ames, who are at present the guests of Mrs. Ames' mother, Mrs. E. P. Preston, at the latter's country place, Portola Hall, near Redwood City, are building an attractive home at Fair Oaks, which will be completed shortly. It is of concrete, and was entirely uninjured by the earthquake.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. George S. Fife at Menlo was very much shattered by the earthquake. It will have to be rebuilt before it will be again tenable.

Mrs. Mary A. Huntington, the former wife of Henry E. Huntington, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Marian Huntington, arrived in San Francisco May 29 from Japan. News of the catastrophe of April 18 destroyed their plans for an extended tour of the Orient and brought them back on the same steamer on which they left here.

During the passage of the steamer Caronia from New York to Queens-town, M. Theodore Kearney, of Fresno, a saloon passenger, died suddenly. The body will be landed at Liverpool to be returned to the United States. M. Theodore Kearney was the largest raisin grower in the United States, if not in the world. He was organizer and for a long time president of the California Raisin Growers' Association. He had been in poor health for a long time, suffering from heart trouble, and was on his way to Bad Nauheim, Germany, to take treatment. He was in San Francisco during the earthquake and fire and his condition was aggravated by excitement at that time. Mr. Kearney was a bachelor with no known relatives and no confidential friends. No one in Fresno knows where or when he was born or anything about his early life. He came from England or Ireland, claimed American citizenship by naturalization of his father, and is thought to have at one time lived in Boston. In the early seventies he was a clerk in the office of W. S. Chapman in San Francisco. He came to Fresno in 1873 and dealt in lands, finally becoming the owner of the 5,000-acre "Fruitvale" estate, containing the famous Kearney vineyard.

Mrs. Richardson Clover and her daughters arrived last week from their home in Washington, D. C., and are at their beautiful country place, Lavergne, near Napa.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Parrott, who were living at the Hotel Richelieu at the time of the fire, have taken the O. P. Evans house in Berkeley for the summer.

Sidney Pringle, who has been in Mexico for some weeks, has returned to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Chesebrough, Miss Edith Chesebrough, Miss Helen Chesebrough and Arthur Chesebrough are at San Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Girvin have taken Mrs. Thomas Selby's house at Menlo for the summer.

Among the houses most damaged by the earthquake was that of Miss Mary Eyre at Menlo. It was leased and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Agar (nee McDough) of New York. The quake shook down the chimneys, which crashed through the roof and the two floors and into the basement. The water tanks on the roof were broken and the house below was flooded. The house will have to be rebuilt.

Mrs. Porter and Miss Amy Porter, who lost so many of their personal

belongings when the Pleasanton was destroyed, are at Cloyne Court and are to remain there through the summer. Mrs. Marguerite Hanford joining them there early next month.

Mrs. Thomas Magee is the guest of Mrs. Joseph Tobin at Burlingame.

Mrs. A. H. Loughborough and Miss Zane are at the Albemarle in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Lee, who owned the Luxor Apartments, which were burned last fall, have the valuable things that they had collected for many years.

Mrs. Houghton and Miss Minnie Houghton have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Houghton on Harrison street. Their home and much of their property was destroyed in San Francisco.

Dr. and Mrs. Frederick Morse are entertaining Mrs. Morse's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Craig, who have been their guests since the disastrous fire destroyed their San Francisco home.

Contrary to their first decision, Miss Sara Drum and her brothers, Frank, John and Will, are to remain in their San Francisco home on Broadway near Devisadero. They are anticipating a visit from Mrs. William Geer Hitchcock, nee Drum, before many weeks.

Admiral Louis Kempff, U. S. N., retired, and Miss Cornelia Kempff, who made their home at the Buckingham, on Sutter street, have since the fire been with Mr. and Mrs. Carl Peter Weeks at the home of the latter on Washington street, near the Presidio gate.

Mrs. Thomas B. Bishop, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Porter Bishop, left early in the month for the Bishop ranch, near Santa Barbara, and expect to spend some time there. Mrs. Bishop has invited a number of her friends here to camp on her ranch during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. H. McDonald Specker are at Menlo for the summer. Mrs. Spencer is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn.

Mr. and Mrs. Barry Coleman are at San Mateo. Miss Sophie Coleman and Miss Lucy Gwin Coleman are the guests of friends at the Mare Island navy yard.

The Misses Joliffe are making their home with their aunt, Mrs. Henry Matthews, on Webster street. Though their San Francisco home was not burned, they have stored their furniture and will not go back to town for the present.

Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden and her mother, Mrs. Emma Butler, are spending some weeks at Santa Barbara, where they are occupying the attractive home of Mrs. Butler's other daughter, Mrs. E. Walton Hedges.

George R. Carter, Governor of the Territory of Hawaii, and Mrs. Carter were passengers on the liner Manaburu, which sailed during the week for Honolulu. Governor Carter came to the mainland about three months ago in very poor health, but has quite recovered during his stay at Del Monte.

Colonel A. W. von Schmidt, aged 85 years, died on May 26th at his home, 516 Eagle avenue, Alameda. He was a well-known civil engineer. He came around the Horn, in May, 1849, and has lived in San Francisco most of the time since. Colonel von Schmidt assisted in surveying the boundary of the State and did other important work for the Government. He installed San Francisco's first water system. He also had charge of blowing up of Arch Rock in San Francisco bay. He was a widower and left five children. He was a member of California Commandery No. 1, Knights Templar.

ARGONAUTS TO THE ARGONAUT OFFICE.

Although it might seem like sending coals to Newcastle, our request to our readers to send Argonauts to the Argonaut office is already being heeded. Although our files were destroyed by the recent fire, we have declined the numerous kind offers of our readers to send us their bound volumes. We feel that it would be asking too much of them. But in regard to incomplete and unbound files and unbound numbers generally, we have no such compunctions. We announced last week that we would be very glad to receive such numbers. Our generous readers have at once seized the opportunity, and during the past week we have received a number of large parcels of Argonauts. With these we shall hope soon to build up some complete files.

If any Argonaut readers have loose Argonauts of any dates before the fire we hope they will ship them to us by express marked, "Newspapers, collect," and also marked with their names, so that we may acknowledge their kindness and treasure it in the editorial memory.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trademarked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Publication office, 246 Sutter St., San Francisco. Temporary Business and Editorial offices, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the Interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 1711 San Pablo Avenue, Oakland, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal."

Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal."

Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company, Jerome A. Hart, President."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. Telephone Number, Long Distance 3271, San Jose.

At the Salon.

The Connoisseur—Now that is an admirable portrait. But do you remember, baroness, the portrait of La Fornarina, Rafael's mistress?

The Baroness—Oh, my dear sir! Surely you cannot imagine I am familiar with any portraits save those of married women.—Translated for Tales from "Le Rire."

Accommodating.

Her Father—The fact is that I cannot give my daughter a dowry just at present.

The Editor—That's all right—I can love her for herself alone in the meantime.—Translated for Tales from "Meggendorfer Blatter."

Not Well to Live Alone.

Professional Carpet Beater (during one of his many rests from his labor).—It's funny how a man gets out of practice. Since my divorce a month ago I haven't been able to raise the dust with a single lick!—Translated for Tales from "Le Journal."

Stringer Storage Company

MAIN WAREHOUSE AND OFFICE
Sutter and Fillmore Streets

We operate these warehouses for the safe storage of household furniture, works of art, pianos, luggage, silverware, furs, clothing, rugs, draperies, etc.

We maintain a corps of careful and competent packers of china, bric-a-brac, pictures, books, pianos, and all household furniture, and are prepared to attend to all details of household removals in this country and to foreign lands.

Our building is expressly constructed for storage purposes, besides being advantageously located with respect to pure air and ventilation.

Vault 40x10x10 arranged expressly for the storage of silverware and valuables.

Telephone WEST 999.

Member Stock and Bond Exchange
J. C. WILSON
BROKER
STOCKS AND BONDS.
INVESTMENT SECURITIES.
2171 Pacific ave., San Francisco.

HOTEL COLLINGWOOD
35th St., bet. 5th Ave and Broadway,
NEW YORK CITY

New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district, containing every modern device for comfort of guests.

Positively exclusive. Service a la carte.

Hillside Inn
BELVEDERE, CAL.
OPENED MARCH 1, 1906.

No fog. No wind. Bathing and boating. Magnificent marine view. Within forty minutes of San Francisco. For particulars inquire of MRS. M. J. WARREN.

Pears'

The public's choice since 1789.

"Your cheeks are peaches," he cried.

"No, they are Pears'," she replied.

Pears' Soap brings the color of health to the skin.

It is the finest toilet soap in all the world.

California Safe Deposit and... Trust Co.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS

\$3,000,000

We beg to announce to our friends and the public generally that we will resume business as usual at our former location, CORNER CALIFORNIA AND MONTGOMERY STS., on MONDAY, MAY 28th, at 9:30 A. M.

We solicit and receive Commercial and Savings accounts and conduct a general banking business.

Interest is paid on Commercial and Savings deposits.

For the convenience of our customers we will immediately establish branches at the following locations:

Geary Street, near Fillmore Street.
Devisadero Street, near Post St.
Valencia St., near Twenty-Second.

The date of opening will be announced later.

DAVID F. WALKER, President.
J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

FOR RENT IN LOS GATOS

A most attractive place in Los Gatos; 7 acres of oak trees, new attractive furnished house, superb outlook, 9 rooms and bath, \$50 per month until September 20th or longer. Inquire C. H. Bentley, telephone Oakland 7333, or C. Milligan, Realty Agent, Los Gatos.

European Newspaper Clippings

Persons who may desire to obtain clippings or entire articles from European newspapers and reviews on any topic, such as reviews of books, criticisms of plays, scientific articles, discussions of engineering works, technical studies, such as electrical works, etc., can secure them at moderate rates by addressing

COURRIER DE LA PRESSE
21 Boulevard Montmartre,
PARIS, FRANCE.

The Call

Is the cleanest, brightest, newest of all the San Francisco dailies.

The best fiction the world produces can be found in the Magazine Section of the Sunday edition. Its Art features are equal to the best of the magazines.

THE CALL is made up having specially in view its large home patronage. It contains every day of the year

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT
And is the BEST Advertising Medium.

THE LATEST STYLES IN
Choice Woolens
H. S. BRIDGES & CO.
MERCHANT TAILORS,
2220 Webster St., San Francisco.
Bicycle and Golf Suits.

Del Monte Offers

Hotel Del Monte was very slightly injured by the recent disturbance, and is offering a welcome shelter to all San Franciscans. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at the present. The entire Hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families. Address Geo. P. Snell, Manager, Del Monte, California.

A Permanent Home

Thos. Cook & Son

NOW LOCATED

410 Fourteenth Street
OAKLAND.

Bonestell, Richardson & Co.

Has Plenty of Every Kind of

PAPER

For Immediate Delivery.

Just Received Four Carloads of
Ruberoid Roofing.

Architects and builders of the highest class recommend Ruberoid for any style of building.

Write for Samples and Price.

California's Leading Paper House,
1059 CASTRO STREET, OAKLAND.
Phone, Oakland 7700.

Summer Furnishings

FOR COUNTRY HOMES

Simple, Cool, Artistic

"BREUNERS"

THE RUG HOUSE

901 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco
and cor. 12th and Harrison
Sts., Oakland.

ROOS BROS.,

2000 JACKSON STREET,

San Francisco.

Has Never Failed!

TRY IT

HERBO CORN CURE

RELIEVES PAIN IN ONE NIGHT
Twenty-five Cents All Druggists

"ROBERTSON'S" A BOOK STORE.

Now at 1186 1-2 Ellis St., near Octavia. After July 1, Van Ness, near Pine St. Mail orders will receive prompt attention. All persons who had card plates or dies at "Robertson's" will please communicate with

A. M. ROBERTSON.

Romeike's Press Cutting Bureau

Will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date."

A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines. In fact, every paper of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers, and, through the European Bureaus, all the leading papers in the civilized globe.

Clippings found for subscribers and pasted on slips giving name and date of paper, and are mailed day by day.

Write for circular and terms.

HENRY ROMEIKE, 33 UNION SQUARE, N.Y.
Branches:
LONDON, PARIS, BERLIN, SYDNEY.

Waldorf Astoria in New York is the last word in hotel elegance; to them the inner public rooms of that caravansary, where the light of the sun never reaches, where the electric lights glare both day and night, are portals to paradise; there the richer male inhabitants of Kankakee, garbed in unaccustomed frock coats and plug hats, gaze breathlessly at the richer female inhabitants of Kokomo, mistaking them for Vanderbilts and Astors. In the Middle West these and similar gorgeous New York caravansaries are looked upon as "finer than the White House." But we are heterodox enough to dislike these places, and to think that, whatever they are, they certainly are not comfortable.

And this the old Palace was. To those who are familiar with it the recollection of its spacious rooms, its large windows, its adequate bath rooms, its lofty ceilings, and its magnificent court yards will always bring up a feeling of keen regret that it is gone. Who that has seen the punky little "winter gardens" of Continental hotels, or the dismal blind alleys which stick out from the street into the brick-and-mortar "lounges" of the modern London Strand hotels, can fail to contrast them with the magnificent court yard of the old Palace, into which three or four of them might easily have been placed.

But there are so many buildings to regret in the fiery path of the late conflagration that it seems sentimental to dwell at length on a single one. Yet there are many of us who have a warm spot in our hearts for the old Palace. There never was another hotel like it in the world. And modern ideas as to height and space are so different from those of thirty years ago that there never will be another.

A Sample of Insurance Tactics.

In a daily paper J. A. Bried relates his experience with a Philadelphia insurance company. He went to the San Francisco office with his proofs of loss. The Secretary-Adjuster glanced at them, and pushed before him a type-written sheet saying: "There are our liabilities, \$2,750,000. And there are our assets, \$767,000." Think over that," added the Secretary-Adjuster, and urged him to sign a non-waiver agreement. Mr. Bried refused to sign. He withdrew, and soon returned to the office of the insurance company accompanied by an attorney. The Secretary-Adjuster repeated his statement. Thereupon the attorney said: "You are an officer of this company, and have made in writing a statement that your company is insolvent. The only place for an insolvent company is in the hands of a receiver." Thereupon the Secretary-Adjuster in alarm hastened to notify Mr. Bried that his company's gross liabilities are largely reinsured in other companies and that thus they were beyond question solvent. Had Mr. Bried been a weak person, however, an ignorant man or a timid woman, he might easily have been bulldozed into compromising or signing a compromising document. But what kind of tactics are these for business men claiming to be honorable? It smacks of obtaining money under false pretences. These insurance companies are talking a good deal about "fighting in the courts." Some of their officials bid fair to figure in the criminal courts themselves.

More Muck-raking.

After the President had delivered his philippic on "The Man With the Muck-rake" there was silence in the country for the space of half an hour. Then there was the sound of many voices. All the officers of the life insurance companies, of the Standard Oil Company, of the Beef Trust, of the Whisky Trust, of the General Paper Company, and of numerous other trusts and corporations broke into a loud chorus of approval. They were followed by the semi-religious weeklies, like the Outlook, the Independent and journals of that ilk. They were echoed by numbers of good-hearted, weak-minded people of both sexes who dislike contention. The general tone of this chorus was about as follows:

"The President is right. The man with the muck-rake must be suppressed. Why rake muck when there are so many more agreeable things in the world to do? Why look down into the mud and muck beneath our feet when we may gaze up into the illimitable firmament jewelled with brilliant coruscating stars? Let us think about things that are pleasant; let us turn our minds toward the pure, the beautiful and the good; let us stop all this destructive criticism; let us be constructive and not destructive; let us destroy the man with the muck-rake."

So said, so done. Even the most censorious critics for a time were hushed. This was the case even among the muck-rake magazines, to which the star muck-rake writers were continually bringing large bomb shells of muck, which at times exploded prematurely, be-mucking the star muck writers, the editors of the muck-rake magazines, and visiting muckers from the citizenry. In these magazine offices there was consternation. The publishers, being sleek, well fed, prosperous men, feared to run counter to the President's order. The star muck-writers, owning nothing but their rakes as yet, desired to rake more muck. As a result there was

scission and secession. Like the outcome of Kilkenny cat fights—which always mean more cats—the muck-rake quarrels only mean more muck-rake magazines.

Outside of muck-rake magazine circles, however, the country at large was inclined to heed the President's dictum. In truth the country was somewhat a-weary of all the muck-raking. It was perhaps a-weary of the muck, but certainly of the muck-raking. So it seemed for a time as if we were to be freed from Steffing Linkans, Ida Tarbarrels and System Lawsons with his frenzied financiers.

But it was not to be. Another muck bomb has exploded—this time in the offices of the Pennsylvania System, one of the oldest, richest and most reputable railways in the country. Everybody believed it was honest, although it is a Pennsylvania corporation. But in the absence of the President, Mr. Cassatt, some muck-raker discovered a most elaborate and complicated system of rascality—no, we mean swindling—no, we mean breaches of trust.

[These phrases sound too much like muck-raking, so we will modify them and put it "irregular procedure."]

These irregular proceedings consisted in the acceptance by the officials of the Pennsylvania railway of bribes—no, we mean presents—from shippers along the line. These presents took the form of shares of stock in coal mines, in subsidiary railways, in various corporations. The company manager making the most and largest presents to the Pennsylvania railroad officials had sidings constructed to his mine, or had connections made with his coal tramway. Furthermore, when there was a car famine he had plenty of cars when his loathsome competitors found it impossible to get any. Thus the men who made the presents thrived exceedingly, and so did the Pennsylvania railroad officials who received them. These gentlemen when on the stand testified with great frankness that they had often received shares of stock bringing in incomes of many thousand dollars a year. They seemed much surprised that there should be any question concerning the transaction. Perhaps they thought that the crusade against muck-raking instituted a new statute of limitations.

President Cassatt has hurriedly returned from Europe to meet this hail storm of muck. He says he "deprecates such criticism." Well, that is quite natural. Most of us deprecate criticism when it takes the shape of accusations of swindling on the part of one's subordinates. Furthermore President Cassatt says that he "will not sacrifice efficient officers to a manufactured and mistaken public opinion." By that he means muck-raking. But "manufactured and mistaken public opinion" is a very much prettier phrase.

Another bombshell has exploded since the President's speech, and showered the country with the muckiest kind of muck. This is the Chicago meat muck. If any man can read the report about that muck without a sincere desire never to eat anything that comes out of a Chicago can, we envy him the stoutness of his stomach. In this particular meat muck, however, the President seems to have forgotten his speech, and seems to be vigorously plying the rake. More power to his elbow! Our worthy President never cares today what he said yesterday, when he thinks that what he says today is wiser than yesterday's saying. A philosopher once said that the reason men love women so much is because they are so unreasonable. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why we all love Theodore Roosevelt so.

General Nelson A. Miles has relieved his mind of some expressions concerning the Chicago muck. Addressing the students of Kansas University on June 3d, he said:

"I told these facts about the meat packing houses seven years ago. Three thousand United States soldiers lost their lives from poisonous meat. No one can tell how many soldiers had their health ruined by this impure food. During the Spanish-American War I found that poisons were being used to preserve meat. From the official reports I found that canned meat was sold to the army that had been for months in the Liverpool docks, relabeled, brought back, and sold for soldiers' rations. I reported the matter to the War Department. A white-washing investigation was successfully carried out and the official report was that 'A colossal error had been made.' As a matter of fact it was a colossal fraud, and the persons who perpetrated it and who were interested in it should have been sent to the penitentiary. The adulteration of food products is the colossal crime of the times."

There are many people who do not admire some sides of General Miles' character. But no one can deny that he is an honorable gentleman, a patriotic citizen, and a brave soldier. In 1898 many of us suspected that sinister influences were at work to suppress his reports on the "embalmed beef" scandal. Many of us think still that these same sinister influences have pursued General Miles ever since—have pursued him even into his retirement to private life. Now it would seem that General Miles, like the President, is vigorously working the muck-rake, and as the Duke de Morny remarked of Napoleon III.'s broom, "They are both at the handle end."

In common with many other persons who were weary of muck, we were disposed to heed the President's admonitions and to dis-

courage muck-rakers. But in the light of these very recent revelations we are becoming uncertain. There was once a witty Frenchman, Alphonse Karr, who was requested to write a leading article in one of the Paris newspapers on a question then agitating the public mind. His usual space of two columns was left open for him. He brought in his copy just before going to press. It consisted only of the heading and one line and ran thus:

**"ON THE ABOLITION OF THE
PENALTY OF DEATH.**

"By all means. But let the murderers begin."

We are reminded of Alphonse Karr's saying now. By all means let us discourage the muck-rakers. But let the muck-makers begin.

Widening the Other Fellow's Street.

When San Francisco was burned down there arose a queer chorus of congratulation over the disappearance of street lines. For a time it almost seemed that San Francisco was glad she had burned. The Burnham plan of beautifying the city had been thoroughly discussed. Its civic center, its new boulevards and its widened streets had met with general approval among the people and the press. This lasted as long as there was no particular danger of its ever being carried out. When, however, the greater part of the city was wiped out by fire, the Burnham plan became imminent. Then the chorus of which we speak arose. But as the weeks passed by the members of the chorus disintegrated. They gradually became soloists. The general burden of their song was: "Yes, we believe in street widening, but not in widening our street. We believe in widening the Other Fellow's street." Whereupon the Other Fellow replied with a brilliant fantasia concerning the iniquity of touching his street, and the desirability, nay, the vital necessity, of widening some Other Fellow's street.

Up to the present writing we have observed no change in the music. It is still contrapuntal.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

From General Evan Miles, U. S. A.

Colville, Wash., May 23, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: Enclosed please find my check for a year's subscription to the Argonaut. As my personal effects were destroyed during the sad calamity that overtook the city, I do not know when my subscription expires. Your records being destroyed at the same time, you have no knowledge on this subject. It will be agreeable to me to begin the subscription upon receipt of the check enclosed. I learn with regret that your bound volumes, files and manuscripts were destroyed during the appalling calamity. As these valuable papers cannot be replaced, pray accept my sympathy for your loss. My address until further notice will be Colville, Washington.

Very Truly,

EVAN MILES,
Brig. Gen. U. S. Army, retired.

The Old Friend Will Come Regularly.

Lucerne, Switzerland, May 15, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: Permit me to offer my sympathy to The Argonaut Publishing Co. for its recent losses, and to Mr. Jerome Hart personally, whose writings, particularly his travel letters, have been a special pleasure to me. I sincerely hope that all losses may be soon retrieved, and the Argonaut be soon again at home in the new San Francisco. As a native Californian and a reader of your paper for many, many years, I am glad to know that I can continue to welcome each week my old friend unchanged through its many trials. Very truly yours,

MRS. JOSEPHINE L. MASON.

With Interest and Pleasure.

Office of the Quartermaster,
Fort Slocum, N. Y., May 24, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: I take pleasure in enclosing my check on the Riggs National Bank of Washington, D. C., for \$4 in continuation of my subscription for the Argonaut, a paper which I always read with interest and pleasure. Regretting your heavy loss in the recent great fire, and with best wishes for your future and that of San Francisco, I remain

Yours very truly,
E. N. JONES,
Capt. U. S. A.

An Unsigned Letter.

San Francisco, May 22, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: My subscription to your paper has expired, but I have not renewed, as I cannot afford it any more. When times get easier with me, and I have more than one suit of clothes to my name, I shall remember my old friend the Argonaut.

A Reader for Twenty Years.

Chicago, May 25th, '06.

Editor Argonaut: Enclosed please find express money order for renewal of my subscription. Right here I wish to compliment you on the grit which you have shown in not missing an issue of your paper, in the face of the disastrous results to you of the

recent earthquake and fire. I have been a constant and appreciative reader of the Argonaut for fifteen years steadily, while living in San Francisco, and a subscriber for the past five years, since coming to Chicago to live. I always look forward, with pleasant anticipation, to its arrival. My wife calls it my Bible. Well, perhaps it is. You have my very best wishes for a speedy recovery from the awful effects of the great calamity.

Respectfully yours,
GEO. M. POND.

Appreciated More and More.

Los Angeles, Cal., May 28, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: Enclosed please find check for next year's subscription. I have been a reader of the Argonaut since 1881 and appreciate it more and more every year. When the news of the calamity to your city reached here, the writer felt as though he had lost two dear friends: the Argonaut and the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art. I am more than glad that the Argonaut is still in existence. It made me think of Tennyson's lines on the "Death of the Old Year":

"Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die."

Wishing you all success and prosperity, I remain,
Yours very truly,
GEORGE DRAKE RUDDY.

Coals of Fire from a Clergyman.

Tacoma, Washington, May 23, '06.

My dear Mr. Hart: I am enclosing check for \$12 for three more years of your paper, which to us is a household necessity. This will help to remove that "straw that stuck in your craw" when the bill came for packing the Argonaut books that burned.

Your pointed touching of the Clergy is refreshing. But don't hit us too hard; the world is a critical congregation; fires and earthquakes are only a few of our troubles; and we are trying to help. Please accept cordial congratulations that the Argonaut saved its pen—and pen-holder. Very truly yours,

A. H. BARNHISEL.

From an Absent Californian.

3 Ave. Marceau,
Paris, May 14, 1906.

Love and sympathy to the Argonaut! Our tears came at first sight of the dear little edition of April 21st just arrived, the first direct news, excepting cables, from our beloved city—more beloved than ever in its misfortune. I suffer with the rest of you. All my possessions, the savings of a lifetime, are buried in its ashes; but like the rest of you, I am ready to devote the work of my remaining years to help rebuild the dear old city, with which I have grown and been identified since the Argonaut days of '49. God bless you all!

WILLIAM J. YOUNGER.

From a Former Resident.

Chicago, Illinois, May 23, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: As a former resident of San Francisco, it has been of the greatest information and interest to continue receiving the Argonaut without interruption from the fire. Such enterprise and fidelity in the face of the disaster that overtook you cannot be commended too highly and is thoroughly appreciated, particularly at this distance, as the pen pictures you have given us of the conditions in our old city convey a better conception of the real situation than has been obtainable through any other source. With best wishes for a prosperous future in the greater San Francisco that is to be, I remain

Very truly yours,
W. A. WORTHINGTON.

Would Rather Miss His Sunday Breakfast.

2236 Pacific Ave., San Francisco, May 22, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: Since the late unpleasantness I have received but two issues of the Argonaut, viz: May 5th and 19th (I am a yearly subscriber), and as I would as lief (or rather) miss my Sunday morning breakfast than forego the pleasure of my Argonaut, I would ask that you kindly send me all the copies of the paper published since the fire; also another favor, will you please send the like number to my daughter, Blanche Wertheimer, New York City. Send me the bill and I shall remit. Wishing the best Weekly Journal on Earth Continued Success, I am

Sincerely yours,
J. WERTHEIMER.

Well, Rather.

Denver, Colo., May 21, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: Did you issue a number the week of the quake? If so, kindly send me a copy—I have received all the copies issued since then.

MRS. M. K. CORBIN.

Boston Slanders Tamalpais.

Tamalpais, May 23, '06.

Editor Argonaut: I have before me a copy of the Boston Sunday Post, April 22, '06, containing a large picture labeled "Mt. Tamalpais and Mill Valley, Across the Bay from San Francisco. Extinct Volcano, now showing signs of activity." If Boston people could tell the truth it would seem that a time when a city like San Francisco had been so badly hurt by fire, and its neighbors also greatly injured, would be the time. Of course we had an earthquake, but the fire caused the great injury; now why should Boston, which once had a fire herself, attempt to make it so much worse than it is, and resort to such absolute

falsehoods, to accomplish that end? The fact is that not a chimney, not a watertank, not a foot of our railway was broken, cracked or damaged in the slightest manner by the earthquake.

Yours truly,
R. H. WARFIELD.

Short But Encouraging Notes.

Iron Mountain, May 27.—Herewith money order for my subscription; am glad my subscription expires at such a time that I can help you a trifle with a bit of ready cash. W. M. Hodgkin.

Oakland, Cal., May 23, 1906.—I enclose check to continue my subscription. I thank you for the numbers since the fire, and I sincerely sympathize with you for your losses, which are so much greater than my own, since I can replace my technical library at least.
Geo. H. Strong.

Los Gatos, Cal., May 28, 1906.—As I resided in the burnt district, I did not receive your earthquake issue. Kindly mail one here, as your very excellent paper has been coming to my home since the very first issue.
W. F. Hooke.

Berkeley, May 28, 1906.—I have for a long time regularly taken your valuable paper. Of all the periodicals that come to my house, the Argonaut ranks first in the estimation of myself and family. Since the fire, I have not been able to secure a copy until your edition of May 26. If you issued a copy the earthquake week I would like to receive one. Am I asking too much to have you forward me one?
W. A. Irwin.

Portland, May 23, 1906.—Herewith find check for my subscription. I hope you will very soon be back in your old quarters, doing business at the old stand and in the old dress. Language fails me in conveying to you my sense of the loss sustained through the destruction of San Francisco, which I sincerely trust will speedily be rebuilt.
Wm. A. McRae.

INTERVALS BETWEEN EARTHQUAKES.

California's Shocks Considered by W. M. Davis, Professor of Geology at Harvard University.

Will San Francisco be rebuilt? Certainly it will be (writes Professor Davis in the Youth's Companion).

Then may it not be shaken down again? No one can promise that it shall not be; yet the geological processes which cause earthquakes work, as a rule, so slowly that comparatively long intervals of relative quiet ordinarily occur between the more violent shocks.

But why live at all in a country where earthquakes occur? Because the perpetual advantages of favorable situation, fine climate and fertile soil, to say nothing of mineral wealth, are great enough to make up for the risk of occasional danger. The advantageous situation of San Francisco in particular, with the Pacific open before it through the Golden Gate, cannot be given up, even if once in a while it be disturbed by tremors from under ground.

There is no reason for thinking that California will be any more unsteady in the future than it has been in the past. Its great population will continue to enjoy its great resources.

Mountains have not been uplifted suddenly, but only by long-continued movements, with very long waits between them. It is this belief in the long endurance of quietness and its rare interruption by disturbance that gives us confidence in the earth today.

Most of the movements of the mountain-making kind have produced only slight tremors at the surface of the earth. Some of them are occasionally stronger and cause more or less destruction over a limited area above the center of disturbance; but even the most frequently shaken mountain chains, such as the Himalayas in northern India, enjoy long periods of repose between their rifts and starts. The continents, with their mountains and plateaus, have been formed by slow movements of this kind, now here, now there; just as the valleys in the highlands have been carved by correspondingly long and patient processes, and not by sudden and vast floods, as was once believed.

The modern view of the order of nature is therefore one which gives us great courage to go on with the world's work. The crust of the earth is so heavy, and it lies so solidly on the interior that to move a large and deep block of the crust even a few inches requires more force than can be accumulated and applied in a hurry. It is only by long waiting and long accumulating of strains within the earth that the crust can be moved at all, and even then the strains are relieved by a trifling movement whereby one crushed block is displaced a few inches, or at most a few feet, with respect to another. As to mountain movements of a thousand or several thousand feet all at once, there is not the least reason to think that such great displacements ever have occurred or ever will occur.

There is not the smallest reason for thinking that the San Francisco earthquake had anything to do with volcanic action.

Thousands or hundreds of thousands of shocks must have occurred as the Coast Range was uplifted in slow disorder; but as the uplifting required millions of years, most of the time that has passed over its peaks was a time of quiet, and most of the shocks were presumably of moderate strength, as have been all the recorded earthquakes in California.

There is nothing peculiar to California in all this. The same thing might be said of many other parts of the world. Most earthquakes have nothing to do with volcanoes. The more closely the occurrence of earthquakes is studied, the larger the number of them that is found to be associated with bends or breaks in the outer and more brittle part of the crust, which slowly wrinkles as the earth grows older.

THE STATE STILL HERE.

The Governor's Admirable Letter—He Tells the World the Truth About the Earthquake—California's Wonderful Resources Unaffected.

Governor George C. Pardee has prepared a formal letter about the recent fire, a copy of which has been sent to the Governor of each State. Governor Pardee prepared the letter at the request of President E. H. Harriman of the Southern Pacific and his traffic chiefs, J. C. Stubbs, William Sproule, Charles S. Fee and James Horsburgh Jr. The letter in part is as follows:

This statement is made to you not to minimize nor gloss over San Francisco's calamity, for that was very great, but to remove the erroneous impression that the destruction of our metropolis was due in large degree to the earthquake. Though California's chief city is momentarily in distress her people are undaunted by the great misfortune, and San Francisco will arise as other cities have arisen from the ashes of her former greatness.

Illinois was not ruined by Chicago's fire. South Carolina did not suffer permanently from Charleston's troubles, and Texas, the only State larger in area than California, did not even pause in her marvelous progress because of the Galveston flood. So California's two million people are not bankrupt nor seriously affected in their courage or resources as a result of the damage to her principal city.

California's mountains, river beds and ancient gravel channels are still rich in gold. Her great valleys, two of which are larger than many Eastern States, are all of unmeasured fertility. On their ten million acres can be raised anything from oranges to potatoes. The semi-tropical fruits can be grown from San Diego on the south to Redding on the north—a stretch of six hundred miles of California soil and California climate.

Thirty or more thriving cities of five thousand or more people each, are centers of rich localities finding their markets in the world, and in their prosperity independent of any local affliction elsewhere.

Our forests of redwood, fir and pine along the coast and clothing the Sierra Nevada mountains never presented greater potential wealth than at the present.

Our oil fields are yearly furnishing millions of barrels of oil and immense electric power is being generated by the streams of the Sierra. Each of these industries has solved the problem of cheap power for California and yet neither has passed the first stage of development. Add to these our winters of gentle spring and our summers without enervating heat, making possible a maximum production per employee, and one may read the future of California among manufacturing States.

The great harbor of San Francisco is still open to the commerce of the world, and this connecting link between America and the expanding interests of the Orient, Alaska, and the islands of the Pacific has no less value than before the day of the disaster. The great steamship wharves of San Francisco are intact and so are the two great transcontinental railways, the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe. The three lines of the Southern Pacific report no diminution in freight or passenger business, not even around the bay of San Francisco, and equally cheering are the advices from the Santa Fe. The third transcontinental line to San Francisco, now building, the Western Pacific, is unaffected by the recent trouble and is going steadily on with its work.

California's markets are all the continents and islands of the earth. Our thirty-five thousand cars of apples, peaches, prunes, pears, plums, walnuts, olives, grapes, raisins and wines; our thirty thousand carloads of lumber, shipped by land and sea; our trainloads of sugar, vegetables and all the multitude of products of our favored soil command that same world-wide market that they have in past years.

Our universities at Berkeley and Palo Alto are not crippled; our schools, from primary schools to high schools, in their buildings, their equipment and the high class of instructors the salaries paid command, offer now as heretofore, the greatest possible inducement to home-seekers desiring the freest avenues for their children towards highest citizenship. California remains, as California always has been, "The Land of Opportunity."

There have been those who by their lurid and wild accounts of thousands dead and dying in the streets; half the city shaken down by earthquakes; the tales of wanton murder and plunder by the California National Guard; stories of stretches of the water-front engulfed in the sea and of deep subsidences of valleys and seashore; of buildings toppling into the ocean, and of yawning chasms swallowing countrysides, made the people of California smile. Let me again say the city of San Francisco is burned but not shaken down by the earthquake shock. Above all other misfortunes, this story of San Francisco destroyed by earthquake is the one most deeply resented by our people and the one most apt to injure us.

It is officially announced that the following graduates of Yale have received the nomination by twenty-five or more graduate electors to the vacancy in the Yale corporation caused by the expiration of the term of Chauncey M. Depew: Charles T. Catlin, Brooklyn N. Y., and Chauncey M. Depew of New York city, both of the class of 1836; Allen W. Evarts of New York and Gardiner Lathrop of Kansas City, Mo., both of the class of 1869; Otto T. Bannard, New York, class of 1876; William H. Taft, Washington, class of 1878; Gifford Pinchot, Washington, class of 1889; Herbert Parsons, New York, class of 1890, and Edward S. Harkness, New York, class of 1897. Of the above Messrs. Depew, Evarts, Lathrop, Bannard, Pinchot, Parsons and Harkness have declined to stand as candidates, leaving as candidates Mr. Catlin of Brooklyn and Secretary of War William H. Taft. The election will be on June 26.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

In a small town in California a new hospital has recently been erected on Salsipuedes street, and the Board of Directors in lieu of something better, suggested that the hospital bear the name of the street. One more cautious than the rest suggested that it would be well to know the meaning of such a name before making indiscriminate use of it, and it is to this man that the present success of the hospital is due, for on finding that Salsipuedes meant "get out if you can," the name was hastily changed to something less suggestive of "who enters here, leaves hope behind."

The recent earthquake brings to mind the similar disaster in Charleston twenty years ago, when among other supplications for Divine succor, that of a negro preacher bears recording. With his eyes turned towards heaven, and hands clasped reverently, he made the following petition: "Oh Gawd! you hab seen fit to visit us with dis affliction, and now we ask you to come an' help us; come you'self, an' doan't sen' you Son, for dis ain't no child's play."

A curious real estate transaction after the earthquake of 1868 was the transfer of the land adjoining the Palace Hotel site. It is told by one who calls himself "A Friend of Ralston and Woodworth," and it runs thus:

In 1866 the Grand Hotel site was owned by Commodore Selim Woodworth, U. S. N., and the Lock heirs. Selim Woodworth owned the larger part and refused to sell it for less than \$350,000.

The morning after the great earthquake of October, 1868, Selim Woodworth met Harpending in front of the Bank of California and said: "I want to sell you my Market street property. I am going away and do not intend to return to San Francisco." Harpending offered him \$150,000 for it. "Sold," Woodworth said, "but I have no time to give you the deed, because I am leaving now; but come with me into the Bank of California and W. C. Ralston will go on my bond. I will sign the deed if you will send it to me to Rome." The bond was given and Woodworth departed, and in a few days the deed followed Woodworth to Rome.

Real estate had been booming, but the earthquake had "knocked the boom silly." However, before the deed reached Rome the boom started again and the sales were at least 20 per cent higher than ever before. Woodworth's friends informed him by telegraph, and wanted him to hold his property at a higher price.

In due time Judge Crockett, Woodworth's attorney, appeared. Crockett insisted that Woodworth should receive \$200,000. Harpending positively refused, and Ralston said, "Very well; I'll give my own check for \$50,000 more," which he did, and handed the check to Crockett, who immediately produced the deed to Harpending, executed before the American Minister at Rome, for \$150,000. The deed was recorded here, with that amount as the consideration, while Woodworth received \$200,000.

Woodworth was honorable, Ralston was more so, but that was Ralston's way.

The late John Hay some years ago sent to Alexander Gunn of Cleveland for his perusal the manuscript of an interesting bit of work by Mark Twain, entitled, "A Conversation as it was at the Social Fireside in the time of the Tudors." Mr. Hay knew that his friend Gunn, a connoisseur of literature and art, would be much interested in what the former termed a "serious effort to bring back our literature and philosophy to the chaste Elizabethan standard." Mr. Gunn was so delighted with Twain's sketch that he wrote to Mr. Hay proposing to print a limited number of copies thereof for private distribution. It is said that Mr. Hay replied as follows: "The proposition you make to pull a few proofs of Twain's masterpiece is highly attractive, and, of course, highly immoral. I cannot properly consent to the suggestion, as I am afraid the great man would think I was taking an unfair advantage of his confidence. Accordingly, I will thank you to send back the manuscript as soon as possible; but if, in spite of my prohibition, you take those proofs, save me one." It were superfluous to add that, with this hint, the proofs were "pulled"—one for Mr. Hay and one for Mr. Gunn.

John A. Boyle of Newton took part in the civil war, and liked to tell about his experiences. At a meeting one evening he told the following incident which he said took place at the battle of Bull Run:

"I saw the men drop their guns and run, so I dropped mine and ran, too, but I was chased by one of the enemy, who had his gun in his hand. I ran the fellow a good race for two miles, and then I stumbled and fell, and was expecting him to come up and shoot me. He didn't come, so I looked around to see where he was, and to my surprise saw him sprawled out on the ground about two yards from me. I got up and looked at him, and saw that he had died from apoplexy."

Boyle's hearers asked what he did next, and he replied: "I wept for the man that I had run to death."

"My son," said the strict mother, at the end of a moral lecture, "I want you to be exceedingly careful about your conduct. Never, under any circumstances, do anything which you would be ashamed to have the whole world see you doing."

The small boy turned a handspring with a whoop of delight.

"What in the world is the matter with you? Are you crazy?" demanded the mother.

"No'm," was the answer. "I'm jes' so glad that you don't spec' me to take no baths never any more!"

One day during an examination a keen-eyed teacher observed one of his pupils take out his watch every minute or two. The peda-

gogue grew suspicious. Finally he strode slowly down the aisle and stopped in front of Willie's desk. "Let me see your watch," he commanded.

"Yes, sir," was the meek reply.

The teacher opened the front of the case. He looked somewhat sheepish when he read the single word, "Fooled." But he was a shrewd man. He was not to be thrown off the scent so easily. He opened the back of the case. Then he was satisfied. There he read, "Fooled again."

John Burroughs tells these anecdotes of the President in camp:

The Rough Riders, wherever they happen to be, look to President Roosevelt in time of trouble. One who had come to grief in Arizona was in jail. So he wrote the President, and his letter ran something like this:

Dear Colonel: I am in trouble. I shot a lady in the eye, but I did not intend to hit the lady; I was shooting at my wife."

And the presidential laughter rang out over the treetops. To another Rough Rider, who was in jail, accused of horse stealing, he had loaned two hundred dollars to pay counsel on his trial, and, to his surprise, in due time the money came back. The ex-Rough Rider wrote that his trial never came off. "We elected our district attorney," and the laughter again sounded and drowned the noise of the brook near by.

A Denver teacher showed the children a copy of Millet's familiar picture, "The Angelus," and after a full discussion asked them to write the story told by the picture.

The following was the production of one ten-year-old boy:

"It's a man and a lady a-pickin' potatoes. The 6 o'clock whistle blew and they quit."

In his "Story of My Life," Augustus J. C. Hare says that one Friday Cardinal Wiseman was invited by Miss Thurlow to dine with some friends of hers, who had quite forgotten to provide a fast-day dinner. However, the cardinal was quite equal to the occasion, for he stretched out his hands in benediction over the table, and said: "I pronounce all this to be fish," and forthwith enjoyed all the good things heartily.

The forty-year-old Montgomery block in San Francisco escaped unscathed from the fire that devastated the surrounding property, and that fact saved to the Sutro heirs 125,000 volumes, or one-half of the library of Adolph Sutro. After the death of Sutro the library was placed in storage, the heirs being undetermined as to what disposition to make of it. One portion, which was stored in a warehouse on Battery street, was destroyed. Among the other rare volumes contained in the portion saved were early quarto editions of Shakespeare, a collection of misprint Bibles, the first folio edition of Ben Jonson's works, and a priceless collection of pamphlets on the Civil War and the Revolutionary War. Contained among the books that were destroyed were 4000 "black letter" parchment volumes, written by monks, and dating from the second and third centuries up to the time of the invention of printing.

"Young Wife" writes: "I am very fond of reading advice to newly married folk. Recently I saw a hint that every husband is gratified if he finds his slippers ready warmed for him when he comes home of an evening. Please advise me as to the proper way to warm slippers." To her the Minneapolis Tribune gives this sage advice: Go to the cellar and get a hod of coal. You should have a slow fire going in the kitchen range during the afternoon. Rake the coals down to a level bed and pour in the hod of coal, and open the draughts. When the stovepipe shows red to the ceiling, and the top of the range is a cream yellow, and is so hot that a drop of water will evaporate when within two inches of the surface, close the damper and wait until the range cools down to 365 degrees Fahrenheit. If you have no thermometer, borrow one from the neighbor. (It is a small courtesy, but one that will be appreciated, if you suggest to your neighbor to bring her husband's slippers over and warm them on your range.) Put the slippers in the oven, close the door, and go through the house, singing merrily to yourself. From time to time look at the slippers, turning them occasionally so that the heat may reach all sides of them. They are well warmed when the toes begin to curl. When this occurs place them on the back of the range, covering them with a boiler lid. This will retain the heat. When you hear your husband coming up the steps take up the slippers on a toasting fork and carry them to his den. Some practical housewives garnish them with parsley, but this is a matter of choice.

A remarkable incident occurred at the dinner given May 16 by the officers' corps to Lieutenant-General von Mitzlaff, the retiring chief of the army riding school. Towards the end of the dinner, which took place on the second floor of the officers' casino, von Mitzlaff stepped out of the building and soon afterward reappeared in the dining-room mounted on his favorite charger and accompanied by a pack of hounds and made his final discourse on horsemanship from the saddle. Then, with a huntsman "halloo" to the hounds, which scampered away, the General rode down stairs after them and reached the courtyard without a mishap.

Admiral Cervera thus wrote to an American friend about our disaster in San Francisco: "It is with the greatest affliction of spirit that I have read in the papers of the awful catastrophe which occurred in America to the city of San Francisco. I beg to extend, through you, to all your countrymen, the victims of this great calamity, my heartfelt sympathy. All the world is stricken with sorrow and prays for their speedy restoration to their former happiness and prosperity."

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe passed her eighty-seventh birthday at her home in Beacon street, Boston last week, in good health, surrounded by her children.

FLEEING FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

The Exodus after the Fire—The Vast Stream of People Hastening to the Ferry—A Motley and Terrible Army.

The scenes at and after the earthquake, the retreat of the city dwellers before the fire—these have been described by many writers. But there is another episode which has been little touched upon, the flight to the ferries after the fire. For days San Francisco was a sealed city—those outside could not get in; those inside could not get out. The city was girt by dead-lines, patrolled by soldiery and vigilantes. These latter killed one unfortunate man who was attempting to enter on an errand of mercy. After six days the embargo was lifted, and the flight began. It is thus graphically pictured by Will G. McRae:

During the three days beginning Monday, April 23, the exodus from ruined San Francisco reached its height. Five days after the earthquake, five days after the greatest of fires had completed the ruin and devastation, the flight began. For days the seemingly endless stream of humanity flowed down Market street, through the huge portals of the big Ferry building, seeking refuge, on the boats, which carried them away from the scene of desolation.

It was a sight terrible to behold, this fleeing army of terror-stricken people: one that will linger long in the mind's eye. The story of that flight will become a legend to be handed down from generation to generation.

For days following the earthquake and fire no one was allowed to leave San Francisco. Only the lucky and resourceful managed to get to the ferry and to Oakland and thence away. Then came the days when the barriers were thrown down and the chance to go away was given to the homeless people of San Francisco. From somewhere came the word that the railroads would carry folks away from the city free of charge, and in a most incredibly short time, from mouth to mouth, the news was passed. Then began the flow of the endless tide of humanity to the ferry.

Over the twisted city streets, over the heaps of broken bricks, tangled wires and debris, scurrying over the still smoldering ruins, darting in and out beneath the tottering walls, welled and widened the hurrying throng. From north, from south, from east, from west they came, heavily laden with personal effects, household bric-a-brac and pets—a seething mass of turbulent, hurrying people, rushing away from the city of horror, death and destruction.

The sight of the fleeing multitude was a spectacle frightful to behold. It was a motley army. Men old and palsied, young men haggard and dust-stained, old women stumbling and tottering over brick and cobblestones, all bearing bundles, which, under rational and sane conditions, they could not have carried a dozen steps. Young women, weeping and sobbing, laughing and calling out in shrill, hysterical tones salutations to passersby; children, like their elders, half clad, filthy from five days without water, their faces horrible from hunger and fright, following pell-mell in the wake of hurrying parents. It was a mob with but one common thought, "We are going away. Let's hurry, hurry, hurry"; a conglomeration of things human and animal, jostling, pushing, shoving, parched of throat and bloodshot of eye.

And through the mass of moving humanity was scattered indiscriminately beauty and ugliness, gentleness and ferocity. Painted women from the underworld—the riffraff of the "Tenderloin," and ladies who a week before had ridden in their carriages, walked shoulder to shoulder and conversed glibly. Caste and social standing were nothing. It was not a time to pick one's company. What you were before the fire mattered not. It was just hurry! hurry! hurry!

It was a confusion made up of everything and everybody. People rode in hearses, in dead wagons, in express wagons, in trucks, automobiles, in carts and vehicles of every kind and description. Baby carriages were laden with furniture, children's wagons were utilized, and when they broke down the wheels were used to convey trunks and hand baggage. Everything that had a semblance of a wheel was put into service. Men and women, even children, were hitched like horses to trunks which were dragged over the rough streets and broken bricks and debris.

Every characteristic known to the human body and mind was on parade. Diseases and deformities erstwhile hidden were now flaunted before the unseeing and unheeding eyes of the crowd. Here was a face on which were written the lines of nameless vices. There was a face expressing stupidity and fear. Some walked as though they were in a trance, blundering into the path of rushing automobiles and under the feet of jaded horses, paying no more attention to the curses and imprecations heaped upon them by the reckless drivers than they did to the noise and turmoil around them.

From the cut at the end of Market street, from all the intersecting streets came the throng. It was a stream of humanity as far as the eye could see. And this crowd was not without its monsters. The powers that prey, those resourceful evildoers whose wits become the keener in such times, were active. The rifle bullet that stopped the hand of many a looter had no terrors for them. They plied their calling unmolested and unnoticed.

The beggar was there, and his twin brother, the street faker; the blind man, his eyeless sockets staring blankly in front. Insane persons mingled with the crowd, as did people afflicted with contagious disease. At the ferry on Tuesday a man stood and was elbowed by the crowd who had escaped from the smallpox hospital. His face was still covered with scales that were falling upon the garments of those who jostled him about. Others were there with half-dressed wounds received during the fire and earthquake, the smell of drugs and of burned flesh still pungent and strong.

At the Oakland mole were similar scenes. There the people were more clamorous. Railroad clerks groaned under the tremendous task of issuing free tickets. That human weakness for get-

ting something for nothing displaced much that was gentle in the people who were getting away from San Francisco. Never was the motto, "Me first, to hell with the rest," more apparent. Soldiers from the Fourteenth Infantry who were ordered from Vancouver, Wash., and an army of railroad employees kept the ever turning and twisting mass moving. In the hurry of getting tickets and getting away, parents forgot their children, wives became separated from husband, sisters from brothers. Above the clanging of bells and hissing steam rose the endless babel of voices, always in the same discordant key, now and then pierced by the wailing cry of a lost child, or the shrill call of a mother seeking her babe.

Everybody had a story to tell of his or her experience. Without invitation they poured their tales of woe into each other's ears. "We lost everything; just saved what clothes we've got on our back," was the preface to a story which began with the rocking of the earth, followed by nights spent in the parks and hours of dreary standing in the bread lines.

Six days after the disaster, I saw a man dressed in an evening coat and waistcoat, opera hat, blue overalls and a pair of logger's boots. He had been one of an opera party Tuesday evening and in the panic all he could find was the upper garments of his evening suit. The overalls and boots he picked up later in his wanderings. The appearance of this man was ludicrous to a degree, yet he did not mind it. I saw him, with his opera hat tilted far back on his head, the bosom of his evening shirt smeared and stained, cooking on the street for half a dozen women refugees. He was a man of means. His bachelor apartments had been in the burned district, and, like hundreds of others, he knew it was no use to worry, and had turned his attention to helping those who were helpless.

Sunday and Sunday night the scenes of the refugee camps over the city resembled very much the scene on Market street on the days of the exodus. Master and man, Christian and Jew, men and women of all nationalities and creeds were huddled together. Prayers were offered in every tongue, some sang hymns, some laughed and chattered like a lot of startled magpies, and until night came the babel continued, rising and falling in a strange, weird chorus of discordant sound with a thousand different accents.—Oregonian.

An English savant, Sir Jonathan Williams, says that the best English is spoken in Kentucky and the Ohio Valley rather than in London or any other part of the British Isles or possessions. Sir Jonathan has traveled through Australia, all of the different counties of England, Ireland and Scotland and through many of the states of the Union, examining the peculiarities of the different pronunciations.

"I have been interested in dialectical English for many years," said Sir Jonathan to a reporter at Chicago. "Your ordinary Englishman of the isles is, above all, dialectical. The same is true of your New Englander. The southlands of America have a drawl which is totally misplaced; the northlands of your country a nasal twang which is a joke to Englishmen. It is only on the middle ground here in America that I have found the true English, the English of Shakespeare and Dr. Johnson, unmixed with dialectical absurdities or with peculiarities of expression. Slang as such I do not find in Kentucky and the neighboring regions along the Ohio and Missouri rivers. Nor were the crudities of your Western Americanism so apparent there. The clipped and halting speech of Scotland comes nearer to the Kentucky English than any I have heard in my investigations. Australia is overlaid with a slang which is worse than the worst of your West. Your East is imitative of Cockneyisms, unnatural and, therefore, un-English. In the island itself the best English is not that of Oxfordshire or of Cambridgeshire, but of Kent and Southern Downs. This, however, does not approach in purity of diction, clearness of enunciation and adhesion to classical forms the English of your Middle West, which is neither your North nor your South, your East nor your West. I have found in the City of Louisville a pronunciation and a use of terms which is nearer, in my mind, to Addison and the English classicists than anything which the counties of England, the provinces of Australia or the marches of Scotland can offer."

After a conference with a number of his friends, Joseph R. Burton of Abilene, Kansas, handed in his resignation as United States Senator to Governor Hoch on Monday. Burton, no doubt, finally came to the conclusion that it were best to resign before the Senate expelled him. On May 22, the formal procedure looking to the expulsion of Senator Burton was set in motion. Mr. Hale, Senator from Maine, offered a resolution directing the Committee on Privileges and Elections to examine the legal effect of the decision of the Supreme Court, rendered the previous day against Burton, and to report to the Senate what action, if any, should be taken. This resolution was adopted without a dissenting vote. It was generally assumed that the report would recommend expulsion. It is significant that Senator Hale, the floor leader of the Republican party, offered the resolution. Mr. Bailey, for the Democrats, said some time ago that he would ask that some action be taken as soon as the Supreme Court decision was made. Burton, however, constantly refused to vacate his seat in the Senate, to the no little embarrassment of his Republican associates, who disliked to move against him before his case was decided in the courts. But when Burton saw that he would in all probability be expelled from the Senate, he finally followed the advice of his friends and resigned.

Refuting a statement that the behavior of John Sharp Williams on Cannon's seventieth birthday was open to criticism, the Washington Star (Ind., Rep.) says: "It is to be doubted if the whole history of the House from the beginning shows relations so cordial between Speaker and minority leader as those that exist between Mr. Cannon and Mr. Williams.

"What do you think of the bill I have introduced?" "Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "after the amendments and the Supreme Court's decisions get through with it it ought to make a pretty good sort of a law. But you can't tell."—Washington Star.

VANITY FAIR.

Gorky and His Woman Companion.

It was a very unfortunate beginning that Maxim Gorky made in America. This domestic scandal became so notorious that no high-class hotel in New York would open its doors to Mr. Gorky, while the woman companion remained with him. The manager of the Hotel Belleclaire felt obliged to turn out the Gorky party. Mr. Gorky's ideas concerning matrimony are evidently not the accepted American ideas. But Mr. Wilshire, his American friend, says: "I knew that Gorky was not married to the lady who accompanied him. I thought everybody else knew it. You have to make allowance for genius. I introduced my wife and mother-in-law to Mme. Gorky. I saw nothing wrong in it. . . . I am not narrow. I am liberal in my views." Mark Twain saw at once the serious mistake that had been made. He is a sincere sympathizer with Gorky's revolutionist aims against the Russian government and had been conspicuous among those who had welcomed the Russian novelist to America. As soon as he learned of the two Mrs. Gorkys, he very properly indicated his disapproval of his Russian friend's domestic arrangements, saying: "Every country has its laws of conduct and its customs, and those who visit a country other than their own must expect to conform to the customs of that country." Doubtless Baron Rosen, the Russian Ambassador, would prefer to have the woman companion stay and accompany Mr. Gorky wherever he may go and thus flaunt the fact that the real Mrs. Gorky and her children are at home in Russia,—for the astute Ambassador well knows what the effect would be. Mr. Howells said: "This is too delicate a matter for me to be quoted on. It would never do for me to discuss or criticize this thing one way or another in the public prints."

Similes in Novels.

Mr. Basil Tozer, in the May number of the "Author," protests against the hackneyed similes which prevail in the majority of present-day novels, where, for instance, the young ladies have their hair invariably resembling (1) a raven's wing, (2) burnished copper, (3) burnished gold, with "Cupid's bows" and "dainty shells" doing duty for other features. The matter is undoubtedly urgent, and something must be done to preserve the taste of the romance-reading public. We can but make the sporting offer of a small assortment of figures of speech to the purveyors of this class of literature. Subject to the ordinary wear and tear, they should prove serviceable for the next five publishing seasons at least. We suggest, therefore, that forthcoming heroines should be re-equipped with some of the following embellishments:

Tresses, like (1) the pinion of a rook, (2) peroxide of hydrogen, (3) American "rolled gold."
 Mouth, a la Jew's harp, or Venus's fly-trap.
 Teeth outvying the morbid growths in an oyster-shell.
 Eyes that rival pools of ink, Reckitt's blue, Kentish cobnuts, or dog violets.
 Eyebrows stippled with an artist's hand.
 Ears, like (a) the half of a bivalve, (b) a periwinkle.
 Forehead, smooth as celluloid or a hard-boiled egg.
 Complexion, dazzling as the finest pearl-powder salts of bis-muth.—Punch.

French Books About American Society.

There has been a large harvest in France in the last few months of books on America, the last being the "Impressions of a French Woman in America," by Mlle. Therese Vianzone. The volume is dedicated to Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, and the writer sings her praises without stint. Mlle. Vianzone says that the President's wife affords the greatest possible contrast to her distinguished husband. She found him all force and energy and push, while Mrs. Roosevelt was distinctly the opposite. To the writer the "first woman of America" appeared to be all grace, finesse and diplomacy. The President and his wife, according to Mlle. Vianzone's impressions, supplement each other perfectly and therefore live in the utmost harmony. From beginning to end the volume is a song of gratitude to the American people. The writer found the hospitality of that country unsurpassed both individually and collectively. She goes into personalities with the greatest freedom, and tells just what she thinks of Secretary Bonaparte, Cardinal Gibbons, Julia Ward Howe, the Pierces, Turnbills, Litchfields and McCormicks. The personal characteristics of all these people—and many others—are commented upon most favorably, and little stories of their home life are given to show how charming is their hospitality. The interest in the United States at this time is manifested by the fact that all of the French newspapers highly praise this volume for its accuracy. It is especially commended for its treatment of American hospitality. Some of the most notable of this book's predecessors in recent months concerning American life and things are entitled "Women of America," "American Things," "Letters on America," "American Reflections," "An Empire at Work," "The Other Side of the United States" and "American Impressions."

Plain Feeding in Regal Splendor.

Ambassador Reid's reception to the American women in London last week was a study in contrasts. Dorchester house, a palace of marble, is the most magnificent private residence in all London. Mrs. Reid wore a gown of white satin covered with black lace. Her jewels were three great sapphire and diamond pendants. The flowers that adorned the reception rooms had cost a small fortune. Refreshments were served in one of the large dining-rooms. The regal splendor of this apartment was in the strongest contrast to the plain but wholesome fare which was set before the guests. There was plenty of bread and butter, dozens of currant buns and of scores cut in half and not buttered. Among the guests were Mrs. Potter, the Bishop's wife; Lady Lister-Kaye and Mrs. John W. Mackay. Mrs.

Reid gave her guests better accounts of Miss Jean Reid, who is still in Ireland, where to gain a change of air her father took her to stay with the Countess of Gosford.

Extravagance in English Society.

The late Duchess of Rutland once alleged that the men and women in a Scotch town, where she was staying during the shooting season, ate eleven meals a day. It is, of course, notorious that the chefs in several private houses in England today receive salaries of \$4000, \$6000, \$7500 and, in one case, \$10,000, and would think a dinner fit only for a workhouse feast if its material, including fruit and wine, cost much less than \$175 or \$200 for a score of guests. One young English peeress, whose husband has an income of \$1,500,000 a year, was so disgusted with the waste of rich food with which she was confronted in the principal of her new homes that she dismissed the chef and engaged a woman cook for \$325 a year, and she now alleges that she, her husband, and her guests are all much better fed for a third the former cost.

Gentlemen Callers in Nebraska.

Separation of the sexes, so far as boarding and rooming houses are concerned, was the order given by E. Benjamin Andrews, chancellor of the University of Nebraska. Male and female students of the university have mingled indiscriminately heretofore, although recently the practice has been frowned upon. The formal order of Chancellor Andrews is as follows:

"The residence of men and women students in the same lodging houses (as distinguished from families) is not approved and not, as a rule, permitted.

"A landlady rooming students is expected to provide for their use until half after ten on Friday and Sunday evenings a reception room properly warmed and lighted. Women students in these houses will receive gentlemen callers only in the reception rooms. Gentlemen will take notice and govern themselves accordingly."

Moccasin Charley's Marriage.

The circumstances preceding and attending the marriage of Moccasin Charley, at Skunk Point, Okla., have not been fully understood (says the Washington Post). Moccasin Charley had been circulating about Skunk Point rather more fluently than seemed advisable in the opinion of the veteran inhabitants. He was known as the "Cowboy Pianist," and had made successful tours in Kansas, Iowa, and Nebraska, returning to Skunk Point with considerable money. Wild West clothes—made in Cincinnati—and several six-shooters that were much too shiny for the popular philosophy. Naturally, he wore his hair very long, like Buffalo Bill and Cherokee Jake and the rest of the swells. Likewise, he cultivated a big drooping moustache, which always made the female seminaries up North break out in spots. Charley had just returned from a melodious raid on Kansas. He was wadded all over with money—he hadn't anything else except his usual harness—and he flashed the long green at the Catamount until it amounted to a sin for any one to keep even half-way sober.

"I guess," said Charley, after the eleventh round of Pike's Mag-nolia, "that I'm about the most desperate and fearless thing in the whole chaparral belt. I'll tackle anything that wears fur, hair, horns, or hoofs, and glad of the chance." Then he sat down at the pianer, and played and sang "Lorena," while the gang wept noisily. Moccasin Charley threw back his hair, ordered "pisen" all around, and then broke out into "Where is My Wandering Love To-night?" And just about that time the Widow Kelly bulged into the arena, with eyes aflame and hair in fine frenzy rolling, and she jerked Moccasin Charley off the piano stool and sat upon his heaving chest. There were some incidental remarks on her part relative to liars, betrayers, serpents, and tarantulas. Moreover, she fished from the deep Charybdis of her petticoat a pair of shears, and took his hair off till he looked like Rockefeller. Then they were married out of hand by a red-nosed gentleman in black, who had kept quiet and consoled himself with heeltaps during the excitement. And this is the true and full history of Moccasin Charley's untimely nuptials.

Perfumed and Musical Motor Cars.

The automobile world hails with great satisfaction the report that Mme. Hengelmuller, wife of Emperor Franz Joseph's Ambassador to the United States, has discovered a way not only to get rid of the vile smell that accompanies gasoline motors, but to substitute therefor "a delicious and ineffable scent like unto myrrh and incense." As one of the belles dames of France recently said: "Think of flying along the roads in an intoxication of speed and perfume! And then we may vary odors. One may have a 12-horsepower machine in simple violet, a 24-horsepower machine in double violet, a 36-horsepower in amaryllis de Japon and a 40-horsepower in jardin du couvent. The highways will hereafter be as sweet as sachet hags." And now the inventors are reported as seriously at work on motors that will play the finest quality of orchestral music as they skim along. "Next year," said the fair Parisienne above quoted, "I expect to take a Wagnerian cure at Baireuth in an automobile that will play en route a complete repertory of Offenbach."

Pope and King.

As a sequel to the presence of the four Cardinals at the dinner given by American Ambassador White, in honor of Archbishop Ireland, April 25, Cardinal Oreglia, dean of the Sacred College, who, by virtue of his rank is entitled to direct matters of ceremony among his brother Cardinals, has written a letter to each of the four Cardinals, Vincenzo, Vannutelli, Santoli, Mathieu and Martinelli, asking them for an explanation of their presence at a function given by a diplomat accredited to the King of Italy instead of the Pope. Some of the offending Cardinals have replied to the letter, but at least one has not done so. On May 8, at the instigation of Cardinal Oreglia, all Cardinals living in Rome received a circular note recalling to their attention the propriety of observing the rules regarding their relations with personages connected with the Italian Court.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Secretary Taft, who has just been visiting New Haven, recovered the huge cane, while there, that he carried while attending Yale College. It was in the possession of Mrs. George H. Hotchkiss.

The recent and serious attack of gout experienced by the Pope has caused a fear to be felt in Vatican circles that the time may not be far distant when it will be necessary to hold a new conclave. When he was elected at the last conclave, scarcely three years ago, Pius X enjoyed robust health.

William J. Bryan was endorsed for President on May 22 by the Democratic Judicial Convention of sixteen counties of northwestern Ohio. The resolutions, which were adopted with cheers, declare that Bryan would have been renominated and elected in 1904 had the trusts not stolen the nomination from him, and that the National Democracy will nominate him in 1908 by acclamation.

The most interesting figure at the ceremony of laying the cornerstone of the United States Engineering Building, was Charles Hayes Haswell. Though ninety-seven years old he is still in the active practice of his profession. Mr. Haswell was the first chief engineer and engineer-in-chief of the United States Navy, and designed and operated the first steam launch.

Some people who called on President Roosevelt recently asked him what he thought of the bitter feeling that had grown out of the allegations of Senators Bailey and Tillman and ex-Senator Chandler. The President's response was that hereafter there were certain Senators and representatives of Senators whom he should always see in the presence of a stenographer. "I hope," he added, "that they will cease caterwauling and pass that rate bill."

Sergius Witte has stepped down from the Russian premiership and M. Goremykin has taken his place. Goremykin's enmity for Witte has been lively since 1899, when Witte, then Minister of Finance, convicted Goremykin, who was Minister of the Interior, of having deceived the Emperor in denying the prevalence of famine in certain provinces. The new premier owns large dairy farms in Novgorod province and sells most of the milk used in St. Petersburg.

In New York recently H. Gaylord Wilshire gave a remarkable dinner to meet the Russian Maxim Gorky. Among his guests were H. G. Wells, the English novelist and scientist, who is also a Socialist; Prof. Franklin Giddings, and Arthur Brisbane, the editor of the Hearst newspapers. "Wilshire's Magazine has now reached a circulation of 310,000 copies a month, a pinnacle of success which none of his friends ever believed he could reach," says the Los Angeles Graphic.

Richard Croker keeps in close touch with American affairs through the newspapers or constant visitors from New York. He said to a visitor a few days ago: "I think Roosevelt is bound to be re-nominated and re-elected. His actions show he is more in the fight today than he ever was. Nothing can get him out of it. If opposition arises to him in the Republican party I should, if I were at home, favor his nomination by the Democratic National Convention, as the situation stands today."

Representative Charles Beary Landis of Indiana, who made a "stand-pat" tariff speech one afternoon in the House, exclaimed with great declamatory effect: "Four members of the Landis family met their death on Southern battle-fields." "Yes," said John Sharp Williams, "but four of them remain to serve their country in offices of public trust." And everybody laughed, for two Landises are members of Congress, one is a Federal Judge in Chicago, and one is Director of Posts in Porto Rico.

Former Chief Engineer John F. Wallace, of the Isthmian Canal, writes to the Committee on Inter-oceanic Canals, in reply to Secretary Taft's recent testimony before that committee. Mr. Wallace charges Secretary Taft with having abused his official position in order to make a second assault upon him and to place in a public record statements "calculated and apparently intended to affect my reputation for veracity, such as he would not make to me as one man to another, face to face."

Major Frank P. Fremont, of the Fifth Infantry, who is a son of General John C. Fremont, has filed a petition in bankruptcy, with liabilities of \$11,297 and cash assets of \$23. The debts were contracted in New York City, Plattsburg, Mobile, Washington, D. C., and San Francisco, principally for borrowed money for notes. Among the creditors is the Anglo-Californian National Bank of San Francisco, \$400, for money loaned on notes. Major Fremont was appointed to the Military Academy at West Point from Arizona.

In forty-three years Edward Payson Weston has accomplished eight notable feats in pedestrianism and not a few smaller ones. His just-completed task of walking from Philadelphia to New York, at the age of sixty-eight, in less time than he took to cover the same course in 1863, is a performance in a class by itself. In 1867 Mr. Weston walked from Portland, Me., to Chicago, about 1500 miles, in twenty-five days. In 1874 he walked 500 miles in six days, and five years later he added fifty miles to that record, winning the Astley belt. In 1879, too, he tramped 5000 miles in a hundred days.

Reports of the purchase of the Krupp Iron Works by the German Government find support in the fact that Fraulein Bertha Krupp, the world's richest woman, who owns a controlling interest in the concern, which in 1900 was capitalized at 160,000,000 marks (\$40,000,000), has announced her engagement—not to a technical man, as long anticipated, but to a young diplomat of no business experience, Gustave von Bohlen und Halbach, Secretary of the Prussian Legation at the Vatican. Since her father's death Emperor William has been her matrimonial adviser. It is believed by thousands that Miss Krupp's father, whose funeral was held in November, 1902, did not die at all, but is alive and hiding in a distant clime to avoid the disgrace incident to a hideous scandal.

THE ALLEGED HUMORIST.

Mrs. Malaprop—"My husband is just crazy since the fishin' season opened. He can't think or talk of anything else." Mrs. Browne—"Fond of angling, is he?" Mrs. Malaprop—"I should say so. He's a reg'lar anglomaniac."—Philadelphia Press.

The advertising manager was in a towering rage. "What's the trouble?" they asked. "Why, they went and placed our prima donna's testimonial for a cold cure on the same page with the announcement that she had a sore throat and couldn't sing."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Mr. Gotrox—"Suppose I were to tell you that I was bankrupt—that every dollar of my fortune had been swept away—would you still be willing to marry my daughter?" Cholly Softy (enthusiastically)—"Why, of course I would! Such a man as you could easily pitch in and make another fortune, sir."—Judge.

"I see that trials by 'phone have been pronounced illegal." "Glad of it. I've been severely tried by mine."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"You are taking a great deal of interest in this investigation." "Yes," answered the Statesman. "I have to give it close personal attention. I want to make sure it doesn't develop anything I don't care to have known."—Washington Star.

"Does your rheumatism bother you much?" "I should say it did. Every idiot I meet asks questions about it."—Cleveland Leader.

Grace—"I hear that Charlie and Helen have made up their quarrel." Gussie—"Only temporarily. They are going to be married soon."—Chicago Daily News.

"He introduced the bill in the legislature, you know." "The bill. What bill?" "Why, the bill. Before his time the grafters were mostly reckless fellows and used checks."—Puck.

First Politician's Wife—"My husband gives me every cent he earns." Second Politician's Wife—"Is that all? Why, my husband gives me every cent he gets."—Judge.

The Man (in street car)—"Take my seat, madam." The Woman—"Thank you, but I also get out at the next corner."—Chicago Daily News.

The Lender—"All right, I'll lend you \$5, but don't forget that you owe it to me." The Borrower—"My dear fellow, I shall never forget it as long as I live."—Brooklyn Life.

Maud—"Mr. Wappington asked me for three dances last night." May—"Yes, he told me that he felt it his duty to make a sacrifice of some kind before Lent was ended."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"That man is so honest he wouldn't steal a pin," said the admiring friend. "I never thought much of the pin test," answered Miss Cayenne. "Try him with an umbrella."—Washington Star.

The friend—"There'll be something in the case for you, I suppose?" The Lawyer—"This isn't exactly professional, but I'm free to observe that there'll be nothing in it for anybody else."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Can't I sell you a painless corn cure, madam?" said the peddler. "No, you can't!" snapped the woman of the house. "I have no painless corns." Then the door was shut with a sudden slam.—Chicago Tribune.

"What is your opinion on this question?" asked the friend. "Let us understand each other," rejoined Senator Sorghum; "do you want my opinion or do you want to know how I am going to vote."—Washington Star.

"Oh, that mine enemy would write a book!" I cried. And straightway he did—a cook book.—Philadelphia Record.

Nell—"I really believe she married him for his money." Belle—"Well, eliminate his money, and what else would there be of him?"—Philadelphia Record.

"Say, doesn't our Congressman do anything but draw his salary?" "Oh, yes." "What?" "He spends it."—Cleveland Leader.

First tramp—"Says in this 'ere paper as 'ow some of them millionaires works eight and ten hours a day, Bill." The Philosopher—"Ah, it's a 'ard world for some poor blokes!"—Punch.

The Wife—"He told me that if I married him my every wish would be gratified." The Mother—"Well, is it not so?" The Wife—"No, I wish I hadn't married him."—Cleveland Leader.

"The vote that I esteem," said the statesman, "is the vote that is not bought." "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum; "you can figure that as clear profit."—Washington Star.

"Rimer takes himself very seriously, doesn't he?" "Yes, indeed." "Most of his poetry is pathetic, isn't it?" "That's what he calls it, but the editors say it's pitiful."—Philadelphia Press.

"Are you ready to live on my income?" he asked softly. She looked up into his face, trustingly. "Certainly, dearest," she answered, "if—if—" "If what?" "If you can get another one for yourself."—Judge.

"Fie, fie! my boy," said old Mr. Goodley. "I'm surprised that you should tease that cat in that way." "Why?" asked the bad boy pausing in his inhuman work, "do yer know any better way."—Philadelphia Press.

"Our John's goin' to be a preacher, I guess," said Farmer Korn-top, "judging from what his college professor sez about him." "What's that?" asked his wife. "He sez he's inclined to be bibulous."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Baron—"The Duke is but little better than a common tradesman." The Prince—"Ah?" "Yes. He actually solicits marriage with hejresses instead of waiting for them or their mothers to approach him on the subject."—Brooklyn Life.

STANDARD FORM FOR PROOFS OF LOSS.

Regular Form In Use by Practically All Fire Insurance Companies.

So much difficulty has been experienced by many policyholders in securing the requisite blank forms for filing their proofs of loss that we print herewith the "Standard Form" used by practically all fire insurance companies:

To the

INSURANCE COMPANY,
of

By Your Policy of Insurance No. dated 190
issued to by your Agent
..... for the term of and expiring
....., at twelve o'clock, noon, you insured the party herein and herein named, against loss or damage by Fire, to the amount of Dollars,
more fully appears by the printed portions and conditions of said Policy, the written portion and all endorsements, transfers and assignments thereupon, being as follows, viz.:

2. The property thus insured at the date of policy and time fire hereinafter mentioned belonged to
..... and no other person or persons had any interest therein, except as follows:

3. The building was occupied by the following persons and for the following purposes, and by no other person or persons:

4. A fire occurred on the day of 190.,
about the hour of o'clock, ... M., by which the property named in the Policy was destroyed or damaged as hereinafter set forth in detail.

5. The whole value of the property amounted to \$.....
which was the actual cash value at the time immediately preceding the fire, as set forth in annexed Schedule A.

6. The whole amount of loss sustained is \$..... as set forth in annexed Schedule A.

7. The whole insurance on said property at the time of the fire, including that above mentioned, was \$..... and no more. See Schedule B annexed. Full copies of the written portions of all policies and endorsements are hereto annexed, or will be furnished on demand.

8. claim of your Company its proportion of said loss, viz.: \$..... as per Apportionment Schedule B.

9. The fire originated as follows, viz.: (State here fully the circumstances connected with the origin of the fire.)

10. Nothing has been done by or with privity or consent to violate the conditions of Insurance, or void the policy; and will furnish, whenever required by said Company, full particulars exhibiting the construction of the building containing the property insured, its dimensions and condition at the time of the said fire, and such additional information concerning said insured property, its actual sound value, the damage thereto, and the insurance thereon, as well by means of books of account and other vouchers furnished, as by replies to interrogatories made, shall be required by said Company.

Witness hand at day of 190

STATE OF
COUNTY OF

PERSONALLY APPEARED
the signer of the foregoing statement, and made solemn oath that said statement is just and true, according to the best of knowledge and belief.

Before me,
Justice of the Peace (or) Notary Public.

STATE OF
COUNTY OF

I,
residing in most contiguous to the property hereinbefore described, hereby certify that I am not concerned in the loss or claim above set forth, either as a creditor or otherwise, or related to the assured or sufferers; that I have examined the circumstances attending the fire, or damage as alleged, and that I am well acquainted with the character and circumstances of the assured, and do verily believe that the assured has by misfortune, and without fraud or evil practice, sustained loss and damage in the property insured to the amount of Dollars.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and official seal, this A. D. 190...

TO "ARGONAUT" SUBSCRIBERS.

The fire did not interrupt the publication of the "Argonaut." Every number has been posted to our mail subscribers, with the exception of those in the burnt district of San Francisco. These latter are requested to send their NEW ADDRESSES to the Argonaut Mailing Clerk, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Recollection.

(With Apologies to an Old Favorite.)
I remember, I remember the flat where
I was born,
The little window where the sun came
peeping in at morn;
Until the maid of all work pulled down
the window shade
And shut out all the sunshine for fear
the rug would fade.

I remember, I remember the gas lamp
in the hall
That sometimes burned till 12 o'clock
and sometimes not at all:
'Twas just a little flicker in all that
waste of gloom,
Like someone with a candle illuminat-
ing Doom.

I remember, I remember that things
both great and small
Were made to fold up into some recess
in the wall;
The bathtub was in sections, and
when the bath was o'er
It folded up and fitted a panel in the
door.

I remember, I remember the meters
everywhere,
A meter for the sunshine, a meter for
the air,
For heat and gas and water, in every
sink and tub,
We had the metric system for every-
thing but grub.

I remember, I remember the furniture
we had,
A grand piano that became a folding-
bed for Dad;
The sofa was a clothes-press, the day-
enport a trunk,
The hall clock was a swindle that col-
lapsed into a bunk.

I remember, I remember that I sat on
Mother's knee,
There was no nook or cranny that she
could find for me;
And also I remember that we moved
soon after that—
Our landlord would not let us have
children in the flat.

To My Laundress.

My collar is quaintly serrated,
In shreds is the shirt underneath,
My cuffs are so deftly dentated
You'd take them for trimmings of
teeth;
Stiffly starched is my evening choker,
My handkerchief's blemished with
blue,
And the reason, oh reasonless joker,
My Laundress, is—you!

A philosophy firmer than Plato's
Would falter and fail at the sight
Of my linen like souffled potatoes
And all the good garments you
blight.
Can you marvel, O ghoul, that I'm
madened
When barely a month has gone by
Since the gloss of their novelty glad-
dened
My glistening eye?

If I stole from a stately collection
And sent you a sult of plate mail,
Would its coming occasion dejection,
Would armor against you avail?
Or with joy would you prance half de-
mented,
And proudly proceed to display
How the steel hasn't yet been invented
That you couldn't fray?

If I dressed as the Daughters of Dawn
dress
(Dear dreams clad in dewdrops and
mist)

Should I dodge you, demoniac Laund-
ress,
Or, would you, remorseless, insist
That my dimly diaphanous raiment
Should visit you every week

To endure, for preposterous payment,
The vengeance you wreak?

Now, it may be you're sent as a
scourge for
The many misdeeds of mankind;
In the havoc I'm droning this dirge for
Our penance we mortals may find;
But the view that I favor is prosier:
You're just a paid agent of Trade,
You're in lucrative league with my
hosler,
Oh, infamous jade.

A Fish's Hornpipe.

As I was wandering alone
Along the wave-washed dunes,
I heard eleven fiddler crabs
A-playing pleasant tunes.
All in a row with each his how,
As merry as could be,
A fish's hornpipe they composed
Beside the sounding sea.

And as they squeaked and twanged
and tweaked
The waves began to prance,
As all the folk of Ocean came
To join the merry dance.
The northern seal he took the eel
For his cotillon set,
And every minnow seized a fin
And danced a minnow-et.

The dolphin and the walrus grand
They made a graceful pair—
But, faith, it was the octopus
Drove others to despair!
For with his charms of many arms
His dancing was sublime,
As right among the rest he swung
Eight mermaids at a time.

A portly whale stood on his tail
And said: "Miss Anchovy,
I do declare, we're quite a pair!
Please, won't you dance with me?"
Whereat a shrimp grew pale and limp
Because a swordfish cruel
Had quarreled about a pretty trout
And wished to fight a duel.

At this the gentle fiddler crabs
Were filled with great dismay,
So each one packed his violin
And bowed and went his way;
The little fishes hurried off
In violent alarm;
But the merry octopus went home
With a mermaid on each arm.
—Wallace Irwin, in Saturday Evening
Post.

"Ethel," he whispered, "will you
marry me?"
"I don't know, Charles," she replied
cooly.
"Well, when you find out," he said,
rising, "send me word, will you? I
shall be at Mabel Hick's until 10
o'clock. If I don't hear from you by
10, I'm going to ask her."—London
Tit-Bits.

Scott—At first he was crazy about
her, but now he neglects her shame-
fully.
Mott—I see—at first he went out of
his mind, and then she went out of
his mind.—Springfield (Mass.) Union.

Elderly Aunt—Your husband carries
life insurance, of course?
Young Wife—For himself? No, in-
deed! He thinks so much of me,
though, that he has had my life in-
sured for \$10,000. Isn't that thoughtful
of him?—Chicago News.

Proofreader—You speak here of Nu-
ritch's house as "a magnificent marble
pile."
Editor—Well?
Proofreader—Well, it isn't marble at
all; it's a frame building.
Editor—That so? Ten just substi-
tute "wood" for "marble."—Philadelphia
Press.

"Tom's a fool!" "Why, Margery! I
thought you liked him." "Well, we
were sitting on the sofa last night,
and he bet me that I couldn't whistle.
And I turned to him and puckered up
my lips to start, and—" "Well?"
"Well, he let me whistle!"—Cleveland
Leader.

Banks—Are you crazy man? Why
on earth are you asking for a straw
with your highball?
Tanks—Because I've just promised
my wife that I'll never again put a
whisky glass to my lips.—Famille
Journal.—Tales.

LITERARY NOTES.

Jack London's Letter Denying Plagiarism.

If any reader has recently seen printed charges of plagiarism made against Jack London—which we have not—and if anybody believes him to be capable of plagiarism—which we do not—here is a letter which he has written to S. S. McClure concerning these charges:

April 10, 1906.

Dear Mr. McClure: In reply to yours of April 3. Life is so short and people so silly, that from the very beginning of my career, when I first began to get newspaper notoriety because of my youthful socialism, I made it a point to deny nothing charged against me in the newspapers. On the other hand, I have made it a courtesy to deny such things when requested to do so by my friends. Wherefore, because of your request, I am now making this explanation of the similarity between my "Love of Life" and Augustus Bridle's and J. K. MacDonald's "Lost in the Land of the Midnight Sun."

It is a common practice of authors to draw material for their stories from the newspapers. Here are facts of life reported in journalistic style, waiting to be made into literature. So common is this practice that often amusing consequences are caused by several writers utilizing the same material. Some years ago, while I was in England a story of mine was published in the San Francisco Argonaut. In the Century of the same date was published a story by Frank Norris. While these two stories were quite different in manner of treatment, they were patently the same in foundation and motive. At once the newspapers paralleled our stories. The explanation was simple: Norris and I had read the same newspaper account, and proceeded to exploit it. But the fun did not stop there. Somebody dug up a Black Cat published a year previous, in which was a similar story by another man who used the same foundation and motive. Then Chicago hustled around and resurrected a story that had been published some months before the Black Cat story, and that was the same in foundation and motive. Of course, all these different writers had chanced upon the same newspaper article.

So common is this practice of authors, that it is recommended by all the instructors in the art of the short story, to read the newspapers and magazines in order to get material. Charles Reade swore by this practice. I might name a lengthy list of the great writers who have advised this practice.

All the foregoing merely to show that this practice exists and is generally employed by story-writers. Now to the "Love of Life," which the New York World so generously paralleled with "Lost in the Land of the Midnight Sun." "Lost in the Land of the Midnight Sun" is not a story. It is a narrative of fact. It was published in McClure's Magazine. It tells of the actual sufferings of a man with a sprained ankle in the country of the Coppermine River. It is not fiction, and it is not literature. I took the facts of life contained in it, added to them many other facts of life gained from other sources, and made, or attempted to make, a piece of literature out of them. There was another narrative of suffering that I used quite as extensively as I did "Lost in the Land of the Midnight Sun." This other narrative was a newspaper account of a lost and wandering prospector near Nome, Alaska. On top of this, I drew upon all my own personal experience of hardship and suffering and starvation, and upon the whole fund of knowledge I had of the hardship and suffering and starvation of hundreds and thousands of other men.

If you will turn to the end of my "Love of Life" you will find that my rescued hero becomes suddenly fat. This abrupt obesity was caused by his stuffing under his shirt all the spare hardtack he could beg from the sailors. Now I did not invent him. It is a fact of life. You will find it in Lieutenant Greely's narrative of the Greely Polar expedition. I scarcely see how I could be charged with plagiarizing from Lieutenant Greely; and yet if I plagiarized from Augustus Bridle and J. K. MacDonald for some of my material, I must have plagiarized from Lieutenant Greely for some more of my material, and I must have plagiarized from the newspaper correspondent who described the wanderings of the Nome prospector, and I must have plagiarized from the experiences of scores and scores of Alaskan prospectors whose accounts I have heard from their own lips.

The World, however, did not charge

me with plagiarism. It charged me with identity of time and situation. Certainly the World is right. I plead guilty, and I am glad that the World was intelligent enough not to charge me with identity of language.

But little remains to be said. It might be well to explain how that half-page of deadly parallel was published in the World. In the first place, Sensation is the goods demanded by a newspaper of its space-writers. The suggestion of plagiarism is certainly suggested. The loose meaning of words in the average mind would make ninety per cent of the readers of such a parallel infer that plagiarism had been charged.

Secondly, the space-writer writes for a living. I hope for his own soul's sake that this particular space-writer also writes for his living. His newspaper wanted the goods of sensation, and by refusing to charge plagiarism, while leaving the inference of plagiarism to the reader, this space-writer sold half a page to the World.

In conclusion, I, in the course of making my living by turning journalism into literature, used material from various sources which had been collected and narrated by men who had made their living by turning the facts of life into journalism. Along comes the space-writer of the World who makes his living by turning the doings of other men into sensation. Well, all three of us made our living; and who's got any kick coming?

Sincerely yours,

JACK LONDON.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Paul Elder and Company's San Francisco retail store will be located on Van Ness avenue, corner of Bush street. They have secured plans for an attractive building. Their publishing business, however, owing to the entire loss of their manufacturing facilities, will be moved at once to New York city to enable them to reprint and bring out their new publications for the fall season. This move will doubtless be permanent, as the difficulties of working so far from the natural publishing center were always found to be a great handicap. Their new title pages therefore will be imprinted "San Francisco and New York."

Paul Elder and Company announce the immediate publication of a work on the San Francisco disaster by Charles Keeler. Mr. Keeler took active part in the relief work and stayed through all the days of the conflagration and first reorganization.

The publishers have secured rights to a number of copyright photographs, and will illustrate the book with a series of plates showing the results of the earthquake, the burning city, the ruins, the relief work and reorganization. Several are from the famous Pillsbury series, and others are by such artists as Oscar Maurer, O. V. Lange and H. S. Hooper.

The book was undertaken by the publishers to serve as an evidence that facilities for good book work still remain in the San Francisco bay region. They confess, however, to many "amusing" difficulties in the process of manufacture, and the completion of the edition will be greeted with relief.

Very notable editorials are those written by Arthur Brisbane for the Hearst papers. Mr. Brisbane is probably the highest paid editor in the world; he is a graduate of one of the leading institutions of learning, and yet keeps in touch and in close sympathy with the masses of the people; a man who is a radical of radicals and a democrat to the core. There is probably no man writing in America today who has a wider and more sympathetic constituency than Arthur Brisbane. The announcement that the editorials in the Hearst papers are published in book form has resulted in a spontaneous subscription by people all over the country.—Oakland Enquirer.

Mrs. C. N. Williamson had intended, on leaving America, to head for Japan in search of novel scenery for a motor-car story. To a friend's inquiry about that plan, Mrs. Williamson answers from Cape St. Martin: "I have such a growing disgust for that big, wet, gray thing, the sea, that I 'funk' Japan: so we will—I suppose—spend our summer in England, and perhaps go to Venice for next September and part of October, till it's time to come back here."

John T. McCutcheon, sailed the other day for Constantinople, then through Odessa, Tiflis, the Caucasus mountains, the Caspian Sea, Myrrb and Andjan, and then by caravan to China, whence a thousand miles' journey northward takes him into Siberia, to proceed either east or west—which he has not yet decided—on the Trans-Siberian

Railway. The trip is not for any newspaper; it's a pleasure trip pure and simple.

In the biographical study of Alphonse Daudet, by Robert Sherard, is found the following description of the novelist's methods of working, as they were related by himself to the writer: "I write slowly, very slowly, and revise and revise. My books go through many processes. To begin with, I fill my note books. From these written notes and my memory I write out in copybooks the first copy of my novel. I write this first copy on alternate pages of my copybooks and leave the opposite sheet blank. When the book is finished in its rough state I rewrite it page by page on the blank sheets. The page on the right hand is the amended copy of the page on the left. Then my wife looks at this second copy and suggests to me what improvements might be made. I note these down. Then I rewrite the whole book again with the joy of a school boy who feels that a wearisome task is ended."

Owen Seaman has succeeded to the position of editor of London's famous comic weekly, "Punch," left vacant by the resignation of Sir Francis C. Burnand. The retiring editor is the author of more than 120 plays, chiefly burlesques and light comedies, and has written also a number of books. Now the admirable parodist, Owen Seaman, takes the head of the table. By the way, his engagement to Ethel Barrymore has just been declared off.

WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

Suit was brought in San Francisco on June 4 against the estate of the late Jane Stanford for \$608,000 by Annie L. Stanford, a daughter of Asa Stanford, a brother of Senator Leland Stanford. The complaint alleges that Leland Stanford, many years ago, secured possession of the shares of stock owned by his brother in the Central Pacific Railroad, amounting to one-sixth of the capital stock, agreeing to pay the brother the sum of \$1000 a month, and that upon his death the brother would receive a sufficient amount of shares to make up \$500,000.

The daughter of Asa Stanford alleges in her complaint that after the death of Leland Stanford her aunt, Mrs. Stanford, and Attorney Russell J. Wilson prevented her father from coming into the possession of the \$500,000 worth of property, and also refused to pay the \$1,000 a month allowance. She states that Leland Stanford had placed the \$500,000 worth of Central Pacific stock in the safe deposit vault, with the direction on the envelope that it be delivered to his brother Asa upon his death. The complaint alleges that the late Mrs. Stanford, by fraud, secured the shares and ever afterwards kept possession of them.

It is stated in the complaint that Asa Stanford, when he was seventy-seven years of age, was compelled to sign a document against his will, releasing the Stanford estate from all liability so far as the agreement of the Stanford brothers was concerned. The consideration given Asa Stanford was \$10,000.

The daughter, in suing, alleges that this compromise was fraudulently obtained and is not binding by law. She, therefore, asks that the courts give her not only the \$500,000, but also \$108,000, representing the monthly allowance and interest.

Bartlett Doe, of 2002 Laguna street, who died April 18th, was 85 years old and was possessed of a large estate. The estate, before the destruction of many buildings by the fire, was worth about \$2,000,000. Doe also had a large amount of personal property. There was real estate on Market near Spear, Brannan and Ninth, Kearny near Sutter, Sutter near Kearny, and much other property. The bequests, were, mainly to nephews, nieces and charities without respect to denominational lines. To his brother, Charles F. Doe (since deceased) is devised much real estate. Suits have been filed in partition by certain of the heirs, the property having been kept intact by the three brothers Doe—John, Charles and Bartlett—all of whom are now dead. One of them, John, was married and had a daughter, Mary Margaret, now about 15 years old, and heirless to perhaps \$1,000,000. Mrs. Doe became Mrs. Stetson. The three Doe brothers came here from Maine and embarked in the lumber business, becoming very wealthy.

A few days before the fire the Southern Pacific Company offered \$800,000 for the block of land bounded by Third, Fourth, King and Berry streets. The offer was made to the owner, the Hasting Estate Trust. The manager and trustee of that estate, William

Giselman, said he would entertain a proposition and accepted \$80,000 a deposit. The heirs of Judge Hastings were willing with the exception of one, who demands \$1,000,000.

The last will of M. Theo Kearney the Fresno capitalist, leaves to State University property valued \$1,000,000. The sum of \$50 is to any woman who can successfully claim to be his widow. Another \$50 is to be given to any child male or female, who can successfully claim to be his child. In case it will conflict with the provisions of the Civil Code (Section 1313) the following gentlemen will have the use of the estate: William F. Alvo (now dead), James D. Phelan, W. Crocker, John Parrott and Joseph Grant.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Literary Horrors Club.

'Twas in a literary fog
Beside an inky wave
Some rather handsome skeletons
Were waltzing on a grave,
A very pretty lynching, too,
Gave zest to the affair,
When Jack o' London, stalking in
Cried thrice, "Ahoy, Sinclair!"

Then Upton came from Packington
As gay as one can be
Whose progress is accompanied
By Reverend Thomas D.,
The latter striking attitudes
And braying at the moon
While flourishing a manuscript
Entitled "Coon, Coon, Coon!"

"Enough, enough! suppress the stool
Quoth Upton of Sinclair,
"I would a bitter tale unfold
Of Sausage and Despair.
My hero is a foreigner,
A stranger yet to soap,
His name Bzzzzisqzyozistnob
(Pronounced Bzzzzixstnope).

Up popped a stranger weird and w
Whose chin required a shave.
He tore three handfuls from his bee
And writhed upon a grave.
"Alas! she was a cannibal!"
He moaned as if in pain.
Then all the Club arose and cried,
"Good evening, Mr. Caine!"
—Wallace Irwin in the June Bookman

"ROBERTSON'S"
A BOOK STORE.

Now at 1136 1-2 Ellis St., near Octavia. After July 1, Van Ness, near Pine St. Mail orders will receive prompt attention. All persons who had card plates or dies at "Robertson's" will please communicate with

A. M. ROBERTSON.



MENNEN'S TOILET POWDER
BORA TALCUM
A Positive Relief
For
PRICKLY HEAT,
CHAFING, and
SUNBURN,
and all other
skin eruptions.
Removes all odor of perspiration.
Bleached and Shaving. Sold everywhere.
Indicated on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample Free.
GERALD MENNEN COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

WHAT PRESS CLIPPING
MEAN TO YOU.

Press clipping information is information you can obtain in no other way. As a business aid, Press Clippings will place before you every scrap of news printed in the country pertaining to your business. They will show you every possible market, big and little, for your goods, openings that you would never hear about in the ordinary way, and—they give you this information while it is fresh and valuable.

If you have a hobby or wish information upon any subject or topic, press clippings will give you any subject, topic, press clippings will give you all the current information printed on the subject.

The cost for any purpose is usually but a few cents a day. The

INTERNATIONAL PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

the largest press clipping bureau in the world, reads and clips 55,000 papers and other periodicals each month, and even if you are now a subscriber to some other clipping bureau, it will let you to investigate our superior service. Write for our book about Press Clippings and our Daily Business Report, and ask about The International Information Bureau, which supplies complete manuscripts or material for addresses, essays, lectures and debate and complete and reliable information upon any subject at a reasonable cost.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.
Boyle B. Chicago, Illinois, U. S.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Bivouac of the Dead.

Muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
More on life's parade shall meet
Than have and fallen few.
The eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

Remember of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
The troubled thoughts at midnight
Haunts
The loved ones left behind;
The vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
The raying horn nor screaming file
At dawn shall call to arms.

The shivered swords are red with
rust,
The plumed heads are howed;
The haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Shows their martial shroud,
And plenteous funeral tears have
washed
The red stains from each brow,
The proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The gleaming troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past;
The war's wild note nor glory's peal
No thrill with fierce delight
The breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

The fierce northern hurricane
It sweeps his great plateau,
And with the triumph yet to gain,
He down the serried foe.
He heard the thunder of the fray
Beneath the field beneath,
The well the watchword of that day
"Victory or Death."

Had the doubtful conflict raged
All that stricken plain,
The fiercer fight had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain;
Still the storm of battle blew,
The swelled the gory tide;
Long, our stout old chieftain knew,
The odds his strength could bide.

In that hour his stern command
Led to a martyr's grave
The lower of his beloved land,
The nation's flag to save,
The fathers' gore
The first-born laurels grew,
The well he deemed the sons would
Our

Many a norther's breath has swept
The Angostura's plain.

Along the pitying sky has wept
O'er its mouldered slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
The shepherd's pensive lay,
The awakes each sullen height
The frowned o'er that dread fray.

Of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Must not slumber there,
The stranger steps and tongues
The sound
The heedless air.
The proud land's heroic soil
Will be your fitter grave;
The films from war his richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Neath their parent turf they rest,
From the gory field.
To a Spartan mother's breast
Many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky
Lies sadly on them here,
The kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.

On, embalmed and sainted dead!
Or as the blood ye gave;
The serious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
The shall your glory be forgot
The Fame her record keeps.
The honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

The marble minstrel's voiceless stone
The leafless song shall tell,
The many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
The wreck, nor change, nor winter's
The light.

The time's remorseless doom,
The dim one ray of glory's light
It gilds your deathless tomb.
—THEODORE O'HARA.

Memories of the Blue and Gray.

Memories of the Blue and Gray"
Read at the celebration of the sec-
anniversary of the Confederate
and Association in Los Angeles,
March 25, 1897.
We gathered here a feeble few
Those who wore the gray—

The larger and the better part
Have mingled with the clay;
Yet not so lost but now and then
Through dimming mist we see
The deadly calm of Stonewall's face
The lion-front of Lee.

The men who followed where they
led
Are scattered far and wide—
In every valley of the South,
On every mountain side,
The earth is hallowed by the blood
Of those who, in the van,
Gave up their lives for what they
deemed
The sacred rights of man.

And you who faced the boys in blue
(When like a storm they rose)
And played with life and laughed at
Death
Among such stalwart foes,
Need never cast your eyes to earth
Or bow your heads with shame—
Though Fortune frown, your names are
down
Upon the Roll of Fame.

The flag you followed in the fight
Will never float again—
Thank God it sunk to endless rest
Without a blot or stain!
And in its place "Old Glory" rose
With all its stars restored;
And smiling Peace, with rapture
raised
A peon to the Lord.

We love both flags—let smiles and
tears
Together hold their sway;
One won our hearts in days ago—
One owns our love today.
We claim them both with all their
wealth
Of honor and of fame—
One lives, triumph, in the sun;
And one, a hallowed name.

A few short years and "Yank" and
"Reb,"
Beneath their native sod,
Will wait until the Judgment Day
The calling voice of God—
The Great Commander's smile will
beam
On that Enrollment Day,
Alike on him who wore the blue
And him who wore the gray.

The Blue and the Gray.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass
quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal number falleth,
The cooling drip of the rain:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done.
In the storm of the years that are fad-
ing
No braver battle was won;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
On the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our
dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.
—Francis Miles Finch.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Ibsen.

The curtain falls, the lights are low,
For tapers cast a fitful glow;
His drama ends, as dramas must,
With "earth to earth and dust to dust."

We players watch this player go,
With heavy sighs and signs of woe;
While muffled trumpets faintly blow
And in the darkness he is thrust—
The curtain falls.

He leaves the vast and moving show,
His part is played with friend and foe.
He yields the life he held in trust,
His lips are dumb, his pen is rust,
His tragedy is done, and so
The curtain falls.

—Will Reed Dunroy in Chicago
Chronicle.

Miss Julia Marlowe, having recov-
ered from recent indisposition, has
rejoined her company, appearing with
E. H. Sothern at the Broadway Thea-
tre, Brooklyn, in "Romeo and Juliet."

Miss Maude Adams' New York sea-
son in "Peter Pan" closed this week.
She will reopen on the road in "Peter
Pan" in the fall, and later will return
to New York.

H. B. Irving is said to have made
a great bit in the part of Iago, in
London.

"The Conversion of Garrick" is the
name of a new play in the possession
of Margaret Anglin.

Olga Brandon, who died in England
the other day, was in comparative des-
titution for a long time before death
came to her relief. She had not acted
for ten years. In her prime she was
a very handsome woman. One of her
greatest stage successes was made in
the character of Vashti Dethic in
Henry Arthur Jones' "Judah." She
was only forty.

Olga Nethersole will open at the
Vaudeville in Paris next week, pre-
sented "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,"
"Magda," "Camille," "Sapho," and
"Carmen" under the management of
M. Porel, husband of Madame Refane.
Miss Nethersole's company, it is in-
tended, shall be the first company to
play at the new Columbia Theatre, San
Francisco, opening here on Christmas
eve.

Michael Morton's dramatized version
of Thackeray's "Newcomes," produced
May 30 at His Majesty's Theater, Lon-
don, under the title of "Colonel New-
come," made a presentable play, Beer-
bohm Tree giving a capital rendering
of the part of the old Colonel. The
play was well received.

Director Conried, of the Metropol-
itan Opera House, in New York, is in
Vienna ordering properties to replace
those lost in the San Francisco earth-
quake and fire. He ordered 60 scenes
and 1000 costumes. He gave a few
orders in Paris, but he is making the
bulk of his purchases in Vienna. Mr.
Conried will invite Richard Strauss, of
Berlin, to conduct the opera of "Sal-
ome" in New York.

Among the actresses who have done
a great deal to make the lot of the
chorus girl easier are Marie Cahill,
Fay Templeton, and Bessie McCoy. In
"Moonshine," the musical play in
which Miss Cahill is appearing, all
the girls wear skirts to their ankles.
"When I was poor I had to work in
a chorus," Miss Cahill said, "and some
of the costumes we were put into were
outrageous. I resolved that if ever I
came to employ girls they would not
be asked to wear clothes that would
offend their sense of the propriety of
things." In "Forty-five Minutes from
Broadway," in which Fay Templeton
is appearing, the chorus girls wear
dresses that would be appropriate at
a lawn party. In some of the newer
English musical comedies the skirts
of the girls have been lengthened.
The managers are getting over the
idea that tights are necessary in the
chorus. The skirt that reaches below
the knee is now worn in more chor-
uses than are dedicated to tights, and
the public is just as well pleased.

In New York last week at Calvary
Baptist Church Miss Bijou Fernandez
became the bride of William L.
Abingdon. There was much sobbing
among the guests. Miss Amelia Bly-
ham, one of the matrons of honor, used
her lace handkerchief openly. The
bride insisted that all of the
stage hands, wardrobe mistresses and
property men who had crossed her
path be invited to the wedding. The
bridal party consisted of Miss Bly-
ham and Miss Louise Galloway as
matrons of honor, Miss Loraine
Price as maid of honor, Charles Rich-
man as best man, and Vincent Serra-
no, Wilton Lackaye, De Wolf Hopper,
Ernest Lawford, Augustus Barrett
and John Brander, as ushers. The
bride wore the conventional white
satin, trimmed with duchesse lace
and with a flowing veil of white tulle.

The women guests were dressed
quietly. The men present included
Aubrey Bonclault, Henry Woodruff,
Franklin Fyles, William Harcourt, J.
E. Dodson and Edwin Arden. After
the ceremony there was a reception
at the Hotel Astor. Mr. and Mrs.
Abingdon sail for England next Sat-
urday.

The big gambol of the Lambs the
other day in New York was a skit
intended to teach clubmen that the
light of home is a sure guide to hap-
piness. Harry Woodruff dilated up-
on the joys of twins and William
Courtleigh in a neat coat of hair
powder descanted on the beauty of
maternity and the evil of race suicide.
They raised a large sum for the San
Francisco Bohemian Club.

Grace Van Studdiford, who suc-
ceeded Lillian Russell in "Lady
Teetle," is now singing in vaudeville.

George Ade, who has just returned
from Europe, has contracted to write
a new play for Charles Frohman.

George M. Cohan is to write a new
play for Nat C. Goodwin and Lulu
Glaser.

T. Daniel Frawley will have a stock
company at Reading, Pennsylvania,
during the summer.

It is expected that by the middle
of this month San Francisco will have
two tent theaters, offering musical
comedies and comic opera in one and
dramatic performances in the other.

Landers Stevens and wife, profes-
sionally known as Georgie Cooper, are
playing with Bishop's stock company
at Liberty Playhouse, Oakland. L. R.
Stockwell, the veteran comedian, is
also in the company.

Before her American tour is ended,
Sara Bernhardt will give a few per-
formances of "Hamlet" and "Frou
Frou."

Lotta was especially generous in
the San Francisco benefit given in
the East. She paid \$1,000 for a sou-
venir program at one and \$250 for a
box at another.

"Raffles" made a hit in London
with Gerald Du Maurier in the lead-
ing part.

In response to the Argonaut's re-
quest for loose and unconnected cop-
ies of the Argonaut which we would
be glad to have in order to build up
complete files, we have received pack-
ages of papers from a number of our
readers. Among the many who have
sent us papers and to whom we ex-
tend our thanks are the following:

Mr. R. L. Gunn, Hamilton, Canada.
M. Feraback, Alameda, Cal.
Dr. Raffaele Lorini, Coronado, Cal.
"Interested," Berkeley, Cal.
Mr. A. G. D. Kerrell, Pacific Mail
Steamship Dock, San Francisco.
Mr. G. W. Wilson, Vallejo, Cal.
Mr. R. B. Thomas, 2356 Fifth St., San
Diego, Cal.
Mr. A. E. Horlock, Hanford, Cal.
Mrs. A. E. Neville, Denver, Colo.

ORPHEUM

(FORMERLY CHUTES THEATRE.)

TITANIC TALENT!

SCIPIO ARGENTATI TRIO; FOSTER
AND FOSTER; THE GREAT FRAN-
CELIAS; ELIZABETH MURRAY;
BAILEY AND AUSTIN COMPANY;
KATHERINE DAHL; CARSON AND
WILLARD; VALERIE BERGERE
AND COMPANY, PRESENTING "A
BOWERY CAMILLE," AND OR-
PHEUM MOTION PICTURES.
MATINEE EVERY DAY EXCEPT MONDAY
Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c. Matinees, ex-
cept Saturday and Sunday, 10c and 25c.
Downtown Box Office at London's Drug
Store, Fillmore and Sutter streets. Phone
West 6600.
CHUTES AND ZOO—Open daily from 10 a.
m. to midnight. Varied attractions all
over the grounds.
SEE "A DAY IN THE ALPS."

CHUTES CAFE FURNISHES MEALS AT
CITY PRICES.
Admission, 10c; Children, 5c.

NATHAN DOHRMANN
COMPANY

1090 Page Street

Telephone Park 87.

China, Glassware.
Plated Ware and
Kitchen Utensils.
Outfits for Hotels,
Restaurants and
Bars Supplied
Promptly.....

Usual Force of Experienced Salesmen
in Attendance.

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS

Engagements and Weddings.

Miss Amy F. Sloss and Irving I. Brown were married last Sunday at noon at the residence of I. Wiener, 2138 Pacific avenue, Alameda. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Sloss of 2266 Franklin street, San Francisco. She is a native of Kentucky and came here with her parents about five years ago. The groom is the junior member of the law firm of Voegelsang & Brown, a native of San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Brown will spend their honeymoon at Del Monte.

The wedding of Miss Mayotte Dickinson, daughter of Medical Director and Mrs. Dwight Dickinson of Washington, D. C., and Ensign Arthur Caffee, U. S. N., son of Colonel Caffee of Carthage, Mo., took place at Trinity Episcopal Church.

The wedding of Miss Ruth Allen, daughter of Judge and Mrs. James M. Allen, to Lucius Allen, took place on Wednesday afternoon at the home of the bride's parents at 3400 Washington street. The ceremony was performed by Father Pius Murphy at half past three o'clock. Miss Elizabeth Allen, the bride's sister, was her maid of honor and only attendant. Wyatt Allen, the groom's brother, was the best man. Only the members of the immediate families were present. After a brief wedding journey Mr. and Mrs. Allen will make their home in San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Bergin to Lieutenant John H. White, U. S. Marine Corps, took place on Saturday of last week at the home of Mrs. Merritt H. Weed, 1811 Gough street. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Frederick Clappett at noon. There were no attendants of either bride or groom, and only a few relatives and intimate friends were present. Lieutenant White and his bride left for a brief honeymoon at Del Monte, after which they will make their home at Mare Island, where Lieutenant White is stationed.

The wedding of Miss Ruth Miller, daughter of the late Major and Mrs. O. C. Miller, to Dr. Louis Brechemin Jr., U. S. A., will not take place on June 29th, as originally planned, but on June 30th. The event will be celebrated at noon, at Christ Church, Sausalito, and will be followed by a reception to relatives and intimate friends at the bride's home, "The Pines." Mrs. Clarence Percy Nicholson, the bride's sister, will be matron of honor, and Lieutenant Clarence Carigan, U. S. A., the best man.

The engagement is announced of Miss Marie Lucille Butters, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Butters, of Piedmont, to Midshipman Victor Nicholson Metcalf, U. S. N., son of Secretary and Mrs. Victor H. Metcalf. No date has been announced for the wedding, but it will probably take place a year hence.

The engagement is announced of Miss Georgene Shepard, daughter of Mr. C. D. Shepard, to Lieutenant Edwin C. Long, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., aide-de-camp to General Frederick A. Funston, U. S. A. The wedding will be celebrated in September.

The wedding of Mrs. Emma Spreckels Watson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels of San Francisco, to Mr. John W. Ferris, took place in the Church of the Heavenly Rest in New York City on June 2nd. It was a very simple wedding and was witnessed by the bride's brother and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels. It had been the intention to have the wedding celebrated in the Spreckels home in San Francisco, but that home was destroyed during the recent disaster. This caused a change in the plans, and the ceremony was performed in New York. The bride has been visiting in Europe recently, having gone there to witness the marriage of her niece, Miss Lurline Spreckels, to Mr. Spencer Eddy, which was celebrated in Paris a few days ago. Mr. Ferris came from San Francisco, and, together with Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels met his fiancée at the pier, and on receipt of a telegram from her father the wedding took place as has been stated above. Mrs. Ferris was the widow of the late Thomas Watson, an Englishman, who died two years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Ferris and Mr. and Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels will soon leave for California.

Across the Bay.

Mrs. Frank A. Wilkins of San Rafael has as her guest her nephew, Mr. Lawrence A. Van Wyck of the Holluschick Club.

At the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. MacDermot in Oakland a vaudeville performance will be given next Thursday evening, the proceeds to be sent to the San Francisco sufferers.

Mrs. Will Tevis, who has been visit-

ing Mrs. Miner in Los Angeles, returned to her home at Burlingame to entertain Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sharon. Mrs. Sharon (nee Louise Tevis) is the sister of Will Tevis.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Van Sicklen at their Alameda home.

Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke and her son-in-law, Captain Lyman, are domiciled in Mrs. William C. Little's in Oakland.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels in Oakland has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

Miss Helen Woolworth is at present a guest at the Hotel Rafael, but will leave during the summer for Paris, to remain abroad indefinitely.

Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin and Miss Grace Baldwin have taken a cottage in Oakland for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Mailliard and their family are at Belvedere for the summer.

Miss Olga Atherton is spending some time in Berkeley as the guest of friends and relatives.

Captain William L. Merry, United States Minister to Central America, arrived here recently to join his family and with Mrs. Merry, the Misses May and Blanche Merry and Miss May Hill are at Holyoaks in Sausalito for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, who have spent most of their time at Burlingame since the fire, went, on June 1st, to Sausalito, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels Jr. are in San Rafael for the summer.

Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mrs. Clinton Worden have been spending some time as the guests of Mrs. I. L. Regua at Piedmont. They are thinking of taking a house there.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Denis Searies (nee Caroline Ayers), at Piedmont, has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Brunner (nee Kaufman), whose wedding was celebrated in Oakland early last month, have reached New York, which will be their home.

Notes About the Clubs.

The renovations and repairs on the newly leased quarters for the Pacific-Union Club are about completed and beginning with June 1st the dining room was open for the use of members. The Board of Directors (subject to the approval of the club) have reduced the dues of regular members to \$5 per month.

The Bohemian Club has leased comfortable quarters at 1925 Octavia street.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. Sherril Schell and Mr. Edward Montgomery leave on June 18th for an extended European tour to be gone for an indefinite period.

Mrs. Mary A. Huntington and her daughter, Miss Marian Huntington, arrived from Yokohama during the week on the steamship Korea. They were met at the pier by Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Brooke Perkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan are at their seaside home near Santa Cruz, where they went immediately after the great fire.

S. W. Waterhouse, of the firm of Waterhouse & Lester, of San Francisco, has just completed the purchase of the Montgomery house on North First street, San Jose.

Mr. James D. Phelan has leased the house at the southeast corner Franklin and Jackson streets, formerly occupied by Mrs. Houghton and Miss Minnie Houghton.

Owing to the recent death of Martin Burke, one of the founders of the firm of Madison & Burke, the firm has incorporated, taking in three of its principal employees, among them John M. Kepner, who has been chief salesman for some years past.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Horst and their family have gone to their big ranch, "Wheatland," where they have been entertaining many guests.

Owing to the retirement of Mr. Bigelow, of the Wells Fargo National Bank, the directors announce a number of changes. I. W. Hellman Jr. becomes senior vice president. Cashier F. L. Lippman gets the junior vice presidency and becomes a director. Assistant Cashier Frank B. King has been given the position of cashier. He is a son of President King of the Bank of California, and before the consolidation was an assistant cashier of the Wells-Fargo Bank.

Bryan J. Clinch, architect and author, died last week in an Oakland hospital from an illness resulting indirectly from the irregularity of diet since the fire. Bryan J. Clinch was a native of Ireland, about 60 years

of age. He was remarkable for his literary erudition rather than in his profession, being a classical student and master of French, Italian and Spanish. His principal work was a history of "The Missions of California" in two volumes, which appeared about two years ago.

Mr. John P. Dunn, at one time a prominent Democratic politician of San Francisco and State Controller of California from 1881 to 1889, died in Los Angeles on May 29, of bronchial trouble.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson has been staying at the Stevenson ranch in the vicinity of Gilroy.

Mrs. Pringle and her daughters, Miss Nina Pringle and Miss Hess Pringle, are expected home very soon from Europe.

Mrs. T. C. Van Ness and Miss Daisy Van Ness were in Paris when last heard from. They expect to return soon to California.

Joseph Cairn Simpson, the well-known sportsman and writer on subjects connected with the turf and breeding of thoroughbred stock, died at his home at 211 Adeline street, Oakland, on May 27th, at the age of 81.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ede, who left for the Orient several months ago for an indefinite stay abroad, returned at once when they heard the news of the disaster to San Francisco. They were in Japan at the time and were able to obtain only meager details of the calamity. They started immediately for America and arrived in San Francisco a few days ago. Their house, filled with beautiful furniture, was reduced to ashes, and the Majestic Theater, which Mr. Ede owned, and all the remainder of his vast holdings were totally destroyed.

The Public Library of San Francisco is now located on Sixteenth street, near Market street.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sharon, who have lived in Paris for several years past, returned last week to California and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Tevis, at Burlingame. They will remain here but a few weeks.

Mrs. William H. Crocker, who was in New York, en route to Europe at the time of the fire, and who returned at once to San Francisco with Mr. Crocker, expects to leave within a month for Paris, to join her children, whom she sent abroad to her sister, Princess Andre Poniatowski. Mrs. Crocker has taken a country home in England for six months and will remain there until the fall.

Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske and maid from New York are registered at Rowardennan, in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Mrs. Fiske makes a point of spending her summers in California.

Mr. William G. Irwin has gone on a business trip to Honolulu. Mrs. Irwin and Miss Helene Irwin are still abroad.

Mr. John D. Spreckels and Mr. William Clayton, managing director of the Spreckels' interests in Southern California, made a brief stopover in Los Angeles while on their way from Coronado to San Francisco. Mr. Spreckels has come to San Francisco to consider plans for the rebuilding of several of the large business blocks owned by him, which were destroyed by the fire. He will return to Coronado in a few days, where his wife and their son, Mr. Claus Spreckels, Jr., are sojourning.

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

Are Temporarily Located at

1760 Pacific Ave.

SAN FRANCISCO

—AND—

510 Twelfth Street

OAKLAND

DO YOU WRITE?

Instruction by mail in literary composition. Courses suited to all needs. Revision, criticism, and sale of MSS.

Send for circular.

Editorial Bureau,

22 West 46th St., New York

Pears'

The ingredients in many soaps, require free alkali to saponify them.

The rich, cool lather of Pears' does not result from free alkali, fats or rosin.

Pears' and purity are synonymous.

Matchless for the complexion.

OREGON. PORTLAND.

ST. HELEN'S HALL
A GIRLS' SCHOOL OF THE
HIGHEST CLASS.

Corps of teachers, location, building
equipment the best. Send for catalogue.

Term Opened September 18, 1905.

FIRE INSURANCE COLLECTED

NOTICES GIVEN AND PROOFS
OF LOSS PREPARED.

Fire Insurance Department
California

SAFE DEPOSIT & TRUST CO
1921 Fillmore Street

LOANS ON INSURANCE

Money loaned on Policies at Regular
Banking Rates. Hours, 9 a. m. to
p. m.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.
W. J. BARTNETT and CHAS. W.
SLACK, Attorneys.

Burned Homes

Must Be Rebuilt

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING
AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

Having sustained practically no loss
in the recent calamity, is in a position
to loan money to people who wish to
rebuild. San Francisco must restore
her homes as well as her business
blocks.

DR. WILLIAM DODGE, President.
GAVIN McNAB, Attorney.
WILLIAM CORBIN, Sec., Gen. Mgr.
Office, Corner Market and Church St.
Open and Doing Business.

HOTEL RAFAEL

SAN RAFAEL, CAL.
50 minutes from San Francisco. Com-
plete change of Climate.
TIBURON OR SAUSALITO FERRY
All-Modern Conveniences.
R. V. HALTON, Prop.

One Paper City

OAKLAND HAS ONE
GREAT EVENING NEWSPAPER

THE TRIBUNE

Exclusive Associated Press Dispatches
Inside Political News.
All the Society News.
14 TO 26 PAGES EACH DAY.

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Miss Sydney Davis has been visiting lately, and from the annexed extract from a letter to James D. Phelan it is evident that he entertains more than a fleeting affection for our beautiful State:

Rome, May 13, 1906.

My Dear Phelan: After the terrible disaster in San Francisco I was obliged to come over to Europe to attend the inauguration of a statue of Sir William Harcourt, which I have completed for the House of Commons in London. I propose towards the latter part of June, as soon as the ceremony is over, to return to San Francisco. It is my great desire, in some way, to co-operate in the re-building of that beautiful city; the three delightful months that I have just passed in California will ever be associated in my mind with most pleasant memories. I am looking forward with great delight to the prospect of spending much of my time there in the future. Yours very sincerely,

WALDO STORY.

Mrs. Page, formerly Miss Mamie Kling, wife of Surgeon Page, U. S. Army, has returned to California from the East to be with her mother, Mrs. Kling, who is dangerously ill.

Mrs. A. A. Waterhouse and her daughter, Mrs. W. W. Dorn, who were in Tokio when they heard the news of San Francisco's great fire, returned once to this Coast and are now located at 3834 Clay street, San Francisco.

Mrs. Charles Neuman, treasurer of the relief fund of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association, has received from Mrs. Gertrude Atherton \$10, this being the amount which Harper & Brothers sent her for her article upon San Francisco's disaster, titled "San Francisco's Tragic Week."

Miss Lutie Collier and Mrs. Atherton Macdonald, with the latter's children, have gone to their mother's home in Clear Lake.

The sale of the Montgomery house on North First street in San Jose has been completed. The Montgomery property is one of the finest residences in San Jose. S. W. Waterhouse, of the San Francisco firm of Waterhouse & Lester, is the purchaser, the price paid being \$15,000.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashton Stevens have been stopping at Rowardennan in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mrs. P. W. Selby died of pneumonia on June 1st at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Percy Moore, at Fair Oaks. She was born in Chili, but came to Menlo Park when a girl. Her father, Faxon Atherton, was prominent in the early days of the State and did his share toward the building of San Francisco. Mrs. Selby was a cultured and accomplished woman, and many social functions took place at the old Atherton place at Menlo Park.

Mrs. John L. Sabin and Miss Irene Sabin, with Dr. and Mrs. Redmond Sabin, are spending the summer at the Sabin country place at Mountain View.

L. W. Hellman, Jr., W. F. Herrin and Dr. Julius Rosenstirn went in Mr. Hellman's private car to Lake Tahoe, to stop at the Hellman retreat on the lake shore.

Richard Burke of Ireland is due here to consult with the Donohoes of the Donohoe-Kelly bank about the future disposition of the old Occidental Hotel site. Mr. Burke and his children by his wife, who was a Miss Donahue, own a half interest in the property. The Donohoes own the other half.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and her son, Hermann Oelrichs Jr., sailed last week for Europe, to remain abroad for six months.

United States Senator Francis G. Newlands, Mr. Thomas Hesketh (son of Lady Hesketh) and H. L. Wright have arrived from the East and are stopping at San Mateo. They are here for the purpose of conferring with their San Francisco representatives regarding plans for the rebuilding of the Palace Hotel and the other properties of the Sharon Estate company. Mr. Wright is an English solicitor and has come from London with Lady Hesketh's son to represent her interests. Lady Hesketh is a sister of Fred Sharon and of the first wife of Senator Francis G. Newlands. Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren left last week for Portland, Oregon, where they will spend a fortnight.

Mrs. John Dabigren, formerly Mrs. Henry McLean Martin, is expected to arrive here next week from her home in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, who returned last week from a year's travel

abroad, went directly to her country place, "Stag's Leap," in the Napa Valley, where she will remain during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Sperry and Miss Elsie Sperry, whose house on Union street was badly damaged by the earthquake, have taken a cottage at Burlingame for three or four months.

Mrs. James Robinson, Miss Ethel Cooper and Mr. Porter Robinson have returned from their sojourn abroad, but Miss Elena Robinson is still in Germany, where she will spend the summer.

Mrs. James Cunningham, Miss Sara Cunningham and Miss Elizabeth Cunningham have given up their European trip for this year and will spend the summer at Beloit, Wisconsin, having gone there recently from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs, who have been abroad since the early spring, have recently returned to San Francisco.

The Baron and Baroness Von Schroeder have come up from their San Luis Obispo ranch and will spend a part of the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Dr. and Mrs. George H. Evans have moved to 2713 Sacramento street. Mrs. Evans and children will spend the next few months in Mill Valley.

Mr. Clarence Follis will spend a part of the summer with his sister, Mrs. Frank Griffin, at the house they have taken in San Rafael.

Mrs. George A. Moore left on Saturday of last week for the East, to be the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Geissler, for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bryant Grimwood, whose home on Washington street was burned, were for a time the guests of Mr. Grimwood's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Grimwood, in Fruitvale, but are now visiting Mrs. Grimwood's mother, Mrs. Henry F. Allen, in Ross Valley.

Mrs. A. P. Niblack, who left for the East, the day before the earthquake, returned to the city last week and went with her mother, Mrs. W. P. Harrington, to the latter's country place near Colusa, for a brief visit. Mrs. Niblack leaves shortly for Portland, Oregon, to join her husband, who is stationed there at present on the Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Brooks Perkins have been visiting Mrs. Perkins' mother, Mrs. Mary Huntington, at the latter's home on Jackson street.

Mrs. Houghton and her daughter, Miss Minnie Houghton, expect to leave soon for Hartford, Connecticut, where they will visit Governor and Mrs. Bulkeley. Mrs. Bulkeley was well known in San Francisco as Miss Fannie Houghton.

Mrs. Percy Williams is at present the guest of her mother, Mrs. Richard Sprague, in San Rafael, and will remain there during Mr. Williams' absence in the East on a brief business trip.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. H. Macdonald Spencer (nee Florence Josse-lyn) at Menlo has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Oddie (nee Treanor) returned recently from their three months' wedding journey abroad, and after a visit to Mrs. Oddie's mother, Mrs. William H. Jordan, in this city, left for their home in Tonopah.

Stringer Storage Company

MAIN WAREHOUSE and OFFICE
Sutter and Fillmore Streets

We operate these warehouses for the safe storage of household furniture, works of art, pianos, luggage, silverware, furs, clothing, rugs, draperies, etc.

We maintain a corps of careful and competent packers of china, bric-a-brac, pictures, books, pianos, and all household furniture, and are prepared to attend to all details of household removals in this country and to foreign lands.

Our building is expressly constructed for storage purposes, besides being advantageously located with respect to pure air and ventilation.

Vault 40x10x10 arranged expressly for the storage of silverware and valuables.

Telephone WEST 900.

Member Stock and Bond Exchange
J. C. WILSON
BROKER
STOCKS AND BONDS.
INVESTMENT SECURITIES.
2171 Pacific ave., San Francisco.

For YOUR BREAKFAST

GERMEA

AT ALL GROCERS

The Johnson-Locke Mercantile Co.

AGENTS

714 Broadway, Oakland

California Safe Deposit and... Trust Co.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS

\$3,000,000

We beg to announce to our friends and the public generally that we will resume business as usual at our former location, CORNER CALIFORNIA AND MONTGOMERY STS., on MONDAY, MAY 28th, at 9:30 A. M.

We solicit and receive Commercial and Savings accounts and conduct a general banking business.

Interest is paid on Commercial and Savings deposits.

For the convenience of our customers we will immediately establish branches at the following locations:

Geary Street, near Fillmore Street.
Devisadero Street, near Post St.
Valencia St., near Twenty-Second.

The date of opening will be announced later.

DAVID F. WALKER, President.
J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

European Newspaper Clippings

Persons who may desire to obtain clippings or entire articles from European newspapers and reviews on any topic, such as reviews of books, criticisms of plays, scientific articles, discussions of engineering works, technical studies, such as electrical works, etc., can secure them at moderate rates by addressing

COURRIER DE LA PRESSE
21 Boulevard Montmartre,
PARIS, FRANCE.

The Call

Is the cleanest, brightest, newest of all the San Francisco dailies.

The best fiction the world produces can be found in the Magazine Section of the Sunday edition. Its Art features are equal to the best of the magazines.

THE CALL is made up having especially in view its large home patronage. It contains every day of the year

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT
And is the BEST Advertising Medium.

THE LATEST STYLES IN
Choice Woolens
H. S. BRIDGE & CO.
MERCHANT TAILORS,
2220 Webster St., San Francisco.
Bicycle and Golf Suits.

Del Monte Offers

Hotel Del Monte was very slightly injured by the recent disturbance, and is offering a welcome shelter to all San Franciscans. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at the present. The entire hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families. Address Geo. P. Snell, Manager, Del Monte, California.

A Permanent Home

Thos. Cook & Son

NOW LOCATED

410 Fourteenth Street
OAKLAND.

Bonestell, Richardson & Co.

Has Plenty of Every Kind of

PAPER

For Immediate Delivery.

Just Received Four Carloads of

Ruberoid Roofing.

Architects and builders of the highest class recommend Ruberoid for any style of building.

Write for Samples and Price.

California's Leading Paper House.
1059 CASTRO STREET, OAKLAND.
Phone, Oakland 7700.

Summer Furnishings

FOR COUNTRY HOMES

Simple, Cool, Artistic

"BREUNERS"

THE RUG HOUSE

901 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco,
and cor. 12th and Harrison
Sts., Oakland.

ROOS BROS., 2000 JACKSON STREET, San Francisco.

Has Never Failed!
TRY IT

HERBO CORN CURE

RELIEVES PAIN IN ONE NIGHT
Twenty-five Cents All Druggists

Romeike's Press Cutting Bureau

Will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date."

A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines. In fact, every paper of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers, and, through the European Bureaus, all the leading papers in the civilized globe.

Clippings found for subscribers and pasted on slips giving name and date of paper, and are mailed day by day.

Write for circular and terms.

HENRY ROMEIKE, 33 UNION SQUARE, N.Y.
Branches:
LONDON, PARIS, BERLIN, SYDNEY.

HOTEL COLLINGWOOD

35th St., bet. 6th Ave and Broadway,
NEW YORK CITY

New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district, containing every modern device for comfort of guests.
Positively exclusive. Service a la carte.

Hillside Inn BELVEDERE, CAL.

OPENED MARCH 1, 1906.

No fog, No wind. Bathing and boating. Magnificent marine view. Within forty minutes of San Francisco. For particulars inquire of
MRS. M. J. WARREN.

CURRENT PARODIES.

Maud of the Muck Rake.

Maud Muller on a summer's day
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Her pa was not a man of wealth,
All that she had was rugged health.

Sighing, she said: "Confound the
luck,
I think I'll go to raking muck."

Because she toiled a wild unrest
And an eager longing filled her breast.

"Why should I have to work," she
cried,
While others scorn me in their pride?

"With riches they have never earned
Their backs on me are proudly turned.

"The good Lord never planned things
so,
There's something rotten here below.

"An Ida Tarbell I will be,
And whack the plutocrats," said she.

The judge appeared upon the scene,
Bringing an odor of gasoline.

He stopped to buzz the girl awhile;
She was plump, and he rather liked
her style.

She knew that he possessed a wad.
He thought: "How sweet a name is
Maud."

He spoke of railroad stocks he had.
The maiden listened and was glad.

"In two years if my luck is fair,"
He said, "I'll be a millionaire.

"I travel on passes through the
land—"
Maud sweetly said: "Oh, ain't that
grand!"

"As far as rebates go, I'll say
That I regard them as O. K.

"A block of Standard stock I claim—
No matter how I got the same.

"Now tell me, Maud, and tell me true,
Don't I look rather good to you?"

Her face against his breast she hid
And gladly answered that she did.

Today she is the judge's wife
And lives in style, enjoying life.

And oft she wonders in her pride
Why people can't be satisfied.

"Why," she complains, "do critics
pitch
So foolishly into the rich?"

"Why do they ever scold or sigh
Because the things they need are
high?"

"Wise Providence has planned affairs.
We rich, alas, have many cares.

"But while we nobly bear the strain,
Why should the ones below complain?"

"Of all wise words, the best by far
Is: 'Take things meekly as they are.'"
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Elegy in a Baseball Field.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting
day.

The bleachers are empty as can be;
The rooter homeward takes his weary
way

And leaves the field to darkness
and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape
on the sight

And all the air is hushed, and calm
and still—

Yet here the rooters yelled with all
their might:

"O soak it! Kill it! Bust the cover,
Bill!"

Around that diamond now dimly seen
The player rushed until his legs were
blurred.

And, O, the bleacher's grief was
tensely keen

When he was run to earth and died
at third.

Let no ambition mock their useful
sport,

Nor jeer their captain's sacrificial
sign,

Nor grandeur hear, aweary, the re-
port—

The short and simple annals of the
nine.

The boast of averages at the bat
And all the bases that the pitcher
gave

To shun the long three-hagger now
fall flat—

The march of glory sideways to
the grave.

Full many a home run finds the field-
er's hand,

And fills the batsman's heart with
dark despair;
Full many a strike is born but to be
fanned

And waste its purpose on the se-
vered air.

Next to the madding crowd's ap-
plauding strife

The pitcher lifts our hope—and then
it falls

While we object: "What's that? Not
on your life!"

Struck out? Can't you distinguish
strikes from balls?"

The curfew tolls the knell of parting
day;

The bleachers gape—just as we said
before,

And now a strident voice is hurled
our way:

"Say, mister, did you hear what
was the score?"

—W. D. N. in Chicago Tribune.

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark are at
Del Monte, where they will remain
until their San Mateo home, which
was badly damaged by the earth-
quake, is rendered habitable again.

Mrs. William Borrowe, who has been
in England for a year, as the guest
of her daughter, Mrs. Thomas Leggett,
has returned to Sausalito. Miss Con-
stance Borrowe has also returned from
a visit to Mrs. Gaston Ashe, at the
latter's ranch in San Benito county.

Mrs. M. A. Tobin and Miss Agnes
Tobin are at San Mateo, where they
expect to make their home for the
present.

Monsieur Lanet, the French Consul,
returned recently from Paris, where
he went for a stay of several months,
but owing to the disaster here, he
cut short his visit and hurriedly re-
turned to San Francisco.

Mrs. Arthur MacArthur Jr. and her
little son, who have been visiting Mrs.
MacArthur's parents, Admiral and
Mrs. Bowman H. McCalla, at Mare
Island for some months past, sailed
this week for the Orient, to rejoin her
husband, Lieutenant MacArthur, U. S.
N., who is attached to the Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. William Henshaw,
Miss Alla Henshaw and Miss Ruth
Houghton will leave within a week or
ten days for the East, where they
will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Garritt have
taken a cottage at Palo Alto for the
summer.

Mrs. J. J. Brice, who was the guest
of friends at Mare Island for some
time after she was burned out at the
Knickerbocker, has gone to her coun-
try place at Oakville, Napa Valley, for
the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Herrick, after
a few weeks in Seattle, will return
to San Francisco for the summer. Mr.
Herrick is one of the secretaries of
the Finance Committee of the Relief
and Red Cross Funds.

M. J. TAMALPAIS RAILWAY

VIA SAUSALITO FERRY—FOOT MAR-
KET ST.

LV. SAN FRAN.	Ar. SAN FRAN.
WEEK-DAYS	WEEK-DAYS
8:25A	1:30P
9:50A	2:55P
11:00A	4:23P
1:45P	6:24P
SAT'DAY 4:35P	SAT'DAY 11:25P

TICKET OFFICE AT SAUSALITO FY.

SANTA FE

CALIFORNIA LIMITED

CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS

LEAVES DAILY AT 9:30 A. M.
WITH DINERS AND SLEEPERS.

7:30 A. M.—For Stockton, Merced, Fresno,
Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield

8:00 P. M.—and intermediate points.

9:30 A. M.—California Limited, 3 days to
Chicago. Leaves every day. Direct
connection to Grand Canyon.

9:30 A. M.—Valley Limited for Stockton,
Merced, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Ba-
kersfield and points on Sierra Rail-
way.

10:55 A. M.—For Stockton, Riversbank,
Oakdale and points on Sierra Railway.

4:00 P. M.—For Stockton, Fresno and in-
termediate points.

8:00 P. M.—Overland Express for Denver,
Kansas City, Chicago and Grand Can-
yon.

TICKET OFFICES—Ferry building,
Post and Fillmore streets, San Fran-
cisco; 1112 Broadway, Fortieth st. and
San Pablo ave., Oakland; University
ave. and West st., Berkeley.

ALAMO PINTADO INN

Ballard, Cal.

A delightful resting place for auto-
mobils traveling between San Fran-
cisco and Santa Barbara—50 miles
north of Santa Barbara, 2 miles south
of Los Olivos. Daily mail, long-dis-
tance telephone, and 72-degree gaso-
line.

F. M. SHAW, Prop.

STEAMSHIP LINES.

AMERICAN LINE

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTH-
AMPTON.

St. Paul—	June 16, July 14, Aug. 18, Sept. 15
New York—	June 23, July 28, Aug. 25, Sept. 22
St. Louis—	June 30, Aug. 4, Sept. 1, Sept. 29
Philadelphia—	July 7, Aug. 11, Sept. 8, Oct. 6
Philadelphia—Queensstown—Liverpool	June 16
Merion—	June 23
Noordland—	June 30
Haverford—	July 7

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Mesaba—	June 16, July 14, Aug. 11, Sept. 8
Minneapolis—	June 23, July 21, Aug. 18, Sept. 15
Minneapolis—	June 30, July 28, Aug. 25, Sept. 22
Minneapolis—	July 7, Aug. 4, Sept. 1, Sept. 29

HOLLAND-AMERICAN LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOU-
LOGNE.

Sailing Wednesdays as per sailing date.	
Potsdam—	June 20, 5 a. m.
Noordam—	June 27, 9 a. m.
New Amsterdam—	July 4, 4 a. m.
Statendam—	July 11, 10 a. m.
Ryndam—	July 18, Noon
Potsdam—	Aug. 1, Noon

RED STAR LINE.

N. Y.—ANTWERP—DOVER—(LON-
DON, PARIS)

Zeeland—	June 16, July 14, Aug. 11, Sept. 8
Finland—	June 23, Aug. 4, Sept. 1, Sept. 29
Vaderland—	June 30, July 28, Aug. 25, Sept. 22
Kronland—	July 7, Aug. 18, Sept. 15, Oct. 13

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVER-
POOL.

Oceanic—	June 20, July 18, Aug. 15, Sept. 12
Teutonic—	June 27, July 25, Aug. 22, Sept. 19
Cedric—	June 29, July 27, Aug. 24, Sept. 21
Baltic—	July 4, Aug. 1, Aug. 29, Sept. 26
Majestic—	July 11, Aug. 8, Sept. 5, Oct. 3
Celtic—	July 13, Aug. 10, Sept. 7, Oct. 5
Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool	
Cymric—	June 21, July 19, Aug. 23, Sept. 20
Arabic—	July 5, Aug. 2, Aug. 30, Sept. 27

C. D. TAYLOR, Pass. Agt. Pacific Coast,
Temporary Office 534 14th st.,
Oakland.

TOYO KISEN KAISHA

ORIENTAL S. S. CO. have opened their
general offices at 217-221 BRANNAN
ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

Steamers will leave wharf, corner
First and Brannan streets, 1 P. M., for
Yokohama and Hongkong, calling at
Honolulu, Kobe, (Higo), Nagasaki and
Shanghai and connecting at Hongkong
with steamer for Manila, India, etc. No
cargo received on board on day of sail-
ing.

S. S. HONGKONG MARU.....Tues., June 5, 1906

S. S. AMERICAN MARU.....Tues., July 3, 1906

S. S. NIPPON MARU.....Saturday, July 28, 1906

Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at office,
corner First and Brannan sts. W. H.
AVERY, Assistant General Manager.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sydney, Auckland, Samoa, Honolulu

S. S. SONOMA sails 2 P. M., May 31st.

HONOLULU only—S. S. Alameda sails
11 A. M., June 9. Round trip, first-class,
\$125.

TAHITI, SOUTH SEAS—S. S. Mari-
posa sails 11 A. M., July 1. Grand Tour.

This Voyage, \$125 Round Trip

OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY,
Office, 1008 Broadway, Oakland, Pier
7, San Francisco.

Occidental and Oriental

S. S. Co.

Freight and passenger office, First
and Brannan streets. Steamers will
leave wharf, corner First and Brannan
streets, at 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA
and HONGKONG as follows:
S. S. COPTIC (calling at Honolulu,
Kobe, Nagasaki and Manila), June 19
No cargo received on board on day of
sailing.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

Mrs. J. E. TIPPETT

(CLARA BEUTLER)

Teacher of Singing.

Coaching.

Studio, Pierce Building, Copley Square,
Boston, Mass.

BANKING.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Will resume business on May 28, 1906,
at its old location.

No. 316 Montgomery Street

GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

482 California Street, San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus.....

Capital actually paid up in cash.....

Deposits, December 30, 1905.....

F. Tillman, Jr., President; Daniel
Meyer, First Vice-President; Emilio
Rohde, Second Vice-President; A. E. R.
Schmidt, Cashier; Wm. Herrmann, Asst.
Cashier; Geo. Tournay, Secretary; A. H.
Muller, Asst. Secretary; W. S. Goodfel-
low, General Attorney.

Board of Directors:

F. Tillman, Jr., Daniel Meyer, Emil
Rohde, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, N.
Ohlandt, J. W. Van Bergen, E. T. Kruse,
and W. S. Goodfellow.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

316 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00

Paid-up Capital.....500,000.00

Deposits, December 30, 1905.....

Interest paid on deposits. Loans made
Banking by mail a specialty.

William Babcock.....President

S. L. Abbot.....Vice-President

Fred W. Ray.....Secretary

Directors—William Babcock, S. L.
Abbot, O. D. Baldwin, Joseph D. Grant,
E. J. McCutchen, L. F. Montague, R. H.
Pease, Warren D. Clark, Jas. L. Flood,
J. A. Donohoe, John Parrott, Jacob
Stern.

Mutual Savings Bank

710 Market St., Opposite Third

SAN FRANCISCO.

Guarantee Capital.....\$1,000,000

Paid-up Capital.....300,000

Deposits, January 1, 1906.....

Interest paid on deposits. Loans made
Loans on approved securities.

OFFICERS—President, James D. Phelan;
First Vice-President, S. G. Murphy;
Second Vice-President, John A. Hooper;
Secretary and Cashier, Geo. A. Story;
Asst. Sec. and Asst. Cashier, C. B. Hob-
son; Attorney, Frank J. Sullivan.

Directors—James D. Phelan, John A.
Hooper, Frank J. Sullivan, Jas. M. Mc-
Donald, S. G. Murphy, James Moffitt,
Robt. McElroy, Charles Holbrook, Ru-
dolph Spreckels.

French Savings Bank

N. E. Cor. California and Scott Sts.,
Tel. West 3044.

San Francisco

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy.....President

Arthur Legallet.....Vice-President

Leon Bocqueraz.....Secretary

Directors—J. E. Artigues, O. Bozio,
Leon Bocqueraz, J. A. Bergerot, Chas.
Carpy, E. J. de Saba, J. J. M. Dupas,
J. S. Godeau, J. J. Mack, Leon Kauff-
man, A. Legallet, Geo. Beleney.

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY

OF CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO.

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000

Paid-Up Capital and Reserve.....1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Ad-
ministrator, Guardian, or Trustee.

Check accounts solicited. Legal de-
pository for money in Probate Court
proceedings. Interest paid on Trust
Deposits and Savings. Investments
carefully selected.

OFFICERS—Frank J. Symmes, Presi-
dent; O. A. Hale, Vice-President; H.
Brunner, Cashier.

Continental Building and

Loan Association

OF CALIFORNIA

(Established in 1889)

Church and Market Streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Subscribed Capital.....\$16,000,000.00

Paid-in Capital.....3,000,000.00

Profit and Reserve.....400,000.00

Monthly Income Over.....200,000.00

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE,
President.

WM. CORBIN,
Secretary and General Manager.

Insurance.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000.00

Cash Assets.....\$340,138.94

Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,414,521.10

COLIN M. BOLD,
Agent for San Francisco.

210 California St., San Francisco.

525 Thirteenth St., Oakland.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH,
Manager Pacific Department.

The Argonaut.

NOTICE.
As soon as the necessary permits can be secured and the debris cleared away, work will begin at once on reconstructing the Argonaut's former quarters at 246 Sutter street, San Francisco. In the meantime, the editorial and Business Offices will be maintained at TWENTY-FIVE BROWN AVENUE, SAN JOSE, CAL. Address all business communications there to The Argonaut Publishing Co., Jerome A. Hart, President. Subscriptions, \$4 per year; 6 months, \$2.10; 3 months, \$1.10.

The news trade can secure the Argonaut from the SAN FRANCISCO NEWS CO., 1017 17th SAN PABLO AVENUE, OAKLAND.

The paper will be on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco and by the Dennison News Co., on its boats and trains.

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE IN SAN FRANCISCO AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THIRTIETH YEAR.

Jerome A. Hart - - - Editor

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL—Why the Relief Fund Stands Still—The Traders Insurance Scandal—Czar Cannon and the Douma—An Insurance Manager's Resignation—Bryan and Hearst—The Traders' Bunco Game—Hearst's Fight in New York State—Free Building Materials for San Francisco—The Case of Senator Smoot—The Argonaut of April 21..	1-5
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....	5
HEIMITZ AND RUEF—What Ruef Thinks of the Press—His Views on Grafting.....	6
THE DE VECCHI'S APPEAL.....	6
THE MAN AND THE SNAKE, by E. Mirreles	7
EXTINGUISHING THE FIRE—The Death of Chief Sullivan	8
SAN FRANCISCO'S PROBLEMS, by F. L. B. DIVIDUALITIES—The Funeral of Henrik Larsen—Princess Ina's Conversion to Roman Catholicism.....	9
EDITORIAL NOTES—Summer Fiction—Personal and Miscellaneous.....	10-11
AGE GOSSIP.....	11
CITY FAIR.....	12
OLD FAVORITES—The Opening of the California Theatre by Bret Harte.....	12
THE ORYETTES.....	13
THE VERSE—The City Desolate—The Sisters—California—The People.....	13
EVENTS AND WHEREABOUTS—Engagements and Weddings—Across the Bay—Notes About the Clubs—Personal Gossip—Army and Navy.....	14-15
CURRENT PARODIES.....	15
JOKERS.....	16

Why the Relief Fund Stands Still.
When this journal some weeks ago depre-
cated the statements of politicians and news-
papers by which it was made to appear that
San Francisco was on the threshold of a new
era, we met with not a little criticism. We
warned the nation that the immediate need
of San Francisco was as nothing compared
with the need of the near future—the neces-
sity of feeding and caring for thousands for
many months. This warning was received in
some circles with derision and anger, and
this criticism went so far that those who
read it even presumed to prate of our atti-
tude as being "disloyal to San Francisco."
It is disloyal to San Francisco to tell the
truth about her scores of thousands of suffer-
ers, and to say that they lack food, shelter and
clothing, we could plead guilty to the charge.
It is disloyalty, make the most of it.
It is to our thinking to instill sedulously into
the minds of the American people that there
is little or no need here, when on the con-
trary the need is pressing and urgent; to im-
press on the country at large that we are busily
engaged in "beautifying San Francisco,"
when in reality we are trying to stave off star-
vation from a hundred thousand destitute re-

fugees—this seems to us much more like
"disloyalty to San Francisco."

How true, how lamentably true, were the
warnings of the Argonaut is shown by the hap-
penings of the week just passed. Inquiries
have come from New York as to "whether
there are still any destitute in San Francisco."
Chicago asks "whether there is any further
need in San Francisco."

Any destitute? Great God!

We pointed out in these columns four weeks
ago that there was an impression throughout
the Eastern part of the country that a relief
fund of twenty millions of dollars had already
been received in San Francisco. The size of
this enormous (and apocryphal) fund so
staggered the Eastern people that they con-
cluded they had sent money enough. The
senseless booming of our local newspapers and
speculators impressed them with the idea
that all urgent need was over. Therefore the
papers along the Atlantic Coast notified their
readers that the exigency had passed; that
San Francisco was recovering from her trou-
ble; that urgent need of assistance no longer
existed. In one case (as we quoted from a
Boston paper two weeks ago), the local Bos-
ton Relief Committee was urged to retain the
funds they had received, and to devote them
to local necessities as "they had already sent
enough to San Francisco."

The two messages from New York and Chi-
cago, to which we refer above, came to the
San Francisco Relief Committee. The New
York message came from the Chamber of
Commerce. This body had raised a fund of
over \$800,000 for the relief of San Francisco.
Of this amount they had forwarded \$250,000,
when they became impressed with the idea that
San Francisco no longer needed help. There-
fore, like prudent business men, they deter-
mined to send no more money until its need
should be made apparent to them. The re-
mainder of the fund, nearly half a million of
dollars, was placed in the care of J. P. Mor-
gan, Jr., Treasurer of the Chamber of Com-
merce Relief Committee, who placed it where
it would draw interest, subject to the call of
the President, Morris K. Jesup, and of the
Treasurer, Mr. Morgan.

It so happened that two San Franciscans in
New York learned of the existence of this
fund, of the fact that it had been temporarily
tied up, and of the further fact that it would
be placed at the disposal of the San Francisco
Relief Committee if the situation were made
clear. These two Californians were Franklin
K. Lane and Hermann Oelrichs. They tele-
graphed thus to Chairman James D. Phelan,
"We could use the information most advan-
tageously if you would wire us the total amount
to date in cash received by you since the earth-
quake." To this Mr. Phelan replied under
date of June 2. "Actual cash receipts to date
\$4,243,000." This dispatch was by Mr. Lane
and Mr. Oelrichs read to the Treasurer of the
Chamber of Commerce fund. They further
told him that on the very day they called upon
him General Greeley reported to Washington
126,970 destitute persons in San Francisco
alone, and 30,000 destitute outside of San
Francisco. Further to prove the presence of
great destitution in San Francisco, and the
fear that it will be with us for many months
to come, is General Greeley's warning to May-
or Schmitz—that by the first of next Novem-
ber, before the rains begin, the authorities

should erect wooden barracks to house sev-
enty-five thousand persons. For General Gree-
ley believes that at least that number will
still be dependent upon charity six months
hence.

The officials of the New York Chamber of
Commerce replied that the New York papers
were reprinting statements from the San
Francisco press to this effect: that "money is
plentiful in the stricken city;" that "the com-
mercial banks and saving institutions are re-
suming business;" that "all their resources are
intact;" that "a trust company of San Fran-
cisco loaned a million dollars in the local
money market;" that "San Francisco is so
overburdened with money that she has begun
shipping it back to New York." Although,
as business men, the members of the New
York Chamber of Commerce do not of course
believe that because the San Francisco banks
had plenty of money, this rendered it doubtful
that private destitution existed. Still these
flamboyant press reports necessarily made
them pause. The President, Mr. Jesup, said
that the only member of the finance committee
whom they recognized was Mr. Phelan, and
that the forwarding of the money at their
command rested absolutely with him; that if
Mr. Phelan informed them that the need of
it existed in San Francisco, the money should
go forward at once. It is probably on its way
Westward as we write these lines.

The New York Red Cross collected \$775,-
262 for the San Francisco Relief fund. Of
this amount \$501,580 was forwarded to the
National Red Cross at Washington. It was
intended to forward the remainder to the San
Francisco Relief Committee direct, when these
same booming newspaper reports made the
committee pause. At that time there remained
in the custody of Jacob Schiff, Treasurer of
the Red Cross Committee, the sum of \$205,-
855. This also was held up for the reason
that the Red Cross Committee believed that
destitution in San Francisco was practically
disappearing.

In Chicago the large sum forwarded to San
Francisco by the Chamber of Commerce was
supplemented by nearly \$200,000 more collect-
ed by that body, but which the officers con-
cluded was not needed. This sum also re-
mained in the treasury. It is only within the
past week that the official reports of General
Greeley concerning the grave conditions still
existing in San Francisco, and his prediction
that they will last for many months, impelled
the Chicago Chamber of Commerce to ask in-
formation of the San Francisco Relief Com-
mittee. They also have been informed of the
great need which exists here. They also have
made preparations for sending their accumu-
lated funds at once.

This is something. But at the best it is only
six or seven hundred thousand dollars. What
is that in the face of the appalling situation
which confronts us? Let those unfamiliar
with the facts go through the stricken city of
San Francisco to-day. Let them see the
scores of thousands of people dwelling under
tents in parks, squares and vacant lots, and
on the Government reservations surrounding
the city. Let them gaze on the melancholy
lines of men, women and children waiting to
receive food, clothing and shoes at the various
relief stations. Let them reflect on how little
hope there is for these hapless, helpless thou-
sands for many months to come. Let them

ponder over the fact that these sufferers must still be wards of the charitable, wards of the benevolent, wards of those more fortunate than themselves all over the United States.

And when they think of these things, and when they remember that the freely gushing fountains of benevolence flowing from all over the United States a few weeks ago were checked by the false reports of hysteric boomers, they can hardly find words strong enough, bitter enough to express their condemnation of such folly.

New York is the metropolis of the Union. Chicago is the second city. These two great communities, with their suburbs representing many millions, are bound to us closely not only by electric wires, but by a thousand filaments social, industrial and journalistic. Yet these two great communities, thoroughly as they are informed of the happenings of this vast Republic, were so ignorant of what was going on in the stricken city of San Francisco that they believed the destitution there was over.

The destitution over! With a hundred thousand people living on the bitter bread of charity! Do you know what a hundred thousand people means? Do you know it means the population of a hundred villages, of fifty towns, of half a score of small cities? That all these people, men, women and children, have no food to eat, no roofs to their heads, no shoes to their feet, no clothing to wear? And this is the appalling kind of situation which the hysteric boomers have so misstated as to mislead the warm-hearted and benevolent people of this great, rich, and most prosperous country.

If these two cities, New York and Chicago, with all the opportunities that they have for acquiring full and correct information, should have remained in ignorance as to the true conditions, think what ignorance must have prevailed in the many thousands of little cities, towns and villages throughout the United States. In many of these the sources of information are meagre. In many of them there is but one newspaper, and that a feeble weekly. In many others there is no newspaper at all. If Chicago and New York—with their scores of great newspapers, throbbing and pulsating with life, and with intelligence from all quarters of the world—should have remained in such ignorance, what must have been the lack of knowledge of these lesser communities? And yet it was from these that the great streams of assistance were flowing so freely a few weeks ago—to be checked, alas, by the mistaken activity of the boomers.

As the Argonaut remarked a week after the disaster, the truth is often hard, bitter and unpalatable, but it is better to tell the truth. We told it then. We tell it now. Other people and journals are telling it now. But they are telling it very late. Let us hope that it is not too late.

The Traders Insurance Scandal.

Since the Traders Insurance Company of Chicago went into liquidation facts have come to hand which show how utterly discreditable an affair this proves to be. For many years the Traders has been writing millions of fire risks on this coast at high rates. Yet on the first occasion when a great conflagration ravages a California city, this corporation, which has battered and grown rich on Californians' money, ignominiously backs down and goes into voluntary liquidation. Even among the Traders there were stockholders honest enough or politic enough to see that this course was not the best for them to pursue. These men advocated the levying of an assessment of \$200 a share, which would have enabled the company to meet its obligations and to con-

tinue in business. Even if the company had been hampered by its heavy losses, such an action would have created in the community a confidence in the stability of the Traders which nothing could destroy. Nearly thirty years ago the Bank of California failed. When its stockholders put their shoulders to the wheel, dragged the institution out of the mire of delinquency, and placed it on its feet again, they amazed the financial world. So great was the confidence created by this course that the Bank of California is now as solid as a rock—nothing could affect its standing in the minds of the community. Correspondingly, had the Traders Company acted with honesty—which was in this case the best policy—that company would have harvested many fold where it had sown. But its stockholders chose to adopt the cowardly and rascally course of bankruptcy. We say rascally, for the figures given out show that the company was only ostensibly unable to meet its obligations. The difference between its assets and its liabilities was so small as to be microscopic.

Among the many fairy stories concerning this bunco company is a tale of the heirs of one of its founders going despairingly from stockholder to stockholder, urging them to change their minds and pay their debts like men. They even volunteered, we are told, to put up several millions of their private fortunes to save the face and fame of the company founded by their father. But there is nothing more cowardly, we all know, than a million of dollars—unless it is two millions. All of the directors and most of the stockholders—the Traders being a close corporation—are reputed to be millionaires. It is needless to state that these rich rascals turned a deaf ear to the prayer that they should pay their debts like honest men. This is about the only part of the story that sounds probable. To those who know millionaires, insurance millionaires, particularly Chicago insurance millionaires, the only thinkable thing about the story is that these millionaires promptly refused to pay their honest debts.

A more credible narrative is that which tells us of the stand of J. J. Mitchell, "President of the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank and a large stockholder in the Traders Insurance Company." Mitchell is quoted as saying that he would have "opposed receivership proceedings had he been in Chicago when the Directors brought about that action." This sensitive and high-minded man, however, promptly refused to do anything toward rescinding the action, because he said he considered that the Traders Company "is a corpse."

So it is. It stinks. And so do its stockholders.

From its actions it is evident that this bunco insurance company will bilk every insurer who holds its policies; it will make a fight on every possible quibble and technicality that can be urged by unscrupulous and pettifogging attorneys. Rich rogues are always harder to deal with than poor rogues. We, therefore, recommend to those unfortunate Californians who are insured in the Traders that they do not attempt to fight that company singly; they will find the chances too much against them. The number of California losers by this swindling corporation is large. Let them incorporate and pool their issues. The Traders losses in California amount to some six millions of dollars. The California policy holders could well afford to spend half a million in attempting to recover their just dues.

The individual liability law found in the California statutes does not exist in Illinois. If it did there might be speedily found a way of making these insurance crooks disgorge.

But even if there be no such Illinois statute, a large body of wronged men, determined and vindictive, can perhaps do something to hurt the defaulting stockholders of the Traders. Life insurance revelations of late have taught us all that high insurance officials are not above low and dirty tricks. Apparently this is not confined to life insurance circles. The French have a story that when a man wishes to get rid of his mistress, all he needs to do is to write to her "All is over; I have discovered everything." They reason that there is always something to discover, and that the lady will accept her dismissal without cavil. Correspondingly there is always something to discover in the careers of such a gang as the directors and stockholders of the Traders. Let the California holders of that company's policies at once organize, incorporate, retain the best of legal talent in California and Illinois, go into the Federal courts, and see if they cannot make it hot for these rascals who have so brazenly stolen their money.

Czar Cannon and the American Douma.

We have had only meager references in these pages as yet to the Russian Douma. That body is now going through a most interesting experiment in the evolution of a parliamentary government. The French went through the same evolution, but in a shorter period. They began the experiment with the fall of the Bastille, and then, having chopped off the head of Louis Sixteenth, started in to govern themselves without a King. It is now a hundred and seventeen years since they began experimenting with representative government. During that time they have had five or six royal regimes under various names. They seem to have settled down at last to a permanent form of republican government. We of the Anglo-Saxon race are not so volatile and are cooler than the Gauls. Our forefathers began their struggle under the Tudor kings, and it was not until the reign of the Stuarts that the people fairly got to work by chopping off the head of Charles First. That was in 1649, and it took two hundred years for them to get down to a genuine representative government, which may be said to have begun after the Reform Bill in the first half of the last century.

Thus we see that it took the Gauls one hundred years to acquire a genuine representative government. It took the Anglo-Saxons two hundred years. It will take the Muscovites less. For, although they are slower than Gaul or Anglo-Saxon, they live in an age of the world when transportation and the transmission of intelligence are very rapid. Therefore, we may look for startling changes in Russia in the near future. Where the process of the English Revolution was marked by decades and that of the French Revolution by years, the Russian Revolution will doubtless be measured by months. Czar Nicholas had better look to his tinsel crown and his bauble scepter, or he may lose them.

And this brings us to the consideration of our own Czar and our own Douma. How long will it be before our Czar accords to us a representative government in these United States? Judging from recent events, that consummation would seem to be still far distant. California recently pleaded with Czar Cannon to be permitted to call up the five per cent school land bill during this session. This bill, be it understood, is a measure which dates back more than a third of a century. By its provision, California would receive certain moneys coming from her school lands, which were appropriated by the Federal Government, instead of be-

get aside for the use of California public schools, as has been the case in the other commonwealths of the United States. No one denies the justice of the bill. The Federal Government owes us the money. The bill has repeatedly passed the House; sometimes it would pass the Senate and not the House; sometimes it would pass the House and not the Senate; sometimes it would pass both House and Senate, and fail to receive the President's signature. And so the matter has gone on for years.

Now California finds herself confronted with the aftermath of a great calamity. Our low citizens in the East, having given to us freely in a great burst of generosity, are now forgetting us for their own affairs, as is but natural. San Francisco is still suffering from a paralysis of trade and industry caused by the great disaster. Today, long after that event, in the parks and squares of San Francisco, six weeks after the calamity, over seventy-five thousand people are still being fed by the Relief Committee. It is the belief of experienced and serious men that the removal of this deplorable condition is but a matter of a few weeks merely. Major General Greely is urging the municipal authorities of San Francisco to provide before next November wooden barracks to house seventy-five thousand people. No one knows better than General Greely the needs of these refugees. He and General Funston have been in charge of them ever since the fire. They believe this condition will not only last through the summer but through next winter. That a number of people thrice the size of our regular army before the Spanish War must still be provided for, shows how grave is the aftermath of the calamity.

It is for these reasons that California desires that everything shall be done that is humanly possible to raise money for the needs of her unfortunate people. In addition to the relief funds so generously forwarded from all over the United States, California is now attempting to induce the United States Government to pay to her as commonwealth certain sums which are her due. This school land fund is one of them. In San Francisco's schools are nearly all destroyed, her children wandering idly through the ruined streets. Yet Speaker Cannon, who is Czar of our Douma, has just killed off the California School Land bill for this session. June 4th was the last pension day in the House, and with its passage went all hope of passing California's bill at this session. Czar Cannon went further. He is so resentful toward Californians that on the same day he cut off all consideration of a trifling bill appropriating ten thousand dollars for a monument to Commodore Sloat at Monterey.

What is the reason of this resentment of Speaker Cannon toward California? The resentment of Czar Nicholas against Riga for riots could scarcely be greater. But we have had no riots in California, only earthquake; only fire; only destitution, hunger, raggedness; only suffering; only women and children, delicately bred, exposed to the elements; that is all. Even Czar Nicholas fully relented toward the rioters of Riga, pardoned some of them who had women and children dependent on them. Why should Czar Cannon be so relentless in his treatment against the children of California? Why should Czar Cannon attempt to block not only benevolent appropriations, but also to hold up sums of money which are our very own?

The answer is simple. As Czar Nicholas insulted by the attitude of the Douma toward his federal council bill, so is Czar Cannon miffed at the attitude of California

toward his Statehood bill. He is bent on the admission of New Mexico and Arizona as a single State because he is violently opposed to any increase in the number of United States Senators. He believes the Senate is already too strong as compared with the House. He fears that if New Mexico and Arizona are not forced into a union as one State, they will be admitted separately later if the Democrats get control of Congress. Czar Cannon is vehement in denouncing California and Californians. "Look at those fellows," said the Czar the other day, pointing to a group of California Representatives, "I have given more to that delegation than to any other. The California Senators have been coming to me for favors ever since I have been Speaker. And now they propose to humiliate me by voting against a Joint Statehood Compromise." Confronted thus as they are with the anger of the Czar, the California delegation has not receded. They believe that an attempt to coerce two territories into an unwilling marriage would constitute a semi-incestuous union. Hence they are determined to oppose it. They will oppose it whatever Czar Cannon may do, and if they were to withdraw their opposition and swap and dicker and bargain with the Czar so that in consideration of peddling out their votes to him he would consent to let California have money which is justly due her, they would be dishonorable and unworthy men. We congratulate them on their stand. Better let California women and children suffer rather than that California and her Representatives should be dishonored.

But when, we ask again, will a purely representative government be established in the United States? When will the commonwealths of this Union be permitted representation on the floor of the American Douma? How long will Czar Cannon be permitted to override with his autocratic will the Representatives of the people of these United States in full Douma assembled?

How long, O Lord, how long?

An Insurance Manager's Resignation.

Last week George D. Dornin, for many years a prominent figure in the insurance circles of California, resigned as Manager of the Pacific Department of the National Fire Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn. It is stated and not denied that Mr. Dornin's resignation was made because he refused to be a party to the very curious methods of the National Company. Among these methods may be mentioned the announcement of the Company, that it would insist upon a horizontal cut of twenty-five per cent on the face of every adjusted claim presented for settlement. As every adjusted claim is prima facie good for the amount of the face of the policy, such procedure as this is simply a hold up. It is no wonder that Mr. Dornin at once resigned. He has lived in this community for many years, and has always been regarded and treated as an honest man by honest men. He doubtless desires to retain such standing. He probably thinks that his recent affiliations, would cause him to lose that standing. Hence his resignation.

San Francisco is rapidly filling up with high officials of Eastern fire insurance companies. Many of these gentlemen doubtless stand high at home. Some of them are capitalists; some of them are bankers; some of them are active business men; many are deacons in evangelical churches or vestrymen in Episcopal ones. Doubtless all of them pray loudly in the front benches with an occasional petition to the Most High for the publicans and sinners out here in Cali-

fornia where we do not pray so loudly nor go to church so much. But we usually pay our debts. Most of us are honest, and the thieves and rogues among us we send to jail. Unfortunately California's laws do not extend to Connecticut, whence comes the National Fire Insurance Company. Connecticut was once the home of the old Blue Laws, famous for their severity. Traveling, for example, was forbidden on Sunday. We cannot conceive what kind of laws have succeeded to the Connecticut Blue Laws, if the men now trying to avoid their just debts are typical of the men of Connecticut. If the laws are no better than the men, we fear that the old colony has fallen into evil days. If some of these insurance confidence men shall succeed in their inter-State swindles, and shall rob the citizens of another commonwealth because of differing laws, it will be an added argument to the many in favor of uniform Federal laws throughout the Republic. That, however, will do little good to the defrauded policy holders of California. If these Eastern bunco steerers succeed in their confidence games, we hope that the defrauded policy holders will organize, raise a little money, classify and identify the men concerned, separate the honest men from the rogues, and then blast their business and private reputations in their own homes.

Hearst and Bryan.

Some months ago the Argonaut printed an editorial article speaking of the return of Mr. Bryan to this country after his tour of the world, and predicted that the prestige of his New York reception would probably give a marked impetus to his Presidential boom. Likening great things to small, we compared Mr. Bryan's reception with the return of General Grant. The boom seems to be launched earlier than we had expected. It is somewhat premature, the politicians say, but that may or may not be true.

While Mr. Bryan has been writing regularly for publication during his tour, he has carefully refrained from any comments on American politics. Within a week, however, a letter has arrived in New York City written from Constantinople to a personal friend, in which Mr. Bryan said:

"It is time to call a halt on Socialism in the United States. The movement is going too far."

This significant sentence has been published far and wide within the last few days. It is construed as a direct defiance to William Randolph Hearst.

For some time, so rumor runs, the Hearst newspapers have carefully excluded the name of Bryan from their columns. At this juncture it was deemed interesting by the Indianapolis Star to telegraph to Mr. Hearst asking him for his opinion on the enthusiastic indorsements of Mr. Bryan lately expressed in various quarters. In reply Mr. Hearst telegraphed:

I have been for many years a sincere friend and earnest supporter of Mr. Bryan. I rejoice in his achievements and successes and I approve of every honest indorsement of him.

Personally I would never welcome into the company of loyal friends of Bryan and sincere advocates of good government any such men as Tom Taggart, gambling-house keeper; or Tim Sullivan, keeper of dives and brothels, lord protector of Chinese crooks and criminals; nor would I ever welcome such men as Pat McCarren, election thug, or George McClellan, election thief, nor such Captain Kidds of industry as Belmont and Morgan and Dave Francis, all of whom with their mercenaries were

last mustered under the stained and draggled banners of Cleveland and the corporations.

I am confident that Mr. Bryan will repudiate utterly these men and their professions of friendship, realizing that they are not honestly in favor of any man or any measure that will protect the interests of the plain people of this country.

William Randolph Hearst.

The men whom Mr. Hearst scores so bitterly are prominent in the councils of the Democratic party. His declaration is therefore not enigmatic. It amounts to serving notice on Mr. Bryan that he must repudiate the present leaders of the Democratic party and strike hands with the Hearst faction if he would seek to have their support. Whether he would get it or not after repudiating the other faction remains to be seen. We are quixotic enough to believe that Mr. Hearst so bitterly hates the Cleveland faction and the Parker "safe and sane Democracy" that he would support Bryan even at the cost of his own Presidential ambition rather than see Bryan ally himself with that faction.

But where personal ambition is so dominant a factor, it would be useless to speculate as to the action of the two men. It is quite evident that the "safe and sane Democracy" have determined to support Bryan. David Francis—former Governor of Missouri and Secretary of the Interior in the Cabinet of President Cleveland—addressed the Missouri Democratic State Convention on June 10th. He declared that the conservative branch of the Democratic party could now reunite with the radical branch in supporting Bryan for the Presidency in 1908. He uttered these significant words concerning Bryan:

"I have differed with this man on a question of principles, but never have I doubted his integrity. His singleness of purpose and his loyalty to what he believed to be right have won him the admiration of the world. I have never questioned his patriotism or his splendid courage as a statesman."

Further phrases by Governor Francis concerning Bryan are: "A typical American," "receiving honors with dignity," "great breadth of his mind," "he has gained by experience," "ability to fill any office within the gift of the people," "a sincere lover of liberty," "a patriotic citizen." From these it is quite apparent that the Cleveland faction has determined to support Mr. Bryan.

It is only about a fortnight since the Bryan boom began to break out. Indiana began by eulogizing him in the Democratic platform and pledging that State's electoral vote to him. Missouri formally endorsed him in its State Convention for nomination in 1908. Arkansas unanimously endorsed him in its State Convention, and South Dakota in its State Convention also unanimously endorsed him for the Presidency.

There can be no doubt as to the genuineness of the enthusiasm in these Western and South-Western states for Bryan. In the East, however, the Bryan boom is not so spontaneous. It may be looked upon as the outgrowth of a desire on the part of Democratic leaders to kill off the Hearst boom. It may be that they are insincere, and that they hope, after killing off Hearst, to replace Bryan with a more ductile candidate. But we doubt their ability to bring this to pass. As is hinted above, if Hearst should consider that there was danger of Bryan falling into the embraces of the Cleveland faction, he would rather elect Bryan than a candidate coming from the Cleveland camp. There is even talk, in such a contingency, of Hearst being willing to take the second place on the ticket under Bryan. This, however, we doubt.

Republican leaders are gazing on this curious swarming in the Democratic bee hive

with mingled feelings. They would denounce Bryan as too radical and as socialistic, but for the fact that President Roosevelt has gone farther in some directions than Mr. Bryan ever dreamed of. The President's latest scheme for a graduated income tax, planned to reduce abnormal fortunes, is much more socialistic than Bryan's; and if, as is not unlikely, the ticket should be in 1908 Roosevelt against Bryan, the "conservative" Republicans, the Republican leaders say, may vote for Bryan.

In the meantime the great Democracy are looking forward with keen interest to Mr. Bryan's return. He is due in New York in August, say some six weeks from now, and special trains are to run from all over the country bearing Democratic statesmen to meet him. The address of welcome will be delivered by James J. Willett of Alabama, heading a delegation of representative southern Democrats. Willett is the man who supported Bryan in '96 and broke away from him in '99. His coming back into the Bryan fold is significant. In the House of Representatives a committee of Democratic Congressmen is being selected to go to New York and welcome the returning traveler. The only trouble is that the entire Democratic side of the House wants to go on the committee.

Altogether the Presidential campaign of 1908 is opening up a trifle early in Democratic circles, but it is going to make mighty interesting reading.

Bunco Game of the Traders Company.

Readers of the daily papers are familiar with the recent attempt of a Chicago attorney at a meeting of the California policy holders of the Traders Company, to make a compromise. It would now seem as if he were not authorized or accredited by any person in authority. He imposed upon the callers of the meeting by stating that he was "the attorney of the receiver"; he subsequently admitted, however, that he was not the receiver's attorney but "represented a number of large stock holders." He offered to induce these benevolent stock holders to pay enough money out of their own pockets to reimburse the California policy holders if the latter agreed to scale down their claims to a sum under sixty per cent of the face value. This proposition was made at a called meeting of the policy holders. It was promptly rejected, and a committee was appointed to ascertain the resources of the insolvent Traders Company.

It now looks as if Bates, the Chicago attorney, had been sent out as a stool pigeon, the stockholders intending to back up his action if he made a good deal, and ostensibly to repudiate him otherwise. J. J. Mitchell, one of the directors of the company, is quoted in a dispatch from Chicago as saying that Bates "was not authorized to make any proposition for a settlement." Mitchell, by the way, is continually giving out optimistic interviews, and persists in saying that he believes "the Traders liabilities will be paid in full."

The process of liquidation is going on in Chicago. Receiver Byron J. Smith last week obtained orders from court permitting him to sell securities belonging to the Traders, including stock in the First National Bank of Chicago and stock in the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Company. These two items, however, only aggregate about \$250,000. Chicago attorneys retained by the Traders Company continue to give out opinions holding that its stockholders are not individually liable. Other attorneys hold differently. As the California policy holders would probably not receive more than thirty or forty per cent of their just dues under the receivership, and perhaps not that, it would

be good policy for them to spend some money in testing the question. If they organize in corporate form, they can get a good deal more than the sixty percent offered by the stockholders' stool pigeon. The mere fact that the stockholders offered that amount showed that they thought the claim was worth more. It is whispered that the Traders desire to form a new company or to rehabilitate the old, in order to share in the rich crop of new insurance at high rates which will follow our great fire. Hence the desire to settle.

There are over two thousand policy holders of the Traders in San Francisco alone. So small a call as twenty dollars apiece if they all were incorporated would raise the sum of \$40,000. This would do a great deal toward ascertaining the legal liability of some of the rich Traders stockholders as tested in the Federal Court of Illinois. Corporate organization would also do much toward strengthening the attitude of the policy holders in dealing with those of the Traders stockholders who desire to continue in the insurance business. If any of those gentlemen desire to take up that business again, a corporation of policy holders could see that they did it with fairly clean hands, or interfere seriously with their infant industry.

An attempt is now under way to incorporate the Traders policy holders, which will probably succeed. This plan followed an attempt on the part of an "association" of Policy holders to ascertain these facts from the receiver:

1. What are the assets of the Traders Company?
2. What are its liabilities?
3. What is its surplus and reserve?
4. Who are the stockholders?

To these questions the receiver refused a reply. An attempt was then made to get the Federal Court in Chicago, which appointed the receiver, to extend the time for filing proofs of loss. This very moderate petition was promptly denied. Chicago attorneys who were "wise" informed the policy holders committee that the Traders' stockholders had great political influence in Chicago and a strong "pull" with the court. Seeing they were up against a hard fight the wavering policy holders at last decided to incorporate.

We are very glad to hear it. There is now a slight chance that they may get some of their money. Even if they do not they may put some rich insurance rascals behind the bars.

Hearst's Fight in New York State.

Mr. Hearst's battle in New York State for the position of a "favorite son" is going on again. Recent rumors of a possible alliance between Charles T. Murphy and Mr. Hearst are interesting. It is said that an agreement has been arrived at by which Boss Murphy is to receive the assistance of the Hearst organization for his district leaders in the coming primary fight; that in return Murphy is to deliver the 105 New York City delegates to the State Convention pledged to Hearst. A majority of the Tammany men do not believe that Murphy will ally himself with Hearst, but if he does they admit that Hearst's election as Governor is probably assured. If he be elected, Mr. Hearst's first step will be promptly to remove Mayor McClellan from office.

In New York State as in National politics the need of meeting Hearst with a pronounced radical candidate is shown by the talk of District Attorney Jerome as a candidate for Governor. Hearst's following is confident of electing him as an independent candidate, even

if he should not succeed in getting the Democratic nomination. In fact, he seems indifferent to the regular nomination. His enemies in the Democratic party believe that Jerome would be more apt to hold the party organization against Hearst than any other Democrat. Furthermore, Jerome's popularity as a vote getter in stumping the State makes them think that he will make the best run against Hearst.

What effect the sudden breaking out of the Bryan boom throughout the country will have on Mr. Hearst's gubernatorial boom in New York State remains to be seen.

The Case of Senator Smoot.

It is evident that Senator Smoot is to be disqualified from serving as Senator from Utah. He is a Mormon, and, while not a polygamist, he is believed to represent polygamists. The case has caused much discussion, and it is evident that there is a strong feeling among many men that the action of the Senate against Senator Smoot is unwarranted and is by way of persecution. We do not believe that the Federal laws against plural cohabitation could go into effect throughout the States of the Federal Union without putting many thousands of ostensible moral men into jail. We do not believe that men generally throughout the States of the Federal Union live on quite so high a moral plane as they seem to demand from the Mormons. But that is not the question at issue. The question is the eligibility of Senator Smoot, and it is one which concerns the Senate only. Under the Constitution that body has the right to pass upon the qualifications of its own members. It has decided against Senator Smoot. Hereafter he will be Mr. Smoot.

Free Building Materials for San Francisco.

We are not going to get them. The California delegation is making too faint hearted an attempt to procure the passage of the bill giving draw-backs on imported building material. Representative Kahn has been the spokesman for the delegation, and he is under the influence of the "stand patters." Furthermore, the California delegation stands in awe of the Pacific Coast Lumber Trust. In excuse for their luke-warm advocacy of this bill, the California members say that they demanded assurance from the Democratic leader that "the whole tariff question should not be opened up." But he refused. What of it? What if it should be opened up? Have not the Republicans enough of a majority to defeat the Democrats? Or do the California delegation fear that there are so many Republicans desiring tariff revision that the Californians might pass their bill and thus help the distress of San Francisco?

Representative Kahn in his speech said: "A bill of this kind would practically afford no relief at all, because it takes more than a year to put up a building of structural steel, and a one-year drawback would probably be of no use to the people at all."

Half a loaf is better than no bread.

Mr. Kahn said: "The members of the California delegation have been assured by the steel manufacturers that California orders would be given preference over all other orders."

Thanks awfully.

Mr. Kahn said: "Steel manufacturers assure us that there will be no attempt to raise the prices on structural steel for San Francisco."

At steel manufacturers' perjuries, they say, Jove laughs.

Mr. Kahn said: "The only cement that has increased in value in San Francisco is foreign imported cement."

Secretary of War Taft declares that all foreign cements are cheaper than any American cements.

Mr. Kalin said: "I have assurances that the prices of California cement will not be raised."

Tariff draw-backs would be more satisfactory than cement manufacturers' assurances or Mr. Kahn's belief in them.

Mr. Kahn said: "The Republican party will not consent to allow San Francisco to be mulcted in the price of cement, or any other commodity that will enter into the construction of her buildings."

If so, why does not the Republican party put its benevolent intentions into the concrete form of law? It has the power.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Newspaper Man's Advance Subscription.

Every newspaper man knows how hard it is for a fellow newspaper man to pay out cold hard cash as subscription to another newspaper, when he has been in the habit for years of receiving the cream of the periodical press all over the country in his exchange list, without money and without price. But here is not only a subscription from a newspaper man, but an advance subscription for two years, and one dated from the present issue, although his present subscription to the Argonaut does not expire until next October. The name of this newspaper man is Virgil Wheeler and he is Circulation Manager of the Tacoma Daily News. We thank Mr. Wheeler for his encouragement and for his advance subscription, but more than either for the eulogistic way in which he speaks of the Argonaut:

Tacoma, Wash., May 26, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: Enclosed find check for two years' subscription to the Argonaut. My present subscription expires some time in October, but I will ask you to date the renewal from now. I have been a reader of the Argonaut for fifteen or sixteen years and have always greatly enjoyed it. I want to congratulate you on getting your paper to your subscribers without missing a number.

I am in a position to judge of the difficulties you had to encounter, being in the newspaper business myself.

In common with every one else, I greatly regret the awful loss you have sustained and hope you will speedily recover.

Yours truly,

VIRGIL WHEELER.

A Subscription up to 1911.

Merced, Cal., June 1, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: I have just returned from the East, and seizing on the files of the Argonaut since that fateful 18th of April, I commenced reading up, in detail, current events of which the Argonaut has ever been a faithful chronicler. I grieve over your great and irreparable loss with a grief only less than your own. I think the particular incentive to write this letter was reading the history of that two-dollar bill from Portugal. I have been a subscriber to the Argonaut nearly, if not quite, since its first publication; and during all the ups and downs of that period, I have considered the Argonaut the one luxury, the one necessity, I could not do without.

Now, therefore, regardless of the date on which my present subscription expires, please find enclosed five years' subscription to the Argonaut from April 18, 1906.

Yours loyally after the resurrection.

L. R. FANCHER.

A Reader for Twenty Years Becomes a Subscriber.

San Francisco, Cal., May 31, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: Since my first introduction to your splendid journal, some twenty years ago, I have been a constant reader. Like a great many of your correspondents, I have never felt that I could do without my weekly treat. But instead of

being provident I have during that time bought the Argonaut from a boy who called at the office regularly with it, and to provide for the future I have been promising myself to buy as many bound volumes as I could. Now this promise can not be kept, and I am a sufferer through my own procrastination. The Argonaut boy, to add to my troubles, no longer comes, so to be sure of my Argonaut, I beg to enroll myself a regular subscriber and enclose herein \$4.00 for a year; if towards its close you will kindly call my attention to the matter I shall (D. V., Earthquakes V., Fires V., etc., etc.) take pleasure in renewing the subscription. With best wishes for the future of your journal, and trusting you will soon be able to get it out in its usual attractive style, I am,

Yours respectfully,

A. G. D. KERRELL.

P. S.—I found in our lumber room a few loose copies, which in accordance with your suggestion in last week's issue I am sending by express.

A Subscriber from the First Year.

Salem, Oregon, May 29, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: I note that the Argonaut has been issued regularly notwithstanding the fire. But the number following that disaster failed to reach me, and enclose stamps for a copy of that issue.

Permit me to congratulate the Argonaut upon its pluck. If you have saved your old records you will find that I have been a reader from the first year of its publication. There is this to be said of the Argonaut at all times, "It is always interesting."

Yours truly,

CLAUD GATCH

Clear-Sighted Counsel.

San Francisco, May 31, 1906.

Dear Argonaut: Herewith find dollar-bill, for which please send me two each of first two issues after fire and one each of issues since—to such an extent as the money lasts. I want to send them to friends in Europe, for I consider you give the most graphic and faithful story of the double disaster. It is refreshing that such clear-sighted counsellors as your paper still remain for us.

Yours truly,

JAMES SPROULE.

The Argonaut Habit Cannot Be Broken.

Berkeley, June 2, 1906.

Dear Argonaut: Welcome, a thousand times welcome, even though you did appear again for some weeks in long clothes! The only thing which has made us heartily laugh since April eighteenth is your delicate handling of Mr. A. Hartuppe McKee. The unusual events of April eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth, removed us from San Francisco to Berkeley, where we hope you will send the Argonaut. For the Argonaut habit can not be broken without injury to the breaker. The rain has spoiled the cherries, and everything has gone wrong, but so long as you have pen, ink and paper we shall not be utterly cast down.

Reducedly, but sincerely, yours,

REGINA E. WILSON.

Seeing the Old Familiar Argonaut Again.

Denver, May 31st.

Dear Mr. Hart: I have some odd numbers of the Argonaut which I am sending you by Wells Fargo. Not because I do not care for them, for I do, but that I feel I would be selfish to keep them when you tell your readers what need you have of files. I can fully sympathize with you in the loss of your files, for I had a set of bound Argonauts from the first number stored in San Francisco with other of my belongings, and had intended to have them forwarded. Alas, where are they now?

I was never more pleased in my life than when I saw the familiar name of the Argonaut once more after the fire. It seemed like a lost friend unexpectedly come home again.

Sincerely yours,

AMELIA E. NEVILLE.

From Friends in Wyoming.

2103 Warren Ave., Cheyenne, Wyo., June 1.

Editor Argonaut: Owing to the devoted

faithfulness of my sister, Mrs. Bernard Faymonville, of San Francisco, my husband and I have had the great pleasure of reading the Argonaut weekly since the beginning of 1882. We have '82, '83, '84 bound. Since then the papers have been given to friends, hospitals, prisons, etc. We are now sending to you by Wells Fargo a few numbers that I have, for various reasons, laid by for the past ten years or more. We hope they will be of some benefit to you.

We have wept, and the tears still blind our eyes at mention, or thought of the fate of beloved San Francisco. We are bound to her by many ties. It seemed to me one year ago that only prosperity belonged to that beautiful city of the Golden Gate.

In sympathy we are yours,
MR. AND MRS. HENRY CONWAY.

Courageous San Franciscans.

Mazatlan, Mexico, May 27, 1906.

Jerome A. Hart, Esq. My Dear Sir: I have to thank you sincerely for sending me your issues from April 21st on, the earlier of which were quite a surprise, for we had hardly expected to see the Argonaut again. It shows amazing fortitude on your part to have gone to work on the morrow of all your irreparable and heart-breaking losses to get out these numbers, which must be ever highly treasured by your subscribers, all of whom are your friends. Indeed, the courageous manner in which all San Franciscans are standing up under this overwhelming calamity is a very noble spectacle. Yet how sad to think that the city one has known and seen grow during the last thirty years is gone, never to be the same again. One can only trust that time may soften the remembrance of the calamity, while repairing at least your financial losses, and that we may always have the old bright Argonaut that we loved "in the years before the earthquake."

With the most sincere sympathy and best wishes of myself and family,

Believe me very truly yours,
GERALD E. WARD.

Argonauts for Our Files.

In response to the Argonaut's request for loose and unconnected copies of the Argonaut which we would be glad to have in order to build up complete files, we have received packages of papers from a number of our readers. Among the many who have very kindly sent us papers and to whom we extend our thanks are the following:

Mr. John Parrott, Chico, Cal.
Mr. E. Roemer, 1726 Lincoln Ave., Alameda.
Mr. Herbert Fryer, Camulos, Cal.
Mrs. Grimes, Cupertino, Santa Clara Co., Cal.
Mr. Geo. D. Hildebrand, 678 16th St., Oakland.
Mr. R. L. Gunn, Hamilton, Canada.
Dr. Raffaele Lorini, Coronado, Cal.
Mr. G. A. Williamson, Modesto, Cal.
Mr. C. G. Lathrop, 349 S. Tenth St., San Jose.
Mr. E. J. Okell, Suisun, Cal.
Mr. J. H. Grvine, Seattle, Wash.
Mrs. Henry Conway, Cheyenne, Wyo.
Mr. George L. Grimes, San Francisco.
Mr. J. F. Bigelow, San Francisco.
Mr. John Lawton, Folsom, Cal.
Mr. Wm. A. Bowden, Alameda Ave., San Jose.
Mr. F. W. Roeding, Cheyenne, Wyo.
Mr. A. H. Nahor, Iowa Hill, Placer Co., Cal.
E. G. S., Ross Valley, Cal.
Mr. A. J. Jennings, Martinez, Cal.
Mr. Geo. W. Morton, Vallejo, Cal.
Mr. A. G. D. Kerrell, San Francisco.
Mr. G. W. Wilson, Vallejo, Cal.
Mr. R. B. Thomas, 2356 Fifth St., San Diego, Cal.
Mr. A. E. Horlock, Hanford, Cal.
Mrs. A. E. Neville, Denver, Colo.
Mr. S. P. Johnston, 1726 Steiner St., San Francisco.
Mr. A. Weill, Bakersfield, Cal.
H. V., San Jose.
W. A. Carson, Chicago.
F. J. Martin, Kansas City, Mo.
G. C. Elliott, Los Angeles.

In addition to the above named we have received a number of parcels of Argonauts by mail with no sender's name on the wrapper.

SCHMITZ AND RUEF.

An Authorized Interview in the Bee—Ruef Denies That Schmitz is a Gubernatorial Candidate—He Pays His Respects to the Press.

Not long after the San Francisco fire the Examiner fell upon Mayor Schmitz and his political and personal friend, Mr. Ruef, with the utmost fierceness. The vigor of the attack aroused some surprise. Its ostensible cause was that the two had been in favor of granting a trolley privilege to the United Railroads. The Sacramento Bee had a long interview last week with Mr. Ruef at Sacramento, whither he had gone to advocate the bill conferring on San Francisco's Supervisors the right to buy and sell the city's real property. Concerning the trolley franchise, Mr. Ruef said:

"I want to say right now that I would have been in favor of granting that franchise to the United Railroads, whether or not the trolley is the best system, simply because of the splendid behavior of that corporation after the fire. Its conduct was most liberal and helpful, and has earned the lasting gratitude of the city. But, considered on its merits alone, I believe the trolley is the right thing under present conditions—the only feasible thing, in fact, if we are to have an efficient street railroad system. Certainly the United Railroads would not spend millions of dollars in putting in underground conduits, so it was a question of sticking to the old, slow cable lines, after long delays in reconstruction, or having a modern electric system.

"All talk of graft in this matter is false. The grant of the trolley franchise is satisfactory to at least nine-tenths of the people of San Francisco. And you will notice that in spite of the Examiner's denunciation of it, it has not opposed the Ocean Shore line, which provides a trolley system on Twelfth street to Market. If the trolley is all right on that line, why not on others?"

Mr. Ruef paid the following tribute to Mayor Schmitz:

"I have known Schmitz for many years as a thoroughly honest, able and independent man, of great force of character and tremendous energy. It is not true, as some say, that he is governed by me. I help him all I can, but the people have had a chance to see lately that he can do his own thinking and take the proper initiative. And I would like to ask his critics if such men as Fairfax Wheelan would have had the magnanimity, in the Mayor's place, to call around him, as Schmitz did, some of his strongest political opponents and detractors to aid in the preservation of order and provide for the rehabilitation of the city?"

Ruef was asked what effect the disaster would be likely to have on the political outlook in California, and especially on the prospects of Governor Pardee for renomination and election.

"I have given no thought to politics since the fire," said Ruef, without a smile. "My time has been taken up entirely with more pressing things. But I may say that most of the San Francisco voters who are now on the Alameda side of the bay will vote in their home districts. They still retain their legal residence in San Francisco, unless they choose to adopt a new one. As to whether Schmitz is a candidate for the Governorship, I am free to say I believe he could be elected, even if he ran on an independent ticket. But he is not a candidate. He believes he is called to stand by San Francisco during the trying time to come, and regards himself as having almost a supernatural call to devote himself to the city's needs and welfare. He certainly is the man for the place and the hour."

It was suggested to Ruef that he might have something to say regarding the charges of grafting constantly laid at his door.

"It is all a pack of lies," declared Ruef, vigorously. "I will give any man \$1000 who can produce proof of any grafting on my part. A lot of people think a man cannot be in politics except for money. But let me tell you that I was worth \$500,000 five years ago, when Schmitz was first elected Mayor, and that my income has since suffered, instead of gained, for my activity in politics. I worked for his election, in the first instance, not for his sake, but because I wanted to beat somebody else. And I have still enemies to punish and friends to aid."

Ruef then paid his respects to the San Francisco press:

"As to the power of the press in San Francisco, everybody has seen how little it could do against Schmitz. Why, in the last election the newspapers there, with the exception of the little Post, were all against him. And so it has been right along. An honest man, with fighting qualities and independence, can afford to ignore the attacks of the San Francisco newspapers. They do him no harm politically, although he may suffer personally, and his family likewise. No one likes to be abused. I am myself one of the most sensitive of men, but never a quitter because of attack and detraction."

Concerning Ruef personally, the Bee's interview says:

He is of Jewish and French extraction. His

appearance does not accord with the popular notion of a political boss. His apparel is of the simple sort, and his manners are quiet and agreeable. In talk he is courteous and deferential. He is ready and adroit in answering questions and stating his views, and with an appearance of candor can skillfully evade a query he is not disposed to answer directly. His ability is superior, in legal matters as well as in politics, and as a campaign and political manager there is probably no more capable, resourceful and effective man in the United States."

Dr. De Vecchi's Appeal.

Dr. Paolo De Vecchi, the well-known physician and surgeon of San Francisco, was in Rome with his family at the time of the terrible catastrophe which devastated the city in which he has lived for twenty-five years, and to which he is as devoted as any native son. Fired by a generous indignation at the apathy of the Italians towards their fellow countrymen in California he sent the following letter to La Tribuna, a Roman daily.

Again I avail myself of the courtesy of your journal to speak of San Francisco. I am mortified at the indifference of Italy towards our colonies, and especially the one in San Francisco, so large, so worthy, and so patriotic, as shown whenever Italy has mourned—in '96 by the misfortunes in Africa, at the time of the earthquake of Liguria, the floods of Veneto and the death of Umberto I, when with warm hearts and with open purses they came to the aid of the mother country.

Today, some 25,000 Italians, who are all a fountain of richness for their own country to whom they send annually millions of francs, today this colony which is the best of all our colonies, crushed by an overwhelming grief, by a tremendous ruin, find no generous response in this Italy which has always been called the land of sentiment.

Why have not the people manifested the sympathy shown by other nations? Why has the government made no sign? Why have all shown such cold-indifference?

Could not the Committee of Emigration offer to reciprocate some of these millionaires, lend them without interest, to assist in the model colony, lend it temporarily, for a national decency, from a grateful fatherland, for nothing else, for the return which is due to come when the colony is on its feet again?

Why could not part of the colonial fund be sent to the Italian banks of San Francisco as a loan to be used only in re-establishing the Italian quarter in San Francisco? Why could they not delegate a commission to rapidly study such a proposition, put it quickly in effect through the Bank of Naples, whom the financial condition of our bank and of our merchants in San Francisco well known? Do it quickly. Say the word which shall comfort and encourage the not sons of Italy who are living in anxiety and who certainly will not forget what the mother country does for them.

DOTTORE PAOLO DE VECCHI.

The Argonaut of April 21.

Have any readers spare copies of the number? If so, and if they will kindly mail them here they will much oblige the Librarians of several of the great libraries of the country that failed to receive their copies through trouble in the San Francisco Post office the week of the fire.

The conversion of Princess Ena to Roman Catholicism recalls that the Hon. Mary and Hon. Margaret Russell, daughters of the late Lord Russell of Killowen, are now both nuns in the Convent of the Holy Child Mayfield, Sussex; and also the Hon. Violet Gibson, the pretty daughter of Lord and Lady Ashbourne. The Duke of Norfolk has two sisters who are nuns, Lady Minna Howard belongs to the Carmelite Order, a Lady Etheldreda Howard is a Sister of Charity. Lady Edith Fielding, sister of Lord Denbigh, is another Sister of Charity and cheerfully endures exile at a convent in China. Lady Maria Christina Bandiera, daughter of Lord Newburgh, is at a Sacred Heart convent on the continent; La Frances Bertie, sister to Lord Abinger, resides in a convent at Harrow, and La Leopoldina Keppel, sister to Lord Almarley, is a nun of the Sacred Heart.

THE MAN AND THE SNAKE.

All round the circle of the hills the dazzling sky pressed down unclouded to the touch of the parched rim-rock. Between the hills the shallow basin lay baked and breathless. Over it the tense air quivered with heat. Within, no bird fluttered nor water purled nor green plant raised its head. Only the desert children, sage-brush and grease-wood and long-spined cactus, gray but never dying, lived on there in the drought, sterile and forbidding as the land which gave them birth.

Everywhere was silence upon the place, everywhere was immobility, save where the man lay and where beside him the bound snake whirled and writhed and rattled in the impotent fury of fear.

The man lay stretched on the hot earth stark naked, his face turned to the sky. A buckskin thong passed across his throat and was drawn taut between two roots of sage-brush. The noose which held his ankles was secured about a clump of grease-wood and both arms, thonged at the wrists, stretched wide as in crucifixion. Heavy bands of buckskin spanned his body so that to the prisoner there were left but two possible movements. He could turn his head from side to side, facing on the one hand the snake, on the other the miniature forest of sage-brush; and he could clench and unclench his pinioned hands.

In this last freedom the final ingenuity of savage captors had found expression. With the left hand tight clenched, the snake's wild stroke fell just short of its aim. Should sleep or insensibility relax the fingers, the reptile's head might overlap them.

Since early morning, through the increasing heat of the day, the man had lain there, grim and silent as the gray hills around him, save when now and then he raised his hoarse voice in defiant shouts. The snake, on the other hand, struggled and fought unceasingly against the cord which held him, striking impartially at it, at the just removed fingers or at the wooden stake to which the cord was tied, grovelling his body in the sandy earth, writhing and tugging with protruding tongue, and all the while translating in whirr and hiss the blind fear of his captivity.

Sometimes the man turned his head to watch; once or twice when the snake's movements flagged he slightly stirred his fingers in the sand, the ruse each time rewarded by the swift spring and fruitless stroke. But mostly he lay still, all his mind bent on endurance.

The man had been placed there to die. He knew it and the knowledge tinged his thoughts with a strange curiosity. There were three ways in which death might reach him; through the snake, through sunstroke or by the weary route of thirst and hunger. The second and quickest of these ways the light mountain air, vibrantly hot though it might be, rendered improbable. For the snake, it was a part of the man's torment that at any minute he might stretch forth his hand and by the movement invite an end, brief indeed, but horrible to the mind, doubly horrible to the strained imagination.

There was one other chance. An unexpected rain-storm, a heavy night dew in that barren place, would so stretch the slender buckskin thong which held the rattler that unaided he might reach and strike his victim. This was the element of uncertainty in the grim problem. This it was that sent the man's eyes searching the bare horizon with a look half dread, half longing.

On one of these weary journeys of sight a tiny speck of black above the western hills attracted him—a steady pin-point in the dazzling blue. He shut his eyes a moment in order to look again the more intently, and when he opened them, lo! the dark points were two. He watched them uncomprehendingly, as slowly and steadily high in air they moved from west to east. When at last in mid-heaven the sun's sheer strength beat down his gaze, he was the lonelier for loss of this one sign of movement.

The sense of heat had by now grown into anguish. The man's exposed body drew and quivered beneath the sun's rays as though each inch of it were endowed with a separate life. Unseen insects brushed and fluttered upon it, leaving beneath their light

pressure a trail like fire on the blistered surface. The snake lay prone, exhausted almost beyond striking. The man, noting it, smiled grimly and scraped his fingers noisily in the loose earth. As the snake whirled to front the challenge, he curled his hand close with a taunt for its futile effort.

He was thus engrossed when suddenly across his face swept a sense of delicious coolness. He turned his head; close above him almost within touch of a free hand, a great black bird, carrion in every movement, hovered on steady, outspread wings. Its shadow fell across his face; its eyes, bead-like and glistening and greedy, looked straight into his own.

For an instant they stared thus, man and bird. Then with a cry the man flung himself against his bonds, struggling and straining at them for escape from this new horror. On his body, dry till now, the sweat poured forth in streams. Blood gushed from his nostrils. With shrieks, with oaths, with stumbling words of prayer, he fought against the fate which held him.

Not once but many times the struggle was repeated. When at last, exhausted, his convulsed body fell back to quiet, the bird was gone. Shudderingly the man raised his eyes. Far up, half lost in blue, but ready, tireless, it hung above him.

"God!" breathed the prisoner, "God!" and turning his blanched cheek to the sand, he fell into a sort of sleep.

All through the waning day he slept, through the approach of night and the swift desert change from heat to cold. When he awoke the first pale amethyst of dawn was in the sky. The snake was sleeping, not as snakes are wont to sleep in freedom, head tucked to tail and sinuous fold lapping on fold, but with his swollen body back-thrown and stiffened against the stake which held him, caught mid-struggle by insensibility.

The man turned his head to face him.

"Hey, rattler!" he called cheerily, and scraped some grains of sand toward the recumbent body.

But when he saw the start and shudder with which the creature woke, the anguish of returning consciousness, suddenly he was sorry for his act. When the snake, writhing round, struck at its cord quivering from head to tail, he would have given an hour of his own rest to have restored the sleep which he had broken.

The sun rose presently. Again the weary panorama of the day unrolled before the eyes of the two victims. The snake was quiet, weakened by his long struggle. The man, strengthened by sleep, restored by the night's cold, held himself strongly in hand.

Sometimes, indeed, the growing heat drew from his lips a broken sigh. Sometimes birds, many now, swooped low around him with hoarse cries and flapping of heavy wings; at such times his whole body grew tense beneath the stress of almost uncontrollable disgust and terror. But he lay still. Not for his reason's sake dared he again give way to the expression of fear. It was a comfort to him in these moments that the snake showed no apprehension of their gruesome neighbors or eyed them only with the avid eyes of hunger. Watching the indifference of the reptile, the man feared less. Fixing his eyes upon it, he could hold hard to sanity and to endurance, though around him perched and hovered the vulture ministers of death.

But as the morning passed a new anxiety should die first? It seemed to weaken with every hour and the man trembled. He spoke to it soothingly at times and had, or believed he had, the power of quieting its paroxysms. In his fevered mind he searched haltingly for some knowledge of its needs. Would it live longer for the taking of his life? And if by stretching out his hand he could delay its end, what then of the lengthening of its pain? Before his dimming eyes, the snake loomed, now a refuge, now a menace. A dozen times, he half relaxed his hand only to draw it quickly close again. Once when the snake fell in its spring, seemingly dead, he thrust the fingers wide with a cry of utter deprivation. When it moved again he drew them in, the instinctive love of life still strong upon him.

A buzzard had risen at his cry and perched on the sage-brush at his head. He studied it quietly for a while, its coarse, dragged feathers, its filmed eyes and cruel

beak. When the scrutiny had grown intolerable, he strove to shout to scare it from its place. His voice came dry and breathless, scarcely a whisper, and the bird swayed back and forth unmoved.

He closed his eyes after this and for a long time lay still, only rolling his head from side to side that the vultures might not light upon his body.

At last, when the sun lay low on the horizon, he ceased the movement and again looked about him. Overhead a cloud of birds, scared by the sudden quiet, hung high in air; swarms of ants and lesser insects crawled and fed upon his arms and body; the sage-brush all around rustled with pungent dryness and to the west the sky burned hard and bright as burnished copper.

For a long minute he waited. Then, with a sobbing breath, he flung round, straining his body against the cords which held him.

The snake too had moved. The throng that bound it was drawn taut and painfully it had thrust its swollen head across the fingers. It lay thus, outstretched, not striking, its glazing eyes on the man's face.

And while they lay so suddenly there came to pass the impossible, the one uncounted chance. From far across the desolate sage-brush desert, sounded to them the barking of a dog.

It came nearer and with it the creak and grinding of heavy wheels. The man strove to cry out and, failing, gnawed desperately at his baked lips and tongue. When the feeble trickle of blood which paid his efforts had moistened his dry throat, he raised his voice in shrill and terrible cries. Above him at the sound the startled birds swirled to the west. The snake, too weak to spring, had yet dragged himself to a coil, his flat head raised in air.

Between his cries the man could hear the abrupt stopping of the wagon, the confused exclamation of men's voices. Next instant the dog's moist breath whiffed on his forehead and a man's face bent to his own. There was a sudden tightening of the buckskin thongs as a knife passed beneath them, its cool blade searing like fire on the blistered flesh. Hands dragged him from his place. A man on either side he was held erect. Through a maze of pain and weakness, he could hear the comment of his rescuers.

"Alive, all right!"

"God! He'll die on our hands."

"Carry him to the wagon!"

"Look out! Step wide of the rattler!"

Hands beneath his shoulders, they bent to the task of lifting him.

The sufferer sent out a groping hand in protest. He swallowed hard, struggling to speak. His naked foot thrust close—perilously close—to the fanged head of the snake.

"Turn him loose, too," he commanded.

E. MIRRIELES.

Pacific Grove, June, 1906.

Over 6,000 trunks of personal effects are in the hands of the San Francisco police awaiting identification by owners. The trunks were found in various places by the police, in squares, parks, streets and public places where they had been deserted by their owners. All the trunks have been numbered. It is possible for any one searching for his trunk to learn whether it is in the hands of the police at headquarters and giving a description of its contents. The value of the 6,000 trunks now in the hands of the police is large. It is more than likely that a great number of them will never be claimed. After a reasonable time and all due legal requirements have been observed, it is proposed to sell them, with their contents, at auction, and apply the proceeds to the relief fund.

John Alexander Dowie, the deposed leader of the Christian Catholic Church of Zion, is planning to end his days on the shores of Lake Constance, near the city of Constance which is the home of Ruth Hofer. Shortly after Voliva and his aides had proclaimed a revolution in Zion City, the name of Miss Ruth Hofer became linked with that of the aged First Apostle, and it is now said that he is planning to retire to private life on the shores of the beautiful lake.

FIGHTING THE FIRE.

"Them Littery Fellers"—They Prefer Earthquake to Fire—Not in Reality, But as "Copy"—Chief Sullivan's Death—Dynamite Versus Gun Cotton—Army or Navy Fire Fighters.

It is curious, that amid the miles of matter in newspapers and magazines about San Francisco's disaster there should be so much about the earthquake and so little about the fire. Yet the damage done by the earthquake was trivial compared to the devastation by the fire. Put in figures, a large majority of disinterested men would set the earthquake damage at not to exceed five per cent. Yet the loss from fire—in the burned district—was total. It was the greatest fire in the history of the world. Nothing like it was ever known. Moscow to it was a trifle. Even today Moscow is a city of a few palaces and churches and of hordes of hovels: a century ago it must have been worse. San Francisco, on the other hand, although not among the largest was one of the richest cities in the world.

Hence it would seem as if its destruction by a mighty conflagration would call forth infinitely more literary effort than that evoked by the earthquake which preceded it. Yet it is not so. Fire is commonplace; earthquakes are mysterious. Fire is the work of man; the quaking earth is moved by the hand of God.

Hence it is, perhaps, that so many of the writers who have described the disaster dwell upon the earthquake rather than the conflagration. Yet what a succession of startling stories must have occurred during those three terrible days in San Francisco when the firemen and the soldiers fought the fire.

A hint at them may be found in an extract from a letter written by Stephen Russell, a captain in the San Francisco Fire Department, written to his sister in another city. He wrote:

Our fight with the fire lasted amid harrowing and nerve racking scenes for 52 hours without intermission. My company worked all the way from Hayes Valley to Fifth and Market, thence to Van Ness and Golden Gate avenue, thence around my old home on Polk street, thence to Market and Valencia, finally making our last stand at Twentieth and Dolores.

It took two firemen to hold the hose while two more sheltered them with a wet blanket. And many, many times, we would lie down in the gutter and roll in the water, but it would not be two minutes till we were perfectly dry again. Our coats fell from our backs. Rubber coats lasted no length of time at all. Our caps were burned or baked on our heads. Our feet were blistered by the heat on the rubber boots. Yet every man fought on for 52 hours, when ordinarily a two hours' fight will exhaust a man. The doctors and nurses went up and down the line and injected strychnine into us, so we could go on. And one volunteer citizen, who had good judgment, went up and down the line with a sack and dipped it in the gutter, then applied it to the back of our necks. Many times we were trapped by the fire and could not get the horses to our engines, but always the citizens volunteered and pulled them out for us. The horses were exhausted also and could not pull the engines at times. One place in particular, up a steep hill, we put a rope on the engine and about 500 people got hold and dragged horses, engine and all up the hill. We had over half of our horse burned. And many of the men were delirious at times. We had no conception of time. It was as bright as day at all times. You can imagine how he fought, for we all loved San Francisco and to see her go up in smoke nearly broke our hearts.

The efforts of the fire fighters were largely weakened by the loss of their brave and beloved chief. Had he been in command, the battle against the fire might have been more successful. But he was stricken down by the earthquake in the early morning hours.

Chief Sullivan was not fatally injured at the first shock, but met death on account of his devotion to his wife. The chief's room in the fire station on Bush street, next to the California Hotel, was crushed by the falling turret of the hotel. Had he stayed in it and not rushed into the next room to find his wife it is now certain that he would not have plunged down with the falling floor.

From a report by Captain Cook of Chemical Engine 3, in whose engine house Chief Sullivan made his headquarters, it appears that at the first shower of bricks through the roof of the engine house Mrs. Sullivan was struck and slightly injured. Her cries alarmed Chief Sullivan. He instantly ran from his own room to hers. From his words after he was taken to the hospital it seems certain that he was blinded by the mortar

dust and did not pause to see what had happened. The floor of Mrs. Sullivan's room had already given way, and into the hole the chief plunged, to be hurled further into the debris. He picked himself up and it was seen by the men who ran to his assistance that he was not only badly injured by the fall, but was badly scalded by being thrown against the hot pipes of the heating radiator. He was taken to the Receiving Hospital. There the building was in such shape that he was not taken from the wagon, but hurried to the Railroad Hospital, and later in the day was removed to the Presidio Hospital, where he died.

Mrs. Sullivan, who was not dug out from the debris for twenty minutes after the earthquake, was saved from mortal injury by her presence of mind in rolling herself up in her mattress as the floor went down. This covered her and broke the force of the falling bricks.

A pathetic incident of the last hours of the brave chief was when Fire Marshal Towe visited him and successfully concealed from him the fact that the city was in flames. Chief Sullivan died believing that the department he had so long commanded had not met its first defeat.

Concerning Chief Sullivan, an article by William R. Lighton in the Boston Transcript, has this to say:

When the first premonitory shock of the earthquake came, on the morning of April 18, San Francisco's fire department had a chief who knew his business. From all accounts he stood deservedly at the very head and forefront of those in the United States who have spent their lives in mastering the theory and practice of that undervalued, under-paid calling of fire-fighting. His name was Sullivan, and his service in San Francisco had covered a period of many years.

He used to tell the boys that one day San Francisco would be up against the real thing, in the way of a big conflagration—which is the name for a fire that takes on the third dimension.

Sullivan, like many other thoughtful men, had long urged the necessity for an independent system of water supply, under municipal control, designed for fire-fighting. There lay the bay on one side of the peninsula, and the Pacific on the other. His argument was that salt water might be pumped into storage reservoirs on the crests of the scattered hills throughout the city, to be distributed thence through independent mains, which would be at the service of the fire department.

"All right," said Sullivan. "But don't forget what I'm telling you: This town is in an earthquake belt. One of these fine mornings we'll get a shake that will put this little water system out, and then we'll have a fire. What will we do then? Why, we'll have to fight her with dynamite."

For that was another crotchet of his—dynamite. But the people, in their easy sense of security, laughed at him.

On the morning of April 18 came the big earthquake. Then came the fire. It was all worked out exactly according to Sullivan's foretelling.

And Sullivan? His life was crushed out of him at the first shock by a ruined wall which tumbled down upon his engine house, burying him beneath the ruins.

There has been not a little discussion concerning the use of dynamite during the San Francisco fire. Some say that it saved the city; others that it helped to destroy it. Mr. Lighton has very decided ideas about the matter, which he does not hesitate to express:

The fire started in half a hundred places amongst the wreckage. The fire department—as good as any in the West, if not in the country—made a brave start, too; but that was as far as it got with its engines and appliances. The water mains had been twisted and torn and bad burst in many places, and there was no other supply available. The only resource then was explosives, used to demolish buildings in the path of the fire and deprive it of fuel.

No one knows how much dynamite was burned in the struggle; enough for the conduct of a siege. A look over the tumbled square miles of ruins gives proof of the desperate struggle. It was a struggle waged with the hardest courage and the best intentions in the world; yet it was unavailing, because it was not directed by a trained head.

General Funston commanded the situation, to be sure. But (meaning no disparagement of his doughty spirit) his training had not been at all in the line of fire-fighting of that sort. The dynamite squads nominally under his orders worked quite without a common purpose—here a little bunch, there a little bunch, and yonder a little bunch; one of disorganized firemen, one of obedient regulars, and one of willing but inexperienced militiamen. These overwrought groups were scattered over miles, each ordered by its excited subaltern; but more often than not the subaltern voices were drowned by the clamorous hubbub of suggestions, counter-orders and invective from the crowds of spectators; above these puny noises rose the roar of the fire, shot through and punctuated by the thunderous blasts of the explosives.

Mr. Lighton then touches on the explanations offered by the fire fighters for their inability to control the flames:

With this explanation you can understand why

General Funston announced that the San Francisco experience made no new contribution to knowledge, and that he, for one, had his doubts upon the subject.

When it was all over, and when the dynamiters were called upon to make tentative defense of their failure to live up to the accepted theory, there was but one explanation: Nobody felt justified in taking the responsibility of destroying handsome and costly buildings in a district not yet actually touched by the fire, though everybody could see that these buildings were fated sooner or later but the soldiers, hoping against absolute certainty could not bring themselves to assume the responsibility. That is why one is led to lament that there was an opportunity which lacked a trained and fearless man to make it his.

Yet the men appeared at last, and their work gave unmistakable and convincing proof of the efficiency of explosives in combatting a great conflagration. There were only three of these fighters; quite unassisted they undertook what ought to have been undertaken at first. They proved everything, beyond the possibility of a doubt. Hereafter, when folk are studying the lesson of the San Francisco disaster, in this particular they will ignore the madly frenzied acts of the soldiery, fixing attention instead upon the unobtrusive act of those three quiet fellows who did not appear upon the stage at all until just before the final fall of the curtain. In the hurly-burly and the hubbub, what they did came near escaping notice altogether—for they had no press agent.

They certainly have one now. And Mr. Lighton turns out to be a most enthusiastic one. For, according to him, the salvation of what is left of San Francisco is due—no to the San Francisco firemen, nor the regular soldiers, nor the militia, nor the police, but to the navy. Three men of the navy, according to him, saved the city. It is a very great pity they did not arrive a little earlier. Says Mr. Lighton:

Admiral McCalla was at Mare Island, watching, and wondering. On Friday night—the close of the third day of the fire—he told Captain McBride of the Navy to take a couple of good men and go and stop the business; it had gone far enough, and it was becoming disorderly. Captain McBride picked Chief Gunner Adamson and a subordinate gunner; and they took with them a ton and a half of gun cotton—no more.

The fire had then swept outward through the residence district to within a block of Van Ness avenue. That block in width, extending from Golden Gate avenue to the water front, as yet unkindled by the flames, was razed completely. There was no debate about responsibility, no question concerning the money value of the property destroyed, which ran well into the millions. McBride had his instructions; that was enough. He directed the work; Gunner Adamson placed the charges, and the third man, whose very name seems not to have appeared in print, exploded them. Not a pound of gun cotton was wasted; not a charge failed to do the work intended. And there the horror stopped. On the far side of the avenue the buildings show blistered, discolored, shattered in places by the earthquake; but only in one spot did the fire get across the barrier. The Claus Spreckels home was gutted; but that was the last of it.

Save for this achievement, what is left of San Francisco, between Van Ness avenue and the Presidio, would be in ashes, like the rest.

It would be interesting to know the opinions of others on this subject—the San Francisco firemen and police, and the United States engineers who directed the operations of the dynamite brigade.

"Skiddo" and "23," are considered synonymous. They mean "get out," "it's you out the woods," or in other words, indicate the presence of the person so addressed is not desired. "Skiddo" was originated by an Eastern vaudeville performer. "Twenty three" made its first appearance on the stage in "Little Johnny Jones." George M. Cohan, the dramatist, says he first heard the expression in San Francisco several years ago. He does not know its origin. Among the explanations are; When telegraphers try to tell some other operator to get on the wire they signal "23."

The Carnegie Foundation, organized to provide retirement pensions for teachers in the universities, colleges and technical schools of the United States, Canada and Newfoundland has made its first selection of men to receive these allowances. About 50 professors and teachers will be retired at the end of the college year, the total amount to be distributed to them being approximately \$70,000 a year. Among the well-known men on the list are John K. Rees of Columbia, Henry Baird of New York University, Charles A. Young and V. A. Packard of Princeton, Edward L. Moley of Western Reserve, George Trumbull Ladd of Yale, Henry P. Bowditch of Harvard, Francis A. Marsh of Lafayette, D. E. R. Merrill, formerly president of Ripon College, Wis., and P. H. Chandler of Ripon

SAN FRANCISCO'S PROBLEMS.

Will the Beautiful or the Useful Carry the Day?

San Francisco, June 9, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: Permit me to offer a word of temperate discussion of certain problems connected with the future of our city.

Happily, we have escaped the wave of hysterical optimism which a few weeks ago threatened to engulf us; and though still drenched and blinking, we can dimly perceive a sense of humor abroad in the land. Gush and exaggeration have had their short-lived day. San Francisco has not effloresced with quite the celerity of a phoenix; and our exuberant prophets now find themselves assailed by showers of hard, stubborn facts, which must give them pause. Yet, even so, in spite of disquieting signs, we feel that at least one thing will happen with the inevitable certainty of fate. San Francisco will be rebuilt, and will resume its old position as a place of dominating commercial importance. Whether or not it will be rebuilt after the noble plans prescribed by Mr. Burnham, is matter of opinion. It is agreed that we shall never have another opportunity at once so rich and inviting. But surely a deliberate attempt to achieve the beautiful on a scale of such magnitude, in a community so perennially indifferent to beauty, is not without its touch of the chimerical.

It must be borne in mind that as a municipality we have not been blessed with the artistic sense. Considering its opportunities, San Francisco has probably committed more crimes against good taste than any city of its size and importance on the continent. Many years ago we built a City Hall that cost several millions of dollars; and then, as if in shame at its sordid story of graft and corruption—to which an earthquake has just added a touch of grim humor—we hemmed it in with acres of unsightly shanties! Later, we had an opportunity to redeem ourselves, when the Federal Government appropriated a munificent sum for a Postoffice building. How well we seized the opportunity is apparent only to certain property owners in the dingy purlieus of Seventh street! No organized protest appears to have been made against this outrageous transaction; and I venture to say there was never less interest manifested by an American community in the erection of an important public building. Nothing short of a devastating fire permitted our new Postoffice to emerge from its dingy obscurity. Although we were told that it cost millions, and required six years to build, we have only just now become aware of its existence!

Our sluggish indifference to personal appearance—if I may so express it—was perhaps one phase of our self-compacency. We were spoiled by foolish flattery. Poets told us that our city resembled a queen sitting at the western gate! We were informed that we had a glorious climate and a splendid harbor, and handsome women, and unique restaurants; and tourists from the great Middle West went into bucolic ecstasies over our Cliff House and Chinatown! But now and then, travelers with more intelligence than manners have heaped ridicule and contempt upon us. They have said that our city was an agglomeration of ugly wooden houses; that our streets were hideous in their drab and dingy monotone; that, bearing such natural attractions as our bay, with its picturesque fringe of hills, and the noble prospect of the Pacific from our western headlands, we had nothing to offer but the cheap and the tawdy. Even our much-vaunted Cliff House was to them a ridiculous, down-at-the-heels affair, with its shabby restaurant and seedy waiters. And though we protested indignantly that our climate was the finest in the world, we forgot perhaps that our visitors were buffeted by vicious summer winds, laden with the debris of unclean pavements.

Still others, in charitable search of the appy touch that should redeem our promise, and compensate them, have, in silent misanthropy, passed by our proffered intimacies, and stood in mute astonishment and reverence before the little monument to Stevenson in Portsmouth Square. Here, at least, was the one simple, charming and

memorable thing we had to show them!

It may be urged that this is no fitting time to carp and criticize; that it is too much like striking a man when he's down. But is it not precisely the time to strike—when the iron is hot? When the adulation of the world is so likely to turn our poor heads and blind us to the responsibilities and possibilities of the future?

A comprehensive plan for beautifying the city has been submitted to the people. It has been supported enthusiastically by a few high-minded men with ideals above the mere sordid business of money-getting. And it is safe to say, it will be desperately opposed by the majority.

In forming a conjecture as to the outcome, the bitter memory of our last two municipal elections awkwardly obtrudes itself. The obstacles seem overwhelming. But even should all this unselfish effort bear no visible or immediate fruit, we hope that we shall at least live to enjoy the cherished memory of it, as we live to marvel at the spirit of deep affection and faith that gave us the Stevenson memorial.

F. L. B.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The funeral of Henrik Ibsen, the famous Norwegian poet and dramatist, who died at Christiania on May 23, was attended with every demonstration of popular sorrow, in the cemetery attached to the Church of the Holy Trinity. There was a great concourse of mourners, among whom were King Haakon, the cabinet ministers, the members of the Norwegian parliament, and representatives of artistic and scientific societies, home and foreign. A long eulogistic funeral oration was delivered to which the king listened with apparent attention. Ibsen was born in 1828. For many years he held a prominent place among the literary men of the world although his work made but little impression on this country. Outside of his so-called "social dramas"—"Ghosts," "A Doll's House" and "Hedda Gabbler"—Ibsen's work is but little known here.

"Speaking one day in a confidential mood of his selection to succeed to the chair which is now being so adequately filled by Governor-General Ide. General Jim Smith said that he really felt he was being pushed too far. Referring to his own preference, which, like that of Secretary Taft, is for the bench, he said that on the latter a man had a life job, but there was no knowing what might happen to him in the trying and delicate position of governor-general with its hundred and one pitfalls. A man might go in bearing his blushing honors thick upon him and come out looking like a cabbage leaf. By a combination of a little, a very little, ability, and a tremendous boost of good luck, he had managed to get where his head was beginning to swim. He somehow felt that luck was bound to turn and this sort of thing could not go on forever. However, there is yet no indication of Fortune's proverbial fickleness," so discourses the Manila American.

President Roosevelt has an account at the Riggs National Bank in Washington. The bookkeepers have no end of trouble keeping the President's balance straight, because so many people who get checks from the President fail to cash them, preferring to preserve the checks as souvenirs. So many persons are willing to pay from \$1 to \$10 for an uncashed check signed by the President that hundreds of dollars are saved the President every year.

United States Senator Joseph R. Burton of Kansas has placed his resignation in the hands of Governor Hoch. As has been his custom since the charges were first brought against him, Senator Burton declined to talk for publication. Foster Dwight Coburn was appointed by Gov. Hoch to his place. Senator Burton, F. D. Coburn was born in Jefferson county, Wis., in 1846. He served in two Illinois regiments during the Civil War and settled in Kansas in 1867. He is probably the most popular man in the Republican party in the State.

Senator Arthur Pue Gorman died in Washington on June 4th. He had been ill for several weeks and the end was not unexpected. Senator Gorman was one of the

cleverest and most successful of American politicians. When he was 13 he was appointed page of the Senate Chamber, and from that day to the present he was never out of the public eye, and since he became of age he was never without a large and influential following in the politics of his native State. Mr. Gorman was born in Howard county, Maryland, March 11, 1839. He came of Irish Presbyterian stock. He was educated in the public schools and received his appointment through Stephen J. Douglas of Illinois. In 1872 Mr. Gorman became President of the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal Company, which connection laid the foundation of his wealth.

The "touchiness" of the average Briton is proverbial but an extreme case is that of G. H. Williamson, a Conservative member of the British House of Commons for Worcester, who last week was unseated because over-zealous friends had bought votes for him at the February election. It is reported that a royal commission will investigate charges of bribery of ninety-seven voters, and the whole city is in danger of being disfranchised. That fate befell Oxford once.

Merely because a respectable French lady was recently arrested at night on Regent street, where she was awaiting her husband, by the police, who mistook her character, the Government has been called to account in the House of Commons, the Home Secretary, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, has had to explain; and a royal commission has been appointed to make inquiry into the way the Metropolitan Police of London deal with cases of drunkenness and solicitation.

In a diagnosis of the President's intrepid and stern character, Collier's Weekly says, while reviewing a late unpleasantness which involved a question of veracity, "To him, what he believed yesterday and what he believes today are the same, however different they may seem. Much, therefore, that might seem uncandid in the President is really the expression of this trait. If a brick hits him he throws back that brick. If he is displeased by a quotation he denies it. He who is overpraised is often overblamed. Partly because the President is supplanted by the populace to be more of a hero than he is, a hostility to him is insidiously gaining ground among the sophisticated, and this hostility makes the great, the serious error of allowing exasperation to create blindness to the fact that, when all his faults are counted, Mr. Roosevelt is the most widely influential creator of moral political sentiment alive in America today."

The uncertainty attaching to Senator Depew's condition and personal plans has had some light thrown upon it by the discovery that he has fully relinquished the use of his desk in the front row of the Senate. Senator Dick of Ohio has taken possession of it, having moved up from the rear row on the Republican side. Significance is attached to this fact. Senatorial procedure decrees that members may file with the sergeant-at-arms a claim to any seat more advantageously located which they anticipate will become permanently vacant. Following this custom, Senator Clapp of Minnesota filed on Burton's seat immediately after the latter's first conviction, and Senator Rayner of Maryland claimed the refusal of Berry's fine location on the Democratic side as soon as the latter's defeat in Arkansas was predicted. Mr. Depew must have abandoned hope of ever resuming his place in the Senate, or otherwise he would not have relinquished his desirable location in the front row. Mr. Dick's mere withdrawal from the Depew seat hereafter would not restore the previous condition of affairs, as there has been a general reassignment of the other seats affected. Senators have moved up to better locations as follows: Dryden to Clapp's former seat, Hemenway to Dryden's, Warner to Hemenway's, and Brandegee to Dick's. Senator Depew's term does not expire until 1911.

It is not generally known that the drawing of the bubbling spring which decorates the label of every bottle of Apollinaris is by Du Maurier. The original design is in the possession of the Apollinaris Company in London.

LITERARY NOTES.

Summer Fiction.

Among the new books of a new firm (Moffat, Yard & Co., price \$1.50), is "In Vanity Fair," by Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd. It appears to be made up of sketches printed in newspapers and subsequently collected in book form. It relates to the lighter phases of Parisian life, and a very fair idea may be had of its scope by some of the chapter headings, such as "Frocks and Femininity," "The Tyrants of the Rue de la Paix," "Le Sport in Paris," "The Fine Art of Dining," "The Hunting Season," "Under Southern Skies" and "Les Americaines." Under these headings Mrs. Brainerd discusses feminine topics in French society; the ladies of the Parisian under-world; dress in Paris; Worth and the old man milliners; Paquin and the new school; racing near Paris; the day of the Grand Prix; Motor Mania; dining in the Bois; the Ice Palace with its crowd of skaters; hunting over the estates of the old nobility; the French Riviera; Nice and Monte Carlo, and last, but not least, American women and their extravagance in buying frocks in Paris. The book contains some fifteen illustrations which are after photographs by some photo process akin to the half-tone. The book is not deep, but it is entertaining.

The fashion for stories about automobiles has brought out a new one entitled "The Pink Typhoon," by Harrison Robertson (Charles Scribner's Sons). This is not like the ordinary motor story in which a man, a girl and a chaperone go through Europe, winding up with a wedding. The scene of this is laid in America and the motorist is "The Judge," who devotes himself to taking a couple of children out motoring and incidentally taking their custodian as well. This young woman might be their nursery maid, but is not. It is a simple story, not quite so complex as the European motor narratives, but none the less entertaining.

"The Challenge," by Warren Cheney (Bobbs, Merrill Co.) is a story of the North. In fact the writer appears on the title page as "Author of the 'Way of the North.'" Mr. Cheney is, if we are not mistaken, a Californian and was at one time editor of the "Overland." The story is laid in Russian Alaska, and its hero is a young Russian aide to the officer in charge of the station. There is not a little curious lore concerning Russian superstitions. One of these, incidentally, is the belief that by casting melted wax one may ascertain what shape of thing is pursuing a dying man. In a death scene in this book the wax assumes the shape of a bell. The son of a mad priest has been executed by the law, but the priest considers it murder and announces to the Russian officer that he is to die and that his death will be announced by the tolling of a bell. Thereupon the priest, who is pious, secures a large bell and prays several times a day, his prayer always being announced by the tolling of the bell. Needless to state that Mikhaïl Etolin dies. The reader may either believe that he died from a natural cause or because the priest prayed him to death.

The charming love story by Herbert Quick (Henry Holt & Co., \$1.50), which attracted comment on its first publication, has just appeared in a second edition. It is called a story of Yankee Magic and its hero is a typical Westerner of the humorous order. The book is more than a novel. It is in reality a well considered study of Western life and manners.

"A politician should strive to be a representative man." "Certainly," answered Senator Sorghum. "The question is whether you are going to represent the public or the boss."—Washington Star.

"Binx is always mowing his lawn." "Yes," answered the neighbor who takes life easy. "Binx doesn't realize how a man in his shirt sleeves pushing a lawn mower spoils the looks of a lawn."—Washington Star.

"Don't forget to visit the mystery show while you are in Europe." "Let's see, that's in one of the German cities, isn't it?" "No, it's in Berne, Switzerland. I refer to the international sausage exhibition."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Our neighborhood is considerably stirred up," said the farmer, as he helped himself to a pipeful of the village editor's pulverized cabbage. "What's the trouble?" queried the editor, scenting an item of news. "Nothin'," answered the granger. "Everybody's ploughin', that's all."—Chicago Daily News.

Wise—"The current magazines have an unusual amount of illustrated fiction in them." Krankley—"That's what! I saw a picture in one of them today of a fellow with Somebody & Co.'s safety razor."—Philadelphia Press.

LATE VERSE.

The City Desolate.

The following poem, by Edwin Markham was read at the recent performance given by players in New York for the benefit of the San Francisco sufferers:

A groan of earth in labor-pain,
Her ancient agony and strain;
A trembling on the granite floors,
A heave of seas, a wretch of shores,
A crash of walls, a moan of lips,
A horror on the towers and ships;
Torn streets where men and ghosts
Go by;
Whirled smoke mushrooming on the sky;
Roofs, turrets, domes with one acclaim
Turned softly to a bloom of flame.
A mock of kingly scarlet blown
Round shrieking timber, tottering
stones;
A thousand dreams of joy, of power
Gone in the splendor of an hour!

The Sisters.

This is the way of sisters: provoking
When skies are clear;
Jesting lightly together as if they
Were kin nor dear;
Mocking the one the other; uncon-
scious of grief or care;
Veiling their love in laughter so long
As life is fair.
So long as life is sunny; let aught of
Sorrow befall,
And the grief of one sets aching the
Loving hearts of all.

And so with the sister cities that
Proud and smiling stand,
Each in her own dominion, across the
Prosperous land.
They make a jest of each other; they
Chaffer a growth and trade
While skies are blue; but let one, sore
hurt, murmur a cry for aid,
And the jest is forgot and the laughter
Lost in the love that lies beyond.
As with shining eyes and with helping
hands the sister cities respond.
—Wex Jones in New York Journal.

California.

Her mighty, mist-draped mountain
rise
To heights, where everlasting frowns
The winter with his snowy crowns,
Encircling nature's paradise.
While, bathed in beauty, as a sea,
Her valleys green securely lie,
Beneath a slumbrous, summer sky,
Symbolic of the Great To Be.

From north to south on rifted shore,
The pure Pacific's pulses beat
In adoration at her feet,
In adoration evermore.
Oft, weary of sonorous chant,
Its passion scoring all control,
Its giant tones in thunder roll
From cliff to cliff, reverberant.
The sun gives her his last good-night;
Such loyal worship well befits;
For, looking seaward, still she sits
An empress in her royal right.

Full fruitage decks her garment's
hem;
The riches of all regions rest
Inherent in her throbbing breast,
A wealth of mines, her diadem.
O, fairest land, man ever trod!
O, proudest realm, of youthful fame!
Pray Heaven, that, with unsullied
name,
You own allegiance to your God!
—M. E. Dudley.

The People.

It isn't the streets nor the buildings
That are reared 'neath prosperous
skies,
Nor the domes with their splendid
gildings
That we truly revere and prize.
For houses may fall and their wrecks
may strew
The place 'neath misfortune's frown;
But a great voice cries "We will build
anew!"
It's the people that make a town.

It isn't the plain nor the mountain,
Nor the ocean that rolls afar,
Nor the waving field nor the fountain
That makes us the men we are.
When the shadows of want and grief
expand,
It is then that we know the worth
Of a gentle heart and stalwart hand;
It's the people that make the earth.
—Washington Star.

Ethel—"Think of his being a foot-
pad! He looked like a real foreign
nobleman." Esther—"What did he rob
you of?" Ethel—"Everything I had."
Esther—"Then I guess he was."
Judge.

Fred W. Foley and H. E. Zimmer-
man have formed a partnership for
doing Painting and Decorating. Esti-
mates given. 365 Seventh avenue, San
Francisco.

The Fisherman's Rubaiyat.

I.
Wake! for the clock is several hours
late,
And in the pools the eager troutlets
wait,
All longing for the brilliant-colored
fly—
While from your flash sounds gurgle
of the bait.

II.
I sometimes think that never grow so
hot
The words that we are prone to use a
lot
As when some fish is hooked and
played quite well
And, when you reach for him you find
he's not.

III.
What! if the boy can fling the creel
aside
And with a crooked stick that we de-
ride
Catch far more fish than we of fancy
rods,
Were't not a shame for us to harbor
pride?

IV.
Myself, when young, did eagerly fre-
quent
The fishing streams and heard great
argument
'Bout fancy lures, and rods and heels
and such,
But always caught 'em with a pin up-
bent.

V.

Ah, pard, could only you and I conspire
To use worms to our heart's desire,
Instead of sticking to our fly-book
truck,
Could not we each be made a better
liar?
—Denver Republican.

"Oh, dear," she said, after the mus-
cale, "I'm so mortified that I don't
know what to do. I can't imagine
what caused my voice to break as I
did. It never happened before. What
must Mrs. Waddington's guests think
of me? How can I ever explain it?"
"Don't mention it," her friend advised.
"They were all so busy talking while
you sang that probably nobody no-
ticed it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"All I ask," said the Muck to the
Rake with a gentle dignity that im-
pressed all who heard it, "is simply I
be let alone." Then it hastily and un-
obtrusively backed up on a little cor-
ner where the graft was showin'
through.—Baltimore American.

"You may say what you please," re-
marked the amateur farmer, "but they
isn't any money in incubators. I've
tried them." "No money in incubat-
ors?" said the man with the expansively
shirt front. "Huh! I know a cha-
t'at's got rich sellin' 'em."—Chicago
Tribune.

New Books for Pleasure and Profit

Superseded

By May Sinclair, Author of "The Divine Fire."

12mo. \$1.25.

A story of two strongly contrasted teachers in a fashionable girls' school in London; an old maid arithmetic teacher whose rule-ridden soul finally awakens to the real world of men, women and love, and the classical mistress, a beautiful and vital woman who tried to help her less fortunate colleague. Despite the pathos of the tale, there is a strong sense of the underlying humor and continuity of things throughout the book, and at the close two of the important characters are "trying not to look too happy." The author considers it her best work previous to "The Divine Fire."

The Misses Make-Believe

By Mary Stuart Boyd.

\$1.50.

Two Devonshire gentlewomen attempt the conquest of London on all means. Their story has the humor and the pathos of being "hard up," good love interest, telling hits at social foibles, and effective bits of garden talk.

"When the balance at your bank is becoming steadily less and the bill in your private sanctum growing perceptibly larger, take this book into a quiet corner and have it out with your conscience. . . . The two girls are charming and ingenious."—Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

The Professor's Legacy

By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick.

\$1.50.

A love story of German university and English country life, notable for humor and fine character drawing.

"Strongly reminds one of Miss Fothergill's 'First Violin' . . . much humor and much excellent character study."—N. Y. Times Review.

"Thoroughly pleasing and femininely sympathetic . . . abundant dialogue naturally told . . . a commendable, clever, pretty book."—The Argonaut.

The Nonchalante

By Stanley Olmsted.

\$1.25.

Casual data in the career of Dixie Bilton, who became an operetta singer in a small German city (said to be Leipzig).

"Gives a remarkably vivid picture of Dresden and of the colony of young American men and women who study art and other subjects. The special feature of the book is a full-length study of an American girl who is studying to be an opera singer. She is very well drawn. . . . Unusually clever."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Losers' Luck

By Charles Teaney Jackson, a new Californian Author, 2d printing.

\$1.50.

A story of filibusters of reckless humor and courage, who fought at most of whom died, for a woman. The scenes are chiefly aboard a yacht at in Guatemala, and the time to-day.

"These men are swept by the momentum of the game into a fever of enthusiasm, it sweeps you along . . . unusually readable."—New York Times Review.

"For juveniles, and for grown-ups who have not forgotten how to laugh."—The Boston Herald.

The Lark Furnace

By Hildegarde Brooks. Illustrated by Peter Newell.

\$1.25.

"To the average youngster who loves fairy tales and revels in 'Alice Wonderland' it will be a delight indeed, for it takes its readers into the queerest places imaginable and gives them a private view of many wonderful people and things."—The Chicago Evening Post.

"As original as amusing . . . positively refreshing."—Boston Transcript.

The Girls of Gardenville

By Carroll Watson Rodkin, Author of "Dandelion Cottage."

\$1.50.

This new book by Mrs. Rankin is the interesting and natural story of girls' club, "The Sweet Sixteen" of Gardenville, a picturesque city in northern Michigan.

"Wholesome stories . . . The sixteen heroines are natural, lively girls whose pleasures and trials would be of interest to other young people. . . . The tone of the book is commendable; it teaches sound principles without being priggish."—Critic.

"American Public Problems" Series. Each \$1.50 net, by mail \$1.65.

Immigration

By Prescott F. Hall, Sec'y of the Immigration Restriction League.

"Readable . . . containing a vast amount of valuable information. Especially to be commended is the study of racial effects. As a trustworthy general guide it should prove a godsend."—N. Y. Evening Post.

The Election of Senators

By Geo. H. Haynes, Author of "Representation in State Legislatures."

Shows the historical reasons for the present method, and its effect on Senate and Senators, and on State and local government, with a detailed view of arguments for and against direct election.

Studies in American Trade Unionism

Edited by J. H. Hollander and G. E. Barnett.

\$2.75 net; by mail, \$2.98.

"It is doubtful if anything approaching it in breadth and coordination has yet found its way into print. . . . A very useful book."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Problems of Babyhood

By Dr. and Mrs. George Wells F. With some 20 illustrations by E. Bell.

2d printing.

\$1.25 net.

By mail, \$1.33.

"Of decided value, and it is needed by thousands of parents who have never been brought to a realization of the evil done by thoughtless care of little folk, will find the little book to be worth its weight in gold."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Open Road

Compiled by E. V. Luens.

A charming outdoor anthology and a beautiful book. The vacation gift book.

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY 29 W. 20th St. NEW YORK

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous.

Will Irwin's story of old San Francisco, which appeared in the Sun three days after the earthquake, has been revised and will soon be issued in book form, as "The City that Was," by B. W. Huebsch. The motto of the book is that proud saying of Willie Brit, a native wit: "I'd rather be a busted lamp post on Battery street, San Francisco, than the Waldorf-Astoria." Mr. Irwin, it is said, is to be managing editor of McClure's Magazine.

"Lady Baltimore" heads the list of best selling books in the June Bookman.

Henry Holt and Company will issue at once "Superseded," by May Sinclair, author of "The Divine Fire." It originally appeared with another story in a volume entitled "Two Sides of a Question," a small imported edition of which is now exhausted. The leading characters in "Superseded" are two strongly contrasted teachers in a fashionable girls' school in London.

Mr. Winston Churchill's new novel, "Coniston," is announced for issue June 20.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, have brought out a popular (sixth) edition of their translation of the Baroness von Suttner's "Die Waffen Nieder!"—"Ground Arms!", for which the authoress has lately received the Nobel Peace Prize of \$40,000.

Henry Holt and Company will issue at once "A Political History of the State of New York" by the Hon. DeAlva Stanwood Alexander, the Buffalo Congressman. It will be in two volumes and cover the period from 1777 to 1861. Vivid character studies of the Clintons, Hamilton, Burr, Van Buren, Seymour and Thurlow Weed are said to dominate the work.

Barbara's new book, "The Garden, You and I," is said to be more like "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife" than any of her books. The Macmillan Company will publish the book June 6, with twenty-five illustrations from photographs.

Eugene F. Ware, the well-known Kansas lawyer and politician, has collected and translated the various sections of Roman law relating to the use of water. Mr. Ware has arranged the matter by subjects, such as Rivers, Rain Water, Irrigation, Drift, etc.

The publication of Sir Walter Bessant's great Survey of London continues ("Medieval London," Vol. I, Macmillans). As in the preceding volumes, there is a rich storehouse of material of the most varied sort, light and serious, personal and social.

At a recent sale of rare books in New York a copy of Miss Tarbell's "Life of Lincoln," specially illustrated and extended to three volumes, brought the highest sum paid—selling for \$300.

A third edition of Judge Walter C. Noyes' "American Railroad Rates" is announced. President Ripley of the Santa Fe Railroad has ordered that this work shall be placed in the thirty reading-rooms maintained by the company for its men.

Henry Holt and Company expect to publish immediately "How Ferns Grow" by Margaret Slosson. The book contains 46 remarkable plates made by the authoress.

C. L. Brownell, author of "The Heart of Japan," lost a considerable quantity of manuscripts in San Francisco. Mr. Brownell writes: "I saw the Palace smoke for two hours and then burst grandly into flames as I had seen the Call building earlier. It was magnificent, fascinating, bewildering, awful."

"The Life of a Star," by Clara Morris, contains innumerable anecdotes of such people of the stage as Wallack, Coghlan, Irving, Salvini and people prominent in other walks of life, such as Garfield, McKinley, Henry Bergh, etc.

In Rudyard Kipling's response to the toast of "Literature" at the anniversary banquet of the Royal Academy, May 5, he said: "If a tinker in Bedford gaol, in a pamphleteering shopkeeper, pilloried in London, if a muzzy Scotsman, if a despised German Jew, or a condemned French thief, or an English admiral official with a taste for letters can be miraculously afflicted with the magic of the necessary words, why not any man at any time? Who are they?" The New York Evening Post says: The best guesses are that the "muzzy Scotsman" is either Boswell or Burns; the "despised German Jew," Helne; the "condemned French thief," Villon, and the "English Admiral official," Pepys.

At the same time that Henry Holt and Company issued their "American Public Problems," "The Election of Senators" by George H. Haynes, they were obliged to reprint the first book of that series, "Immigration," by Pres-

cott F. Hall. This earlier book, though originally published as a work for general readers, has been adopted as a class text-book in the University of Indiana.

Commenting on "The Muck Rakers of an Earlier Day," the New York World says: The "muck-raker" is by no means a new comer in literature. The year of the publication of "The Jungle" is the semi-centennial of the appearance of Charles Reade's "It's Never Too Late to Mend," a book which the critics of the time found "revolting." Its portrayal of prison abuses shocked conservative sentiment. In "Hard Cash," published in 1863, Reade exposed the evils of private lunatic asylums, and in "Foul Play," in 1869, gave to the world a forcible arraignment of the traffic in sailors' lives by ship-owners. Even before Reade, Charles Dickens, in "The Pickwick Papers," in 1836, had dealt a blow at prison evils. In "Nicholas Nickleby," published in 1838, he laid bare the petty oppressions of school life in Yorkshire. Walter Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," threw light on the deplorable social conditions of London's East Side. Our own great example of muck-rake fiction of a former time is "Uncle Tom's Cabin." On its publication in book form in 1852 Mrs. Stowe despaired of its success. Within five years 500,000 copies had been sold and its place at the head of all novels of moral motives established.

Volume VII of "The Writings of Benjamin Franklin" (Macmillan), edited by Albert Henry Smyth, is now ready. It brings the correspondence down to the end of 1779, when Franklin was enjoying the life of France at Pacey. Among the interesting papers of this volume is the "Proposed Version of the Bible," whose satirical nature Matthew Arnold, by some extraordinary lapse of judgment, overlooked.

A second edition, containing new material, of "Frederick Chopin, His Life and Letters," by Moritz Karasowski, is translated by Emily Hill (Scribners). Almost mechanically, on picking up the second volume, one turns to the pages on which the name of George Sand occurs. It is curious to observe that the sensitive musician was at first rather repelled by the famous woman's appearance. Writing to his parents from Paris, he says: "I have made the acquaintance of an important celebrity, Madame Dudevant, well known as George Sand; but I do not like her face, there is something in it that repels me."

A characteristic story of Tennyson is told in Louis Frederick Austin's posthumous work "Points of View," which has just been published. Walking one day with Mrs. George Meredith, Tennyson was very silent and gloomy. Suddenly he growled: "Apollodorus (Austin's name for some unimportant Scotch divine) says I am not a great poet." Mr. Meredith objected that Apollodorus' opinion did not matter; Tennyson retorted: "But he ought not to say I am not a great poet." That was the entire conversation. This reminds the Academy of a story of Matthew Arnold, to whom a friend once dared to hint that "Merope" was not Greek. Arnold threw up his eyes. "It may not be Greek," said he, "but it is very very beautiful!"

While reading the papers one day in January, 1902, Sir Conan Doyle was fired with the idea of vindicating the British soldier from the calumnies circulated against him in the pro-Boer press of Europe. How he got the money for this undertaking, how in eight days, working sixteen hours a day, he wrote his defense, and how the book was received—he now relates in the June Cornhill under the title of "An Incursion into Diplomacy." The total output of the work was 300,000 of the British edition, about 50,000 in Canada and the United States, 20,000 in Germany, 20,000 in France, 5,000 in Holland, 10,000 in Wales, 8,000 in Hungary, 5,000 in Norway and Sweden, 3,500 in Portugal, 10,000 in Spain, 5,000 in Italy and 5,000 in Russia. There were also editions in Tamil and Kanarese. The total sum at his disposal amounted to about £5,000, of which, speaking roughly, half came from subscriptions and the other half was earned by the book itself.

There is said to be a possibility of Ellen Terry being seen in this country, next season, in "Alice Sit by the Fire."

E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe propose to produce three new American plays next season. Two are by Eric Mackaye, and the third by H. W. Boynton. They also promise plays by D'Annunzio and Sudermann, including a revival of "The Sunken Bell." In "As You Like It," Mr. Sothern will appear as Touchstone and Jacques in alternation.

It is reported that Nat Goodwin will both sing and dance in a piece called "Popularity," which he is to produce in October in New York.

STAGE GOSSIP.

A. B. McCreery, the well-known capitalist, has decided to erect one of the finest theaters in the United States at Eighth and Market streets. He was the owner of both the Majestic and Central Theater properties. He announces that the new McCreery Theater will be of the class A variety—a steel frame, re-enforced cement, modern structure, fire and earthquake proof, fitted up with the latest improvements and inventions in theater construction and stage mechanism.

Howell & Dodge, the theatrical managers, will put up the big tent used by Sarah Bernhardt, in which the great benefit for San Francisco sufferers was held in Chicago. They expect to open July 1st.

"Romeo and Juliet" by real moonlight was played June 6 on the grounds of the Doheny home, in Chester place, the millionaire's residence park of Los Angeles, by Constance Crawley's Company of English Players. The proceeds were for the benefit of the theatrical people who suffered in the San Francisco disaster. The audience was seated on the lawn surrounding the magnificent Doheny home, in amphitheater form. For the carrying out of the famous balcony scene between Romeo and Juliet a porch with stained-glass window accessories was set above the porte-cochere.

In discussing her eventful farewell tour that is just ended, Sarah Bernhardt said at New York June 12 that her greatest experience was at Berkeley, Cal. "There," she said, "in the great Greek theatre I played Phedre as it has never been played before, under blue skies and in a classic theater of the true Greek type." Bernhardt closed her eyes in reminiscent mood and said: "There sat before me three thousand folk who had been made homeless by the terrible earthquake and fire, and they forgot—yes, I believe they forgot all. So this ends my tour," concluded Mme. Bernhardt, with a sweep of her expressive hands. "I go back to my dear France—to return never. With me I carry images of tents, pavilions, theaters—all places where you dear people came to see me."

Reginald de Koven, the well-known composer of light operas, including "Robin Hood," "The Fencing Master," "Rob Roy" and "Happy Land," who has been missing from his favorite haunts in New York for several days, has been ill at a sanatorium at Yonkers. The nature of his illness is not known, but his condition is said to be serious. This information came out in the Harlem Police Court when De Koven's wife appeared in a case of her chauffeur for persistent violation of the speed law. The chauffeur was held for trial. He was arrested while returning from the sanatorium, where Mrs. de Koven and a party had been to see the stricken composer. In the party was Robert S. McGann, president of a big engineering company of this city, and the chauffeur's trial also developed the fact that McGann is engaged to marry Mrs. Dudley Winston, sister of Mrs. de Koven. The chauffeur let out this secret, which was not denied.

The great show in New York today is entitled "The Fall of San Francisco."

Henry Miller is to seek in England for new plays for Margaret Anglin.

William H. Crane has gone to Europe to spend the summer.

Robert Edson, has completed a one-act play which he has styled "An Honest Moment," founded on Bret Harte's story of "Brown of Calaveras." Bronson Howard recently addressed the Actor's Church Alliance, his theme being the growing dignity of the dramatic profession.

E. S. Willard will be one of the actors to appear at the benefit performance for Elieff Terry in London.

Charles Stevenson, who has been leading man with Mrs. Leslie Carter for eight years, retired from her company last week, and will sail for Europe for a long rest.

Ethel Barrymore has gone to Maine to spend the summer on a place recently purchased.

Eastern managers say they will continue to send attractions to the Pacific Coast. They will depend upon Sacramento, Oakland, Stockton, San Jose, Los Angeles and other cities.

Speaking of Clara Morris, Salvini says: "The instinct of the actor was twice plainly shown—once, when, in making a mistake, instead of atamering or going back to correct his error, he swiftly 'jumped' the faulty lines and dashed on securely with the others. And again, when he recited the words of 'The Light Brigade' on the occasion of his first appearance in

America, it was in a town hall at Yonkers. Standing as if looking in an open grave, he plucked a white flower from his coat, and cast it down. It was a hit of business that caught the house."

Ellen Terry's Jubilee.

The lasting and affectionate regard in which the London playgoers hold their favorites found splendid exemplification on June 12 in the matinee at the Drury Lane Theater in commemoration of the theatrical jubilee of Ellen Terry. It was the most remarkable manifestation of its kind in the history of the British stage, not only drawing to the historic auditorium immense throngs of people from all walks of life, but crowning the star with notable names in the dramatic and musical profession, including playwrights and composers, in an unprecedented program which continued from 12:30 to 7:30 o'clock. The most notable event on the program was the first act of "Much Ado About Nothing," with Miss Terry as Beatrice and twenty-two other members of the Terry family in the cast. But perhaps the most moving and memorable event was reserved for the end in the reception scene on the stage. Here Miss Terry was surrounded by 500 of her friends, embracing the participants in the program and other well-known members of the profession, including Sir Charles Villiers Stanford and Alexander Campbell Mackenzie. The enthusiasm of the audience was roused and each appearance of Miss Terry was greeted with handclapping and cheering lasting many minutes. A notable feature of the performance was W. S. Gilbert's "Trial by Jury," which the veteran author himself directed and in which the jury was composed of famous playwrights, Capt. Robert Marshall being the foreman while the "crowd" was made up of host of well-known actors and actresses.

Before the performance began Miss Terry was given a tribute by the pites and gallery gods, who for more than twenty-four hours had patiently waited for the doors to open, amidst themselves meanwhile in good-natured fashion, the long vigil being rendered eventful by the appearance of Miss Terry at the gallery doors at midnight to look at those friends through the dimmed eyes.

Miss Terry made a short speech thanking all for their kindness. Shaking hands with M. Coquelin and kissing Signora Duse, whose hand she retained to the end of her little speech, Miss Terry proceeded:

"Though I stood here as long as the pyramids have stood, I could never say what this day has been to me; have the heart to wonder at all you have done for me, but not the tongue to praise you. I will not say good-bye. It is one of my chief joys today that I need not say good-bye just yet, but can still speak to you as one who is still among you on the active list, still in your service, if you please."

Everybody then joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne." Arthur W. Pine announced that the receipts approached \$30,000. The exercises closed with the singing of the national anthem.

ORPHEUM

(FORMERLY CHUTES THEATRE.)
Week Commencing Sunday, Matinee June 17.

Vaudeville Stunners

KAUFMANN TROUPE; NORA BAYF WILLY ZIMMERMAN; BEET AN BERTHA GRANT; MARVELOUS FRANK and LITTLE BOB; PROBS ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES AND LAST WEEK OF THE LAUGHING SUCCESS OF THE CENTURY, 16 KARNO'S LONDON COMEDY COMPANY—16.

MATINEE EVERY DAY EXCEPT MONDAY. Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c. Matinee, 10c, 25c, 50c. Saturday and Sunday, 10c and 25c. Downtown Box Office at Donlon's Store, Fillmore and Sutter streets. Phone West 2400.

CHUTES AND ZOO—Open daily from 10 a. m. to Midnight.

Admission, 10c. Children, 5c.

ROBERTSON'S

JUST A BOOK STORE

The books reviewed or mentioned in the Argonaut can always be purchased at

ROBERTSON'S
1186 1/2 Ellis St., Near Octavia

VANITY FAIR.

The rapid increase in the number of clubs for women in London and a growing practice of admitting Americans to membership has brought about a distinct step forward in international amenity. It is doubtful if a more successful means could be devised to facilitate a greater mutual understanding of the variation of social customs and that indefinable but weighty factor, the personal equation. For the American women it has added a new zest to a stay in London. The testimony of those who have enjoyed the hospitality of the club to the extent of the two weeks' house stay permitted to out-of-town members, or who have simply used the club as a meeting place for entertaining purposes is overwhelmingly appreciative. Living in the house for that length of time and constantly meeting the members penetrates even the traditional English reserve and places acquaintance on a more personal and intimate basis than is often the lot of women who have been in the habit of regularly visiting London. The number of social clubs for women in London is astonishing. They have no counterpart in America, although English women quite generally and mistakenly believe that the hundreds of study clubs which flourish in our country are of the same order as their clubs. In fact, they will often say they got the club idea from America. They are, however, a very natural outgrowth of London conditions. Distances are so great, difficulty and slowness of transportation so trying, that all social intercourse is a real burden. The club makes it easy to entertain in a central and accessible place for tea or dinner, and it is possible to have a regular "at home" day and thus see friends. As a rule the meals served in the clubs are much better and more varied than members succeed in having in their own homes, as the art of cooking in England is still in a very primitive stage. Prices of club meals are extremely reasonable; in fact, probably too low priced for good business management. Men experienced in club management contend that a club cannot meet expenses except for the profit in sales of tobacco and liquor, and that no woman's organization can be made self-supporting, as the revenue from such sources counts for very little.

The bankruptcy of the Empress Club recently illustrates the contention. This club is a fashionable one where a great deal of expensive entertaining was done. The annual subscription was \$25, and the yearly revenue something like \$50,000, which makes a high-priced club for England. The premises in Dover street were unpretending and not nearly so costly as several of the other clubs, the Lyceum Club, for instance, which has the handsomest house in the choicest club region in London—facing Green Park near Hyde Park corner, on Piccadilly. The Lyceum pays the huge sum of \$20,000 a year rent. This club has not succeeded in paying expenses in its three years' existence, though the membership numbers about 5,000, inclusive of the German and French branches and large American membership. The annual dues are \$15 and \$20. The most expensive club is the "Ladies' Bath," which has the swimmingbaths and other athletic features. The club, which is building on Madison avenue for New York women, more nearly resembles the "Ladies' Bath" than any other. The newest club is "The Imperial," which is to have a strong political leaning, although it is explicitly stated in their charter that they are opposed to woman suffrage. The Duchess of Marlborough is one of the founders and an officer. Every time a new club is founded in London the smoking-room feature is dwelt upon in our papers as if it were a new and shocking departure. As a matter of fact, the club without a smoking-room causes comment in London. Smoking is general among women of the upper classes in England, as it is in France, Germany, and Italy. The middle and lower class women, as a rule, do not smoke. Several successful clubs have men and women members. Men are very much in evidence in these women's clubs. The imperativeness of the afternoon tea function renders men available quite generally between the hours of four and five. The general air of ease and delightful social intercourse at tea time at the club causes a pang of envy to the American man or woman having a share in it.

Paris, which was conspicuously left out of the Princess Ena's wedding trousseau, is having magnificent revenge. The War of Roses was a mild exchange of amenities in comparison. The French modistes have made no moan. They have only laughed to scorn the "uninspired" "unemotional"

British hats of the Queen-elect of Spain. The affair was brought about by the enterprise of Le Matin, which before publishing pictures of some of these creations, submitted them to experts of the Rue de la Paix for their criticism. A feminine artist, who has crowned many a head that supports a royal diadem, lifted a supercilious lorgnette and examined the first picture. Then with round eyes of infant wonderment she inquired: "What on earth is that? A hat? Never! It is not possible to believe it. Monsieur has made some error. That mass of feathers and strings a hat! Mais non! Ridiculous!" The climax came, however, when the head of the establishment, carefully putting her finger on the picture of the ponderous wedding-cake of the royal bride, said gravely: "Now that has meaning. For my part I should prefer to wear that."

Princess Ena's wedding cake was the first royal wedding cake ever seen in Spain. The English custom was introduced by King Alfonso as a compliment to his bride. The cake is six feet high and weighs more than 340 pounds. It stands upon a huge silver salver, on which the bride's mother's wedding cake was placed. The cake consists of three glistening silver white tiers, and is 46 inches in diameter at the base.

The lowest tier is divided into eight panels, separated by Corinthian columns, and is surmounted by Cupids disguised as postmen and messengers. The spaces between the columns are filled with panels of sugar work representing Spanish vines. The panels are festooned with orange blossoms, white heather, myrtle and white roses. The flowers were chosen by Princess Ena. There are four panels on the second tier. In the center of each is a shield with the monogram, "A. V.," mounted by the Spanish crown. Medallions, sprays of myrtle and tiny white roses embellish the third tier, on top of which is a beautiful group of children in white Parian marble, bearing aloft a vase holding a bouquet. Four long floral festoons reach from the top to the bottom tier. A gold knife with an ivory handle two feet long accompanies the cake, and will be used to cut it for presentation to the guests.

In London, on May 29, Gen. Lord Roberts presided at the Pilgrims' dinner in honor of Bishop Potter, of New York. There were 150 guests, including the Archbishop of Canterbury and several bishops and titled personages. Andrew Carnegie, Alfred Sutro, W. Butler Duncan, Don M. Dickinson, David Bispham, G. M. Cassatt, Sir Thomas Lipton, Victor F. Lawson and John Wanamaker. The Archbishop of Canterbury toasted the guest of the evening. Bishop Potter, in replying, described his recent tour of the East, and complimented Great Britain on the work the nation has done in Egypt. He said he did not know whether it would be any comfort to his hearers to know that the American Eagle is going about the streets of Cairo with its tail between its legs.

The Elysee Palace, where the President of France holds court, was built in 1720 by the Count of Evreux, a favorite of Louis XV., and was afterwards inhabited by la Pompadour, who spent a fortune on its decoration. But it went through strange vicissitudes of fortune before reaching its present office. During the reign of Terror it was owned by Citizen Hovyn and used as a gambling house and place for public balls. Two sets of these balls are notorious—those of the Benedicks, and those of the Victims, thus described:

So it was that these balls were given, to which "boarding schools" of young girls desirous of marriage were conducted by agents, the bachelors being asked to attend, in order to make their choice. It must be confessed that some people remained old fogies and disapproved of these innovations.

As to the celebrated Ball of Victims, nobody was admitted but those who affirmed that they had lost relatives on the scaffold. They danced in mourning garb and bowed to each other with a short, sharp movement of the head, as if they had been suddenly struck by the knife of the guillotine. So it appears that these amusements partook somewhat of the Dance of Death. At times they developed into tragedy, as, for instance, on one occasion when a bloody fight broke out between the Youths of the Revolution, who adopted the light-colored wig and black collar, and the troop of "red collars," who were democrats. Pleasures, debauchery, blood-flowing, cold irony—those in truth were the characteristics of that troublous and disorderly period.

From 1865 to 1875 the most striking figure in American life was that

of the nouveau riche, says the Bookman. He was, to instructed minds, a most pathetic sight—so grossly conscious of his wealth, so anxious to spend it in an impressive way, to do something princely, something really "big," and yet being so hopelessly ignorant of how to do it. He purchased urban dwellings with "brown-stone fronts" and plate-glass windows. He procured horses and carriages, and stocked his cellars with champagne. In the country he built for himself enormous wooden mansions painted in many colors, surmounted by wooden cupolas and towers and battlements, and adorned with a maze of wooden pillars representing what some one cleverly styled "the jig-saw renaissance," while his lawn was dotted with cast-iron statuary painted to resemble bronze. Many of these war-made millionaires ultimately lost their money as quickly as they made it. Some of them left it to be squandered by their sons. The wealth of those days was seldom perpetuated, and this fact was crystallized in a popular proverb to the effect that "There are only three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves."

"Men should not wear trousers," says Mr. Redfern, the famous Parisian ladies' tailor, in giving his views on the subject of men's attire. According to Mr. Redfern trousers are either too long and have to be turned up, or are too tight and have to be jerked up when the wearer sits down, which is anything but a graceful gesture. He declares that knee-breeches, with leggings for out of doors would be the most becoming things in which men could encase their lower extremities. According to Mr. Redfern, still collars and cuffs are not only uncomfortable, but ugly. Frills at the wrist and a soft turnover collar would be much more graceful. His idea is that coats with spreading tails, something like the modern frock coat, but much more ample, would be an ideal garment for men, and this should be, if not entirely made of silk, at least lined throughout with it. Fancy waistcoats should be worn at all times. They live up a man's appearance. Lastly, says Mr. Redfern, high and stiff hats should be replaced by soft felt, with wide brims, the broader the better.

Our guide was showing us the new apartment houses in the great city, says Puck.

"Over here," he announced through his megaphone, "we have 'Bonaparte Court.' This, ladies and gentlemen, is occupied by the middle-class."

"Ah, indeed!" we exclaimed. "And what is that other rather imposing structure called?"

"'Piccadilly Court.' Occupied by people a little better off in the world's goods than those in Bonaparte Court."

"And that grand building to the left?"

"'King's Court.' Occupied by only the wealthy."

"Wonderful! But how about that extraordinary model of architecture with Cupids shooting broken arrows at iron hearts?"

"Oh, that is 'Divorce Court.' Occupied by the ultra-smart set."

Somebody has dug out a copy of the New York Herald for June 1, 1840, in which James Gordon Bennett, the elder, announced his approaching marriage "to the readers of the Herald," under the heading: "Declaration of Love—Caught at Last—Going to Be Married—New Movement in Civilization."

"I am going to be married in a few days. The weather is so beautiful—times are getting so good—the prospects of political and moral reforms so auspicious—that I cannot resist the Divine instincts of honest Nature any longer; so I am going to be married to one of the most splendid women in intellect, in heart, in soul, in property, in person, in manner, that I have yet seen in the course of my interesting pilgrimage through human life."

"I cannot stop in my career. I must fulfill that awful destiny which the Almighty Father has written against my name, in the broad letters of life, against the wall of heaven. I must give the world a pattern of happy wedded life, with all the charities that spring from a nuptial love."

"In a few days I shall be married according to the holy rites of the most holy Catholic Church to one of the most remarkable, accomplished and beautiful young women of the age. She possesses a fortune, I sought and found a fortune—a very large fortune."

"She has no Stonington shares or Manhattan stock, but in purity and uprightness she is worth half a million of pure coin. Can any swindling bank show me as much? In good sense and elegance, another half a million; in soul, mind and beauty,

millions on millions, equal to the whole specie of all the rotten bar in the whole world."

"Happily, the patronage of the public to the Herald is nearly \$25,000 annum—almost equal to the President's salary. But property in world goods was never my object. Fair public good, usefulness in my day's generation—the religious association, female excellence—the progress of true industry—these have been dreams by night and my desires day."

"In the new and holy condition which I am about to enter, and enter with the same reverential feelings as I would heaven itself. I anticipate some signal changes in feelings, in my views, in my pursuits. What they may be I know not; time alone can tell. ardent desire has been through life reach the highest order of human excellence by the shortest possible. Associated night and day, in sick and in health, in war and in peace with a woman of this highest of excellence must produce some serious results in my heart and feelings and these results the future will develop in due time in the columns of the Herald."

"Meantime I return my heart thanks for the enthusiastic patronage of the public, both in Europe and America. The holy estate of wed will only increase my desire to be more useful. God Almighty bless all. JAMES GORDON BENNETT."

OLD FAVORITES.

San Francisco.

This poem comes to us with the following note:

"Dear Argonaut: Print this. I there, but had forgotten it, for many years. Print in big type. will do us old ones good."

The following poem is one of the finest things Bret Harte ever wrote and it is a cause for wonder that should be so little known. It was read by him upon the occasion of opening of the California Theater, San Francisco, January 19, 1870. So the imagery of the poem is exquisitely beautiful, and it is hard to count how material things could be trod of with more poetic skill. "Glean the poet's thought" we catch glimpses of the wonderful natural charm of Golden City that was, not may we to see the evidences of "the faith soars, the deeds that shine." Brief words, when actions wait well;

The prompter's hand is on his book. The coming heroes, lovers, kings are idly lounging at the wings; Behind the curtain's mystic fold The glowing future lies unrolled—And yet, one moment for the Past One retrospect—the first and last

"The world's a stage," the Master Told tonight a mightier truth is read Not in the shifting canvas screen The flash of gas or tinsel sheen Not in the skill whose signal call From empty boards baronial ha But, fronting sea and curving bay Behold the players and the play

Ah, friends! beneath your royal shawl The actor's short-lived triumph On that broad stage of empire Whose footlights were the setting Whose flats a distant background In trackless peaks of endless w Here genius bows, and talent w To copy that but One creates.

Your shifting scenes; the leag sand.

An avenue by ocean spanned: The narrow beach of straggling A mile of stately monuments: Your standard, lo! a flag unfurled Whose clinging folds clasp ha world—

This is your drama—built in fate With "twenty years between the

One moment more; if here we The oft-sung hymn of local pr Before the curtain facts must Here waits the moral of your p Glanced in the poet's thought, y What money can yet cannot do The faith that soars, the deed shine.

Above the gold that builds the

And oh! when others take our And earth's green curtain hid face,

Ere on the stage, so silent now, The last new hero makes his s So may our deeds, recalled on In Memory's sweet but brief n Down all the circling ages ru With the world's plaudit of done!"

Major Buffer—"Lady Vi too commonly well. Got such a free plexion." Mrs. Schatchum—Fresh every day."—Punch.

dear old Pittsburg of the smoke.

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Engagements and Weddings.

The wedding of Miss Sadie Farrish to Lieutenant Rowland Beverly Ellis, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., took place on Thursday, June 7th, at the home of the bride, 1813 Nineteenth street, Washington, D. C. The ceremony was performed at half past eight o'clock in the evening. A large reception followed. Lieutenant Ellis is stationed at Fort Walla Walla, Washington.

The wedding of Miss Ruth Foster to Mr. Robert H. Sherman took place in Los Angeles on Wednesday, June 6th. Mrs. D. W. Wurtsbaugh, the bride's mother, was the matron of honor, Miss Mattie Milton the maid of honor, and Miss Lucy Sherman and Miss Hazel Sherman, the groom's sisters, the bridesmaids. After their wedding journey Mr. Sherman and his bride will make their home in Los Angeles.

On June 9 in Santa Rosa Mrs. Catherine Wickersham, widow of the late Fred A. Wickersham of Petaluma, was married to Allen Lewis Dowler of San Francisco. Mrs. Dowler is well known, both in Santa Rosa and San Francisco. In Denver on June 10th Mr. Allen Choate of San Francisco and Miss Mary S. Powell of Denver were married and left at once for San Francisco, where they will make their home. The bridegroom is in the railroad business in California. He is a nephew of Ambassador Choate.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edna Foote of Sonoma county to Mr. Porter Garnett. No date has been announced for the wedding.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Elizabeth Allen, daughter of Judge and Mrs. James M. Allen, to Mr. J. Otis Burrage, will take place on Thursday, June 19th, at the home of the bride's parents, 3400 Washington street. The ceremony will be performed at 3:30 in the afternoon. Mrs. Julius Allen, the bride's sister, will be the matron of honor and only attendant, and Francis Allen, the bride's brother, will be the best man.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Gertrude Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones, to Mr. Webbillard of Minneapolis, Minnesota, will take place Tuesday, July 10th, at the home of the bride's parents on Buchanan street, near Pacific avenue. The ceremony will be performed at three o'clock in the afternoon. There will be no attendants and only the members of the families and a few very intimate friends will be present. Mr. Ballard and his bride will leave after a honeymoon trip for Minneapolis.

Across the Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Boardman, whose handsome home on Franklin street was totally destroyed, are at San Anselmo for the summer months.

Mrs. J. C. Cantwell entertained at luncheon on board the McCulloch in the harbor at Sausalito, on Tuesday last, in honor of Miss Ruth Miller.

Commander Charles F. Pond, U. S. N., and Mrs. Pond entertained at a dinner at their home at Mare Island last week. Their guests were, Medical Director M. H. Simons, U. S. N., and Mrs. Simons, Captain R. M. Cutts Jr., U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Cutts, Surgeon Charles P. Kindleberger, U. S. N., and Mrs. Kindleberger, Miss Elizabeth Pond, Miss Clotilde Williams, Commander De Witt Coffman, U. S. N., Lieutenant Commander John L. Leonard, U. S. N., Lieutenant Frederick Freeman, U. S. N., and Ensign John Pond, U. S. N.

Mrs. Victor Metcalf has left Washington for California, and expects to spend most of the summer in Oakland as the guest of her mother, Mrs. J. F. Nicholson, on Linden street.

Among the San Franciscans who have taken up their abode in Berkeley are Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mills and the Misses Ardella and Bessie Mills, who have taken a house in the college town for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Porter Ashe, who have been occupying Mrs. Edward Griffith's cottage in Ross Valley for several weeks, went on June 1st to San Rafael, where they have leased a house at West End for a year.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Olney (nee Elby), who have been living at Danville, Contra Costa county, since their marriage, have returned to Oakland and will live at the old Olney house. The home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hubbard at Oakland has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

Austin Lewis, who left for the north on May 15th, to deliver a series of lectures on the San Francisco earthquake and fire, is at Revelstoke, British Columbia, after lecturing at Seattle, Tacoma, Everett and other cities.

In British Columbia he lectured at Vancouver twice, at Nanaimo, at Ladysmith and other points.

A dinner was given by Mr. Osborn at the Piedmont Clubhouse Saturday evening. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. George McNear Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lacy Brayton, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Wayman, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Augustus Bray, Mrs. G. B. Cook and Mr. Harry Smith.

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs for the past week are Mrs. Henry Williams, Judge and Mrs. Frank H. Kerrigan and Mr. Fred Meyerstein, from San Francisco; Professor and Mrs. Henry Senger, from Berkeley, and Mr. George C. Deacon, from Honolulu.

S. D. Brastow, who for about thirty-five years has been the western division superintendent of the Wells Fargo Company, died at Alameda on June 6th. Death was due to pneumonia, contracted a few weeks ago while on a trip to Portland. The deceased came to this State in 1850 by way of Cape Horn. He engaged in business in San Francisco and a few years after arriving on the Pacific Coast accepted a position with the company with which he had been associated for half a century. Deceased was a brother of Professor Lewis O. Brastow, of Yale College. A wife and two daughters survive him.

Frederick Greenwood has reached New York and is domiciled at one of the uptown hotels.

Mrs. Robert McCreery, who inherited much San Francisco real estate from the estate of her mother, Mrs. Clark Crocker, is here from her home in Chicago and is visiting with her sister, Mrs. Van Fleet.

Notes About the Clubs.

On the links of the San Francisco Golf Club near Ingleside on June 22d at 10 a. m. a handicap tournament for men will be begun. It will be a match play for the club cup.

The postponed annual meeting of the Pacific-Union Club was held on Tuesday, June 12th, at 8 o'clock p. m. The president's report was read and the proposed amendments to the by-laws were passed upon. A table d'hôte was served from 6:30 p. m. for the convenience of the out-of-town members who stopped over for the meeting.

After the shooting contest on the grounds of the Oakland Country Club, a large number of members and guests of the club were served luncheon.

Among the many present were Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Goodall, Dr. and J. O. Cadman, Miss Helen Cadman, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Crellin, Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Fitzgerald, Mrs. E. C. Prather, Miss Edna Prather, Mrs. Harry Hinckley, Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hathaway, Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Stone, Mr. and Mrs. Will Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. James G. Allen.

A formal housewarming was given by the members of the Union League Club last Friday afternoon at their new home on Franklin street. The club has leased the commodious old Louis Parrott house and is comfortably installed there for the present.

The San Francisco Press Club held an informal jinks on Saturday evening at its new quarters, 2016 Post street.

The low-browed party with a pistol in one hand paused in front of the pedestrian. "I'm goin' to hold youse up," he said. "T-that's real k-kind of you. I'm sure," answered the pedestrian. "I b-had a sinking s-sensation when I saw you a-approaching."—Chicago Daily News.

"Now, witness, your master lives in morbid trepidation, doesn't he?" "No, sir; he lives in the suburbs."—Baltimore American.

Mary—"Did she make a good match?" Ann—"Splendid. Lots of money, good social position, and all that. In fact, the only drawback is the man."—Brooklyn Life.

Mosely Wraggs—"You used to move in good society, didn't ye?" Wareham Long—"I never done any movin' when I could help it, in any kind of 'society."—Chicago Tribune.

Backlotz—"Does your servant girl oversleep herself?" Suburbs—"Not only that, but she oversleeps us."—Philadelphia Press.

Him—"I don't like young Higgins and he doesn't like me." Her—"Well, that is certainly very much to the credit of both of you."—Chicago Daily News.

ARGONAUTS TO THE ARGONAUT OFFICE.

Although it might seem like sending coals to Newcastle, our request to our readers to send Argonauts to the Argonaut office is already being heeded. Although our files were destroyed by the recent fire, we have declined the numerous kind offers of our readers to send us their bound volumes. We feel that it would be asking too much of them. But in regard to incomplete and unbound files and unbound numbers generally, we have no such compunctions. We announced last week that we would be very glad to receive such numbers. Our generous readers have at once seized the opportunity, and during the past week we have received a number of large parcels of Argonauts. With these we shall hope soon to build up some complete files.

If any Argonaut readers have loose Argonauts of any dates before the fire we hope they will ship them to us by express marked, "Newspapers, collect," and also marked with their names, so that we may acknowledge their kindness and treasure it in the editorial memory.

"This bill for your new frock is really a bit high," observes the plutocrat to his daughter. "Six thousand dollars is considerable to pay just for an auto suit." "But, papa, the suit itself really is quite inexpensive. The most of that bill is for the trimmings." "Trim-mings?" "Yes. I spent \$5,200 for an auto of the right tint to match the suit."—Puck.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER
A Positive Relief
PRICKLY HEAT
CHAFING, and
SUNBURN.
Removes all skin impurities. Do-
lightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or
directly on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample Free.
GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, New York, N. Y.

NATHAN DOHRMANN COMPANY
1090 Page Street
Telephone Park 87.

China, Glassware,
Plated Ware and
Kitchen Utensils.
Outfits for Hotels,
Restaurants and
Bars Supplied
Promptly.....

Usual Force of Experienced Salesmen
in Attendance.

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

Are Temporarily Located at

1760 Pacific Ave.

SAN FRANCISCO

—AND—

510 Twelfth Street

OAKLAND

Pears'

Most soaps clog the skin pores by the fats and free alkali in their composition.

Pears' is quickly rinsed off, leaves the pores open and the skin soft and cool.

Established in 1789.

OREGON. PORTLAND.

ST. HELEN'S HALL
A GIRLS' SCHOOL OF THE
HIGHEST CLASS.

Corps of teachers, location, building, equipment the best. Send for catalogue.

Term Opened September 18, 1905.

FIRE INSURANCE COLLECTED

NOTICES GIVEN AND PROOFS
OF LOSS PREPARED.

Fire Insurance Department
California

SAFE DEPOSIT & TRUST CO.
1921-Fillmore Street

LOANS ON INSURANCE
Money loaned on Policies at Regular
Banking Rates. Hours, 9 a. m. to 5
p. m.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.
W. J. BARNETT and CHAS. W.
SLACK, Attorneys.

HOTEL RAFAEL

SAN RAFAEL, CAL.
50 minutes from San Francisco. Com-
plete change of Climate.
TIBURON OR SAUSALITO FERRY.
All Modern Conveniences.
R. V. HALTON, Prop.

Instruction by mail in lit-
erary composition.
Courses suited to all needs.
Revision, criticism, and sale
of MSS.
Send for circular.

DO YOU WRITE? Editorial Bureau,
33 West 45th St., New York

**WHAT PRESS CLIPPINGS
MEAN TO YOU.**

Press clipping information is infor-
mation you can obtain in no other way.
As a business aid, Press Clippings will
place before you every scrap of new
printed in the country pertaining to
your business. They will show you
every possible market, big and little,
for your goods, openings that you
would never hear about in the ordi-
nary way, and they give you this in-
formation while it is fresh and valua-
ble.

If you have a hobby or wish infor-
mation upon any subject or topic, pre-
clippings will give you any subject or
topic, press clippings will give you
all the current information printed on
the subject. The cost for any purpose is usual
but a few cents a day. The

**INTERNATIONAL PRESS CLIPPING
BUREAU,**

the largest press clipping bureau in the
world, reads and clips 55,000 papers
and other periodicals each month, and
even if you are now a subscriber
some other clipping bureau, it will give
you to investigate our superior service.

Write for our book about Press Clippings
and our Daily Business Report
and ask about The International Infor-
mation Bureau, which supplies com-
plete manuscripts or material for a
dresses, essays, lectures and debate
and complete and reliable information
upon any subject at a reasonable cost.
Address

**INTERNATIONAL PRESS CLIPPING
BUREAU,**
Boyer Bldg., Chicago, Illinois, U. S.

PERSONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS GOSSIP.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard have been spending a few weeks in New York.

Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, who returned recently from New York, where she had gone en route to Europe, is spending some time at Del Monte.

Mrs. William Kohl has leased for a term of several years the house of Mrs. Thomas Magee Sr., on Broadway, near Devisadero street. This is near the home of Mr. and Mrs. Evans S. Pillsbury, who are Mrs. Kohl's guests, until the completion of the Pillsbury house, which is being enlarged and remodeled.

Miss Edith Bull, during her recent visit to Mrs. Mary Phelps Montgomery in Portland, Oregon, was the guest of honor at a crawfish luncheon given at the Quille by Mrs. Joseph Clark. Those present were: Mrs. Montgomery, Miss May Montgomery, Miss Hazel Dolph, Mrs. Walter Burrell, Mrs. Rocky, Mrs. Morrison and Miss Katharine Brown.

Miss Maizie Langhorne returned on Saturday last from a visit of several months in the Eastern cities.

Mrs. James Cunningham, who is, with her family, spending the summer at Beloit, Wisconsin, expects to come to San Francisco in the near future on a business trip which will probably be of brief duration.

Mrs. John B. Caserly has gone to Pasadena to spend the summer with her mother, Mrs. Cudahy, who has come from Omaha for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Stent and Miss Iva Nicholson have returned to Oakland, after a stay in Santa Barbara.

Miss Olga Atherton is the guest of Mrs. Brent Watkins, at the latter's home at Alhambra, Los Angeles county.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels are spending some time at Hotel del Corrado.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Welch, who have made their home in Pasadena of late, have come north so that Mr. Welch might attend to his business interests here, and have taken a house in Berkeley for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pringle, whose European trip was shortened by the news of the disaster here, are spending the summer at Menlo.

Miss Katherine Brown of Oakland is recently been the guest of Mrs. Walter Burrell in Portland, Oregon. She is now in New York, en route to Europe.

Mr. Hillyer Deuprey, who has been in Chicago for the past two years, has returned to San Francisco to make his home.

The Rev. and Mrs. David Montgomery Crabtree (nee Eugenia Hawes), of Wood City, are spending the summer with Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Schroeder at the Schroeder ranch near San Jose, and in the fall will go to New York city, where Mr. Crabtree will be active in one of the large churches there.

General Moore, U. S. A., retired, Mrs. Moore and Miss Jessie Moore are spending the summer in Geneva, Switzerland.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip B. Anspacher (nee Selma Georgia Hirschberg) have returned from their bridal tour and have taken apartments at the Hotel Bristol.

Mr. Herman Oelrichs, who left for New York immediately after the fire which has been endeavoring to secure subscriptions in the East for the Francisco Relief Fund, has gone to French Lick Springs, Indiana, to the waters.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway has been spending in New York.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Huntington (nee Leslie Green) at Los Angeles has been brightened by the birth of a daughter.

Army and Navy News.

Major General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., who was expected to return about June 1st after a stay of a year in the Orient, has changed his plans and will probably not be here until August 1st. General MacArthur, accompanied by Mrs. MacArthur and Lieutenant Douglas MacArthur, U. S. A., are at present in Manila.

Mr. Greely, the wife of Major General Adolphus W. Greely, U. S. A., has been here from Washington, D. C., will remain as long as General Greely is stationed here. General and Mrs. Greely are living at the Grand Hotel in Berkeley.

It is announced by the War Department that Colonel Stephen P. Jocelyn is stationed here. General and Mrs. Jocelyn are living at the Grand Hotel in Berkeley.

been selected for appointment as Brigadier General, to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Brigadier General J. A. Buchanan, U. S. A., on June 1st. Colonel Jocelyn left on May 1st for the East and Europe on five months' leave and on the expiration of that leave will be assigned to a command elsewhere and will not return to California. Colonel Enoch H. Crowder, who was designated to relieve Colonel Jocelyn as Chief of Staff here, is now on temporary duty in Washington.

Admiral Bowman H. McCalla, U. S. N., retired June 6th, will retain command of the Mare Island Navy Yard for four months longer, until his successor, Captain B. F. Tilley, U. S. N., formerly Captain of the Yard at Mare Island, now commanding the battleship Ohio, shall have completed his sea duty and been appointed to assume command.

Rear Admiral Louis Kempff, U. S. N., retired, and Miss Cornelia Kempff will leave shortly for a stay at Santa Cruz.

Colonel R. H. Patterson, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., commanding officer of Fort Baker since the first of the year, has been ordered to Savannah, Georgia, to command that district. Colonel and Mrs. Patterson and Miss Patterson left Fort Baker on Saturday last and will visit at the Presidio for a short time before going East. Lieutenant Colonel John P. Wisner, U. S. A., Inspector General of the Pacific Division, will go to Fort Baker to assume command as soon as he is relieved here by Major Warren Newcomb, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., now on duty in the War College in Washington D. C. Captain Henry B. Clark, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is in temporary command of Fort Baker.

Colonel Charles L. Heizman, U. S. A., Chief Surgeon of the Department of California, who has been stationed here since the spring, has been joined by Mrs. Heizman and their family.

Colonel William Simpson, U. S. A., military secretary of the Department of California, who was in Washington, D. C., at the time of the recent disaster, gave up his leave and returned at once to his duty in this city. Since his return he is living at the Cosmos Club.

Lieutenant Colonel Alexander B. Dyer, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been detailed for service in the Military Secretary's Department and ordered to Vancouver Barracks as Military Secretary.

Infuriated Motorist (to wagoner who has made him stop)—"What the dickens did you make us stop for? Your horse is not frightened?" Wagoner—"Naw, she's no fear. But I just didna want ma new hat tae be spoilt wi' dust frae your auld rumbler!"—Punch.

"Did you see that story about a rich young fellow in Pittsburg who ran off with his mother's maid?" "Yes. What a shame!" "I think so, too. Why, it's next to impossible to get a good maid."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"How does Senator Catchit explain the provisions of that bill he introduced?" "He disclaims all responsibility for it. He says in his haste to bring about beneficial legislation he inadvertently substituted for the bill his daughter's graduation essay."—Baltimore American.

Stringer Storage Company

MAIN WAREHOUSE and OFFICE

Sutter and Fillmore Streets

We operate these warehouses for the safe storage of household furniture, works of art, pianos, luggage, silverware, furs, clothing, rugs, draperies, etc.

We maintain a corps of careful and competent packers of china, bric-a-brac, pictures, books, pianos, and all household furniture, and are prepared to attend to all details of household removals in this country and to foreign lands.

Our building is expressly constructed for storage purposes, besides being advantageously located with respect to pure air and ventilation. Vault 40x10x10 arranged expressly for the storage of silverware and valuables.

Telephone WEST 009.

Member Stock and Bond Exchange

J. C. WILSON

BROKER

STOCKS AND BONDS.

INVESTMENT SECURITIES.

2171 Pacific Avenue, San Francisco.

For YOUR BREAKFAST

GERMEA

AT ALL GROCERS

The Johnson-Locke Mercantile Co.

AGENTS

714 Broadway, Oakland

California Safe Deposit and... Trust Co.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS

\$3,000,000

We beg to announce to our friends and the public generally that we will resume business as usual at our former location, CORNER CALIFORNIA AND MONTGOMERY STS., on MONDAY, MAY 28th, at 9:30 A. M.

We solicit and receive Commercial and Savings accounts and conduct a general banking business. Interest is paid on Commercial and Savings deposits.

For the convenience of our customers we will immediately establish branches at the following locations:

Geary Street, near Fillmore Street.

Devisadero Street, near Post St.

Valencia St., near Twenty-Second.

The date of opening will be announced later.

DAVID F. WALKER, President.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

European Newspaper Clippings

Persons who may desire to obtain clippings or entire articles from European newspapers and reviews on any topic, such as reviews of books, criticisms of plays, scientific articles, discussions of engineering works, technical studies, such as electrical works, etc., can secure them at moderate rates by addressing

COURRIER DE LA PRESSE

21 Boulevard Montmartre.

PARIS, FRANCE.

The Call

Is the cleanest, brightest, newest of all the San Francisco dailies.

The best fiction the world produces can be found in the Magazine Section of the Sunday edition. Its Art features are equal to the best of the magazines.

THE CALL is made up having specially in view its large home patronage. It contains every day of the year

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT And is the BEST Advertising Medium.

THE LATEST STYLES IN

Choice Woolens

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,

2220 Webster St., San Francisco.

Bicycle and Golf Suits.

Del Monte Offers

Hotel Del Monte was very slightly injured by the recent disturbance, and is offering a welcome shelter to all San Franciscans. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at the present. The entire hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families. Address Geo. P. Snell, Manager, Del Monte, California.

A Permanent Home

Thos. Cook & Son

NOW LOCATED

410 Fourteenth Street OAKLAND.

Bonestell, Richardson & Co.

Has Plenty of Every Kind of

PAPER

For Immediate Delivery.

Just Received Four Carloads of Ruberoid Roofing.

Architects and builders of the highest class recommend Ruberoid for any style of building.

Write for Samples and Price.

California's Leading Paper House. 1059 CASTRO STREET, OAKLAND. Phone, Oakland 7700.

Summer Furnishings

FOR COUNTRY HOMES

Simple, Cool, Artistic

"BREUNERS"

THE RUG HOUSE

901 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco, and cor. 12th and Harrison Sts., Oakland.

ROOS BROS., 2000 JACKSON STREET, San Francisco.

Has Never Failed! TRY IT

HERBO CORN CURE

RELIEVES PAIN IN ONE NIGHT

Twenty-five Cents All Druggists

Romeike's Press Cutting Bureau

Will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date."

A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines, in fact, every paper of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers, and, through the European Bureaus, all the leading papers in the civilized globe.

Clippings found for subscribers and pasted on slips giving name and date of paper, and are mailed day by day. Write for circular and terms.

HENRY ROMEIKE, 33 UNION SQUARE, N.Y.

Branches: LONDON, PARIS, BERLIN, SYDNEY.

HOTEL COLLINGWOOD

35th St., bet. 5th Ave and Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district, containing every modern device for comfort of guests. Positively exclusive. Service a la carte.

Hillside Inn BELVEDERE, CAL.

OPENED MARCH 1, 1906.

No fog. No wind. Bathing and boating. Magnificent marine view. Within forty minutes of San Francisco. For particulars inquire of MRS. M. J. WARREN.

The Argonaut.

Vol. LVIII. No. 1528. SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1906. Price, 10 Cents.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 1711 San Pablo avenue, Oakland, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Jerome A. Hart, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." To insure consideration, manuscripts submitted for publication must be typewritten.

Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal."

Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco; by W. J. Abernethy; by Foster & O'Rear; and by the Dennison News Company on its boats and trains.

Published at San Francisco, Cal. Temporary Office, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal.

THIRTIETH YEAR.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

JEROME A. HART - - - - - Editor

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL—Czar Cannon Pardons California—Fair Treatment of the Insurance Companies—The Abolition of Chinatown—General Greely on Rehabilitation—Policy Holders Incorporating—Strange Earthquake Stories	1-6
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....	6
TEMBLOR AND FIRE—A Personal Narrative by Mary Austin.....	7
LONDON'S UNDER WORLD—The Human Wild Beasts That Prowl and Prey in the Jungle of London.....	8
INTAGLIOS	8
THE EARTHQUAKE ZONE—About the Faults and Fissures Along the California Coast Range.....	9
INDIVIDUALITIES	9
VANITY FAIR.....	10
A FLAG-DAY POEM—"Old Glory" by Emma Frances Dawson.....	10
STORYETTES	11
SOME FAMOUS RIDDLES.....	11
LUTHER BURBANK'S CAREER.....	12
LITERARY NOTES—The Wire Tappers—Other Recent Fiction.....	12
CURRENT HUMOR—The Bell Boy and the Puglist by S. E. Kiser—Ballad of Little Grand Duchy.....	12
STAGE GOSSIP.....	13
MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS—Engagements and Weddings—Across the Bay—Notes About the Clubs—Personal Gossip—Army and Navy.....	14-15

Czar Cannon Pardons California.

Last week we addressed a humble petition from the citizens of California to Czar Cannon. It seems that the Czar, in delivering a speech from the throne to the American Douma, informed the California delegation that this State had fallen under his displeasure, and that he would therefore refuse to recognize any member of the delegation for the purpose of calling up the California Five Per Cent Land Bill. This bill carries with it about a million dollars, which sum represents five per cent of public land sales since California was admitted into the Union. Every State has received its quota except California. The Federal Government owes the money to California. The justice of the debt has never been denied,

but on various pretexts the payment has been postponed or refused. The opposition of Czar Cannon to the Five Per-Cent Bill was partly general, as he strongly deprecates paying any money out of the Treasury outside of the regular appropriation bills. He says frankly that the enormous appropriations of recent Congresses have so endangered the chances of the Republican party that it is not improbable a Democratic majority may be returned at the next election. But the specific objection of the Czar to the Five Per Cent Bill is based on a personal matter. The Czar is deeply interested in the Statehood Bill. By this iniquitous measure Oklahoma and Indian Territory are to be admitted to the Union as a single State, Oklahoma, while the people of Arizona and New Mexico are to be clubbed into becoming a State called Arizona. All of these four commonwealths are averse to this forced union. Oklahoma and Indian Territory, however, have become resigned to their fate, as they fear that otherwise they will not be admitted for years to come. But Arizona and New Mexico are still strenuous in their opposition. At least Arizona is. New Mexico has been temporarily placated by Federal pap. A number of Republican Congressmen, particularly from the Pacific Coast, have opposed this malodorous political job. As Czar Cannon for personal reasons is deeply interested in the passage of the Statehood measure, he has determined to revenge himself on the State of California for the action of our Representatives in opposing this bill.

Since last week, however, a compromise has been patched up in the conference between the Senate and the House. By this arrangement the people of Arizona and New Mexico will be allowed to vote separately, and thus to express their opinions on coming into the Union as a single State, while Oklahoma and Indian Territory will be so admitted. This is, in a way, a victory for the far Western Representatives—although, like most compromises, it is claimed as a victory by both sides. But Czar Cannon, to save his face, has concluded to claim it as a victory. He therefore gave notice to Representative Smith last week that he would recognize him on Monday of this week for the purpose of calling up the California Five Per-Cent Bill. As it has already passed the Senate, this means that it will probably pass the House, and California will receive the money which has been justly due her from the Federal Government for many, many years.

Among the redeeming features of oligarchies and despotisms is the capricious benevolence of their arbitrary rulers. In Turkey, for example, a Grand Vizier never knows from one day to another whether his lord and master the Grand Turk intends to send him as a present a bow-string or a beautiful Circassian. In either event it is his duty to be ostentatiously grateful. Since Czar Cannon has seen fit to forgive us for sins which we never committed, and to give to us money which was already ours and which he never owned, let us be grateful.

Long live the Czar!

Fair Treatment of the Insurance Companies.

Last week a friend who has been for

years an Insurance Manager in California, and who stands deservedly high in this community, said to the writer: "The tone and temper of your articles on the insurance situation seem somewhat unusual for the Argonaut. Do you not think that you are joining in an unwarranted clamor raised by the yellow journals?"

The reply we made is here set forth in substance. The Argonaut is not conscious of having denounced any fair dealing insurance company. There are two sides to every shield. To the policy holder who has been burned out of house and home, who has lost his place of business, his cherished household belongings, and often his livelihood, the present sluggish attitude of the insurance companies seems utterly intolerable and flagrantly dishonest. The policy holders to a man expect that their claims shall be adjusted immediately and their money paid in full and paid instant. Furthermore, the policy holders to a man deny that any damage was caused by the earthquake. In fact, as the insurance adjusters remark with bitter humor, "We are beginning to doubt whether there was any earthquake here at all."

On the other hand, the insurance managers claim that in many cases they, too, have been burned out and their records destroyed; they say that in the case of such a colossal catastrophe much time would be required to adjust claims, even if all the records were intact; but where, as in this case, many insurance companies have lost their records and know not where they stand, time and patience on the part of the policy holders is required to bring about a settlement. So maintain the insurance men.

There are side issues to these two propositions. There is the claim of the crooked policy holder for insurance damages at high rates on property which was worthless; or on property which had been removed before the fire; or claims for fire damages on buildings which had collapsed from the earthquake shock. On the other hand, there is the crooked insurance company's demand that all policy holders shall submit to a sweeping horizontal cut. This demand is apparently for the reason merely that the insurance stock holders do not want to pay their losses. Then there is the attempt of the crooked insurance companies to force a reduction on the ground of earthquake damage when there was none—for the number of buildings destroyed by earthquake in San Francisco was less than three per cent of the whole. Minor pieces of crookedness on the part of insurance companies include attempts to evade the filing of proofs of loss; attempts to influence policy holders to file their proofs of loss in methods that would be construed as void by the courts; attempts to bulldoze ignorant or timid policy holders into accepting sums far beneath their just dues by threatening them with the total loss of their claims if they do not compromise. And last of all we come to simple, naked dishonesty, like the fraudulent bankruptcy of the Traders' Insurance Company of Chicago.

There are solid companies which are honestly endeavoring to adjust their claims, and which are paying them, when adjusted, fully up to their face value; there are many

of these solid companies whose affairs are adjusted by honest and honorable men; from these to the gang of crooks who control the welching companies is a far cry. They are as widely separated as is the North Pole from the Antarctic seas. It is of these and of kindred crooks that the Argonaut's language leads our insurance friend to ask us whether we have joined the yellow journals. We have no hesitation in saying that if denouncing thieves and crooks be yellow journalism the Argonaut is quite willing to join the yellow journals and proud to stay by them.

Still we must not be misunderstood as making sweeping charges of crookedness or dishonesty against all the insurance managers and all the insurance companies. If we made such charges they would be false, and we do not make them. But we intend to let the world know which companies have acted honestly and which companies dishonestly in this great catastrophe in San Francisco. The Argonaut is by no means merely a local journal; its circulation is not confined to the Pacific Coast, or even to the United States; we not only have readers in every State and Territory of the American Union, but our foreign list of subscribers is large. The Argonaut intends to avail itself of this wide circulation to warn the people who read it of their danger from insurance crooks and thieves. This is no local matter. It is world wide. And nothing more nearly concerns people, wherever they are, than questions of insurance, life or fire. When a man insures his life he wants to know that at his death his loved ones will be provided for, and that his money will not go to feather the nests of luxury-loving insurance magnates. Correspondingly when he insures his home or his place of business he wants to know that if it burns he will get the insurance money. The Argonaut proposes that information concerning the doings of crooked insurance companies shall be widely disseminated.

But fair play is a jewel. It is no more than fair that we should let the people of the world know who are the honest men and which are the honest companies among the one hundred and sixteen licensed to do business in California. And that also we intend to do.

We recommend to the California policy holders of weak, crooked and dishonest insurance companies that they advertise as widely as possible the actions of these companies. It will be a very simple thing to do, particularly so where the policy holders have incorporated. Men who are held together in the loose bond of an "association of dissatisfied policy holders" will accomplish little. Some of these policy holders will settle in full, some at seventy-five per cent, some at fifty; some will get no settlement at all, but will conclude that it is inadvisable to throw good money after bad, and will let the whole thing drop. But those policy holders who are banded together in an incorporation will have to stay by it and the minority will have to stand by the majority, whether they will or no. It is to these organizations—and already several exist as we are glad to know—that we address ourselves. They will have to spend some money to get back what is due them, but it will only be a tithe of what they would have had to spend were they working as individuals rather than as an incorporation.

Let us take a case in point. Take the Traders Company of Chicago. Up to the present time this is the only large company which has welched." It has gone back on its honest obligations, although its stockholders are abundantly able to meet

their debts. Let us for brevity call the incorporation The Traders Bunco Victims, Ltd.; let us suppose that the attorneys of the Traders Bunco Victims have carried the war into Illinois and have sought in the Federal Courts to get at the funds of the defaulting stockholders; let us suppose that these rich crooks have got their funds safely hidden away; let us suppose that the process of the courts follows them even to the recesses of their safe deposit vaults; let us suppose that, like other rascals, they exhaust the resources of knavery to avoid payment; let us suppose they adopt the last refuge of scoundrels, and put their property in the names of their wives or other relatives. Even then it would be easy for the Traders Bunco Victims, after exhausting the process of the law, to resort to other methods, yet still within the law, to keep these crooks from further preying on humanity.

They might do it in some such way as this: There are nearly twenty thousand newspapers published in the United States and Canada. Advertisements in most or all of these papers could be easily placed through the great Eastern advertising agencies. Naturally when the agencies do business at wholesale they do it at a much lower rate than when an individual merchant advertises at retail. Such advertisement could be inserted for a term of weeks or months; or even for terms of years, three or four times a year, for a comparatively moderate sum. It might read something like this:

THE TRADERS INSURANCE COMPANY OF CHICAGO.

Founded 18—. Went into insolvent bankruptcy May —, 1906.

Assets of the Traders just before the San Francisco fire —.

Capital Stock —.

Reserve Fund —.

Amount of policies written, \$160,000,000.

Liability to San Francisco policy holders, \$5,000,000.

Difference between their assets and their liabilities, only \$150,000.

Wealth of the aggregated stockholders, \$200,000,000.

NAMES OF DIRECTORS.

Mr. —, President.

Hon. —, Treasurer.

Mr. —, Secretary.

Judge —, Director.

Mr. —, Director.

NAMES OF STOCKHOLDERS.

Mr. —, assessed for — millions, residence — St., Chicago, Cook Co., Illinois.

— Estate, assessed for — millions, office — St., Chicago.

Mr. —, President of the — Trust Co., assessed at — millions, Chicago.

Mr. —, President of the — Bank, — St., Chicago.

And so on. These facts could be easily found. They can all be made matter of record in legal proceedings before a Federal Court. Anything which is a matter of record in a court is not libelous. Therefore, the Traders Bunco Victims will have the legal right to print throughout the United States matter of record in a court of the United States. Some lawyers would differ, and would hold that the individual libel laws of the various States prevail. Such lawyers would believe in South Carolina's nullification and in the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1798. We do not. We

not only believe but we know that any citizen may freely print in any part of the United States, whether State or Territory, that which is matter of record in any Federal Court, whether it be the Supreme Court of the United States of America or only a Territorial Court in Alaska.

The libel laws of the United States are infinitely more lax than those of the Old World. So strict are the laws concerning libel in Continental Europe that newspapers are frequently obliged to print local news with only the initials of the persons concerned when the matters involved are calculated to disgrace them in the eyes of the world. For example, a man arrested for a nameless crime is usually mentioned in the Continental press as "Mr. X." But when he has been examined before a committing magistrate and has been held for trial, the affair becomes a matter of public record, and then the papers dare to speak of him as "Mr. John Smith." Correspondingly a common procedure in Europe, after suits for defamation or slander, is for the court to order the facts to be published in a certain number of newspapers, thereby rehabilitating the character of the injured person. Thus it will be seen that, rigid as are the laws of the Old World against libel, they are equally rigid in holding persons and corporations to a strict accountability for their acts; they not only permit, but they require the publication of advertisements in the press re-establishing the true state of affairs after a suit at law. It would be quite safe and comparatively easy for the Traders' Bunco Victims, after merely formal proceedings in a Federal court, to set forth the way in which they were buncoed in twenty thousand newspapers in the United States and Canada. And it would also be not difficult for the policy-holders in any foreign companies which may contemplate robbing their clients to print the facts concerning the robbery in the newspapers of Great Britain and the Continent, after first seeking the advice of skillful lawyers in those countries, as to how to comply with the requirements of the European codes. For be it known that there is very little indulgence shown by the European courts to scoundrels. Rich rascals and poor rascals—at the bar of a British, a French, or a German court they are treated just the same. When the Bank of Glasgow made a bad failure some years ago, the directors were held personally liable; most of them forfeited their fortunes to make good to the defrauded depositors, and several of them were sentenced to the penitentiary for life.

And it was right. We badly need some European justice in the United States.

We commend these facts to the Traders' Bunco Victims Ltd. And we also commend them to those holding policies in any foreign insurance companies which have not yet buncoed, but are only trying to bunco their policy-holders.

"The Other Fellow's Street."

Concerning the vexed questions of widening streets, running boulevards and changing the present limitations of San Francisco, we have received the following communication:

Editor Argonaut: Your semi-cynical, half optimistic, and altogether amusing comments on San Francisco affairs are a very timely tonic to take in these tectonic times. I have in mind particularly your recent editorial entitled "Widening the Other Fellow's Street." I read that aloud at the supper table, and it assisted digestion materially. It is funny, but after all, not strictly full or fair, for there are many San Franciscans who possess a different spirit

from the one you were satirizing in that editorial.

The Burnham plan includes the extension of Van Ness Avenue southerly into Capp Street and the widening of Capp Street its full length into Bernal Heights. This would bisect the Mission District with a splendid boulevard, and would add vastly to the beauty and safety of that region.

Clients of mine who own a large piece of land right in the course of this proposed improvement desire the project carried out. Their motive is twofold; first, their own advantage; second, the public benefit. They are willing to devote all the land necessary for the purpose. By correspondence and personal interviews they are ascertaining how all the property owners along the line stand on the question. Up to date they have heard from a great many of these owners, and thus far more than fifty per cent not only favor the project, but are willing to donate all the land necessary to carry it out.

They all understand that it will take time to accomplish this purpose, but now is the supreme moment for organizing all such movements.

It goes without saying that a city of the size and seismicity of San Francisco should have many broad boulevards, and I trust your love of epigram and satire will not lead you to throw all your great influence indiscriminately against them.

Yours very truly,
JOSEPH HUTCHINSON

The Argonaut has not thrown such influence as it may have against the widening of streets, the piercing of congested quarters with boulevards, the increasing of the public squares, or the enlargement of the parks of San Francisco. The Argonaut firmly believes in spacious streets, broad boulevards, large squares, and generally what have been aptly called the breathing-places or lungs of a large city. We know of no large city so inadequately provided with such needs of modern congested city life as San Francisco. In London one may walk for miles upon turf; one may go from park to garden, from garden to square, from square to park again. The Temple Garden, the Victoria Embankment Garden, the Albert Embankment, Birdcage Walk, Constitution Hill, the Mall, St. James Park, Green Park, Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, Holland Park—there is one string that stretches for miles. Then there are innumerable other squares, parks and gardens to be found in the great city. Even in the appalling East End of London, and in the hopelessly utilitarian precincts of the Transpentine quarter, or the Surrey side, may be found the large playgrounds known as Victoria and Battersea Parks. So with other cities. In the very heart of Munich there is found a park called, oddly enough, the "English Garden," which instead of being laid out with prim and artificial beds as wild as if it were a bit of forest. So with Paris; so with Vienna; so with Berlin; so with Dresden; so with many other cities which, although old and crowded, rejoice in much park space and breathing room. Yet San Francisco, one of the youngest cities in the world, and which is the heir of all the ages, is more inadequately provided with parks and squares than any other city of its size of which we have knowledge. We mean distinctly within the city precincts, and do not include the 1200 acres in Golden Gate Park. What is more, although San Francisco is only half a century old, some of its downtown city front streets resemble the narrow noisome alleys of the slums of Naples.

Knowing these facts, and entertaining some uncited ideas concerning elbow room, space and air, it is unthinkable that we should oppose anything in the way of improving and beautifying San Francisco. What the Argonaut has done in this regard

has been merely to state what is the trend of public sentiment. We do not create public sentiment; we record it. We do not believe that newspapers direct the people; we believe they run along behind and pick up nickels. Other newspapers affect to believe that they lead. The Argonaut is very candid, and admits that it does not. Vox populi, Vox Dei.

We have no uncertain sentiments on the improvement of San Francisco, and have not hesitated to express them, now as in the past. But we believe their realization is impracticable. We do not believe that the land-owners of San Francisco desire any marked changes or improvements—except on The Other Fellow's Street. Immediately after the catastrophe of the 18th of April, when everybody was rejoicing over the approaching beautification of San Francisco, its magnificent boulevards, its wide and well-paved streets, its spacious squares and so on, the Argonaut ventured mildly to remark that this meant a readjustment of old boundaries and vested interests which we did not think the land owners would stand for. Our remark met with unanimous disapproval, which confirmed us in our opinion that we were right. At that time the land owners were silent. Speech is silver, silence is gold. Land owners are always conservative and frequently timid. They realized that to oppose the beautification idea on the morrow of the catastrophe would be extremely unhealthy for them, and they were right.

After the lapse of a week or two the land owners crawled out, and began to peep timidly about titles and boundaries. They were informed with superb disdain that there were no titles; that there were no boundaries; that all the records were burned; furthermore, that they had better keep quiet and be good. They kept quiet, for a little while. Then the title companies got gay, attempted to hold up San Francisco, and announced that the abstracts which they had copied from the official records were their very own and no one could copy their copies unless at an exorbitant fee. Their Attorney McEnerney strode into the arena, bearing his bill, by which with an action "in rem" anybody could clear his title against all the world. Then all the land owners crawled out like beetles from under their brick piles, plucked up heart, and began to talk about "vested interests" and "confiscation."

That Mr. De Young is a progressive citizen and has always had the interests of the city at heart cannot be denied. Yet he preserved a judicious silence for a couple of weeks on these burning questions. But when the post-seismic heart-to-heart talk-feasts began to dry up, he announced that he was opposed to disturbing ancient land marks, established street lines, and vested interests. He said in his journal that the main thing and the vital thing now was to get to work, to clear away the ruins, and to build up the city; that if new street lines were run the lawyers would quarrel over them for the next quarter of a century. These proposed changes, the Chronicle said, would retard the building of not only a beautiful San Francisco, but any San Francisco at all. This attitude of the Chronicle met with such a roar of approval from land owners generally that it was evident that the Burnham plan was doomed. It was a beautiful, an iridescent dream, but San Francisco would not pay for it. In short, what the Argonaut dared to say a few days after the catastrophe, everybody began to say a few weeks afterward.

We agree with Mr. Hutchinson in his views on the question of boulevards and widening of streets. We think with him

that many property owners would advocate such improvements, some of them from altruistic motives, some from a devotion to the pure, the beautiful and the good, and others because it would increase the price of their property per front foot. But concerning his proposed improvement, Mr. Hutchinson says that he has heard from "A GREAT MANY of these owners."

But he has not heard from ALL.

Aye, there's the rub.

In a country like ours about the only way to take away land from a stubborn owner and convert it to public uses is under the statute of eminent domain. But it is not always an easy process. The public need must be urgent, vital, indisputable, patent to all, to make condemnation seem just in the eyes of the community. Such a need is about as frequently seen as a white blackbird.

We know of no city in a country governed by constitutional methods, such as is ours, where sweeping improvements have been made in city streets and squares. It was impossible to remodel London after the Great Fire. Two or three revolutionary improvements have been made in that vast metropolis in the past twenty or thirty years, and only two or three. One of them was the cutting through of Queen Victoria street from the Embankment to the Bank of England. Another and more recent one involves the demolition of a number of buildings on the Strand and running the new streets, Aldwyck and Kings Way, northward from that ancient thoroughfare. But if any man believes that this was accomplished with ease, he need only delve into the proceedings of that overworked body, the London County Council. It is our belief that if any London land owner parted with his leasehold or his freehold to the London Aldermen for conveyance to the public, he got all that it was worth, and probably more.

On the other hand, cities situated in countries where the government at the time was semi-oligarchic—such as was Paris under the Third Napoleon, Berlin under Bismarck, Vienna and Petersburg under the Hapsburgs and Romanoffs—found it possible to make great improvements and municipal changes; such as cutting wide boulevards through the congested quarters of ancient Paris under Baron Haussmann; running that wide, straight street, the Rue de Rivoli, with its prim and handsome arched facades, along the Seine; tearing down the ancient ramparts of Vienna, and replacing them with the magnificent Ringstrasse; constructing the splendid esplanades and quays with cut-stone masonry embankments along the marshy shores of the Neva at St. Petersburg. All of these things are possible only in countries whose inhabitants are docile, easily governed, and unused to the independence of the American citizen. California is one of the youngest commonwealths in the American Union, which is one of the youngest nations. Among the great powers of the world America is the most independent, and among the American commonwealths California is the most independent. We very much doubt whether such a stiff-necked generation will be inclined to yield to changing their street lines, changing their boundaries and parting with strips of their land, even if it should lead to the greater beautification of San Francisco.

The State as a Fire and Life Insurer.

Many men who have been placidly paying their life insurance premiums for years have recently awakened to the fact that they are leaning on a rotten reed. They have thought—good easy men—that when for years they paid large premiums into the coffers of the

life insurance companies, they were certain when death came to leave behind them an adequate provision for their families. While it is not proved that the great life insurance companies have endangered their solvency, they certainly have endangered their standing in the public mind. Some of the men who stood at the head of them have turned out to be so very much like rascals that an honest man finds it difficult to differentiate.

Now the citizens of San Francisco are suddenly awakening to another disagreeable discovery—that their reliance on the fire insurance companies is not to be depended on. It is true that not all of these companies contemplate "welching." As we write it would seem as if about one-fourth of the one hundred and sixteen companies licensed to do business in California intend to settle their liabilities dollar for dollar. The remainder are seeking to avoid their liabilities in various ways. A large number are forming a combine by which they hope to impose a horizontal cut on all policies, thus establishing an artificial and arbitrary scale of 75 per cent as the maximum to be paid. These crooked concerns the people with grim humor have dubbed the "Six Bit Companies." Starting from the 75 cent or "Six Bit" maximum these dishonest companies intend to scale down this as far as they dare to go, or as the policy-holders' fears or necessities will permit them to go.

The British companies seem inclined to pay their losses on a basis of "strict legal liability;" that is to say, where they have an earthquake clause they will refuse to pay earthquake damages; where they have a "fallen wall" clause they will construe it strictly enough to protect themselves; where their policy-holders' buildings have been destroyed by dynamite they will adjust the matter according to the counsel of their attorneys or the decisions of the courts, on the whole inclining toward paying for dynamite destruction as if it were destruction by fire. In short, they will pay what they are legally obligated to pay. This may not be a very generous construction of their liabilities, but it must be admitted that fire and life insurance do not go hand in hand with generosity.

Apropos of the "welching" concerns, we have received a communication from F. A. Binney, dated San Diego, entitled "How to Settle the Insurance Companies." Mr. Binney says: "On moral grounds everything insured that was burned in San Francisco ought to be paid for by the insurance companies, no matter what happened to it before it was burned." We differ here with Mr. Binney. While the earthquake damage in San Francisco was small, still some buildings fell by reason of the earthquake shock, and to claim that fire damages should be paid to the owners of such buildings is unreasonable. Mr. Binney goes on: "As to the property that was dynamited, that would all have been burned and thousands of insured houses in addition." This statement is unquestionably true. Dynamite was used for the purpose of checking the spread of the fire. Therefore it was one of the ordinary risks of a conflagration, and damage from dynamite should be paid for by the insurance companies just as damage by water would have been paid for. Mr. Binney continues: "The action of the insurance companies in quibbling over just claims is contemptible. I suggest that the State of California do a Fire and Life Insurance business under State ownership."

Mr. Binney's idea is by no means a new one. The life insurance phase of it is already in operation in several foreign countries. Theoretically, government life insurance is an ideal system. Every great government like ours will endure in perpetuity. Long

after the New York Life, the Equitable and the Mutual Life have passed away, the United States Government will endure. Long after the very names of today's great insurance grafters shall have been forgotten, our present Republic will be among the great nations of the earth. The American Government will not die, but every American citizen must. No American citizen would hesitate in staking his fortune on the continuance of the Government, however many there might be who would question the wisdom of entrusting to it life insurance functions. Therefore it is that we say that from an actuarial point of view the governmental system of life insurance would be an ideal one. The Government could give low rates and high security. No matter how long a man's life might last, the Government's life would be longer. It would be bound to win. Yet at the same time a citizen insuring his life with the Government could sleep nights with the absolute certainty that if he did not wake up his family would be well cared for.

The annuity system would thrive under a government system of life insurance. This system is little followed in the United States, although it prevails largely in Europe. It is probable that distrust of the stability of our large insurance corporations checks the growth of the annuity system here. Suppose a man at the age of forty had paid his entire fortune of \$200,000 into the treasury of one of our great insurance companies, expecting to receive therefrom a large annuity for the rest of his life; he would feel seriously disturbed, to put it mildly, at the corruption that has been brought to light within the past year. In a European country the same man would have paid his fortune into the Treasury of his Government, receiving therefrom bonds carrying instead of dividend coupons an annuity for life, the principal (or bond) becoming extinct upon his death. In several European countries this system of life insurance prevails. Needless to state, it brings in enormous profits. It is much favored by the people abroad. For Europe is a more leisurely country than ours, and many a man retires from a profession or a business in middle life; then, with a competence invested in an annuity fund of his government, he spends the evening of his days in ease and affluence. In our country he would spend his time and his riches in trying to get richer, and would perhaps die poorer.

We are not aware that any European government has added fire insurance to its system of life insurance. We know of no reason why it should not prove practicable. Looked at superficially, it would seem not only practicable but highly desirable. Take our own country, for example. The United States has a population of eighty millions; San Francisco had a population of four hundred thousand; San Francisco's claims for fire damages from the insurance companies are, let us say, about two hundred million dollars. Thus the comparatively small sum of two and a half dollars per capita on the population of the entire country would reimburse San Francisco for her losses. The small fire insurance premiums paid by the eighty millions to the general government would more than recoup the Federal Treasury for San Francisco's losses. In the domain of pure theory we are inclined to agree with Mr. Binney. Of the many things which have been suggested as suited for government control, that of life insurance seems to us the most fitting. Next to that, perhaps, may come fire insurance. But the subject is a more complex one, and of its feasibility as a governmental institution we are not so sure. But of this we are quite sure: that

with our government run as it is at present it would be impossible to conduct economically and successfully a Federal system of insurance, either life or fire. Everything that the Federal Government does is more costly than the same line of business as conducted by private individuals. The United States Postoffice costs more money and gives less value for the money than any similar enterprise with which we are familiar. And so with most of the other businesses conducted by the government.

If this be true of the Federal Government—and no person with knowledge of the facts can deny it—it would be infinitely more difficult for a State government to conduct such a business enterprise than the Federal government. Even waiving the dangers resulting from the concentration of risk within a single commonwealth, the political and administrative corruption almost inseparable from governmental business operations would render State insurance impossible. The State of California has two millions of people. If paying the two hundred millions of fire losses to San Francisco were thrown upon the people of the State of California, the burden would be a crushing one. Possibly the Federal Government might meet it, but the State of California never could.

The Abolition of Chinatown.

A few days after the great fire had roared through San Francisco and left nothing west of the sky-scraper district save bare and blackened hills, there rose a chorus of congratulation over the fact that Chinatown was destroyed. "This is the end of Chinatown," chortled every one in glee. "That was the plague spot, the ulcer of San Francisco. Now it is wiped out. We will have no more Chinatown." The Argonaut ventured to remark in a still small voice that whatever might be its personal preferences in the matter, even the ordinances of the San Francisco Supervisors could not override constitutional provisions and treaty rights; that if the Chinese owned the land in fee simple in Chinatown, no law or ordinance, State, county or city, could deprive them of their holdings. In the midst of the enthusiasm engendered by the disappearance of the plague spot, this remark met with general disapproval. It was one among the many unpleasant truths told by the Argonaut at that terrible time, which truths so many amiable people deprecated.

Yet we can not see, after many weeks of contention in committees, that the result departs in the slightest degree from the dictum we laid down. The Mayor, the Supervisors, the Citizens' Committee, and the Citizens' Sub-committees have labored with this question and have sat up nights with it. But after many weary rounds of doubt it resolved itself merely to this: that the Chinese did not want to leave Chinatown; that the property owners did not wish them to leave Chinatown; that Oakland, Seattle, Tacoma, and Los Angeles all did want them to leave Chinatown; that all of these cities wished them to move Chinatown away from San Francisco; that if the other cities wanted Chinatown, San Francisco did not want them to have it; that the Chinese Minister had laid the matter before the Department of State; that the Department of State had hinted to the Governor that they thought "it really wouldn't do."

The clamor of many voices regarding the abolition of Chinatown seems of late to have died away, and the project threw its last throes at the meeting of the Citizens' Committee last week. The Chairman of the Chinatown Sub-Committee, A. Ruef, report-

ed briefly that the Chinese objected to being removed; that no other neighborhood wanted them; that the Chinese had the Constitution on their side; that in his opinion they could not be legally removed; and that the Committee wished to be discharged.

After the volumes of talk on this subject, a month ago, it seems incredible that no debate should have taken place. Yet with only these few remarks from the Chairman the Committee's report was accepted and it was discharged from further duties.

The trouble with the Argonaut's point of view—to which so many worthy people take exception—is that we persist in looking at things as they are, and not as they ought to be.

General Greely On Rehabilitation.

It has finally been decided by the War Department that the Federal troops will leave San Francisco for their posts on July 1st. Oddly enough, the municipal officials of San Francisco are much averse to General Greely and his troops turning over their work to the Civil authority. It speaks volumes for the excellent manner in which the work was begun by General Funston and completed by General Greely that all concerned should regret their departure.

It may be well here to interject, as an historical parallel, that at the time of the great Baltimore fire that city refused to permit Federal troops to camp on the sacred ground of the Monumental city, although the need of them was strongly urged by the Federal Government. San Francisco, on the other hand, warmly welcomed the Federal troops, and looks with regret on their departure.

General Greely has prepared a document containing a number of recommendations to the Relief Committee and the Municipal authorities based on his experiences in handling the camps of the refugees. In this document he states that there are "considerable numbers of worthy citizens who are now deprived of their ordinary means of gaining a livelihood, including firemen, policemen, school teachers and physicians." He further remarks: "The officers and men of the army are now performing duties and rendering services which should be performed and rendered by the destitute men in San Francisco." To this he adds the sound corollary that "there is no better way to rehabilitate a man than by allowing him to earn a living salary." He therefore suggests that each camp shall be placed under a carefully selected officer of the fire or police department, now on furlough by reason of insufficient public funds." The familiarity of these men with their own people and their habits of authority should enable them to properly supervise the refugee camps," says General Greely. He further recommends that the present army surgeons should be replaced by doctors of ability and standing, "of whom it is understood there are many without practice." This is unfortunately true. There is much suffering among the professional classes in San Francisco. General Greely recommends that there should be about one doctor to seven hundred persons, and that their pay should be from \$3.50 to \$5.00 per day. Where guards are necessary he advises that civilian watchmen—drawn from the ranks of furloughed policemen and firemen and male school-teachers now on leave—should be placed in charge. He is quite convinced that civilian officials can cope adequately with the problems of governing the camps.

General Greely speaks most highly of the people of San Francisco. He says: "They

are self-respecting and desirous of conforming to proper methods of life as regards order, decency, and cleanliness. There are now forty-three thousand people under canvas in San Francisco. Eighteen thousand are under military supervision, while twenty-five thousand are scattered throughout the city. Yet there have been no centres of contagious diseases or centres of disorder and violence. Any contagious diseases have been sporadic and the conditions of order such that no murder has been committed and only one or two assaults been made."

With the training the refugees have received in camp life under the supervision of the Federal troops, and with the advice of a certain number of army officers whom General Greely hopes to leave here for a time, it is probable that the civilian officials may continue the admirable reign of good order, decency and cleanliness in the camps so happily inaugurated by the United States Army.

Policy Holders Incorporating.

For a number of weeks the Argonaut has been steadily advocating the incorporation of policy holders having claims against fire insurance companies, in order that they may protect their interests. It rather surprised us that our suggestions was not received more appreciatively at first. But as weeks wore on and the companies showed little inclination to settle, the futility of individual effort against allied corporate effort became apparent. The first body of policy holders to organize was made up of those having claims against the insolvent Traders Insurance Company of Chicago. Now another incorporation has begun, called "The Fire and Earthquake Policy Enforcement Association." Its object is to "prosecute the collection of claims against fire insurance companies, to undertake legal action on the behalf of the insured against the insurers, and to receive transfers for the purpose of collection and delegation of authority." This incorporation has retained able attorneys and has employed competent adjusters to advise its members, to prepare diagrams of buildings, and to file proofs of loss.

Those policy holders who incorporate are wise. They will see that the scant modicum of respect paid by certain fire insurance companies to individuals may be changed to extreme deference when they find these individuals banded together in a compact corporation.

Other policy holders are now thinking of following the plan first outlined in these columns. The Merchants Association, the Chamber of Commerce, and other commercial bodies are advising their members to form incorporations based upon lines of similarity of risks, kinship of interests, etc. In fact, so pronounced is the movement toward incorporation that a danger now threatens the non-incorporators. As the Argonaut was the first to point out the desirability of incorporation, it will now be the first to point out the danger of non-incorporation. If there should be formed in San Francisco incorporations aggregating three-fourths, let us say, of the policy holders having fire damages, the insurance companies will be forced to choose in their settlements between the incorporated and the non-incorporated policy holders. Can there be any question as to which set will suffer? Even if it be merely a question of time, the incorporated policy holders will be the first to be paid. The non-incorporated policy holders will be paid after their more prudent brethren. In some cases the non-incorporated policy holders will not only

be paid last, but they will be paid with the leavings of the others. And in some cases there may be no leavings.

Strange Earthquake Stories.

A curious appetite is shown by our Eastern cousins for startling narratives of the little shock which is said to have taken place in California on the 18th of April. Most of these tales were told by Eastern refugees, that is persons from the East who were visiting here, and who fled incontinently, immediately after the shock, with the daylight's scared out of them. These imported or exotic liars put completely in the shade the efforts of our domestic or indigenous prevaricators. When the refugees from Oshkosh, Wis., or Moosatackmaguntic, Maine, got back home they told the folks all about it, and were at once interviewed by the editor of the local paper. When these various narratives were copied here in San Francisco with indignant comments by the editors of our daily journals, it is asserted that the reporters of our yellow journals, on reading them, wept bitterly, and refused to be comforted. New England's scenery is lacking in some respects; her climate leaves much to be desired; she is somewhat over-theologized and her fauna and flora are meager, but we never heard any one speak slightly of the New England liar.

The earthquake in the East is now not even a nine days' wonder. They have troubles of their own, and they have ceased to heed us mourners by the Western seas. But if they like earthquake stories we call their attention to the narrative of the Chief Engineer of the Ocean Shore Road. The officers of that institution are now engaged in attempting to dispose of the company's bonds. Hence it is probably that the loyal Chief Engineer says that while the Ocean Shore Road was damaged to some slight extent in places, in reality it actually benefited by the earthquake. It seems that there is a difficult strip of country overhanging the ocean, known as the Mussel Rock Bluffs, where the Ocean Shore Road was busily engaged in grading out its road bed. It was a hard task, for the line ran just half way up the face of the bluff. The engineers were engaged in boring from above, putting in heavy charges of blasting powder, and thereby forming a trough for the road bed and rails. But the earthquake of April 18th came along and shook down millions of cubic feet of rock and earth. Where before a precipitous bluff had stood, there is now a sloping hill with a gentle grade. Over this gentle grade the workmen of the Ocean Shore are engaged in constructing the road bed at a minimum expense and labor. The Chief Engineer assures an astonished world that the Ocean Shore Road in this particular spot was benefited by the earthquake to the extent of fifteen thousand dollars.

The philosophers, in and out of the pulpit, have recently been trying to prove to us all how unwise it would be for us to repine over earthquakes; that they are "cosmic manifestations of nature's laws;" that when we come to understand these laws of nature we shall be very much wiser than we are now. This, of course, is comforting, but if we knew not only when earthquakes were coming, but more particularly where they were going, it would be more useful. These earthquake philosophers leave in our minds an unsatisfactory feeling, and a vague yearning, despite our knowledge of the cosmic laws, to be somewhere else when an earthquake comes.

But from the narrative of the Chief Engineer of the Ocean Shore Road it seems

that earthquakes have their uses. In the days when the cosmic earthquake laws shall have been mastered, any gentleman desiring to construct a railroad, will merely find it necessary to order an earthquake. When he has secured a good well-trained earthquake, he must put it under the care of an earthquake engineer who does not drink and who is not liable to accidentally knock the adjacent county out of the universe through a miscalculation. Then the railroad builder would simply secure his right of way, run his lines, drive in his stakes, and turn his earthquake loose. Think what millions might have been saved if the cosmic earthquake laws had been known in the early days of the Pacific railroads. Think even what millions might have been saved if Mr. Harriman could have used a tame earthquake in constructing the Lucin cut off at Salt Lake, or boring an earthquake tunnel through the Sierra Nevada Range.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Dispensing With Earthquakes.

San Francisco.

Editor Argonaut: I wish to thank you for the back numbers of the Argonaut which we missed during the recent calamity. I have been a subscriber to your valuable paper for many years, and while we can get along without earthquakes we cannot do without the Argonaut.

Wishing you continued success, I am,
Yours truly, OTTO FLEISSNER.

Good Wishes from Ohio.

CLEVELAND, June 4, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: Please accept the profound sympathy of a transplanted Californian to whom the Argonaut has been a strong link binding her to her former home. I cannot sufficiently praise your pluck for continuing to publish your paper uninterrupted in the face of your cruel losses and the adverse—I might say almost impossible conditions of our stricken city. Nothing since the dreadful date of the double disaster at home has helped me to understand the conditions of our stricken city as have the Argonaut accounts—not only because they are clear and faithful descriptions, well told, but because of my faith in its statements born of long and intimate knowledge of it. I enclose a check for a subscription for two years, and only wish it were in my power to really help the paper through these trying times.

With every good wish to the Argonaut and its editor, most sincerely yours,
ALICE CHRYSTAL HICKOX.

The Shorn Lamb.

PLUMBAGO MINES, ALLEGHANY, Cal., June 7, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: Enclosed find my check for \$4 on San Francisco (which now is current funds) to continue my subscription to the Argonaut for another year. The Lord did a little shorn-lamb tempering when he left enough brains and grit to keep the Argonaut going. As the whale said to Jonah, "It is hard work to keep a good man down." Yours truly,

MASON W. MATHER.

"Argonaut Stories" Is Out of Print.

1484 McALLISTER ST., SAN FRANCISCO, June 10, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: Is it possible to obtain any copies of "Argonaut Stories?" I regret exceedingly that I did not purchase them before April 17. Yours very truly,

E. E. SAWYER.

We have no more copies of "Argonaut Stories." Some 1500 copies had gone out to Payot, Upham & Co., the News Company, and other dealers, and presumably were sold. The rest of the edition, plates and sheets were destroyed in the great fire of April 18.

A Greeting From Colorado.

DURANGO, Colo., June 1, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: I have been buying the Argonaut for three years or more from one of the newspaper sellers here, and got the last number previous to the earthquake and fire. Since then I have enquired for the Argonaut, but they have not received a number yet. Hearing now and then of the reestablishment of different newspapers published in San Francisco before the fire of April 18th, I thought I would write and ask if you are alive. Also if you will mail me a copy direct of each number published by you since April 18th, 1906.

Yours truly,
RICHARD McCLOUD.

From a Washington Subscriber.

FERNDAL, Wash., June 6, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: Will you please send me a copy of the Argonaut date of April 21st which failed to reach me? For twenty years the Argonaut has been a source of vast interest to me and mine, and we unite in wishing you a long-continued prosperity.

Yours truly,
A. W. THORNTON, M. D.

An Appreciation From Wyoming.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., June 6, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: Enclosed please find money order for \$4.00 to renew my subscription to your valued paper. Allow me to express my appreciation of your enterprise and energy in regularly continuing your issue under the greatest difficulties.

Wishing you all success.

Very truly,
T. W. ROEDING,
U. S. Dept. Agriculture.

From British Columbia.

VANCOUVER, B. C., June 10, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: I have been taking the Argonaut for the past twenty-five years—since coming to Vancouver—through Clark & Stewart, the booksellers here. The last copy I had was that which reached here May 7th. It was only today that I learned that you had arranged to publish regularly through all your troubles from earthquake and fire. Will you please send me the copies issued since the date indicated, and enter my name as a subscriber for as long a period as the enclosed \$5.00 will pay for.

Very truly,
W. C. NICHOL.

Quality, Not Appearance.

CAMULOS, Cal., June 5, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: By express I am sending you some back numbers of the Argonaut. I am sorry that they are somewhat dilapidated, but I will send them nevertheless, as they may serve until you can replace them with better copies.

Do not do too much apologizing for the appearance of the paper today. A good many of us like the large type, and it is for the quality and not the appearance that we all value the Argonaut. I enclose check for renewal of subscription.

Yours very truly,
HERBERT FRYER.

An Ohio Reader's Comment.

CLEVELAND, O., June 6, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: Enclosed find etc. I have been very much interested in watching the evolution of your newspaper and its interesting rise from its ashes.

Yours very truly,
JAMES PARMELEE.

The Habit of Reading the Argonaut.

LOYALTON, Cal., June 4, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: The "Argonautic habit," once acquired, is never broken. May its shadow never grow less. I beg to enclose a P. O. for its further continuance.

Yours very truly,
E. R. TROWBRIDGE.

A New York Reader Becomes a Subscriber.

NEW YORK, June 1st, 1906.

Jerome A. Hart, Esq.—My Dear Sir: A

longtime reader desires to become a full-fledged subscriber, and encloses a form of exchange on San Jose for the amount of the first year's subscription. Accept it with congratulations on the pluck and courage which have brought you through the disaster, if somewhat battered, still in the ring.

Please register my address for the present as 25 Broad street, New York.

Yours faithfully,
WM. C. COX.

A Much Appreciated Gift.

VALLEJO, Cal., May 28, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: In compliance with your request in a recent issue, I am forwarding you several hundred copies of the Argonaut, some numbers running back to 1891; the volumes are incomplete, however, many numbers of them having been given away to friends who admired your paper. I hope they may be of some service to you in making an attempt to complete your files. With best wishes,

Sincerely yours,
GEORGE W. MORTON.

Missing a Number is a Distinct Loss.

1532 Grove St., San Francisco, Cal.,
June 5, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: I have had but three copies of the Argonaut since the great fire; those of April 28th, May 5th, and June 2d. The Argonaut is to me one of the very few papers the missing of a number of which is a distinct loss. Could you favor me with the missing numbers and greatly oblige,

Very cordially yours,
J. P. PRUTZMAN.

Better Now Than Later.

LA JOLLA, Cal., May 29, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: Some time ago I wrote giving my new address, and asking for five copies of each back number since April 21st. I enclose check for \$5.00—one dollar for the ten copies, and four to renew my subscription. My present subscription has some time yet to run, but a few dollars now may be better than more later.

Sincerely yours,
HENRY E. NOYES.

Lost Without the Argonaut.

SAN JOSE, Cal., June 10, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: We have taken the Argonaut for many years in San Francisco, but since the fire have not known where it was published, but now learn 'tis in San Jose. We would like it sent to the address below at once, as we are lost without it. And if you can, we would like all the numbers you have published since the fire, and date our subscription back to them. Will send a year's subscription when notified.

Yours truly,
DR. C. E. POST.

Argonauts for Our Files.

In response to the Argonaut's request for loose and unconnected copies of the Argonaut which we would be glad to have in order to build up complete files, we have received packages of papers from a number of our readers. Among the many who have very kindly sent us papers and to whom we extend our thanks are the following:

Mr. J. W. Cheney, Librarian, War Dept., Washington, D. C.
Mr. W. D. Littleton, San Francisco.
Mrs. Alphonso A. Wigmore, Los Angeles.
Mrs. A. T. Clark, San Bernardino.
Mr. D. A. Moulton, San Bernardino.
Mr. J. V. Clark, San Carlos, Cal.
Mrs. W. H. Hooper, 2241 Alameda ave., Alameda.
Mr. E. Roemer, Alameda, Cal.
Mr. J. H. Irvine, Seattle, Wash.
Mr. Knox Maddox, 2005 Sutter st., S. F.
Mrs. J. G. G., Portland, Ore.
Mrs. M. Farnsworth, Grimes, Cal.
Mr. R. L. Apple, San Francisco.
Mr. J. S. Butler, Palo Alto, Cal.
Mrs. F. Roeding, E. Oakland, Cal.
Mrs. T. L. S., San Francisco.
J. D. V., Sacramento.
L. T. S., Red Bluff, Cal.
Mr. John K. McLean, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. Isaac Freeborn, Los Angeles, Cal.
Mrs. Charles Gibson, Seattle, Wash.
Mr. James N. Douglas, Oakland, Cal.

TEMBLOR AND FIRE.

A Personal Narrative by Mary Austin, Author of "The Land of Little Rain," "Indio," Etc., in June Out West.

There are some fortunes harder to bear once they are done with than while they are doing, and there are three things that I shall never be able to abide in quietness again—the smell of burning, the creaking of housebeams in the night and the roar of a great city going past me in the street.

Ours was a quiet neighborhood in the best times; undisturbed except by the hawker's cry or the seldom whistling hum of the wire, and in the two days following April 18 it became a little lane out of Destruction. But nobody having suffered much in our immediate vicinity, we were left free to perceive that the very instant after the quake was tempered by the half-humorous, wholly American appreciation of a thoroughly good job. Half an hour after the temblor people sitting on their doorsteps, in bathrobes and kimonos, were admitting to each other with a half twist of laughter between tremblings that it was a really creditable shake.

The appreciation of calamity widened slowly as water rays on a mantling pond. Mercifully the temblor came at an hour when families had not divided for the day, but live wires sagging across housetops were to outdo the damage of falling walls. Almost before the dust of ruined walls had ceased rising, smoke began to go up against the sun, which, by 9 of the clock, showed bloodshot through it as the eye of Disaster.

It is perfectly safe to believe anything any one tells you of personal adventure; the inventive faculty does not exist which could outdo the actuality; little things prick themselves on the attention as the index of the greater horror.

I remember very clearly that in the first considered interval after the temblor I went about and took all the flowers out of the vases to save the water that was left; and that I went longer without washing my face than I ever expect to again.

I recall the red flare of a potted geranium undisturbed on a window ledge in a wall of which the brickwork dropped outward, while the roof had gone through the flooring; and the cross-section of a lodging house parted cleanly with all the little rooms unaltered, and the halls like burrows, as if it were the home of some superior sort of insect laid open to the microscope.

South of Market, in the district known as the Mission, there were cheap man-traps folded in like pasteboard, and from these, before the rip of the flames blotted out the sound, arose the thin, long scream of mortal agony.

Down on Market street Wednesday morning, when the smoke from the burning blocks behind began to pour through the windows, we saw an Italian woman kneeling on the street corner praying quietly. Her cheap belongings were scattered beside her on the ground and the crowd trampled them; a child lay on a heap of clothes and bedding beside her, covered and very quiet. The woman opened her eyes now and then looked at the reddening smoke and addressed herself to prayer as one sure of the stroke of fate. It was not until several days later that it occurred to me why the baby lay so quiet, and why the woman prayed instead of flying.

Not far from there, a day-old bride waited while her husband went back to the ruined hotel for some papers he had left, and the cornice fell on him; then a man who had known him, but not that he was married, came by and carried away the body and shipped it out of the city, so that for four days the bride knew not what had become of him.

There was a young man who, seeing a broken and dismantled grocery, meant no more than to save some food, for already the certainty of famine was upon the city—and was shot for looting. Then his women came and carried the body away, mother and betrothed, and laid it on the grass until space could be found for burial. They drew a handkerchief over its face and sat quietly beside it without bitterness or weeping.

The largeness of the event had the effect of reducing private sorrow to a mere pin prick and a point of time. Everybody tells you tales like this with more or less detail. Two blocks from us a man lay all day with

a placard on his breast that he was shot for looting, and no one denied the aptness of the warning. The will of the people was toward authority, and everywhere the tread of soldiery brought a relieved sense of things orderly and secure. It was not as if the city had waited for Martial Law to be declared, but as if it precipitated itself into that state by instinct as its best refuge.

In the parks were the refugees huddled on the damp sod with insufficient bedding and less food and no water. They laughed. They had come out of their homes with scant possessions, often the least serviceable. They had lost business and clientele and tools, and they did not know if their friends had fared worse. Hot, stifling smoke billowed down upon them, cinders pattered like hail—and they laughed—not hysteria, but the laughter of unbroken courage.

That exodus to the park did not begin in our neighborhood until the second day; all the first day was spent in seeing such things as I relate, while confidently expecting the wind to blow the fire another way.

Safe to say one-half the loss of household goods might have been averted, had not the residents been too sure of such exemption. It happened not infrequently that when a man had seen his women safe he went out to relief work and returning found smoking ashes—and the family had left no address.

We were told of those who had dead in their households who took them up and fled with them to the likeliest place in the hope of burial, but before it had been accomplished were pushed forward by the flames. Yet to have taken part in that agonized race for the open was worth all it cost in goods.

Before the red night paled into murky dawn thousands of people were vomited out of the angry throat of the street far down toward Market. Even the smallest child carried something, or pushed it before him on a rocking chair, or dragged it behind him in a trunk, and the thing he carried was the index of the refugee's strongest bent. All the women saved their best hats and their babies, and, if there were no babies, some of them pushed pianos up the cement pavements.

All the faces were smutched and pallid, all the figures sloped steadily forward toward the cleared places. Behind them the expelling fire bent out over the lines of flight, the writhing smoke stooped and waved, a fine rain of cinders pattered and rustled over all the folks, and charred bits of the burning fled in the heated air and dropped among the goods. There was a strange, hot, sickish smell in the street as if it had become the hollow slot of some fiery breathing snake. I came out and stood, in the pale pinkish glow and saw a man I knew hurrying down toward the gutted district, the badge of a relief committee fluttering at his coat. "Bob," I said, "it looks like the day of judgment!" He cast back at me over his shoulder unveiled disgust at the inadequacy of my terms. "Aw!" he said, "it looks like hell!"

It was a well-bred community that poured itself out into Jefferson square, where I lay with my friend's goods, and we were packed too close for most of the minor decencies, but nobody forgot his manners. "Beg pardon!" said a man hovering over me with a 200-pound trunk. "Not at all!" I answered, making myself thin for him to step over, with an "Excuse me, Madam!" Another, fleeing from the too-heated border of the park to its packed center, deftly up-ended a roll of bedding, turned it across the woman who lay next to me—and the woman smiled.

Right here, if you had time for it, you gripped the large, essential spirit of the West, the ability to dramatize its own activity, and, while continuing in it, to stand off and be vastly entertained by it. In spite of individual heartsinkings, the San Franciscans during the week never lost the spirited sense of being audience to their own performance. Large figures of adventure moved through the murk of those days—Denman going out with his gun and holding up express wagons with expensively saved goods, which were dumped out on sidewalks that food might be carried to unfed hundreds; Father Ramon cutting away the timbers of St. Mary's tower, while the red glow crept across the charred cross out of reach of the hose; and the humbler sacrifices—the woman who shared her full breast with the child of another whose tountain

had failed from weariness and fright—would that I had her name to hold in remembrance!

Everybody tells you tales like this, more, and better. All along the fire line of Van Ness avenue, heroic episodes transpired like groups in a frieze against the writhing background of furnace-heated flame; and, for a pediment to the frieze, rows of houseless, possessionless people wrapped in a large, impersonal appreciation of the spectacle.

From Gough street, looking down, we saw the great tide of fire roaring in the hollow toward Russian Hill; burning so steadily for all it burned so fast that it had the effect of immense deliberation, roaring on toward miles of uninhabited dwellings so lately emptied of life that they appeared consciously to await their immolation; beyond the line of roofs, the hill, standing up darkly against the glow of other incalculable fires, the uplift of flames from viewless intricacies of destruction, sparks beehiving furiously intermittent like the spray of bursting seas. Low down in front ran besmirched Lilliputians training inadequate hose and creating tiny explosions of a block or so of expensive dwellings by which the rest of us were ultimately saved; and high against the tip of flame where it ran out in broken sparks, the figure of the priest chopping steadily at the tower with the constrained small movement of a mechanical toy.

Observe that a moment since I said houseless people, not homeless; for it comes to this with the bulk of San Franciscans, that they discovered the place and the spirit to be home rather than the walls and the furnishings. No matter how the insurance totals foot up, what landmarks, what treasures of art are evanished, San Francisco, our San Francisco, is all there yet. Fast as the tall banners of smoke rose up and the flames reddened them, rose up with it something impalpable, like an exhalation. We saw it breaking up in the movement of the refugee, heard it in the tones of their voices, felt it as they wrestled in the teeth of destruction. The sharp sentences by which men called to each other to note the behavior of brick and stone dwellings contained a hint of a warning already accepted for the new building before the old had crumbled. When the heat of conflagration outran the flames and reaching over wide avenues caught high gables and crosses of church steeples, men watching them smoke and blister and crackle into flame said shortly, "No more wooden towers for San Francisco!" and saved their breath to run with the hose.

What distinguishes the personal experience of the destruction of the gray city from all like disasters of record is the keen appreciation of the deathlessness of the spirit of living.

For the greater part of this disaster—the irreclaimable loss of goods and houses, the violent deaths—was due chiefly to man contrivances, to the sinking of made ground, to huddled buildings cheapened by greed, to insensate clinging to the outer shells of life; the strong tug of nature was always toward the renewal of it. Births near their time came on hurriedly; children were delivered in the streets or the midst of burnings, and none the worse for the absence of conventional circumstance; marriages were made amazingly, as the disorder of the social world threw all men back severely upon its primal institutions.

After a great lapse of time, when earthquake stories had become matter for humorous reminiscence, burning blocks topics of daily news, and standing in the bread line a fixed habit—by the morning of the third day, to be exact—there arose a threat of peril greater than the thirst or famine, which all the world rose up swiftly to relieve.

Thousands of families had camped in parks not meant to be lived in, but to be looked at; lacking the most elementary means of sanitation. With the rising of the sun, a stench arose from these places and increased perceptibly; spreading with it like an exhalation went the fear of pestilence. But this at least was a dread that every man could fight at his own camp, and the fight was the modern conviction of the relativity of sanitation to health. By mid-morning the condition of Jefferson Square was such that I should not have trusted myself to it for three hours more, but in three hours it was made safe by no more organized effort than came of the intelligent recognition of the peril. They cleaned the camp first, and organized committees of sanitation afterward.

There have been some unconsidered references of the earthquake disaster to the judgment of God; happily not much of it, but enough to make pertinent some conclusions that shaped themselves swiftly as the city fought and ran. Not to quarrel with the intelligence that reads God behind seismic disturbance, one must still note that the actual damage done by God to the city was small beside the possibilities for damage that reside in man-contrivances; for most man-made things do inherently carry the elements of their own destruction.

How much of all that happened of distress and incalculable loss could have been averted if men would live along the line of the Original Intention, with wide, clean breathing spaces and room for green growing things to push up between?

I have an indistinct impression that the calendar time spent in the city after the temblor was about ten days. I remember the night of rain, and seeing a grown man sitting on a curbstone the morning after, sobbing in the final break-down of bodily endurance. I remember, too, the sigh of the wind through windows of desolate walls, and the screech and clack of ruined cornices in the red, noisy night, and the cheerful banging of pianos in the camps; the burials in trenches and the little, bluish, grave-long heaps of burning among the ruins of Chinatown, and the laughter that shook us as in the midst of the ashy desert we poured in dogged stream to the ferry, at a placard that in a half-burned building where activity had begun again, swung about in the wind and displayed this legend: DONT TALK EARTHQUAKE, TALK BUSINESS.

All these things seem to have occurred within a short space of days, but when I came out at last at Berkeley—too blossomy, too full-leaved, too radiant—by this token I knew that a great hiatus had taken place. It had been long enough to forget that the smell of sun-steeped roses could be sweet.

Carmel-by-the-Sea, Cal., May, 1906.

LONDON'S UNDER WORLD.

The Human Wild Beasts That Prowl and Prey in the Jungle of London.

The London policeman is justly famous all over the world; he is regarded by foreigners as one of the finest and most imposing institutions of the British empire's metropolis, says the St. James Gazette. But what is it that has given our constables their celebrity? The picture that rises in the average man's mind, if he is asked for an explanation of the universal respect and appreciation accorded the London policeman, is Henley's aptly indicated scene in which one describes the rather sombre, burly figure of the police officer, mud-splashed but imperturbable, in the noisy center of a maze of traffic, "With uplifted hand conducting the orchestral Strand."

Yes, it is largely upon his magnificent and never-questioned control of cabs and omnibuses, and also, of course, upon his grave judicial courtesy to flurried questioners, that the fame of the London policeman is founded. If the London constable has earned a just fame upon the strength of his courtesy to pedestrians and his fine control of street traffic, how much more credit would be his if the public did but realize that these two characteristics of the force are no more than single facets of a many-sided usefulness, of an efficiency and thoroughness in vital matters, in view of which such details pale into complete insignificance!

The police control of London's enormous street traffic is fine and thorough; but the police control of those forces in the world of London which make for anarchy and dissolution is not less than marvelous; the police guardianship of London's colossal wealth; its maintenance of London's peace—these things, if you like, are worthy of the world's admiration and esteem. And these are matters with regard to the actualities of which the average man knows nothing. The ordinary citizen admits the general upshot of it all—not any too gratefully when he is a taxpayer—but appreciate the true wonder of it he cannot; because the process and the forces it contends with are almost entirely beyond his ken.

Consider for a moment a little simple comparison. The continent of Australia, with its half-dozen States, governors, legislatures,

railway systems, and the like, has an area of about three million square miles. The metropolitan area is well under seven hundred square miles. Australia's population is somewhat under four millions, and that of the metropolitan district nearly seven millions. In other words, Australia carries about one person to the square mile, and London carries about one hundred thousand to the same space. Thus it will be seen that there are a good many people to be looked after in London.

As for the wealth of London, that is not so easy of computation; it is fabulously great—greater than the wealth of many large countries. Its mere rateable value for police purposes, and without including its golden heart—the City—is about fifty millions sterling; but that is no more than a drop in the basin of London's prodigious wealth. Its administrative expenses are far greater than those of the whole of Denmark. There are fully one hundred thousand criminals in London, and a police force of some sixteen thousand men of all ranks stands between the hundred thousand predatory creatures and the six and a half million of unarmed working bees and gaudy drones, the misers, spendthrifts, idlers, women, children, invalids, crossing-sweepers, millionaires, and the rest of the large preoccupied army of makers, dispensers, and accumulators of unreckonable wealth.

There are some sixteen thousand guardians of the peace in the metropolitan area. Sick leave, ordinary leave, special duty, and other matters account for a couple of thousand for actual duty. These are employed in eight-hour shifts, since even the London policeman must sleep and eat. Thus the maximum number of police on duty at any given moment is about four thousand seven hundred.

There are fully a hundred thousand of the recognizably predatory humans to engage the attention of the four and a half thousand of metropolitan police. There are, unfortunately, many hundreds of the permanently idle and generally hungry. The relation between hunger and nature's first and most undeniable law is terribly intimate.

The handful of men in blue patrol the huge and densely peopled jungle we call London, unarmed and unafraid. The hundred thousand human animals of prey prowl in and out beside the guardians, like wolves about a sheepfold, outnumbering the shepherds by twenty-five to one. The monstrous, pitiful battalion of the unemployed and unemployable stand about in a circle, wan, dull, and motionless, yet forced always to consciousness by the war waged within them between the narcotic of despair and the irritant of hunger.

That is London. It is one of the most terrible, the most awe-inspiring, the most splendid, and the most tragic pictures that the world has to show. Literature and art have nothing to compare with it for poignancy of tragedy and romance, dignity and misery, splendor and pitifulness. It is London—the most amazing mass of contrasts in all Christendom, the most wonderful example in the world of the powers and the weaknesses, the blessings and the curses of modern civilization. It is London, and baffles him who would describe it as surely as it defeats the ambition of the man who seeks completely to master its manifold intricacies. But it is as well that those who live within its far-flung lines should learn to understand as much as they are able of its mysteries.

No other subject of study could be more fascinating, more rich in variety, and in the lore of men and women than London. The men who have studied the whole of its surface, its most obvious characteristics, are very, very few. In the nature of things, the vastness of the metropolis makes this inevitable. The strange thing is that the great bulk of London's respectable millions should know practically nothing whatever about the under structure of the living world they inhabit. They know a certain set of streets, a certain set of men and women of their own particular order, and a certain class of surface customs, rules, and characteristics of London life. It is as though they were content to believe that the soil of that part of England consisted of wood-pavement and asphalt, and never realized that primeval clay lay beneath the well-ordered smoothness of the streets.

Just so primeval human nature—simple, savage, cunning, crude, and unmoral—lies beneath the surface of London society—beneath all the well-ordered smoothness of demeanor which characterizes the vast majority of respectable and preoccupied Londoners. A certain set of watchful authorities are keenly alive to this fact; the business of their lives is never to lose sight of it. They keep the countless wheels of the huge machine working freely and smoothly. London's vast wealth of law-abiding citizens and of treasure lies on the surface. The forces which make for dissolution are beneath the surface. The business of the authorities is to prevent those forces ever breaking through to the surface of densely populated London.

INTAGLIOS.

Plymouth Harbour.

Oh, what know they of harbours
Who toss not on the sea!
They tell of fairer havens,
But none so fair there be

As Plymouth town outstretching
Her quiet arms to me;
Her breast's broad welcome spreading
From Mewstone to Penlee.

Ah, with this home-thought, darling,
Come crowding thoughts of thee.
Oh, what know they of harbours
Who toss not on the sea!

—Ernest Radford.

De Coelo.

"Sleep on, I lie at heaven's high oriel,"
Over the stars that murmur as they go,
Lighting your lattice-window far below
And every star some of the glory spells,
Whereof I know.

I have forgotten you long, long ago,
Like the sweet, silver-singing of thin bells
Vanished, or music, faint and low.
"Sleep on, I lie at heaven's high oriel,"
Who loved you so.

—John H. Wheelock.

The Pure in Heart.

In the vale of the Cornwallis
Lettice lies asleep.
And the tides forever moving
All about her creep.
And the five sea-rivers flowing
Day and night, keep coming, going,
But they rouse not little Lettice
From her sleep.

Through the marshes of Cornwallis,
Through the rusty red,
Slips the sea his shining fingers
All about her bed.
And the zigzag birds are stringing
Up above the bleak Cornwallis,
And the sad brown grasses singing
Round her head.

Little Lettice was my sister,
And we used to play
On the hills and by the beaches,
In the salt sea-spray.
Lettice loved the squirrel's chirring
And the crumpled leaves a-stirring
In the vale of the Cornwallis
All the day.

—Florence Wilkinson.

The Doll.

A man said to a woman,
"Lovely indeed thou art!
Give me thy charm, thy witchery,
But—not thy woman-heart.

"Give me thy sunny hours,
But not thy secret tears;
Give me thy hope, thy happiness,
But not thy woman's fears."

The woman's pride was mighty
Like to the pride of men,
But now her soul went weeping,
Nor ever smiled again.

—Louise Morgan Sill, in Harper's Weekly.

Nancy's Eyes.

In Nancy's eyes two spirits dwell;
I fear them, yet I love them well—
Alas, I am not wise!
They beckon, and I come with glee,
Although it is not best for me
To look in Nancy's eyes.

In Nancy's eyes I often find
A tendency to be unkind;
They greet me with surprise,
As if they did not know my days
Are dark as night unless I gaze
Just once in Nancy's eyes.

Yet in these eyes I sometimes see
A welcome all reserved for me,
Which deep within them lies;
And something tells me, secretly,
It's Nancy's heart that looks at me—
Sometimes through Nancy's eyes.
—American Magazine

THE EARTHQUAKE ZONE.

A Remarkable Article on the Faults and Fissures Along the California Coast Range.

A remarkable article on the faults and fissures along the California coast range is to be found in *World's Work*. It is written by Arthur C. Spencer and Ralph Arnold and is the clearest and least technical of any earthquake article that we have seen. It is well worth reading.

A calamity like that attending the recent earthquake in California opens many questions concerning the causes of such paroxysms of the earth. There are many gaps in our knowledge, and differences of opinion among authorities, but the general theory is made more complete through new data gleaned from study, after each great shock. Many expert observers have already begun collecting evidence bearing on the San Francisco earthquake. Several features of it, however, harmonize so closely with records of past times, to be read from the topography and earth architecture of California, that certain of the main conclusions of the investigations may be forecast.

The Pacific Coast region of the United States lies within a great zone of closely related mountains extending from Cape Horn 10,000 miles northwestward to Alaska. Practically all of the present conformation of California has been produced in comparatively recent geologic time, mainly since the beginning of the so-called Tertiary age immediately preceding the Quaternary age in which we live. The mountains have been formed by the uplifting of great blocks of the earth's crust. The intervening valleys follow either the down-tilted sides of the mountain blocks, or down-thrown areas between them. The displacements that result in the throwing up of mountain blocks and the dropping of valleys between are called by geologists "faults," and the cracks where the uplifted and dropped blocks touch are called fault fissures. In California the fault blocks are always long and narrow and they run mainly northwest and southeast, except in the belt of east and west coast ranges, about fifty miles wide, which reaches the Pacific ocean at Point Concepcion. The master block of the Sierra Nevada range has been raised by complex faulting in a narrow zone along its eastern edge, and toward the western side there seems to be a general tilting which continues not only to the base of the mountains, but also beneath the great valley of California occupied by the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers. From the western edge of this valley rises the great block carrying the Coast Ranges. This second master block includes not only the Coast Ranges, but a belt of submarine mountains extending to the border of the continental shelf overlooking the Pacific deeps. The bank where the continent rises out of the ocean depths, revealed by soundings, may be assumed to have been produced by fault displacements like those that created the Sierra and the Coast ranges and possibly even more profound.

The Coast Ranges form a belt from fifty to eighty miles wide between the Great Valley and the ocean, and almost all the destructive earthquakes occurring since American occupation have been confined to this belt. As studies of these mountains and of the intervening valleys are extended, it becomes more and more apparent that almost all the prominent features have been produced primarily by fault displacements, and only modified by erosion. There are evidences of faults everywhere throughout the Coast Range belt; but there is a narrow zone of dominating disturbance traceable from the Gulf of California to the Pacific Ocean near Point Arena.

From the gulf this zone runs north and about sixty degrees west, past San Bernardino, and northeast of the San Gabriel Range to the headwaters of the San Joaquin river. Here it takes a new direction, about north forty degrees west, and with almost no deviation, follows the eastern border of the Carisa Plain to Polonio Pass, hence the western side of San Benito Valley to the flank of the Santa Cruz mountains opposite San Jose, passing six miles west of Stanford University and reaching the coast near Mussel Rock toward the northern end of the San Francisco peninsula. Still farther to the north on the same

course it strikes along the coast to Point Arena.

Records of recurring movements along this line are preserved here and there throughout its course. Not only are the mountain masses and deep valleys aligned with or parallel to it, but minor ridges, local depressions and even rivulets give mute testimony to the forces which have been and still are intermittently active along it.

The San Francisco peninsula has been particularly affected by ancient movements, and here displacements have been distributed along several fissures, the positions of which are marked by narrow fault valleys, one of which contains the Lakes San Andreas and Crystal Springs belonging to San Francisco's water system. To the northwest of these lakes a series of sinks reveals the existence of a cleft, the opening of which occurred many years ago, in all probability before the Spanish occupation. Similar depressions in the Cholame Valley near Parkfield mark the "volcanic crack" opened during the quake of 1868. It is said that vaqueros from Rancho Cholame, attempting to sound this chasm, were unable to find its bottom with the combined lengths of several sixty-foot lariats. Judging from the present appearance of the sinks the width of the fissure at the surface must have been eight or ten feet. Forty miles to the southeast a steep bank, in places from six to ten feet high, rises from the Carisa Plain along a corresponding break.

A belt of extensive faulting not yet fully studied enters the Russian River valley from the northwest and extends to past Santa Rosa into San Pablo Bay. This long depression has been shown to be a down-thrown block, and there is every reason for ascribing a like origin to Napa Valley on the east, the continuous depression occupied by San Francisco Bay and the Santa Clara-San Benito Valley, and to Salinas Valley south of the principal fault zone which has been described. Along these valleys the greatest destructive effect of the recent earthquake was exhibited. To the north, Napa and the towns along the Russian river were greatly shaken, though Sacramento in the Great Valley was relatively uninjured. To the south of the metropolis, Stanford University, San Jose, Hollister, Santa Cruz and Salinas suffered severely. Early dispatches reported that north of Salinas and a few miles inland from the Bay of Monterey, a line of mud geysers appeared and a crack in the ground was repeatedly opened and closed. Santa Cruz, which lies on the north side of Monterey Bay in line with the axis of Salinas Valley, is situated near a zone of complicated faulting which follows the easterly flank of Ben Lomond Mountain toward the northwest.

All the points which have been made about the geologic structure of the Coast Ranges indicate slipping of the earth's rock-strata along the faults as the origin for California's long list of earthquakes. The facts eliminate almost conclusively the possibility of any connection with volcanic activity, since the very latest volcanism in the California Coast Ranges was manifested in later Miocene time, certainly not less than a million years ago.

In the earthquake of April 18 the region of greatest destruction was a belt nowhere exceeding fifty, and for the most part only twenty-five miles wide, but more than 250 miles long. This strip of territory, lying entirely within and running parallel with the Coast Ranges, is paralleled by the zones of fault displacement which have been described. The reported opening of a chasm near the Dolores Mission in San Francisco leads to the expectation that this phenomenon will be found to have occurred along a known geologic fault which crosses Valencia Street near Eighteenth, and extends to the northwest toward the Presidio.

The facts, then, support the conclusions that the recent earthquake originated in a sudden adjustment, caused by accumulated stresses within the great Coast Range block of the earth's outer crust; that the initial concussion will be found to have been distributed lineally, rather than to have been situated at a definite point; and, finally, that the lines of greatest disturbance will be proved coincident with some of the main fault fissures which traverse the Coast Range belt. The rapidly decreasing intensity of shocks toward the east is what might be expected from the known existence of many northwest and southeast fault zones

within the Coast Ranges, for vibratory waves of all sorts are propagated in the same manner through all kinds of media, and earth waves caused by subterranean concussions conform to the same laws of reflection and refraction as waves of sound and light, and are equally likely to be dissipated in traversing non-homogeneous or discontinuous materials. Discontinuity is certainly a feature of the earth's crust in California, and to this fact must be attributed the limited east and west intensity of the recent earthquake.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Those who are making arrangements for the proposed monster reception in honor of W. J. Bryan when he arrives in New York from his tour around the world announce that W. R. Hearst and his friends will not take part in the affair. They had invited Mr. Hearst and his editor, Arthur Brisbane, to serve on the committee on plan and scope. Hearst, who has come to California, has ignored the invitation and Brisbane has declined to serve.

Wu Ting-fang has left Peking. He goes into retirement, and after visiting the tombs of his ancestors will reside at Shanghai, that haven for wealthy Chinese seeking freedom from official interference. Wu retires discouraged by the outlook, seeing no reasonable prospect of reform in the judicial system or the monetary system.

John Sharp Williams, the minority leader of the House, is seriously quitting politics for a professorship in the University of Virginia. The professorship would pay \$4000 a year with quarters at the university. Mr. Williams, who is one of the wealthiest cotton planters of the South, is a profound student and was largely educated at Heidelberg in Germany. He attended that university while the present German Emperor was a student there. Mr. Williams is in direct line for election to the United States Senate.

The Delaware Legislature on June 13 elected Henry A. Dupont United States Senator for the term beginning March 3, 1905. His election was practically unanimous, as the Democratic members voted blanks. Colonel Dupont is 68 years old, a native of Delaware, the head of the great powder works bearing his name, and is very wealthy. He served throughout the War of the Rebellion.

At the graduation exercises at West Point General Horace Porter, president of the board of visitors, delivered the address to the graduates, and Secretary Taft presented the diplomas. When the name of Cadet Adna R. Chaffee Jr. was called, Secretary Taft said: "My young friend, I am going to ask your father to deliver your diploma, and hope you will follow in his footsteps." General Chaffee advanced, saluted and handed his son the diploma amid silence.

Miss Anna Strunsky of San Francisco, who at 25 is known to fame as a writer, speaker and collaborator with Jack London, recently went to St. Petersburg on an errand connected with the revolutionary propaganda. There she met William English Walling, a young millionaire from Chicago, whom she married. Miss Strunsky, while a student at Leland Stanford Jr. University, helped Jack London write the "Kemp-ton-Wace Letters." The book was published anonymously in 1903. Walling is the son of Dr. Willoughby Walling, a Chicago physician. His grandfather, William C. English, ran for Vice President on the Democratic ticket in 1880, and when he died left him a fortune of several millions.

Captain Robert F. Wynne, United States Marine Corps, attached to the battleship Alabama, has behind him very powerful political influence. He is being tried on the charge of refusing to obey an order of a superior officer. Captain Wynne is a son of Robert J. Wynne, Consul General in London, former Postmaster General and a close personal friend of President Roosevelt. Mr. Wynne is in this country now and has already been in consultation with the President and Navy officials concerning the case of his son. He refused to obey the orders (to report for duty) of Lieutenant Commander Henry F. Bryan, acting commander of the battleship Alabama, who sent Lieutenant John Newton Jr. with two privates to bring Captain Wynne to the deck, by force if necessary.

VANITY FAIR.

President Roosevelt called in a number of correspondents of Republican papers last week and told them how anxious he is to get \$25,000 a year from Congress for traveling expenses. He was much displeased when he found that the appropriation had been eliminated from the Sundry Civil bill on a point of order raised by Representative Williams.

He feels that \$25,000 a year would barely pay for his official visits to different sections of the country. He is compelled to take with him two Secret Service men, three representatives of press associations, a secretary and a stenographer. In addition he must take on his car local newspaper men and officials. This brings his expenses up to a large aggregate sum. The President feels that it is his duty as Chief Executive to travel. He dislikes to accept favors from railroad companies, and he is unable to afford the expense from his own pocket.

His idea is to have authority given him to use \$100,000 during a four-year term. Otherwise the appropriation of \$25,000 a year would not be adequate. His trip to the Pacific coast three years ago cost \$50,000.

In his opinion the railroads lose nothing by furnishing the President with free cars and transportation. He feels that they sell excursion tickets and secure enough benefits in advertising to more than compensate them.

The President is also displeased because Congress has not provided him with suitable stable accommodations. He says the stable is unsanitary, and he will not keep his own riding horses in it. Wyoming, his favorite saddle horse, presented to him by the ranchmen of Wyoming, died in this stable. It is the intention of the President, if Congress does not make proper provision for his horses, to ask that the executive stable be closed and that he be given authority to board the horses elsewhere.

These things he recited with much earnestness to the correspondents.

King Edward paid a surprise visit on Sunday of last week to Mrs. George Cornwallis West (who was Lady Randolph Churchill, and who was before that Miss Jerome of New York), at her charming little country place sixteen miles from London. Not till Saturday afternoon did he send word to Mrs. West that he would lunch with her next day, "bringing a couple of friends." They proved to be Mrs. Keppel and Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, who arrived with him in the King's motor car. Mrs. West invited her son, Winston Churchill. It is easy now to cater for the King, as he is strictly dieting. He eats only a little fish or fowl for luncheon, while tea, which in other days was a substantial meal, now consists of one weak cup of tea and two small, thin pieces of toast, which he butters lightly. His Majesty was highly pleased with Mrs. West's house, where he passed a very quiet day. He asked Winston Churchill what his new house was like. "Oh, sir, it's only a bandbox," replied Churchill, with unaccustomed modesty. "Then I must go and see your bandbox shortly," rejoined the King. The King sat in the garden and smoked cigars, while Mrs. West played on the piano.

The tide of European travel is setting across the Atlantic with unprecedented strength, according to that faithful index, the number of passports issued by the State Department. Last January there were issued passports aggregating 1528; in February, 1049; March, 1688; April, 2299, and May, 3028. These figures show that the applications for passports have been running about 200 per month more than the average issues of past years.

Nothing can convince London, at the moment, that the women in America are not going about clad in the fashion of Mother Eve, less modestly arrayed than was Lady Godiva, says the London correspondent of the New York World. The newspapers assert that a crusade is being waged in America against the peek-a-boo shirt waist, and long descriptions of the shoving garments worn by women there are being published. One journal has canvassed twenty of the greatest dry good stores in London

to discover whether there is likely to be a peek-a-boo shirt waist craze in that truly prim country. Nor can anybody make London believe that every American man there is not a millionaire. The newspapers teem with descriptions of Americans and accounts of what they are doing. The great hotels—Claridge's, the Savoy, the Carlton, the New Ritz—are the centers of this feverish interest in Americans. Claridge's is the only hotel where an American who really is a millionaire can hope to obtain privacy. When the Vanderbilts, the William Rockefeller and the Marshall Fields were staying at Claridge's last year they summoned the manager and told him that they would leave immediately if anything more about their doings in the hotel appeared in the newspapers. Every American at these hotels is regarded as legitimate prey by the tradesmen and dealers in London. They lay siege to his hotel and try to ambuscade him in the halls or in the street. Art dealers rush over from Paris bearing priceless works of art to the American millionaires; jewelers tote jewels worth a king's ransom to them all day long, and younger sons of the aristocracy tout to them, for dealers, alleged antiques. Needy dowagers roll up to the hotels in hired carriages, gush their way into private sitting rooms and propose audacious schemes to chaperon the millionaire's wives in the most exclusive society. Young Vanderbilt received four hundred begging letters a day last year on an average. The old oak furniture factories in Yorkshire and Belgium are now working overtime turning out treasures for American millionaires. Of these, the most popular this season is the chair in which King Charles I sat during his trial by Parliament. Three thousand of these chairs have been made and sold already.

The growth of enormous fortunes in the United States is bringing back the old English fashion of high-class domestic service. In that time the domestic chaplain was an upper servant who received less consideration than the modern butler, and the family lawyer was a functionary of hardly more worth and dignity. The family doctor, having the power of life and death, may have been treated with more civility, but the trials of tutors and governesses in wealthy families always have been a fruitful topic of pathetic fiction. The fashion is coming back to the excessive rich. The bread and butter of the clergymen still depends on the favor of the rich men.

The retirement of the pastor of what is called the Rockefeller church in New York calls attention to the fact that the richest man in America is the patron of two churches and a great university. The cause of Dr. Johnston's retirement is a mystery. It is said that some of his timid animadversions upon the arrogance of wealth and the evils of Wall street gambling have given offense in powerful quarters.

The high class domestic service of the excessive rich is not confined to the cure of souls. Cases are not uncommon where a lawyer or physician practices his profession for the sole benefit of a wealthy man.

When Chauncey Depew was general counsel of the New York Central he served and touted for the rich Vanderbilt family everywhere, from the dinner table to the Legislature at Albany. The humiliations of ancient domestic chaplains are recalled by the refusal of one of the Vanderbilt women to receive him at her table on the ground that her own butler had no seat there.

It is a disputed point among well-dressed men whether the Tuxedo coat should be of gray or black. Here is the view of a prominent tailor: The Tuxedo coat is a garment that should never be worn in the presence of a woman unless she happens to be the wife or near relative of the man. It should be made of dark gray material. Oxford is the proper shade. The coat should be cut with peaked lapels, because the shawl collar has seen its day. The collar also should be of the material the remainder of the coat is made of instead of silk facing. The waistcoat and trousers should be of the same material. The shoes should be black and the tie of a dark gray. The gold studs and cuff buttons should be of dull gold and the hat what we used to call a crusher. The opera hat of silk should never be worn with

the Tuxedo coat. It is necessary to change from the jet black because the waiter's jacket is made of that shade and it is difficult to distinguish between the man who eats and the man who serves the food.

A FLAG-DAY POEM.

"Old Glory," Chant Royal, by Emma Frances Dawson.

Editor of the Argonaut: Thirty of the members of the George H. Thomas Circle No. 32, of the Grand Army of the Republic celebrated Flag day June 14th by giving a house-warming at the home of Mrs. Belinda S. Bailey, who had been burned out in the fire and had moved to 519 Clayton street. At this meeting a resolution was passed that the Chant Royal "Old Glory," be printed and that a copy be furnished the Argonaut in the interest of patriotism, with a request that it be printed in the Argonaut in the near future. Mrs. Nellie Holbrook Blinn recited the poem with dramatic effect and explained that the chant received the prize among several others competing at the time it was written. Miss Dawson is still living, I understand, and though unable to earn her living by her literary work, is persistent through pride—in refusing aid from her friends.

The next meeting of our society will be held July 14th, at the home of Mrs. Richard A. Sarle, 3809 Clay street. The secretary is Mrs. Chas. H. Smitten, No. 145 Beula street.

We are a martial organization of the wives, sisters and daughters, also granddaughters over 16 years of age, of honorable discharged soldiers and sailors of the war for the Union, numbering now over 26,000 members, with departments in most of the northern and western States.

I am, respectfully,
BELINDA S. BAILEY,
Chairman Committee.

"Old Glory!"

(Chant Royal.)

Enchanted web! A picture in the air,
Drifted to us from out the distant blue
From shadowy ancestors through whose brave
We live in magic of a dream come true—
With Covenanters' blue, as if were glassed,
In dewy flower-heart, the stars that passed,
O blood-veined blossom that can never blight!
The Declaration, like a sacred rite,
Is in each star and stripe declamatory,
The Constitution thou shalt long recite,
Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory!"

O symphony in red, white, blue!—fanfare
Of trumpet, roll of drum, forever new
Reverberations of the Bell, that bears
Its tones of liberty the wide world through!
In battle dreaded like a cyclone blast!
Symbol of land and people unsurpassed
Thy brilliant day shall never have a night,
On foreign shore no pomp so grand a sight,
No face so friendly, naught consolatory
Like glimpse of lofty spar with thee bedight,
Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory!"

Thou art the one flag, an embodied prayer,
One, highest and most perfect to review;
Without one, nothing; it is lineal, square,
Has properties of all the numbers, too—
Cube, solid, square root, root of root; best class
It for His essence the Creator, cast.
For purity are the six stripes of white,
This number circular and endless quite—
Six times, well knows the scholar wan and hoar
His compass, spanning circle, can alight—
Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory!"

Boldly thy seven lines of scarlet flare;
As when o'er old centurion it blew.
(Red is the trumpet's tone, it means to dare!)
God favored seven when creation grew.
The seven planets, seven hues contrast,
The seven metals, seven days; not last
The seven tones of marvelous delight
That lend the listening soul their wings for flight
But why complete the bappy category
That gives thy thirteen stripes their charm
might?
Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory!"

In thy dear colors honored everywhere,
The great and mystic ternion we view;
Faith, Hope and Charity are numbered there,
And the three nails the crucifixion knew.
Three are offended when one has trespassed,
God, and one's neighbor and one's self aghast.
Christ deity, and soul, and manhood's height
The Father, Son, and Ghost may here unite;
With texts like these, divinely monitory,
What wonder that thou conquest in fight,
Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory!"

ENVOI.

O blessed Flag! sign of our precious Past,
Triumphant Present, and our Future vast,
Beyond starred blue and bars of sunset bright
Lead us to higher realm of Equal Right!
Float on, in ever lovely allegory,
Kin to the eagle, and the wind and light,
Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory!"

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Parsee visiting London for the first time dined one night with the Bishop, who tried to convert him.

Now, the Parsees are sun worshipers, and it did not occur to the Bishop when he took up his line of argument that the London winter season is one long, cold, wet fog, and that the sun never shows himself. Said the Bishop:

"Here you are, my friend, a man of culture, widely traveled, generous, brave, wise, and yet you worship the sun. How can you do it? I can't understand how any sensible person should worship a created object such as the sun."

"Ah, but you should see it once," cried the Parsee warmly. "You have no idea what a splendid thing it is."

"Children," said the teacher, instructing the class in composition, "you should not attempt any flights of fancy. Do not imitate any other person's writings or draw inspiration from outside sources; simply be yourselves and write what is in you."

As a result of this advice Tommy Wise turned out the following composition: "We should not attempt any flights of fancy, but write what is in us. In me there is my tumnick, lungs, hart, liver, two apples, one piece of pie, one stick of lemon candy and my dinner."

"About the best advice that I ever had was given me once by an old fellow who took care of the furnace in my house," said a wine lover. "There was a cask of cheap wine in the cellar, the contents of which had mysteriously grown less."

"How can I stop them from stealing that wine?" I asked the furnace man.

"That's easy enough, sor," said he, "just put a cask of good wine alongside of it."

A traveling salesman in the employ of a large bicycle manufacturer in Philadelphia was obliged to go on a business trip into the West about the time an interesting domestic event was expected. The salesman desired his sister to wire him results, according to a formula something like this: If a boy, "Man's safety arrived"; if a girl, "Lady's safety arrived."

To the astonishment of the father-elect, when he had been gone but a few days he received a telegram containing but one word: "Tandem."

Frank Smith has a number of mail-carrying contracts in San Francisco. His wagons take the mails to and from the postoffice and trains. He was not able to operate his wagons on the day of the earthquake, but got them going the second day. The postoffice Department complimented him for getting the wagons out the second day, it fined him for not having them at work the first day.

That reminds one of a mail carrier in Maine who took the mails part of the way in a canoe. One day the canoe upset and the carrier was drowned. The Postoffice Department sent an inspector up to the site, found how much of his route the carrier had covered up to the time he was drowned and pro-rated his pay to that point.

In a recent murder trial in San Francisco Assistant District Attorney Louis Ward was for the prosecution and ex-Governor Budd and Abraham Ruef for the defense. Attorney Ward kept dwelling on an alleged resemblance between the course of the defense and that of the men who are charged with having killed Heber C. Tilden. Attorney Budd became noticeably more impatient every time this simile was dwelt upon, and finally exclaimed:

"Your Honor, I am not counsel for the man who shot Heber Tilden, and I object to being made to try a case which I know nothing about."

The Assistant District Attorney promptly turned to the former Governor and remarked:

"I don't see what difference it makes to you, Governor, whether you know anything about a case or not, when you are arguing

restaurant of Paris, set afloat many stories about him. Among his patrons was Aurelian Scholl. It was he who told of a little mistake in addition to which he once called Bignon's attention. On two successive days Scholl had ordered precisely the same dejeuner. For the first the charge was 23 francs; the next day the bill was 28. Bignon was summoned. "How is this? A discrepancy of 5 francs, and for the same items!" "Strange, indeed," said Bignon; "I will inquire." Soon he returned radiant. "Just as I thought! The cashier made a mistake against herself of 5 francs yesterday. But I will not make you pay it!" Another day, Prince Demidoff glanced at his bill and saw a fish put down at 6 francs. "The devil!" he exclaimed; "fish must be scarce this year." "Oh, no," affably replied Bignon, "it is not fish that are scarce, but Prince Demidoffs!"

When opera glasses first came commonly into use a young man escorted his aged maiden aunt from the country to a "playhouse." During one of the acts she complained that the light was too dim. He borrowed an opera glass from the friend sitting near, and, handing it to her, said: "Here, auntie, try this glass." Covering the suspicious-looking object with her handkerchief, she placed it to her lips and took a long pull, and then handed it back to her nephew in great disgust, saying disappointedly: "Why, there isn't a drop in it."

Among the wild escapades remembered of Lord Waterford's youth is one of the time when he was living in Dublin with his uncle, the primate. Coming home late at night, he had a great quarrel with his cabman about the fare and left the man swearing outside the door. Dashing into the hall, he found his uncle's gown and trencher lying on the side table, and, putting them hastily on, he turned and, going out with a stick and a gruff voice, said: "What do you mean by coming here and trying to cheat my nephew? I'll teach you not to do such things for the future," and he thrashed him soundly. The man went away, saying that he had been thrashed by the Archbishop of Armagh in person.

Klopstock, the German poet whom his admirers rashly compared to Milton, was once questioned at Gettengen as to the exact meaning of one of his stanzas. He read it over once or twice, and then delivered this judgment: "I cannot remember what I meant when I wrote it, but I do remember that it was one of the finest things I ever wrote, and you cannot do better than devote your lives to the discovery of its meaning."

The late Rufus E. Shapley, the brilliant Philadelphia lawyer, wrote "Solid for Mulhooly," which had an immense success. Once at a dinner an editor congratulated Mr. Shapley warmly on "Solid for Mulhooly." The editor said it was powerfully written. Mr. Shapley replied: "Yes, I suppose I am a powerful writer. The other day I wrote a letter of condolence to the widow of an old friend, and I understand that the lady no sooner read my letter than, changing her black gown to a pink one, she went to a matinee."

This is from the Champagne Standard, by Mrs. John Lane: "The well authenticated story goes that at a dinner party the other night, after the ladies returned to the drawing room, the hostess, her broad expanse tinkling with diamonds, leaned back in a great tufted chair and shivered slightly. A footman went in search of the lady's maid. "Francoise," said the magnate's lady with languid magnificence, "I feel chilly; bring me another diamond necklace."

Kubelik, the violinist, was once playing by request before the inmates of an insane asylum. He played a brilliant Slav composition, thinking that was surely of the cheerful character wanted. As he finished a very pretty young woman arose and beckoned to him. He thought, artist-like, that she wanted an encore, and so said to the doctor: "Ask her what she desires." He rose to his feet and was about to question her when she exclaimed: "To think of the likes of me being in here and of him being at large in the world."

SOME FAMOUS RIDDLES.

The following were the result of a competition for prize puzzles, and represent a survival of the fittest:

Enigma.

'Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell.
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed.
'Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis riven asunder,
Be seen in the lightning and heard in the thunder;
'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,
Attends at his birth and awaits him in death;
Presides o'er his happiness, honor and health,
Is the prop of his house and the end of his wealth.
In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost on his prodigal heir.
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
With the husbandman's toils, with the monarch is crowned,
Without it the soldier and seaman may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home!
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'en in the whirlpool of passion be drowned.
'Twill not soften the heart, but though deaf be the ear,
'Twill make it acutely and instantly hear.
Yet in shade let it rest like a delicate flower;
Ah! breathe on it softly, it dies in an hour.
—Catherine Fanshawe.

Answer: The letter "H."

(Often ascribed to Byron, and included in early editions of his poems. Described by Bryant, in his Library of Poetry and Song, as the finest riddle in existence.)

Enigma.

THE FIRST.

Immutable forever, I; the earth
Was still in swaddling clothes when I had birth;
My sisters both took precedence of me,
Yet I am surely oldest of the three.

THE SECOND.

Before my dark-veiled sister was, was I,
But still you see me in my infancy;
Men hame, neglect and desecrate and flout me,
And yet the wisest could not live without me.

THE THIRD.

Youngest and fairest of our sisterhood,
Now in dim dread and now in hopeful mood,
Man waits my coming here, but sees me never—
Alas, I come not till I'm gone forever!

—Mabel P.

Answer: Yesterday; today; tomorrow.
(Universally admired throughout puzzle-dom.)

ENIGMA.

Cut off my head, and singular I am;
Cut off my tail and plural I appear;
Cut off my head and tail, and wondrous feat!
Although my middle's left, there's nothing there.
What is my head cut off? A sounding sea.
What is my tail cut off? A rushing river,
And in their mighty depth I fearless play,
Parent of sweetest sounds, yet mute forever.
—Thomas Babington Macaulay.

Answer: C-O-D.

("The well-known logograph by Lord Macaulay is one of the best enigmas that the Britons can boast of, for it contains the requisite points."—Rob Roy.)

Riddle.

Formed long ago, yet made today,
I'm most employed while others sleep.
What few would wish to give away,
And none would ever wish to keep.
—Charles James Fox.

Answer: Bed.

("The 'Bed' I have long regarded as the ideal riddle."—M. C. S.)

Anagram.

Quid est veritas? (What is truth?) Answer: Est Vir qui adest. (It is He that is present.)

("One of the finest anagrams ever made is one on Pilate's despairing words when our Lord was before him, "Quid est veritas?" "What is truth?" The true answer rises with absolute accuracy in the transposition. EST VIR QUI ADEST, It is He that is present!")

Anagram.

THEY SEE.—Anonymic. Answer: The eyes.

("Anonymic's anagram is the most perfect specimen we have ever seen."—Dorothy Doolittle.)

Palindrome.

The oldest of these riddles (which read the same backward as forward) is: "Madam, I'm Adam," which was addressed to our first mother. The best is a California palindrome. It was accidentally discovered by seeing the verso of a canvas bakery sign in Yreka, Cal. It read: YREKA BAKERY.

The recent death of Bignon, the famous

LITERARY NOTES.

Luther Burbank's Career.

A book which has aroused no little interest of late is an authoritative account of the life and work of Luther Burbank, contained in a volume by W. S. Harwood, entitled "New Creations in Plant Life." It deals almost exclusively with Luther Burbank's investigations and discoveries in this domain. In fact, as a life of Burbank it is rather too appreciative. But the reader can well afford to overlook the enthusiasm of the biographer for his friend, because in relating the attainments of that friend he tells a great many facts of absorbing interest.

Probably every one now knows the story of Burbank's early life and struggles to earn a livelihood; how he started for California with practically no money and carrying ten of his own potatoes, and how he finally established himself as a nurseryman here. But few have followed Burbank's work closely enough to realize the enormous possibilities of the Burbank potato. To quote from Mr. Harwood's chapter on this subject:

"The seventy-five per cent of the potato which consists of water may, from the manufacturing point of view, be considered as largely waste, or, if not waste, at least of no commercial value. Very much of this waste may be restored, negatively speaking, by driving out the water and putting starch in its place. Mr. Burbank's investigations have shown that it is as easy to breed potatoes for a larger amount of starch as it is to breed for any other characteristics—flavor, resistance to disease, withstanding drought, adaptability to a given climate, early or late maturing, and so on. In Europe the potato is practically the main source of starch supply. Potato starch is of much importance to the manufacturer of cottons, woollens, silk and linens, as sizing for the warp before it is woven; for finishing the goods after they have been woven, bleached and dyed, and, in the form of dextrine, as a thickener or vehicle for applying the color to a fabric. The dextrine is used a great deal also in the manufacture of mucilage.

"Important as is the work of Mr. Burbank in potato culture, both in its production and in the tests now under way for its transformation, it appears probable that it will be rivaled by the new fruit which grows upon the potato which Mr. Burbank has named the 'pomato.'

"Among all his many interesting and novel creations this certainly takes high rank, not only for its novelty but for its practical value. Looking to the common origin of the tomato and the potato, and considering the general appearance of the new fruit, he has happily combined the two names in designating this new creation.

"The pomato is a fruit, not a vegetable, though growing upon a vegetable. It is what might be termed the evolution of a potato seed-ball. It first appears as a tiny green ball upon the potato top, and develops as the season progresses into fruit the size and general shape of a small tomato. The flesh is white, bearing, usually, a few small seeds. It is delightful to the taste, having the suggestion of quite a number of different fruits and yet not easily identified as any particular one. It may be eaten either raw or cooked. It is fine eaten raw out of hand, delicious when cooked and excellent as preserve."

Mr. Burbank's marvelous discoveries appeal not only to sense of taste; he has developed some plants for beauty and some for fragrance. Prior to his investigations perfumes were manufactured wholly from flowers—from roses, orange blossoms and similar fragrant blooms. This is still the case in the old world, where labor is comparatively cheap, and where little has been done along the line of plant-breeding. In this country, however, there are now quantities of perfumes of great commercial value manufactured wholly from the leaves of plants.

Luther Burbank has been particularly successful in his experiments along these lines. He has produced a fast-growing walnut which, in addition to the value of its wood for furniture manufacture, puts forth an abnormal abundance of delightfully fragrant leaves that are used for the production of rare perfume.

The full commercial value of Mr. Burbank's new tree has not yet been ascertained, but his work so far gives promise that the manufacture of perfume from this walnut tree may prove a source of national wealth.

In a chapter called "The Thornless Edible Cactus," Mr. Harwood tells of one of Burbank's most striking and most useful experiments; that with the cactus:

"When he turned to the cactus on which he was to spend more than ten years of study, it was, in the main, a stubborn, irreconcilable foe to the race; in order to make it a friend of man its whole nature must be changed; it must be re-created. To the average man it would seem a waste of time and energy to seek to improve a plant which for millions of years had been hostile to the race, which seemed to have absolutely nothing in common with civilization, which by its pariah-like nature seemed peculiarly fitted for a home upon the desert, its closest comrades the rattlesnake and the scorpion, its highest aim apparently, to cause the death of some thirst-maddened animal driven to eat its juicy but deadly leaves.

"But, the more difficult the problem, the keener his desire to solve it. He knew that the cactus, even in its wild and defiant shape, had certain unquestioned excellences. It was undeniably hardy;

it would grow and thrive where nothing else would welcome the blistering heat of the desert and growing powerful where rain seldom falls. It had much that was nutritious, both in its thick thall, or leaves, and in its golden or crimson fruit. Whenever it had been given a chance away from its desert home and under more favorable conditions, it had shown phenomenal thrift. It was not one of those plants which will not bear transplanting from a wild to a civilized state.

"Two main obstacles had first to be removed—the countless thorns upon the cactus, covering branch and leaves and fruit, and the spicules of the leaves, the woody fibrous skeletons of the thall which made them more or less indigestible. These overcome, there remained the development of the fruit and the fitting of the leaves to be a food, food even for man as well as beast.

"All this he has accomplished—nothing more marvelous has ever been done in plant life. Verily Mr. Burbank will make the desert to bloom like a rose."

One of the most amusing of Mr. Burbank's creations is his everlasting flower, which is truly "ever lasting." It will not wilt or fade. In short it is a commercial product designed solely for use in millinery. It is unfortunate for the pockets of the nurserymen that this season feathers have "come in" and that flowers have "gone out," otherwise there would have been a large business carried on by the nurserymen in raising "natural" flowers for the milliners.

Published by the Macmillan Company; Price \$1.75 net.

Recent Fiction.

"The Wire Tappers," by Arthur Stringer, illustrated. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price \$1.50.

As a writer of fiction Arthur Stringer may be classed as a sentimentalist with aspirations toward being a stylist. He loves the unknown polysyllable, and the laboriously evolved phrase, and one can imagine him carefully conning over his Thesaurus before he brought forth "dementating narrowness," "eviscerating pity" and "subdolorous green eyes," in a strenuous evasion of the stereotyped phrase.

In "The Wire Tappers" sentimentality and the mechanics of electricity are blended in a curious mixture. The book retails the adventures of an unscrupulous pair who in the pauses of their love-making earn a discreditable living by tapping the New York wires of their financial secrets. The pair are too faint-hearted in their rascality to inspire any admiration for either nerve or audacity, and the heroine awakens contempt by her persistent weak cry that she is "not wholly bad," her attitude being a concession on the author's part to the stern moralist whose sympathies he hopes to win while reading these records of petty criminality.

"The Invisible Bond," by Eleanor Talbot Kinkead, illustrated in color. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co.

This novel is evidently the work of a loyal Kentuckian who is steeped to the lips in a profound respect for all the social traditions of the Kentucky aristocracy. Of the two beautiful heroines, who stand in marked contrast, the Lily of purity is a representative of a proud old Lexington family, while the lovely, soulless pagan who waves "the rose-mesh of the flesh" comes from a much lower social stratum. Miss Kinkead's style and ideals suggest that she is a warm admirer and disciple of James Lane Allen. Her book, like his novels, reflects the atmosphere of a social life which to a Kentuckian is the corollary and most elegant in America. For this quality and for its superior ethical tone, as well as for its literary quality, the novel is entitled to respect, and furthermore, has the ability to hold the interest of the reader in search of idle recreation.

"Where Speech Ends," by Robert Haven Schauf-fer, Published by Moffat, Yard & Co. Price \$1.50

The Thomas Orchestra of Chicago, so long established in the favor of the musical public and now no more, has probably been one of the sources of inspiration for "Where Speech Ends," a novel of purely musical atmosphere with a sympathetic introduction by Henry Van Dyke.

Mr. Schauf-fer has evidently been fitted for his task by a sympathetic and congenial association with the members of some actual orchestra, who, altered and perhaps idealized, figure as the characters in his novel with an effect of reality. As for the interest of the story and plot, that is another matter. One is not carried along, and the hypnotic episodes, particularly that in which a popular and famous orchestra leader is put to shame before a great audience, have a cooked-up sound.

But in other respects the book has the quality of sincerity and is happily exempt from those rhetorical ravings-to-order with which so many would-be melodramas afflict their readers.

"Breakers Ahead," By A. Maynard Barbour, J. B. Lippincott Co. publishers.

Another story this of the typical man of affairs that is now the predominant figure in the American horizon. It is a type that interests men and women alike, and one the exploiting of which in fiction tends steadily to increase the number of male readers of novels.

Mr. Barbour, already well known as the author of the popular "Mainwaring Affair," has a vigorous masculine style suited to the type of human character and the phase of life he describes. Like his hero, he lacks sentiment, and the matrimonial proposals in his novel are as dry as chips. But he is a first rate story writer, and one utterly unencumbered by hampering conventions. His story reads true, and yet has the charm of fiction. It tells of the rise to financial and political power in a Western town of the son of an English banker, who

followed up the sowing of his wild oats by a keen and steady pursuit of the prestige he ultimately won. Interwoven with this is the recital of the tangle into which the king of finance plunged his domestic affairs partly through an innate hardness of heart and partly through malevolent chance.

"Augustine the Man." By Amelie Rives (Princess Troubetzkoy). Published by John Lane, the Bodley Head.

O sapient publisher thus to set off the title of the book with the title of the author! Although it is but fair to say that the Princess' poetry is informed with the real poetic spirit, Amelie Rives has shown much constancy to her muse, and "Augustine the Man" is written with a smoothness and in a number of passages, a felicity of phrase, that will not fail to make its appeal to the lover of poetry. She has a preference for casting her poetical works in the dramatic form, which results in the enhancement of their interest to the most superficial reader of poetry.

Her theme, however, is a somber one; the poem being a depiction of the birth throes of St. Augustine's change of heart, when religious ecstasies supplanted the more human though sinful love that had hitherto ruled his life.

The author's sympathy, and by a natural consequence, the reader's, is more with the man than with the saint, but the revelation made of the tortured soul of a religious fanatic seems curiously real, and one looks with surprise at the portrait of the handsome poetess on the title page, reflecting that it is a woman that makes it.

A charming little love lyric that strikes a note of contrast to the prevailing austerity of theme in Book III offers a pleasing example of the Princess Troubetzkoy's graceful ease in toying with the muse:

The sea is in love with the inland, and yearns for her flowers.
Oh sea thou hast pearls to thy kiss, but the wind is the winds!
Thou hast death to thy call, but King Love, King of Death, is our King!
O be in mine arms as the dark in the curve of the moon,
As the moon in the heart of the lake, as the lake in the hills!
As the stars in the flame of the morning, oh, me thou in me!

CURRENT HUMOR.

Atavism.

Deep in the jungle vast and dim,
That knew not a white man's feet,
I smell the odor of sun-warmed fur,
Musky, savage and sweet.

Scent of fur and color of blood:—
And the long dead instincts rose,
I followed the lure of my season's mate,—
And flew, bare-fanged, at my foe.

—Laurence Hope.

Ballad of Little Grand Duchy.

[The Grand Duchy of Luxembourg added a bomb to its cavalry and obtained a cannon on approval from Krupp-Essen. Unfortunately, objections were raised by the neighboring powers, which complained that shots had fallen in their territories.]

The Grand Duke sent a summons forth,
And at his ducal call
From east and west and south and north
Hasted his barons all.
"Lordlings," quoth he, "'Tis plaint to see
The armies of the powers
Each day grow more prepared for war—
But what, my lords, of ours?"

"While France and Germany increase
Their fighting forces so,
Can we be sure of lasting peace?
My lords, I answer 'No!'
We, too, must spend, would we defend
Our own beloved Spa.
Do you agree?" Some answered, "Oui,"
While others cried, "Ja, Ja."

The Duke has held a grand review,
And all the folk in force
Have gathered round to see the new
Krupp cannon and the horse.
The drum was banged, the cymbals clanged,
And both the trumpets brayed;
The people cheered, the new horse reared,
The old one also neighed.

Napoleonic frenzy filled
The Grand Duke. Prudence fled.
The vision of his army thrilled
His marrow. "Fire!" he said.
A blinding flash, a thunder crash,
And then a startled glance—
The people saw with sudden awe
The shot had dropped in France.

The Grand Duke frowned, but even then
His zeal was scarce decreased.
"Come! turn the gun about, my men,
And let her face the east."
Again the flame and thunder came,
Again at his command
The shot sped true—this time, ehue!
To hit the Fatherland.

Then frantic French and Germans came,
And protocols poured in
Supporting every victim's claim
From Paris to Berlin.
The Grand Duke sighed, his martial pride
All crushed and crumpled up—
The extra horse was sold perforce,
The gun went back to Krupp.

—Pucc

ST. GE GOSSIP.

Bernhardt's Tour.

When Bernhardt started out in Chicago with her great week she had no idea of what was before her. Altogether she has played in some of the most remarkable places ever heard of in the amusement business. For instance: The Bernhardt tent — At Dallas, El Paso and Duluth.

Skating rinks—At Savannah, Tampa, Jacksonville, Augusta, Atlanta, Fort Wayne, Winnipeg, Spokane—with many more to come.

Auditoriums—Kansas City, Omaha, Nashville, Chattanooga, Peoria, and many a few.

Summer theaters—Little Rock, five miles from the city in a driving rain; St. Moines, Ingersoll Park theater, 2 1/2 miles out; Seattle, Leschi Park, three miles out.

Every stable—In Montgomery, Alabama, was canceled however, on account of other booking.

Dining-rooms—Royal Ponclana hotel, Palm Beach. This date was also canceled because of other booking.

Dallas, Texas, was the first tent in twelve thousand crowded into canvas inclosure. It stormed thunder and lightning the next night at El Paso, but Bernhardt played on. It occurred to her that anything of the ordinary had happened. She of the audience kept apprehensive eyes on the entrance. In case she should take a notion to topple the piece of dry goods over on their heads.

Then came the incident at Austin. The tent had been pitched. Thousands of tickets had been sold for the appearance. The state Legislature was in special session. Mme Bernhardt called on Gov. Lanham. He invited her in to see the solons work. Mme. Bernhardt entered Gov. Lanham, and stood smiling, bowing to the storm of greetings. Above an adjournment of 10 minutes, "led!" shouted the presiding official with a whack of his gavel; and for minutes Mme. Bernhardt held a session. Just then the rain came. It rained. "You are not going to play in the tent tonight, madame?" said the humor. "Ah," replied Mme. Bernhardt, "let fall rain ze cat, eet fall ze dog, I sail play." This part of the story may or may not be true. It is that Gov. Lanham, gritting his teeth together, said: "I'll be — if she

id then it is said he went to the home and called up Manager Walker, whom he recited the fact that Mme. Bernhardt was playing in Austin under the auspices of the business men's league, and that the league would not let its guest to be forced into the tent on a rainy night, under any circumstances. Mme. Bernhardt played in theater that night, and a total of 1000 went back to buyers of tickets were unable to get into the build-

ernhardt must play \$4000 to profit \$4000 is a lot of money and there is plenty of seating capacity. She got into the regular theaters, the number of independent houses in the United States is comparatively small. Going into a new town, the ad man must find the house, whether an abandoned theater, music hall, skating rink or what. If it is not seated, lighted, heated, and arranged for that. He must hire hands, ushers, orchestra, "supper," he must arrange for property, tickets, printing, billing, newspaper advertising, baggage and car hire, hotels; he must get ticket takers, and put the advertisement into responsible hands; he covers the country newspapers such advertising and press matter they should receive.

must do all this and some more the day, coming in early in the morning and leaving on a night train. Building and pitching of the tent was made necessary took 50 men weeks to sew the canvas together, three cars to take it to Dallas from San Francisco and the other tent towns. Spokane, Wash., they found no place to play. Out in Natatorium park had a floor in course of being laid for the big rink, which was to be finished in a week. The advance man put us on, the contractor sent 30 men to hustle, and they got the walls up and a canvas top over all in time for Bernhardt. In Little Rock, the only available building five miles out of the city—a summer house, at that. And to play it was necessary to inclose the building with canvas, put stoves in, seat it, rent things for the production and hauling 5300 people out in a driving rain. All through the South difficulties of equipping improvising theaters was encountered—building, providing curtains, side and back borders and other essentials tending to the thousand details

of organization. And with all this Bernhardt played a tour of engagements which will never be duplicated. She played to \$12,000 in Dallas, \$10,000 in Kansas City, \$75,000 in two weeks in Boston, \$8000 a performance in such cities as Omaha, Nashville and Memphis. She played the greatest return engagement to Chicago ever known—one that was declared to be impossible by old theatrical managers.

It was announced at a dinner given to Bernhardt in New York June 14, in the Cafe des Beaux Arts, that when the actress sailed on the steamer La Touraine the next morning she would take with her more than \$200,000 that she has made on her tour of the country. According to the manager there has been taken in at all of the performances \$1,088,000. Of this the actress received \$305,000. Her personal expenses were about \$50,000. She has played in barns, vacant lots, dance halls, and in one instance in a private dining-room. The dinner was tendered her by Lee Shubert and W. S. Connor. The actress received a handsome loving cup, bearing the arms of France and the United States and an inscription stating the occasion of the gift, her two hundred and twenty-sixth performance in America. All the members of the company, including the property men and electricians, were at the dinner.

A dinner was given at the Hotel Cecil, London, June 17, in honor of Ellen Terry. The two hundred guests included persons prominent in the theatrical world. Winston Churchill delivered a brilliant eulogy of Miss Terry's genius. A message from Joseph H. Choate was read, which expressed best wishes on behalf of America. It was announced that the total sum realized for the Terry jubilee fund, including the receipts from the benefit performance at Drury Lane Theatre and subscriptions raised in America, amounted to \$43,920.

ORPHEUM

Week Commencing Sunday, Matinee, June 24.

The Show of the Season!

WILFRED CLARKE & CO.; JUANITA ALLEN & CO.; CLIFF GORDON, BROTHERS DAMM; THE GREAT KAUFMANN TROUPE; BERT and BERTHA GRANT; ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES, and Last Week of

16—KARNO'S LONDON COMEDY COMPANY—16

MATINEES EVERY DAY EXCEPT MONDAY. Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c. Matinees, except Saturday and Sunday, 10c and 25c. Box Office at Donlon's Drug Store, Fillmore and Sutter streets, Phone West 6000.

CHUTES AND ZOO—Open daily from 10 a. m. to midnight.

Admission, 10c; Children, 5c.

It Is Well Known

That the proper place for a vacation is in MARIN, SONOMA, MENDOCINO, or LAKE COUNTIES, reached by the

California Northwestern Railway

AND THE

North Shore Railroad

You can stop at some mineral spring resort, private home in one of the pretty towns, rusticate on a farm or camp by some stream.

Call or write for "VACATION 1906" which will give detailed information showing terms for board \$7.00 per week and upwards.

Ticket Office and General Office in Ferry Building, foot of Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

JAMES AGLER, RAY. RYAN, Gen. Mgr. Gen. Pass. & Fret. Agt.

ROBERTSON'S

JUST A BOOK STORE

The hooks reviewed or mentioned in the Argonaut can always be purchased at

ROBERTSON'S 1186 1/2 Ellis St., Near Octavia

POTTER HOTEL

Santa Barbara, Cal.

Summer Rates

\$2 PER DAY

and Upwards

American Plan Only

SUNSET MAGAZINE

JUNE-JULY NUMBER

OUT JUNE TWENTY-FIFTH

"San Francisco"

BY

E. H. HARRIMAN

"San Francisco"

BY

JOAQUIN MILLER

"The Plight and Prospects of San Francisco".....by Charles S. Aiken
"Handling the Crisis" by Col. Edwin Emerson
"The Chariots of the Gods" by Charles K. Field

Photographs of San Francisco while burning and after the disaster. Portraits of Funston, Schmitz and Other Prominent Men.

FOR SALE ON ALL NEWS STANDS.

PRICE 10 CENTS

"THE BIGGEST, BUSIEST AND BEST"

PIANO SELLERS

We have a splendid display of high grade pianos at our Oakland store—Kimballs, Hazletons, Hallet & Davis, Steinways, Deckers, Knabes, Chickering's, Autopianos, Electric Pianos, etc.—some used, most of them new.

WE NEED THE MONEY—and so long as the supply lasts will sell you a good new piano for \$100 cash. We will sell you a high grade piano for \$200 cash, for which you would ordinarily pay \$400. This is the time to make a shrewd investment by taking advantage of the temporary demand for ready money.

Tell us what make or style of instrument you want and we will send you a photograph, description and prices. Mail orders are given particularly careful attention.

OUR SPECIALTIES:

Electric Pianos
Autopianos
Orchestrions
Church Organs

EILERS

Music Company

1075 Clay St., Oakland, Cal.
Mail Building, Stockton, Cal.

Until new building can be erected our temporary location at San Francisco is corner Fillmore and Haight Sts.

Address all communications to Oakland store.

NOTES AND GOSSIP.

The engagement is announced of Miss Florence Cole, daughter of Mrs. Edward Pleasant Cole, to Mr. Charles R. McCormick. No date has been arranged for the wedding, but it will probably be in the near future.

The engagement is announced of Miss Gladys Postley, sister of Mr. Sterling Postley, to Mr. Erskens Richardson of Chicago.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Allen, daughter of Judge and Mrs. James M. Allen, to Mr. John Otis Burrage, took place on Tuesday afternoon, at the home of the bride's parents on Washington street. The ceremony was performed by Father Plus Murphy at half-past three o'clock. Mrs. Lucius Allen, the bride's sister, was the matron of honor, and Francis Allen, the bride's brother, was the best man. A number of relatives and chosen friends of the two families were present. Mr. Burrage and his bride will, after their honeymoon trip, make their home in this city with Judge and Mrs. Allen.

The wedding of Miss Georgina Leone Mackay, daughter of Civil Engineer George Mackay, U. S. A. retired, and Mrs. Mackay, to Surgeon James Chambers Pryor, Medical Corps, U. S. N., took place at St. John's Church, Washington, D. C., on Saturday afternoon, June 16th.

The wedding of Miss Harriette Lee Tallaferrro to Mr. Jeffrey Montague of California, took place on June 16th at the home of the bride's cousin, Mrs. William J. Boothe Jr., in Alexandria, Virginia. They will reside in Richmond and in California.

The officers and ladies of the Presidio entertained at an informal hop on Friday evening of last week, the first since the beginning of Lent.

Mrs. Edward Polhemus and Mrs. Alfred Baker Spalding entertained at an informal tea at their cottage in Sausalito on Thursday of last week, in honor of Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton.

Mrs. Augustus Taylor and Mrs. Will Taylor were the hostesses at a luncheon last week, at their home at Menlo, at which they entertained a half a dozen guests.

Mrs. Emory Winship was the hostess at a luncheon at Pastor's in Marin county, on Wednesday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Boyd, who are again in San Rafael after spending the winter with Mrs. Boyd's mother, Mrs. N. G. Kittle in this city, are rejoicing in the recent arrival of a small daughter in their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Johnson (formerly Miss Carmen Selby) are rejoicing in the advent of a small daughter in their home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Bishop, who are in Santa Barbara for the summer and fall, are rejoicing in the advent of a little son in their home.

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS

Mrs. C. B. Brigham and Miss Kate Brigham, who returned last month from a lengthy stay in the Orient, and who have been at their home on Broadway, left on Tuesday for their country place at Tahoe.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Miss Margaret Newhall, Miss Marion Newhall and Miss Elizabeth Newhall were in Florence when last heard from and will go a little later to France.

Mrs. William S. Tevis has been staying at her country place near Bakersfield.

Mrs. Richardson Claver, who is spending the summer at her ranch in Napa, has recently been the guest of her cousins, Mrs. Clarence Nicholson and Miss Ruth Miller in Sausalito.

Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor will leave shortly for Portland, Oregon, where she will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. Allen Lewis.

Mrs. Harold Sewall (formerly Miss Millie Ashe) and her family have recently returned to their home in Bath, Maine, after a stay abroad of two years.

Mrs. L. L. Baker, Miss Kate Stone and Miss Dorothy Baker have recently left Venice, after a fortnight's stay in that city and are now in Switzerland for the summer.

Mrs. Nokes, who has been spending several months with her daughter, Mrs. John Burke Murphy at Vancouver Barracks, arrived in the city last week and will be here for some time with her parents, Captain and Mrs. A. F. Rodgers.

Miss Maizie Langhorne and Miss Julia Langhorne have been the guests of Lieutenant and Mrs. Clarence Carrigan at Fort Baker during the past week.

Captain William L. Merry, United States Minister to Costa Rica and

Nicaragua, who has been here for several weeks and who intended remaining a month longer, received orders from Washington to proceed at once to Nicaragua, as matters had arisen there demanding his presence, and left on Sunday last. Miss Blanche Merry leaves today (Saturday) for San Jose, Costa Rica, going by way of New Orleans, and will spend the summer with her sister, Mrs. Harry Meiggs.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Miss Emily Wilson and Miss Charlotte Wilson have closed their California street home and have taken a cottage at Burlingame for the summer. They have given up entirely their intention of going abroad this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian Reis, whose old home on California street was burned, and who were for a time at the Stent home on Broadway, are now at their country place at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. William Watt are spending some time on a ranch in the Napa Valley.

Mrs. Charles S. Aiken is at her ranch near Howell Mountain and will spend much of the summer there.

Mr. Truxtun Beale left on Tuesday of last week for the East. Mrs. Beale is at present in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller and Miss Edith Miller, who are spending the summer at Sausalito, went up last week to Sacramento for a brief visit to Dr. and Mrs. G. C. Simmons, who left this week for a year's sojourn in Europe.

Mrs. John D. Tallant and Miss Elsie Tallant are at Blithedale for a stay of several months.

Mr. and Mrs. John Landers and Miss Pearl Landers are staying for the season at Belvedere.

Mr. Sberill Schell and Mr. Edwin Montgomery left last Saturday evening for Europe to be absent about a year.

Miss Mary Marriner has recently been the guest of Miss Marion Brooks at Mare Island.

Mrs. Wilshire and Miss Jane Wilshire, who have been in Southern California for nearly a year past and who had expected to spend the summer there, returned last week to San Francisco and will remain here.

Major Charles Krauthoff, U. S. A., and Mrs. Krauthoff are staying at Blithedale at present.

Mrs. Frederick Spencer Palmer will leave shortly for Paris for a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Smith, who have been abroad for the past year.

Dr. Benjamin F. Lyford, at one time a resident of San Francisco, but who has for the past fifteen years made his home in Marin County, died on June 13 at his residence near Reed's Station. He had formerly a large practice here, but becoming blind, went to his estate and has since remained there. He leaves much property on the line of the railroad. He is survived by his wife, formerly Miss Hilarita Reed.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Whitney and their son Vincent from Rocklin, Cal., have arrived at Hotel Del Monte, where they expect to spend the season.

Judge and Mrs. John F. Finn, who have been abroad for some months, are returning to New York.

Mr. Drummond MacGavin, who is employed as a mining engineer in a South African mine, is in San Francisco on a brief visit to his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Walter McGavin.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin M. Boyd have returned from a trip around the world.

Mrs. Mary Huntington and Miss Marian Huntington, who have been at their San Francisco home on Jackson street since returning from Japan, expect to leave soon for Europe.

Mr. Richard M. Hotelling and Mr. Dudley Sales have been in New York and will shortly return by way of the St. Lawrence and the Thousand Isles.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding expects to come to California early in July. Mrs. Redding, who spent some months in San Francisco last year has been quite ill at her home in New York, but is now convalescing.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack London have been spending some weeks at Highland Springs.

Mr. Wilson Mizner arrived from Chicago on Tuesday and will spend several weeks in San Francisco and visiting relatives in Benicia.

Ned L. Chapin of Pasadena, who was recently expelled from Annapolis Naval Academy for hazing, has declined to go back under reappointment. The offer of reappointment came, it is stated, through United States Senator Perkins to Chapin's father. Young Chapin states that he does not care to enter the United States Navy now.

Mrs. William H. Smith and Miss Belle Smith, who left here last November for a trip around the world, have been to Japan and are now at Camp Garaga, in the Philippine Islands, where Mrs. Smith's son, Lieutenant Emory Smith, is with his command.

Miss Elsie Sperry has gone to Sag Harbor, Mass., as the guest of Mrs. Frank Havens.

Dr. and Mrs. G. C. Simmons are leaving Sacramento this week to visit friends in Massachusetts.

Mrs. George Metcalf has returned from Sonora, Mexico, and is now at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Victor Metcalf has gone to Chico, where her son, Victor is recovering after his recent illness.

Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, who has been in Sicily for some time with her niece, Mrs. Joseph Marshall Flint, has taken an apartment in Paris, where she is planning to remain for two years.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler have returned from their country place on the McCloud river.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Gunn are spending the summer at Blithedale.

NATHAN DOHRMANN COMPANY

1090 Page Street

Telephone Park 87.

China, Glassware,
Plated Ware and
Kitchen Utensils.
Furnishings for Hotels,
Restaurants and
Bars Supplied
Promptly.

Usual Force of Experienced Salesmen
in Attendance.

THE ARGONAUT

Clubbing List for 1906

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

American Magazine and Argonaut	\$4.25
Argo and Argonaut	4.25
Atlantic Monthly and Argonaut	6.70
Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut	6.20
Century and Argonaut	7.10
Commoner and Argonaut	4.10
Comopolitan and Argonaut	4.35
Criterion and Argonaut	4.35
Critic and Argonaut	5.10
Current Literature and Argonaut	5.90
English Illustrated Magazine and Argonaut	4.35
Forum and Argonaut	6.00
Harper's Bazar and Argonaut	4.35
Harper's Magazine and Argonaut	6.70
Harper's Weekly and Argonaut	6.70
International Magazine and Argonaut	4.50
Judge and Argonaut	7.50
Leslie's Weekly and Argonaut	6.70
Life and Argonaut	7.70
Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut	5.25
Littell's Living Age and Argonaut	9.00
Mexican Herald and Argonaut	10.50
Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut	4.35
Nineteenth Century and Argonaut	7.25
North American Review and Argonaut	7.50
Out West and Argonaut	5.25
Overland Monthly and Argonaut	4.50
Political Science Quarterly and Argonaut	5.90
Pack and Argonaut	7.50
Review of Reviews and Argonaut	5.75
Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut	6.50
Smart Set and Argonaut	6.00
St. Nicholas and Argonaut	6.00
Sunset and Argonaut	4.25
Theatre Magazine and Argonaut	5.75
Three-a-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut	4.25
Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) and Argonaut	4.50
Weekly New York Tribune, and Argonaut	5.25

Pears'

My grandmother
used Pears' Soap;
perhaps yours did,
too. We owe them
gratitude for that.
Use Pears' for
the children; they
soon acquire the
habit.

Established in 1789.

OREGON. PORTLAND.
ST. HELEN'S HALL
A GIRLS' SCHOOL OF THE
HIGHEST CLASS.

Corps of teachers, location, building
equipment the best. Send for tale
logue.

Term Opened September 18, 1905.

FIRE INSURANCE COLLECTED

NOTICES GIVEN AND PROOFS
OF LOSS PREPARED.

Fire Insurance Department
California

SAFE DEPOSIT & TRUST CO
1921 Fillmore Street

LOANS ON INSURANCE
Money loaned on Policies at Regular
Banking Rates. Hours, 9 a. m. to
p. m.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.
W. J. BARNETT and CHAS. A.
SLACK, Attorneys.

HOTEL RAFAEL

SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

50 minutes from San Francisco. Cor
plete change of Climate.

TIBURON OR SAUSALITO FERR
All Modern Conveniences.
R. V. HALTON, Prop.

Instruction by mail in l
erary composition.
Courses suited to all nee
Revision, criticism, and s
of MSS.
Send for circular.

DO YOU WRITE? Editorial Bureau,
33 West 45th St., New York

WHAT PRESS CLIPPING MEAN TO YOU.

Press clipping information is in
formation you can obtain in no other w
As a business aid, Press Clippings
place before you every scrap of ne
printed in the country pertaining
your business. They will show
every possible market, big and li
for your goods, openings that
would never hear about in the or
any way, and—they give you this
information while it is fresh and va
able.

If you have a hobby or wish infor
mation upon any subject or topic, pr
clippings will give you any subject
topic, press clippings will give
all the current information printed
the subject.

The cost for any purpose is usual
but a few cents a day. The

INTERNATIONAL PRESS CLIPPING
BUREAU.

the largest press clipping bureau in
world, reads and clips 55,000 pap
and other periodicals each month,
As if you are now a subscriber
some other clipping bureau, it will
you to investigate our superior serv
Write for our book about Press Cl
pings and our Daily Business Repo
and ask about The International In
formation Bureau, which supplies c
plete manuscripts or material for
dresses, essays, lectures and deha
and complete and reliable informat
upon any subject at a reasonable c
Address

INTERNATIONAL PRESS CLIPPING
BUREAU.
Boyer Bldg., Chicago, Illinois, U. S.

NOTES ABOUT THE CLUBS.

The Bohemian Club has sent out notices to its members requesting them to forward their addresses to the Secretary at the new quarters, 1925 Octavia street.

The Concordia Club has secured new quarters at the northeast corner of Pacific avenue and Fillmore street. The midday luncheon proves a great boon to most members, since the clubhouse is conveniently reached by the car lines. The house is admirably adapted for a clubhouse; it has sixteen spacious apartments, including a dining-room, lounging, smoking, card and billiard rooms, and a few sleeping apartments for out-of-town members. The management is about to inaugurate an innovation which will be greatly appreciated. It is a separate dining-room for ladies, for the special accommodation of the families of members who slide out of town. The club has made an advantageous lease of its property at Van Ness avenue and Post street.

The University of California Club has secured comfortable quarters at 35 Washington street. The house is large and many of the rooms will be used by the members as sleeping apartments.

The Loring Club is planning to give a fourth concert of the season in Calvary Church, Fillmore and Jackson streets, during July, the day yet to be fixed. The club lost all of its property in the fire.

The Franciscan Club has secured rooms on Ellis street near Van Ness avenue, which will be open to members on June 20. Luncheon will be served from 12 to 2, and tea from 5 to 6 P. M. As most of the club's records were destroyed, members are asked to send their addresses to Mrs. Frank Johnson, San Rafael.

Considering how difficult it is for a stranger from out of town to find any place in San Francisco now where they may lunch comfortably, it would seem desirable for other clubs to follow the example inaugurated by the Concordia Club, to serve luncheon for the families of its members in a special dining-room for ladies.

ACROSS THE BAY.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bartlett have taken a cottage on Valley street, Oakland, for the summer. Mrs. Bartlett is Miss Mary Olney, daughter of Warren Olney, of Prospect avenue, Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Houghton have taken a house in Berkeley for the summer.

Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding has planned to spend the summer in Berkeley. Mr. and Mrs. Alpheus Bull are contemplating the purchase of a house in Berkeley, where they will make their home.

George K. Fitch, formerly editor of the San Francisco Bulletin, died suddenly on June 17, at the Hotel Rafael, heart failure. George Knowlton was one of the best known of pioneer editors of California. He was born in New York and came to California in early days, first settling in Sacramento, where he was connected with the Union, and then coming to San Francisco. He secured an interest in the Bulletin and was the responsible editor of that paper for twenty-five years. Pickering and Simonton were other proprietors of the paper. When the Pickering estate was settled, Mr. Fitch failed to secure the Bulletin, which was sold at auction, and he then retired from the newspaper business. He owned much real estate in San Francisco, and for over twenty years he lived at the southwest corner of Bush and Powell streets. This he sold a few months ago.

ARMY AND NAVY.

Brigadier General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., commanding officer of the Department of California, accompanied by Major John L. Clem, U. S. A., Chief Quartermaster of the Department, Captain William G. Haan, U. S. A., Assistant and Acting Chief of Staff, and Lieutenant Burton J. Mitchell, U. S. A., left on Tuesday evening for American Lake, Washington, to inspect the maneuver grounds there, and are absent about eight days.

General Funston will command the maneuvers to be held there this summer, returning October 15. Other assistants of command of maneuvers are as follows: Brigadier General Constant Williams, commanding Department of Columbia at Fort Russell, Wyoming; Brigadier General John W. Bubb, at Chickamauga, Georgia; General Frederick D. Smith, at Mount Gretna, Pa.; Brigadier

General William S. McCaskey, at Austin, Texas; Brigadier General Theodore J. Wint, at Fort Riley, Kansas, and Brigadier General William H. Carter, at camp near Indianapolis, Ind.

Colonel Sedgwick Pratt, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who has recently gone East, has applied for retirement with the rank of brigadier general, to take effect June 22. He is entitled to this advancement in rank on retirement by the provisions of the veteran retirement act approved April 24, 1904.

Captain Arthur W. Chase, pay department, U. S. A., arrived on the Sheridan on Sunday last from Manila, where he has for some time been stationed.

Medical Director R. C. Persons, U. S. N., Mrs. Persons and the Misses Persons have arrived at Mare Island, Dr. Persons relieving Medical Director Manly H. Simons, U. S. N., as officer in charge of the Naval Hospital.

Captains Irving W. Rand, Leigh A. Fuller and George A. Skinner, assistant surgeons, U. S. A., have been ordered to report at the general hospital at the Presidio on June 25 for examination for promotion.

Captain Tyree R. Rivers, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., who was one of the several officers wounded in the engagement at Mount Dajo, in the Philippines, arrived last Sunday to join Mrs. Rivers, who was here during the disaster and was burned out. Captain Rivers has not yet recovered from his wound.

Captain John D. Yost, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Honolulu and ordered to proceed to Manila.

First Lieutenant Charles C. Pulis, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who was so seriously wounded while dynamiting a house during the fire, but is now convalescent, will be promoted shortly to the rank of captain.

Lieutenant John B. S. Human, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., arrived on the transport Sheridan on Sunday last, en route to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. He was accompanied by Mrs. Shuman, who is ill.

Lieutenant Gordon Johnston, Signal Corps, U. S. A., who was wounded in the recent engagement at Mount Dajo, arrived on the transport Thomas from the Philippines a few weeks since and has been a patient at the general hospital at the Presidio, undergoing an operation there from which he is now convalescing.

Dr. Francis Munson, U. S. N., who has been stationed in Washington, D. C., for some months, has been ordered to Indian Head, Maryland, for duty. Dr. Munson was married here last fall to Miss Katherine Glass.

The Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., commanded by Colonel Charles H. Noble, U. S. A., is ordered relieved from its present stations to proceed to Seattle, Washington, in time to sail for Alaska, on the Transport Buford, as soon as practicable after July 6th, to relieve the Third Infantry, U. S. A., taking stations as follows: headquarters, band and companies E and F, at Fort William H. Seward; Lieutenant Colonel Edwin B. Bolton, U. S. A., battalion staff, and companies C and D, at Fort Gibbon; company H, at Fort Davis; company A, at Fort Liscum; Major Moore, battalion staff and company B, at Fort Egbert; and company G, at Fort St. Michael. One battalion of this regiment is still stationed at Honolulu. Upon being relieved the Third Infantry, commanded by Colonel Thomas C. Woodbury, U. S. A., will return on the transport Buford and proceed to take station as follows: headquarters, band and Second Battalion and Major Stamper, at Fort Lawton, Washington; Lieutenant Colonel James E. Macklin, Majors Buck and Plummer, and the First and Third battalions at Fort Wright, Washington.

Troops C and D, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., were ordered relieved from further duty in San Francisco and returned to their station at Fort Walla Walla, Washington on Monday last.

Wilfred Clarke will head the new bill at the Orpheum this coming week with his leading lady, Theo Carew. Nita Allen and her company will present a one-act comedy, "Car Two, Stateroom One." It is laid on the "Owl" train. Among the company is Dr. Frank Rodolph, who has taken the stage name of Frank Erwin. Cliff Gordon, "the German politician," will give a monologue. The brothers Damm, European acrobats, are muscular marvels. The Kaufmann troupe of bicyclists will continue their act, and Bert and Bertha Grant will change their songs and dances. Karno's London Comedy Company of sixteen people has been retained for a third week. Orpheum Motion Pictures will complete a great comedy program.

For YOUR
BREAKFAST

GERMEA

AT ALL GROCERS

The Johnson-Locke Mercantile Co.

AGENTS

714 Broadway, Oakland

The Argonaut Number for April 21.

Have any of our readers spare copies of this number? If so, and if they will kindly mail them to us, they will much oblige the Librarians of several of the great libraries of the country, who failed to receive their copies through trouble in the San Francisco Postoffice the week of the fire. As our copies are all exhausted, we can not supply them. Readers who do not bind their copies may feel disposed to part with them. On receipt of same we shall at once forward them to the libraries that lack them. Address

THE ARGONAUT,
25 Brown Avenue, San Jose.

IF YOU
WISH TO
ADVERTISE
IN NEWSPAPERS
ANYWHERE AT ANYTIME
Call on or Write
E. C. DAKE'S
ADVERTISING AGENCY
1004 Masonic Avenue,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Leonard L. Murch
Book and Commercial
PRINTING

427 SIXTY-FIFTH STREET

Near Telegraph Avenue,

OAKLAND

Cards, Circulars, Legal Blanks,
Stationery, Etc. Contracts taken
for Printing of Periodicals.

Phone Oakland 7374

The Call

Is the cleanest, brightest, newsiest of all the San Francisco dailies.

The best fiction the world produces can be found in the Magazine Section of the Sunday edition. Its Art features are equal to the best of the magazines.

THE CALL is made up having specially in view its large home patronage. It contains every day of the year

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT
And is the BEST Advertising Medium.

THE LATEST STYLES IN
Choice Woolens

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,
2220 Webster St., San Francisco.
Bicycle and Golf Suits.

Del Monte Offers

Hotel Del Monte was very slightly injured by the recent disturbance, and is offering a welcome shelter to all San Franciscans. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at the present. The entire hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families. Address Geo. P. Snell, Manager, Del Monte, California.

A Permanent Home

Thos. Cook & Son

NOW LOCATED

410 Fourteenth Street
OAKLAND.

Bonestell, Richardson & Co.

Has Plenty of Every Kind of

PAPER

For Immediate Delivery.

Just Received Four Carloads of
Ruberoid Roofing.

Architects and builders of the highest class recommend Ruberoid for any style of building.

Write for Samples and Price.

California's Leading Paper House.
1059 CASTRO STREET, OAKLAND.
Phone, Oakland 7700.

MENNEN'S BORATED ALGUM TOILET POWDER



A Positive Relief For PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all skin eruptions. Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original) Sample Free. GERTHARD MENNEN COMPANY, New York, N. Y.

ROOS BROS.,
2000 JACKSON STREET,
San Francisco.

Has Never Failed!
TRY IT

HERBO CORN CURE

RELIEVES PAIN IN ONE NIGHT
Twenty-five Cents All Druggists

Romeike's Press Cutting Bureau

Will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date."

A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines, in fact, every paper of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers, and, through the European Bureaus, all the leading papers in the civilized globe.

Clippings found for subscribers and pasted on slips giving name and date of paper, and are mailed day by day. Write for circular and terms.

HENRY ROMEIKE, 33 UNION SQUARE, N. Y.
Branches:
LONDON, PARIS, BERLIN, SYDNEY.

HOTEL COLLINGWOOD

35th St., bet. 5th Ave and Broadway,
NEW YORK CITY

New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district, containing every modern device for comfort of guests. Positively exclusive. Service a la carte.

Hillside Inn
BELVEDERE, CAL.

OPENED MARCH 1, 1906.

No fog, No wind, Bathing and boating. Magnificent marine view. Within forty minutes of San Francisco. For particulars inquire of MRS. M. J. WARREN.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Grafter has made enough money to end his days with." "Tall or Senate?"—Life.

"Mrs. Brown says her baby can say all sorts of things." "But I trust she teaches it not to do so."—Puck.

"When did you first become acquainted with your husband?" "The first time I asked him for money after we were married."—Life.

First Burglar—Did Bill get much out of that last burglary? Second Burglar—No. He got so little that his lawyer advised him to plead guilty.—Judge.

Choice of Environment.—Lary (at railway refreshment counter)—Will you please give me a Bath bun? Waitress—Will you eat it here or in a bag?—Punch.

Saloonkeeper—Little girl, what is it? I don't sell liquor to children. Little Girl—Have you got any of this good-natured alcohol? I want some of it for papa.—Chicago Daily News.

Mrs. Muggins—Since Mrs. Newrich's husband made all his money she has the doctor continually. Mrs. Buggins—Yes, I hear she is suffering from nervous prosperity.—Philadelphia Record.

"Do you think that municipal ownership would eliminate graft?" "I am not quite sure," answered Senator Sorghum, "whether it would eliminate it or simply originate a new kind."—Washington Star.

Stubb—What kind of shoes are those you are wearing? Cogger—Walking shoes. Stubb—Walking shoes for automobile riding? Cogger—Yes, I know my machine.—Chicago Daily News.

Teacher—Now, Robert, do you know what an isosceles triangle is? Boy—Yes'm. Teacher—Well, what is it? Boy—It's one of dem t'ings I gets licked fer not knowin' wot it is.—Judge.

"Why don't you come out boldly for reform?" "What's the use?" asked Senator Sorghum, "if your constituency won't back you up? I'm willing to be a reformer, but I'm no martyr."—Washington Star.

"Of course, said the architect, "you will want a porte cochere." "Sure," replied Mrs. Nurich; "we'll want a big one with glass dingle-dangles on it hangin' from the parlor ceilin."—Philadelphia Press.

"I don't object to hearing a man brag about his ancestors," observed Uncle Allen Sparks, "if that's all he has to brag about. It comforts him and doesn't hurt the ancestors any. They're dead."—Chicago Tribune.

"I hear your master is a perfect lady killer, James, especially since he got his new automobile. Is that so?" "Well, partly, ma'am, so to speak. He's run over quite a lot, but none of 'em's dead yet."—Baltimore American.

Suburban Patient—Doctor, I am sorry you have had to come so far from your regular practice. Doctor—Oh, it's all right. I have another patient in the neighborhood, so I can kill two birds with one stone.—Judge.

Peter—Did you ever borrow any money in case of emergency? Pan—Not a cent! Peter—You don't mean it? Pan—Fact; I've often tried to, but I can never get anybody to lend me any.—Detroit Free Press.

"Why don't you tell your views?" "I'm afraid to," answered Senator Sorghum. "Whenever I tell my views on any subject I run the risk of stirring up an unanswerable argument on the other side."—Washington Star.

"Correspondent wants to know who are the greatest stamp collectors in the country," said the assistant briefly. "Does he inclose stamp for reply?" answered the editor. "Yes." "Then tell him we are."—Chicago Daily News.

"Most actors," remarked the talkative boarder, "seem to think they can't get too far front on the billboard." "Yes," interrupted Mrs. Starven. "Quite unlike some other people who believe they can't get too far back on the board bill."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"I sent you plans for the porte-cochere and grand entrance," began the architect who was building Nuritch's palatial mansion. "Yes," interrupted Nuritch, hotly, "and what do you mean by puttin' 'Salve' over the door? Don't you try to run in no patent medicine ads on me!"—Philadelphia Press.

Harrison Grey Fiske left New York on June 4th for an extended tour of the West, his objective point being the Pacific Coast, before beginning preparations for the launching of his new dramatic enterprises for next season. Mrs. Fiske left for the Coast a fortnight ago, and is spending her vacation in the Sierra.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The Continental Building and Loan Association,

Corner of Market and Church streets, San Francisco, Cal., has declared for the six months ending June 30th, 1906, a dividend of 5 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, 6 per cent on term deposits, and 6 per cent on monthly payment investments. Interest on deposits payable on and after July 1st. Interest on ordinary deposits not called for will be added to the principal and thereafter bear interest at the same rate.

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE, President.
WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

TOYO KISEN KAISHA

ORIENTAL S. S. CO. have opened their general offices at 217-221 BRANNAN ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and Brannan streets, 1 P. M., for Yokohama and Hongkong, calling at Honolulu, Kobe, (Higo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamer for Manila, India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

S. S. HONGKONG MARU.....Tues. June 5, 1906

S. S. AMERICAN MARU.....Tues. July 3, 1906

S. S. NIPPON MARU.....Saturday, July 28, 1906

Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan sts. W. H. AVERY, Assistant General Manager.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sydney, Auckland, Samoa, Honolulu

S. S. VENTURA sails 2 P. M. June 21. HONOLULU only—S. S. Alameda sails 11 A. M. June 30. Round trip, first-class, \$125.

TAHITI, SOUTH SEAS—S. S. Mariposa sails 11 A. M. July 1. Grand Tour. This Voyage, \$125 Round Trip. OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY, Office, 1008 Broadway, Oakland. Pier 7, San Francisco.

EDUCATIONAL.

Mrs. J. E. TIPPEIT
(CLARA BEUTLER)

Teacher of Singing.
Coaching.

Studio, Pierce Building, Copley Square, Boston, Mass.

MISS HARKER'S SCHOOL.

Palo Alto, Cal. Home and Day School for Girls. Intermediate and Primary Departments. Certificate admits to Stanford, Yassar and Wellesley. Number limited. Reopens August 20th.

OGONTZ SCHOOL for YOUNG LADIES.

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia. Two hours from New York. The late Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circulars address MISS SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal. Ogontz School P. O., Pa.

HELPING THE HOMELESS

The Continental

Building and Loan Association
Has helped build up several interior towns and cities of California, but for the next few years its funds will be used to help restore the burned homes of San Francisco.

Dr. Washington Dodge, President.
Gavin McNab, Attorney.
Wm. Corbin, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr.
Office: Corner Market and Church Sts.

A MATCHLESS RECORD

Made by a Matchless Newspaper
Conclusive Proof That the
OAKLAND DAILY TRIBUNE
Reaches Seven-Tenths of the
Homes of Alameda Co.
May, 1905, 27,570 inches of advertising.
May, 1906, 48,237 inches of advertising.
NET GAIN OF 69 PER CENT.
The Tribune carries more advertising than all other Oakland papers combined.
Only seven-day paper in Oakland.

Insurance.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital\$1,000,000.00
Cash Assets5,340,136.94
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,414,921.16

COLIN M. BOYD,
Agent for San Francisco,
2310 California St., San Francisco.
525 Thirtieth St., Oakland.
BENJAMIN J. SMITH,
Manager Pacific Department.

Our Standards

Sperry's Best Family
Drifted Snow
Golden Gate Extra

SPERRY FLOUR CO.,

Main Office, 133 Spear St. San Francisco, Cal.

STEAMSHIP LINES.

AMERICAN LINE

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTH-AMPTON.

St. Louis	June 30
Philadelphia	July 7
St. Paul	July 14
New York	July 28
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool	
Noordland	June 30
Haverford	July 7
Priesland	July 14
Westernland	July 21

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Minnehaha	June 30
Minnetonka	July 7
Mesaba	July 14
Minneapolis	July 21

HOLLAND-AMERICAN LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.

Sailing Wednesdays as per sailing list.

N. Amsterdam	July 4, 4 a. m.
Statendam	July 11, 10 a. m.
Ryndam	July 18, Noon
Potsdam	Aug. 1, Noon
Noordam	Aug. 8, 6 a. m.
N. Amsterdam	Aug. 15, 10 a. m.

RED STAR LINE.

N. Y.—ANTWERP—DOVER—(LONDON, PARIS)

Vaderland	June 30
Kronland	July 7
Zeeland	July 14
Vaderland	July 28

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.

Baltic	July 4
Majestic	July 11
Celtic	July 18
Oceanic	July 25
Teutonic	July 25
Cedric	July 27

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool

Arabic	July 5
Republic	July 12
Cymric	July 19
Arabic	Aug. 2

C. D. TAYLOR, Pass. Agt, Pacific Coast, Temporary Office 534 14th St., Oakland.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—California Safe Deposit and Trust Co., Cor California and Montgomery Streets.

For the six months ending June 30, 1906, dividends have been declared on the deposits in the savings department of this company as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 1/2 per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 1/4 per cent per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1906.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—Mechanics' Savings Bank, 145 Montgomery Street, Cor. Bush.

For the half year ending June 30, 1906, a dividend has been declared on all savings deposits, free of taxes, at the rate of three and one-half (3 1/2) per cent per annum, payable on and after MONDAY, July 2, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as principal. Interest paid from Date of Deposit.

JNO. U. CALKINS, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California St.

For the half year ending June 30, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and six-tenths (3 6/10) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1906.

GEORGE TOURNAY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—San Francisco Savings Union, N.W. Cor. California and Montgomery Streets.

For the half year ending 30th June, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rates per annum of three and two-thirds (3 2/3) per cent on term deposits and three and one-third (3 1/3) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1906. Depositors entitled to draw their dividends at any time during the succeeding half year. Dividend not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof and earn dividend from July 1st.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

MT. TAMALPAIS RAILWAY

VIA SAUSALITO FERRY—FOOT MARKET ST.

LV. SAN FRAN.	Tavern	Ar. SAN FRAN.
WEEK—SUN—	WEEK—SUN—	WEEK—SUN—
DAYS	DAYS	DAYS
9:50A	8:25A	1:30P
9:50A	9:50A	2:55P
11:00A	11:00A	4:25P
1:45P	1:45P	6:25P
SAT DAY 4:35P		SAT DAY 11:25P

TICKET OFFICE AT SAUSALITO FERRY.

BANKING.

GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

482 California Street, San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,520,762.61

Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00

Deposits, December 30, 1905.....39,112,812.83

F. Tillman, Jr., President; Daniel Meyer, First Vice-President; Emilia Rohde, Second Vice-President; A. H. R. Schmidt, Cashier; Wm. Herrmann, Asst. Cashier; Geo. Tournay, Secretary; A. H. Muller, Asst. Secretary; W. S. Goodfellow, General Attorney.

Board of Directors:

F. Tillman, Jr., Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohde, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, N. Ohlandt, J. W. Van Bergen, E. T. Kruse, and W. S. Goodfellow.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

316 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00

Paid-up Capital.....500,000.00

Surplus and Undivided Profits.....250,000.00

Deposits, December 30, 1905.....4,820,205.74

Interest paid on deposits. Loans made Banking by mail a specialty.

William Babcock.....President
S. L. Abbot.....Vice-President
Fred W. Ray.....Secretary
Directors—William Babcock, S. L. Abbot, O. D. Baldwin, Joseph D. Grant, E. J. McCutchen, L. F. Montague, R. H. Pease, Warren D. Clark, Jas. L. Flood, J. A. Donohoe, John Parrott, Jacob Stern.

Mutual Savings Bank

710 Market St., Opposite Third

SAN FRANCISCO.

Guarantee Capital.....\$ 1,000.00

Paid-up Capital.....300.00

Surplus.....123.00

Deposits, January 1, 1906.....10,213.40

Interest paid on deposits. Loans on approved securities.

OFFICERS—President, James D. Phelan; First Vice-President, S. G. Murphy; Second Vice-President, John A. Hooper; Secretary and Cashier, Geo. A. Story; Asst. Sec. and Asst. Cashier, C. B. Hotson; Attorney, Frank J. Sullivan.
Directors—James D. Phelan, John A. Hooper, Frank J. Sullivan, Jas. M. McDonald, S. G. Murphy, James Moffitt, Robt. McElroy, Charles Holbrook, Rudolph Spreckels.

French Savings Bank

The Union Trust Building, Cor. Montgomery and Market Sts.

San Francisco

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy.....President

Arthur Legallet.....Vice-President

Leon Boqueran.....Secretary

Directors—J. E. Artigues, O. Boal, Leon Boqueran, J. A. Bergerot, Chs Carpy, E. J. de Sahla, Jr., J. M. Dupu, J. S. Godeau, J. J. Mack, Leon Kaulman, A. Legallet, Geo. Beleney.

SANTA FE

CALIFORNIA LIMITED

—TO—

CHICAGO IN 3 DAY

LEAVES DAILY AT 9:30 A. M.

WITH DINERS AND SLEEPERS.

7:30 A. M.—For Stockton, Merced, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield.

8:00 P. M.—and intermediate points.

9:30 A. M.—California Limited, 3 days.

Chicago. Leaves every day. Direct connection to Grand Canyon.

9:30 A. M.—Valley Limited for Stockton, Merced, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield and points on Sierra Nevada.

10:55 A. M.—For Stockton, Riverdale, Oakdale and points on Sierra Nevada.

4:00 P. M.—For Stockton, Fresno and intermediate points.

8:00 P. M.—Overland Express for Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and Grand Canyon.

TICKET OFFICES—Ferry building, Post and Fillmore streets, San Francisco; 1112 Broadway, Fortieth st., San Pablo ave., Oakland; University ave. and West st., Berkeley.

ALAMO PINTADO IN

Ballard, Cal.

A delightful resting place for automobilists traveling between San Francisco and Santa Barbara—50 miles north of Santa Barbara, 2 miles south of Los Olivos. Daily mail, long-distance telephone, and 72-degree Fahrenheit.

F. M. SHAW, Prop.

The Argonaut.

Vol. LVIII. No. 1529. SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1906. Price, 10 Cents.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title unaltered) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the territory supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 1711 San Pablo Avenue, Oakland, to whom orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Jerome A. Hart, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." To insure consideration, manuscripts submitted for publication must be typewritten.

Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breams Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco; by W. J. Abernethy; by Foster & O'Rear; and by the Deans News Company on its boats and trains.

Published at San Francisco, Cal. Temporary Office, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal.

THIRTIETH YEAR.
ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.
JEROME A. HART - - - - Editor

CONTENTS.	
EDITORIAL—Rothschildds and Pawnbrokers—Disposal of the Relief Fund—Fair and Unfair Insurance Companies—Bad Earthquakes in Other Islands—Cash Value, Sound Value and Risk—Strange Natural Phenomenon—Overhaul Your Life Policies—Building Regulations and Building Materials—Red Tape and Trade-Marks.....	1-7
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	7
DIVIDUALITIES	7
THE MANAGEMENT OF THE FIRE—A Layman's Observations, by Henry A. Gaffer	8
SAN FRANCISCO PURIFIED—English Writer Says Metropolis Was Punished for its Sins	9
THE TUNEFUL LIAR.....	9
UNITY FAIR	10
OLD FAVORITES.	10
PORTYETTES	11
PATRIOTIC VERSE	11
TERARY NOTES	12
WAGE GOSSIP	13
NOTES AND GOSSIP—Engagements and Weddings—Army and Navy—Movements and Whereabouts	14-15
ALLEGED HUMORISTS	16

Policy Holders Organize at Last.

We are glad to be able to state that at last the leading merchants of San Francisco have effected an organization of policy holders. On Monday of the past week a meeting was held under the auspices of the Merchants' Association, the Chamber of Commerce, the Board of Trade, the Merchants' Exchange, and the Manufacturers' and Producers' Association. The hall was crowded, every seat was occupied, and large numbers of men stood up around the walls and in the rear of the hall; altogether there were over a thousand in attendance. An informal canvass showed that over a hundred millions of insurance were represented in this gathering. The meeting was called to order by H. Reinstock, who was elected permanent chairman. In his opening address he said:

"No one of us singly can hope to battle successfully with a large group of insurance companies. Collectively, however, we are a power that no group of insurance companies can hope to ignore or to defy. Still we have no desire to do the least injustice to any insurance company, or to make unreasonable demands upon them, or needlessly to hurt the interests of any underwriter. Where the insured find it is the intention of the companies to act fairly and honestly, the policy holders will patiently bear the inevitable delays in the settlement of claims. The conservative spirit of our commercial bodies will not permit any rash or hasty action."

Committees had been appointed in advance by the various mercantile bodies to prepare facts for the meeting to work upon. The Chamber of Commerce, for example, had secured the services of George E. Butler, an insurance man of forty years' experience, for the purpose of securing trustworthy data and information bearing on the condition of the insurance companies, which information is to be given to the public.

F. J. Symmes, chairman of a committee to prepare facts for discussion at the meeting, made a report, and laid before the gathering a set of resolutions for consideration. This report recommended that the organization be known as the Policy Holders' Protective League; that it be under the auspices of the five commercial organizations above mentioned; that as numerous insurance companies who claim to be solvent express their intention to settle for less than one hundred cents on the dollar, their attempt to escape their just debts be effectually dealt with; that while the insurance companies have the right to refuse to pay out money except upon losses actually sustained and insured, still solvent companies have no right to pay less than one hundred cents on the dollar of adjusted losses; that there is no justice in the claim of some insurance companies that because some buildings were damaged by earthquake every policy holder must accept less than his just dues; that companies seeking to effect compromises through petty tactics or unnecessary delays should be advertised to the world; that the Policy Holders' League intends to let the people of Europe and America know how the insurance companies settle their losses in San Francisco; that as the fire insurance companies have found it advisable to co-operate, it likewise appears advisable that the policy holders should co-operate; that all the members pledge themselves to contribute for the purposes of the league a sum not to exceed one per cent of the face value of their policies, to be paid in such installments as may hereafter be determined; that the league should print prominently, in influential dailies in every large city in America and Europe, lists giving the names of such companies as are prompt and diligent in adjusting and paying in full their actual losses, and also such companies as may fail to do so; that the league should attempt to have passed by the California Legislature a standard form of policy to be adopted by all the fire insurance companies doing business in California; that the league shall employ

paid officials, experts and attorneys to secure policy holders' interests; that the membership in said league shall be open to all fire insurance policy holders.

On the reading of the report, preamble, and resolutions some opposition was manifested. F. W. Dohrmann (as reported) said that "an organization carrying the threat implied in the resolutions was likely to array the companies against the policy holders." It seems to us that the companies are already arrayed against the policy holders. Mr. Dohrmann (as reported) went on to say: "It may be that we will have to go to the home offices of the companies and to send our representatives to Europe for settlement. We would be met in a better spirit if we had not taken this action." He strongly advocated a permanent organization. This is an excellent suggestion, and we agree with Mr. Dohrmann on this point. A. Sbarboro sided with Mr. Dohrmann in regard to the inexpediency of vigorous action. He said: "This is no time to array such a powerful and wealthy organization as we propose against a more powerful and wealthy organization—all the combined insurance companies—in a fight against which the policy holder may wait indefinitely for his money." Both of these gentlemen offered substitutes for the original resolution, much milder in tone; these substitutes generally advocated merely to examine into and report on the "financial condition, attitude, and liability of directors and share holders of all insuring companies." E. S. Rothchild also (as reported), said: "If the meeting would take proper action, calm and determined, more was to be gained than by informing the insurance companies that the organization was seeking a fight."

There followed some discussion concerning the amount of the one per cent contribution, many thinking it too large. This, however, was passed over, as the general belief was that the trustees would collect only such portion of the one per cent contribution as was needed. Finally the Dohrmann and Sbarboro resolutions were withdrawn, and several of the original resolutions were passed, among them these: the resolution organizing, the resolution making a call of one per cent, and the resolutions concerning the officers, reports and membership. The others were not voted upon, but left to the action of the committee on organization.

We are very glad, indeed, to see that the merchants of San Francisco have at last organized. Their delay is not strange when it is considered that every man has for many weeks been busily occupied for probably eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. Looking out for their families, for their employees, for their private business, for the adjustment of their insurance claims, for public and private charities—these and a thousand and one things have engrossed their attention and their time, and have prevented them from attending to this vital matter of organization. But we are certain that they will find that they never did a better thing. The first enthusiastic determination to rebuild San Francisco was followed by a long and gloomy pause. This was

caused by the uncertain attitude of the insurance companies and their annoying and perplexing delays. The uncertainty of their attitude and their harassing delays still continue. The best way—in fact the only way—to begin to rebuild San Francisco is to require the insurance companies to pay to the insurers their legitimate claims. More than two months have elapsed, and few among them have even begun to pay. It is high time that they should begin. If they choose to do so without being forced, well and good. But if they will not pay their losses without compulsion, then they must be forced.

We hope and believe that the gentlemen who favor the mild and temporizing attitude outlined above represent only a small minority of the Policy Holders' Protective League. However, if anything like a majority feel as they do, the merchants will remain at the mercy of the insurance companies. Those corporations have shown plainly that toward the small policy holders, the poor policy holders, the timid and the weak, they are merciless—individuals generally have met with scant consideration from many of the companies. Why then do we all owe so much punctilious consideration to them? The apologetic attitude of some of these gentlemen at the policy holders' meeting we do not understand. Claiming one's just debts is not necessarily "threatening."

If the insurance companies have the right to organize, why have not the policy holders the right to organize? If the insurance companies may combine to take away some of the policy holders' money, why may not the policy holders combine to keep them from taking it?

Faith and Credit, Rothschilds and Pawnbrokers.

A history of the foundation of the Rothschild family, as read in boyhood, made a profound impression on the writer. About all that remains of this school-book lore is this: The original Rothschild, the ancestor of the family, entrusted with large funds by his sovereign when fleeing before Napoleon, buried the money in his cellar. He resisted with great pluck the threats of the little Corsican's lieutenants. Remaining faithful and silent, he gave back to his returning sovereign the treasures entrusted to him. He received a better reward than did the servant in the parable. The original Rothschild returned only the treasure entrusted to him, for which in the Good Book the poor servant got a wiggling. The original Rothschild won fame and fortune.

Refreshing our memory of the school-book story by dipping into Larousse, the nearest reference book to hand, we find this: "Mayer Anselm Rothschild; ancestor of the family; born and died at Frankfort-on-the-Main, 1743-1812. First a petty shopkeeper, then a money changer, finally a banker. His scrupulous honesty brought to him a rich clientele. He became the agent of the Prince Elector, William I of Hesse-Cassel, a great speculator. In 1806 William was forced to flee before the French armies, and he confided to Rothschild the care and administration of his fortune. On his return he heaped honors and rewards on Rothschild. In 1815 the Emperor of Austria conferred nobility on the family, and gave to its head the title of Baron. By his wife, Gutta Schapper, he had ten children. The eldest remained at the head of the Bank of Frankfort and the others swarmed [essamierent—Larousse] at Vienna, Paris, London and Naples."

This was not so romantic as the school-book story of the original Rothschild burying the Elector's jewel-studded crown, his

wife's diamonds, and the Electoral spoons and forks in the cellar. However, it closely resembled the original story. It also seemed to confirm the copy-book legend, "Honesty is the best policy." For Rothschild might have sequestered the Elector's jewels, spoons and forks, and moved into a far country. But then he would not have made nearly so much money out of his dishonesty as he did out of his honesty. And as for the children of the Rothschild loins, where would they be? Not giving their daughters in marriage to belted English earls, or to the descendants of long lines of Frankish Crusaders.

It has been the writer's lot, whenever he has crossed the pond, to carry with him a letter of credit drawn on Rothschild & Sons' Bank, London. Yet, although he had cashed drafts drawn on this bank many times, it so happened that he never had cashed them at the bank itself. When traveling in the British Isles he naturally cashed them at provincial banks. When in London he generally went to one of the many offices of Cook & Sons in the West End, which are much more convenient in point of location, and infinitely more so in point of urbanity and speed, as will be developed later on.

But matters so shaped themselves that he made a visit at last to the headquarters of the Rothschild bank itself. Or rather he was forced to go. While traveling in the west of England he found that the Bank of California (through which he had secured his letter of credit drawn on the London Rothschilds) had but a few correspondents in the smaller towns of the west of England and Wales. In the larger cities, such as Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham, they had correspondents, but not in the watering places and summer resorts, such as Llandudno, Rhyl, Conway, Llanberis, or Caernarvon. Therefore, he soon found himself running short of cash. As it did not seem desirable to leave the Devonshire seashore or the Welsh mountains merely to go to Manchester or Birmingham to get money, and as the little banks in the watering places would cash no drafts other than those of their banking correspondents, we wrote to the firm of Rothschild & Sons, London, saying briefly:

"We have a credit with you for — pounds. There are no Bank of California correspondents here in this vicinity. Will you, therefore, kindly forward us fifty pounds through the Bank of Llandudno, and charge the same to the account of the Bank of California, whose letter of credit No. — you hold?"

Requests like this are made every day on the Continent, and invariably heeded, so far as our experience goes. Nor do we know of continental bankers being defrauded through such requests; nor do we see very well how they could be thus defrauded, if they have the signature of the person possessing the credit, and if they send the signature to the bank cashing the draft. At all events, since the Continental bankers follow this very accommodating system and have for many years, it is quite evident that they do not lose by it or they would abandon it.

The firm of Rothschild & Sons, London, did not prove so accommodating. After the lapse of three days we received a note running thus:

Dear Sir: Your favor of — received. In reply would state that we make it a rule not to make any advances on credits in the manner you indicate. If you will forward to us by mail (entirely at your own risk) your letter of credit, we will forward you a receipt for the sum desired. On the return of this

receipt we will forward you the money, and return to you your letter of credit by mail (both entirely at your risk).

Very respectfully yours,

Rothschild & Sons.

This over-cautious epistle inspired us with a strong desire to see what manner of men presided over the great financial institution of Rothschild & Sons. Therefore, we made a trip up to London for the express purpose of viewing this famous bank and incidentally of getting money enough to pay current bills. The trip took us clear across England, but as we never before had entered the Bank of Rothschild, on which we had drawn drafts from banks all over the world, perhaps it was worth while.

This was before the days of the "tuppenny tube," the new electric. It is a long trip by cab from the West End to the bank. So we took the steam railway from Charing Cross, which carries you there in a few minutes, and you alight from the train only a few paces from the "the Bank." Generally speaking, the heart of the financial district in London is known as "the Bank," which means the Bank of England or "the old lady of Threadneedle Street," which thoroughfare is one of the streets which bound the Bank of England. Not far away, in St. Swithin's Lane, we found the famous institution of the Rothschilds. St. Swithin's Lane is a blind alley leading into a blind court. Around this grim court we wandered looking for a sign board or some indication of ownership. There was none. At last, after stumbling into three or four wrong places, we found the Rothschild Bank. We went from desk to desk, none of them marked, looking for the one where foreign exchange was cashed. At each desk we were sent to another. Finally we found the foreign exchange desk. The person in charge took the letter, glanced at it, threw it down and remarked semi-petulantly, "Why, that is not to be presented here." "Where, then?" we asked, politely. The petulant person had already turned away and was busying himself with a newspaper. He looked us long enough to remark snappily, "At the Head Office" (He called it "ed office.") To a query as to where the Head Office might be found he vouchsafed no reply. So we started off to hunt up the 'Ed Office. After some difficulty we found it—it was in another building some distance away. Here again we wandered from desk to desk, none of them marked, until we found the right man to whom we presented the letter. "Is this the proper place for presentation of foreign letters?" He replied that it was. The letter was presented and he withdrew into an inner office, returning after some ten minutes with a draft to be signed. As the writer signed the draft he said, "Would you be kind enough to give me this in five-pound notes?"

The gentleman of the Head Office looked at us with what seemed like indignation. "What, money?" he said in a shrill tone. "You want money? There is no money here; we handle nothing but checks." With much humility the writer asked; "On what bank are the checks drawn?" To this came the reply, "Why, our own bank of course don't you know where our bank is?" On inquiry we found that the place to get the check cashed was the office we had just quitted, some distance away. "Will the bank give a portion of this in small change sovereigns and silver?" "No, indeed," said the haughty office gentleman warmly. "Change? Why, that's out of the question they might have some fi-pun notes, but they mostly have twenty-pun notes."

We felt crushed as we reflected that probably only multi-millionaires cash their draft

at the Bank of Rothschild, where the smallest denomination is a twenty-pound note. However, we bowed to the 'Ed Office gentleman and sadly took up our line of march to the other building of the Rothschild Bank. He was partially right. They did refuse to give us any gold or silver, but let us have some five-pound notes.

Now it is absolutely necessary when traveling to have small change. A wise man loads up in the morning with small gold, small silver and copper. No cabman ever has any change at all. Then if you have small change you can determine the size of your own tips. Waiters have a fondness for bringing back nothing smaller than half a crown if they can.

So we timidly asked the haughty person at the banking end of the Rothschild Bank where we could get some change. He looked at us severely, "Why, at the Bank of England of course," he said. Shrinking visibly, we made our exit from the Rothschild Bank, and went some little distance away to the Bank of England. Of course we got into the wrong part—we got into the paper part. We were pushed and shoved out of there until we got into the coin part of the Bank of England. When we laid down some five-pound notes and requested change, the coin clerk could scarcely restrain his indignation; he told us we were at the gold end of the room, and ordered us to the other end if we wanted to get silver. We meandered in an apologetic way to the silver end of the coin department of the Bank of England. This coin clerk refused to give part gold and part silver, informing us truculently that he had nothin' to do with gold. He also refused to give us anything but a set sum done up in sealed bags and stamped with the amount; he also refused to let us open it on the counter. By this time our spirits were broken and we accepted a sealed bag. It was only on returning to our hotel when we broke open the bag and found that it contained no sixpences—the coin we wanted most—that we broke forth into vigorous American profanity concerning British banking and banks. After that we cashed drafts—as before—at the offices of the Cook agency. There we were treated civilly and our time was not wasted.

The foregoing anecdote and the indelible impression made on our minds by the Rothschild Bank has been recalled recently by a number of rumors concerning the relations of that bank with California and Californians. The Bank of California, of which the London Rothschilds have been correspondents for many years, has suddenly broken off its relations with them. No explanation is given out by the Bank of California, and the Rothschilds show no desire to make any. The causes ascribed for this sudden rupture vary. But the most persistent rumor is this: When the news of our great disaster was abled all over the world there were scores of San Franciscans abroad. Many of those in London bore letters of credit from the Bank of California drawn on the Bank of Rothschild & Sons. It might not be surprising if a poor, weak, second-rate Continental banks should repudiate the letters of its correspondent banks in a city stricken with a great calamity. But it would scarcely seem credible that the institution of Rothschild & Sons, one of the financial pillars of the world, should so act. Yet, according to rumor, that is what they did at first. They may have become ashamed, and may later have concluded to honor these drafts, but such was not their initial action. To add to the grief and terror of those traveling San Franciscans, crushed with the news of the disaster to their city, they were confronted

with the heart-breaking fact that they could not return to their stricken families, their burned places of business, and their ruined homes, because the Bank of Rothschild & Sons dishonored the drafts of the Bank of California. And by dishonoring those drafts, the Rothschilds showed plainly their belief—because there was a fire in San Francisco—that the Bank of California would repudiate its obligations, that its directors were rogues, and that its clients were knaves.

All over the world and in every age of the world business has reposed on faith, credit and honor. The foundations of the fortune of the House of Rothschild were based on the business honor and credit of Mayer Anselm Rothschild. If the Elector of Hesse-Cassel had believed that all men were knaves, he would not have entrusted his fortune to Mayer Anselm Rothschild. If he had not trusted the first Rothschild, some of the banking princes who preside over the great institution in St. Swithin's Lane would instead be making advances on second-hand trousers in the dark back-rooms of pawnbroker shops in Houndsditch or Whitechapel.

And in our opinion there is where they belong.

Sauce for the Goose.

It is scarcely credible, but most of the insurance companies that have announced their intention to scale all policies down 25 per cent still seem to expect to get new business in California.

These 75-cent institutions—or, as they are coming to be called, the "six-bit companies"—want to confiscate the people's fire-loss money with the left hand while receiving the people's premiums for new business with the right. But they are not going to succeed in their little game. Already throughout California the people are refusing to give new business to the "six-bit" companies and cancelling old business. One of the first insurers in the State to take this step is the Convent of St. Joseph in San Diego which carried an insurance of \$76,000 on its hospital and other buildings. Last week they cancelled the policies they held with the "six-bit" companies. We congratulate the good Sisters, not only on their independence but on their prudence. Companies which try to crawl out of their just obligations in one city may be expected to act similarly in others. The lesser cities of California are just as apt to suffer by fire as did San Francisco.

The trustees of the San Diego Public Library next came into prominence by ordering the agents of companies not settling their losses at 100 cents on the dollar to cancel their policies on the library. The trustees ordered new policies to be written instead in companies honestly meeting their losses.

Disposing of the Relief Fund.

We often hear the phrase "the embarrassment of riches," but it is a kind of embarrassment that is very rare. The present writer never met a man who thought he had too much money. He has often met millionaires who speculated what they would do if they "had as much money as Rockefeller," but the man who will admit that he has too much money is a rare bird.

The Relief Committee of San Francisco, however, is speedily going to find its relief fund is an embarrassing richness. Not that the committee has too much—for the needs of the destitute of San Francisco could not be met with five or even fifteen millions—but that the problems presented to the Fi-

nance Committee will prove almost impossible of solution.

A prominent attorney, W. J. Barnett, recently sent to the Finance Committee a scheme for the distribution of the funds in their control. It so astonished that body that for several days they kept it to themselves. At last they took heart of grace and sent it to the papers. It was some two columns in length. Those who read it were as much amazed as were the Finance Committee. It advocated in the most forthright manner giving the money now in the custody of the Relief Committee to the people who needed it; one thousand dollars say to a family; five hundred dollars to a single woman; two or three thousand to the head of a large family who wanted to build a house, etc.; loans to be made to assist men desiring to engage in business, "individual endorsements to be the only security for these loans;" donations to be made to ten thousand families of about two hundred and fifty dollars per family; this would aggregate about \$2,500,000 and would assist some fifty thousand people; gifts to be made to families who have lost their wage earners through the calamity, these gifts averaging five hundred dollars per family; donations of something like five hundred dollars apiece to be made to widows with children dependent on them; donations of money to be made to artists, professional men, lawyers, journalists, dentists and physicians; working law libraries to be purchased for the benefit of lawyers who have lost their libraries; tools to be purchased for artisans who have lost their tools; an appropriation of two hundred thousand dollars to be made to assist exiled sufferers from the calamity to return to California; one million dollars to be expended in leasing land in the burned district and erecting wooden structures to house the men engaged in rebuilding San Francisco.

It is not too much to say that the first reading of the first part of this letter produced a sentiment in the mind of the average reader closely akin to stupefaction. It is only fair to add that when he had read the document half through he would find his sentiments changing; when he had concluded, he would have a confused feeling of half agreement with the writer. For Mr. Barnett says: "The committee should set these millions to work in the shortest possible time. If the fund be held indefinitely and our people compelled to accept relief from day to day for a long period, this will accustom them to accepting charity instead of using their own exertions to gain a livelihood. Do not be afraid of using the fund for the purpose for which it was created. It was donated to be given away and to render assistance to those that need it."

When one recovers from the first shock of considering the giving of several millions of money to people who have nothing at all, the project does not seem so chimerical. The fund was donated to assist people temporarily destitute. It was freely donated—why, then, should it not be freely given? It was not intended to be doled out over a period of years; it was intended to be given now. All of these things are indisputable.

In the abstract none of these propositions can be successfully gainsaid. But how about the concrete? If the Finance Committee should attempt to carry out these ideas, benevolent and philanthropic as they may seem, we fear that the San Francisco Relief Fund of 1906 will prove a Pandora's box out of which unnumbered ills will come for generations.

The only safe way to give large sums of money to needy people is to let them work for it. Of course we exclude from this the

aged, the sick, and the incompetent. Even then there is an assisted flavor about the work. It differs from normal work. The man who works for a dollar under normal conditions, and who works for another man who wants a dollar's worth of work, will probably give his employer the next thing to it, say ninety-eight cents' worth. But the man who is working for a Nation, a State, or a City, and who is ostensibly working for a dollar, never gives as much as ninety cents' worth of work, and frequently not more than fifty cents' worth. This is the case with all governmental and municipal work-shops.

In 1848, after the French had driven out Louis Philippe, the Constitutional Monarch with the pear-shaped face, a number of lawyers came suddenly to the front as the saviors of their country. In France, after the first saviors have stopped shooting and stabbing, and after the gore has been wiped up, the lawyers always step briskly forward and take the salaried jobs. In this particular case, the lawyers speedily made up a constitutional government. But this government soon found itself confronted with a grave commercial and industrial crisis. Scores of thousands of idle patriots patrolled the streets of Paris, demanding bread or blood. The lawyers were quite willing to see any number of Kings, Orleans or Bourbon, lay down their royal lives, but they had not the slightest desire to lay down their own. So they felt themselves constrained to furnish the idle patriots with other people's bread rather than their own blood. Therefore, they instituted what were known as the "National work-shops." In these institutions large sums of money were disbursed. But large amounts of work were not done. The patriots drew down their wages regularly, but they accomplished little work. There was no reason why they should not work as hard for their own constitutional government as they had done for their previous employers, but they certainly did not. It was not long before the "National work-shops" emitted such a stench of financial scandal that the entire nation held its nose and the work-shops were abolished.

The same weakness permeates all national work-shops. The writer knows nothing of important industries like oyster opening, making jewelry, or trimming hats, but he is tolerably conversant with the printing and publishing business. He will lay a wager that the Government Printing Office in Washington turns out the smallest output per type-setting machine per man to be found in the United States. It is probable that every linotype and monotype machine in that vast concern has its "secret maximum," and that every operator who exceeds that maximum output per day gets himself disliked, and that mysterious things are continually happening to his machine. In short, if one wants to know how slowly the governmental mills may grind, all he has to do is to visit Uncle Sam's printing shop at Washington. And if he wants to know the two extremes of the printing business he had better go into any daily newspaper office about 2 A. M. and see how fast printers can work, and then go into the National printing office at any old time and see how slow they can move around.

The best method of disposing of the Relief Fund is by giving work to the destitute. This method is at its best only a poor way, but it is infinitely better than giving money outright. If assisted work-shops, or assisted industries, or assisted enterprise of any kind are put on foot by the Financial Committee and with the Relief Funds, it will speedily be found that the work of an assisted work-

man or assisted work-woman is far inferior in finish, capacity, and volume to that of a non-assisted workman or work-woman. But even if a dollar's worth of work should cost two dollars when done by these assisted workmen, it is better for them and better for the city than that they should receive it as alms.

Fair and Unfair Insurance Companies.

We intend to print in these columns, to keep standing, and to circulate as widely as we may, the names of the insurance companies now acting unfairly and dishonorably by their policy-holders. We shall do this as soon as the situation is clear. At present it is rather complicated. Some thirty-six companies have refused to adhere to what is called the "New York plan," which means a horizontal cut of twenty-five per cent: they are proceeding to adjust their fire losses with their individual policy-holders, regardless of the Underwriters' Bureau or the New York plan. But some of these companies which protest so loudly do protest too much. In many cases their apparent fairness is nothing but a pretense. The claims which some of them are adjusting are gradually being brought to light, with results so unfair and dishonest that they will soon be put into the class where they belong. As for those companies which announced their adherence to the "New York plan" several became alarmed at the result on their policy-holders, and have advertised their intention to abandon the crooked system of compromise which they at first decided to stand by. Then there is a third group of companies—some of them old, wealthy and honorable—which have not announced their course of action. They are, however, open to the suspicion of adhesion to the New York plan, for the simple reason that they are silent. These also cannot as yet be classified. A fourth group consists of English companies, whose home offices have refused to allow the local agents to acknowledge liability, to disavow liability, or to express any opinion whatever on disputed points, such as earthquake damage and dynamite. The agents of these foreign companies are still awaiting instructions from their home offices, and in most cases managers and directors are hastening hither to take active personal charge themselves.

As soon as these open questions are settled we shall print lists of these various companies, and put them exactly where they belong. The San Francisco Policy Holders' Protective League is engaged in accumulating facts and figures which will be accurate, and which may be depended on.

Where there is so much to condemn in the insurance situation it is only fair to say that some companies have been receiving proofs of loss courteously, have been adjusting policy-holders' claims promptly, and have been paying their adjusted fire losses in full. We are sorry that the list of such companies is so short, but where we must mention those who are derelict, it is only fair that we should also mention those who are acting squarely toward their policy-holders. This we shall do as rapidly as we hear of them. One of these is the Connecticut Fire Insurance Company of Hartford, one of the thirty-six "dollar for dollar" companies. This company has already paid to its policy-holders \$825,511. As a result of its fair treatment we are glad to learn that the Connecticut has written a large amount of new insurance. Another company is the Continental Fire Insurance Company, of Hartford. This company has also been rapidly settling claims and has paid a large amount in cash to its policy-holders. It, too, is reap-

ing its reward in the shape of new business.

Bad Earthquakes on the Other Island.

A dispatch comes from Manila under the date of June 20th stating that on the Island of Luzon a series of earthquakes began at eight o'clock in the evening of the 19th of June, and lasted until after seven o'clock on the next day. Naturally the Filipinos were perturbed by this tumultuous night, but they had presence of mind enough to cable back to their fellow citizens on the mainland, through the Manila Observatory, that "the earthquakes were much more severe in the other islands of the archipelago."

Quite right. They always are. They are invariably more severe in the other islands and in the other archipelagoes. Here in California we have but few islands and no archipelagoes, but although we have some right smart earthquakes, we are quite certain that they are more severe in Manila than they are here.

The present writer spends part of his time in San Jose and part of his time in San Francisco. When he is in San Jose he assures his neighbors—and believes—that the San Francisco shocks are something awful. When in San Francisco he learns of a shock in San Jose, he—sincerely—assures his friends in San Francisco that he is glad he is not in San Jose. San Mateo is midway between San Jose and San Francisco; when in San Mateo he hears of shocks in San Jose and San Francisco, he—earnestly—believes that these shocks are worse than those in San Mateo. Thus he ingenuously plays the middle against both ends.

It is human nature. Hope springs eternal. We all of us believe we are not going to have any more big shocks. And on the 17th of April many of us were wondering why the deluded peasants should go back and build on Mount Vesuvius. Yet on the 19th of April the man who said he did not intend to rebuild in San Francisco would have been cut by his friends, jilted by his sweetheart, and blackballed at any club.

Cash Value, Sound Value, and Risk.

The managers of the "six-bit" insurance companies are filling the newspapers at so much a line with elaborate defenses of their peculiar procedure. One of the leading exponents in this line during the week is Mr. John B. Morton, General Agent of the Fire Association and Philadelphia Underwriters, who writes to the local agents, Gutte & Frank, saying: "These companies are adjusting and paying their claims on this basis—in cases where the question of liability on account of earthquake damage was doubtful, where the properties had been damaged by the use of explosives before the fire had reached them, or where books of record had been destroyed, such claims should be settled by a reasonable compromise. A proposition to pay seventy-five per cent would be not only reasonable, but a fair compromise."

This apparently "reasonable and fair" classification would take in nearly every fire loss in San Francisco. While not three per cent of the buildings there suffered structural damage by the earthquake, there is probably not one that did not suffer some trifling damage. The number of properties damaged by explosives it would be difficult to estimate. Two of the Federal buildings, the Mint and the Postoffice, were seriously damaged by explosives; as for those persons whose books of record were destroyed, nearly every business man in the city was burned out, and nearly all of

them lost their books of record. Therefore the apparently "fair and reasonable" classification of Mr. John B. Morton strikes us as being both unfair and unreasonable.

There is another phase of this matter which we commend to the insurers and the insured. Those horizontal-cut companies, which make so much to-do over their fairness, utterly ignore the fact that their attempted sweeping reduction is based on unjust and unreasonable grounds. They claim that the earthquake, the dynamiting, and the lack of water suddenly reduced in value all the property in San Francisco to the extent of about twenty-five per cent; that therefore they are justified in scaling down all policies twenty-five per cent; that beginning with this scaled-down valuation they will then proceed to adjust—downwards—and thereby arrive at a "fair and reasonable compromise." They ignore utterly the fact that most of the risks in San Francisco were not insured for anything like their full value. Let any policy-holder who reads this reflect on the difference in his proofs of loss between the "cost price" and the amount insured. Even if policy-holders were disposed to insure closely up to the cost of their property, the high insurance rate would deter them. Therefore the fact remains indisputable that a large majority were insured for from 60 per cent to 30 per cent of cost or value. How then can any insurance company claim the right to cut 25 per cent from the "amount insured" when that sum represents only 50 per cent of the value? Such a cut would leave the unfortunate policy-holder with a claim for only 25 per cent of the value of his property; and even this small percentage is subject to a discount by the companies when adjusted by a "fair and reasonable compromise." To put it more simply: Suppose a man had a house worth \$10,000; suppose he had it insured for \$4,000; suppose it was damaged to the extent of \$2,000 by earthquake. That would leave it with a sound value of \$8,000, on which he would have a fire risk of \$4,000. Yet these companies would impose on him a dishonest cut of 25 per cent as a starter, bringing down his fire risk to \$3,000 on a value of \$8,000, and would then proceed to adjust from that "downwards." If this discounting of the crooked insurance companies were made on the face value of the property and not on the face of the policy, there might be some ground for their contention that it is a "fair and reasonable compromise," but there is absolutely no ground for contending that such a compromise is either fair or reasonable. It is as we said both unfair and unreasonable, and to it we will add that it is unjust and dishonest.

Strange Natural Phenomenon.

For a number of years the California "valley quail" have been preserved in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. The birds grew so tame that they paid little heed to man. Only at the mating season were they shy. It was a very pretty sight, while walking or driving through the park, to see the numerous coveys of California quail with their handsome black pompons.

This is a very different bird from the quail of the country east of the Rocky Mountains. In California are found the valley quail (*Lophortyx x californicus*) and the mountain quail (*Oreortyx x pictus*), both of which are fine game birds and good eating. The mountain quail is a hard bird to find and a harder one to shoot. Hence it is rare, not being often found in the city markets, as it does not pay the pot-hunter to

shoot and ship the birds such a distance. For it is not found in the Coast Range mountains, which rise but little above 5000 feet; it is confined to the lofty Sierra Nevada, which averages from 5000 to 15,000 feet in height.

For a number of weeks Golden Gate Park has been inhabited by many thousands of San Francisco refugees dwelling in tents. For some strange reason, after their advent the quails began slowly to disappear. This was not the case with owls, gulls, hawks, and crows, strange as it may seem—it was only the quails which disappeared. It could scarcely be terror of man, for they previously were semi-domesticated and went unharmed, as there was a heavy fine for molesting them.

It is as yet unknown what mysterious causes led to their disappearance. Leading members of the Academy of Sciences are studying profoundly this interesting question, but up to date they have not solved it, as their natural histories are all burned.

Professor Honk, the distinguished ornithological scientist, when interviewed by an Argonaut representative on this subject, stated that as soon as the Academy of Sciences re-erected its building and got their lecture hall again in working order the subject would be taken up, and without doubt the strange disappearance of the quail would be accounted for.

Professor Piffles, the leading geological expert of the Academy, is of the opinion that the tectonic action of the fault-fissures in the earthquake zone—the line of which passes through Golden Gate Park—must have caused the quail to run and fly in curves instead of triangles when flushed; ordinarily the triangular apices of their flights, like boomerangs, would bring them back home again, no matter how far they flew. Their curvilinear flight, however, had evidently taken them far afield. "But I got onto their curves," said Professor Piffles, simply, but with evident pride.

Both Professor Piffles and Professor Honk remarked with pain that they had received no encouragement in their scientific search from the tent-dwellers. These people, when interrogated by the two professors, invariably indulged in unseemly and meaningless merriment.

Overhaul Your Live Policies.

Many a business man suffers keen mortification on reflecting how little he knew three months ago either of the wording of his policies or of the companies in which they were written. Many policy-holders not only knew nothing about the companies, but could not even remember their names. Hence those who were unfortunate enough, under these circumstances, to lose their policies, were placed in a most unpleasant position. To crown it all when a business man knew little of his policies, had no record of their number or conditions, and was unwise enough to leave the policies themselves in the premises insured—very generally the case—it is easy to imagine his self-accusation.

When we say now "overhaul your policies" we do not mean the old ones; we mean the policies, old or new, running on property yet unburned. Many losers by the recent fire are placing new business. We strongly advise these insurers to overhaul their policies on any property in San Francisco or elsewhere. Let them take careful note of the names of the companies. Let them at once cancel every policy that bears the name of any company now repudiating its just obligations. Let them urge their friends to

do the same. Let them urge their business correspondents in other States and cities to blacklist these companies' names. Let them prove to these correspondents that on the ground of self-interest alone it would be wise for them to do so. Let them point out the crooked and dishonest course pursued by these companies. Let them use every pull they may have with churches, charitable institutions, and corporate institutions in which they are directors or stockholders, urging them to cancel the names of these defaulting companies. Let them refuse themselves to write any new business with these companies, and let them urge on all their friends and such institutions as we have just enumerated, to follow the same course.

In this way those who are so unfortunate as to hold policies with crooked or dishonest companies may at least cancel them before such companies default again, and they may prevent their friends and correspondents from being treated as dishonestly as many unfortunate San Franciscans are being treated now.

Building Regulations and Building Materials.

There is much discussion going on in San Francisco over the respective merits, as structural material, of steel, concrete and brick. The new building laws have not yet been passed—the Supervisors are still engaged in formulating them. There is also a marked difference of opinion between the advocates of high and low buildings. The Mayor and some of the Supervisors are in favor of restricting the height of buildings to one and one-half times the width of the street. Others believe in a "wide open" ordinance by which a man may run his skyscraper up as high as he chooses. The Argonaut, long before the present exigency arose, has often expressed itself on this question. We do not believe in sky-scrapers. We do not believe that because a man owns a plot of ground he owns it from Zenith to Nadir. We believe he owns it only as high and as deep as the law will let him. We believe that in future ages people will look back with wonder on the time when a man was allowed to erect a building twenty stories high because he had more money than his four-story neighbor; because a man had more money he should be entitled to more of the common light, more of the common air, and more of the common sunshine, than a man who had less, posterity will consider as barbaric. In years past the Argonaut has pointed out to the lesser land owners of San Francisco that every twelve-story sky-scraper raised in the downtown district throws out of commission three four-story buildings of similar floor space; it told them that if the law permitted the unrestricted erection of such tall buildings, there would soon come a time when all of San Francisco would be housed in a hundred blocks. Now that the city has practically been destroyed, this point becomes more marked than ever. A tier of blocks the height of the Call building, extending from Market to Washington and from Powell to Battery, could house nearly every retail and wholesale business in San Francisco. To what use would then be devoted the vacant ground around this tier of lofty blocks? It might perhaps be turned into vegetable gardens.

Hear the other side. It is only fair to give the arguments of those who favor sky-scrapers. They say that the buildings which stood most stoutly against both earthquake and fire were the sky-scrapers. This is true, but that is not because they were lofty.

but because they were strong. They are of steel-frame construction, and the brick, stone or terra cotta employed in their construction carries no weight, but is carried by the steel frame. To this the advocates of the sky-scraper reply that it is impossible to erect class A steel-frame buildings without making them ten, twelve, or more stories high because otherwise they cannot pay; that under the present building limitations as to height it is more profitable to erect class B or class C brick buildings; that the inferior building will bring in practically as much rental, and yet the initial cost is much less; that, therefore, the owner of a class A steel-frame building six stories high could not compete with the owner of a class C brick building six stories high. This also is beyond question true. The final argument of the advocates of the sky-scraper is even more convincing. They say that if such limitations be imposed upon them in regard to height which will prevent them from competing with inferior buildings they will be forced to construct class B and class C buildings themselves; that as the steel-frame building is the only type which stood earthquake and fire, laws preventing the erection of steel-frame buildings will penalize those who desire to improve the city; that such laws will thus put a premium upon a kind of construction which will lead to another conflagration.

There can be no doubt that these arguments of the sky-scraper advocates are apparently irrefutable, and there is also no doubt that the arguments of those who oppose sky-scrappers are apparently invincible.

There is a still more marked difference of opinion in San Francisco concerning building materials. Brick is in marked disfavor. Much brick work fell during the recent earthquake, but it was poor brick work. The writer has carefully examined a number of buildings for various reasons, and he has found that in several cases the walls of brick buildings erected thirty or forty years ago stood both the fire and the earthquake better than buildings erected ten years ago. The only solution of this puzzle is bad workmanship in the more modern buildings. In at least two cases he found the walls of old buildings standing intact, practically undamaged by earthquake and only slightly damaged by fire; although the wooden floor-girders and the roof were burned the walls were solid. In some modern buildings he found walls which had gone safely through the earthquake, but were completely wrecked by the fire, in some cases by the expansion of steel girders where provision had not been made for such expansion. Where the architect had allowed for expansion, the brick-layers had often thwarted him by filling in the expansion space.

In short, the brick-layers of today are highly organized; they are made up into compact unions; they have more leisure than their predecessors; they have shorter hours; they have better pay; but they do not know as much about good honest brick laying as the old boys did, and that's the truth. We have already spoken of the way in which the Palace Hotel stood both earthquake and fire. The statement is now made that the walls of that structure are so solid that it will cost to tear them down over a hundred and sixty thousand dollars. But these were good sound walls, built by good honest brick-layers, and they were bonded together with steel rods.

The modern brick-layers—who are daisies when it comes to resoluting and organizing, even if they do not know much about brick-laying—are now engaged in fighting the use of reinforced concrete. They fear it will decrease the gains of their trade. We sincere-

ly hope it will. They are now earning only seven to eight dollars a day in San Francisco. Brick structures do very well in some countries and in some climates, but not here, with our kind of brick-layers, and in the glorious seismic climate of California. The advocates of concrete say that it has great tensile strength, but is lacking in torsional strength; that this latter element is supplied by the weaving of wires or rods or meshes of steel into the composition of the concrete. This process gives it elasticity, and renders it more able to stand the effect of twisting earthquake shocks.

It is our opinion that good concrete construction is better than good brick construction; and that poor brick construction is the worst known to man. Concrete, which is practically an artificial stone, is more durable than natural stone. This is shown by the many concrete structures to be found in the Old World. In fact, many of the structures constructed two thousand years ago by the Romans—with what is still called "Roman cement"—still stand. Some of the ancient Roman aqueducts, both above and below ground, are in use by the moderns today.

Red Tape and Trade-Marks.

Among the many other documents destroyed by the fire, the Argonaut lost its certificate of incorporation and its title trade-mark. The Argonaut has always been a tolerably decent corporation—not grinding the faces of the poor, never cutting coupons, not putting up the price of oil like John D. Rockefeller, not putting ptomaines in tinned meats and sausages like the slaughter house millionaires of Chicago. Thus, while we hope to read our title clear—to mansions in the skies or elsewhere as the case may be—we were not so sure about our earthly title. So we determined to have these valuable documents resurrected and their physical parts made to rise again out of their ashes, as all of us hope to do when Gabriel sounds his trump. We had practical reasons for resurrecting the certificate of incorporation, as we hoped to gain from the insurance companies certain simoleons which they had wagered against us that our property would not burn. They have lost; but so—alas! have we, for it looks much as though they were not going to pay.

However, early in the fire excitement, when we really hoped to get some of our insurance money, we thought it might be necessary to prove that the Argonaut was really an incorporation. So we requested the Secretary of State of California to make us out a new attested copy of our certificate. We sent our request to Sacramento and in two days we received from the Capital city by express an attested copy of the document, with a beautiful red ribbon and a large and elegantly formed seal.

Encouraged by the rapidity of this transaction, we determined to resuscitate our trade-mark certificate also, for be it known that many years ago we trade-marked the title of the Argonaut. It is a unique title, a well-sounding one, and one of which, even many years ago, we were proud, and of which in the subsequent lapse of years we have grown prouder. The trade-mark had also served to preserve to us the use of this title, which in a way is an advantage, for while there are many Heràlds, Suns, and Times, there is but one Argonaut.

So thinking, we addressed to the Department of the Interior the following polite note:

To the Patent Bureau,
Dept. of Trade-marks,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sirs:

I would like to have issued to me a new

certificate of trade-mark of the words, "The Argonaut," as the heading of the weekly newspaper of that name published in San Francisco. The certificate was destroyed by the great fire in San Francisco together with the specifications of said trade-mark.

Will you kindly issue me said certificate or inform me what I must do to insure the issuance? Very truly yours,

Jerome A. Hart.

After the lapse of a number of days we received the following epistle:

Letter No. 94,047.

All communications should be addressed to The Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C.

N. C. Department of the Interior,
United States Patent Office,
Washington, D. C., May 7, 1906.

Sir:

In reply to your letter received the 3d instant, I am directed by the Commissioner to say that the office is unable to identify any trade-mark which may have been registered by you without the number of the certificate, or the date of issue. If the data called for cannot be given and you desire a search made for the same it will be necessary for you to employ the services of an attorney, as such searches are not made officially except in connection with the examination of applications.

A certified copy of a trade-mark, when properly identified, will be furnished for eighty cents in currency.

Very respectfully,

C. M. Ireland,
Chief Clerk.

(Enclosure)

The adventures of a gentleman in search of a horse or the mishaps of him who buys a pig in a poke are as nothing compared to the hazards of him who retains an attorney at a distance of three thousand miles. An old soldier in search of his pension may indulge in the luxury of a Washington attorney, but none for us. We, therefore, waived the kindly suggestion of the department in regard to employing an attorney, and wondered vaguely why Uncle Sam should have so many thousands of clerks in his departmental bureaus at Washington if they cannot, like other people's clerks, look up records for their customers. However, knowing how curious are the ways of the Great White Father we stifled our surprise and sent to the department the following letter.

San Francisco, May 12.
Department of the Interior,
United States Patent Office,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sirs:

Your favor of May 7th is fully to hand.

The number of the certificate for which you ask is 16,662. The date of issue is June 4, 1889. In accordance with your statement that a certified copy of the trade-mark will be furnished for eighty cents in currency, when number of certificate and date of issue are given, I enclose herewith eighty cent stamps, as I have no way of making up that amount in currency.

Very truly yours,

Jerome A. Hart,
Pres. Argonaut Pub. Co.

In the course of time the following reply came from the department:

M. C. V.
2—017

Letter No. 104865.

All communications should be addressed to The Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C.

Department of the Interior,
Washington, D. C., May 22, 1906.
United States Patent Office,

Mr. Jerome A. Hart, President,
The Argonaut Publishing Co.,

Sir:

The Commissioner directs me to return herewith postage stamps, to the amount of eighty cents, which accompanied your letter of the 12th instant, ordering

CERTIFIED COPY OF TRADE-MARK
for the reason that stamps are not receivable.

by this office in payment of fees. Your order has been placed on file, and will be filled upon receipt of eighty cents in currency.

Respectfully,

W. W. Mortimer,
Acting Chief Clerk.

This was a corker. We were aware that Uncle Sam frequently refuses to receive stamps, but he generally makes it possible for the person concerned to send the amount required in some form of United States money. Inasmuch as the fractional currency or "shin plasters" were abolished years ago, we knew of no way in which the sum of eighty cents could be forwarded in currency. The only thing to do, therefore, was to send a dollar bill, for the sum must be sent in currency, and "80 cts" is an impossible currency multiple.

This we did with the following letter:

The Commissioner of Patents,
U. S. Patent Office,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

Your favor of May 22d returning eighty cents in stamps has been received.

We send you herewith \$1.00 in currency for the certified copy of trade-mark of "The Argonaut." Will you kindly send the same at an early date and oblige.

Yours very truly,

Jerome A. Hart,
President Argonaut Publishing Co.

After a decent interval the department at Washington replied by sending us an attested copy of our trade-mark certificate. Like the document returned to us from the capital city of California, it, too, was decorated with a beautiful ribbon, blue this time, and with a seal about the size of a buckwheat cake. But no word came about the dollar. Concerning the overplus of twenty cents, Uncle Sam's minions preserved a dark, deep and mysterious silence. For a time we felt that we had been done. It would seem as if Uncle Sam had tried to work us for twenty cents by refusing to honor his own currency. But after the lapse of a number of days there came one day the following document:

2-346

Division A.

All communications should be addressed to The Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C.

Department of the Interior,

U. S. Patent Office,

Washington, D. C., June 12, 1906.

Mr. Jerome A. Hart,

The Argonaut Publishing Co.,

Sir:

Please enclosed find \$.20, unexpended balance of your remittance received June 4, 1906, for certified trade-mark, "The Argonaut."

Amount received\$1.00

Amount expended\$.80

Balance\$.20

Very respectfully,

C. M. Irelan,

Chief Clerk,

F. V. B.

Letter No. 115568-06.

Division E., Manuscript.

Contained in the same envelope were two dimes. It was quite evident that we had done Uncle Sam's bureaus an injustice when we suspected them of knocking down our twenty cents.

But what an infinitude of red tape! What an excess of sealing wax! Why are not United States stamps good in United States offices? Why must a sum be sent in currency when it is an impossible currency multiple? Why should so trifling a transaction be forced to go through such a vast amount of flummery in the circumlocution offices of Uncle Sam? If so simple a matter as this requires so large an amount of correspondence, such an expenditure of labor, of ink

and paper, of pen wear, and of mental strain on the part of the department clerks, how is the Federal Government ever going to build the Panama Canal? We fear that before it accomplishes that gigantic task, the Canal Commission will have become strangled in its own red tape and choked with its own sealing wax.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

California, With All Thy Faults.

New York, June 8th, 1906.

Editor Argonaut:—I have had more sense of comfort in reading the Argonaut each week since the terrible disaster than from any other source. It has made me feel that the "en famille" relation of San Francisco and San Franciscans has been preserved. Possibly there are in this country, or have been elsewhere, other cities in which an equally familiar relation among all the inhabitants has prevailed, but I doubt it. Certainly no other community ever grew up just like our San Francisco where the most cosmopolitan blend of people lived in comparative isolation owing to the geographical position. This undoubtedly has been the cause of the "knocking" which each one has been privileged to give the other from time immemorial, but which has had nothing whatever to do with the real affection that San Franciscans have for one another.

This was remarkably instanced at a gathering of Californians at the Casino Theatre here in New York a couple of days after the disaster and at a time when hardly any news in detail had reached us. Mark Twain presided and two or three speeches were made. I said that somewhere in history I had read that Caesar, when he reached Alexandria, after the conquest of Pompey, asked: "Where are the Egyptians?" and each one replied, "I am an Athenian,"—although they had all been living there some three hundred years. And so I said it was with Californians: "Once a Californian always a Californian." The audience responded in a way that was almost pathetic and it was with difficulty that any of us could proceed.

All I can say, and in common with all other native sons, is, "California, with all thy faults—with all thy geological faults—I love thee still."

Always your sincere friend,

Joseph D. Redding.

From British Columbia.

Government Agent's Office,
Clinton, B. C., June 14, 1906.

Editor Argonaut:—I have been yours truly for the past twenty-five years and hasten to add my congratulations on your entering your 30th year with the sincere wish that you may be doing business at the old stand thirty years from now, free from fires and quakes and all other ills and evils. With the enclosed move me on a couple of notches in my subscription. "Every little makes a muckle" especially at the present trying time.

Yours sincerely,

F. Soues.

From a Reader in Mexico.

Apartado 27, Parral, Mexico, June 13, 1906.

Editor Argonaut:—I recently wrote to ask you to change the number of my post office box. The Everybody's Magazine is now coming to me, and all the other publications come regularly; so that matter is entirely straightened out. I am very happy to see the dear Argonaut every week, almost as big and as good as of yore. Thanking you for all the trouble you have taken in the above matter, with wishes for the Argonaut and all connected with it, I remain, Yours very truly,

J. W. Pender.

The Argonaut for Twenty-Nine Years.

San Francisco, June 15th, 1906.

Editor Argonaut:—Seven back numbers of your paper were received this morning, for which accept thanks. I have seldom missed a number for the past twenty-nine years, so now I cannot do without it. My dealer went out of business about April 20th without notifying me of his intention to do so. I am unable to get Post Office order, having failed in two sub stations, therefore I inclose you currency, for which please send me the paper. Keep right on sending until you are relocated in San Francisco, notifying me when the subscription expires.

Please send the missing number, April 21st.

Yours truly,

Chas. S. True.

The California Theatre Opening.

San Francisco, June 13, 1906.

Editor Argonaut:—In your paper Saturday, June 16, a correspondent referred to the opening of the California Theatre as being January 19, 1870. According to a programme in my possession the event took place January 13, 1869. "Money" was the play. Also stated that the late Bret Harte read his poem which is a mistake. It was delivered by Lawrence Barrett.

Respectfully,

Mrs. W. A. Mestayer.

A Line From Mme. Julie Rosewald.

Many San Franciscans will remember Mme. Rosewald, as an admirable artist on the operatic stage, who renounced her operatic career to settle with her husband in San Francisco, with which city they had both become infatuated. After the death of her husband Mme. Rosewald went abroad to spend some years in her old home, living on

the fruits of the modest competence amassed by her husband and herself. Her future movements will be told in the note that follows:

Stuttgart, June 4, 1906.

Dear Mr. Hart:—Now as never before I appreciate the calm and truthful attitude of the Argonaut in this time of terrible disaster. Every ray of hope for our beautiful but stricken city is eagerly awaited and every encouraging word is implicitly believed when coming from so truthful a source as the Argonaut. Your chart of the burned district showed me that the houses from which I derived my only income had not escaped, and that I, like many other thousands, must take up work again in order to earn enough to live on. What I regret most deeply is that this task must be accomplished elsewhere. I shall have to labor away from San Francisco where I toiled so many years, because that city will for a long time have more pressing needs than for singing teachers. In the autumn I shall return to the United States, and shall begin music teaching in Baltimore, where I have a sister living.

Will you kindly attend to notifying me as to the date of the expiration of my subscription? It has become a necessity for me to look for my Argonaut, and I am most grateful for having received it during these sad weeks. I am very glad that you were able to save the register of your subscribers, to whom I have belonged for more than twenty years, but I wish you could have saved some of the more valuable property, for the Argonaut would have been sure to retain its readers even if the register of their names was lost.

Thanking you sincerely for having sent it, I remain with best wishes.

Julie Rosewald.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Florence Nightingale recently celebrated the eighty-sixth anniversary of her birth. She is an invalid, confined to her bed at her house on South street, Park Lane, where thousands of congratulatory messages were received.

Princess Elizabeth of Belgium, wife of Prince Albert, heir-apparent to the throne, is probably the most accomplished and versatile of the continental princesses. She is the daughter of Duke Charles Theodore of Bavaria, the famous oculist. The princess, who has inherited her father's scientific tastes, has taken her degree of M. D., and could, if necessary, act as physician to her husband and children.

The New York World sent a cablegram to William Jennings Bryan last week informing him that several Democratic State conventions had recently indorsed him as candidate for the Presidency in 1908. The cablegram was addressed to Mr. Bryan at Dresden, Germany. The cablegram was returned to The World with this formal notice from the cable company: "Your cablegram addressed to William Jennings Bryan, Dresden, not delivered. Party not known."

Chauncey Depew has been taken in hand by Billy Muldoon, who is trying to make a new man of the United States Senator on Muldoon's farm at White Plains. Depew is leading the simple life. Muldoon sends him to bed at 9 o'clock and rounds him out promptly at 6. He has put him on a horse and made him ride a trot for miles, given him ice-cold shower baths and mercilessly put him through a course of sprouts with dumbbells, weights and a medicine ball. The Senator has improved greatly.

The name of Dr. Richard Garnett, who died in London the other day, will ever be associated with the great work of cataloguing the vast library of the British Museum. The Treasury agreed to set aside \$50,000 a year for the purpose, and the work of editing the new catalogue was handed over to him. By 1880 the presses were at work and ten years later the task was completed. The catalogue of today consists of 800 volumes in all and contains nearly 4,000,000 entries, including the cross references. Nearly 60,000 fresh entries are added each year.

John Philip Sousa, the composer and band conductor, believes that talking machines will drive the vocal chords into a state of uselessness due to disuse. He prophesied as much at a joint session of the Senate and House Committees on Patents, which was called to hear the new copyright bill discussed. "I tell you the human voice is not heard as it used to be," he said, "and I prophesy that the vocal chords may by this disuse become useless. Another evidence that these machines are taking the musical initiative from our people is that the sale of the banjo, the mandolin and the guitar are greatly decreasing, and the dealers tell me this is on account of the increased use of the talking machines."

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE FIRE.

Firemen Unskilled in the Use of Dynamite—Instances Where Scores of Blocks of Houses Could Have Been Saved.

I was in the immediate vicinity of some of the first fires which started near Battery and Sacramento Streets in San Francisco on the morning of April the 18th. I heard the engines hurrying in response to the alarm, and a few minutes later I encountered groups of firemen—idle. "No water: the mains are broken," was their response to my startled inquiry. And when I suggested dynamite, they shrugged their shoulders. It was evident that their training had not included the use of dynamite, and when no water was to be had they had no knowledge how to fight the fire. They were as helpless as babes in arms.

My companion said to me: "I know what I would do if I were in charge: I would seize every automobile I could get my hands on; I would ascertain from the directory the names of every dealer in high explosives in San Francisco; I would dispatch cars with demands for supplies of dynamite on hand and information about men capable of handling it; and I would be fighting this fire with dynamite inside a half hour."

I do not know the exact time that elapsed between the breaking out of the fire and the first dynamite explosion, but I believe it to have been between two and three hours. During this time the fire acquired enormous headway, and even when the explosions began to come, they were infrequent and desultory. There was no drastic dynamiting. No attempt was made at any time during the fire to my knowledge to cleave a straight line through the city by dynamiting. The fire, on the whole, burned very slowly. For example, the Call building burned at about ten o'clock Wednesday morning, the Bohemian Club, one block west and one block north, did not burn till late Wednesday night; the Fairmont Hotel did not burn till Thursday afternoon. It is four blocks north and three blocks west of the site of the Bohemian Club. The flames did not reach Russian Hill, six or seven blocks north of the Fairmont, till about nine o'clock Thursday night. At that time they crossed Vallejo Street five blocks at once. They did not reach Telegraph Hill, six blocks north of Vallejo, till six or seven o'clock Friday morning, and they did not reach the waterfront on the north end of the peninsula until Friday night late. All this time a desultory contest against the flame was kept up. The method was to destroy by dynamite buildings in the immediate path of the flames. This method (to the layman; I profess no special knowledge) seems to be open to the gravest objection—certainly it was not justified by results. It was early clear that the flames were advancing against the wind and in spite of all efforts of the dynamiters. That was clear Wednesday: it was clear Thursday: it was clear Friday. Why was not some other method adopted? Why did not the effective force retire to a point two or three blocks from the flames' path, and destroy a solid block or half block (to the alley)? It is the almost universal belief of every person who saw the fire as a whole that such a course would have been effective.

As I say, at nine o'clock Thursday night, the flames crossed Vallejo Street in a sheet five blocks wide. At this time, I know to my certain knowledge that not a single attempt was being made in that section to stay the progress of the fire. I stood at the time on the top of Russian Hill looking directly down this street, which, as the map shows, runs due east and west. The wind was not blowing strongly from the north. No brands were being carried into the unburned district. It was so light that had a single man been fighting the fire along that street he could distinctly have been seen. At first, it seemed as if the flames would not cross the street. But the mere heat was so great, though on both sides the houses were two story and wooden, that gradually the fronts began to smoke and finally there came little flickers of fire. It is my profound belief that men with wet blankets established at windows and doors on the north side of Vallejo street and on the roofs of the buildings could absolutely have stopped the fire at this point and saved a hundred blocks. But there was no one there.

It is true that I speak as a layman. But I speak as a layman with some experience. On Friday I endeavored to save a wooden house, one of a row of wooden houses that were separated from buildings on fire by an alley not more than twelve feet wide. Protecting these houses, and running along the alley on its north side, was a board fence. For one hour I kept the flames from this fence, single-banded, with only a bathtub full of water, a pail and a dipper, and the house was only finally burned through the fact that firemen who were supposed to be protecting the block from another direction suffered the uncoupling of their hose, and were not able to get it together again when it was too late. I know that a man with a wet blanket can prevent a fire from crossing a street against a strong wind from low wooden houses on one side to low wooden houses on the other, and I can conceive no reason why the fire should, had matters been properly handled, have crossed Vallejo Street.

The trouble is, a city is too vast an organism. Dependent, in ordinary circumstances, upon special organizations such as firemen and police, for special services, it finds itself in such emergencies as lately faced San Francisco entirely helpless. What happens when a small town is threatened by fire? Every male inhabitant turns out to fight it. What happened in San Francisco? What was everybody's business was nobody's business, and a little handful of firemen were left to fight it alone.

And in this I conceive to lie the fault of General Funston. On this strip of fire between Russian and Telegraph Hills on Thursday night of the fire were not more than thirty men—soldiers and firemen. It was within his power to impress into service five hundred or a thousand men. And five hundred or a thousand men would, even by the primitive methods of bucket brigades and wet blankets, have stopped the advance of the fire against the wind, at this point as doubtless at many others. The men who saved the house of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson with blanket and bucket know very well and will testify that had their number been multiplied a hundredfold they could have saved untold thousands in property values. When the fire was at Vallejo street, the bay, with an inexhaustible supply of water, lay only a comparatively short distance away. There were horses and wagons that might draw water in casks and barrels to be impressed into service. On Telegraph Hill alone there were 500 or 600 able-bodied men that lay there idly all Thursday night, who might have been made to work like fiends at the point of the rifle.

The few houses that were saved in this section of the city were saved by such methods—as those I have outlined. The house of Livingston Jenks stands on the edge of Russian Hill. He is a millionaire and a foremost citizen of San Francisco. At eight o'clock Thursday night I saw him upon the roof of his stately residence, dipper and bucket in hand. He had nailed cleats all along the roof to facilitate his climbing up and down, and there alone he faced the fire, a picture of courage and determination.

His house stands, and so do those of others on the hill. This was the work of a few individuals, and it would not have sufficed had their houses been on the level with the rest. But had there been hundreds of men laboring in the same way, many a block would now be standing which is now in ashes.

Look at the achievements on Telegraph Hill. It is a colony of Italians, many of whom have interests in vineyards. In the vicinity, and in the cellars of houses, was stored a great quantity of raw new red wine. What did these men do? Why, they rolled from their cellars barrels of this wine, and distributed them along the street in front of their houses—wooden houses. They saturated blankets, and tablecloths, and bedspreads and everything of the sort with the wine and hung them over the fronts of the houses from windows and from the roof. I was there. With an ax I broke in the heads of the barrels and carried the wine in buckets. And what was the result? Those houses stand. They are among the half a hundred structures that are intact east of Van Ness Avenue and north of Market Street.

On Friday morning, about seven o'clock, I should say, there was a remarkable chance to stop the fire which had then advanced

from Vallejo some five or six blocks. Instead of remaining a solid front of flame, the center had advanced more rapidly than either end, with the result that the fire line now formed a V, the east wing of which was climbing Telegraph Hill, the west wing of which was advancing toward the north slope of Russian. The opportunity lay in the fact that the slopes of both these hills are not entirely covered with houses, and that the solid wall of flame had, through lack of fuel, become a series of isolated fires.

There were at this time two lines of hose drawing water from the bay. The engines were stationed at the north waterfront and pumping steadily; the hose ran up to the south ten or twelve blocks to the line of fire. Looking from the top of Telegraph Hill I saw the strategic value of the situation—saw that each fire might be put out separately; I thought that undoubtedly the fire would at this juncture be stopped.

I went down the hill to the west toward a place where I had seen firemen working. As I approached I was amazed to see the hose, its nozzle pointed up by means of a box and two bricks, playing uselessly into the middle of the street. The firemen, a group of only fifteen or twenty, had looted a grocery store, and with cheese and olives and canned goods and plenty of alcoholics to drink, were eating breakfast.

I remonstrated. "Well, if you had been dragging the hose around for two days," said the fellow who appeared to be in command, "and it hadn't done a damn bit of good, you'd be wanting some breakfast, too," and he fell again to his can of salmon.

Further along I came upon a squad of soldiers. They were just finishing two kegs of beer from a corner grocery. Meanwhile the fire was burning on toward perhaps sixty square blocks which it ultimately destroyed without a single hand lifted to stop it.

HENRY ANDERSON LAFLER.

San Francisco, June, 1906.

In detailing Major J. W. Littell, Quartermaster's Department, and Captain James A. Logan, Commissary Department, to accompany the Barnum and Bailey Circus in its tour through Virginia, West Virginia, and Ohio, to observe the methods employed by the show people in feeding and transporting men, animals, and supplies, Secretary Taft is following the examples set by three European governments. When the American circus was in Germany, Emperor William was struck with the system and expedition of the circus people in handling their great outfit and moving it from place to place. After the Kaiser had personally witnessed the circus strike camp and entrain its animals and large force of employees, he caused to be detailed from the general staff of his army three officers to travel with the circus so long as it remained in Germany to observe and make a report on its methods. Officers of the French and English armies were detailed on the same errand and for the same purpose. The circus carries 1,100 men and a huge quantity of impedimenta.

The Trol Homeopathic Hospital in Bedford was afire. A clinic was going on in the operating room. An operation was half done. Fire or no fire, it must be finished. The patient was removed to another room. The hall outside was blazing. Water was dripping from the ceiling. Umbrellas were held over the patient. The operation was completed, the surgeons working imperturbably, the nurses assisting imperturbably.

An invalid whose condition is causing anxiety is Lord Curzon, who married Miss Leiter, of Chicago. He has become a martyr to neuritis. He has consulted the best neurologists in London and Paris, has undergone the latest electric and massage treatment without obtaining the slightest relief. His physicians advise him to live in some dry and equable climate for a year, and to abandon society and politics. Curzon is unwilling to take their advice. His political future might be ruined if he should withdraw at the present juncture.

The New York Sun renews the report that Schwab will be a candidate to succeed Newlands as United States Senator from Nevada, saying that Schwab's Senatorial campaign will be started next winter. Newlands' term expires in 1909.

SAN FRANCISCO PURIFIED.

English Tourist Says the Calamity Was Due to Divine Vengeance on "California's Sodom."

A pharisaical English globe-trotter, who toured San Francisco with hands and eyes uplifted at the "unparalleled iniquities" of the stricken city, tells virtuous London, in the June Blackwood's, that the fire and earthquake were sent by Providence for the purification of the sinful metropolis. The writer's moral indignation is not matched by his moral courage, for he hides behind a single "J," which was doubtless what his police-guide, in the subjoined narrative, dubbed him. After an attempt to describe the overland journey, "J" records his first shock, which occurred when the Limited reached Salt Lake City. He writes:

"Here it was boarded by a bevy of young ladies. Thirty-four, all told, took places in the sleeper. We noticed this, for inquiry on the platform showed that it was a parcel of students returning to resume term at the Stanford College. The average age of these young ladies would probably have been seventeen,—that is, their ages varied from fifteen to twenty. But it was not until the next stop that our interest really became alive to the affairs of those school-girls. We skirted round the Great Salt Lake until we arrived at Ogden. Here another batch of university students boarded us. This bunch was composed of boys. They were of much the same age as the girls. The numbers were precisely the same; their destination was the same educational establishment; and it was evident that they joined the train by appointment. Even in this there is nothing. If the deportment of the mixed party during the day and the night that they were passengers on the Overland Limited had been the same as one would have expected from youths and maidens similarly circumstanced in this country, there would be little necessity to comment upon the incident. But from the moment that the train steamed out of Ogden until we boarded the ferry at Oakland, these children engaged in individual attentions which revealed a state of precocity totally foreign to our appreciation of the decorous and healthy relationship which may exist between very young persons of the opposite sexes. If such scenes as we witnessed in that public conveyance are typical of the results from mixed educational institutions, long may we, in this country, remain shrouded in our insular conservatism on the subject.

"It must not be inferred from the above observations that we witnessed anything beyond an unusual relaxation of decorum by the boys, and a want of modesty by their weaker companions. But it seemed to us a thoroughly unwholesome premise for the serious problem of life, that these children should be encouraged at this tender age to trifle with that subtle magnetism between the sexes which is the great mystery of our being, and against which even the armour welded by knowledge and experience of the world is so rarely proof. But although we did not know it then, yet in the saloons of that express train we had at Ogden first come in contact with the ruling atmosphere of the Capital of the West.

"As San Francisco opened out before us, it seemed a pyramid of tall buildings grouping round the marvelous 'Call' building and the much vaunted City Hall. Little did we think, as the panorama of this city of palaces of the West unfolded before us, that all this handiwork of men, in which they vested so much pride, would, a few months hence, in a few moments, be virtually destroyed by the irresistible machinery of the Almighty. You can fell a tree or destroy a building. Yes! But raze a city? No. It seems incredible: since the combined gun-weight of the Prussian siege-trains in months made but little impression on Paris. Yet San Francisco the beautiful, San Francisco the magnificent, San Francisco the California Sodom, was shaken and burnt out of all recognition in four-and-twenty hours. Such is the gamble that the dwellers in this 'city of the plain' were content to make with Providence.

"China Town was the main cesspool of the San Francisco now gutted and purified by the great conflagration of 1906. Heavily has the hand of an incalculable fate been placed upon this fair Californian city. But few will deny that it will not reap a lasting benefit from the greed of these purifying flames. China Town, relic of the 'forty-niners' at their basest ebb, sink and sewer of a city, tainted in every vein and vessel, relic of a former existence, nourished solely on the evil traditions of the past, is gone for ever. At least, the dock of miserable, iniquitous, and squalid architecture wedged in between Stockton and Sacramento streets has disappeared. The new City of the West will arise superior to this degraded elf. A new China Town may be built, a China Town that will be sanitary and safe. The maze of ramshackle tenements, lean-to joss-houses, audy brothels, and disgusting dives, have gone. The operation has been severe, but in a few years the dwellers in the City of the West will return thanks to Providence for the present pains they have endured under the operating-knife."

"J" evidently belongs to that salacious-minded class of tourists to whom a city's parks, art treasures and historical points are well enough if time permits, but who linger with reminiscent delight over memories of vice in many guises and sordidness in many mells. So to the Chief of Police he makes request that he be given an escort, and Captain M—— (Munchausen, probably) is assigned to the duty.

"He was here to show us over the jail before plunging us into the seething swirl of iniquity in the town outside. The anteroom of the detention-floor furnished a peculiar study. It was nine o'clock, and the business of the night was beginning. The various 'cell'-rooms open out from the anteroom, which is just a bare boarded room, with benches round the wall. When we arrived there were only three occupants of the anteroom—two men and a woman. Each in their way furnished admirable studies in human nature. Quite near the door was a young man sitting on a bench; his face was buried in his hands, and his back was convulsed with emotion. He was weeping like a child. Captain M—— suggested that he was a student who had been arrested in a street brawl. He had just realized the pain that his present circumstances would cause in his home on Nob Hill. But the last occupant of the anteroom presented a pathetic study. A tall, handsome woman, she stood aloof at the end of the room. Apart from her dress, her fine forehead and refined features showed that she did not belong to the ordinary criminal class. She looked at us haughtily as the turnkey let us out of the elevator, and then turned her face to the wall. Her proportions were magnificent and her profile was beautiful. It was evident from the pallor on her cheeks and the set expression of her lips that she felt the indignity of her position keenly; but she was too strong a personality to lose her self-control even in these trying circumstances. 'That,' said the detective, 'is a product of San Francisco. I will bet that on inquiry at the bureau we find that she is here on the suspicion of soliciting. Of course you are surprised. No, she has not been doing anything of the kind, but she has felt the magnetism of that peculiar lust for vice which is the canker in the heart of the aristocracy of this city. She is here because her husband is trying to save her. He has discovered that she is attending some vicious woman's club, and has had her charged in the hope that the indignity of the proceeding and the close proximity of real criminals may impress upon her the awful consequences of the life to which her debauched companions may bring her. Sordid! Of course it is; but it is far from uncommon. It is only we detectives who know the extent to which the opium habit has caught on amongst high-toned women in San Francisco. And the trouble is that the high-spirited and most adventurous women seem to succumb first.' We were aghast at the bare thought of such a possibility, and inadvertently our thoughts went back to the parcel of schoolgirls we had met on the Overland Limited."

"J" is next solemnly assured that six Chinamen, petty criminals probably, who were engaged in a game of cards, were to suffer death in a few days. There have never been six men hanged in California in one day, and condemned prisoners are invariably segregated. But "J" believed it all.

"Four criminals, all of the same brutal type, were lodged in the next cell. As we drew near they jeered and spat at us. 'Keep clear, you sons of ———', snarled one, 'or you will get lousy!' Such was the type of salutations we received from these base ruffians, who even now, we hope, are expiating their sins to the profit of Uncle Sam.

"Captain M—— looked at his watch. 'China Town should now be in full swing,' he said, as the elevator took us back to the basement. Our first call was in one of the opium-dives in the basement of the rickety structure known as the 'old Palace Hotel.' With the aid of matches that we struck we penetrated into the cellar, where one of the most noted dens was situated. As the detective pushed the door open, the indescribable aroma of the burning drug almost nauseated us. The creaking door was pushed back, and we penetrated into an atmosphere which reeked of the narcotic. It was a filthy miserable hovel. There were perhaps half a dozen bunks. Each was occupied, and of the half-dozen decadents only two could move their hands to tend their light or prick their pipes. In vain our friend tried to awaken the old 'Chink' to whom the dive belonged. He opened his heavy drug-besodden eyes, but that was all. He lay back an inert log, with his head against the body of a black cat, which, having acquired the habit in this environment, was as comatose as its master. And to think that fair, dignified, educated women of our kind have acquired this habit! Think of the degrading possibilities! The squalor of it all!

"We passed through half a dozen such dives, and then made our way to haunts of female vice. The first series were Chinese, each furnished with a little grille above the entrance from which passersby could be solicited. It was degrading of its kind, but, in its Oriental colouring, respectable in comparison with the scenes which followed. We had no knowledge that human beings of European nurture could sink so low in the depravity of vice, or that a civilized community could tolerate in its midst such a miserable centre of filthy traffic as existed, until the timely earthquake, in the heart of San Francisco. We have seen the 'Yoshiwara' district in Tokio, have wandered through most of the large seaport towns of the world, but have never witnessed a parallel with that human market in China Town. There are streets and streets of tiny cubicles, each of which contains a woman whose existence is a degradation of the laws of nature, and an outrage against civilization. The brief survey that we had of this shameful spectacle was sufficient to cause us to turn with relief to the less sordid slums of the Chinaman's location."

After a description of the stock-sights of the quarter, our innocent English visitor, who is in the confidence of Providence, tells us that the white man has haunts of vice hardly less depraved, and that divine

destruction of the city was inevitable. But as the largest wholesale whisky dealer in San Francisco—whose warehouse was in the heart of the burnt district—did not lose a pint of alcohol, and nine-tenths of the houses of worship were destroyed, "J" must confess that truly does the Almighty work in divers ways His vengeance to perform.

"We have finished with China Town, and an outraged but long-forbearing Providence has also finished with this disease-centre of the West. But we have not finished with San Francisco. All that is depraved, sordid, and vile in that fair city is not confined to China Town. Before we returned to our quarters in the old Occidental Hotel—alas! destroyed with the rest—our mentor took us to one of the many brilliant haunts of the white man in which the city abounds. It must be nameless, for it is a house to which San Francisco was wont to bring its wife—even, sad be it said, its daughter,—to sup. Yet, in its way, the atmosphere of this brilliant eating-house was as depraved, as sordid, as the street terrors in China Town from which we had fled in horror. There was little in that restaurant, from the copies of high art pictures upon the walls to the ornaments on the counter, that were not devised by the evil-minded directorate to act as stimulants to vice. Yet such is the atmosphere of San Francisco that we were conducted to this refined sink of the most positive iniquity by a member of that public body whose duty it should have been to have rooted out all this depravity.

"But there had to be an end to such things. The big clock on the ferry building, as the traveler of today arrives from Oakland, tells the hour when that end came. Its hands point to thirteen minutes past five. The mechanism of this clock was disorganized by the first shocks of the earthquake, on the morning of April 18 last, and for a month it has stood above the city of ashes that was San Francisco, as a monument testifying to the hour in which Providence itself saw fit to intervene for the purification of a city that had haunted its unparalleled iniquities for nearly sixty years."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Bell Boy's Philosophy.

If yesterday would come tomorrow
There wouldn't hardly be no sorrow.

For then we'd have another try
At chances that we let go by.

Instead of givin' luck the blame
We'd grab the good things when they came.

We'd take the best and leave the worst
If all the days came hind-end first.

The fools that stand and wonder now
Would know just when to act and how.

If yesterday would come agen
We'd not say 'if' so often then.

We'd turn the merry face to sorrow
If yesterday would come tomorrow.

I'll Never Take a Rebate.

"I'll never take a rebate; no!"
Said little Thomas Greed.

"The courts are getting funny, so
It must be wrong, indeed.

"Now, there is Jerry Octopus,
He thinks a rebate great—
He always makes an awful fuss
If he must pay for freight.

"The prosecutor's after him;
The sheriff has a writ,
And Jerry, in the twilight dim,
From home was forced to flit.

"I would not take a rebate!—Why,
It is against the law.
I would not play a trick—not I;
I'd have no 'man of straw'.

"I'll never take a rebate; no;
I'm very sure of that.
But there is more than one way, though,
By which to kill a cat."

—W. D. Nesbit in the Reader.

One Lacking.

She wears a sailor hat,
But is never known to sail;
She never drives an auto,
But she wears an auto veil;
She has a golfing costume,
But she never cares to play;
She never, never dances,
But affects décolleté;
She has a riding habit,
But is never known to ride;
And she has a dainty bathing suit,
That's never seen the tide;
She has a tennis costume,
But is never on the court,
And divers other outfits,
According to report;
She has costumes by the dozen.
Everything that you can guess,
But she's never found a reason
To get a wedding dress!

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The 'Skeeter and Peter.

There was a bright fellow named Peter,
Who struck at an active young 'skeeter,
But the 'skeeter struck first
And slackened his thirst,
For the 'skeeter was fleetier than Peter.

—St. Nicholas.

VANITY FAIR.

The Vassarian, the annual class book of Vassar College, has just been published and it did not escape the censorship of the faculty. The spirit which some of the girls call downright prudery shows itself in the illustrations of college dramatics. All pictures for the Vassarian have to be submitted to the faculty censorship and if a girl appears in man's attire in a photograph that part of the picture below the knees is blotted with ink before it is allowed to go into the book. Inez Milholland's impersonation of Romeo in the outdoor Shakespearean production last week was the crowning event of the theatrical season at Vassar. Through the addition of the faculty's ink decorations the figures in the picture appear to be floating through an everyday environment of tables and chairs.

The most aristocratic journal ever produced in England will be *The Throne*, which is to make its appearance in London this month. It is to be more like an album of beautiful pictures than a society journal, and it has the most influential backing. Queen Alexandra has consented to contribute to the first number, which is in itself a very unusual honor, and nearly every duchess, American and English, will do something for the production. *The Throne* will not be found on any of the ordinary bookstalls. It will be privately subscribed for, at the rate of \$16 a year. The promoters may make it a weekly or a fortnightly edition. A feature of the journal will be the reproduction in color by a new process of some of the famous pictures in English country houses. Mrs. Arthur Paget, who was Miss Mary Stevens, daughter of Mrs. Paran Stevens, of New York, has consented to look after the American news, and Mrs. Hwa Williams, the best dressed woman in London, is to look after the fashion department.

Mrs. E. H. Conger, wife of the ex-Minister to China, has just completed a residence upon the Pacific Coast. Shortly before the Congers left Peking Mrs. Conger's attention fell upon a beautiful rug which she longed to bring back to her American home. The price of \$90 which the celestial merchant placed upon it was declared by Minister Conger to be outrageous. Mrs. Conger was insistent, and the rug was brought away from the Orient. Shortly after reaching America Mrs. Conger was visiting in Chicago, where she exhibited the rug. Experts made an examination, and she almost fainted away when a Chicago citizen offered her \$7000 for the rug. Mrs. Conger accepted the offer, and the new house in California is built out of the money.

Mrs. Shonts, wife of Theodore Perry Shonts, of Panama Canal fame, has taken over to London her two daughters, extremely pretty girls, who have just finished their education in Paris. They were presented by Mrs. Whitelaw Reid at court last week. Their mother is about to give several dinners for them under the tutelage of Mrs. George West, who met the family in Paris.

We are inclined to be a little too conceited about our English hotels, says a writer in the *London Chronicle*. The travel editor of the *Queen* has been looking through Baedeker's "Great Britain" (1906). Baedeker turns a Continentally cold, calm eye on our hotels, and out of ninety mentioned, he "stars" only eighteen as especially good of their class in London. But of fifty hotels in the Montreux district of Switzerland thirty have achieved the mark of excellence. Is the editor of Baedeker's "Switzerland" less critical than the editor of the "Great Britain"? Or are the Swiss hotels really better "of their class" than our own? At any rate, one may be sure that the Swiss takes his hotel-keeping as a serious profession. This writer lunched not long ago with the manager of a London hotel and restaurant (starred). On an instant he was introduced to the waiter—"My son," said the manager. The waiter was twenty-two years of age. He was born in Switzerland, and had two languages to begin with—French and Italian. He had his schooling in German, and he spoke excellent English. He had been through the kitchen,

could poise a half-dozen of ill-assorted dishes on one palm, and will certainly before many years have passed be awarded the Star of Baedeker; for he will be a manager who has seen the whole business. Is there an English waiter who has risen to the management of a "starred" Swiss hotel? Yet one has found English inns—buried in the heart of the country—that are "especially" good of their class, though this is not the place for their advertisement. They may lack the bath-room adjacent to the bedroom. This writer could add many stars to English inn-keepers, if he had the authority of Baedeker. But the star would be bestowed for the engaging personality of the landlord, who is seldom a glorified waiter.

The prediction of the Countess of Aberdeen made at the International Council of Women in Paris recently that the French woman will be the first to obtain the vote upon any large scale may well have caused surprise among the British, German and American delegates. American writers upon "the woman question" have often fallen back upon two absurdities: the first, that Tacitus described the Germans whom the Romans fought as paying special deference to their women; the second, that "the French have no word for home." Add to this the misapprehensions of a five-weeks' tripper "seeing Paris by night" and a hasty observation on the Salic law and you have the genesis of an impression of the position of women in France which is as prevalent as it is preposterous. The fact is that Tacitus' observations would have applied quite as well to the Franks as to other early northern tribes; that the French get along very well without the word "home" so long as they have the thing; that French family life is at its best of almost ideal beauty, and that their sticking so long to the Salic law was one of the blunders of the Bourbons which does not in any case affect opinion of the republic. Since the Revolution in France many things have changed. For one thing, the waste of men in war has familiarized women with varied industry and with the management of estates and business establishments as in perhaps no other country. The French "family council" system retains for a woman not only the respect of her grown son but even a considerable measure of legal control over him long after English and American law would emancipate him. consent. In a hundred ways France is the He cannot even marry without his parents' country of the married woman. That young girls are still carefully watched and secluded is of minor importance. The system works not badly. There may even be lands where daughters have too much freedom and power for their own good and where mothers are too meek. The growth of "feminism" in France of recent years has been rapid. It compelled the institution of a divorce law. American woman suffragists were for years divided into two bitterly hostile factions on the question whether to work with the public in the several States or to appeal direct to Congress. The French feminist adopts the latter course without hesitation. According to the Countess of Aberdeen, she has commenced by trying to convince the legislator instead of the public.

From a gastronomic point of view New Yorkers are generous spenders, says a New York correspondent. The restaurant returns clearly indicate this. "I am quite certain that the majority of the well-off, perhaps, I ought to say of the rich, men of New York who breakfast, lunch and dine in restaurants almost the year around spend at least \$50 a week for food and drink alone," was the assertion of a man who for a time was employed in one of the large hotels of the city. "My summary includes unattached men who live in clubs, apartments and hotels and family men who seldom take anything more than a light breakfast in their own homes, the other members of their families sometimes joining them for a dinner at a restaurant. The amount I quote, however, is what I believe these men spend for food for themselves alone." Another manager of a Fifth Avenue eating emporium figured it out that the rich New Yorker spends about \$10 a day for food and drink: "Fine wines, taken with lunch," continued this man, "will increase this sum considerably. The wine bill alone

of many a diner is \$5, and his total weekly expenditures nearer \$100 than \$50. The figures I have given strike an average merely. Yes, take it all in all, the rich New Yorker is about the most extravagant spender I come in contact with, although visitors from all over the United States with money to spend patronize the restaurants liberally when they strike New York."

The new Cunarder *Lusitania*, the largest, longest, and fastest passenger boat ever constructed, was launched at Clydebank, England, on the 7th inst. Not only is the new ocean express eighty feet longer than any vessel now afloat; not only is she to be more luxuriously fitted than any of her rivals, but, most important of all, her calculated speed is to be twenty-four to twenty-five knots an hour (say, twenty-seven to twenty-nine statute miles). The *Lusitania* must develop 68,000 horse-power to give the necessary speed. And does one realize that such a ship carries the population of a fair-sized town? One thousand three hundred third, 500 second and 550 first class passengers, in addition to a crew of about 800, seems a large number of people to crowd into one steel hull, yet when one looks over the open spaces of her great decks one will wonder where in the world they all are.

Electric elevators from one deck to another, telephones, catering such as no hotel can surpass—these things are a matter of course.

Among San Francisco's musicians are many who are known across the country. Some of these lost their studios, some their homes, and many organists lost their instruments and churches. Almost all of the business of the profession is swept away for the time being. Among the larger organs destroyed were those at St. Ignatius Catholic (76 stops), Grace Church (47 stops), St. Mary's Catholic, First Congregational (40 stops) and St. Luke's large new organ. The St. Ignatius organ was the largest west of Chicago, unless excelled by additions made to the Mormon organ.

OLD FAVORITES

Carmen Bellicosum.

In their ragged regimentals,
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,
When the grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon shot;
When the files
Of the isles,
From the smoky night encampment,
Bore the banner of the rampant
Unicorn
And grummer, grummer, grummer,
Roll'd the roll of the drummer,
Through the morn!
Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;
And the halls whistled deadly
And in streams flashing redly
Blazed the fires;
As the roar
On the shore
Swept the strong battle-breakers
O'er the green-sodded acres
Of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder
Crack'd the black gunpowder,
Crack'd again!
Now like smiths at their forges
Work'd the red St. George's
Cannoneers,
And the "villainous saltpetre"
Rang a fierce discordant metre
Round their ears;
As the swift
Storm-drift
With hot sweeping anger,
Came the horseguards' clangor
On our flanks;
Then higher, higher, higher,
Burn'd the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks!
Then the old-fashion'd Colonel
Gallop'd through the white infernal
Powder-cloud;
And his broad sword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet loud.
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper jackets redden
At the touch of the leaden
Rifle-breath;
And rounder, rounder, rounder,
Roar'd the iron six-pounder,
Hurling death!

Guy Humphrey McMaster

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A man accompanied by his wife visited a merchant tailor to order a suit of clothes. The couple differed as to the material and the manner of making and the wife lost her temper. "Oh, well," she said, turning away, "please yourself; I suppose you are the one who will wear the clothes." "Well," observed the husband meekly, "I didn't suppose you'd want to wear the coat and waist-coat."

Marion Crawford recently gave a dinner in Rome and during the dinner the talk turned on Venice.

"There is a young woman from Duluth," Mr. Crawford said, "whom I met one bright October morning in Sorrento. She told me that she was touring Italy with her father. She said her father had liked all the Italian cities, but especially he had liked Venice."

"Ah, Venice, to be sure," said I. "I can readily understand that your father would prefer Venice, with its gondolas and St. Mark's and Michael Angelos—"

"Oh, no," said the young lady; "it wasn't that. But he could sit in the hotel, you know, and fish out of the window."

The manager of a manufacturing firm was watching a truckman tugging at a heavy case. The man's face was red, and the muscles of his neck were standing out. The manager thought it was the right moment to offer practical assistance.

"Wait a minute, there," he said. "Let me show you how easy things become when you use a little brains with your muscle."

He took up a hook, stuck it into the case, gave a pull, and went sprawling into the gutter. He got up, looked at the hook and said:

"Confound it! The handle comes off."

"Yes, sir," said the truckman. "My brains told me that, and I didn't use it."

A Pike county girl married a guide, and the day after the wedding the guide took out a life policy for \$1500. Then, with his wife, he started for Porter's Lake with a party of sportsmen, the wife to cook and wash dishes, the man to clean fish and so on. Unfortunately the young guide was bitten by a rattlesnake one morning, and a few days afterward he died. The widow notified her family and friends of his death in a note that said: "Bill parst away yistidy. Loss fully covered by insurance."

W. H. Pigg, who has started an elk ranch at Freshwater, Colo., was showing his herd of elk to a party of Eastern capitalists.

"I am sure you will succeed in this venture, Pigg," said a brother. "You are a persevering man, and perseverance always brings success."

Mr. Pigg laughed.

"I am persevering," he admitted, "and I believe in perseverance. At the same time I don't rate it as high, sir, as you do. Perseverance without intelligence is nothing. A hen can sit on a china egg, but there will be no result."

In Mitchell vs. Com., 106 Ky., 602, the jury rendered the following verdict: "Wee the jury agree and find the defendant guilty as charged in the indite and sess his fined at 100 dollars. Isaa Clouse." On objection to this as no verdict, the court said: "We think it expresses—though only phoretically—the intention of the jury so that no one could be mistaken in regard to it." The ruling was evidently based on Lewis Carroll's maxim: "Take care of the sounds and the sense will take care of itself."

A merry party being gathered in a city that made such a racket that the occupant of a neighboring apartment sent his servant down with a polite message asking if it would be possible for the party to make less noise, since, as the servant announced, "Mr. Smith says that he cannot read."

"I am very sorry for Mr. Smith," replied the host. "Please present my compliments to your master, say that I am sorry he cannot read, and tell him I could when I was 4 years old!"

It is not necessary that a lawyer should go to win verdicts, but he must

have the tact which turns an apparent defeat to his own advantage. One of the most successful of verdict winners was Sir James Scarlett. His skill in turning a failure into a success was wonderful. In a breach-of-promise case the defendant, Scarlett's client, was alleged to have been scarlet into an engagement by the plaintiff's mother. She was a witness in behalf of her daughter, and completely baffled Scarlett, who cross-examined her. But in his argument he exhibited his tact by this happy stroke of advocacy: "You saw, gentlemen of the jury, that I was but a child in her hands. What must my client have been?"

An amusing story is told of Mr. (now Count) Witte's acumen. Zubatoff, the agent provocateur of the police, asked Father Gapon to write a certain report for presentation to Mr. Witte, about labor organizations, and as if emanating from the men themselves. Father Gapon, with the aim of making a tool of Zubatoff, agreed, wrote the report, and a delegation of the workmen presented it to Mr. Witte. The latter read the report through, then calmly asked: "Did you write this, gentlemen?" "Yes," they answered. "Then you ought to become journalists," Mr. Witte replied; and with these words he dismissed them.

Herbert Tate-Willis, the well-known authority on bridge, plays badly if there are too many onlookers about.

"As some people dislike any one to look over their shoulders while they are writing letters," he said recently, "so I dislike to have any one look over my shoulders while I am playing bridge."

"Two gentlemen were playing one night at a club to which I belong. While they played two other gentlemen entered the room. These latter two took their positions, each behind a player's chair, and, blowing cigar smoke into the players' ears, and breathing on the backs of their necks, they nodded sagely, or frowned, or whispered advice, as they deemed best. The pleasant game, in short, was quite spoiled."

"Finally one of the players rose."

"Would you mind playing this hand a minute or two for me?" he said, turning to the man behind him.

"Why no; not at all," the man replied, and he took the cards, and the first player left the room.

"Some little time went by and then the second player turned to the man behind him."

"Play these cards for me a moment; there's a good fellow," he said, rising hastily.

"Sure, old man," was the reply, and the second player left the room.

"The substitutes played out their hands and had a new deal. They played out their hands again, and had another deal. They could not imagine what had become of the two men for whom they were substituting."

"A waiter entered the room, and one of the substitutes said:

"Waiter, where are Mr. A. and Mr. B., do you know?"

"Yes, sir," the waiter answered. "They're playing in the next room, sir."

"There is a well-known English bishop who writes a very bad hand. This bad hand caused a sad error to happen some years ago."

"A young clergyman had written to the bishop to inquire about a vacant curacy, and the reply that the young man got informed him that the salary was small and the work difficult. But there was one mitigating circumstance. The incumbent, among his other duties, would visit the earl every morning and spend two hours there."

The curate would have rejected the post but for the daily visit to the earl. That attracted him. There would, no doubt, he told himself, be many fashionable dinners, to which he would naturally be invited. He would make many friends among the rich and powerful. These friends would be able to help him in his career. The earl, perhaps, had daughters. One of them—who knows?—stranger things had happened.

"And so the curate accepted the difficult and poorly paid curacy, to discover, on his first visit to the town, that he had misread the bishop's letter, and that his daily two hours' visit was not to the earl, but to the jail."

PATRIOTIC VERSE.

The Flag Goes By.

Hats off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky;
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines,
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and save the State;
Weary marches and smelting ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law;
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong;
Pride and glory and honor,—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high;
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Henry Holcomb Bennett.

Reveille.

The morning is cheery, my boys, arouse!
The dew shines bright on the chestnut boughs,
And the sleepy mist on the river lies,
Though the east is flushing with crimson dyes.
Awake! awake! awake!
O'er field and wood and brake,
With glories newly born,
Comes on the blushing morn,
Awake! awake!

You have dreamed of your homes and friends at night;
You have basked in your sweetheart's smiles so bright;
Come, part with them all for awhile again,—
Turn out! turn out! turn out!
You have dreamed full long I know.
Turn out! turn out! turn out!
The east is all aglow.
Turn out! turn out!

From every valley and hill there come
The clamoring voices of life and drum;
And out in the fresh, cool morning air
The soldiers are swarming everywhere.
Fall in! fall in! fall in!
Every man in his place,
Fall in! fall in! fall in!
Each with a cheerful face,
Fall in! fall in!

Michael O'Connor.

Cavalry Song.

Our good steeds snuff the morning air,
Our pulses with their purpose tingle;
The foeman's fires are twinkling there;
He leaps to hear our sabres jingle!
HALT!
Each carbine sends its whizzing ball;
Now, cling! clang! forward all,
Into the fight!

Dash on beneath the smoking dome:
Through level lightnings gallop nearer!
One look to heaven! No thoughts of home;
The guldons that we bear are dearer.
CHARGE!
Cling! clang! forward all!
Heaven help those whose horses fall!
Cut left and right!

They flee before our fierce attack!
They fall! they spread in broken surges!
Now comrades, bear our wounded back,
And leave the foeman to his dirges.

WHEEL!

The bugles sound the swift recall:
Cling! clang! backward all!
Home and good-night!

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Warren's Address.

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle-peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!

Ask it,—ye who will,
Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you!—they're afire!
And before you, see
Who have done it! From the vale
On they come!—And will ye quail?
Lead on! Lead on! Lead on!
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may,—and die we must;
But, oh where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well?
As where Heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyr's patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head
Of his deeds to tell?

John Pierpont.

LITERARY NOTES.

Burgess' Tribute to Garnett.

In a recent number of the Boston Transcript, Gelett Burgess had a two-column appreciation concerning his friend Porter Garnett. Mr. Burgess's article was post-seismic and supposed to be post-obituary, for he evidently believed that his friend Garnett had perished by the earthquake shock. As a matter of fact Mr. Garnett was somewhat seriously injured by a fragment of wall falling on him, but fortunately, as his friends will be glad to know, he completely recovered. Concerning his friend, Mr. Burgess wrote at length, incidentally saying of him: "Curiously enough one of his chief tours de force was a description of a fire in San Francisco, and he himself was one of the first to suffer in the recent disaster. Mr. Garnett was a purist, even an eccentric in his devoted adherence to diction. He used to assert that the double possessive was fully as bad English as the double negative. His 'Essay on Style,' while not, to ordinary view, notably unrheterical, contained over ninety errors in grammar, syntax and usage."

"Garnett discovered Coppa's restaurant, and gained Joe's consent to a new scheme of decoration. With the assistance of the artists of the Quarter the walls were covered with cartoons and sketches. What was lacking in decoration and in art was made up for by a bizarre and esoteric humor that was the perpetual despair of the Philistine and the Bromide. One saw at each table new-comers with questioning puzzled faces pointing to inscrutable legends in Esperanto, in Greek or Yiddish, and wondering at the enigmatic accompaniment of illustration. There was a sort of intellectual and artistic hash spread over the walls."

Mr. Burgess describes at length many unique facts about Coppa's and the Bohemian set which frequented it, closing by saying: "If the dispatches concerning Mr. Garnett be true, San Francisco's artistic fellowship will have suffered a severe loss."

As showing the financial punctilio which prevails among the members of the Lark Coterie, it is pleasing to be able to add that when Burgess discovered that Garnett was still in the land of the living, and that he had unwittingly but unwarrantedly sung Garnett's requiem, he did the handsome thing. He at once sent to Garnett the \$25 check he had received for writing Garnett's obituary. This is as it should be. The money did not belong to the Transcript, for it got the story. It did not belong to Burgess, for he took it in exchange for what he mistakenly believed to be the truth. So it must have belonged to Garnett. The law has decided that a man owns his own body, to the extent even of bequeathing it after his death. So by parity of reasoning a living man is fairly entitled to the price of his own obituary.

Dr. Oanziger's Manuscripts.

1131 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco, June 24th, 1906.

Jerome Hart Esq., Dear Sir: I note what you say in the current issue of the Argonaut relative to the destruction of the Argonaut library and that of my friend Mr. George Hamlin Fitch, literary editor of the Chronicle. I note it with a keen pang, for I myself lost not only my library covering much of the literatures of the ancients and moderns, but in that fearful disaster I lost my manuscripts, the work of over eighteen years of tireless activity. Among those manuscripts was a companion piece of my book "Jewish Forerunners of Christianity," published by John Murray, London and Dutton, New York. "A Dictionary of Words and Phrases from Oriental Tongues as compared with Anglo-Saxon." Four unpublished novels; a Hebrew grammar; a Latin phrase book and over 6,000 folio pages of translations from Semitic literatures—not to mention the thousands of annotated letters from savants and literary men in Europe and America. My home was on Geary near Van Ness avenue, and probably the last of the dwellings to be destroyed. Had I been in the city at the time I would have attempted to save my manuscripts at the risk of my life, for these works constituted the sum and substance of the years of striving in San Francisco, from the time I arrived here, unable to speak a word in the English tongue, until I went into government service as a consular officer to Madrid, Spain. My heart goes out in pity to all men who like myself have suffered irreparable loss, the magnitude of which is beyond the grasp of the Philistine's mind. But more

sustained in the Argonaut literary repository. Where in California or elsewhere could one find the rich and rare tone, the uniqueness of form, the variety of style and the uniformity of good taste that entered into the make-up of that matchless old periodical? It has had contributors and collaborators whose glory will not fade as long as good English shall find appreciation. Its character, from a purely editorial point of view, regardless of the merits of the points under discussion, and even disagreeing with its position, was always of a nature to command respect, stimulate thought and awaken the best reasoning in the reader. To its files, literary men, my humble self included, went as to a never ceasing well of pleasure and suggestion. I was a constant reader of the Argonaut and looked for it in every part of Europe as for a friend whose salute is ever sweet, ever full of information, suggestion and encouragement, and I assure you, sir, that the sight of the Argonaut, though in somewhat changed physical form, was a very pleasing one to me.

Let me hope that you will prosper and rebuild that splendid Repository not as full, not as splendid, not as venerable perhaps as it was, but as brilliant and beneficent as it was in former years.

Very sincerely yours,

Dr. Adolphe Danziger.

President Jordan's Poem.

Dr. David Starr Jordan has the following poem, entitled "A Castle in Spain," in a recent issue of the New York Independent:

I know a castle in the heart of Spain,
Built of stone, as if to stand for aye,
With tile roof red against the azure sky—

For skies are bluest in the Heart of Spain.

So fair a castle men build not again.
'Neath its broad arches, in its courtyard fair,

And through its cloisters—open everywhere—

I wander as I will, in sun or rain.
Its inmost secrets unto me are known,
For mine the castle is. Nor mine alone:

'Tis thine, dear heart, to have and hold
and thine;

'Tis all the world's, likewise, as mine
and thine;

For whose passes through its gates
shall say,

"I dwell within this castle: it is mine!"
Stanford University, Cal.

"The Jungle" is being dramatized

and will be produced in Chicago in September. The author says there will be scores of cattle and hogs (four-footed ones) in the company, and mentions, as a feature, the squeals of hundreds of pigs.

A report is current that the American magazine, for thirty years Leslie's Monthly, of which Ellery Sedgwick is the present editor, is to be sold to a syndicate composed of Ray Stannard Baker, Ida M. Tarbell, Lincoln Steffens and several other magazine writers.

A London review is authority for the statement that, although the books of the famous Polish novelist, Henryk Sienkiewicz, are widely popular, they have not brought him a fortune. "The Russian Empire has not yet adhered to the Berne convention, and Polish copyrights can therefore be violated with impunity."

The troubles that overshadowed De Musset in life appear to follow his fortunes still. A statue of him was to have been inaugurated recently at Neuilly-sur-Seine, but an embargo had been laid upon it, and the ceremony could not take place. It lies ignominiously in its case at the packers', under seizure for storage.

Winston Churchill—the English one—who already has one or more performances to his account which are records in their way, must now be credited with another. It seems that for his life of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill, the young member of parliament received from the Macmillans the biggest price ever paid for a work of this kind. He obtained \$40,000 down, with the additional agreement that half the profits on the book should come to him after the publishers have pocketed \$20,000 as their share. In other words, Churchill has been paid at the rate of \$1.25 a line, or about twelve cents a word, and if the book sells as well as it is expected to do his words are likely to produce twice that amount.

"Vacation 1906," has been issued by the California Northwestern Railway.

This useful little book furnishes information to those who wish to stop at hotel or private home in some town, at a mineral resort, rustication on a farm, or enjoy that

to the Californian. The California Northwestern traverses Marin, Sonoma, Mendocino, and Lake counties. One may live quite inexpensively in that favored section of the State, and those who lost their residences in the late catastrophe would do well to write to the Tiburon ferry for a copy of "Vacation 1906."

Hall Caine, we have always believed, is the Isle of Man's proudest possession. But a letter inscribed "Hall Caine, Esq., Isle of Man," has been returned to the sender as insufficiently addressed. And Mr. Caine is a local legislator, as well as a novelist. Two ardent schoolboys once addressed a letter to "Victor Hugo, The Ocean"; and it found the great man in one of the Channel islands.

One of the real literary lights of Los Angeles is H. W. Collins, proprietor of a queer little secondhand bookstore on South Main street, near Sixth. In his younger days Mr. Collins was manager of a bookstore in London, patronized by Tennyson and his contemporaries, who were wont to chat freely with the intelligent salesman, who knew the inside as well as the outside worth of a rare volume.

When Ibsen, in the spring of 1898, celebrated his seventieth birthday, a number of English admirers presented him with a large silver goblet. This gift, Mr. William Archer tells us in the June Monthly Review, gave him peculiar pleasure: It occupied a place of honor in his drawing room when I visited him in August of the same year. In his study, a bright corner room looking out upon the palace park I was somewhat surprised to notice, holding a very prominent position, a huge gilt-edged and brass-clasped family Bible. "You keep this close at hand," I said, pointing to it. "Oh, yes," he replied, "I often read in it for the sake of the language."

Seventeen of the rarest early English pro-Shakespearean plays have unexpectedly come to light in the library of an Irish gentleman. The plays are indeed of greater historical value than those of Shakespeare, for they mark the literary growth of England in its early stages, practically from its rise to the time of the great Elizabethan dramatist. Among them are at least four unrecorded editions, and they include the unique pre-Shakespearean comedy "Welth and Helth." The author of this play is unknown, and it is believed to be unique. It was entered on the Stationers' Books in 1577-8, but the copy bears no date, nor printers name. There is also a copy of the exceedingly rare original edition of George Wapull's "The Tyde Taryeth no Man, A Most pleasant and merry Commodity right pythle and full of delight," imprinted at London in Fleete Strete, by Hugh Jackson, 1576.

W. K. Porter, Esq., Manager the "Vance" Hotel, 432 Taylor street, San Francisco.

Will you kindly send your address to the Argonaut office, where a letter from Cheefoo awaits you.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

ROBERTSON'S

JUST A BOOK STORE

The books reviewed or mentioned in the Argonaut can always be purchased at

ROBERTSON'S

1186 1/2 Ellis St., Near Octavia

SANTA FE

CALIFORNIA LIMITED

TO

CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS

LEAVES DAILY AT 9:30 A. M. WITH DINERS AND SLEEPERS.

7:30 A. M.—For Stockton, Merced, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield

8:00 P. M.—Intermediate points.

9:30 A. M.—California Limited, 3 days to Chicago. Leaves every day. Direct connection to Grand Canyon.

9:30 A. M.—Valley Limited for Stockton, Merced, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield and points on Sierra Railway.

10:55 A. M.—For Stockton, Riversbank, Oakdale and points on Sierra Railway.

4:00 P. M.—For Stockton, Fresno and intermediate points.

8:00 P. M.—Overland Express for Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and Grand Canyon.

TICKET OFFICES—Ferry building, Post and Billmore streets, San Francisco; 1112 Broadway, Fortieth st. and San Pablo ave., Oakland; University and West st., Berkeley.

INVESTMENTS

Local Stocks and Securities
Refers by permission to American National Bank and Anglo-Californian Bank.

A. W. BLOW,

Member Stock and Bond Exchange

A. W. BLOW & CO.,
817 Kohl Bld'g, S. F.

MT. TAMALPAIS RAILWAY

VIA SAUSALITO FERRY—FOOT MARKET ST.



WEEK—SUN—	Tavern of	Ar. SAN FRAN
DAYS	DAYS	DAYS
..... 8:25A	Tam-	1:30P 10 M
..... 9:50A	Al-	2:55P 4 M
..... 11:00A	ways	4:23P 4 M
..... 1:45P	Opea	6:22P 6 M
SATDAY 4:35P		SATDAY 11 M

TICKET OFFICE AT SAUSALITO FERRY

ZIMMERMAN

& FOLEY

Painting & Decorating

365 Seventh Avenue

SAN FRANCISCO.

HOTEL RAFAEL

SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

50 minutes from San Francisco. Complete change of Climate.

TIBURON OR SAUSALITO FERRY

All Modern Conveniences.

R. V. HALTON, Prop.

BELVEDERE, CALIFORNIA

HILLSIDE INN

Tiburon Ferry, 40 minutes from San Francisco. Boating and bathing. Terms reasonable. Address

MRS. M. J. WARREN

ALAMO PINTADO INN

Ballard, Cal.

A delightful resting place for automobilists traveling between San Francisco and Santa Barbara—50 miles north of Santa Barbara, 2 miles south of Los Olivos. Daily mail, long-distance telephone, and 72-degree gas line.

F. M. SHAW, Prop.

Insurance.

FIRE INSURANCE COLLECTOR

NOTICES GIVEN AND PROOFS OF LOSS PREPARED.

Fire Insurance Department

California

SAFE DEPOSIT & TRUST CO.

1921 Fillmore Street

LOANS ON INSURANCE

Money loaned on Policies at Regular Banking Rates. Hours, 9 a. m. to p. m.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

W. J. BARTNETT and CHAS. SLACK, Attorneys.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital \$1,000,000.

Cash Assets 5,346,134.

Surplus to Policy-Holders 2,414,821.

COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco, 3510 California St., San Francisco; 525 Thirteenth St., Oakland.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager Pacific Department

STAGE GOSSIP.

Puccini's Early Struggles.

In the course of a chat with an English interviewer, several weeks since, Puccini, the Italian composer, said that "Madame Butterfly" will be given under Conried's management, in this country. Puccini is now composing the score of an opera for which d'Annunzio has provided the libretto, speaking of his early struggles the composer said: "Le Villi, my first opera, was produced at Milan in 1884, and I received 2,000 francs for it. During the four months I spent in writing

I had lived on credit at a little restaurant called the Aida, in a slum in Milan. My dinner usually consisted of a piece of badly-cooked meat and a cup of more or less sour wine. I recall to this day the half-ashamed manner in which I used to tell the waiter to creak up the bill, and then sneak out of the place, because I had no money for a tip. When I was paid for 'Le Villi' I went to this restaurant and settled the bill, which amounted to 300 francs.

"The proprietor, having heard of the performance of the opera, told me that there was no necessity to pay the amount. 'Let it run on,' he said. But I was indignant with the man. 'I will pay it now,' I exclaimed, 'and I will never dine again under your roof, because you have made me feel my unfortunate position.' I suppose the manager to distrust me—and he may have had reason for so doing—but I always felt confident I should succeed, and although poor, I was proud of my name, and would not have cheated him for a sou.

"'Edgar,' my second opera, came out at La Scala in 1889, but the hook was not good. However, I received 12,000 francs for the music, and this money was very acceptable in those delightful days. I often wish I could go back to those old times—though just for precaution's sake I should desire to keep my present balance at the bank! It is not pleasant to be hard up, and sometimes I did not know where I could find a franc. I used to copy manuscripts for a small remuneration, but I had to give this up, because my writing was not clear. Then I played the piano at cafe concerts. Indeed, I did anything to keep myself alive. Only those who have been poor know how the poor exist."

Symphony Concerts at the University.

A series of six concerts has been announced by the University of California for the present summer. The University Orchestra, conducted by Dr. J. F. Wolfe, Professor of Music in the University, will give symphony concerts in the Greek Theater at half past three on the Thursday afternoons of June 28 and July 12, and 26. The Minetti String Quartette, consisting of Mr. Giulio Minetti, first violin; Mr. Hans Koenig, second violin; Mr. Andre Verdier, viola; and Mr. Arthur Weiss, cello, will give concerts of chamber music in the Greek Theater at half past three on the Thursday afternoons of July 5 and 19 and August 2. For the symphony concerts, admission will be one dollar or seventy-five cents; for the chamber music concerts, fifty cents or twenty-five cents.

Season ticket for the six concerts will cost, for a chair in the reserved section, within the diazoma, \$3; for the unreserved section, \$2. Subscriptions should be addressed to the office of the Regents, University of California, Berkeley.

These concerts are altogether public in character, and without any element of private profit. Remuneration is provided only for the musicians. Any surplus goes toward further musical undertakings at the University. The theater syndicate promises to make Los Angeles the dramatic center of the Pacific Coast, until San Francisco arises from its ashes. Contracts are already here for extended appearances of Richard Mansfield, Maude Adams in "Peter Pan," the Savage Grand Opera Company, the new production of Puccini's "Madame Butterfly," the San Carlo opera company of Italy, John Drew, E. H. Sothern, Julia Arlowe, Lulu Glaser and a score of others.

Viola Allen will appear in the new theater during October in an elaborate production of "Cymbeline." E. S. Willard has secured the American rights for "Colonel Newcome," Michael Morton's dramatized version of Thackeray's "The Newcomes." The play was a disappointment at its first production in London several weeks ago.

A dramatized version of "Ramona" is to be given in the very place where the incidents of the novel are laid, Ramona of the play will depict the life of the real Ramona amid the scenes where the real Ramona lived out the story which formed the basis for the great novel. Among the actors will be several San Jacinto people who were models from whom Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson drew her characters.

Charles M. Schwab is said to be the financial supporter of Hammerstein's venture to build up the Manhattan Opera House as a rival to the Metropolitan. Schwab's impresario ambition is mainly the result of a reported grievance involving the absence of his name from the lists of boxholders at the Metropolitan Opera House. Hammerstein has tried to get Jean de Reszke, the Polish tenor as artistic director.

Eight months ago Lina Abarbanel, the German lyric soubrette, knew perhaps one or two scattering words of English. Today she is appearing as the prima donna in an English production, "The Student King," and she has mastered the language of the country with surprising proficiency. When Madame Modjeska made her first appearance in San Francisco, 30 years ago, in "Adrienne Lecouvreur," she had been studying English but four months.

Wilfred Clarke continues at the Orpheum this coming week with his leading lady, Theo Carew. Nita Allen and her company repeat their successful one-act comedy, "Car Two, State-room One." It is laid on the "Owl" train. Among the company is Dr. Frank Rodolph, who has taken the stage name of Frank Erwin. Cliff Gordon, "the German politician," will give a monologue. The brothers Damm, European acrobats, are muscular marvels. The Kaufmann troupe of bicyclists will continue their act, and Bert and Bertha Grant will change their songs and dances. Orpheum Motion Pictures will complete a great comedy program.

BURNED SILVERWARE MADE NEW

Like the magic touch of King Midas is the wonder-working skill of the silversmith at Hammersmith & Field's. Burned, blackened, bent treasures in silverware are there being restored to former design, polish and temper. A large array of silver victims of the late fire: tea pots, salvers, waiters, dishes and a punch bowl rim—apparently—hopeless wrecks, are in process of being restored to all their sparkling beauty and delicate tracery.

Citizens of San Francisco who have mournfully dragged from the ashes of their homes treasured bits of silver to keep as souvenirs will find a pleasant surprise in the miracles being wrought at the handsome new quarters of Hammersmith & Field, on Van Ness, corner of Eddy, just opposite the new "Tait's."

Next Sunday go to Byron Hot Springs.—You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

ORPHEUM

Week Commencing Sunday, Matinee, July 1.

The Show of the Season!

WILFRED CLARKE & CO.; JUANITA ALLEN & CO.; CLIFF GORDON; BROTHERS DAMM; THE GREAT KAUFMANN TROUPE; BERT and BERTHA GRANT; ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES, and Last Week of

16—KARNO'S LONDON COMEDY COMPANY 16 MATINEES EVERY DAY EXCEPT MONDAY. Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c. Matinees, except Saturday and Sunday, 10c and 25c. Box Office at Donlon's Drug Store, Fillmore and Sutter streets, Phone West 6000.

CHUTES AND ZOO—Open daily from 10 a. m. to Midnight.

Admission, 10c; Children, 5c.

IF YOU WISH TO ADVERTISE

IN NEWSPAPERS ANYWHERE AT ANY TIME Call on or Write

E. C. DAKES' ADVERTISING AGENCY

1004 Masonic Avenue, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

POTTER HOTEL

Santa Barbara, Cal.

Summer Rates

\$2 PER DAY

and Upwards

American Plan Only

SUNSET MAGAZINE

JUNE-JULY NUMBER

OUT JUNE TWENTY-FIFTH

"San Francisco"

BY

E. H. HARRIMAN

"San Francisco"

BY

JOAQUIN MILLER

"The Plight and Prospects of San Francisco".....by Charles S. Aiken
"Handling the Crisis".....by Col. Edwin Emerson
"The Chariots of the Gods".....by Charles K. Field

Photographs of San Francisco while burning and after the disaster. Portraits of Funston, Schmitz and Other Prominent Men.

FOR SALE ON ALL NEWS STANDS.

PRICE 10 CENTS

ROOS BROS.

NOW OPEN

FILLMORE AT O'FARRELL

Same high standard of quality that has characterized "Roos" merchandise since the establishment of this business in 1867

NOTES AND GOSSIP.

Engagements and Weddings.

The engagement is announced of Mrs. Katherine Buck, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Buck and cousin of the late Mrs. Lewis Risdon Mead, to Captain James T. Bootes, U. S. M. C. Miss Buck will sail shortly, with friends, to the Orient, where Captain Bootes is stationed on the U. S. S. Wisconsin, and their wedding will take place either in Shanghai or Chefoo.

The engagement is announced of Miss Margaret Simpson, daughter of the Rev. Stephen Price Simpson of New York, to Mr. Foster Sturgess of San Francisco. The wedding will take place in New York in October.

The wedding of Miss Ruth Finette Miller, daughter of the late Major and Mrs. O. C. Miller, to Captain Louis Brechmier Jr., U. S. A., will take place today (Saturday) at Christ Church, Sausalito. The ceremony will be celebrated at high noon, the Rev. Mr. Maxwell, rector of the parish, officiating. Mrs. Clarence Percy Nicholson, the bride's sister, will be the matron of honor, Lieutenant Clarence Carrigan, U. S. A., will be the best man, and Captain Henry B. Clark, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Guy Manning, U. S. A., the ushers. A reception to about fifty guests will follow at the bride's home, "The Pines." Captain Brechmier and his bride will leave on their wedding journey, returning thence to Fort Baker, where they will be at home after August 1.

The wedding of Miss Marian Burness to Mr. William A. S. Foster took place on Wednesday, June 20, at the home of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster, in San Rafael. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. William Alexander. Mr. Foster and his bride will make their home in Willits.

The wedding of Miss Margaret Foulke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Morris Foulke, to Mr. Winthrop Howe Estabrook took place on Tuesday, June 19, at the home of the bride's parents at Gazelle, Siskiyou County.

The wedding of Miss Maude Muir, daughter of Mr. John Muir, to Mr. Thomas Hanna took place on Wednesday, June 20, at Martinez. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Stoddard. There were no attendants and only a few very intimate friends and relatives were present.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott have sold their house on the S. W. corner of Laguna and Clay streets. J. C. Wilson wished to buy it and had paid a deposit, but the check was returned and Washington Dodge, who is said to have paid in the neighborhood of \$50,000 has become the owner of the property.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill have sold their fine house on Sacramento and Laguna streets, to Henry Miller, the "Cattle King", for \$125,000.

Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderhilt Jr. will spend the summer at the Marble House at Newport.

Mrs. William H. Crocker sailed on Tuesday last from New York for Europe, to be absent until the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon and Mr. Thomas Hesketh will leave early in July for Europe after a stay here for several weeks as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Holbrook have been staying at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Brockway Metcalf returned last week on the America Maru from their honeymoon trip to the Orient, their return having been hastened by the serious illness of Mrs. Metcalf's grandmother.

Mr. Templeton Crocker is expected to arrive here shortly from New York.

Mrs. William F. Herrin, Miss Kathryn Herrin and Miss Alice Herrin have returned from a visit to San Jose and expect to leave shortly for Shasta Springs.

Miss Betty Angus entertained at an informal dance at her home on Union street, on Friday evening of last week. About twenty guests being present.

Miss Margaret Hyde Smith has spent a week in town as the guest of Miss Maizie Langhorne and Miss Julia Langhorne.

Miss Frances Jelliffe has returned from Europe, where she went in the early spring expecting to remain abroad a year, and is now the guest of her sister, Mrs. Herbert C. Moffitt. Miss Jelliffe will probably leave again for London in about two months and will there engage in literary work, a position having been offered her as book and dramatic reviewer.

Mrs. McMullin-Belvin, Miss Ada S.

llvan, Miss Alyce Snillivan and Miss Florence Mullins arrived the first of this week from a brief trip to the Orient.

Mrs. James Ellis Tucker has spent several days in the city recently, but returned last week to St. Helena, where she is staying during the summer with her mother, Mrs. Bowen.

Miss E. Marion Warren, whose apartment on Van Ness avenue was destroyed by fire, has taken a house on Vallejo street, near Fillmore.

Judge and Mrs. James R. Allen and their family have returned to their country place at Menlo after spending a few weeks at their home here.

Miss Virginia Jolliffe and Miss Mary Jolliffe have returned to Oakland after a visit to friends at Burlingame.

Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden, who has, with her mother, Mrs. Emma Butler, been in Santa Barbara for several weeks past, arrived in the city this week and will, after a stay of a few days, return again to Santa Barbara.

Francis Carolan has been stopping at Cloridge's in London.

Mr. and Mrs. Alphonsa Wigmore of Los Angeles have been in the city for a few days occupying apartments at the Majestic.

Mr. J. V. Coleman who has recently returned from New York is now at Santa Cruz. Later in the season Mr. Coleman will take down his yacht "The Aggie".

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Henshaw, with their two daughters and their guests, Miss Ruth Houghton and Mrs. Alice Grimes, are at Sag Harbor, where they plan to pass the entire summer.

Among those who have engaged rooms at Del Monte are Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Oyster, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin and Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden.

Alexander Weill, the head of the great banking firm of Lazard Freres, a brother of Raphael Weill of the White House, and the principal owner of the London, Paris and American Bank of this city, died in Paris on June 24th.

CLUB DIRECTORY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

PACIFIC UNION, N. E. cor. Franklin and Washington Sts.
BOHEMIAN, 1925 Octavia St.
COSMOS, 1534 Sutter St.
OLYMPIC, 1050 Eddy St.
UNION LEAGUE, N. W. cor. Franklin and Sacramento Sts.
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, 2235 Washington St.
PRESS CLUB, 2016 Post St.
THE FAMILY CLUB, cor. Sacramento and Franklin Sts.
CONCORDIA, N. E. cor. Pacific Ave. and Fillmore St.
FRANCISCA, 1148 Ellis St., near Gough.
TOWN AND COUNTRY, Franklin St. near Sacramento.

Fourth of July at Del Monte.

It is an odd sort of a season for all California resorts. That place which affords the most comfort and the most pleasure at the most reasonable rates is the place which is drawing San Franciscans. Many families have taken advantage of the opportunities offered at Hotel Del Monte, where all conditions are as usual in spite of disturbances elsewhere. In fact, a recent visit there shows that things are better than usual, for the hotel during the past year has been thoroughly renovated. The rooms in the main building as well as those in the large annexes, are now supplied with all modern equipment, including baths, electricity and telephones. New carpets, new paper and new furnishings add to the general effect and comfort which has ever made the hotel famous among all other resorts. And then there are the large park-like grounds and the sea, both close at hand, the golf links and the salmon fishing. Just at present, and likely to continue for several weeks, the salmon are running in Monterey Bay as never before, and ardent sports are getting all kinds of fish trophies. Over at the Presidio are many events, devised by army men, and Monterey and Pacific Grove offer a round of outside attractions. Special rates are made to families who desire to make Del Monte their home. It is just the place to spend the Fourth of July holidays. Special round trip rates. Parlor car direct to the hotel leaves Third and Townsend streets 3 p. m. daily.

Mrs. Henry A. Butters and Miss Marguerite Butters have closed their Piedmont home for the season and gone to their country place near Chico. Miss Frances Stewart left last week for Chicago where she will spend several months. Miss Stewart has been visiting in Piedmont since the fire.

Mr. Willis Davis and Miss Sidney Davis are staying at Independence Lake for a few weeks.

The Call

Is the cleanest, brightest, newest of all the San Francisco dailies.

The best fiction the world produces can be found in the Magazine Section of the Sunday edition. Its Art features are equal to the best of the magazines.

THE CALL is made up having specially in view its large home patronage. It contains every day of the year

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT
And is the BEST Advertising Medium.

Hillside Inn
BELVEDERE, CAL.

No fogs. No wind. Bathing and boating. Magnificent marine view. Within forty minutes of San Francisco. For particulars inquire of MRS. M. J. WARREN.

REMOVED

PACIFIC STATES TELEPHONE
AND TELEGRAPH CO.

Have Removed Their Executive
Office and Their Business Office to

SCOTT AND FELL STREETS

The American
National Bank
IS OCCUPYING ITS FORMER QUARTERS IN THE
Merchants' Exchange Building

And is fully prepared to care for
the business needs of its patrons

Pears'

Pears' Soap furnishes all the skin needs, except water.

Just how it cleanses, softens and freshens the delicate skin-fabric, takes longer to expound than to experience. Use a cake.

Sold in every quarter of the globe.

EDUCATIONAL.

Mrs. J. E. TIPPETT

(CLARA BEUTLER)

Teacher of Singing.
Coaching.

Studio, Pierce Building, Copley Square,
Boston, Mass.

MISS HARKER'S SCHOOL.

Palo Alto, Cal. Home and Day School for Girls. Intermediate and Primary Departments. Certificate admits to Stanford, Vassar and Wellesley. Number limited. Reopens August 20th.

OGONTZ SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia, two hours from New York. The late Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circulars address
MISS SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal,
Ogontz, School P. O., Pa.

HELPING THE HOMELESS

The Continental

Building and Loan Association
Has helped build up several interior towns and cities of California, but for the next few years its funds will be used to help restore the burned homes of San Francisco.

Dr. Washington Dodge, President.
Gavin McNab, Attorney.
Wm. Corbin, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr.
Office: Corner Market and Church Sts.

A MATCHLESS RECORD

Made by a Matchless Newspaper
Conclusive Proof That the
OAKLAND DAILY TRIBUNE
Reaches Seven-Tenths of the
Homes of Alameda Co.
May, 1905, 27,970 inches of advertising.
May, 1906, 48,237 inches of advertising.
NET GAIN OF 69 PER CENT.
The Tribune carries more advertising than all other Oakland papers combined.
Only seven-day paper in Oakland.

Leonard L. Murch

Book and Commercial

PRINTING

427 SIXTY-FIFTH STREET

Near Telegraph Avenue,

OAKLAND

Cards, Circulars, Legal Blanks,
Stationery, Etc. Contracts taken
for Printing of Periodicals.

Phone Oakland 7374

Instruction by mail in literary composition.
Courses suited to all needs.
Revision, criticism, and sale of MSS.
Send for circular.

DO YOU
WRITE?
Editorial Bureau,
33 West 45th St., New York

ARMY AND NAVY.

Rear Admiral Bowman H. McCalla, U. S. N., was retired on June 19th and was succeeded temporarily as commandant of the Mare Island Navy Yard by Captain Alexander McCracken, U. S. N., Captain of the Yard, until the arrival of Rear Admiral H. N. Lyon, U. S. N., detached from command of the naval station at Honolulu and ordered as permanent commandant at Mare Island.

Major General A. W. Greeley, U. S. A., and Mrs. Greeley, left on Thursday evening for a trip to Yosemite Valley and thence to Los Angeles and San Diego. They will be accompanied by Captain Frank L. Winn, U. S. A. Acting Aid-de-Camp, and will be absent a week or ten days.

Colonel R. H. Patterson, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who was for several months the commanding officer of Fort Baker, and who has recently been ordered east to command the Artillery District of Savannah, has arrived with his family at Fort Screven, Georgia.

Colonel William L. Pitcher, U. S. A., who has recently been promoted, has been assigned to the command of the Fourteenth Infantry, stationed at Vancouver Barracks. Colonel Pitcher has been Lieutenant Colonel of the Twenty-eighth Infantry, stationed at Fort Snelling, Minnesota.

Lieutenant Colonel Daniel M. Appel, U. S. G., U. S. A., will assume charge of the Medical Supply Depot, U. S. A., in San Francisco on June 30th.

Professor W. W. Hendrickson, for many years head of the Department of Mathematics at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, was retired on June 21st, and was succeeded by Professor Paul Dashiell. Professor Hendrickson was Lieutenant Commander in the Navy before being transferred to the Academy.

Major Samuel W. Dunning, U. S. A., Military Secretary of the Pacific Division, and Mrs. Dunning, who were turned out at the Empire in this city, are at present living with Major Dunning's brother in Oakland.

Major C. A. Bennett, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has changed stations from the Presidio of San Francisco to Vancouver Barracks. Major Bennett has one month's leave which he and Mrs. Bennett are spending at St. Helena.

Captain Louis R. Burgess, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., for the past two years and a half Adjutant of the Artillery District of San Francisco and the post of the Presidio of San Francisco, will be relieved on July 1st by Captain D. V. Ketcham, Artillery Corps, U. S. A. Captain Burgess will go at the end of two months leave to Fort Totten, New York, where he has been ordered or a year's course at the School of Submarine Defense. Captain and Mrs. Burgess and their family will spend the month of July in Mill Valley with Mrs. Burgess' parents, Dr. and Mrs. Davis, and in August will go to Tacoma for several weeks stay as the guest of Captain Burgess' parents.

Captain W. F. Hancock, U. S. A., is staying with Captain Haynes, U. S. A., at the Presidio of San Francisco, waiting his examination for promotion to Major which will take place July 5th. Captain Haynes and Captain H. L. Hawthorne, U. S. A., will also be examined for promotion on the same date.

Captain Jesse M. Baker, Quarter Master, U. S. A., has gone from San Francisco to Seattle, Washington, and reported to the quarter master at the latter post for temporary duty, relieving Captain Maurice Cralle, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A.

Captain Charles G. Dwyer, Paymaster, U. S. A., has been ordered relieved from duty here and to proceed about July 15th to Omaha, for duty, until the close of the camp of instruction, at Fort Riley and to proceed then to New York.

Captain John R. Proctor, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is expected to arrive in the next transport from the Philippines and will command the 105th company, Coast Artillery at present commanded by Lieutenant J. R. Ponce, U. S. A.

Chaplain Oliver C. Miller, Thirteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas, has been placed on the retired list on account of disability, incident to the service. During the Spanish war, Chaplain Miller served as Chaplain of the Eighth California Volunteer Infantry and in January, 1901, was appointed in the Regular Army from California. He has been attached to the Thirteenth Cavalry, 4th rank of Captain since February, 1903.

Chaplain William E. Gladden, U. S. A., is assigned to the Twenty-fourth Infantry, U. S. A., and ordered to re-

port July 15th to the commanding officer at Fort Logan, Colorado, after which he will proceed to San Francisco, sailing thence for Manila for duty in the Philippine division.

Through the State and Navy departments Rear-Admiral Goodrich, United States Navy, has been thanked by the Mexican Government for his assistance in stamping out an epidemic of diphtheria in Magdalena bay, Mexico. Admiral Goodrich sent surgeons of the Pacific squadron ashore to minister to the sick and assist local physicians in fighting the scourge.

Lieutenant Clarence S. Kempff, U. S. N., has been ordered detached from the U. S. Flag Ship Ohio, and transferred to the U. S. Cruiser Raleigh.

Lieutenant Morris E. Locke, Ninth Battery, Field Artillery, U. S. A., will leave August 1st, for the maneuvers at American Lake, and from there on August 15th for Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where he has been ordered for a year's course in the Infantry and Cavalry School.

Lieutenant John Burke Murphy, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., now stationed at Vancouver Barracks, has been ordered to Fort Monroe, Virginia, for a year's course in the Artillery School. Lieutenant and Mrs. Murphy, the latter of whom was formerly Miss Jean Nokes of this city, will arrive here during the summer for a visit to relatives and friends, going in August to Monroe.

Lieutenant Leigh Sypher, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has resigned his commission as an officer of the army, and has engaged in business here connected with construction of modern buildings. Mr. Sypher was to have gone to the Artillery School at Fort Monroe this fall.

Lieutenant R. C. Weightman, U. S. R. C. S., has been detached from the Manning and ordered to the McCulloch.

The Naval Board of Inspection and Survey will leave Washington, D. C., on July 16th for Seattle, where the trial trip of the battleship Nebraska, will be conducted. The board will come thence to San Francisco and try the battleship Milwaukee, the trial to be made in the Santa Barbara channel.

The Small Arms Competition of the Pacific Division will be held at the Presidio at Monterey, beginning July 30th and lasting until August 7th, inclusive. Lieutenant-Colonel Garrard, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., will be in charge, but no other officials of the competition have as yet been designated.

Three troops, Fourteenth Cavalry, left on Saturday last for the Presidio of Monterey.

San Francisco Local Securities.

Following is a comparative table of the prices offered for prominent bonds and stocks on June 1st and June 25:

BIDS		June 1. June 25	
Securities.			
Bay Counties Power Co., 5 per cent bonds.....	\$ 88	\$ 104	
California Gas and Elec- tric, general mortgage 5 per cent bonds	88	90 1/4	
Contra Costa Water Co., genral mortgage 5 per cent bonds	87	92 1/2	
Oakland Transit, 5 per cent bonds	106	109	
Oceanic Steamship Co., 5 per cent bonds	55	57 1/2	
Omnibus Cable Railway, 6 per cent bonds	114	117 1/2	
Contra Costa Water Com- pany stock	39	55 3/4	
Spring Valley Water Company stock	20	22 3/8	
Pacific Lighting Com- pany stock	80	84	
American National Bank stock	110	115	
Savings and Loan Soci- ety stock	100	105	
California-Street Railway station stock	12	13 3/8	
Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar stock ...	78 1/2	81 1/2	
Honokaa Sugar stock ...	10 1/2	11	
Hutchinson Sugar Plan- tation stock	12	13 3/8	
Makaweli Sugar stock ...	32 1/2	34 3/8	
Onomea Sugar stock +...	26	31 1/4	
Union Sugar stock	41	45	
Alaska Packers' Asso- ciation stock	62	56 1/2	
Pacific States Telephone and Telegraph stock ..	80	90	
There were numerous small sales of Spring Valley Water stock June 25. Eighteen deals were made, the aggre- gate number of shares sold being 665 and the prices ranging from \$22.87 1/4 to \$23.12 1/4. Forty shares of Bank of California stock were sold at \$35.00, and 55 shares of Giant Powder at \$30.75. Bond sales were as follows: 1,000 As- sociated Oil 5 per cents at \$33; 2,000 Oakland Transit 6 per cents at \$119; 2,000 Spring Valley and San Joaquin 5 per cents at \$116.75, and 4,000 United Railroads 4 per cents at \$30.			

For YOUR BREAKFAST

GERMEA

AT ALL GROCERS

The Johnson-Locke Mercantile Co. AGENTS

714 Broadway, Oakland

STEAMSHIP LINES.

AMERICAN LINE

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTH-AMPTON.	
St. Louis	June 30
Philadelphia	July 7
St. Paul	July 14
New York	July 28
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool	
Noordland	June 30
Haverford	July 7
Friesland	July 14
Westernland	July 21

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.	
Minnehaha	June 30
Minnetonka	July 7
Messiah	July 14
Minneapolis	July 21

HOLLAND-AMERICAN LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.	
Sailing Wednesdays as per sailing list.	
N. Amsterdam	July 4, 4 a. m.
Statendam	July 11, 10 a. m.
Rydham	July 18, Noon.
Potsdam	Aug. 1, Noon.
Noordam	Aug. 8, 6 a. m.
N. Amsterdam	Aug. 15, 10 a. m.

RED STAR LINE.

N. Y.—ANTWERP—DOVER—(LONDON, PARIS)	
Vaderland	June 30
Kronland	July 7
Zeeland	July 14
Vaderland	July 28

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.	
Baltic	July 4
Majestic	July 11
Celtic	July 13
Oceanic	July 18
Teutonic	July 25
Cedric	July 27

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool	
Arabic	July 5
Republic	July 12
Cymric	July 19
Arabic	Aug. 2
C. D. TAYLOR, Pass. Agt. Pacific Coast, Temporary Office 534 14th st., Oakland.	

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

HONOLULU only—S. S. Alameda sails 11 A. M. June 30. Round trip, first-class, \$125.	
TAHITI, SOUTH SEAS—S. S. Mariposa sails 11 A. M. July 1. Grand Tour. This Voyage, \$125 Round Trip.	
Sydney, Auckland, Samoa, Honolulu	
S. S. SIERRA sails 2 P. M. July 12	
OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY, Office, 1008 Broadway, Oakland, Pier 7, San Francisco.	

TOYO KISEN KAISHA

ORIENTAL S. S. CO. have opened their general offices at 217-221 BRANNAN ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and Brannan streets, 1 P. M., for Yokohama and Hongkong, call at Honolulu, Kobe, (Higo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamer for Manila, India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

S. S. HONGKONG MARU.....	Tues., June 6, 1906
S. S. AMERICAN MARU.....	Tues., July 3, 1906
S. S. NIPPON MARU.....	Saturday, July 28, 1906
Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan sts. W. H. AVERY, Assistant General Manager.	

Has Never Failed!

TRY IT

HERBO CORN CURE

RELIEVES PAIN IN ONE NIGHT
Twenty-five Cents All Druggists

Del Monte Offers

During the reconstruction of San Francisco, Hotel del Monte offers a welcome shelter to those desiring a homelike place for rest and recreation. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at the present. The entire Hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families. Address Geo. P. Snell, Manager, Del Monte, California.

A Permanent Home

Thos. Cook & Son

NOW LOCATED

410 Fourteenth Street
OAKLAND.

Bonestell, Richardson & Co.

Has Plenty of Every Kind of

PAPER

For Immediate Delivery.

Just Received Four Carloads of Ruberoid Roofing. Architects and builders of the highest class recommend Ruberoid for any style of building. Write for Samples and Price. California's Leading Paper House. Phone, Oakland 7700. 1059 CASTRO STREET, OAKLAND.

HOTEL COLLINGWOOD

35th St., bet. 5th Ave and Broadway,
NEW YORK CITY

New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district, containing every modern device for comfort of guests. Positively exclusive. Service a la carte.

It Is Well Known

That the proper place for a vacation is in MARIN, SONOMA, MENDOCINO, or LAKE COUNTIES, reached by the

California Northwestern Railway

AND THE

North Shore Railroad

You can stop at some mineral spring resort, private home in one of the pretty towns, rusticate on a farm or camp by some stream.

Call or write for "VACATION 1906" which will give detailed information showing terms for board \$7.00 per week and upwards.

Ticket Office and General Office in Ferry Building, foot of Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

JAMES AGLER, R. X. RYAN,
Gen. Mgr. Gen. Pass. & Frt. Agt.

THE LATEST STYLES IN Choice Woolens

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,
2220 Webster St., San Francisco.
Bicycle and Golf Suits.

Romeike's Press Cutting Bureau

Will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date." A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines. In fact, every paper of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers, and, through the European Bureau, all the leading papers in the civilized globe. Clippings found for subscribers and pasted on slips giving name and date of paper, and are mailed day by day. Write for circular and terms.

HENRY ROMEIKE, 33 UNION SQUARE, N.Y.

(Branches)
LONDON, PARIS, BERLIN, SYDNEY

ACROSS THE BAY.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom C. Grant are stopping in Berkeley.

Miss Nellie Chabot, who has been spending the early summer in Washington, D. C., as the guest of Mrs. Metcalf, has returned to her home in Oakland.

Mrs. F. C. Van Sicklen and Miss Hilda Van Sicklen, of Oakland, expect to go to Lake Tahoe next week.

Mrs. James Robinson and her son Porter, who returned recently from abroad, have been stopping in Oakland. Miss Elena has remained in Germany.

Mrs. Foute and Miss Gussie Foute have been spending some time at Hillside Inn, Belvedere.

Miss Innes Keeney has just returned to her home in San Francisco after a month at Hillside Inn, Belvedere.

Mrs. Le Grande Tibbitts, who has been the guest of her mother, Mrs. Eleanor Folger, in Oakland, for the past several months, left for her home in New York during the week.

Miss Adler and her sister, who have been stopping at the Hillside Inn Belvedere, expect to leave for Europe soon.

Mr. and Mrs. John Charles Adams, of Oakland, left recently for the East, where they will remain until the late fall. They are planning an extensive automobile tour as one of the pleasures of their absence.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease are among the many San Franciscans who are spending the summer in Mill Valley.

Mrs. Alexander Boyd and Mr. St. Clair Boyd are in San Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney V. Smith, whose home on Jones and Clay streets was burned and who lost there many treasures in the way of exquisite furnishings, paintings and silverware, have taken a house in Berkeley for a year.

Miss Emma Greenwood has returned to her home in Fruitvale after a stay in Grass Valley as the guest of Miss Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., who have been staying at Belvedere, have now gone to San Rafael, where they have taken a cottage for several months.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Albert Russell, in Belvedere.

Mrs. Thomas Selby and Miss Annie Selby, who were at the time of the fire, on their way to Europe for an indefinite stay abroad, but who returned at once to California, have been the guests of Mrs. A. J. Ralston in Berkeley, but will come to the city about July 1st, having taken a house on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Jules Brett are spending the summer months at the Hotel Rafael.

Miss Constance Borrowe was the hostess at an informal tea on Saturday afternoon last at her home in Sausalito, in honor of Miss Ruth Miller and Dr. Louis Brechman, Jr., U. S. A.

Miss Marie Rose Deane entertained at an informal tea on Saturday afternoon last, at the Claremont Country Club.

The following are some of the arrivals at the Tavern of Tamalpais Hotel last week: Mr. and Mrs. Ford H. Rogers, Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Tharp, Richmond; Mr. C. G. Clinch, San Francisco; Mr. A. Mc D. Taylor, Pittsburg; Mr. Will H. Stinson, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. A. Coleman, Boston; Mr. O. Rich, Boston; Mr. Burt Moran, Boston; Col. John M. Clem, U. S. A.; Captain F. R. Day, U. S. A.; Mr. M. R. Edwards, Mrs. Mountford Mills, Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. Jno. D. Howard, N. Y. City; and 15 Eastern insurance adjusters.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—CENTRAL Trust Co. of California, 42 Montgomery st., corner Sutter.—For the half year ending June 30, 1906, a dividend has been declared on deposits in the savings department of this bank as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 1-2 per cent per annum, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1906.

HENRY BRUNNER, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—San Francisco Savings Union, N. W. Cor. California and Montgomery Streets.—For the half year ending 30th June, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and two-thirds (3-2-3) per cent on term deposits and three and one-third (3-1-3) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1906. Depositors are entitled to draw their dividends at any time during the succeeding half year. Dividend not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof and earn dividend from July 1st.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

BANKING.

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY

Capital Fully Paid.....\$2,000,000
Total Assets\$10,000,000

A General Banking Business Conducted
Savings and Checking Accounts Received.

Interest Paid on Deposits.

MAIN OFFICE:

Corner California and Montgomery Streets

West End Branch: 1531 Devisadero St., near Post.

Mission Branch: 927 Valencia Street, near 21st.

Uptown Branch: 1850 Geary St., west of Fillmore.

DAVID F. WALKER, Pres.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Mgr.

FRENCH AMERICAN BANK

Union Trust Building (Third Floor)
Ready to accommodate its customers and do a general banking business. We will collect on insurance policies for those wishing our services.

THE FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

occupies offices in the same building.
Officers—Charles Carpy, president; Arthur Legallet, vice-president; Leon Bocqueraz, vice-president.
Directors—J. E. Artigues, O. Bozio, J. A. Bergerot, E. J. DeSola, J. M. Dupas, J. S. Godeau, J. J. Mack, Geo. Belaney, Leon Kaufman.

GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

452 California Street, San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus.....\$2,526,763.01

Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00

Deposits, December 30, 1905.....39,112,812.82

R. Tillman, Jr., President; Daniel Meyer, First Vice-President; Emile Rohte, Second Vice-President; A. H. R. Schmidt, Cashier; Wm. Herrmann, Asst. Cashier; Geo. Tournay, Secretary; A. H. Muller, Asst. Secretary; W. S. Goodfellow, General Attorney.

Board of Directors:

F. Tillman, Jr., Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohte, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, N. Ohlandt, J. W. Van Bergen, E. T. Kruse, and W. S. Goodfellow.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

316 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00

Paid-up Capital.....500,000.00

Surplus and Undivided Profits.....280,000.00

Deposits, December 30, 1905.....4,829,205.94

Interest paid on deposits. Loans made. Banking by mail a specialty.

William Babcock.....President
S. L. Abbot.....Vice-President
Fred W. Ray.....Secretary
Directors—William Babcock, S. L. Abbot, O. D. Baldwin, Joseph D. Grant, E. J. McCutchen, L. F. Montague, R. H. Pease, Warren D. Clark, Jas. L. Flood, J. A. Donohoe, John Parrott, Jacob Stern.

Mutual Savings Bank

710 Market St., Opposite Third
SAN FRANCISCO.

Guarantee Capital.....\$1,000,000

Paid-up Capital.....300,000

Surplus.....320,000

Deposits, January 1, 1906.....10,213,801

Interest paid on deposits.

Loans on approved securities.
OFFICERS—President, James D. Phelan; First Vice-President, S. G. Murphy; Second Vice-President, John A. Hooper; Secretary and Cashier, Geo. A. Story; Asst. Sec. and Asst. Cashier, C. B. Hobson; Attorney, Frank J. Sullivan.

Directors—James D. Phelan, John A. Hooper, Frank J. Sullivan, Jas. M. McDonald, S. G. Murphy, James Moffitt, Robt. McElroy, Charles Holbrook, Rudolph Spreckels.

French Savings Bank

The Union Trust Building, Cor. Montgomery and Market Sts.
San Francisco

CAPITAL PAID UP...\$600,000

Charles Carpy.....President
Arthur Legallet.....Vice-President
Leon Bocqueraz.....Secretary

Directors—J. E. Artigues, O. Bozio, Leon Bocqueraz, J. A. Bergerot, Chas. Carpy, E. J. DeSola, Jr., J. M. Dupas, J. S. Godeau, J. J. Mack, Leon Kaufman, A. Legallet, Geo. Belaney.

Presidio Heights' Private School
—314 Cherry St., San Francisco

Will reopen on Monday, June 25, 1906.
For information apply to Miss Elizabeth Crane.

GUY T. WAYMAN

Real Estate, Loans

SAN FRANCISCO

LOCATED DOWN-TOWN=OFFICES TO LET

Central Building

519 MARKET ST., BETWEEN FIRST AND SECOND STS.

Electric Light.

Sanitary Service.

Night Watchman.

GUY T. WAYMAN

519 Market Street

The Anglo-California Bank, Ltd.

ESTABLISHED 1873.

N. E. Corner Pine and Sansome

Capital, paid up \$1,500,000

Surplus 1,500,000

Courteous and liberal treatment accorded customers, clients and depositors.

The First National Bank

Of San Francisco

California, Corner Bush and Sansome Streets.

Capital \$1,500,000

Surplus 1,500,000

Accounts invited from banks, corporations and individuals.
Safe deposit boxes to rent in vaults that came through the fire unharmed.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

Capital \$10,000,000

Surplus 4,000,000

Is Located at its Old Quarters

Southeast Corner California and Sansome Streets

SAN FRANCISCO

Dividend Notice.

Security Savings Bank, 316 Montgomery st.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1906, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of three and one-half (3 1/2) per cent per annum free of taxes, will be payable on and after July 2, 1906.
FRED W. RAY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco, 710 Market street. For the half year ending June 30, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-quarter (3 1/4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1906.
GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—Mechanics' Savings Bank, 145 Montgomery Street, Cor. Bush. For the half year ending June 30, 1906, a dividend has been declared on all savings deposits, free of taxes, at the rate of three and one-half (3 1/2) per cent per annum, payable on and after MONDAY, July 2, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to, and bear the same rate of interest as principal. Interest paid from Date of Deposit.
JNO. U. CALKINS, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—California Safe Deposit and Trust Co., Cor. California and Montgomery Streets. For the six months ending June 30, 1906, dividends have been declared on the deposits in the savings department of this company as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 1/2 per cent per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1906.
J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The Continental Building and Loan Association,

Corner of Market and Church streets, San Francisco, Cal., has declared for the six months ending June 30th, 1906, a dividend of 5 per cent per annum on deposits, 6 per cent on term deposits, and 6 per cent on monthly payment investments. Interest on deposits payable on and after July 1st. Interest on ordinary deposits not called for will be added to the principal and thereafter bear interest at the same rate.

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE, President.
WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—San Francisco Savings Union, N. W. cor. California and Montgomery sts.—For the half year ending June 30, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and two-thirds (3-2-3) per cent on term deposits and three and one-third (3-1-3) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1906. Depositors are entitled to draw their dividends at any time during the succeeding half year. Dividends not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof and earn dividend from July 1st.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California St. For the half year ending June 30, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and six-tenths (3-6-10) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1906.
GEORGE TOURNAY, Secretary.

INDEX TO

The Argonaut.

JEROME A. HART,

Editor

VOL. LIX.

JULY 1st, TO DECEMBER 31st, 1906.

THIRTIETH YEAR.

ARGONAUT EDITORIALS.

... Ever faithful, 231.
... endments of the State constitution, Proposed, 191.
... Club, The, 337.
... onaut, Curious history of a subscription to the July 21, PP. 3, 4.
... Wide-spread circulation of the, 18.
... zona and New Mexico, 252.
...orney-General Webb and the San Francisco Grand Jury, 189.
... Chances of nominee Theodore A., 100.
... eridge, Why is, 119.
... man, Congressman Sullivan scored by, 68.
... once more a Democratic leader, 18.
... New York reception to, 51.
... rter, San Francisco's one-man, 211.
... ago, The literary hoaxing of, July 28, P. 3.
... ese labor, The Canal Commission and, 133.
... England disturbed about, 284.
... llection Day," The passing of, 250, 298.
... nizers, American, Dutch, and Spanish, 298.
... gressional elections, The Fall, July 21, P. 2.
... The outlook for the, Aug. 11, P. 1.
... ninals, More cubic air for, 212.
... s, lobster, and watermelon, 35.
... ism, Canons of, 298.
... Shall we annex, 117.
... The insurrection in, 81.
... oratic convention, Nominations at Califor-
nia, 84.
... fus, The innocence of, July 28, P. 1.
... y, Don't pulverize Commissioner, 299.
... quakes, Elections and, 191.
... England is not free from, Aug. 18, P. 1.
... Los Angeles's past, Aug. 18, PP. 3, 4.
... The Pacific Coast cycle of, 251.
... The Valparaiso, 50.
... rny summer, The, 82.
... ions, Results of, 212, 230.
... apparatus, Ancient and modern, July 21,
P. 5.
... San Francisco should own more, July 28,
P. 5.
... th of July, No fireworks on the, July 14,
P. 4.
... ce and the Vatican, 318, 337.
... d, Did Republican workingmen vote for, 252.
... omers and, 120.
... nside history of the nomination of, 101.
... rganized labor and, 119, 134.
... Sacramento Bee and, 153.
... he election of, 232.
... Would Roosevelt choose, 150.
... ers and Cannon, 192.
... nment by Cabinet amendment, 339.
... nor, New York candidate for, 49.
... California candidates for, Aug. 18, P. 3; 20.
... nment printing, Trade-union plots and, July
21, P. 3.
... Britain, Sectarian education in, 21.
... The nomination of Judge, 120.
... ey appointed assistant district attorney, 171.
... nia Bank, Run on the, 84.
... Smith's victory, 51.
... on, Sam, of Texas, 230.
... ations, companies, Boston investigating the,
192.
... California Wine Association and the, Aug. 4,
P. 5.
... anceling business in crooked, July 14,
PP. 1, 2.
... omparative payments of, 153.
... ongress and the, July 7, P. 1.
... earthquake-clause litigation and the, 117.
... astern adjusters of the, 152.
... astern insurers and the, Aug. 11, P. 2.
... onest, July 7, P. 5.
... ying statements of crooked, July 7, P. 6.
... ily-holders sue, 37, 82, 102.
... he Hibernia Bank and the, Aug. 18, P. 5.
... thirty-two tottering, July 7, P. 5.
... ashington bankers black-list of, July 7,
P. 5.
... elching, July 28, P. 7.
... e (California) companies, Plight of the,
Aug. 11, P. 3.
... nce (English) Companies, Dishonest strategy
of, 136.
... earthquake clauses and the, Aug. 4, P. 5;
Aug. 11, P. 5.
... ability disclaimed by, Aug. 4, P. 1.
... tier of alms from the, Aug. 11, P. 1.
... stice overtaking, 50.
... nce (Fireman's Fund) Company, First pay-
ments of the, 98.
... hial statement of the, July 7, P. 3.
... ily-holders' League and the, Aug. 18, P. 5.
... nce (German) companies, Another crooked
"cause" of the, Aug. 4, P. 4.
... ooked, July 28, P. 5.
... rior defense of the, 169.
... rior William and the, July 14, P. 3;
July 28, P. 5.
... rman condemn, 66.
... its against the, Aug. 11, P. 5.
... e Government and the, 250.
... e (National of Hartford) company, At-
tempt to evade liability of, July 28, PP. 1, 2.
... rrespondence on the, 37.
... cessful suit against, Aug. 11, P. 6.
... ice (Traders) company, Crooked adjusters
of the, 99.
... lea, The, 20.
... possessions, Independence of, 118.
... e, A new treaty with the, 298.
... they Mongolians? 320.
... lifornia and the, 266.
... e President suggests naturalization for the,
198.
... ll we go to war with the, 249.
... e in our schools, Administration trying to
orce, 232.
... lifornia's right to not allow, 299.
... duating, 339.

Test case for, 318.
The, 210.
Kearney, Denis, and his millionaire cousin, Aug.
18, P. 4.
Kipling's latest poem, Aug. 11, P. 3.
Legislators and the people in person, 190.
Levels, High and low, in cities, July 21, PP. 1, 2.
Life insurance elections, 283.
Looters, The shooting of the, 266.
Los Angeles, Big auditorium for, 211.
Loyalty of naturalized citizens, The, 268.
Magazine reading, Inconveniences of, 36.
Maine, The campaign in, 98.
Manchuria, Loss of the, 51.
Meat packers, Defense of the, July 14, P. 2.
Motor car races, International, 134.
Musicians, Troubles of the, 171.
National guard, Conduct during fire of the, Aug.
11, P. 2.
Dissatisfaction in the, 99.
National debt statistics, 210.
Nobel prizes, The, 318.
New York's Governor, Who will be, Aug. 11, P. 5.
Pacific Press, The burning of the, July 28, PP.
5, 6.
Panama, Lock canal for, July 14, P. 4.
Palma, The passing of, 119.
Pardee, Gillett and, 98.
The book trust and, 81.
The Los Angeles water plan and, Aug. 11,
P. 4.
Pioneers, Sons of the, 65.
Policemen, Leniency with criminal, 268.
Policy-holders' League, Importance of the, July
21, P. 6.
Plans of the, Aug. 11, P. 3.
Trustees of the, July 7, P. 5.
Postal deficit, Canada's postoffice and our, 281.
Is there a, 210.
Postal tribunal, Publishers suggest, 170.
Postoffice in private hands, The, 297.
Press, The power of the, 310.
Presidential nomination, The Democratic, July 21,
P. 1.
Primary law, The bosses and a direct, 99.
California needs a direct, 19.
Wisdom of a direct, 83.
Publishers, prunes, raisins, tariffs, and linotypes,
338.
Race suicide and murder, 34.
Relief camps, Drones in the, July 28, P. 3.
House servants in, July 21, P. 6.
The parks, 25.
Relief Commission, Problems that confront the,
July 7, PP. 2, 3; July 14, P. 2; July 21,
P. 5; Aug. 4, P. 5.
Relief for landowners or renters, July 21, P. 5.
Relief funds, Disappearance of, 268.
Red Cross Committee and the, 190.
Statistical cruise of, 190.
Republican convention, California, 65.
Platform adopted by, 68.
The "inside" of the, 67.
Republican county conventions, 34.
Rhyme of the Ruins, A, 134, 135, 136.
Roosevelt, President, Annual message of, 297.
Anti-trust cruise of, July 7, P. 1.
Congress and, 320.
English papers applaud, 299.
Feud between Senate and the, July 7, P. 3.
Japanese praised by, 297.
Mrs. Storer and, 317.
Negro churches and, 283.
Opinions on third term for, 17.
Will Taft succeed, July 14, P. 1.
Roosevelt-Storer correspondence, The, 338.
Sage, Russell, Death of, Aug. 4, P. 1.
The will of, Aug. 18, P. 1.
San Diego, The demons excluded in, 249.
San Francisco, Aid for the hospitals of, Aug. 4,
P. 6.
Automobile cabs for, 149.
Bank clearances in, Aug. 4, P. 3; 298.
Bricklayers' wages in, 83.
Business center of, 191.
Cemeteries in, Aug. 18, P. 4.
Charter of, 211.
City Hall of, Aug. 4, P. 4.
Condition of titles in, 20.
Did the city commit arson, July 28, P. 1.
Eastern yarns about disaster in, July 7, P. 4.
Fire cisterns in, 50.
Freight blockade in, Aug. 4, P. 3.
"Frisco" the sobriquet for, 19.
Grand Jury of, 189.
High license in, 51.
High rents in, Aug. 4, P. 3.
Labor setting toward, 35.
Land titles records destroyed in, Aug. 18,
P. 4.
Municipal investigation in, 252.
Navy and, 232.
New harbor front for, 249.
New lines of the new, 100.
Park on Nob Hill proposed for, 33.
Private and public water supplies in, 20.
Property owners' association of, 99.
Proposed committee of safety for, 212.
Redistribution of property in, 17.
Registered voters in, 100.
Relief conditions in, 159.
Restoration of burned titles in, 318.
Revival of trade in, July 21, P. 4.
Scarcity of labor in, 268.
Stories of graft in, 268.
Street car strike in, 49.
Supervisors and the library site, 50.
Taxes since the fire in, 20.
The President's criticism of, 297.
Two "gas-pipe" murderers of, 230.
Union station for, July 28, P. 3.
Wages paid workmen in, July 14, P. 3.
Water question in, 230.
Workmen needed for, 51.
Schmitz, Mayor, Lost opportunity of, 210.
Merchant Association and, Aug. 4, P. 2.
The arrest of, 284.

Seaports, docks, wharves, piers, 282.
Shafter, Death of Gen. Wm. R., 265.
"Sir" and "Ma'am," 212.
Sleeplessness, A new cure for, 97, 98.
South American republics, Roosevelt and the,
Aug. 4, P. 6.
Spelling reform, Advertising and, 250.
Roosevelt and, 65.
The President fails to introduce, 318.
States rights, Secretary Root on, 319.
The administration and, 281.
The President's stand on, 298.
"Steamer Day," The passing of, 250, 298.
Street car strike, Arbitration of the, 283, 299.
Results of the, 67.
Temblor, The missing "r" in, 98.
Transvaal, Home rule for the, 34.
Union labor, California once ruled by, 170.
Government by, 118, 151.
in politics, 81.
Post-confagration wages of, July 14, P. 3.
Strike of water-front, July 7, P. 3; July 14,
P. 3.
The Congressional fight and, Aug. 18, P. 1.
Voting strength of California, 100.
Wages demanded by, Aug. 4, P. 2.
White man's party, A, 299.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Affairs of State—Barton E. Stevenson, 308.
All the Year in the Garden—Esther Matson, 274.
American Poems, 1776-1900, Aug. 11, P. 12.
Amulet, The—Charles Egbert Craddock, 243.
Ancient Miracle, The—Jane Grosvenor Cooke,
Aug. 18, P. 12.
Anthony Overman—Miriam Michelson, 202.
Aristocracy of Health, The—Mary Foote Hen-
derson, 111.
Art of the Singer, The—W. J. Henderson, 163.
Audrey Craven—May Sinclair, 111.
Bachelor in Arcady—Halliwell Sutcliffe, 92.
Benbo—Bernard Capes, 60.
Benigna Vena: Essays Literary and Personal—
Michael Monahan, 110.
Blindfolded—Earle Ashley Walcott, 111.
Bob Hampton of Placer—Ralph Parrish, 163.
Books and My Food—Elizabeth Luther Cary,
July 14, P. 12.
Builders, The—Willis George Emerson, Aug. 18,
P. 12.
Building of the Organs, The—Nathan Haskell
Dole, Aug. 4, P. 12.
By Italian Seas—Ernest C. Peixotto, 259.
Cabbages and Kings—O. Henry, 60.
California Sport, Sketches of—J. P. Whitney, 40.
Camp-fires in the Canadian Rockies—William T.
Hornaday, 275.
Camp Kits and Camp Kits—Charles Stedman
Hanks, July 28, P. 12.
Castles and Chateaux of Old Touraine—Francis
Milton, 183.
Charles Godfrey Leland—Elizabeth R. Pennell,
158.
Cities of Northern Italy—Grant Allen and George
C. Williamson, 128.
Cities of Spain, The—Edward Hutton, 110.
City Government for Young People—Charles D.
Willard, 44.
Colonel of the Red Hussars, The—John R. Scott,
183.
Confederate Operations in N. Y. and Canada—
Capt. J. W. Headley, 124.
Coniston—Winston Churchill, July 21, P. 12.
Coolidge, Susan, Poems of, 309.
Count of Harvard, The—Rupert S. Holland, 44.
Crystal Sceptre, The—Philip V. Michaels, 221.
Jay's Journey, The—Netta Syrett, 202.
De Soia and the Invasion of Florida—Frederick
A. Ober, 163.
Diary of a Forty-Niner, The—Edited by Chauncey
L. Canfield, 347.
Diaz, Porfirio, Maker of Mexico—Mrs. Alec
Tweedie, 56.
Disenchanted—Pierre Loti, 162.
Ecclesiastes in the Metre of Omar—William
Byron Forbush, 182.
Election of Senators, The—George H. Haynes,
Aug. 4, P. 12.
Empires and Emperors of Russia, China, Korea
and Japan—Count Vay de Vaya, 92.
Empress Eugenie, The Life of—J. T. Stoddart,
306.
Famous Actor-Families in America—Montrose J.
Moses, 256.
First Forty Years of Washington Society, The—
Margaret Bayard, 288.
Flock, The—Mary Austin, 183.
Foilies of the Bench—Henry S. Wilcox, Aug.
11, P. 11.
For the Soul of Rafael—Marah Ellis Ryan, July
28, P. 12.
Four Centuries of the Panama Canal—Willis F.
Johnson, 146.
Frances Baird, Detective—R. W. Kauffman, 110.
Friendly Town, The—E. V. Lucas, 347.
From a Cornish Window—A. T. Quiller Couch,
44.
From Old Field—Nathaniel Southgate Shaler,
274.
Future in America, The—H. G. Wells, 272.
German Empire, The—Burt Estes Howard, 258.
Geronimo's Autobiography, 242.
Gettysburg and Lincoln—Henry Sweetser Bur-
rage, 221.
Glory Seekers, The—William Horace Brown, July
28, P. 12.
Green Room Book, The, Aug. 11, P. 12.
Harding of St. Timothy's—Rupert Ormsby, 162.
Heart, Life of Lafcadio, 314.
Heart of a Rose, The—William Marabell, Aug.
4, P. 12.
Hernand-Vicino Hugo, July 28, P. 12.
Highways and Byways of the Mississippi Valley
—Clifton Johnson, 346.
House of Cobwebs, The—George Gissing, 28.

House on the Bridge, The—M. G. Easton, July
28, P. 12.
How Ferns Grow—Margaret Slosson, Aug. 11,
P. 12.
Idlers, The—Morley Roberts, 28.
If Youth But Knew—E. and A. Castle, 60.
In Cure of Her Soul—E. J. Stimson, 76.
In Desert Keeping—Edmund Mitchell, Aug. 18,
P. 12.
In London Town—F. Berkeley Smith, 203.
Irrigation in the United States—Frederick Haynes
Newell, July 14, P. 12.
Irving, Henry, Personal Reminiscences of—Bram
Stoker, 218.
Irwin, Will—The City That Was, Aug. 4, P. 8.
Italian Romance Writers—Joseph Spencer Ken-
nard, Aug. 11, P. 12.
Japan As It Was and Is, 346.
Jefferson, Joseph—Francis Wilson, 24.
King's Divinity, A—Dolores Bacon, 222.
Lady of Rome, A—Marion Crawford, 221.
Land of Enchantment, The—Lillian Whiting, 309.
Leland, Chas. Godfrey—E. R. Pennell, 158.
Letters From a Surgeon of the Civil War—John
G. Perry, 238.
Life in the Open—Charles Frederic Holder, Aug.
11, P. 12.
Lincoln the Lawyer—Frederick Trevor Hill, 198.
Listener's Lure—E. V. Lucas, 183.
Literary By-Paths in Old England—Henry C.
Shelley, 280.
Local Government in Counties, Towns and Vil-
lages—John A. Fairlie, Aug. 4, P. 12.
Log of the Sun—C. William Beebe, 346.
Lucky Piece, The—Albert Bigelow Paine, July 7,
P. 13.
Mars and Its Canal—Percival Lowell, 346.
Masters of Fate—S. P. Sbalor, 88.
Max Fergus—Owen Johnson, 223.
McDonald of Oregon—Eva Emery Dye, 140.
Meredith, Works of George, 162.
Moliere and His Times—H. C. Chatfield-Taylor,
223.
Montlivet—Alice Prescott Smith, 163.
Moon Face and Other Stories—Jack London, 128.
More Stories of American Life—Mary S. Cutting,
44.
My Impressions of America—Charles Wagner,
144.
My Pilgrimage to the Wise Men of the East—
Moncure D. Conway, 275.
New Earth, The—W. S. Harwood, July 21, P. 12.
New York Politics—DeAlva Stanwood Alexander,
Aug. 11, P. 11.
Noyes, Alfred, Poems of, 243.
On Common Ground—Sydney H. Preston, Aug.
11, P. 12.
On Newland River—Thomas Nelson Page, 308.
Panama Pictures—J. S. Gilbert, 72.
Pardner of Blossom Range—Frances Charles, 259.
Pass, The—Stewart Edward White, 223.
Passing of Korea, The—Homer B. Hulbert, 346.
Persia, Past and Present—A. V. W. Jackson, 202.
Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving—Bram
Stoker, 218.
Personality of Jesus, The—Charles H. Barrows,
July 14, P. 12.
Pigs is Pigs—Ellis P. Butler, Aug. 18, P. 12.
Pilots of the Republic—Archer B. Hulbert, 347.
Philippines, An Englishwoman in the—Mrs. C.
Dauncey, Aug. 18, P. 8.
Poet and the Parish, The—Mary Moss, 258.
Poetry of Chaucer, The—Robert Kilburn Root,
183.
Puck of Pook's Hill—Rudyard Kipling, 222.
Railway Children, The—E. Nesbit, 182.
Rambles on the Riviera—Francis Moulton, 203.
Real Soldiers of Fortune—Richard Harding Davis,
308.
Remenyi, E., Musician, Litterateur and Man, 106.
Rich Men's Children—Geraldine Bonner, 221.
Ridolfo—Egerton R. Williams, 203.
Robberies Company, Ltd., The—Nelson Lloyd, 222.
Romance of John Bainbridge—Henry George, Jr.,
286.
Romantic Composers, The—Daniel G. Mason, 347.
Russian Grandmother's Wonder Tales, The—
Louise S. Houghton, 144.
Sailor of Fortune, A—Albert Bigelow Paine, 182.
Sailor's Garland, A—John Maschell, 182.
Samantha vs. Josiah—Marietta Holley, July 21,
P. 12.
Sandy from the Sierras—Richard Barry, July 7,
P. 13.
San Francisco and Thereabouts—Charles Keeler,
308.
Scarlett of the Mounted—Marguerite Merlington,
203.
School and Its Life, The—Charles R. Gilbert, 60.
Scorn of Women—Jack London, 309.
Secret Life, The, July 7, P. 13.
Shakespeare and the Modern Stage—Sidney Lee,
299.
Shakespeare's Complete Works, 347.
Shakespeare, The Text of—Thomas R. Lounsbury,
309.
Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta, Lord of Rimini—
Edward Hutton, 347.
Silent War, The—John A. Mitchell, 258.
Sill's Poetical Works, 221.
Sir Joseph Constantine—A. T. Quiller-Couch, 128.
Sonnets of Jose-Maria de Heredia—Edward Robe-
son Taylor, 346.
Story of Pocahontas and Captain John Smith,
The—E. Boyd Smith, 349.
Story Book Girls, The—Christina Rowans Whyte,
274.
Stray Leaves—Herbert Paul, 222.
Superseded—May Sinclair, Aug. 18, P. 12.
Tides of Barneget, The—E. Hopkinson-Smith, 110.
Tracer of Lost Persons, The—Robert W. Cham-
bers, 60.
Truth, Dexter, July 21, P. 12.
Twelve Night—Shakespeare, Aug. 11, P. 12.
Two Misses Make-Believe—Mary Stuart Boyd,
July 28, P. 12.
Wanderer in London, A—E. V. Lucas, 144.

Way of the Gods, The—John Luther Long, July 21, P. 12.
Wells, H. G.—The Future in America, 272.
Whimsey Anthology, A—Carolyn Wells, 144.
White Fang—Jack London, 223.
Whitman, Walt, Biography of—Bliss Perry, 222.
Whom God Hath (Not) Joined Together—Orr Kenyon, 76.
Why They Married—James Montgomery Flagg, 274.
With Byron in Italy—Anna B. McMahan, 182.
Wonders of the Colorado Desert, The—George Wharton James, 346.
Vanity Square—Edgar Saltus, July 21, P. 12.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Cockaigne—
London Musical Comedy Storm, A, 175.
"Tay Pay" and "Pearsons," 235.
Flaneur—
From New York to Jericho, 121.
Latest Plays of Jones and Pinero, 87.
New York Grand Opera Rivalry, 303.
Thoroughbreds at the Show, 269.
Piccadilly—
London Literary Vexation, A, 322.
Sins of London's Smart Set, 105.
St. Martin—
Failure of Paris Sunday Law, 195.
Ring of a Countess, The, 343.

DEATH NOTICES.

Campbell, Charles, 112.
Cayvan, Georgie, 294.
Chichester, Sir Edward, 113.
Craigie, Pearl R., 243.
Dempster, Clancey John, 301.
Doyle, John T., 350.
Fair, Mary, 443.
Grayson, Eliza Baker, 131.
Hellman, Herman W., 204.
Huntington, Mrs. Solon, July 7, P. 14.
Lilienthal, Mrs. P. M., 63.
McNally, James, 112.
Morrison, Lewis, 31.
Oelrichs, Hermann, 63.
Rose, Albert P., Aug. 18, P. 14.
Rosewald, Julie, Aug. 11, P. 11.
Shepherd, Rev. Mr., Aug. 18, P. 14.
Tobin, Robert J., 113.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

Alden, Dinner to editor, 255.
Aldrich's Bohemian circle, 302.
Are they up to their jobs? 300.
"Argonaut" criticized, The, 300.
Argonauts for our files, July 7, P. 8; July 21, P. 9; Aug. 11, P. 6; 92, 185, 240, 261, 277, 294, 315, 350.
As H. G. Wells sees us, 272.
Beit, Alfred, 87.
Bonner, Geraldine, on the passing of old San Francisco, Aug. 18, P. 6.
Boucicault's plays, 256.
California state election, 326.
Celtic-Greek poet, A, 344.
Choate and Muldoon, 55.
Christmas play, The, 323.
City That Was, The—Will Irwin, Aug. 4, P. 8.
Communications.
Are they up to their jobs? 341.
"Argonaut" a certificate of character, The—C. W. Graves, 268.
"Argonaut" is rarely destroyed, The—Charles E. Wilson, July 21, P. 6.
Beatty, Judge, on registration, 137.
Boycotting Roosevelt ballots—Jury Ary, 269.
Conditions in Northern Mexico—George S. Binkley, 102.
Correctional suggestions—F. T. Montgomery, 320.
Discharged negro soldiers, The, 320.
Earthquake clause insurance—Dr. Douglass W. Montgomery, 121.
Funston, General, on fighting the fire, July 7, P. 7.
German insurance companies—F. Bopp, July 28, P. 7.
Government insurance—F. A. Binney, July 7, P. 6.
Martial law in San Francisco—W. S. Thorne, 284.
Motes, beams, and jobs—A. B. L., 341.
National of Hartford, The—Harry Unna, 68.
One policy-holder's experiences, 68.
Palace Hotel burned, Why the—J. W. B., July 21, P. 6.
San Francisco's water front, 299.
Rothschild experience, A—J. L., July 7, 6.
Welch within a welch, A—H., 84.
Confederate war secrets, 124.
Dempster, Clancey John, 301.
Diaz, Porfirio, maker of Mexico, 56.
Earthquake, Damage not large from the, 39.
How Caracas has suffered from the, July 7, P. 7.
The great shock of 1868, July 21, P. 9.
Whitaker, Herman, on the "fault" of the, July 14, P. 6.
Election results and reckonings, 233.
Ellen Terry's jubilee, July 7, P. 7.
Evolution of feminine traits, 179.
Fire, Army officer on the, Aug. 68.
Funston, Frederick, on the army during the, July 7, P. 6.
How the Mint was saved from the, 23.
J. H. P., on freaks of the, July 14, P. 5.
Memories of the, July 28, P. 8.
Navy's work during the, 23.
Night views of the, July 28, P. 6.
Reed, Albert, on lessons of the, Aug. 18, P. 5.
Fire insurance, Limitations of, 54.
Flotsam and jetsam, Aug. 4, P. 7.
French name for bad luck, 71.
Friends of the coast, 193.
Geronimo's Mexican raids, 214.
Golden days of English opera, 287.
Hans Breitmann, 158.
Hart, Jerome—
Are they up to their jobs? 300.
Lafacadio Hearn's letters to, 344.
Midnight Supper, The, 157.
Oxford: Town and Gown, July 7, P. 7.
Vigilantes, new and old, 172.
Hearn's, Lafacadio, letters to Jerome Hart, 344.
Hearst, W. R.—
Editorial comments on, 120, 137, 154.
End of the campaign of, 194.
Features of the campaign of, 174.
on his contemporaries, 214.
Humorous Sketches.
Family album, The, 114.
Home-coming of Dinwiddie, 206.
Mr. Dooley on the press, 166.
Mr. Miggles at the phone, 166.
New England and the Wild West, 314.
Twain's seafaring ancestry, 246.
Individualities, July 14, P. 4; July 28, P. 8; Aug. 4, P. 11; Aug. 11, P. 11; Aug. 18, P. 11; 25, 41, 57, 73, 89, 107, 125, 141, 159, 179, 199, 219, 239, 257, 273, 288, 305, 327, 345.
Invalidism and work, 88.
Irving, Henry, and America, 218.
Irwin, Will, on The City That Was, Aug. 4, P. 8.
Insurance companies, Suits against the, 234.
Japan—
First English teacher of, 140.
Social evil of, 340.
Japanese in San Francisco Schools, 321.
Jefferson, Joseph, The art of, 24.
Keeler, Charles, on the fire and earthquake, Aug. 11, P. 9.
Lessons of the great fire—Albert Reed, Aug. 18, P. 5.
Latest plays of Jones and Pinero, 87.
Letters of a war surgeon, 238.
Letters to the Editor, July 7, P. 7; July 21, P. 6; Aug. 4, P. 6; 52, 68, 102, 121, 213, 268, 284, 299, 320, 341.
Lincoln, the lawyer, 198.
Magazine making and unmaking, 305.
Mark Twain's Colonel Sellers, 139.
Mark Twain's lecture in '68, 123.
Meat-packing horrors, July 14, P. 9.
Midnight supper, A—Pasquino, 157.
Motor-car commission, A royal, 38.
Negro soldiers discharged, 271.
Novelist and cave-dwellers, 285.
Oxford: Town and Gown—Jerome Hart, July 7, P. 7.
Panama pictures in rhyme, 72.
Parisian mob at race course, 237.
Path of an interviewer, The, 215.
Philippines no paradise, Aug. 18, P. 8.
Pike's Peak, Centenary of, 137.
Politico-Personal, Aug. 11, P. 7; Aug. 18, P. 7; 21, 37, 54, 69, 85, 103, 123, 139, 155, 177, 197, 215, 235, 253, 271, 285, 302, 321, 341.
President's attitude on the Japanese school imbroglio, 321.
Remenyi, Hungarian violinist, 106.
Russell Sage, Thrifty, Aug. 11, P. 7.
San Francisco, Architects on the new, July 21, P. 7.
Bonner, Geraldine, on the passing of the old, Aug. 18, P. 6.
Damon, A. W., on, July 14, P. 7.
Keeler, Charles, on the disaster in, Aug. 11, P. 9.
Midnight supper in old, A, 157.
Suggestions on rebuilding, Aug. 11, P. 7.
Seismic observations at Santiago, 195.
Shoals, G. L.—
Golden Days of English Opera, 287.
Mark Twain's Colonel Sellers, 139.
Territorial Galaxy, A, 178.
The Path of an Interviewer, 215.
Sketches of California sport, 40.
Spelling reform, The President and, 54.
Stage Gossip, July 7, P. 12; July 14, P. 12; July 21, P. 11; July 28, P. 11; Aug. 4, P. 11; Aug. 11, P. 11; Aug. 18, P. 11; 27, 43, 59, 75, 91, 109, 127, 143, 161, 181, 201, 220, 241, 259, 275, 291, 309, 331, 347.
Stevenson, R. L., and Miss Ide, July 28, P. 9.
Storyettes July 7, P. 11; July 14, P. 11; July 21, P. 13; July 28, P. 13; Aug. 4, P. 13; Aug. 11, P. 13; Aug. 18, P. 13; 29, 45, 61, 77, 93, 115, 129, 145, 167, 187, 207, 227, 247, 267, 277, 293, 313, 335, 349.
Territorial galaxy, A, 178.
Three days of fire and earthquake—Charles Keeler, Aug. 11, P. 9.
Under the Kaiser's coat, 253.
Vanity Fair, July 7, P. 10; July 14, P. 10; July 21, P. 10; July 28, P. 10; Aug. 4, P. 10; Aug. 11, P. 10; Aug. 18, P. 10; 26, 42, 58, 74, 90, 108, 126, 142, 160, 180, 200, 220, 240, 260, 276, 292, 308, 334, 348.
Vigilantes new and old, 172.
Whitaker, Herman—Earthquake fault, The, July 14, P. 6.
White, Stanford, July 14, P. 8.
Wheeler, Benjamin L., on spelling, 105.
Will of an empress, 306.
Yoshiwara, Japan's, 340.

STORIES.

Collar and Elbow, The, 342.
Curate of Cubagua, The—Alphonse Daudet, 38.
Devil's Revenge, The—Theophile Gautier, 216.
Earthquake Episode, An—Francesco Caputi, July 28, P. 7.

Held Up by a Woman, 270.
Hemmed in by Fire—Camille Debans, 176.
Insane Surgeon, The, 104.
Invisible Demon, An—Fitz-James O'Brien, 304.
Letter's Experience, A—Jules Case, 22.
Lost Ship Marigold, The, 324.
Mysterious Scout, The—N. C. Kouns, 138.
Petherick's Peril—E. W. Thompson, 70.
Renegade and Nun—B. Miraglia, 122.
River Tragedy, A, 196.
Sinner in Paradise, 45, 254.
Thief or Thug, 236.
Venture With Death, A—W. O. O'Neill, 286.
Visitation of Terror, A—Manuel Lassa, 156.
Was She a Woman?—Charles Valois, 53.
Widow's Decision, The—Ludovic Halevy, 86.

VERSE.

Aldrich, Thomas B.—
I Vex Me Not with Brooding on the Years, 306.
Mortimer, 306.
Palabras Carinosas, 306.
Prescience, 306.
Ariel's Song—Shakespeare, 217.
Ashmun, Margaret—An Old Russian Candlestick, 343.
Bryant, W. C.—Death of the Flowers, 237.
Bugle Song—A. Tennyson, 217.
Burial of John Moore, The—Charles Wolfe, July 21, P. 9.
Burning of San Francisco, The—Joaquin Miller, July 28, P. 8.
Burroughs, John—The Return, 273.
Byron, George—
Fare Thee Well, 217.
Immortal Mind, The, 287.
Calverley, C. S.—Lovers and a Reflection, July 7, P. 8.
Carruth, William Hubert—Each in His Own Tongue, 39.
Chesson, Mrs. Nora—The Way of June, 186.
Children, The—T. Garrison, Aug. 4, P. 9.
Christmas Carol, The—William Wordsworth, 325.
Christmas in California—E. R. Sill, 322.
Columbus—Joaquin Miller, 140.
Cockroaches—Wallace Irwin, 71.
Cornwall, Barry—Mother's Last Song, 255.
Cowper, William—Juan Fernandez, 60.
Dawson, C. W.—Love in a Garden, 326.
Days—R. W. Emerson, Aug. 4, P. 14.
Death of the Flowers—W. C. Bryant, 237.
Death of the Old Year—A. Tennyson, 341.
December Twilight, 326.
Dirge of Dead Sisters, A—Rudyard Kipling, 123.
Drake, Sir Francis—Charles Fitz-Geoffrey, 140.
Each in His Own Tongue—William Hubert Carruth, 39.
Elzas, Emanuel—Poor Man's Prayer, A, 295.
Fare Thee Well—R. W. Emerson, Aug. 4, P. 14.
Epitaph on Shakespeare—John Milton, 217.
Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke—Ben Jonson, 217.
Evelens's Bower—Thomas Moore, 255.
Evening of Life, The—Henry W. Longfellow, Aug. 11, P. 11.
Fare Thee Well—George Byron, 217.
Fitz-Geoffrey, Charles—On Sir Francis Drake, 140.
Fourteenth of July, The—George Walter Thornbury, July 14, P. 10.
Gilbert, J. S.—Panama Patchwork, 72.
Gilder, Richard Watson—Sonnet, The, 217.
Gilmán, Charlotte Perkins—Packingtown Poem, A, July 14, P. 9.
Green, Homer—What My Lover Said, 287.
Harris, Lawrence W.—Rhyme of the Ruins, 135.
Hellman, George S.—San Francisco, Aug. 4, P. 15.
High Tide at Gettysburg, The—Will Thompson, 105.
Hope, Lawrence—Christina and His Flute, 186.
Immortal Mind, The—George Byron, 287.
Ingalls, John J.—Opportunity, Aug. 4, P. 4.
Irwin, Wallace—
Bernard Shaw, 158.
Cockroaches, 71.
Rhobaiyat of Omar Khayyam, The, 58.
Young Mr. Yan, 85.
You Sabe Me, Aug. 4, P. 12.
I Vex Me Not with Brooding on the Years—T. B. Aldrich, 306.
John Brown of Osawatimie—E. C. Stedman, 52.
Johnson, C. F.—Modern Roman, The, Aug. 18, P. 7.
Jonson, Ben—
Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke, 217.
Song, 22.
Juan Fernandez—William Cowper, 60.
Kaufman, Reginald W.—The Vampire City, 343.
Kipling, Rudyard—
Dirge of Dead Sisters, A, 123.
Mandalay, 134.
Lady Godiva—A. Tennyson, 155.
Lady of the Golden Gate, July 28, P. 13.
Lang, Andrew—Post-Homeric, 197.
Lincoln, Abraham—Tom Taylor, 217.
Lloyd, J. Wm.—My Arizona Bedroom, 109.
Lodge, Geo. Cabot—Death, 186.
Longfellow, Henry W.—Evening of Life, The, Aug. 11, P. 11.
Lovers and a Reflection—C. S. Calverley, July 7, P. 8.
Lounshery, G. C.—Count Not Upon a Woman, 286.
Lynch, Jeremiah—San Francisco, 106.
Mandalay—Rudyard Kipling, 134.
Markham, E.—My Lioness, Aug. 4, P. 9.
Marsh, Geo. S.—Where are the Nudes of Yesterday? 109.
Massacre in Piedmont—John Milton, 217.
Maudslai in Ballad, A, July 7, P. 8.
Miller, Joaquin—
Burning of San Francisco, The, July 28, P. 8.
Columbus, 140.
Milton, John—
Epitaph on Shakespeare, 217.
The Late Massacre in Piedmont, 217.
Mitchell, Agnes—When the Cows Come Home, July 28, P. 9.
Modern Romans, The—C. F. Johnson, Aug. 4, P. 7.
Moore, Thomas—Evelens's Bower, 255.
Mother's Last Song, The—Barry Cornwall, 255.
Mortimer—T. B. Aldrich, 306.
Opportunity—John J. Ingalls, Aug. 4, P. 14.
Packingtown Poem, A—Charlotte P. Gilman, July 14, P. 9.
Palabras Carinosas—T. B. Aldrich, 306.
Palmer, H. R.—A Prophecy Fulfilled, 41.
Panama Patchwork—J. S. Gilbert, 72.
Pardisid—A. Lang, 197.
Pitt, William—Sailor's Consolation, The, Aug. 4, P. 7.
Pompador, The—George Walter Thornbury, 2.
Poor Man's Prayer, A—Emanuel Elzas, 295.
Prescience—T. B. Aldrich, 306.
Renunciation, A—Edward Vere, 22.
Rhyme of the Ruins, A—Lawrence W. Harris, 135.
Ring Out the Old—Alfred Tennyson, 321.
Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, The—Wallace Irwin, 58.
Sailor's Consolation, The—William Pitt, Aug. 4, P. 7.
San Francisco—George S. Hellman, Aug. 4, P. 15.
Scott, Sir Walter—Where Shall the Lover Rest, 217.
Shakespeare in Opera, July 28, P. 11.
Shakespeare—Ariel's Song, 217.
Shall Women Smoke, July 28, P. 10.
Sill, E. R.—Christmas in California, 322.
Sisters, The—Alfred Tennyson, 217.
Smart, Frank P.—Ballade of Heroes, 158.
Solis-Cohen, Solomon—When Love Passed By, Spirit of '49, The, July 14, P. 5.
Stedman, E. C.—John Brown of Osawatimie, Suckling, Sir John—Song, 25.
Swallow Song, The—A. Tennyson, 89.
Symons, Arthur—The Cornish Wind, 326.
Taylor, E. R.—The Poet's Search, 186.
Taylor, Tom—Lincoln, Abraham, 217.
Tennyson, Alfred—
Bugle Song, 217.
Death of the Old Year, 341.
Lady Godiva, 155.
Ring Out the Old, 321.
Sisters, The, 217.
Swallow Song, 89.
Thompson, Will—High Tide at Gettysburg, 105.
Thornbury, George Walter—
Fourteenth of July, The, July 14, P. 10.
Pompador, The, 217.
Three Troopers, The, 217.
Three Troopers, The—George W. Thornbury, Vain Colours, Rattle, The One Road, 326.
Vere, Edward—Renunciation, A, 22.
What My Lover Said—Homer Greene, 287.
When Love Passed By—Solomon Solis-Cohen, When the Cows Come Home—Agnes E. Mitchell, July 28, P. 9.
Where Shall the Lover Rest—Walter Scott, Wilson, Charlotte—How Long the Road, 273.
Wolfe, Charles—Burial of Sir John Moore, July 21, P. 9.
Wordsworth, William—Christmas Carol, The, Young Mr. Yan—Wallace Irwin, 85.
You Sabe Me—Wallace Irwin, Aug. 4, P. 12.

WEDDINGS.

Armistead-Tutt, 30.
Bacon-Goodrich, July 14, P. 14.
Bade-Ratcliff, 130.
Ballard-Jones, July 14, P. 14.
Bertbold-Marriner, 278.
Bootes-Buck, 184.
Chapin-Wilson, 112.
Chapman-Powers, 350.
Cline-Tillman, 312.
Cockran-Ida, 244.
Coleman-Hennessey, Aug. 11, P. 14.
Cunha-Sterling, 46.
Dimond-Watkins, 312.
Dodd-Allen, July 28, P. 14.
Eckhardt-Stockton, 130.
Farnham-Clifford, 94.
Fisher-Samuels, 94.
Fisher-Small, 294.
Goss-McClung, 184.
Graham-Strauch, 146.
Hammond-Merrill, 62.
Hoag-Smith, July 7, P. 14.
Jewell-Mosby, 244.
Josephs-Rosenstirn, 262.
Kellogg-Hager, 62.
Koch-McClure, 204.
Levin-Benjamin, 146.
Long-Shepard, 78.
Lorini-Chase, 78.
McCormick-Cole, Aug. 4, P. 14.
Munro-Heydenfelt, July 28, P. 14.
Norris-Williams, 130.
O'Connor-Gould, 62.
Pringle-Bull, 62.
Rees-Leslie, July 7, P. 14.
Saunders-Bowers, 224.
Smith-Schenck, 332.
Splivado-Hoffacker, 244.
Soule-Guyot, Aug. 4, P. 14.
Sturges-Montgomery, 204.
Taylor-Van Ness, Aug. 4, P. 14.
Tichner-Thompson, July 14, P. 14.
Thompson-Buffington, July 14, P. 14.
Thorne-Powell, 112.
Underhill-Dibble, 146.
Von Ulrich-Berkmaier, 184.
Whitney-Landers, 332.
Zeile-Humphrey, 332.

The Argonaut.

Vol. LIX. No. 1530. SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1906. Price, 10 Cents.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 1711 San Pablo avenue, Oakland, to whom orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Jerome A. Hart, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." To insure consideration, manuscripts submitted for publication must be rewritten.

Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco; by W. J. Abernethy; by Foster & O'Rear; and by the Dennison News Company on its boats and trains.

Published at San Francisco, Cal. Temporary Office, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal.

THIRTIETH YEAR.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

GEROME A. HART - - - - Editor

CONTENTS.	
EDITORIAL—The Value of President Roosevelt—Insurance Black List in Congress—The Relief Fund and the Relief Problems—The Influence of Eastern Creditors—The Senate and the President—How the Fireman's Fund Stands—Insurance Roll of Honor—Another Insurance Manager Resigns—The Policy Holders' Protective League—Insurance East and West—Crooked Companies Turned Down.....	1-5
LETTER FROM GENERAL FUNSTON..	6
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....	6
REAL EARTHQUAKE CITY—Thrilling Experience of an American in Venezuela, by Horace D. Warner.....	7-8
OLD FAVORITES	8
INDIVIDUALITIES	8
OXFORD TOWN AND GOWN, by Jerome A. Hart	9
ANITY FAIR	10
TORYETTES	11
HE TUNEFUL LIAR	11
ELLEN TERRY'S JUBILEE	12
TAGE GOSSIP	12
ITERARY NOTES	13
PERSONAL—Notes and Gossip—Army and Navy—Movements and Whereabouts.	14-15
ALLEGED HUMORISTS.....	16

The Value of President Roosevelt.

In the course of a debate on the Sundry Civil Bill in the Senate last week Senator Bailey said, "I understand the present Executive has spent \$100,000 more than any of his predecessors. If that be true, he has cost more and is worth less than any other President we have ever had."

The Senator from Texas is an able man, but that remark might have been made by a foolish one. It was inspired rather by Senator Bailey's dislike for the President than by justice or reason.

There are certain of us who do not always agree with President Roosevelt, although we do not dislike him as does Senator Bailey. In fact, there are many of us who honestly like the President, despite our dislike for

many of the things he says and does. But such men as Bailey and Tillman should not allow their dislike for the President to lead them to attack him when he is earnestly engaged in doing that which is for the good of the entire nation. Let us briefly summarize a few of the things done by President Roosevelt. He has destroyed the Paper Trust. The Fertilizer Trust has been brought to book, and some eighty indictments have been found against it. Two of the Presidents of subsidizing companies composing the Tobacco Trust have been indicted, and that trust has been forced to bring its books into court. The Drug Trust has been enjoined. The Beef Trust has been brought into court. Congress has been somewhat reluctantly forced by the Administration to go after the Beef Trust. The President is directly responsible for the passage of the Railroad Rate Bill. The Administration has put a stop to the stealing of government lands in this and other Pacific States. The Administration convicted Senator Mitchell of Oregon of accepting bribes. It drove Senator Burton of Kansas out of the Senate for the same offense. It is still engaged in trying to bring to justice some dishonest members of Congress from Oregon. It is about to bring proceedings against the Standard Oil Company, which is generally admitted to be an iniquitous monopoly. And the most recent of the President's crusades against monopoly and on the side of the people is his action against the meat packers. In this last he has met with vigorous opposition from the multi-millionaires of the meat industry, who have endeavored to terrify him with the danger to the cattle industry of the West. This was a master move, for the President's heart is in the West, and his liking for the men of the cattle ranches is well known. But the President resisted this attempt to sidetrack him. Thereupon strong opposition to the meat investigation developed in the House of Representatives. In dealing with this matter the President showed some of his habitual haste and impulsiveness in his correspondence with Chairman Wadsworth of the Agricultural Committee. But the people will pardon him in view of the fact that he accomplished his end. At least we hope so. As we write the bill is in conference between the Senate and the House, with a deadlock on the question of the packers paying the fees for inspection. The meat packers are now holding out on the forlorn hope of dodging the fees and attempting to throw them on the government. The Administration is attempting to force the packers to pay the fees. Here again we believe the President is right, and here again we hope and believe he will succeed.

Out on this coast little of the product of the Western meat packers is consumed. Therefore little interest is felt in this matter. Throughout all of the Eastern half of the United States, however, the consumption of these meats, either refrigerated or from the can, is large. This is also the case in Europe. The feeling throughout both the United States and Europe over the revelations of conditions in the packing houses is

one of disgust and horror. European governments are sending representatives to the United States to see that meat products intended for the consumption of their armies are packed in a cleanly manner and from animals which were not diseased.

The foregoing is a brief resume of what the President has done for the people during his short term of office. When Senator Bailey says that Mr. Roosevelt "has cost more and is worth less than any President we have ever had," we believe that few Democrats will agree with him and no Republicans at all.

Insurance Black List in Congress.

Scarcely a day passes now that there does not transpire some new method of spreading among the people the truth about the insurance companies. Up to now there has been very little attention paid in the Eastern press to the crooked actions of insurance companies here. Many Eastern journals ignore the insurance situation altogether; some have given a few lines to it perhaps once or twice a week. But to those who do not see the Eastern papers the utter indifference paid by them to a matter of such vital import to San Francisco would seem amazing.

The latest development on the side of the unfortunate policy-holders is this: Representative Kahn made a speech in the House on June 28th giving the facts concerning the insurance situation. He said that the total loss was probably three hundred and fifty millions, with not more than two hundred millions of it covered by insurance. He also related that some sixty of the companies had signed a compact agreeing to pay only 75 per cent of the face of their policies, utterly regardless of conditions. He then narrated the attempts of the policy-holders to get justice, the organization of a policy-holders' protective league, and their intention to advertise the honest and dishonest companies throughout the United States and in Europe. Mr. Kahn added: "Official data concerning the insurance situation is now being gathered by the Insurance Commissioners of the State of California. At the opening of the next session of Congress I shall lay before the House, and have printed in the Congressional Record, the list of those insurance companies who have failed and refused to meet their just and honest obligations, so that the country will know in whom to put trust." The Associated Press dispatches say: "This announcement caused a sensation in the House, and every insurance company affected will know what it is up against." Representative Kahn said after his speech that the insurance data when printed in the Congressional Record would be mailed to every policy-holder in the United States. Thus there will be laid before them an official list of the defaulting insurance companies.

We earnestly hope that Representative Kahn may carry out his plan. It is not only a desirable one for the injured policy-holders of California, but it will be of great benefit to all insurers throughout the United States. It will enable them to choose be-

tween honest companies and bunco companies.

The Relief Fund and the Relief Problems.

Last week General A. W. Greely, U. S. A., notified Mayor Schmitz that he would withdraw the troops of the Regular Army from San Francisco on July 10th. The municipal authorities endeavored to have this time extended, but General Greely stated that he "considered the spirit of American institutions as adverse to the quartering of troops in large cities in times of peace"; furthermore that he believed the care of the many thousands of destitute persons in San Francisco presented problems outside of the functions of the army and distinctly for civil regulation. At the request of the Mayor, General Greely drew up a careful document, in which under some twenty-five numbered heads he set forth in detail certain practical suggestions to aid the municipality in solving the problems of handling the refugees.

Since the great disaster of April 18th the special work of meeting emergency conditions has been vested in a committee of fifty civilians appointed by the Mayor. There were also on the ground the United States troops commanded by General Greely, and the National Red Cross under Dr. Devine. At first there was some little clashing between these three bodies, but after a time they worked together as harmoniously as might be. Under the changed conditions a new executive body had to be appointed. As the most important element in the old Citizens' Committee was the Finance Committee, Mayor Schmitz called in its members to his aid in appointing a new body, of three members, called the Relief Commission. Its chairman is Dr. E. T. Devine, of the National Red Cross Committee. The second member is Edward F. Moran, formerly an editorial and special writer on the Examiner, and subsequently a member of the Civil Service Commission; in addition to his knowledge of journalism, civil service, and politics, Mr. Moran has of late been devoting a part of his time to the study of law. The third member of the commission is Geo. H. Pippy, President of the Union League Club. The salary of these commissioners is fixed at \$600 per month. They are to report to the Finance Committee; while they are an executive body, they will be controlled by the Finance Committee, as that committee holds the purse-strings. At the first meeting of the commission the members passed a resolution inviting General Greely, Mayor Schmitz and James D. Phelan, Chairman of the Finance Committee, to sit with them at their meetings.

From the very first meeting it became apparent that the problems before the Relief Commission are colossal. The sum to be disbursed by the Finance Committee on the recommendations of the Relief Commission is over six millions of dollars. This enormous sum is about equal to the annual revenue of San Francisco. It is to be disbursed presumably in much less than a year. At least everybody hopes so, although, as matters look at present, it would seem as if the problems connected with feeding, clothing and housing the destitute thousands will last for a very much longer time.

The Relief Commission, the Finance Committee and the municipal authorities have been so profoundly impressed by the magnitude of the problems before them that they part most reluctantly with the assistance of the United States Army. Therefore they have hailed with gratitude the suggestion of General Greely that a certain num-

ber of army officers should continue to assist the commission. He, therefore, sent to Dr. Devine the names of some eight or nine officers, stating that he was willing to recommend to the Secretary of War that these officers be granted leave of absence for six months, and that the commission, if it desired, could command their services, as they are familiar with the relief work. If so detailed, he stated that their regular pay and allowances would cease, and that they would be placed on half pay. The question of compensation, General Greely added, would have to be fixed by the commission; but that as the entire charge of the refugees, now including about forty thousand people, far exceeds the command of a major general, he would recommend that the chief superintendent be paid \$625 per month. He further recommended Major J. A. Gaston, First Cavalry, now commanding the camps, as a desirable person for chief superintendent. Concerning the pay of the other officers General Greely said dryly: "I would suggest that it be at least \$8.00 per day, which is the sum paid to brick layers in San Francisco."

A curious difference of opinion arose as the result of General Greely's recommendations. Some of the army officers expressed their willingness to perform the civilian functions desired. Others felt differently. Captain Kilian, who has done wonders in charge of the subsistence warehouse, said he was quite ready to remain in the same position if given leave of absence. Captain J. J. Bradley, who has been in charge of the Bureau of Clothing, has also been a most efficient officer under very trying conditions; Captain Bradley, however, declined to accept a position under the Relief Commission, saying that the duties were not those of an army officer but of a civilian. He did not criticize any army officer who chose to continue this work, but personally he did not care to do it himself. Captain Bradley recommended in his place Captain Peter Murray of the Eighteenth Infantry. Captain Murray declined for the same reasons as Captain Bradley. Captain E. E. Longan, Eleventh Infantry, also declined for the same reasons, and the further ones that he considered himself by taste, training and temperament unfitted for relief work. These declinations occasioned some surprise to General Greely, who said that it was by no means unusual and certainly not illegal for army officers to accept civilian duties when permitted by the War Department. He instanced the case of Colonel Simmons, who was receiving a salary of \$10,000 a year for work on the Erie Canal, and of Colonel Gorgas and other army officers at present employed at high salaries on the Panama Canal.

There are so many unpleasant features connected with the relief work that before the commission shall have ended its days it is probable that the officers accepting service under it will feel that those who declined followed the part of wisdom. Some of these unpleasant features speedily developed. One of the most curious was the law suit brought against the Finance Committee by an association of refugees. In the complaint the court is asked to remove the Finance Committee and their appointees from office, as they had been "guilty of a conspiracy in so administering the money and supplies contributed by benevolent persons throughout the United States as to deprive the refugees in San Francisco of their just enjoyment thereof." The court is further asked to set aside as null and void all the acts of these "conspirators," to declare their offices vacant, and to appoint others in their stead, presumably from the list of the com-

plainants. Injunction is prayed for to restrain the committee from disbursing any more of the relief fund, and particularly that they make accounting for the disbursement of a certain six million dollars and also of eighty thousand barrels of flour.

This matter of the flour is an extremely awkward one. Large quantities of flour were sent from the milling districts, particularly from the Northwestern States with Minneapolis as a shipping center. The Relief Committee speedily found itself burdened with enormous quantities of flour. The refugees were all in camp; they had no stoves or ovens; hence they were unable to use the flour to bake bread; they could make little other use of it; its care and custody cost the Relief Committee quite a sum. Therefore, it was decided to sell the flour to the highest bidder, and with the money to secure other supplies which were more needed. This was done. A bid was made and accepted, but speedily accusations were made in the press and by the refugees that the price offered was far below the market rate. After much recrimination this bid was annulled and further tenders asked for, which resulted in a higher bid being made.

In the interim the refugees grew much excited. The Examiner encouraged them in their attacks on the Relief Committee. Finally dispatches began to come from Minneapolis stating that the flour had been sent for the use of the destitute and not to be sold and that the donors were most indignant at any such contemplated plan. None the less the flour was sold and the money is to be devoted to other purposes.

We can see no good reason for questioning the judgment of the Relief Committee in a matter of detail like this. If they are not fit to control the distribution of eighty thousand barrels of flour, they certainly are not fit to administer the disbursement of six millions of dollars.

This is one of the unpleasant sides of relief work of which we spoke. Another came speedily to the front. Father Rogers of St. Patrick's parish came before the Relief Commission asking for special legislation in the matter of securing clothing and household utensils for the members of his parish. He stated that there were between eighty and one hundred young girls in St. Patrick's Parish School who have been kept off the streets by the Sisters of Charity and that for five weeks the Sisters have been endeavoring to get bolts of gingham from the Relief Committee to give these girls some work to do, but were unsuccessful. He further told that they had been forced to expend some \$1200 for shoes, because the needy in his parish were unable to obtain them at the distributing stations of the Relief Commission. Dr. Devine, the Chairman, stated that the operations of the Relief Committee had always been on a non-sectarian basis, and that Archbishop Riordan and the heads of various other sectarian organizations had been asked to appoint a representative to inform the commission of the need in their ranks, and that thus they would secure relief through the commission. Commissioner Moran, however, moved that all the requisitions of Father Rogers and of the St. Patrick's Parish Society be granted without further investigation, which was seconded by Colonel Pippy and carried by two against one, Dr. Devine having his vote recorded in the negative "on the ground that the action was wholly sectarian."

Various other embarrassing questions are daily coming up before the Relief Commission. A partial census of the unattached women in the camps has been taken by the ladies of the Red Cross Society. These women are numbered by hundreds in the

various camps, and are divided into four classes: first, respectable women who desire to work; second, respectable women who will not work so long as they are fed; third, unfortunate women desiring to reform; fourth, unfortunate women who are hopeless. These figures are, of course, exclusive of the married women. The class numbered "first" are most of them living with families. The latter three classes are badly mixed, and the local Red Cross Society desire to have the commission separate them before the army retires and the saloons are again opened, when it is feared conditions in the camps will become bad.

This foreshadows another problem with which the new Relief Commission will have to cope. The liquor saloons have been closed since the 18th of April, and never in the history of San Francisco has there been a time when the city has been so free from disorder and crime. But on the 5th of July the saloons will reopen. There has been such a rush for licenses even at the enhanced rate of \$500 a year that all those applying will not be able to have their cases considered before the time of opening. When it is possible for the camp-dwellers to bring liquor within the camps breaches of the civil and canon law will beyond question ensue.

To add to the troubles of the Relief Commission, their first monthly budget as presented to the Finance Committee amounted to over \$100,000. This would come to about a million and a quarter a year, for administrative work and sanitation. This estimate leaves out entirely all money for supplies for the refugees. Needless to say, this budget caused quite a commotion, and the Relief Commission decided to revise it.

These are but a sample of the myriads of questions which are presenting themselves for solution to the Relief Commission. There has suddenly been turned over to that civilian body a mass of about fifty thousand people who are without homes, without money, without labor and without food. All sorts of questions, political, sanitary, sociological and moral, present themselves and must be solved at once. But in the face of more pressing problems the ethical and sociological problems must go to the wall. The first thing to be done is to provide shelter for these people. They are now dwelling in tents. Already over five per cent of the tents have holes in them, and by next October seventy-five per cent of them will be unfitted to give protection from the rain, according to the estimates of the army officers. Some sort of shelter must be provided before next November. Fortunately the climate of California is such that the refugees now are not suffering. In fact it is probable that many of them have been advantaged by their camp life and their existence in the open air. But when the winter comes, even the mild winter of California, they must have shelter. What shape is it to take? Are they to be housed in enormous wooden barracks? If so, are these barracks to be erected in the parks? Or is land to be purchased or leased by the Relief Commission? If so, are the structures erected to be of a permanent or a temporary character? Shall the commission purchase land and build houses with its six millions? Shall the houses be detached? Shall the commission lease houses to tenants for a purely nominal rental to be slowly increased? In whom then shall the title vest? Shall the property be deeded to the municipality of San Francisco? Or shall the title vest in the occupants? If so, on what conditions?

Here are a few of the questions confronting the body of men now composing the

Relief Commission and the Finance Committee. We speak within bounds when we say that never were there presented in a time of peace such complex, such colossal questions as now face the Relief Commission entrusted with the task of caring for the homeless fifty thousand refugees in San Francisco.

The Senate and the President.

The feud between the Senate and the President smoulders but is not extinguished. The latest evidence of it was the action of the Senate on the matter of giving the President \$25,000 a year for traveling expenses. This legislation was in the form of an amendment to the Sundry Civil Bill. Mr. Roosevelt has been anxious to obtain this allowance of \$25,000 a year, but he preferred to have it figure in the Sundry Civil Bill along with a hundred million dollars of miscellaneous appropriations. It could then be said by the Administration organs that he could not veto this personal appropriation bill, which action might render necessary an extraordinary session of Congress. Also that he could not investigate the constitutionality of the measure, as it was part of the routine appropriation bill, and that therefore Congress had forced him to accept the \$25,000 a year.

Some of the President's enemies in the Senate saw an opportunity to "get even" on him for various acts of omission or commission. On the floor of the Senate, Mr. Foraker said that many Senators believe this allowance to be of doubtful legality, while some others believed it to be unconstitutional. He therefore suggested that it be made a separate bill, which would enable the President to obtain the opinion of the Attorney General on its constitutionality; thus he could veto it without crippling the appropriation bill. Senator Foraker said he would be obliged to vote against the \$25,000 allowance if it were maintained in the Sundry Civil Bill, but would support it if it stood on its own feet, which would permit the constitutionality of the bill to be passed upon. The Senate seemed to be of the opinion of Mr. Foraker, and his suggestion was accepted. Thereupon the amendment form was dropped, and the Tawney House Bill was passed in its place by a strict party vote.

The Republican enemies of the Administration in the Senate, of whom there are not a few, were much elated with their victory over the Administration Senators, and with the success of their attempt to "put the President in a hole."

Unfortunate Strike in San Francisco.

Immediately after the great disaster of April 18th the Trades Unions in this city received much fulsome praise here and in other cities for their expressed determination to accelerate the rebuilding of San Francisco as follows: to refrain from attempts to raise the then union scale of wages; to discontinue the rules regarding the open and closed shop, which would permit non-union employees to work in the same establishments with union employees; to discontinue the rule forbidding union men to handle material coming from non-union shops.

Scarcely had the echoes of praise to the unions for their magnanimous and high-handed course died away when the union leaders began eating their words. The mechanics most in demand were the brick layers; they speedily demanded and received

\$8.00 a day. It is true they pretend that this is not a union action but an individual demand, still no one can doubt that the union is behind them. Other mechanics also made demands for higher wages, tacitly sanctioned by the unions. Furthermore the arbitrary and unjust rule forbidding union men to handle building materials coming from non-union shops is gradually going into effect.

About the only industry remaining in San Francisco which was not in a condition of semi-paralysis from the great calamity was the shipping industry. The docks, piers, and sheds on the water front were not burned, nor was the shipping. But within a few weeks after the disaster the Seamen's Union took advantage of the demand for shipping to carry building materials, and demanded a raise in wages. The United Ship Owners parleyed with them for a while, and then refused. Thereupon the sailors, firemen, cooks, and waiters went out on strike. Since that time the shipping industry in San Francisco harbor is practically tied up. Some of the big passenger liners are refusing to take passengers and are going to sea in ballast. The work of rebuilding the new San Francisco has come to a standstill for lack of building materials.

Mayor Schmitz has attempted to bring the contending parties together, and has urged them to submit to arbitration. But the United Ship Owners have refused. In their reply they say: "As the sailors, firemen, cooks and waiters have been and are the most liberally paid men in like vocation in the world, we are of the opinion that there are no demands that should call for arbitration."

This journal is not sufficiently informed in the matter to express any opinion, further than to say that we believe—as the United Ship Owners say—that seamen on this coast get the highest wages of any seamen in the world.

How the Fireman's Fund Stands.

An official statement has been made to the agents and insurers of the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company by Bernard Faymonville, Vice President and Manager, who returned on May 7th from the Philippines. As there has been much speculation concerning the prospects of that company, we summarize the statement in question. Mr. Faymonville substantially says: The Fireman's Fund records and maps were all burned; many share-holders were burned out and they were financially crippled; the company had large investments in California and San Francisco, all of which suffered severely; these facts caused a stampede among the company's outstanding policy-holders, and scores of thousands of cancellations and demands for return of premiums followed; a new corporation was, therefore, organized to relieve the old company of the threatening liability under its outstanding and unburned risks; the stock of the new Fireman's Fund Insurance Corporation was subscribed for, partly by stockholders of the old company, partly by new investors, and a part is still unsubscribed; it has a capital stock of one million dollars and a surplus fund of a like amount; the new corporation at once assumed all the outstanding liability of the old company not involved in the April 18th fire; as the time for filing claims was extended to August 18th, the company will be compelled to wait until that date to determine its final liability; no arbitrary deductions are made; losses will be adjusted on the merits of each case; the company "intends to pay all legitimate claims dollar for dollar;" "if it does not possess sufficient

funds, it will call on its stockholders for more;" "the Fireman's Fund will probably have to retire, but in retiring it will endeavor to treat every claimant fairly and equitably."

Beyond a doubt the Fireman's Fund occupies a most unfortunate position. Most of its risks were in San Francisco; its real estate investments were in San Francisco; its negotiable securities were the stocks of San Francisco corporations; its stockholders were San Franciscans who lose both ways, in the destruction of their own property and in paying the fire losses of their neighbors. If it shall stand before such a colossal disaster, its officers are indeed worthy of the highest credit. It is earnestly to be hoped that they may succeed.

Curiosities of the Fire.

Ever since the disaster of April 18 the Argonaut has been intent on gathering strange and curious incidents of that colossal conflagration. Strangely enough, we have not been any too successful. Most of us were so dazed by the rapidity of the events that we remember them incoherently and set them down with difficulty. In the East, however, people seem to have no such trouble. True, they did not undergo the experiences they relate, but that they do not heed. We have encountered a number of narratives in Eastern papers which are of the most extraordinary description. In fact, they are as incredible as they are extraordinary.

In the magazine called "Success" we saw announced an article entitled "Remarkable Facts About the San Francisco Earthquake, reported by Hosmer Whitfield." This is a comparatively new magazine, devoted mainly to telling young men how to get there. Its ideals seem to be the great insurance, pork, copper, coal and oil millionaires. In short, the ideal of "Success" seems to be telling a young man how to become a McCall or a McCurdy, a Rockefeller or a Schwab. As this will show, its ideals are high. Its editors should put at the head of their first page Emerson's apothegm, "Hitch your wagon to a star."

Naturally, in such a high grade journal, we looked forward with much interest to the appearance of this article. We have not the honor of being on the exchange list of "Success," and "Success" has not the pleasure of being on the exchange list of the "Argonaut." Therefore we sent ten cents for an early copy of the July number, and at once turned feverishly to Mr. Whitfield's remarkable article headed "Remarkable Facts." The first paragraph runs as follows:

The residence of John D. Spreckles,

the sugar king, was situated on Van Ness Avenue, and was one of the most costly and luxurious palaces in California. When the soldiers were given orders to demolish it with dynamite, Mr. Spreckles went on his knees on the sidewalk and begged them not to do so.

This paragraph begins: "The residence of John D. SpreckLES." There is no "John D. SpreckLES." There is a "John D. SpreckELS."

The paragraph calls him "the Sugar King." He is not a "Sugar King." He never was. His father, Claus Spreckels, is the "Sugar King."

The paragraph goes on: "The residence of John D. Spreckles was situated on Van Ness Avenue." It never was on Van Ness Avenue. It is on Pacific Avenue.

The paragraph continues: "When the soldiers were given orders to demolish it." It was not demolished, but is still standing. The residence of Claus Spreckels was on Van Ness Avenue, but was not demolished

with dynamite; it is still standing, and the damage done was through fire.

The next sentence runs thus: "Mr. Spreckles went on his knees on the sidewalk and begged the soldiers not to do so"—that is, not to demolish his residence with dynamite. As it was not John D. Spreckels', and as it was not demolished with dynamite, and as it was not demolished at all, and as his residence was not there, it is highly probable that Mr. Spreckels did not beg them to refrain from demolishing it. Furthermore, as John D. Spreckels had been dangerously ill for a number of weeks, and was then in bed a long distance away, at Pacific and Laguna streets, he probably did not kneel in prayer at Van Ness and Clay, in the midst of dynamite and fire.

Aside from these few inaccuracies we have no doubt that the paragraph is correct.

The remarkable Mr. Whitfield thus continues his "Remarkable Facts":

The night of the earthquake hundreds of horses in the stables throughout the city became unusually nervous. They pawed, kicked, neighed, and exhibited other signs of restlessness in their stalls. They seemed to want to break out and run away.

Those of us who believe that human hindsight is infinitely better than its foresight differ with Mr. Whitfield. Some of us believe that nobody knows what is going to happen. If anybody in San Francisco, in California, in the United States, or in the world knew on the 17th of April that an earthquake shock was coming on the 18th, they made no sign. The San Francisco newspapers contained on the 17th of April columns of advertisements by clairvoyants, soothsayers, wahrsagerinnen, fortune tellers, spiritualistic mediums and Egyptian veiled ladies; all these prophetic freaks were ready to tell your fortune while you wait from half a dollar up, according to the amount of idiocy your mother gave you when you were born. The advertisements of these freaks spangled the San Francisco dailies on the 17th of April. On the 18th of April there were no newspapers, no advertisements, and no prophetic freaks.

Thus it is seen that human foresight—even that of the oldest and most experienced foresighter—is no good. But Mr. Whitfield evidently believes in equine foresight. He thinks that a horse can see farther into the future than a man. Perhaps he can, but the deponent doubts it. The average horse at a distance of ten feet cannot tell a bale of straw bedding from a bale of rich wheat hay. Many horses will shy at their own barn; others will shy at their own shadows. For Mr. Whitfield to believe that animals so low in the intellectual scale as horses—almost as low, let us say, as clairvoyants—should be able to foretell cosmic disturbances, known only to college professors and to omniscience, speaks volumes for his credulity, but little for his think-tank.

The next paragraph in Mr. Whitfield's "Remarkable Facts" runs as follows:

I am told on the best authority that several hundred people went insane the day of the shock, while scores of people who had been victims of insanity for years suddenly regained their minds.

If "several hundred people went insane the day of the shock," the fact would have developed from the pressure on the asylums. The asylums were so seriously damaged that some are still unable adequately to house the unfortunates who were already in their care at the time of the earthquake. What then has become of the "several hundred who went insane the day of the shock?" On second thoughts the answer to that is contained in Mr. Whitfield's next

statement that "scores of people who had been victims of insanity for years suddenly regained their minds." Probably these cured lunatics at once vacated their quarters in the insane asylums, and those who went mad on the day of the shock popped into their places.

Mr. Whitfield copies a "letter from a California woman," in which occurs the statement: "The thunder of exploding dynamite may die in my ears, but I will always hear the rattle of the trunks over the cobbles as the poor people dragged their earthly belongings to places of safety." San Francisco abolished cobble pavements many years ago. We are very proud of our smooth asphalt or bituminous pavements. For Mr. Whitfield to circulate such statements as these will bring down upon him the wrath of our Promotion Committees.

The next paragraph in Mr. Whitfield's "Remarkable Facts" runs as follows: "During the fire, armies of rats invaded the unburned districts. There seemed to be millions on millions of them." This paragraph might pass without comment, were it not for the well known peculiarity of the rodent family to be present only in the spirit in times of excitement. To illustrate our meaning let us relate a little story. Sometimes at high water the cellars in the lower parts of Cincinnati become flooded. Once a stranger, while walking about Cincinnati's downtown streets, stepping gingerly and with loathing, found himself picking his steps amid what appeared to be moving swarms of grayish brown rats. As he progressed along the streets the swarms increased, until they were like those following the Pied Piper of Hamelin. The stranger at last in terror started to shin up a lamp-post. Hanging on with one arm he clutched with the other at a passing native. "Say, Mister," said he, "do you see any rats?" The native looked at the stranger in surprise, "Rats? Why certainly. I see millions of them. Don't you?" The stranger replied: "Thank God! I thought I had 'em again." It would be a harsh judgment on Mr. Whitfield to put him in the same category as the strange gentleman in Cincinnati.

Among the many curious incidents narrated by Mr. Whitfield is the following:

At St. Mary's Cathedral occurred a notable act of spiritual and physical heroism. Tremors were running through the building and outside, and bits of mortar were falling, when two brave priests made their way to the top of the tower in spite of the continued rocking of the building, and there, clinging to the cross which surmounted it, steadied the sacred emblem and prevented it from falling to the pavement.

This incident has been several times narrated, and strange to say always in dissimilar ways. Some say that the two priests climbed the tower to chop off the woodwork, which had been ignited either by blasts of flame or showers of cinders borne on the wind; they thereby hoped to prevent the destruction of the entire church. But Mr. Whitfield knows better. According to him "tremors were running through the building and outside." Usually, by the way, earthquakes are felt both inside and outside of buildings. "Two brave priests made their way to the top of the tower in spite of the continued rocking of the building." We do not doubt the bravery of the two priests, but we never saw a man, whether steeple jack or sailor, who would climb a tower while the earth was quaking. We may be permitted to doubt the "continued rocking," and to believe merely that the two priests climbed the tower after the earthquake was over. Mr. Whitfield goes on: "There, clinging to the cross, the two

priests steadied the sacred emblem, and prevented it from falling to the pavement." Two priests, no matter how brave, would scarcely commit such incredible folly. When whole towers fell down, what good would there be in simply saving a cross from falling? Probably the foundation for this remarkable narrative of Mr. Whitfield is the one we spoke of but now, that the priests were chopping off parts of the wooden tower that caught fire.

Mr. Whitfield goes from the city of the living to the city of the dead. He says: "The night following the earthquake hundreds found shelter in the massive mausoleums and beside the tombs in Laurel Hill Cemetery." If Mr. Whitfield believes that, he will believe anything. Many of the monuments in the cemeteries looked after the earthquake as if they had the blind staggers. Most people preferred sleeping as far away from structures—particularly of stone or brick—as they could get. It is probable that the entire population of San Francisco slept out of doors the night following the earthquake. Most of them slept out for two or three nights, and then moved back by easy degrees. Some forty thousand are sleeping out of doors yet. Among his other remarkable facts, Mr. Whitfield should not forget that a curious superstition pervades California—it is considered in this State extremely unlucky to be killed by a falling tomb.

The final paragraph from Mr. Whitfield's collection runs thus:

I. W. Hellman, one of the richest men in the State, was forced by soldiers to unearth a buried oven so that bread might be baked for the refugees. The first loaf was given to Mr. Hellman as a souvenir. The rich and poor were brought to a common level as never before in the history of the world. It showed what people can do in a brotherly way when necessity demands.

This anecdote is probably one of the few in the collection which most closely approximates to the truth. Still it is not entirely accurate. Mr. Whitfield says that "I. W. Hellman was forced by soldiers to unearth a buried oven." We hear on the best authority that there are the facts: Mr. Hellman was not engaged in burying an oven, but merely in digging a hole. In this hole he had intended to put away about fourteen million dollars in bonds which he happened to have about him at the time of the shock. When he had dug the hole to quite a depth a brutal soldier came along and informed the banker that he intended to take away the hole. When Mr. Hellman remonstrated the soldier hit him with the butt of a gun. Thereupon the unfortunate banker became unconscious. When he recovered his senses Mr. Hellman saw that his hole was missing. He cried loudly for help. When some bystanders rushed up he told them of the occurrence, adding that the brutal soldier had struck him, had stolen his hole and fled. "But," said one of the bystanders who knew him, "Mr. Hellman, are you sure that he has stolen the hole? I think you are in a hole, sir." Mr. Hellman sat up and saw that it was indeed a fact. He had fallen over backwards into his own hole. He was mistaken. He had done the soldier an injustice he admitted, as he smiled through his tears. Mr. Hellman, by the way, lost everything but what he had about his person at the time. He is now beginning life all over again, far down the ladder, with only these few bonds between him and penury. But he has not lost heart. He is working strenuously to upbuild our Greater San Francisco, and hopes in time again to amass a modest competence.

We would like to state to Mr. Hosmer Whitfield that if he is going to tell remarkable stories about our late unpleasantness he had better get them straight. The foregoing may be depended on.

Tottering Insurance Companies.

Last week we remarked that when the Traders of Chicago effected its hurried re-insurance prior to its more hurried application for a receiver, during the semi-secret subsequent proceedings some thirty insurance companies were passed over. Their names were kept secret, by arrangement among the adjusters and insurance directors. We now learn from New York that this rumor is based on fact. Thirty-two American companies doing business in New York have been forced to take extraordinary measures to entrench themselves against disaster. Five of them have reinsured in other corporations. Eight companies have called in funds from their share holders announcing an increase in capital stock. Eighteen other companies have begun to raise special funds, either by stock assessment or otherwise. One company has withdrawn from business in California.

We are under the impression that more than one company will withdraw from business in California before this crisis is over, and in many cases their withdrawal will not be voluntary.

Bankers' Insurance Black List.

The Washington Bankers' Association last week appointed a committee to secure from the California Insurance Commissioners' office a list of companies seeking to evade payment of losses resulting from the San Francisco disaster. These lists will be furnished to every banker in the State of Washington. The Oregon Bankers' Association is also taking steps to secure similar lists. Thereupon there will be at once put in force in Pacific Coast States the black list of the insurance companies that have "welched" in California.

Similar action will soon follow in other States. As soon as the Argonaut can secure a correct and authoritative list from the State Insurance Commissioners we shall print such a list, keep it standing, and circulate it as widely as is in our power.

Insurance Roll of Honor.

As we have not hesitated to condemn the crooked companies so we consider it our duty to name the honest ones in the present insurance crisis. Not all of the managers are rogues, nor are all of the shareholders fraudulent bankrupts, we are glad to say. Last week we chronicled the fact that the Continental Fire Insurance Company of Hartford was rapidly settling claims and paying cash to its policy-holders on the dollar-for-dollar basis; likewise that the Connecticut Fire Insurance Company of Hartford had already paid to its policy-holders, on the dollar-for-dollar basis, nearly a million of dollars. This week we have to add to the Roll of Honor the Aetna of Hartford, which has some three millions of liabilities in the burned district of San Francisco; this company has already settled 933 claims, on which it has paid \$1,405,733. A group of companies comprising the St. Paul Fire and Marine, the American Central of Missouri, and the Mercantile Fire and Marine of Boston, are also rapidly paying their policy-holders. They have a net liability in the burned section of about \$2,500,000, and have already paid about 800 losses, ag-

gregating \$700,000. The Union Assurance Association and the Law, Union & Crown, both English corporations, have paid 400 claims, aggregating about \$500,000.

There are doubtless other companies to be added to the Roll of Honor, among which we hear is the Liverpool and London and Globe, but we have no figures concerning them.

Another Insurance Manager Resigns.

Two notable events in the insurance world of late have been the resignation of George D. Dornin, Pacific Coast Manager of the National of Hartford, and Rudolph Herold, Pacific Coast Manager of the Hamburg and Bremen. Both these officials had occupied prominent positions in the insurance world here for a third of a century. Both resigned owing to their refusal to stand for the crooked procedure of their companies in arbitrarily scaling down the policy-holders' claims. The third man to leave under similar circumstances is V. C. Driffield, recently Pacific Coast Manager for the Trans-Atlantic Insurance Company of Hamburg. He resigns because the home office instructed him to "admit no liability whatever." He adds for the benefit of policy-holders that the statements given out in this State concerning the company's weak financial condition "are entirely erroneous, for the capital and surplus of the company aggregate \$1,964,326." Mr. Driffield advises the policy-holders to organize as a body to protect their interests. His advice is sound.

The Policy-Holders' Protective League.

We chronicled last week at some length the proceedings of the Policy-Holders' Protective League at their first meeting. Since then the following gentlemen have been appointed trustees:

Trustees at large, H. Weinstock of Weinstock, Luhrin & Co.; Merchants' Association, Andrew Carrigan of Dunham, Carrigan & Hayden Company, Albert Dernham of Buckingham & Hecht; Chamber of Commerce, Charles H. Crocker of H. S. Crocker & Co., Rudolph Taussig of Louis Taussig & Co.; Merchants' Exchange, James D. Phelan of the Mutual Savings Bank, F. W. Van Sicken of Dodge, Sweeney & Co.; San Francisco Board of Trade, Charles Holbrook of Holbrook, Merrill & Stetson, J. D. Grant of Murphy, Grant & Co.; Manufacturers' and Producers' Association of California, F. W. Dohrmann of Nathan, Dohrmann & Co., A. Sbarboro of the Italian-American Bank.

The trustees have held several meetings, but have not yet formulated a plan of procedure. It is believed that they will soon lay their plan of campaign before the members. Then the insurance companies will be confronted with a solid body whose policies aggregate something like one hundred millions of dollars.

Insurance East and West.

We observe that a number of the crooked insurance companies who are trying to bunko their policy-holders here in San Francisco are advertising largely in the Eastern press that they are "meeting their claims squarely and paying dollar for dollar in the great San Francisco disaster." These statements are lies—plain, bald lies. We advise those gentlemen in the Policy-Holders' Protective League who are so timid about advertising the truth concerning the insurance situation in San Francisco to read some of these lying advertisements as a tonic.

A LETTER FROM GEN. FUNSTON.

Presidio of San Francisco, Cal., July 2, 1906.

To the Editor of the Argonaut.—Dear Sir: Two weeks ago the Argonaut republished from the Boston Transcript an article from a correspondent relative to the recent conflagration in this city in which I was held up to scorn for not having taken upon myself the responsibility of blowing the whole city to flinders with dynamite. In your last issue somebody who calls himself Henry Anderson Lafier breaks loose and tells how all of us failed miserably, and incidentally confides to the public how he would have done it, if only he had been discovered in time. He points out especially my grievous omissions in such pathetic fashion that I am all but convinced that I am quite a reprehensible person, and should not be at large. As a rule, I try to avoid controversies through the columns of the press, for they are the most profitless things on earth; but I do not believe it best for me to allow the statements made by these two persons to stand uncontradicted, not that their individual views concern me in the slightest degree, but for fear that they may influence the opinions of others as misinformed as they themselves evidently are as to the occurrences of the 18th, 19th and 20th of April. Both letters are unique in the lack of information shown by their writers as to my status and the limits of my authority during the fire, as well as to the difficulties encountered by those engaged in fighting this the greatest conflagration in modern times.

Mr. Lafier says: "My companion said to me: 'I know what I would do if I were in charge: I would seize every automobile I could get my hands on; I would ascertain from the directory the names of every dealer of high explosives in San Francisco; I would dispatch cars with demands for supplies of dynamite on hand and information about men capable of handling it; and I would be fighting this fire with dynamite inside a half hour.'" All of which sounds well enough if there had been dynamite stored in the city which there was not. To store large supplies of high explosives in or near a large city would be criminal, and is everywhere unlawful. The nearest point where there was available any considerable quantity of high explosives was at Pinole, across the Bay. The obtaining of this dynamite, transferring it to the city wharves and thence by automobile to the points where it was needed was slow and tedious business and it was used up so rapidly in vain attempts to check the fire that it was impossible to accumulate a sufficient quantity of it to carry out the wholesale destruction contemplated by Mr. Lafier's gallant companion. If the city authorities could but have known that those gentlemen were available, to superintend getting this dynamite to the front, how different it all might have been!

The explosive used during the first hours of the morning of the 18th was gunpowder from the Presidio. It was, of course, ill suited to the work and nothing was accomplished by its use and on the other hand no harm was done by it, despite the fact that a few buildings may have been set on fire, as all that portion of the city where gunpowder was used was doomed to destruction, and could have been saved only by the use of carloads of dynamite. The quantity of gun cotton brought down from Mare Island Navy Yard was so small that it could not influence matters, despite the paeans of praise indulged in by the Boston Transcript's correspondent on that subject. I have neither the time nor the disposition to follow further the mental gymnastics and fairy stories of either of these gentlemen. Mr. Lafier is entitled to much praise for his excellent work in fighting the conflagration, for, according to his own statement he put out the fire on somebody's fence with a sponge or some other toilet article. It certainly was a gallant deed. Let us not forget the name of Lafier.

But to be serious.

There are a few facts that I wish the people of San Francisco would bear in mind, and the principal one is this. The city was never for one moment under martial law and the functions of the municipal government did not at any time lapse. The Mayor and not myself was the supreme authority. Without warrant of law and without being requested to do so I marched the troops into the city, merely to aid the municipal authorities and not to supersede them. The dynamiting, although done by a detachment under Captain Coleman and Lieutenant Briggs of the Army, was by specific authority of the Mayor, and the officers mentioned were working under the general directions given them by that official. Usually they acted in conjunction with the Fire Department, although circumstances made it necessary for them often to use their own judgment. Much of the first work done by them was ineffective because, as stated above, not enough dynamite could be obtained to blow down a sufficiently wide space ahead of the fire. They, however, did most effective work after the fire crossed Van Ness, north of Sutter. They at this time, the night of the 19th, had plenty of dynamite and the buildings were smaller. Working partly on their own initiative but guided largely by the advice of Col. Chas. Morris, Artillery Corps, they demolished enough buildings to stop the flames, without which action the city would to a certainty have been burned out to the Richmond district. I do not claim and do not deserve the slightest credit for this action, as I was not present and so can speak about it freely. On the afternoon of the 20th the Western Addition was again saved, as the flames working westward reached Van Ness north of California. This was everybody's fight and firemen, soldiers, sailors and citizens worked effectively. It was the wide street, the fact that the houses were more scattering and the water being pumped from the bay at Fort Mason that at last brought success. Although present much of the time, I did not take charge, but left the control of matters with the municipal officers where it belonged. During much of this time I was with the Mayor. He was alert and vigorous and not afraid to take responsibility, and there was no occasion for me to more than render him such assistance as lay in my power. I was

giving more of my attention to the problem of feeding and sheltering the 300,000 homeless and hungry people than to fighting the fire.

I have never posed as the savior of the city or of that part of it that was saved, so that there is no occasion for such ignorant and cowardly attacks as those referred to. It is a mighty poor sort of man whose hindsight is not better than his foresight and I am free to acknowledge that if I had my part of it to do over again I would do a better job. I have no doubt the Mayor and the officials of the Fire Department will acknowledge the same thing. Such monumental catastrophes are beyond the training and the experience of all men. But I have made this letter too long. I hope it will suffice to disabuse the minds of the people of San Francisco, as I have no time to attempt to reply to every person who feels called upon to break into the columns of the press with his accounts of what he did not see and does not know.

Very respectfully,

Frederick Funston.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

For Years to Come.

Canajoharie, N. Y., June 20, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: I enclose P. O. order for \$5.00 for one year's subscription. I am glad to see that you still survive after all the troubles of fire and earthquake shock, and hope you will prosper and give light and good cheer for many years to come.

Yours truly,

Jno. F. Finn.

Has Been Reader from Childhood.

San Francisco, June 23, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: In accordance with your published request, I am sending you, under separate cover, some numbers of the Argonaut published this year before the fire, and trust they may help you to complete your files. I take this opportunity of expressing my gratification in the continuation of the paper's publication, and may say that my father took the Argonaut from its first number, and that I have continued reading it from my early childhood with the greatest pleasure.

With best wishes, I am Yours very truly,

J. D. Ruggles.

Government Insurance.

San Diego, Cal., June 29, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: Apropos of my suggestion that the State should go in to the insurance business, and your objection that it would lead to political and administrative corruption, "which would render State insurance impossible," and that the State of California could never have paid the San Francisco losses, I would like to ask why it would not be practicable for every building in the United States to be insured by the federal government, as a matter of course. Why not save the huge expense of writing out policies and collecting premiums (consider also the saving in needless advertising) by simply considering everything insured, and raise the money by an extra State or federal tax on all assessed property—the local tax collectors paying over their receipts to the State and the State accounting to Washington.

Whenever and wherever a fire occurred a statement under oath could be sent on to the nearest Government adjuster of claims, who, of course, would be selected from the most experienced men now in the business, and the damages would be paid or the building restored out of Government funds. It might be said there would be no end of fraudulent claims, but there would be this difference between then and now: Now if a man swindles the insurance company it is nobody's business to inform against him. It purely concerns the insurance company and is nobody else's business, and many fraudulent claims are paid because the companies think it would hurt their business to dispute them. In the case of Government insurance it would be to every taxpayer's interest to see that the country wasn't robbed. I merely put the suggestion forward for consideration.

F. A. Binney.

The Argonaut Ranks First.

Editor Argonaut: I have for a long time regularly taken your valuable paper. Of all the periodicals that come to my house, the Argonaut ranks first in the estimation of myself and family. Since the fire, I have not been able to secure a copy until your last edition. Very truly yours,

W. A. Irwin.

Some War Numbers.

Palo Alto, June 17, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: In compliance with your request for back numbers we are sending a package set aside for various reasons—including the Spanish-American War.

We have long been constant readers of the Argonaut, but as suburban San Franciscans, it has been an added enjoyment to buy the Argonaut on the train each Saturday, and we greatly regret missing the two issues succeeding the fire.

With best wishes for your future prosperity,

Yours very truly,

J. S. Butler.

A Complimentary Reader.

Editor Argonaut: Herewith find \$1.00—continue sending to Frank Miller, "Holly Oaks," Sausalito, Cal. Your weekly voice is more instructive than the daily yell of the yellow journals; may your shadow never again grow less.

Domestic Help Scarce.

Marin Co., June 20th.

Editor Argonaut: I congratulate you on your renewed success, deservedly won because of the promptness and regularity with which your paper has been forwarded since the fire. Would that the daily papers could learn of you how it is done.

With the fact that 100,000 people are still destitute in San Francisco and its vicinity, is it not strange that domestic help is so difficult to get, and so inefficient, and that wages are higher than ever before? Yours truly,

A Friend of the Argonaut.

From a Connecticut Reader.

Plainfield, Conn., June 15, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: I send some hack numbers. I see that some numbers are missing, probably lent to friends. If these are of the least use to you, I shall be only too glad to help you in your great tribulation. If sympathy would help you any you would be helped. Truly yours,

B. A. Walker.

Not Without the Argonaut.

Oakland, June 16, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: I would not be without the Argonaut at three times the price.

Yours respectfully,

A. E. Van Emden.

Another Rothschild Experience.

San Francisco, July 2, 1906.

Editor Argonaut:—Apropos of your Rothschild observations last week, let me relate a little incident.

A couple of years ago I was on one of my sporadic visits to Europe. I had made arrangements to have £200 a month sent me from the Bank of California to Rothschilds. When I received my first draft, I went to Rothschild, presented it, told the paying teller that I expected to receive a similar amount every month, and asked if I could deposit my drafts, and draw against them for smaller amounts, as desired. He called the manager, who presently came into the little room where I was ushered.

"What do you want?" he said in a rough, gruff, bluff voice.

I explained my request, or attempted to, but before I was half finished, he said, "No, we can't do anything of the kind."

"Very well," I said, and supposed that was the end, as it should have been, but it was not.

He continued sharply, "Why don't you get a letter of credit for Ten or Twelve Thousand Dollars at once?"

"Well," I said, "I will have to pay for the letter of credit and by getting my monthly income of One Thousand Dollars this way, which it is all I want to spend in Europe, it comes out of my revenue."

"Yes," he said, "that it is just the way with you Americans, you want to make it all."

"Well," I observed, "you cannot complain, in any event you will get your business with the Bank of California."

"Oh," he said, "only a small commission not worth talking about," with a shrug of the shoulders.

I was so astonished that I really did not say what I might have said or perhaps what I should have said. However, on going out, the same Paying Teller said to me, who had evidently heard the conversation, "Lord Rothschild is a gentleman, this man is not."

Acting on the hint, like Othello, I wrote a note to Lord Rothschild, relating the circumstances as I have stated them now. A representative of his called at my hotel, and made very ample apologies, stating that the manager in question had been ill, and just come back from the Springs, and they were very sorry, etc. I asked Lord Rothschild's representative if the letter had been shown to this man, who had the management of the concern, and he said it had, and he could not deny the truth. Since then, of course, I transacted no business with that concern.

J. L.

More Argonauts for Our Files.

Portland, June 29, 1906.

Editor Argonaut:—Being a yearly subscriber of the "Argonaut" ever since I resided in this city, over 28 years, and having read in one of your issues that you are desirous of obtaining some copies of the "Argonaut" prior to the San Francisco disaster, I forward to you to-day, by express, charges paid, some copies of 1903, '04, '05 and '06, which please accept with my compliments.

Wishing you renewed and deserved success, I am

Very truly yours, B. Neustadter.

In the course of the hostilities between Mexicans and Americans at the Greene Consolidated Copper Mines, the latter, no doubt, frequently referred to the former as "Greasers." Bret Harte once explained that a Greaser was a Mexican-Indian halfbreed; but undoubtedly it has commonly been used in American slang to signify any sort of Mexican. A writer in the forties set forth that "the Mexicans are called 'Spaniards' or 'Greasers' (from their greasy appearance) by the Western people," and Bartlett explains "Greaser" as "a term vulgarly applied to the Mexicans and other Spanish Americans," which first became common during the United States war with Mexico. It is used, no doubt, as loosely as "nigger."

Recent sales of Los Angeles realty indicate the astonishingly high values of business frontages in that city. One sale was the 40 by 150 feet on the east side of South Spring street, 80 feet south of Sixth, to E. P. Bryan of Clark & Bryan from Harry Gray for \$125,000. As the improvements are not expensive the front foot price of \$3,125 fairly represents the ground value. The improvements are rented for \$6,600 a year.

A REAL EARTHQUAKE CITY.

The Thrilling Experience of an American in Venezuela—Caracas, an Incessant Centre of Earthquakes.

Caracas has got used to earthquakes, as Mexico to revolutions. Their frequency has developed a special nomenclature. "Terremoto," the literal translation of our comprehensive term, would bere be as insufficient as the word hurricane for the description of all kinds of atmospheric disturbances; "temblor," "vibración," "tremor," "golpe," "rasgo," "rasgada," "terremoto," express only a part of the wide scale between a faint vibration and a wall-breaking shock. Of temblors the city has at the very least a semi-weekly supply; "golpes" (involving broken windows and fractured brick walls) occur about twice a year—in some years every month. Last year Caracas weathered fourteen or fifteen of them. During the disastrous first week of September I had a remarkable proof how familiar long experience has made the populace with the attendant and prospective phenomena of the various kinds of earthquakes, and also how impossible it is to predict the day of their advent. As a general rule, a turbulent spring is followed by a quiet summer; and when I deposited my surveying instruments in the Posada de San Gabriel, the landlord congratulated me on the prospect of a "tiempo mas pacifico," a period of more than usual peace. There had been two severe shocks in the preceding month and no end of temblors, and the probabilities were that the best of the year would make amends. The atmospheric indications were also more favorable; the ominous mist of the Coast Range had cleared away, and for a week or so we could sleep in peace. This was on the 5th of September. The following day was even brighter. A light haze veiled the horizon of the Orinoco Valley, where the rainy season still resisted the influence of the trade-winds, but not a cloud approached the coast plain. The air was both clear and cool. But in the afternoon, about an hour before sunset, I heard a sound of hurried footsteps on the front stairs of the hotel, and the guests on the veranda put their heads together.

"What is it?" I inquired. "The stage room Guarenas?"

"No; I wish it was," said the landlord. The driver could tell us about it, I suppose. They say there has been another temblor on the river, all the way from Guarenas to Sao."

"Yes, and clear across the coast," added one of the newcomers. "The Artesas in Santa Rita (the northern suburb of Caracas) are quite sure that they felt it in their own garden. It jarred the glass in their garden-house."

"Well," said the landlord, "if it is not a local shake, we need not care. The uplanders have not had their fair share, anyhow."

The stage was late that evening. Between Santa Rita and the hotel the driver had been stopped at nearly every street corner, and his arrival filled the house with news-mongers. There had been two very perceptible jars at Guarenas, and half an hour after he had left the village he had heard a many-voiced shout, very likely a signal of something worse than a temblor. Guarenas is the alarm station of the Aranco track. Its valley seems to be the very centre of the Caracas earthquake region; and an alarm cry, or sometimes the boom of a old howitzer, is a well-understood danger signal for the neighboring villages.

"Yes, that settles it," said the landlord. It's a golpe de fuera (a shock from the outer regions, a non-local disturbance) and may reach all the way to Cumans."

The local earthquakes seem to have their centre in the mountains of Caracas, and seldom reach the coast, while the pandemic shocks are supposed to originate in the Andes of New Granada, and often shake the continent from the Isthmus to the mouth of the Orinoco.

"At what time tomorrow," I inquired, "do you think we shall have another shak?"

"It will be sooner than tomorrow, if it comes at all," said the posadero; "but it will not ruin us, or we should have had a care of it before this."

The night was clouded, but certainly not sultry, and at nine o'clock the streets were still full of promenaders. Two hours later I was awakened by the rattling of a passing carriage, mingled with the hum of so many voices on the veranda, that I was not quite sure if the sudden vibration of window-shutter came from below or from the window of my bedroom. The next moment all was absolutely still. Was it the expectant silence of a whole city listening for a repetition of the tremor? I do not know if the heavier earthquake shocks are preceded by any sensible, though inaudible symptoms; but I remember that in walking toward the window I clutched the bed-post just before the house was shaken by a violent concussion, directly followed by several short, sharp jolts, such as the occupants of a heavy coach might feel if the freak of a runaway horse should jerk the vehicle to the top of a narrow platform and then rattle it down a flight of steps on the other side. There was a general rush downstairs. "Never mind the bottles, Frank," I heard the landlord call out to one of his waiters. "Just move the cupboard back, and shut the windows. Say, run back and tell Pablo (his youngest son) to hurry up." "No, it is not over yet," he replied to a sotto voce remark of the professor. The people of Caracas seemed to share that opinion. There was a light in nearly every window, and the square was nearly full of refugees, while a number of "serenos," or night-watchmen, ran from house to house and knocked hurriedly at every unopened door. The capital of Venezuela signals its loyalty by the consumption of native wines, and the sleep of some extra patriotic burgher might be earthquake proof.

"Yes, that was a 'golpe transversal,'" remarked the landlord, "a transverse shock that did not come from our mountains but merely crossed them on its way to the coast. If it goes in its old track, I am afraid the people of Rio Chico will have to build their cabins over again, this third time since last February."

The sky had cleared up, and a late moon brightened the housetops with its peaceful light; but now and then the windows rattled ominously, and the watchmen were still hammering away from door to door, when nature found a way to second their efforts in a very effectual manner. A shock like the thump of an explosion shook the town, and on the lower steps of the veranda (resting on nearly a level with the ground) I felt a push, as if the flagstones under my feet had been dislodged by a sideward blow. All along the street pieces of broken glass and stucco rattled down on the pavement; the assembly on the plaza swelled suddenly to a vociferous crowd; the great bell of Alta Gracia rang out a booming alarm appeal and a minute after a six-horse carriage came tearing down the street with the impetus of a fireman's team—the patrol wagon, going to the penitentiary to remove and guard the prisoners. The bells paused for a moment, and "Dios, Dios, ten piedad!" (Have mercy, Lord!) resounded through the streets as words spoken in a closed room; for I believe that the prayer was uttered by half the inhabitants of the populous town. There was no kneeling in the streets and no ceremonies; the cry came from their hearts, and, though nobody shouted, the thirty thousand voices swelled the chorus, above all the din and tumult of the distracted city. For the next ten minutes the clatter of the falling debris continued, as if the buildings were still vibrating from the after-effects of the first concussion; for the occasional underground rumblings felt rather like the recoil of a distant shock. But presently the multitude crowded toward the up-town quarters. There was a panic in one of the river suburbs and even through the tramp of general flight we could hear the distant echo of an outcry that meant something more than the yells of an idle mob. The warehouse of the associated foreign merchants had fallen, and the custom house building was "dislocado"—disjointed and top heavy, and going to collapse. Rumor added that the Plaza de la Torre was a mass of ruins; the mischief was spreading; the prophecy of Doctor Ortiz—a local Vennor—was coming to pass.

"All possible," said the landlord, "but we are safe. It's spreading northward; it

has passed us, and the golpes de fuera never turn back."

He said this in a tone of conviction and, indeed, soon after locked his office door, and sent his children to bed. The next morning the crowd around the telegraph office almost blocked the street. Caracas has no Associated Press, and the telegraph companies issue official bulletins at five or ten cents each, according to the size and import. This morning their middlemen charged a real (about twelve and a half cents) and twice as much to buyers who would not wait, for the demand exceeded the supply. The earthquake had shaken the whole north coast of South America, besides five of the seven Isthmus States, with the main axis of its progress along the track of 1826. The shock at twenty minutes after two o'clock a. m. had traveled three thousand miles in less than half an hour. Guayaquil, Ventura, Maracaibo, Caracas, Aspinwall and San Juan de Nicaragua had been visited by a coast wave, that tore ships from their moorings, and buried hundreds of shore-dwellers under the ruins of their houses. In Venezuela the Aranco track had deflected the main wave, and the coast towns had suffered comparatively little with the exception of Rio Chico (the very place my host had mentioned when he recognized the shock as a "golpe transversal"), where half the buildings, mostly adobe cabins, had been prostrated by the first concussion. In Caracas itself the total loss amounted to eight persons killed, twenty-six wounded, sixty-two buildings totally destroyed, and sixty-seven "disjointed," or badly cracked. The serious damage was confined almost wholly to the river suburb. The uptown quarters had escaped with broken stuccoes, and the famous Calle de San Martin was again entirely unharmed. In 1812 fourteen thousand persons were killed by the fall of their dwellings.

Caracas, founded in 1567, has been visited by eighteen terremotos or earthquakes of the first magnitude. "Golpes," rumblings and tremors are never counted, but must amount to an average of sixty appreciable shocks per year; involving an average yearly damage of three hundred thousand dollars, or the equivalent of a per capita tax of four dollars. This impost has taxed the ingenuity of the inhabitants, and taught them some useful lessons. Projecting basement corners (giving the house a slightly pyramidal appearance) have been found safer than absolutely perpendicular walls; mortised corner-stones and roof-beams have saved many lives, when the central walls have split from top to bottom; vaults and keystone arches, no matter how massive, are more perilous than common wooden lintels, and there are many isolated buildings in the city. In many streets broad iron girders riveted to the wall, about a foot above the house-door, run from house to house, along the front of an entire square. Turret-like brick chimneys, with iron top-ornaments, would expose the architect to the vengeance of an excited mob; the roofs are flat, or flat terraced; the chimney-flues terminate near the eaves in a perforated lid. Every house has its "lado seguro," or safety side, where the inhabitants place their fragile property; and there is a supposed and not altogether imaginary connection between north sides and security. The transcontinental shocks move from west to east, the local ones from east to west, and sometimes from northeast to northwest; so that in two out of three cases the west and east walls have been stricken broadside, while no shock has ever approached the town from the north,—that is, from the direction of the sea. A native of Venezuela would laugh at the idea that a "terremoto" is an upheaval of the ground. The movement of dislodged rocks, the disjointment of house walls and their way of falling, the motions of a tidal wave during the progress of an earthquake, all prove that the shock is a lateral push and its operation could be imitated by covering a table with loose pebbles, card-houses, etc., and striking the edge of the board. Bedsteads, experts say, should not be placed too near a window, for if the wall gives way it is apt to split along the weakest line of the masonry. For the same reason, it is unlucky to stand in an open door. The safest place during the progress of an earthquake, is the north side, or the center of a room, or

else the middle of an open street. I noticed that the owner of a lucky house is apt to overrate its stability; for even in the perilous districts the markets are often crowded with buyers and sellers, while an adjoining street resounds with the crash of falling bricks. Low water, not preceded by an unusual drought, is a suspicious sign; and if the Cura spring fails at the same time believers go to bed with their boots on, although skeptics assert that both phenomena are apt to prophesy after the event. A mist in the afternoon is regarded as a harbinger of mischief, and in order to distinguish it from a common dust haze the natives watch the wooded heights of San Sebastian; for during the dry season the "paramos"—the treeless tablelands north of the city—are in a chronic state of haziness.

Tender-footed cats may feel a vibration before it becomes distinct enough to affect a bell-frame, but most animals are as indifferent to such portents as to their fulfillment. A moderately well-rooted forest tree can stand an earthquake better than any building, and to the inhabitants of the prairies the most violent trembling of the ground can cause nothing but a trifling inconvenience, a momentary difficulty to preserve their equilibrium. On the pastures of Venezuela cattle graze peacefully the year round, except in the mountains, where the noise of falling rocks sometimes stampedes a whole herd. Still, there is a tradition that, a few hours before the catastrophe of 1812, a Spanish stallion broke out of its river suburbs, and took refuge in the eastern highlands.

Caracas is moving eastward; the upper (northeastern) suburbs grow from year to year, while the streets below the mint exhibit manifold signs of neglect. The agricultural population of the surrounding country has steadily increased, for crops are not materially the worse for a periodical instability of the ground, except perhaps in the orange district of Valencia, and at the mouth of the coast rivers, where tidal waves have often submerged the littoral plantations. Intelligent observers, therefore, predict that, in spite of local and imported earthquakes, the population of Northern Venezuela will continue to increase, but that the present site of Caracas will ultimately be abandoned.—Horace D. Warner.

Argonauts for Our Files.

In response to the Argonaut's request for loose and unconnected copies of the Argonaut which we would be glad to have in order to build up complete files, we have received packages of papers from a number of our readers. Among the many who have very kindly sent us papers and to whom we extend our thanks are the following:

S. H. B., Los Banos, Cal.
Mr. John Parrott, Chico, Cal.
Messrs. Decker & Jewett Co., Marysville, Cal.
Mr. C. S. Peck, 2057 Central Ave., Alameda, Cal.
Mr. P. B. Yates, Santa Barbara, Cal.
Mrs. W. A. Mestayer, San Francisco.
Mrs. Wm. G. Daggett, 189 Church St., New Haven, Conn.
Mr. S. O. Richards, Vancouver, B. C.
Mrs. T. J. Hoover, Palo Alto, Cal.
Mrs. Theodore Payne, Menlo, Cal.
Mrs. Homer S. King, 1898 Broadway, San Francisco.
Mr. Austin Young, Randsburg, Cal.
Mrs. K. Cohn, 2601 Grand Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
Mr. Walter Pullen, San Francisco.
Mr. B. A. Walker, Plainfield, Conn.
Mr. Richard McCloud, Durango, Cal.
Mr. J. D. Ruggles, care Bank of California, S. F.
Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Hall Valley, Santa Clara Co., Cal.
Dr. Florence Belknap, Palo Alto, Cal.
Fancher Creek Nurseries, Fresno, Cal.
Mr. Daniel Rosenbaum, 143 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.
Mr. Chas. F. Munday, Seattle, Wash.
Mr. A. P. Scheld, Sacramento, Cal.
Mrs. Lovell White, Mill Valley, Cal.
Mrs. F. Roeding, E. Oakland, Cal.
Miss Lura McFarling, Calistoga, Cal.
Mr. J. F. Bigelow, San Francisco, Cal.
Mr. C. N. Perkins, San Francisco.
Mrs. George C. Roeding, Fresno, Cal.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Maudle-In Bajlad.

(To his Lily.)

My lank limp lily, my long lithe lily,
My languid lily-love fragile and thin.
With dank leaves dangling and flower-flap chilly,
That shines like the shin of a Highland gilly!
Mottled and moist as a cold toad's skin!
Lustrous and leper-white, splendid and splay!
Art thou not Utter and wholly akin
To my own wan soul and my own wan chin,
And my own wan nose-tilt, tilted to sway
The peacock's feather, sweeter than sin,
That I bought for a halfpenny yesterday?

My long lithe lily, my languid lily,
My lank limp lily-love, how shall I win—
Woo thee to wink at me? Silver lily,
How shall I sing to thee, softly or shrilly?
What shall I weave for thee—what shall I spin—
Rondel, or rondeau, or virelai?
Shall I buzz like a bee with my face thrust in
Thy choice, chaste chalice, or choose me a tin
Trumpet, or touchingly, tenderly play
On the weird bird-whistle, sweeter than sin,
That I bought for a halfpenny yesterday.

My languid lily, my lank limp lily,
My long lithe lily-love, men may grin—
Say that I'm soft and supremely silly—
What care I while you whisper stilly?
What care I while you smile? Not a pin!
While you smile, while you whisper—'Tis sweet to
decay?

I have watered with chlorodine, tears of chagrin,
The church-yard mold I have planted thee in,
Upside down in an intense way,
In a rough red flower-pot, sweeter than sin,
That I bought for a halfpenny yesterday.—Anon.

Lovers and a Reflection.

In moss-prankt dells which the sunbeams flatter
(And heaven it knoweth what that may mean;
Meaning, however, is no great matter)
Where woods are a-tremble with rifts atween;

Thro' God's own heather we wonned together,
I and my Willie (O love my love):
I need hardly remark it was glorious weather,
And flitter-bats wavered aloof, above:

Boats were courtseying, rising, bowing,
(Boats in that climate are so polite),
And sands were a ribbon of green endowing
And O the sun-dazzle on bark and bight!

Song-birds darted about, some ink
As coal, some snowy (I ween) as curds;
Or rosy as pinks, or as roses pinky—
They reek of no eerie To come, those birds!

But they skim over bents which the mill-stream
washes,
Or hang in the lift 'neath a white cloud's hem;
They need no parasols, no goloshes;
And good Mrs. Trimmer she feedeth them.

Then we thrif'd God's cowslips (as erst his heather),
That endowed the wan grass with their golden
blooms;
And snapt—(it was perfectly charming weather)—
Our fingers at Fate and her goddess-glooms:

Thro' the red heather we danced together
(O love my Willie), and smelt for flowers:
I must mention again it was glorious weather,
Rhymes are so scarce in this world of ours:

By rises that flushed with their purple favors,
Thro' becks that brattled o'er grasses sheen,
We walked or waded, we two young shavers,
Thanking our stars we were both so green.

We journeyed in parallels, I and Willie,
In fortunate parallels! Butterflies,
Hid in weltering shadows of daffodilly
Or marjoram, kept making peacock eyes:

And Willie 'gan sing—(Oh, his notes were fluty;
Wafts fluttered them out to the white-winged
sea)—
Something made up of rhymes that have done
much duty,
Rhymes (better to put it) of "ancientry":

Bowers of flowers encountered showers
In William's carol—(O love my Willie!)
Then he bade sorrow borrow from blithe to-morrow
I quite forget what—say a daffodilly.

A nest in a hollow, "with buds to follow,"
I think occurred next in his nimble strain;
And clay that was "kneaden" of course in Eden—
A rhyme most novel I do maintain:

Mists, bones, the singer himself, love-stories,
And all least furlable things got "furl'd";
Not with any design to conceal their glories,
But simply and solely to rhyme with "world."

O if billows and pillows and hours and flowers,
And all the brave rhymes of an elder day,
Could be furled together, this genial weather,
And carted or carried on wafts away,
Nor ever again trotted out—ay me!
How much fewer volumes of verse there'd be.
—C. S. Calverly.

The Shipping Guide says that there are 32 large steamers and 44 sailing vessels now on the way to San Francisco with material for the reconstruction of the burned districts. The cargoes consist chiefly of structural steel and cements. The greater number of the vessels are coming from New York, Philadelphia, London, Antwerp and Hamburg.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Andrew L. Harris goes into office at a greater age than that of any man before him when he took the oath of office as Governor of Ohio. The next oldest man was William Allen, the Democrat chosen in 1873, who was 66 at that time. Mr. Harris will be 71 next fall.

The east side of New York has a Portia who is making a success of her chosen vocation. She is Esther Kunstler, aged 22. She has been regularly admitted to the bar and has taken upon herself the task of defending the poor people on the east side. She is becoming famous for courtroom re-partee.

President Roosevelt appeared one day last week clad in white except as to his shoes which were of tan. He wore a short coat of white linen and trousers of the same material and a white shirt of some soft stuff. He did not wear a waistcoat, and his trousers were held up by a leather belt. He looked cool, comfortable and the picture of health.

Levi Reed, the first white child born of the site of Chicago more than 78 years ago and a pioneer of the Pacific Coast, died in Portland on June 23. When Chicago was not dreamed of the parents of Levi Reed lived at Fort Dearborn, a frontier stockade erected to protect the whites from the Indians, and while they lived there he was born, the first white child.

At the Miami University commencement at Hamilton, O., Senator Dolliver of Iowa appeared as the principal speaker in the academic gown of a doctor of laws. The Senator remarked that he felt as if he were in bathing suit and a peekaboo bonnet. When the audience laughed Senator Dolliver turned to President Benson and said: "I have said nothing funny. I believe the people are laughing at my clothes." He then took off the gown and dropped it upon the floor, where it remained until he had finished.

Oscar Hammerstein, while abroad in search of operatic stars, discovered a Russian giant, Marchnow, whom he brought with him to this country last week. Marchnow stands nine feet, three inches in height, stocking feet, and weighs more than 400 pounds. When Marchnow reached Dover preparatory to sailing for New York, he refused to leave the car to board the steamer. At length, wildly fighting and protesting, he was placed on a stretcher formed by the shoulders of twenty-two seamen and carried to the Pretoria's deck.

Lady Mary Hamilton, only daughter of the late twelfth Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, and the richest woman in Great Britain, who was recently married to the Marquis of Graham, eldest son of the Duke of Montrose, is extremely popular among the English working class. During the by-election in April she inaugurated what became known as a "laides' battle," by actively campaigning in behalf of her future husband, who, however, was defeated by Pearson, Liberal, a son of Sir Weetm Pearson, by a majority of 197. Mrs. Pearson, the young wife of the Liberal candidate, also took part in the fray. The campaign was one of the most lively of recent years, begging the people to give her as wedding present the election of her future husband to Parliament.

Harry Nelson Pillsbury, the chess master, died at Philadelphia on June 17th of apoplexy, after an illness of many months. His first notable victory at chess was a score five to four in a match with John F. Bar of Boston, in 1891. In 1893 he won the New York city tournament with a total of seven out of a possible nine, and in 1895 won first prize at the Hastings tournament against many of the strongest players of the world. This victory logically made him one of a quartette of the then most famous players named to compete at St. Petersburg—Lasker, Steinitz, Tschigorin and Pillsbury. Lasker scored with the world's champion, Pillsbury was 3-1-2 to 2-1-2. In all Pillsbury played in fourteen international chess tournaments and was a prize winner in all except one. Blindfold chess, it is said, his record has never been equaled.

OXFORD: TOWN AND GOWN.

By Jerome Hart.

Oxford as a primitive seat of learning dates from the time of Alfred the Great. Some writers date it even earlier. But the original town was completely wiped out at the time of the Danish conquest. Modern Oxford goes back only to the time of William the Conqueror. The monasteries founded there about that time were practically the beginning of the present colleges. Oxford is monastic. Even the town plan is cruciform—four wide streets lead out toward the points of the compass from the central place called "Carfax," a corruption of "Quatre voies," "Four ways." High Street, with its buildings, is regarded as "one of the most magnificent streets in Europe." At least it is so regarded in Oxford.

Oxford and Cambridge differ diametrically from Harvard and Yale. The American universities are homogeneous. The English universities are heterogeneous. The American universities are made up of a president and faculty ruling several thousands of students on well-defined lines. The English universities are made up of some score of colleges, each college with a different foundation and differing radically in customs and rules.

A student from one of the Oxford colleges is much more apt to say that he is an Oriel, a Merton, or a Magdalen man than he is an Oxford man.

Volumes have been written about each of the single colleges and halls, of which there are some thirty odd, making up the University of Oxford. It would be impossible therefore to write about all of them in the limits of a newspaper article.

The customs in the Halls of Oxford date back to monastic times. As the monks had nothing whatever to do except to pray and eat, they spent much time eating. Presumably, they may have spent much time praying, but as to that history sayeth not. If there is anything in which modern Oxford strongly resembles its monastic forebears it is in the fact that it apparently has little to do. Oxford is never in a hurry. The customs in Hall are also apparently founded on the manners of the old monks in their refectories. A German student visiting Oxford a couple of centuries ago found the Halls divided into three tables: The first, called the "Fellows' table," at which were seated earls, barons, gentlemen, and doctors; the second, for master of arts, bachelors, minor gentlemen, and eminent commoners; the third, for people of ordinary condition. Were the German student to revisit the glimpses of the moon after his trip of two hundred years ago, he would find matters much the same at Oxford now. The dinner in Hall usually begins at six and in some cases at seven. It is inaugurated by grace, gabbled rapidly in Latin, very much as the old monks must have gabbled it, probably. Grace is usually said from the high table.

The day I was at one of the Halls the bill of fare read exactly as follows:

Fish.
Entree.
Joint.
Sweet.

This is the ordinary bill of fare; it is varied by changing from fish to soup and soup to fish. The average charge for the repast is two shillings; in some colleges less.

It goes without saying that this Spartan menu is intended for the table at which sit persons of low degree. The fellows, the earls, barons, and the gentlemen had the following Lucullan repast served to them on the same day:

Bisque Soup.
Roast Mutton.
Roast Veal and Bacon.
Pineapple Cream Ice and Wafers.
Fruit Jelly.
Cheese and Butter.

EXTRAS.

Poulet a la Chasseur, one shilling.

Asparagus, sevenpence.

New Potatoes, threepence.
Cream, twopence.

Cold Savoury, fourpence.

Here, again, is one struck with the resemblance between the old monastic usages and those of Oxford today. Doubtless the fat, red-nosed Abbot; his Sacristan, with fair round paunch; his Almoner, with bulbous belly with good capon lined; and the other spiritual gentry of high rank, sat at the upper table and lived on these costly viands, while far below the salt, at the last table of all, sat the humble lay brothers, the scullions, the male chambermaids of the monkery, those who washed the pots and pans which held the sauces and gravies that made glad the Abbot's heart.

Attendance in Hall at least five times a week is compulsory, and absentees are fined. Too many absences during term are apt to lead to the "rustication" of the offender. Still, it is generally understood in Oxford that the regular eating of so many dinners means a degree. Thus it would seem that higher education there depends rather on the intestinal than the cerebral convolutions. Gowns must be worn in Hall, and black coats are required, but the rule is little heeded. Still a coat of too noisy a pattern may bring down a request from the high table that its wearer go out and change it. The meals in Hall are hurried, rarely lasting more than thirty-five minutes. They can scarcely be called social functions.

If the meals in Hall are not brilliant, the quarters are magnificent. The Hall is usually lofty, and rich carving and stained-glass windows may be seen on every hand. The Hall at Christ Church is said to be the finest dining-hall in the world. It has a magnificent carved oak ceiling, and at one end two fine bay windows resembling those at Hampton Court Palace. The walls are hung with portraits by Holbein, Lely, Lawrence, Van Dyck, Kneller, Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and other masters. The Hall has been used on several occasions for theatrical performances before royalty, and King Charles the First once held a parliament there. A portrait of Queen Elizabeth hangs in Hall as a "founder," because she united Christ Church with Westminster.

One of the most notable pictures in Christ Church Hall is that of Gladstone, by Sir John Millais. The picture shows him in his rich red robes as a D. C. L., at the age of seventy-six. Christ Church seems to be very proud of Gladstone. As Oxford it, and always has been, extremely conservative, not to say retrograde, I do not know whether the university generally shares in Christ Church's pride. If it does, I do not know whether it is proud of the beginning or the ending of Gladstone's career, for he started in as a dyed-in-the-wool Tory and ended up as a semi-socialistic Radical.

The Sheldonian Theatre is the scene of the Oxford commemoration, where are conferred the honorary degrees. On the occasion of my visit, the chancellor of the university, Lord Goschen, successor to Lord Salisbury, presided for the first time over the convocation and conferred the degrees. The list of those who received them was long, including many distinguished men; therefore the audience was an unusually brilliant one. The demand for tickets was naturally large. Knowing not Oxford ways, I despaired for a time of obtaining access to the theatre. But I found a perfectly respectable and well-clad attendant—a pious man, for I saw him praying devoutly afterward in Magdalen Chapel—which honest and pious servant, for and in consideration of a small bribe, got us excellent seats.

The recipients of the honorary degrees were headed by the French ambassador, Mr. Cambon, and the vice-chancellor. These gentlemen were handled in three batches, if I may use the term. The first batch received the degree of doctor of civil law. They were as follows:

David Binning Monro, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Bishop of Worcester, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord Tennison, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, the Speaker of the House of Commons, Herbert Henry Asquith, George Wyndham, Sir Richard Henn Collins, Sir Frederick William Richards, Sir John Denton Pinkstone French, Pasquale Villari, John Singer Sargent, and Charles Booth.

The second received the degree of doctor of science. They were as follows:

Charles Algernon Parsons, Guglielmo Marconi, Sir William Selby Church, Sir

Andrew Noble, Sir William Crookes, Sir David Gill, Sir John Murray, Alfred Marshall, Joseph John Thomson, Horace Lamb, Andrew Russell Forsyth, James Dewar and Joseph Larmor.

The third received the degree of doctor of letters. They were as follows:

Mr. Bywater, Lord Reay, Sir Spencer Walpole, William Dean Howells, Lewis Campbell, William Lambert Newman, and Andrew Lang.

The audience certainly had a great deal of color. In addition to the light-colored costumes of the hundreds of women in the gathering, there were the doctors of letters, medicine, and science, in gowns of brilliant crimson, purple, and the duller gray. Then there were the masters of arts, in their black gowns and crimson hoods. Every now and again you would see the blue silk and white fur of a bachelor in civil law or music.

While we were waiting for the procession to enter we were regaled with selections on the great organ. With a thrill of patriotic pride, I noticed that the organist moved his audience more strongly with an American cake-walk than he did with "Rule Britannia."

Lord Goschen opened the convocation. He wore a gorgeous black and gold robe as chancellor of the university. (Really, this sounds as if I were describing the ladies' costumes at an afternoon tea.) Each candidate was presented by his sponsor in a Latin speech, which was answered by Lord Goschen in another Latin speech, in which the many good qualities of the candidate were dwelt upon at length. It was difficult for all of us to hear the Latin speeches—probably more difficult for most of us to understand them; but it was quite apparent that Lord Goschen indulged largely in superlatives. The Bishop of Canterbury was "grandissimus"; Lord Curzon was "illustrissimus"; Speaker Gully was "sapientissimus"; General French was "fortissimus"; while our own artist, Mr. Sargent, was "spectatissimus." The most interesting persons to receive degrees were (naturally to us) Americans—Mr. Sargent, the artist, and Mr. Howells, the writer. Probably the most notable person on the list was the French ambassador, Mr. Cambon, owing to the then newly born friendship between England and France. Lord Curzon also attracted much attention; he looked pale and ill, and was leaning on a stick. The Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. Gully, made one of his phenomenally infrequent absences from the House, having been given special permission to "proceed to Oxford to receive a degree." Mr. Howells was greeted with very cordial applause.

I had always heard of the propensity of Oxford undergraduates at convocation to chaff the candidates from the gallery, which procedure is tolerated by the university authorities. Undergraduate humor generally is not noted for its subtlety. British undergraduate humor is probably less subtle than the American. For example, when Sir John Millais received a degree at Oxford, the undergraduates solemnly lowered a pot of Brunswick black from the gallery. Even to the meanest intelligence it was apparent that this was a merry undergraduate jest on the fact that he was the painter of the "Black Brunswicker." It is to laugh.

But on this occasion the undergraduate gallery was strangely silent. Perhaps they were overcome by the brilliant array before them. No merry jest was cracked, no pot of paint was lowered. The only joke I heard was when Lord Reay was introduced whereupon the gallery shouted "Hoo-reay." After a decent interval for reflection, the audience broke out into mournful laughter.

An instance of British conservatism amused me not a little. A bar separated the chancellor and his dais from the profane vulgar, in whom I include the candidates. When each candidate was introduced an official lifted the bar, whereupon each candidate instinctively stepped forward to the dais. In every case the official gravely caught him and held him back.

There were thirty-four candidates, and every one of the thirty-four saw the bar lifted, stepped forward, was stopped, balked, blushed, and then proceeded when the chancellor stopped speaking.

San Francisco, July, 1906.

The Boston Newsboys, a protective union affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, has voted to send one of its members to Harvard University in the fall. The union some time ago started a scholarship fund, hoping to raise \$5000. The fund now amounts to \$2500, which yields an income of \$100. President Elliot, an honorary member of the union, urged the body not to wait until the fund is complete, offering to accept the income of the present amount until it is larger. The beneficiary of the fund will be selected by competitive examination.

"Americans as a rule dress far better and more smartly than Europeans," he says. "Side by side with the latter they invariably have the appearance of being turned out spick and span. An American who had landed at Hamburg on his first European tour told us how surprised he had been to notice that 'only poor people live in Europe!'"

Bertha Krupp, the richest girl in the world, owner of the great gun works which her father established at Essen, Germany, is soon to be married. Miss Krupp, who holds nearly all of the \$40,000,000 capital stock of the great gun works, has an income of \$2,400,000 a year—about \$6,600 a day. When her mother dies Bertha and her younger sister, Barbara, will divide \$75,000,000 more between them in stocks and bonds and property, including iron and coal mines in Westphalia and Spain. Bertha owns the whole town of Essen. Miss Krupp is good looking, religious, unassuming and dresses plainly. She personally attends to the beautiful little Florentine garden her late father laid out for her. She has had an orchid house constructed and she has collected rare floral specimens from England and South America.

"Hothouse lamb" is beginning to appear on the menus at many of the first-class hotels, says the New York Sun. This particular delicacy has been in season for a month or more, but it has been so expensive that only the highest priced places have offered it. Now that the regular season is waning and the ordinary spring lamb is coming into market the price has dropped to where most good restaurants can touch it. A quarter of hothouse lamb can now be bought, if one is willing to pay \$4 or \$5 for it.

England is littered with dismal maiden women and grumpy old bachelors who, having been thwarted in love in early youth, have made a point of passing through life deaf and blind to the charm of everybody in the world save the one they happen to have lost. This is glorifying into a virtue what is in reality nothing but pig-headedness and want of imagination, remarks a cynical lady writer,

The intimation contained in the cable dispatches to the effect that Alfred de Rothschild had loaned his private band to the American Ambassador to discourse sweet music during the dinner given at Dorchester House, in honor of King Edward, serves to draw attention to a form of luxury which, so far as I am aware, has not yet crossed the Atlantic and is unknown until now in America, writes a London correspondent. The private orchestra of Baron Alfred Rothschild is famous

What Sacramento thinks of Los Angeles is shown in these remarks by the San Francisco correspondent of the Sacramento Union. What Los Angeles thinks of Sacramento we doubtless soon shall hear:

If I were in Northern California and should miss a friend who had lost an eye, an ear, a leg, a lung, his mind, or any other useful or ornamental organ, I would repair immediately to this town. Here I would be sure to discover him. In San Francisco for forty years I had watched every variety of the peculiar human animal disappear—all sorts and conditions of the race in whom nature had manifested her various expressions, wondering all the time whence and where they went.

It is all clear now. They are all down here, contemplating the beauties of this wonderful place and growing fatter and sleeker in its stimulating sunshine. Cranks who, in San Francisco, would have starved years ago, are here comfortable and prosperous; preachers who, even in Oakland, found the pasturage short and dry, here have rich and prosperous flocks; Christian science healers, progressive free-lovers, astrologers, clairvoyants, political economists and other advanced "thinkers," whose names have been familiar to me for decades, are all here doing well. What I cannot understand is this: Why did Messiah Dowie locate in Chicago when he could have been so happy in Los Angeles?

But this is not by any means (to me) the funniest thing about this funny town. Every one of these people is blown up with the immensity and importance of Los Angeles. No statement concerning its intrinsic greatness is too extravagant, and no praise of its present and future too absurd, for their immediate and serious acceptance.

Social and diplomatic London has not ceased discussing Ambassador and Mrs. Reid's reception at Dorchester House to Representative and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth at which King Edward was a guest. The company included Cabinet Ministers, political leaders of both parties, diplomats and persons of prominence in English society. Dinner was served in the main dining hall, which contains many of the valuable paintings for which Dorchester House is famous. King Edward took out Mrs. Reid, and at the King's desire Mrs. Longworth was seated at the other side of him, thus taking precedence of the duchesses. Ambassador Reid escorted the Duchess of Marlborough with the Duchess of Buccleuch on his left. There was

Emperor William showed special attention to the Longworths during the Kiel regatta. He entertained the distinguished young couple aboard the Imperial yacht. It was quite an American evening. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Longworth, Allison, Howard and George Armour and Mr. and Mrs. Jordan Mott were present. Princess Estel was amiable and Emperor William jolly and complimentary to America and Americans.

After the dinner the Emperor and Princess Eitel, with their guests and the Emperor's staff, went on the quarterdeck of the Hamburg to witness the illuminations. The clubhouse, the hotel and other buildings were outlined in electric lights, and the sixteen battleships and ten cruisers in the harbor were strung with incandescent globes, while many searchlights playing about made a gorgeous scene. Just above the room in the hotel occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Longworth were the Stars and Stripes in colored lights. A great assemblage from Kell and neighboring towns crowded the water front to witness the illumination. Mr. and Mrs. Longworth were detained by Emperor William until after 11 o'clock. The illumination ended by the war ships sending up blazing rockets.

Vance Thompson gives us a sketch, in the *Woman's Home Companion*, of the man dressmaker of Paris. The dressmaker is a slim young man with a long nose and big, winsome eyes, says Mr. Thompson. Wearing a gray frock coat and patent leather shoes—corseted and powdered and perfumed—he is more than a man; he is a dressmaker. He is saturated with dandyism. It is not of an offensive kind. His manners are a strange mixture of humility and insolence, for he is at once a salesman and an artist. And he talks, talks, talks—bending his slim body into polite curves—gesticulating with his thin white hands—rolling his eyes in their painted orbits; the while he fumbles silks and velvets and satins and lace and wool.

The mere man who comes into a dressmaker's shop of an afternoon—in Paris no one goes to the dressmaker's save only in the afternoon—begins by sneering at this fantastic creature. That mood does not last long. Contempt gives way to admiration. There is something marvelous in the way this lord of lace and ribbon dominates the women—the royal highness as well as the spoilt actress. He is charming; he is frivolous. Then of a sudden his face darkens; he becomes serious; he stares at her royal highness, studying her form from head to foot; he smites his brow and cries despairingly: "No! no! I can't see you in that gown—to-day I can't see you in any gown—I will study—an inspiration will come—you must wait." And royalty goes away flattered, she knows not why.

At the opening of the tourist season Switzerland has more than 2000 hotels which, altogether, can accommodate 115,000 travelers at one time. It will cost 110,000,000 to run them, but it is calculated that they will take in \$240,000,000 from the expected 490,000 tourists. They employ 28,000 persons. Indeed, there is hardly one of the inhabitants of Switzerland who does not derive some profit from the influx of travelers to the Swiss mountains during the summer.

An unpleasant squabble such as took place one evening last week might be expected in a frontier bar-room, in the cafe of the Waldorf-Astoria, New York. The participants were New York. The participants were Dick Plunkitt, ex-Sheriff of Tombstone, Colonel Dinklesheets, who runs a newspaper in that place, and Bat Masterson, Deputy United States Marshal. Plunkitt, Dinklesheets and several other Western men were in the cafe discussing Masterson's reputation as a bad man, which had been questioned in the New York Press, which once devoted a large part of a page to showing up Masterson as the hero of battles that were invariably bloodless, and as having been ignominiously arrested in New York once as a common gambler. The conversation of Plunkitt and companions was along these lines when Masterson joined the party and took exception to the remarks. In the ensuing unpleasantness Dinklesheets struck at Masterson, missed and was knocked down by the latter. Then Plunkitt and Masterson got together, but did no damage to each other.

Though Henry Rochefort, the fire

eating veteran French journalist, must be more than seventy years old, he is still one of the most remarkable duellists in France. Few men dare match swords with M. Rochefort, and he is constantly challenging people who find one way or another of not meeting him. M. Rochefort's latest "antagonist" is M. Buneau-Varilla, son of the engineer who has figured so prominently in the Panama Canal negotiations.

Armed with bioscope cameras and miles of film, a British expedition is starting out to traverse the Dark Continent from the Cape to Calro. The leaders of the expedition, Brian Belasis and Lionel Cooke, are actuated mainly by commercial motives, but hope incidentally to get many moving pictures and phonographic records of scientific value. They have a commission from the Zoological Society to bring home a white rhinoceros and any other rare animal they can capture alive. Braving the hostility of the Central African natives, the expedition will push forward to the mysterious capital of Nyassaland, which no white man ever had penetrated. By posing as magicians and by distributing presents they hope to gain access, and to take pictures of life in the forbidden city. Passing through Abyssinia, the expedition will visit the Court of the Emperor Menelik, show him moving pictures of London, and obtain bioscope records of his gorgeous court.

King Sisowath of Cambodia, his sister and twenty of his 300 wives are in Paris, and the King bids fair to become as popular as is the Shah for he is a quaint and merry monarch. Sisowath left his sixty-nine sacred dancing girls at arselles, and this is the only disappointing feature of his trip, to Paris to visit the "great king"—that is President Fallieres—who protects his own domain of Cambodia. The King's name is on every tongue, and his advent at all times looked forward to, but his full name is seldom mentioned, for it is Prea Bat Samdach Prea Sisowath Chamchorapong Harirach Braminthor Prouvanayk-raykeofa Sobapdecy—a trifle unwieldy for daily and familiar use.



Local Stocks and Securities.
Refers by permission to American National Bank and Anglo-Californian Bank.

A. W. BLOW,
Member Stock and Bond Exchange

A. W. BLOW & CO.,
817 Kohl Bld'g, S. F.

Via Sausalito Ferry—Foot of Market St

Lv. San Fran		Lv. Tamalpais
Wk'day Sun	Sun. Wk'day	
7:15P	9:27A	9:16P
9:50A	9:15A	11:12A 1:00P
10:15A		12:20P 2:30P
1:45P	11:15A	1:40P
	12:45P	3:10P 4:28P
Sat'y	2:15P	4:40P Sat'y
4:35P	3:45P	6:40P 8:30P

Legal Holidays, Sunday Time.
TICKET OFFICE AT SAUSALITO FI

ZIMMERMAN
& FOLEY

Painting & Decorating

365 Seventh Avenue

SAN FRANCISCO.

HOTEL RAFAEL

SAN RAFAEL, CAL.
50 minutes from San Francisco. Complete change of Climate.
DURON OR SAUSALITO FERR
All Modern Conveniences.
R. V. HALTON, Prop.

STORYETTES.

Champ Clark relates many instances of the grim humor that was so prominent a characteristic of the late Senator Vest of Missouri. Mr. Clark tells us, during one of Vest's campaigns in the early 90s, it was necessary for him to sojourn overnight in the town of St. Charles. The best hostelry the place afforded was poor enough, and at breakfast Vest was especially put off by the stuff that was placed before him for coffee. After having sampled the beverage, Vest, with a frown, called for the proprietor. When that individual had appeared the Senator asked, with a wave of his hand toward offending liquid smoking innocently before him: "Sir, what is this stuff?" "Coffee," meekly replied the proprietor, somewhat taken aback. "Coffee!" repeated Vest, in fine scorn. "My friend, I could insert a coffee bean in my mouth, dive into the Missouri river, swim to the town of Alton, Ill., and I'll guarantee that one could ball a much better coffee than this, sir, or the entire route!"

The chilling dignity that enshrouds ex-President Fairbanks has been made the theme of countless jokes by the nation's law makers. This is the best: The Vice President, Fairbanks, came down Fifteenth street, Washington, in a carriage. The other day in his finest carriage, he met Representative Brownlow, who was walking. "Get in, Brownlow," said the Vice President, "and I will take you up to the Capitol." Brownlow hopped in. They chatted until the carriage reached the corner of Fifteenth and F streets, where the Vice President halted the stage in order to go into a store. Left Brownlow in the carriage. Two other Representatives, walking to the Capitol, came along and found Brownlow there, sitting in state. "Hi, Brownlow," said one of them, "how do you do this? When did you get a turn-like that and what are you doing?" "Nothing," Brownlow replied. "Nothing at all; merely getting a free ride in the ice wagon."

There was a great deal of innuendo in Horace Greeley, as well as not a little affectation. He was rarely without one trouser leg carelessly left in the upper part of his boot, a necktie with the bow under his arm. Once in the public room of an hotel a friend of Greeley's kindly pointed down the disarranged trouser leg and straightened the necktie. Greeley thanked him and soon after left the room. When in the course of half an hour he appeared in the street, the trouser leg and the necktie had been fully disarranged, and the man who had as negligent of things earthly as he always looked. It was part of his pose as a man of genius to wear a rouser leg and his necktie as if he had put them on in a hurry, while he lay in meditation. It was a less eccentricity, but then it was accorded with the real innuendo who had not a leaning

widow in a Maine town, according to the Boston Herald, was a strict abolitionist in her theology, and she admitted no lodger into her boarding-house who had not a leaning toward Universalist views. One day a sea captain happened along to her rooms. "What do you believe?" asked the widow. "Most anything," replied the captain. "You believe there is a hell?" "No," was the reply. "Well," parried the widow, "how do you think will go there?" "The captain cautiously remarked that he thought twenty thousand would be a fair estimate. The widow, then, stated that he could come for twenty thousand," she said, "is that more than none?"

A freight steamer once came into the port of the sea of Azov, and had among its cargo one hundred pieces of machinery numbered from 1 to 100. When the pieces were unloaded it was found that No. 88 was missing, but two pieces numbered 88 showed that there had been one, the final tally being correct. The customs officials did not take the view of the matter, the port being in need of funds, so they fined the ship 500 rubles for being short of cargo as per manifest, namely No. 87, 89, 90 rubles for smuggling—having pieces numbered 88 when the manifest called for but one.

One day in Washington recently a group of politicians were talking. "Uncle Joe" Cannon was recalled by a story. He was a friend of mine in the past," said he, "who once joyfully

sought an oil expert, declaring that he had struck this fluid on his land. He brought a sample in a bottle. Now evidently my friend had been in a great hurry, hastily grabbing the first bottle at hand, for, when the chemist had duly analyzed the sample submitted he sent the following telegraphic report: "Find no trace of oil. You have struck paregoric."

Sam Bernard, the well-known comedian, said at a wedding breakfast in New York: "I am glad to see here a luxury to which all brides and bridegrooms are not accustomed. I, for instance, called one day in June upon the dear old lady who did my washing and ironing. 'Where is your son this morning, Mrs. Smith?' I said. 'I don't see him around. I hope he isn't ill?' 'Oh, no, said the old lady. 'He's to be married to-morrow, and he's upstairs in bed while I wash out his trousseau.'"

This story is told of Judge Dale, of Wichita, Kas. The Judge is one of the best golfers in his part of Kansas. One day he had a case in which several small boys had been subpoenaed as witnesses. Addressing a bright youth of about twelve summers, Judge Dale solemnly inquired: "My boy, do you understand the nature of an oath?" "Oh, yes, sir, quickly replied the youth. "I often caddied for you, sir."

Of Whistler, the famous American painter, an artist said at the Gralier Club in New York: "Mr. Whistler had been poor himself, and he saw nothing shameful or dishonorable in poverty. If you were poor he would mock without pity your destitution. I knew and admired Whistler in the early days of my career in Paris. He lived luxuriously. I lived in a garret. Though he liked me none the less for that, he did not permit any false delicacy to keep him from joking me about my poorhouse ways. One day, in a very shabby suit, I was strolling on the Boulevard des Italiens, when some one hailed me from the rear. I turned, and saw Whistler hastening toward me in his tall hat and lemon-colored gloves, waving his long black cane. 'Ah,' said I, rather flattered, 'so you recognized me from behind, did you, master?' 'Yes,' said Mr. Whistler, laughing maliciously, 'I spied you through a hole in your coat.'"

An Ohio politician enjoys telling of a political discussion he once overheard in a country grocery store. In some way the argument, quite a heated one, degenerated into a discussion in which one side took the position that the others were crazy to entertain such political tenets as theirs. At this point a solemn looking individual, who, up to this time had held his peace, suddenly interjected: "Gents, I want to say that I'm the only sane man here that has the papers to prove it." The crowd gazed upon him in astonishment. "It's true, gents," continued the solemn looking individual, as he drew forth a document from the recesses of his coat, "here's my discharge from the State Insane Asylum."

It is related by the Earl of Yarmouth that on one of his yachting cruises he took a great liking to an old sailor whose principal duty was to see that the paint everywhere was in first-class shape. One day the Earl saw a jet of water shoot up from the sea. "A whale," said the old sailor, and sure enough the great creature was seen in a minute. "Did you ever see a sea serpent, Walker?" asked the Earl. The old fellow paused in his work and said: "Yes, my lord. I saw one once. We had started home from Jamaica with a cargo of rum, and—" "Go back to your painting," said his lordship.

Two groups of persons were seated in a railway station. One consisted of a fashionably attired pair, the other of a pair who looked as if they were from the country. They had been there only a few minutes when a girl came in whose complexion was as nearly perfect as anything in this world ever is. While she was buying her ticket the young man remarked to the ladies with him: "Isn't Miss Crawford a beauty? Her complexion is as perfect as a rose." At the same time the other man clutched his wife's arm and whispered: "Lord, Nan, hasn't that gal got a purty hide?"

Charles Hawtreys, the English actor, tells how a golf caddy completely upset him on one occasion. Hawtreys and some other actors were playing a match game. At the first hole he got into a hunker and while he vainly tried to extricate his ball his caddy, a little elderly man with a scrubby

beard, took out a clay pipe and began to fill it. At the fifteenth stroke the caddy struck a match on his trousers, whereupon the actor paused. "Well," said the caddy, as he lighted his pipe, "it's a fine day anyway."

San Francisco Newspaper Changes.

John McNaught, who has been general manager of the San Francisco Call for a number of years, has resigned. In an eloquent and lengthy appreciation of Mr. McNaught, the Call, last Sunday said, among other things: "With regret The Call announces the retirement from its staff of John McNaught. After twelve years in the editorial service of this newspaper, three of them devoted to the exacting duties of its highest executive office, Mr. McNaught has yielded to the demand of his private interests for personal attention at home and to his strong desire for a season of freedom from the burden and the cares of his position. He has requested that he be relieved of his responsibilities and has been given reluctant permission to withdraw. Going, he bears with him to their fullest measure the affectionate esteem and warm good will of those for and with whom he has toiled so long, and so faithfully."

C. W. Hornick will become general manager of the Call as a result of the retirement of Mr. McNaught. Mr. Hornick came here in 1905 to become business manager of the Chronicle. He had prior to that time been business manager of the St. Paul Dispatch and is a director in the American Newspaper Publishers' Association. The new managing editor of the Call will be Ernest S. Simpson, who for many years has been city editor of the Chronicle. Mr. Simpson has been prominently associated with newspaper work in this city for over twenty years. His retirement from the Chronicle has caused the promotion of H. A. French to the position of city editor.

It is the intention of the Call to install a new mechanical plant and to place the paper on a better basis than existed before the big fire.

Charles De Young has been appointed business manager of the Chronicle and will assume the duties of that position on the 15th inst. Mr. De Young succeeds C. W. Hornick.

James D. Phelan does not want the nomination for Governor. Edward H. Hamilton, who gave out this interesting bit of political news, says: "Those Democrats who have been looking to James D. Phelan as the party nominee for Governor this year will be disappointed to learn that Mr. Phelan is not a candidate for the nomination. Asked if he would be a candidate for the nomination, his name having been suggested, he replied: 'I will not be a candidate and you are at liberty to print that statement.'"

Chris Evans, whose career as an outlaw in the vicinity of Visalia is a sensational chapter in California's criminal record, has been released from San Quentin. He has just finished a fifteen years' sentence. Evans is supposed to have \$30,000 buried near Visalia.

One day in the summer of 1891, Hall were being built, Governor Stanford and a Spanish gentleman were viewing the construction. The latter begged Mr. Stanford not to build higher than one story because of the danger of temblors. Mr. Stanford pointed to Encina Hall, then about completed, and said: "That is the boys' dormitory. It has been built with the greatest care by Mr. Briggs and his foreman Robert Kirke, and I believe there are no more expert stonemasons in the world. They built the great wall for me on Powell street after others had let it fall down." Then he went on to say, almost with the gift of prophecy, "The house on California street may fall down or burn up, but I believe that wall will endure for all time." He explained that Encina Hall was built of solid stone and that numbers of bond stones were used that went completely through the wall.

The characteristic optimism and good nature of the San Franciscans speedily reappeared after the recent catastrophe. On the walls of the improvised shops are many legends showing that they have not lost their ability to see the funny side of things. On the side of one of the curbstones kitchens on Sacramento street is written: "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow there may be another earthquake." "Don't kiss the cook!" That was what somebody chalked on the side of his cookhouse. All the famous restaurants of San Francisco had located on the curbs—if you believed the signs on the streets. One was called the "Fairmont," and another across the street advertised itself as the

"Unfairmont." One legend ran: "If the waiter does not please you, shoot him; but for God's sake don't shoot the cook, for we can't get another. He's doing his best." A pessimist wrote:

"Out in the cold world,
Out in the street."
But it was not long before some one added:
"But what's the use of kicking
When you've got enough to eat?"

The commercial signs took up the spirit of humor. "We want you to know that we are still alive and quite well," was the sign that appeared at the peak of a heap of ruins on Market street. A lawyer hung out a sign from the tenth story of a ruined skyscraper with the information that he had "moved because the elevators were not running." A firm who had an undestroyed desire to lead expressed its gratification in the order of events in the verve:

First to shake;
First to burn;
First to begin
A living to earn.

According to S. H. Pearcey, a large land owner in the Isle of Pines, a revolt against Cuban authority in that island will occur in the near future unless the United States resumes control over it. Mr. Pearcey called at the White House recently, but the President declined to see him and he was referred to Secretary Root. He said that Americans now own nine-tenths of the property in the island, which they purchased solely on the assurances of President McKinley and the War Department that the island was American soil.

RECOMMENDED
TO THE
LADIES



BECAUSE OF ITS
**MATURITY
AND
PURITY**

CHARLES M. REYNOLDS CO.
San Francisco, Cal.

The Call

Is the cleanest, brightest, newest of all the San Francisco dailies. The best fiction the world produces can be found in the Magazine Section of the Sunday edition. Its Art features are equal to the best of the magazines. THE CALL is made up having specially in view its large home patronage. It contains every day of the year
ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT
And is the BEST Advertising Medium

ELLEN TERRY'S JUBILEE,

To Ellen Terry.

Dear and beloved! What giving of dull gold
Or roll of praise, or chronicle of fame,
Can pay the debt we owe? Thy radiant name
Shines on our hearts; when thine and ours are cold,
How shall the child who knew thee not be told
Of Shakespeare's women, quickened in the flame
Of thy surpassing sweetness, that became
New star-born visions, one yet manifold?
Fact and desire, the day and the day's dreams
Lie sun-drenched; but thy life-long glorious part
It was to make things true, and that which seems
Beside what is. Thy gift was to the heart,
Therefore the heart in richest gladness gives
An unmatched love, that ripens and outlives.
—Laurence Alma Tadema in Westminster Gazette.

The Ellen Terry Jubilee matinee benefit at Drury Lane Theatre, London, was made the occasion of an extraordinary manifestation of enthusiasm and affection. The demand for tickets for the performance was unprecedented. The reserved sections of the house were booked weeks in advance, but following the old traditions, the pit, amphitheatre, and the gallery were open to the first comers. Thirty hours before the curtain rose there was a line of patient admirers, mostly ladies, of the great actress. As the hour for the matinee approached, the entrance to the theatre presented the oddest jumble of ill-assorted characters ever drawn together for a common purpose. Such as were not exchanging desultory confidences with new acquaintances were playing cards, taking "cat-naps" or munching sandwiches. The illustrations of the people made homeless in San Francisco, says a London paper, represent the scene exactly. But the programme which had been arranged for the matinee was so comprehensive a tribute to her genius by the theatrical and musical professions that it justified any expense, any strategy, any endurance.

The first big item in the entertainment was "Trial by Jury," in which Mr. Courtice Pounds and Miss Ruth Vincent were defendant and plaintiff, with dramatic authors in the jury-box, and well-known players from all the theatres thronging the court. Mr. Gilbert, the author, was in his old place as Associate. Then followed M. Coquelin and M. Jean Coquelin, after which came a magnificent series of tableaux vivants with famous players posing in pictures arranged by academicians. "The School for Scandal," with an "all-star" cast that seemed oppressed by its responsibility, brought the first half of the programme to an end.

After the interval, "Much Ado," with Miss Terry as Beatrice, and every available member of her family appearing with her, went splendidly. Signor Caruso contributed two solos, and the minstrel entertainment, although it missed some opportunities, did very well. Nearly every well-known musical comedian sat around and contributed a song or a story.

Nothing now stood between the audience and the reception ceremony that was to bring the great day to a fitting climax. When Lady Bancroft stood all alone in front of a golden tableau curtain the house was hushed and attentive. Speaking slowly and earnestly, she said: "It is my happy duty to welcome you here to the Jubilee of Ellen Terry. It is a happy not a mournful occasion. She has spent fifty years in hard work on the stage and in defying Old Father Time. She is still our friend. Ellen Terry has basked in the sunshine of your affections for fifty years. Now she is going to appear before you."

The curtain flew upward, disclosing Miss Terry in a classical white costume, surrounded by an immense gathering that included almost every well-known personality of the English theatre.

After Miss Irene Vanbrugh had crossed the stage and handed to Miss Terry a large basket of beautiful flowers, Lady Bancroft addressed her directly as "My dear Ellen Terry—or may I on this occasion say Sweet Nell of Old Drury?—I have been speaking to my friends about you, and we are glad you are celebrating your jubilee and remaining with us."

Miss Terry, with much feeling, spoke a few words to Lady Bancroft, as her old friend of many years and once her manager. Then, approaching near-

never felt before that language was given to conceal, not to reveal what we feel. After thanking Mr. Collins, the committee, and others, Miss Terry added, "There are also the great players from other countries who have come here today," and she turned to M. Coquelin, who stood on her left, and shook his hand. "To-Madame Duse I owe much. She has come all the way from Florence just to stand here at my side."

All through the little speechification, Miss Terry, was, of course, very near to breaking into tears, but only once did she give way to the thronging emotions of those unforgettable moments. This was when she thanked Mme. Eleonora Duse for her presence. She had begun a more or less formal compliment, but instead of finishing it she bent down, and, in her impulsive way, kissed the great Italian actress's hand. Eleonora Duse, however, would not have this. Leaning forward she lifted Ellen Terry up, and kissed her on both cheeks. It was a simple little incident enough, but no more touchingly beautiful sight could be imagined than this womanly homage of two actresses, each in her own world supreme.

Then Miss Terry said a few words about the public. "Though I stood here as long as the Pyramids have stood—there! I could never say what this day has been to me. I have the heart to wonder at all that you have done for me, but not the tongue to praise you. I will not say 'Good-bye.' It is one of my chief joys today that I still speak to you as one who is still among you on the active list. Still in your service, if you please."

After everybody had joined in singing "For Auld Lang Syne," Mr. Pinner, as the chairman of the executive committee, announced that the receipts closely approached £6,000. Then came "God Save the King," and the curtain fell on a memorable event.

A dinner was given at the Hotel Cecil at London in honor of Miss Terry. The 200 guests included persons prominent in the theatrical world. Winston Spencer Churchill, during the course of a brilliant eulogy of Miss Terry's genius, said he considered it regrettable that Great Britain had no national theater. Miss Terry replied to Mr. Churchill's remarks and to other complimentary speeches, and, after thanking all persons concerned in the testimonial to her, both in Europe and America, said she believed the overwhelming testimony of affection and homage she had received were due greatly to the intention of the public to honor Sir Henry Irving and herself together. A message from Joseph H. Choate was read which expressed best wishes on behalf of America and stated that Miss Terry's interesting and brilliant career would always be cherished in the memory of American lovers of dramatic art.

It was announced that the total sum realized for the Terry jubilee fund, including that received from the benefit performance at Drury Lane theater and subscriptions raised in America, amounts to \$43,920.

Ellen Terry's jubilee brought up the story of her marriage to Watts, the painter, the one thing in her life which has always been more or less of a mystery. That the marriage took place and that a legal separation was obtained by Watts many years after the pair had parted, are about the only facts known to the general public. Miss Terry was only 16 when she married the artist. Watts lived in a big house with two maiden sisters. Watts played pranks all over the house, to the open disgust and amazement of the servants of the decorous household. Finally she determined to leave the house and return to her life on the stage. She arranged her farewell with the consummate mischievousness which characterized her. There was a big dinner party at the house, as staid and formal as the circle of people in which the Watts moved. Mrs. Watts appeared suddenly in pink tights. She made her bow and then fled. He never saw her again.

Of Watts Miss Terry was never known to speak, and so far as her outward life is concerned, her marriage is as if it had never been.

H. W. Bishop, the theatrical manager of Oakland, contemplates establishing a playhouse in Sacramento.

In the Academy of Music, New York, Miss Julia Marlowe and Mr. E. H. Sothern began the second week of a Shakespearean engagement which has been successful to the most gratifying degree. The great house is crowded with eager spectators. The promised revival of "Much Ado About Nothing" is received with many demonstrations of appreciation and pleasure.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Artistic and social Paris is deeply stirred by the announcement that Monsieur and Madame Le Bargy, the most famous couple on the French stage, are about to be divorced, and the rumor that when this has happened the lady will marry young Gasimir Perier, only son of the ex-President of the French republic. Five years ago Mme. Le Bargy was a beautiful society girl of aristocratic family. She was induced to study for the stage by Sarah Bernhardt, who was struck by her exceptional histrionic gifts. M. Le Bargy is a brilliant actor who has had a meteoric career. There is a story that reveals his talent more eloquently than volumes of eulogy. That most "spiritual" of critics, M. Catulle Mendès, was in Mme. Le Bargy's loge at the Comedie Francaise on the premiere of "Le Duel," in which M. Le Bargy acts the priest. When the curtain fell on a great scene, Catulle, enraptured, turned to Mme. Le Bargy and said: "Ah, madame, if your husband were not a priest, what an actor he would have made!"

At the Orpheum for the week commencing July 8 Claude Gillingwater, who has just concluded the season as leading man with Fritzie Scheff in "Mme. Modiste," will present his comedy-drama, "A Strenuous Suitor," supported by Carlyn Strelitz, Edith Hinkle, Walter Clarke and Jules Scott. Linden Beckwith as Mrs. Snider-Johnson, formerly of this city, is now known on the stage, will return with her original creation "The Singing Portrait." Miss Beckwith will appear as a colonial dame, a "cowgirl" and as a Scotch lassie. Ziska and King, comedy magicians, return. Nora Bayes, the singing comedienne, is to return for one week. Willie Zimmerman will also come back for a week. Julia Heinrich, the contralto, and her brother, Karl, the barytone, will be heard in new selections. The Majestic Trio of laughmakers, Macart's dogs and monkeys and Orpheum Motion Pictures will complete the bill.

The new Columbia Theater to be erected at the corner of Van Ness avenue and Geary street promises to be one of the handsomest and safest playhouses in the country. It is the intention of Gottlob, Marx & Co. to have their new theater open to the public in the early spring. The building is to cover the entire space on Van Ness avenue from the corner of Geary street to Myrtle avenue, 120 feet frontage with a depth of 150 feet. The site is such as to permit exits on four highways, with passageways on either side of the theater and ample stage exits. Entrance will be through an immense foyer on the Van Ness avenue side. The house will admit the seating of 2000 people. The office structure facing the avenue is being constructed especially for occupancy by physicians. The theater proper will cost about \$200,000, and the office structure an additional \$100,000.

The big spectacle entitled "San Francisco" opened in Dreamland Park, Coney island. An enormous crowd attended. There are five scenes in "San Francisco," and they depict the Pacific Coast metropolis, its foundation in 49 days and before, its growth to a large and prosperous city, its destruction by fire and earthquake, and its rebuilding, larger and finer than before. There are close upon 200 people in the show, including Indians, miners, tenderfeet, bad men, soldiers, Chinese, newsboys and some real actors who are said to have been in San Francisco at the time of the recent disaster. There are some beautiful and historic scenes. The big show is the destruction of the city. Buildings crumble and fall and terrified people throng the streets. It is exceedingly realistic. After the scene of destruction and misery the picture of rejuvenated San Francisco shows an ideally beautiful city.

Melba has completely broken down. It is more than doubtful if she will be heard again this season. Her physician has ordered absolute rest for some months and her friends are urging her to give up her engagements and begin her cure at once. Since the beginning of the Covent Garden season, which has never been fashionable, the diva has labored under the utmost difficulties. Only once, and that at the request of King Edward, has the great singer been heard. Illness has veiled her voice and she persistently refused to appear when she was not in good form. A fortnight since, while on her way to Covent Garden for the evening's performance, her touring car broke down. She pluckily hailed a passing tradesman's wagon and rode through London in the humble vehicle.

Patti has by no means made her final public appearance. She sang at the Royal Albert Hall, London, on the 14th inst., and her solos included the cavatina "Casta Diva," from "Nor-

ma"; the serenade by Gounod, "Qua tu chantes"; and the aria "Vol sapete," from "Le Nozze di Figaro." It was in 1850, when she was seven years of age, that Adellina Patti sang in public. In 1859 Strakosky was paying her \$100 a week, and two years later Frederick Gye obtained her services at double that amount. Long afterwards he was glad to give her \$500 a night. Her present impresario, Percy Harrison, pays the diva \$4,000 for every concert at which she sings in London.

According to Eastern correspondence Sarah Bernhardt carried back with her the earnings of her recent American tour. This may be true, but if it is the first time she ever did anything of this kind. On her last tour she cabled every cent to Paris wherever she happened to be and cried back in money only the recel of her last two performances. When she was playing in the west the money was very high, but she never mind that. Every Thursday the week's receipts went on by this quick method to Paris.

Massenet's miracle opera, "Jongleur de Notre Dame," was produced for the first time in London on June 16. The music is praised for its freshness and suitability to the naive story written by Morris Lenau.

Mlle. Donald, who is singing the roles at Covent Garden, since her illness, was discovered in Canada by Salignac, a distinguished actor. On his advice she went to Paris three years ago to study and was engaged for the Nice opera season 1905. Her debut there proved so able that Covent Garden secured her and after her first season here she engaged for the Theatre de la Monnaie, Brussels.

Manager Ben Greet, it is announced, is to superintend the staging of "The Soup," next autumn. We are generously informed, also, that he will continue his "Everyman" and Elbethan repertoire company. And is the Greet who has prated so long of art for art's sake before universal audiences the country over? We next learn of Julia Marlowe starring in "The Lights of London."

ORPHEUM

WEEK COMMENCING SUNDAY
INEE, JULY 8.

Stars of Distinction

CLAUDE GILLINGWATER AND COMPANY; LINDEN BECKWITH; ZISKA AND KING; NORA BAYES; WILLIE ZIMMERMAN; MACART'S LOGS MONKEYS; MAJESTIC TRIO; ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES
LAST WEEK OF

JULIA AND KARL HEINRICH

Prices: 10c, 25c and 50c. Down Town Box Office at Donlon's Drug Store, Fillmore and Sutter Streets, 19 West 6000.

CHUTES AND 200—Open daily from 11 a. m. to Midnight.
Admission, 10c. Children, 5c.

IF YOU WISH TO ADVERTISE IN NEWSPAPERS ANYWHERE AT ANY TIME Call on or Write E. C. DAKE'S ADVERTISING AGENCY 1004 Masonic Avenue, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

The Argonaut Number for April 21.

Have any of our readers spare copies of this number? If so, and they will kindly mail them to the Librarian of the Library of several of the great libraries of the country, who failed to receive their copies through trouble in San Francisco Postoffice the week of the fire. As our copies are exhausted, we can not supply them. Readers who do not bind their copies may feel disposed to part with them. On receipt of same shall at once forward them to libraries that lack them. Address

THE ARGONAUT,
25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal.

LITERARY NOTES.

Recent Fiction.

Like his hero in "Sandy from the Sierras," the author, Richard Barry, advances rapidly in his chosen profession, not alone from a journalistic point of view, a year correspondent and high, but an author not altogether scholarly or scientific in aim, but write his first novel in order to reach to his full literary stature.

"Sandy from the Sierras" is a story of what we must now sadly term Old San Francisco; and as such, a greater interest will attach to it than former.

Many of the places mentioned in Barry's novel have now forever passed away. It is a book that reads in some degree the journalistic experiences of the author, although it is a clean-living youth of strict ideals who does not choose to enroll himself in the ranks of gay and irresponsible Bohemia. Nevertheless, being a journalist, he has some disreputable friends, who converse in theargon of tenderloin slang that causes such joy on the searacher after y. That Mr. Barry is an expert in this line goes without saying. In the book, in consequence, has the realistic rather than the literary flavor. But it shows also a healthy regard for cleanliness and purity of living, a genuine regard for old associations, for family ties and affections, a sincere respect for the simpler virtues of industry, loyalty and integrity that strike the reader curiously, gratefully, in the midst of the irreverent rattle with which Mr. Barry versifies his more serious passages. Published by Moffatt, Yard & Co., O.

The beretic in "The Secret Life: or, the Book of a Heretic," is by own confession a middle-aged woman who chooses to expound in this rathered volume, "the beresies one grown too staid and cautious to speech to any longer." The nown author, therefore indulges in the luxury of unloading an interest- and unconservative intellect of all fancies, vagaries, opinions and icisms. Some of her desultory, tten-out reveries amount to esays, both forcible and interesting, here and there a sudden, shy, nonette-like outflowing on poet- blooms on the page. The "beretic" is Rousseau's "Insulting confessions," dislikes "Sonnets from the fugues," is impatient of the lim- of feminine expression in art. She is "Siegfried," especially Alvary's, hotly disdains the selfish egotists Lives of the Saints," who broke the ts of those who loved them, for sake of their salvation; these lat- indeed, she arraigns in a spirited ster that could they but read it, ht make them turn uneasily in r hallowed graves. These opinions give some idea of the "heretic's" tal views, which are vigorous, un- meled and excellent reading, not for the temperamental sympar- er, but for the smug Philistine, occasionally needs a good shak- up.

Published by the John Lane Com-

The Lucky Piece: A Tale of the Woods," is a very light-weight of summer fiction, that just cons- to fulfill its mission of agree- whiling away an hour or two. A mer in the Adirondacks is the ting point, and on this slender dation a more slender love story ult by the author, Albert Bigelow e. This is amplified with moun- climbing excursions, trout fish- episodes, and bits of mushroom There is a summer resort with ange of veranda gossips, keeping an tive eye on the lovers; there are t-burnings and bickerings and esies interrupting love's current. e is even a very gauzy mystery h bangs in the upper atmosphere a high fog, and clears away at the in a burst of sunshine.

Published by the Outing Publishing \$1.50.

Earthquake Literature.

The New York Evening Post is impressed by the literature of the San Francisco disaster, and thus

urges: June Issue of Out West is, notably, a "San Francisco number," contains a series of articles on the ter written by such authoritative as Paul Cowles, superintend- Western division the Associated Press, and David Starr Jordan, presi- of Leland Stanford University. al of the papers deal with the iding of the city, and in read- hem, as in reading all the litera- of the subject, one is struck by ous comparison. This is the of the California writers, so far

as we know without exception; thus John Galen Howard exclaims:

"To-day, as one looks back upon the pre-historic days which flowed so sleepily along before the earthquake, one can recognize here and there an intimation, a premonition of the forces which underlay the surface of San Francisco life, but it needed a coup de foudre to blast away the surface and to unite all powers for good which the old nature had never known how to bring to bear. To-day all that is changed, and San Francisco stands full-panoplied to wage her warfare for success."

The New York journal goes on thus: "Another writer, James D. Phelan, says that 'the burning of San Francisco, caused indirectly by earthquake shock, was merely a tragedy which will subsequently serve to make the history of California interesting. It will no way affect the resources which have made the City of the Golden Gate necessary to commerce and to trade. San Francisco is a natural city, and the mere burning of houses simply signifies that new and perhaps better ones will be constructed on the old site.' And still another, William E. Smythe, speaks in a higher, shriller tone:

"Before the disaster California was great, materially; to-day the material greatness has been multiplied tenfold by the force of a newly-awakened spirituality, which, seeking immediate outlet in works of brotherhood, will find its enduring expression in the unprecedented advance of Associated Man. California must surpass itself in the future because it has found its soul—because it has enlisted the higher nature of its people in the work of building a real commonwealth. And the breath of a real commonwealth, be it said, is not the land boom; nor is the town lot its corner-stone, nor the banking house its temple. These things have their place, but their place is neither in the deep-laid foundation, nor in the imposing front, nor yet in the crowning turrets of the real commonwealth. The California of the future, taking its inspiration from the ruin of San Francisco, will illumine the world with the brightness and beauty of the institutions it will create for the upliftment of the common man."

The tone of our California writers thus impresses the Post: "This is the fairly constant tone of those who write about the earthquake, and, with certain deductions, may be taken to represent the feeling of the people of the city in general. The comparison that forces itself on the mind is with the expression of horror that followed the Lisbon earthquake just a century and a half ago. Readers of European literature need not be told how the news of that disaster affected Voltaire and the young Goethe; it seemed to them, as it did to the world at large to throw doubts upon the very existence of Providence and upon the value of human activity. Which is really the profounder view, this almost unreasoning optimism, one might say gaiete de coeur, in the face of nature's overwhelming power, or the questioning mind of the eighteenth century? Have the people of San Francisco been spiritualized by this shock? Has any American felt, or at least expressed, the feeling that such a disaster may be regarded as one of the signs of our feeble tenure on the earth, of our terrible littleness physically, and that it should awaken a sense of humility rather than of vain boasting?"

New Publications.

"Tuxedo Avenue to Water Street," by Amos R. Wells, and "Spurgeon's Illustrative Anecdotes," compiled by Louis Albert Banks, D. D., (the Funk & Wagnalls Company) are two valuable books for a clergyman's library.

A new pocket edition of the works of George Meredith has been published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Each of the fourteen novels is complete in one volume, and the books are printed in good-sized, agreeable type, on opaque paper. This handy and cheap edition will be welcomed by many readers. Each volume may be bought separately; limp leather, \$1.25 net; cloth, \$1.00.

Personal and Miscellaneous.

The news of the death of S. Baring-Gould, at sea, was erroneous. The well-known novelist gives to the Graphic his experiences as a dead man. He had—among many other offers—the offer of a complete set of newspaper notices handsomely bound for three guineas. Those notices have been packed away unread, in a sealed envelope, with his will. Mr. Baring-Gould concludes: "I have found that people whom I did not know by name even, had cared for my writings, and they wrote or wired to me their congratulations; old pupils of forty years

ago wrote and renewed old remembrances, friends who had dropped out of my life woke up to renewed affection. And so I find that I have more friends than I know of, and old friends draw closer, so that this little error has softened my heart, and made me thankful that I have a wider circle of such as feel kindly towards me than the little ring of my own family."

A new volume of Stevenson letters is in preparation by Charles Scribner's Sons. It is entitled "Letters from Samoa," and will be a companion volume to "From the Marquesas and Beyond," by the same author, Mrs. Margaret Isabelle Stevenson.

The Life of Oscar Wilde, which R. H. Sberard has been writing for Werner Laurie, will be ready next month. The author and his subject were friends for many years, and so this book has a personal note all through. One strong purpose of it is to dispel a number of false reports which have associated themselves with Wilde's life, as for instance, the weird recurring rumor that he is not dead.

Much interest has been aroused in Miriam Michelson's forthcoming novel, "Anthony Overman." This story of the old San Francisco is in an entirely different field from Miss Michelson's greatest success so far, "In the Bishop's Carriage." It deals with a dreamer who falls in love with a woman who is his antithesis. Doubleday, Page and Company expect to bring out "Anthony Overman" on Aug. 1. It will be illustrated by John Cecil Clay.



ROBERTSON'S

JUST A BOOK STORE

The books reviewed or mentioned in the Argonaut can always be purchased at

ROBERTSON'S
1186½ Ellis St., Near Octavia



CALIFORNIA LIMITED
TO
CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS
LEAVES DAILY AT 9:30 A. M.
WITH DINERS AND SLEEPERS

7:30 a. m. For Stockton, Merced, direct connection for Yosemite Valley, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield and intermediate points.
8:00 p. m. California Limited, 3 days to Chicago. Leaves every day. Direct connection to Grand Canyon.
9:30 a. m.—Valley Limited for Stockton, Merced, direct connection for Yosemite Valley, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield and points on Sierra Railway.
10:55 a. m.—For Stockton, Riverbank, Oakdale and points on Sierra Railway.
4:00 p. m.—For Stockton, Fresno and intermediate points.
8:00 p. m.—Overland Express for Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and Grand Canyon.
NOTE.—Yosemite V. R. R. trains leave Merced for Yosemite Valley at 5:30 a. m. and 2 p. m. every day.
TICKET OFFICES:
Ferry Building, San Francisco.
112 Broadway, and Fortieth and San Pablo avenues, Oakland.
University and West streets, Berkeley.

POTTER HOTEL

Santa Barbara, Cal.

Summer Rates

\$2 PER DAY

and Upwards

American Plan Only

SUNSET MAGAZINE

JUNE-JULY NUMBER

OUT JULY 10th

"San Francisco"

BY

E. H. HARRIMAN

"San Francisco"

BY

JOAQUIN MILLER

"The Plight and Prospects of San Francisco".....by Charles S. Alken
"Handling the Crisis".....by Col. Edwin Emerson
"The Charlots of the Gods".....by Charles K. Field

Photographs of San Francisco while burning and after the disaster. Portraits of Funston, Schmitz and Other Prominent Men.

FOR SALE ON ALL NEWS STANDS.

PRICE 10 CENTS

NOTES AND GOSSIP.

Engagements and Weddings.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ethel Hager, daughter of the late Judge and Mrs. Hager, to Mr. Lansing O. Kellogg. No date has been announced for the wedding.

The engagement is announced of Miss Anita Burwell, daughter of Captain William T. Burwell, U. S. N., and Mrs. Burwell, to Lieutenant Edgar B. Larimer, U. S. N. The wedding will take place some time this month at Bremerton Navy Yard.

The wedding of Miss Maud Smith, daughter of Mrs. George Law Smith, to Mr. Charles Clinton Hoag, took place at the home of the bride's mother, on Jackson street on Wednesday, June 27th. There were no attendants and only a few relatives and intimate friends were present.

Announcements have been received from Mr. and Mrs. Francis Beverly Whiting of the marriage of their daughter, Miss Anna Elizabeth Whiting to Mr. Albert Fayer Weather Afong, of Honolulu, on Wednesday, May 2d, at Davenport, Iowa.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Leslie, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Meyerfeld, and Mr. Leon Lazare Roos, took place at noon on Wednesday at the summer residence of the bride's parents in San Rafael. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Jacob Voorsanger, under a bower of greens erected on the lawn in the presence of about one hundred and twenty-five friends. The young couple have gone to Honolulu, and on their return will reside in San Francisco.

It is expected that the marriage of Miss Martha Coffin and Mr. Aldrich Barton of Oakland will take place in the late summer. Mr. Barton is a son of Willard D. Barton, well known in club circles in San Francisco.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Bishop and Mrs. Whitaker of Philadelphia have arrived to spend several weeks as the guests of Mrs. I. L. Requa at Piedmont.

Mrs. Richard Sprague and her sons have arrived here from their home in Louisiana to join Mr. Sprague, who preceded them by a few weeks. They have taken a place at Fair Oaks and will spend the summer there.

Miss Lucy Gwin Coleman has returned to San Mateo after a visit to Miss Elizabeth Livermore in Sonoma county.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Porter Bishop, who went South shortly after the fire with Mrs. Thomas B. Bishop and have since been at one of the Bishop ranches in Santa Barbara county, have returned to the city.

Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg and Miss Cora Smedberg, who have been living at the Presidio since the fire, have taken a cottage in San Rafael for the summer.

Mrs. Lawrence S. Adams, whose husband, Naval Constructor Adams, U. S. N., is now stationed at Norfolk, Virginia, has arrived in California and will spend the summer in Berkeley with her mother, Mrs. W. T. Goldsborough.

Miss Ida Bourn has been in the city for several days from the Bourn country place at Grass Valley, where she is spending the summer.

Mr. William G. Irwin has returned from a trip to Honolulu.

Miss Anita Harvey and Miss Genevieve Harvey have been guests at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Jules Brett, who were burned out at the Marie Antoinette, are at the Hotel Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Williams and Miss Frances Sprague left last week for a month's stay at Miss Sprague's cottage in Mendocino county.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Peter Weeks and Miss Cornelia Kempff went down on July 1st to Burlingame, where they have taken a cottage for the season.

Mrs. Burns McDonald has arrived from her home in Denver and is at Blithedale for the summer.

Miss Jessie Wright is spending some weeks as the guest of friends in Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Selby Hanna spent the week-end in San Rafael as the guests of Mrs. Truxtun Beale.

Miss Ada Sullivan and Miss Alice Sullivan, who arrived last week from their trip to the Orient, have gone to their country place at Santa Cruz for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Walkington (formerly Miss Elsie Harrison) are

from Ireland and will make their future home in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bothin, whose handsome home on Van Ness avenue and Jackson street was burned, are at their country place at Ross Valley for the summer and fall.

Dr. and Mrs. John Rogers Clark have gone on a fortnight's fishing trip to Weber Lake.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Franklin Bache Harwood have returned from a trip to Yosemite.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tallant have taken a cottage in Belvedere and will spend the summer there.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Griffin left on Saturday of last week for Oroville.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Simpson have been spending a week as the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Russell Cool at Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Baggett and Miss Nell Rose Baggett, who were at St. Dunstan's all winter, are spending the summer at their ranch near Oroville.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean are spending the summer at San Rafael.

Mrs. Lester Herrick has gone to Seattle for a visit to her sister and will be absent several weeks.

Mr. J. Downey Harvey has been a recent visitor at Tuxedo, New Jersey.

Walter S. Newhall of Los Angeles has announced his intention of coming to San Francisco to reside to take charge of the construction of three large buildings—one at the intersection of Battery and Sacramento streets, one on Battery street between Pine and California streets and one at Leidesdorff and Halleck streets.

Col. and Mrs. John A. Darling have returned from their stay abroad and are sojourning in New England, where they have many relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Troy, formerly of San Francisco, who came to Los Angeles, have as their guests Mrs. Fanny J. White, mother of the late Stephen M. White, former United States Senator.

Mrs. William G. Irwin has returned from Honolulu, where he has been for several months.

Miss Alice and Miss Martha Brown, daughters of the late Thomas Brown, who are in Europe, where they have been for two years, expect to return to California this fall.

Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor of Oakland will leave this week for Portland, Ore., where she will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. Allen Lewis, for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney V. Smith, whose home at Clay and Jones streets was destroyed by fire, have taken a house in Berkeley.

Mrs. Thomas Selby and Miss Anne Selby, who have been guests of Mrs. A. J. Ralston in Berkeley since the fire, have taken a house in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wolff and their family have taken up their residence at 1012 Masonic avenue.

Miss Lucie Kling has returned from a visit to Mrs. W. P. Fuller, at San Mateo.

Dr. Chidester, U. S. A., and Mrs. Chidester, Miss Edith Bull and Miss Kathleen Bull have taken the McKee residence on Presidio avenue and will make their home there for several months.

Miss Genevra Fehiger has returned from a visit to friends at Vancouver Barracks.

Mrs. Edward Pond left recently for San Diego, where she will spend the summer and early fall.

Miss Edith Treanor is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Clarence Oddie, in Tonopah for several weeks' stay.

Miss Mabel Hogg and her brother, Mr. William J. Hogg, have been visiting at Del Monte recently.

The Los Angeles Graphic says: "Harry Gillig, who has been sojourning in Los Angeles for several months, left here for Paris last week, and will sell his chateau at Neuilly next fall and return to this city and make his permanent residence. Gillig is still one of the handsomest fellows to be seen anywhere, and has one of the finest baritone voices any one ever listened to. He obtained instant and marked success in opera, but does not like the lyric stage and has given it up probably forever. He is not in love with money, either, but a few weeks ago he quietly dropped \$30,000 in Hollywood on improved property paying 7 per cent. Besides other accomplishments Gillig is a superb pianist and guitarist, and a radiant conversationalist and linguist as well. Gillig has

traveled far and wide, and has satisfied himself that Los Angeles is the choicest place on earth."

Mrs. Solon Huntington died Wednesday, June 27, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. E. B. Holladay, 2215 Buchanan street. Mrs. Huntington was the widow of Solon Huntington, brother of Collis P. Huntington. Mrs. Huntington leaves the following children: Mrs. E. B. Holladay of this city, H. E. Huntington of Los Angeles, W. V. Huntington of this city and Mrs. B. W. Foster of Huntington, W. Va. The grandchildren of the deceased are Howard E. Huntington, Mrs. Gilbert B. Perkins, Mrs. J. B. Metcalf, Mrs. J. D. Spreckels Jr., Miss Marian Huntington, Miss Helen H. Holladay and Collis H. Huntington. Her great-grandchildren are Elizabeth Huntington and Marie H. Spreckels.

General Nelson A. Miles recently delivered the commencement address before the University of Colorado at Boulder. There were some impressive things in it, as when this life-long soldier said: "We have had enough war, carnage, devastation and desolation. Those who know the least of the hardships and horrors of war are its most zealous advocates." So speaks the veteran warrior, whose service in the civil war, and as a brilliant Indian fighter in the West, entitles him to speak with authority.

The funeral of Alexander Weill took place in Paris on June 28. Mr. Weill was born in Phalsbourg, Lorraine, June 21, 1834. He came to San Francisco, February 4, 1855, and in 1856 he was a member of the famous vigilantes. He took his departure from this city in 1880 for New York. He founded the well-known banking firm of Lazard Freres. In 1871 he was founder and first president of the Ligue Nationale, which organization had 1000 members. In 1877, at the time of the failure of the French Savings Bank in this city, Mr. Weill, with Gustav Touchard, took charge of the bank's affairs, and by careful liquidation the creditors obtained 80 per cent. At the time of the recent disaster Mr. Weill placed at the disposal of his brother, Raphael Weill, \$20,000 to be used to the best of his judgment.

Eugene Shelby has been promoted to be superintendent of the western division of Wells, Fargo & Co., and assumed his duties on Saturday. He takes the place formerly held by S. D. Bastow. Shelby has been connected with the company for thirty years, during which time he has resided in Portland. The western division includes all the offices between Ogden and Victoria, B. C.

MOTHERS—BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

Maid—"There's a much better tone in this house now, m'm, than there used to be." Lady (indignantly)—"Indeed! I don't understand you, Chalmers." Maid—"Oh, m'm, I mean down stairs, of course. Not upstairs."—Punch.

Next Sunday Go to Byron Hot Springs.—You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

Inquiring Female—"And what do you do, captain, when it is too rough to go out in the boat?" Capt.—"Well, m'am, if the wreck ain't too far off, we generally tries to rig a line to her, an' then we sends out the breeches buoy." Inquiring Female—"Oh, the poor little fellow! But don't his parents object?"—Judge.

Removal Notice.—Gladding, McBean & Co., office and storage depot, Eddy and Hyde streets. The Eddy street west bound electric cars pass this corner, while all the cars on the Turk, O'Farrell, Post and Conventworth and Larkin and Polk street lines pass but one block distant.

"Just think, our new cook gets up at 6 o'clock without being called." "She must be a jewel?" "Yes, she's going to be married to the milkman next week."—Famille Journal.

Instruction by mail in literary composition. Courses suited to all needs. Revision, criticism, and sale of MSS. Send for circular.

DO YOU WRITE? Editorial Bureau, 33 West 45th St. New York

Pears'

Don't simply "get a cake of soap." Get good soap. Ask for Pears' and you have pure soap. Then bathing will mean more than mere cleanliness; it will be luxury at trifling cost.

Sales increasing since 1789.

EDUCATIONAL.

Mrs. J. E. TIPPET
(CLARA BEUTLER)
Teacher of Singing.
Coaching.

Studio, Pierce Building, Copley Square, Boston, Mass.

MISS HARKER'S SCHOOL.
Palo Alto, Cal. Home and Day School for Girls. Intermediate and Prima Departments. Certificate admits to Stanford, Vassar and Wellesley. Number limited. Reopens August 20th.

OGONTZ SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES
Twenty minutes from Philadelphia, two hours from New York. The U. S. Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circulars address
MISS SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal
Ogontz, School P. O., Pa.

MISS RANSOM'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
Will open on Wednesday, August 1st, at 484 Prospect Avenue, Oakland. Limited number of boarders received.
MARION RANSOM, EDITH BRIDGES,
Principals

Presidio Heights' Private School
314 Cherry St., San Francisco
Reopened on Monday, June 25, 1906. For information apply to Miss Elizabeth Crane.

OREGON. PORTLAND. ST. HELEN'S HALL
A GIRLS' SCHOOL OF THE HIGHEST CLASS.

Corps of teachers, location, building, equipment the best. Send for catalogue.

Term Opened September 18, 1905.

HELPING THE HOMELESS

The Continental Building and Loan Association has helped build up several little towns and cities of California, but the next few years its funds will be used to help restore the burned homes of San Francisco.

Dr. Washington Dodge, President.
Gavin McNab, Attorney.
Wm. Corbin, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr.

Office: Corner Market and Church

Leonard L. Murc

Book and Commercial

PRINTING

427, SIXTY-FIFTH STREET

Near Telegraph Avenue,

OAKLAND

Cards, Circulars, Legal Blanks, Stationery, Etc. Contracts taken for Printing of Periodicals.

Phone Oakland 7374

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.
Cash Capital \$1,000,000
Cash Assets 5,340,000
Surplus to Policy-Holders 2,414,000

COLIN M. BOYD
Agent for San Francisco,
2510 California St., San Francisco
525 Thirteenth St., Oakland.
BENJAMIN J. SMITH,
Western Pacific Department

ARMY AND NAVY.

General A. W. Greely, U. S. A., Mrs. Greely and Captain Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., are expected to return about July 10th from their trip to Yosemite and Southern California.

Brigadier General Constant Williams, U. S. A., has been relieved from the command of the Department of Columbia and has assumed command of the Department of Colorado. Colonel C. H. Noble, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., is in temporary command of the Department of Columbia. It is rumored that General W. S. Edgerly, U. S. A., who is returning from the Philippines, will assume command of that department upon his arrival.

Colonel Alfred C. Girard, Medical Department, U. S. A., retired, left last week for Chicago, where he will make his home for the future. Mrs. Girard will join him there later.

Colonel John L. Clew, U. S. A., Chief Quartermaster of the Department of California, and Mrs. Clew are enjoining in the advent of a daughter on June 28th. Mrs. Clew, who is at present in San Antonio, Texas, will arrive here shortly.

Colonel Louis Brechemin, Medical Department, U. S. A., and Mrs. Brechemin left on last Sunday morning for New York, where Colonel Brechemin has been ordered to assume charge of the Medical Supply Depot.

Lieutenant Commander Newton A. McCully, U. S. N., has been detached from duty in the office of Naval Intelligence in Washington, D. C., and after temporary duty at Seattle, Wash., will proceed to the Union Iron Works in this city for duty.

Lieutenant Commander William P. White, U. S. N., who has until recently been attached to the Chicago, has recently been examined for promotion at Mare Island.

Major George F. Downing, paymaster U. S. A., did not sail on the transport which left this port on July 5th for Manila, his orders for service in the Philippines having been revoked. Major Downing, who has been on leave at Lutherville, Md., was ordered to proceed to Chicago and report to the commanding general of the Department of the Lakes for temporary duty.

Major William L. Kneeder, surgeon, U. S. A., has been ordered to report to Brigadier General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., president of the Army Retraining Board, for examination by that board.

Captain William G. Haan, U. S. A., who is to be relieved from the general staff on August 15th, will take station at Fort Monroe, Virginia, where he will be on the Artillery Board and will have other duties in connection with the board. Captain Haan will probably go first to the maneuvers at American Lake for a brief stay before going East.

Captain Sydney A. Cloman, U. S. A., detailed as an observer of the camp instruction to be established at American Lake, Washington. He will proceed to Vancouver barracks this month and accompany the Fourteenth Infantry on its march from the post to American Lake.

Captain J. J. Bradley, U. S. A., who has had charge of the Crocker School, was relieved on Monday last and left for Vancouver barracks to join his regiment, the Fourteenth Infantry, of which he is quartermaster.

Captain Rogers F. Gardner, U. S. A., has been transferred from the unassigned list to the Thirteenth Battalion, Field Artillery, stationed in the Philippines. Captain Gardner will join his battery as soon as he is relieved.

Captain Harry G. Bishop, U. S. A., in his present duty of artillery engineer, Artillery District of Columbia.

Captain R. A. Longan, Eleventh Infantry, U. S. A., left on Thursday of last week for Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming.

Captain George H. Shields Jr., Third Infantry, U. S. A., has been assigned duty as quartermaster and acting commissary on the transport Buford during the voyage of that transport to Alaska this month.

Captain J. W. Killian, Subsistence Department, U. S. A., who has been on duty at the Moulder School, Major A. Gaston, First Cavalry, U. S. A., Lieutenant H. A. Scott, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Lieutenant Richmond, First Cavalry, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Ineson, U. S. A., have each been granted five days' leave of absence, including longer leave to be granted by the War Department that they may take up the work of the Relief Fund Commission.

Lieutenant J. A. Moss, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted leave of absence for one month and will not go to the ma-

neuvers at American Lake, as he is to report at the Infantry and Cavalry School at Fort Leavenworth, on August 16th.

Captain Henry O. Bisset, U. S. M. C., has been under treatment at the Naval Hospital at Mare Island.

Lieutenant Edward H. Pearce, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to report to the commanding officer of the Twenty-second Infantry for duty with that regiment.

Lieutenant Hamilton Bowie, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been detailed for a course of instruction in the bakers and cooks school at Fort Riley, Kansas.

Lieutenants Herbert M. Smith and C. J. Bartlett, assistant surgeons, U. S. A., have been ordered to report on August 27th to Lieutenant Colonel George H. Torney, president of the Examining Board at the Presidio of San Francisco, for examination for promotion. Lieutenants William R. Eastman and James F. Hall, assistant surgeons, U. S. A.

Three companies, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., and four troops, First Cavalry, U. S. A., left the Presidio of San Francisco this week, the former for their station at Vancouver Barracks and the latter for Fort Clark, Texas.

Shreve & Company

have on sale their usual complete stock of DIAMOND and GOLD JEWELRY, WATCHES SILVERWARE, GLASSWARE, ETC., AT Post Street and Grant Avenue and 2429 Jackson Street

San Francisco

Prompt and careful attention given to correspondence

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery street, corner of Sutter street, has declared a dividend for the term ending June 30th, 1906, at the rate of three and one-half (3½) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes and payable on and after July 2d, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as principal. EDWIN BONNELL, Cashier.

OFFICE OF THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS and Loan Society, corner Market, McAllister and Jones sts., San Francisco, June 27, 1906.—At a regular meeting of the board of directors of this society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-half (3½) per cent per annum on all deposits for the six months ending June 30, 1906, free from all taxes and payable on and after July 2, 1906. ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—San Francisco Savings Union, N. W. cor. California and Montgomery sts.—For the half year ending June 30, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rates per annum of three and two-thirds (3 2/3) per cent on term deposits and three and one-third (3 1/3) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1906. Depositors are entitled to draw their dividends at any time during the succeeding half year. Dividends not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof and earn dividend from July 1st. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—California Safe For the six months ending June 30, 1906, dividends have been declared on Deposit and Trust Co., Cor California and Montgomery Streets, at the rate of three and one-half (3½) of this company as follows: On term per cent per annum, payable on and after MONDAY, July 2, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to, and bear the same rate of interest as principal. Interest paid from Date of Deposit. JNO. U. CALKINS, Cashier, the deposits in the savings department

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—CENTRAL Trust Co. of California, 42 Montgomery st., corner Sutter.—For the half year ending June 30, 1906, a dividend has been declared on deposits in the savings department of this bank as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 1-2 per cent per annum, payable on or after Monday, July 2, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1906. HENRY BRUNNER, Cashier.

For YOUR

BREAKFAST

GERMEA

AT ALL GROCERS

The Johnson-Locke Mercantile Co.

AGENTS

714 Broadway, Oakland

Has Never Failed!

TRY IT

HERBO CORN CURE

RELIEVES PAIN IN ONE NIGHT
Twenty-five Cents All Druggists

STEAMSHIP LINES.

AMERICAN LINE

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON.

St. Paul	July 14
New York	July 28
St. Louis	Aug. 4
Philadelphia	Aug. 11
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool	July 14
Friesland	July 21
Westerland	July 28
Merion	Aug. 4
Nordland	Aug. 11

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Mesaba	July 14
Minneapolis	July 21
Minnehaha	July 28
Minnetonka	Aug. 4

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.

Sailing Wednesdays as per sailing date.	
Statendam	July 11, 10 a. m.
Ryndam	July 18, noon
Potsdam	Aug. 1, noon
Nordland	Aug. 8, 6 a. m.
N. Amsterdam	Aug. 15, 10 a. m.
Statendam	Aug. 22, 10 a. m.

RED STAR LINE.

N. Y.—ANTWERP—DOVER—(LONDON, PARIS)

Zeeland	July 14
Vaderland	July 28
Finland	Aug. 4
Zeeland	Aug. 11

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.

Majestic	July 11
Celtic	July 13
Oceanic	July 18
Teutonic	July 25
Cedric	July 27
Baltic	Aug. 1

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool
Republic July 12
Cymric July 19
Arabic Aug. 2
Republic Aug. 16

C. D. TAYLOR, Pass. Agt., Pacific Coast, Temporary Office 534 14th st., Oakland.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

HONOLULU only—S. S. Alameda sails 11 A. M. June 30. Round trip, first-class, \$125.

TAHITI, SOUTH SEAS—S. S. Mariposa sails 11 A. M. July 1. Grand Tour. This Voyage, \$125 Round Trip.

Sydney, Auckland, Samoa, Honolulu

S. S. SIERRA sails 2 P. M. July 12
OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY,
Office, 1008 Broadway, Oakland, Pier 7, San Francisco.

TOYO KISEN KAISHA

ORIENTAL S. S. CO. have opened their general offices at 217-221 BRANNAN ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and Brannan streets, 1 P. M., for Yokohama and Hongkong, calling at Honolulu, Kobe, (Higo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamer for Manila, India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

S. S. HONGKONG MARU.
S. S. AMERICA MARU.
S. S. NIPPON MARU.

Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan sts. W. H. AVERY, Assistant General Manager.

Del Monte Offers

During the reconstruction of San Francisco, Hotel del Monte offers a welcome shelter to those desiring a homelike place for rest and recreation. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at the present. The entire Hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families. Address Geo. P. Snell, Manager, Del Monte, California.

A Permanent Home

Thos. Cook & Son

NOW LOCATED

410 Fourteenth Street
OAKLAND.

Bonestell, Richardson & Co.

Has Plenty of Every Kind of

PAPER

For Immediate Delivery.

Just Received Four Carloads of

Ruberoid Roofing.

Architects and builders of the highest class recommend Ruberoid for any style of building.

Write for Samples and Price.

California's Leading Paper House.

Phone, Oakland 7700.

1059 CASTRO STREET, OAKLAND.

HOTEL COLLINGWOOD

35th St., bet. 5th Ave and Broadway,
NEW YORK CITY

New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district, containing every modern device for comfort of guests. Positively exclusive. Service a la carte.

It Is Well Known

That the proper place for a vacation is in MARIN, SONOMA, MENDOCINO, or LAKE COUNTIES, reached by the

California Northwestern Railway

AND THE

North Shore Railroad

You can stop at some mineral spring resort, private home in one of the pretty towns, rusticate on a farm or camp by some stream.

Call or write for "VACATION 1906" which will give detailed information showing terms for board \$7.00 per week and upwards.

Ticket Office and General Office in Ferry Building, foot of Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

JAMES AGLER, R. X. RYAN,
Gen. Mgr. Gen. Pass. & Frt. Agt.

THE LATEST STYLES IN

Choice Woolens

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,

2220 Webster St., San Francisco.

Bicycle and Golf Suits.

Romeike's Press Cutting Bureau

Will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date."

A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines. In fact, every paper of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers, and, through the European Bureau, all the leading papers in the civilized globe.

Clippings found for subscribers and posted on slips giving name and date of paper, and are mailed day by day. Write for circular and terms.

HENRY ROMEIKE, 33 UNION SQUARE, N.Y.

Branches: LONDON, PARIS, BERLIN, SYDNEY.

ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Dentist (prodding a patient's gum in search of a fragment of root)—Funny, I don't seem to feel it. Patient (ironical in spite of the pain)—You're in luck!—Les Annales.

Judging from the number of "Lover's Leaps" at the various mountain resorts, the favorite amusement of the aboriginal maiden must have been jumping over precipices.—Philadelphia Record.

Assistant—"This poet says that the last two verses of his poem may be omitted, if you think it is desirable." Editor—"I'll do better than that. I'll omit the whole poem."—Somerville Journal.

"Really, you know, I don't think Miss Summergal looks at all athletic." "Well?" "Well, you told me she was always engaged in some college sport." "Stupid! I said 'engaged to'."—Philadelphia Press.

"They found a cigar in a safe that had fallen down five stories in San Francisco and wasn't the least bit damaged by the fire." "Yes, I've tried to smoke several of those cigars."—Cleveland Leader.

Mistress—What made you angry with the doctor and tell him not to come any more? Bridget—Because he said he thought he would send me to a warmer climate, and I am on ter bim."—Los Angeles News.

"Do you think that wealth brings happiness?" "No," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "It doesn't bring happiness. But it gives a man a little bit of option about the kind of worry he will take on."—Washington Star.

Not a great while ago Love was engaged in robbing some honest people of their peace of mind, when a loud knock sounded at the door. "Poverty, of course," cried Love, in the utmost vexation, and flew out of the window, leaving his booty behind him.—Puck.

American Girl (at Windsor Castle)—"Porter, is there any chance to get a glimpse of Queen Alexandra?" Gentleman at the Gate—"I'm not the porter. I am the Prince of Wales." American Girl—"How lucky I am! Is your mother in?"—New York Weekly.

They told the youngster to soak his feet in a tub of salt water if he wanted to toughen them. He soaked his hands, too. "It's pretty near time for me to get a licking," he explained. "Tomorrow I'm going to sit in it."—New York Sun.

"Why," exclaimed the visitor who was being shown over the house, "this picture is by one of the old masters!" "Well, maybe it is," replied Mrs. Newritch, apologetically. "But I'm sure the frame is quite new."—Chicago Daily News.

"Don't you like to hear the wind whistling through the wood?" asked the poetical one. "Well," replied the practical one, "if I'm out in the forest I do; but if the wood is made up into a \$2 flute, I can't say that I do."—Yonkers Statesman.

Extract from testimonial in the Keighley News—"But I am thankful to say, after five weeks of your Indian treatment . . . the girl can read and write with her right eye as well as with the left." This makes the ordinary amblydextrous person look very silly.—Punch.

A school teacher, one day during the hour for drawing, suggested to her pupils that each draw what he or she would like to be when grown up. At the end of the lesson one little girl showed an empty slate. "Why," said the teacher, "isn't there anything you would like to be when you grow up?" "Yes, said the little girl, "I would like to be married, but I don't know how to draw it."—Life.

For more than fifty years children, from the age of three months to ten years, have been benefited by Steadman's Sootblowing Powders.

BANKING.

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY

Capital Fully Paid.....\$2,000,000
Total Assets\$10,000,000

A General Banking Business Conducted
Savings and Checking Accounts Received.
Interest Paid on Deposits

MAIN OFFICE:

Corner California and Montgomery Streets

West End Branch: 1531 Devisadero St., near Post.

Mission Branch: 927 Valencia Street, near 21st.

Uptown Branch: 1850 Geary St., west of Fillmore.

DAVID F. WALKER, Pres.
J. DALZELL BROWN, Mgr.

FRENCH AMERICAN BANK

Union Trust Building (Third Floor)
Ready to accommodate its customers and do a general banking business. We will collect on insurance policies for those wishing our services.

THE FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

occupies offices in the same building.
Officers—Charles Carpy, president; Arthur Legallet, vice-president; Leon Bocqueraz, vice-president.
Directors—J. E. Artigues, O. Bozio, J. A. Bergerot, E. J. DeSaola, J. M. Dupas, J. S. Godeau, J. J. Mack, Geo. Belaney, Leon Kaufman.

GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY
432 California Street, San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,326,763.61
Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00
Deposits, December 30, 1905.....39,112,812.52

F. Tillman, Jr., President; Daniel Meyer, First Vice-President; Emile Rohte, Second Vice-President; A. H. R. Schmidt, Cashier; Wm. Herrmann, Asst. Cashier; Geo. Tournay, Secretary; A. H. Muller, Asst. Secretary; W. S. Goodfellow, General Attorney.

Board of Directors:

F. Tillman, Jr., Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohte, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, N. Oblandt, J. W. Van Bergen, E. T. Kruse, and W. S. Goodfellow.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

316 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00
Paid-up Capital500,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....250,000.00
Deposits, December 30, 1905.....4,829,205.64
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.
Banking by mail a specialty.

William Babcock.....President
S. L. Abbot.....Vice-President
Fred W. Ray.....Secretary
Directors—William Babcock, S. L. Abbot, O. D. Baldwin, Joseph D. Grant, E. J. McCutchen, L. F. Monteagle, R. H. Pease, Warren D. Clark, Jas. L. Flood, J. A. Donohoe, John Parrott, Jacob Stern.

Mutual Savings Bank

710 Market St., Opposite Third

SAN FRANCISCO.

Guarantee Capital.....\$ 1,000,000
Paid-up Capital300,000
Surplus320,000
Deposits, January 1, 1906.....10,213,801
Interest paid on deposits.
Loans on approved securities.

OFFICERS—President, James D. Phelan; First Vice-President, S. G. Murphy; Second Vice-President, John A. Hooper; Secretary and Cashier, Geo. A. Story; Asst. Sec. and Asst. Cashier, C. B. Hobson; Attorney, Frank J. Sullivan.
Directors—James D. Phelan, John A. Hooper, Frank J. Sullivan, Jas. M. McDonald, S. G. Murphy, James Moffatt, Robt. McElroy, Charles Holbrook, Rudolph Spreckels.

P. E. BOWLES, Pres.

E. W. WILSON, Vice-Pres.

AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

DEPOSIT GROWTH

Mar. 3, '02	\$ 387,728.70
Sept. 15, '02	1,374,983.43
Mar. 15, '03	2,232,582.94
Sept. 15, '03	2,629,113.39
Mar. 15, '04	3,558,912.31
Sept. 15, '04	3,825,471.71
Mar. 15, '05	4,349,427.92
Sept. 15, '05	4,938,629.05
Mar. 15, '06	5,998,431.52
June 18, '06	6,650,555.84

Merchants' Exchange Building

FRANCIS CUTTING, Vice-Pres.

GEO. N. O'BRIEN, Cashier.

Our Standards

Sperry's Best Family
Drifted Snow
Golden Gate Extra

SPERRY FLOUR CO.,

Main Office, 133 Spear St. San Francisco, Cal.

The First National Bank

Of San Francisco, Cal.

CORNER BUSH AND SANSOME STS.

Capital \$1,500,000
Surplus 1,500,000

Accounts invited from banks, corporations and individuals.
Safe deposit boxes to rent in vaults that came through the fire unharmed.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

Capital \$10,000,000
Surplus 4,000,000

Is Located at Its Old Quarters

Southeast Corner California and Sansome Streets

SAN FRANCISCO

BELVEDERE, CALIFORNIA
HILLSIDE INN

Tiburon Ferry, 40 minutes from San Francisco. Boating and bathing. Terms reasonable. Address

MRS. M. J. WARREN

ALAMO PINTADO INN
Ballard, Cal.

A delightful resting place for automobilists traveling between San Francisco and Santa Barbara—50 miles north of Santa Barbara, 2 miles south of Los Olivos. Daily mail, long-distance telephone, and 72-degree gasoline.
F. M. SHAW, Prop.

ROOS BROS.

NOW OPEN

FILLMORE AT O'FARRELL

Same high standard of quality that has characterized "Roos" merchandise since the establishment of this business in 1867

The Argonaut.

XIX. No. 1531.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 14, 1906.

PRICE, 10 CENTS.

OWNER'S NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.50; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 5 cents. Newsdealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco office, 1711 1/2 San Pablo avenue, Oakland, to whom all orders from the interior should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their address changed should give it, as well as their new address. The American News Company, New York, are the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any New Dealer or from the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers, and all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Jerome A. Brown avenue, San Jose, Cal." To insure consideration, manuscript publication must be prearranged.

all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 25 Brown avenue, San Jose, Cal. - checks, drafts, postal orders etc., payable to the Argonaut Publishing Com-

may be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breams
Chancery Lane. American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar
Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New
Orleans, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, Western News Company, 1st
St. at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco; by W. J. Abernethy;
O'Rear; and by the Dennison News Company on its boats and trains.
at San Francisco, Cal.

Office, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal.

THIRTIETH YEAR.

AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS
MATTER.

JOE A. HART - - - Editor

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Mr. Roosevelt and Taft. Progress of Insurance Black List.	
Canal, Foreign Consuls and Insurance, Labor Sit-	
ing in San Francisco. Crooked Companies Turned Down	
Packers' Offer. Influence of Eastern Creditors.	
and Fourth of July. Continental Insurance Companies.	
Problems of Relief Commission. Finances of Relief Com-	
Problems of Housing Refugees The Kaiser and the	
FLAMES, by "J. H. P."	1-4
WHITE: His Life and His Death. Is He a Distinct	5
of the World	6
SAN FRANCISCO'S SHATTERED NERVES: An Eastern Insurance	
Company Discusses the Situation	8
TIGHT PACKING HORRORS.	9
AIR:	10
FEES.	11
NOTES.	13
OSIP.	12
Engagements and Weddings. Movements and Where-	
Army and Navy	14-15
REGED HUMORISTS.	16

President Roosevelt has left Washington for his summer home at Oyster Bay. The President has had a vast amount of work during the session just concluded as he is, he is beginning to strain. Furthermore, he was deprived of his usual vacation last summer, owing to the conference between Russia and Japan. He has now gone to his Oyster Bay home, intending to get himself off completely from official business as far as possible, and to get as much rest as possible during the summer as he may. During the absence of President Roosevelt Secretary Hay will be a sort of "Acting President," as he was years ago, when the President went west in the West. At that time Secretary Hay was practically incapacitated by reason of ill health, and the Assistant Secretaries in the Department of State were persons in whom the country had no confidence and the President apparently very little, and he passed over the Department of State, whose duty by recent legislation made successor to the President in case of the death or incapacity of the President and Vice-President. Having transferred over the Department of State, Mr. Roosevelt held the reins of government in the hands of Secretary Taft. Now the Department of State is

in charge of a man fully the equal of Secretary Hay in diplomatic ability and much superior to him physically. But Secretary Root is absent ; he sailed a few days ago with his family for Rio Janeiro, where he will preside over the Pan-American Conference. In his absence the President has determined to make Secretary Taft his representative at Washington.

This may be considered another proof of the President's belief that Secretary Taft should be kept in the view of the country as a possible candidate for the presidency. Not long ago it was rumored that the President intended to "shelve" Secretary Taft as a presidential candidate by appointing him to the supreme bench. But it has since become plain that Mr. Roosevelt does not desire the nomination himself, and will not accept it if it is possible for him to avoid it. It would also seem plain that he desires Secretary Taft to succeed him. But as the Secretary has often expressed his desire to round out his career by filling a position on the supreme bench, Mr. Roosevelt has shown his desire to appoint him to such a position. Therefore everything is now open to the genial Secretary ; he may remain in office as Secretary of War ; or he may go upon the Supreme Bench ; or he may secure the nomination of the Republican party for President. This last, of course, if the National Convention will give it to him, and with the power and prestige of the administration behind him, that can scarcely be doubted. .

Secretary Taft is expected to indicate in forthcoming speeches his desires concerning the Presidential nomination. Hitherto his expressions have been somewhat cryptic.

There are not wanting those who say that there is an understanding between President Roosevelt and Secretary Taft ; that the unwritten law against a third term in the presidential office might by strict construction be invoked against President Roosevelt succeeding himself ; that in order to avoid even an apparent contravention of that tradition, President Roosevelt is determined not to run again. But there is no law, written or unwritten, which would forbid his filling another term as President after there had been an interval filled by another.

Students of American history will recall the fact that when President Diaz of Mexico had occupied this office for so many terms that he felt he was slightly straining the constitution, he determined to throw a sop to Cerberus by refusing to stand for another term. Thrice therefore at Chapultepec did he refuse the presidential chair, magnanimously asking that it be given to a friend of his, one Manuel Gonzales. So said, so done. All Mexico—particularly all official Mexico—burst forth into plaudits over the generosity and patriotism of the president. Mr. Gonzales was overwhelmingly elected—some were unkind enough to say by reason of the urgent pressure of the Diaz administration behind him. These carpers were also unkind enough to add that it was understood Mr. Gonzales, at the expiration of his term, should use the power of the administration to further the re-election of his friend, Mr. Diaz. But during the Gonzales administration many things happened. It is a way they have. Gentlemen who climb to office some-

times forget the methods by which they climbed there. Sometimes they get the big head. Mr. Gonzales became so impressed with the idea that he was absolutely necessary to the welfare of Mexico that as his term approached its end he made a desperate effort to succeed himself. He failed. As a result of the canvass Mr. Diaz was triumphantly elected by the independent voters of the Republic of Mexico, while Mr. Gonzales went down to well-merited oblivion. Even his wife got a divorce from him, and all Mexico was regaled with the sight of a sign board on a milliner's shop, "Senora Gonzales, Milliner, wife of the Former President of Mexico."

Political quidnuncs now do not hesitate to say that Mr. Roosevelt is anxious to bring about the election of Mr. Taft in order that Mr. Taft, at the expiration of four years, may bring about the election of Mr. Roosevelt.

Well, why not? They are both good men.

We are glad to chronicle, from day to day, additions to the number of committees black-listing the defaulting insurance companies. C. H. Luling, Superintendent of Insurance for the State of Kansas, is in Los Angeles and says: "The report of the California Insurance Commission on the course of insurance companies toward their policy holders in the recent San Francisco fire will be accepted by myself as a final judgment as to whether any particular company can continue to transact business in the State of Kansas. If the report is unfavorable to any company, that company must close its offices in the State of Kansas."

The Oakland Board of Education has directed that the policies held on public buildings by them with companies not acting honorably by their California policy-holders shall be cancelled at once and given to companies that are meeting the issues fairly. When asked by an insurance man what that means the chairman of the board replied: "A company 'acting fairly' is one that pays its losses dollar for dollar, and does not seek to hide behind an earthquake clause."

The Board of Supervisors of Napa County have ordered the cancellation of policies held by insurance companies who are trying to scale down the face value of their policies on risks in the recent fire; the board has also ordered all their business to be reinsured in the companies which are paying their San Francisco losses dollar for dollar.

A number of large mercantile associations, including the National Retail Cigar Dealers' Association, the National Druggists' Association, and the Eagles (a liquor dealers' association) have been securing data from their allied bodies here in San Francisco concerning the insurance situation. As a result the members of these bodies all over the United States are being advised by their officers to cancel all policies with fire insurance companies which are dealing unfairly with their San Francisco policyholders, likewise they are urged to re-write their insurance with the companies which are meeting their losses dollar for dollar.

The Sacramento Board of Supervisors on July 2d resolved to cancel all its insurance business with the dishonest companies now trying to "welch" in.

California. The Board also resolved to re-write its business with companies that were meeting their obligations fully and squarely.

The Pasadena Merchants' Association have written to the State Grocers' Association and the San Francisco Merchants' Association asking for complete reports concerning the present insurance situation in San Francisco. The president of the Pasadena Association writes that as soon as these data are furnished him the members of his association intend as a body to cancel every policy they have written with any fire insurance company which is not meeting its obligations fairly, and to place their insurance at once with the honest companies.

The Santa Cruz City Council on July 1st ordered its Financial Committee to cancel all policies with insurance companies which are making an arbitrary cut on the face values of San Francisco policies. At the same time the City Council ordered the committee to re-insure all public property with the companies which are paying their losses dollar for dollar.

On the whole this very practical crusade against the dishonest and defaulting companies is working out most encouragingly. We are all of us doing to accomplish two ends. We shall punish some knaves who are trying to defraud us, and we shall help our fellow-citizens in other parts of the country to save themselves from similar defalcations.

The City Clerk of Los Angeles has been instructed to cancel all policies of companies which are not paying dollar for dollar on their San Francisco losses. On July 6th he cancelled one policy in the Eagle Insurance Company of Brooklyn, one in the Trans-Atlantic, and one in the English-American Underwriters.

The Commissioners of Multnomah County, Oregon, on July 6th resolved to cancel their insurance policies on county property in all companies that did not pay dollar for dollar in the losses incurred by the San Francisco fire. The county carries insurance on all the county buildings, on a number of ferry boats, on a number of bridges, the court-house, the poor-house, the county hospital, and the jail. The County Commissioners are also advising private individuals to cancel their policies in these defaulting companies.

The city of Portland, Oregon, is also taking steps to find out which insurance companies may be regarded as safe for the municipal business. A committee has been appointed by the mayor to find out which companies are dodging the payment of their San Francisco losses, as it is the intention of Mayor Lane and the executive board to cancel all policies with companies which are not paying their San Francisco losses in full.

The Board of Supervisors of Napa County, California, have ordered the District Attorney to cancel the county policies in insurance companies which are not paying their San Francisco losses fairly. He has also been empowered to reinsure in companies which are paying their San Francisco losses dollar for dollar.

The National Credit Men's Association last week held a meeting in Baltimore and took steps to inform their members all over the country of the action of the insurance companies in San Francisco. There will be no formal boycott, but the names of companies paying dollar for dollar will be conspicuously bulletined in all wholesale concerns in the United States. Those not mentioned in this Roll of Honor will be the concerns that the National Credit Men advise should be avoided.

The recent revelations made by the Commissioners appointed by President Roosevelt to investigate the meat-packing houses in Chicago have caused profound perturbation in that busy city. Chicago does not so much fear the effect of bad meat on the consumer's stomach as she fears the effect of bad reports on the

Chicago bank clearances. Therefore the Chicago Commercial Association and the Illinois Manufacturers at once appointed a committee to investigate the packing industries of Chicago. This committee was accompanied by a board of experts, and the business men and experts made a report which was published on July 6th. The committee says that its experts were "governed by professional standards" and hence did not agree with the public horror of filth in food-production; this the experts characterize as a "desire for vague esthetic ideals;" the experts "found the product wholesome, the yards generally clean, and the inspection efficient." The committee of business men adds to this sweeping endorsement of the experts the following: "We ourselves state that the products at the yards are wholesome and proper food. We find that improvements are constantly being made and will be made and we believe the conditions surrounding the large plants are calculated to add to the quality of the product."

When the quality of the product and the character of the output are so perfect, why should so many improvements be necessary? Why are they "constantly being made?" The committee goes on to say: "Improvements are under way everywhere. These betterments relate in some cases to minor things and in others they mean complete rebuilding of old plants." When these plants produce "only wholesome and proper food," why is it necessary to completely rebuild them? When these plants and their product are so perfect it would seem that rebuilding them or improving them would be like painting the lily.

The committee of prominent Chicago business men gives a list of the preservatives used by the packers, but "does not discuss the question of harmfulness from the preservatives employed;" it "commends these questions for scientific inquiry." Doubtless the Chicago committee can find scientists who will report that the preservatives used are not only perfectly harmless but that they add to the health and strength of those who eat the embalmed meats. They have already secured a letter from Professor Welch of John Hopkins University concerning the danger from diseased meat. This accommodating scientist says:

"In view of the absence of any possible danger to health arising from the use of meat of cattle affected with only localized tuberculosis, or actinomycosis (lumpy jaw) of slight or moderate extent, it would, in my opinion, be extravagant and indeed absurd to condemn the carcasses of such cattle, provided the animals are well nourished and otherwise in good condition. It is of course understood that the diseased parts and organs are completely removed and destroyed and that proper precautions are taken to guard against the accidental contamination of the meat with tuberculosis bacilli during and after slaughtering."

People who eat Chicago canned meats will of course be glad to learn that "Cattle affected with only localized tuberculosis" carry no possible danger to health; likewise that "actinomycosis (lumpy jaw) of slight or moderate extent" is in the opinion of Prof. Welch absolutely harmless. That thrifty scientist considers that it would be "extravagant and indeed absurd to condemn the carcasses of such cattle." The Chicago meat packers, the Chicago manufacturers, and the Illinois Association may follow Prof. Welch's dietic suggestions, but most people will be more than willing to let them feed on the tuberculous beeves and the actinomycosed carcasses the Chicago men know more about that kind of meat than we do. Probably they are used to eating around the lumps. A microscope would be a handy adjunct on a Chicago dinner-table in order to find the bacillus of tuberculosis.

When a great city in a greater State contains commercial bodies which will hire experts and scientists to give forth such reports as this on diseased meat, we think it would be the part of wisdom for plain unscientific people to let such meat

products alone. The impenitent thief who brazen out his crime with the stolen goods upon his person has always been held up as the limit of frontery. But meat packers who have been accused of feeding people on diseased meats who not only do not deny it but admit it, and then hire experts to prove that tuberculous and lumpy jaw make delicate tid-bits for the American people—this is indeed the limit.

Several United States Army officers recently declined to accept service under the Relief Commission, stating that they did not at all criticize those officers who did accept service, but that they objected for various reasons. At the time the *Argonaut* marked that those officers accepting might soon come to wish they had declined. This would be coming to pass sooner than might have been expected. Captain Kilian, U. S. A., came to San Francisco many weeks ago from Washington, a fine reputation as a handler of supplies. He speedily showed that his reputation was not served. While the refugees were under army control Captain Kilian amazed even his fellow officers by the way in which he handled vast quantities of food-stuffs and kept the refugees constantly supplied. If there were any complaints they did not reach the press. It is not probable, however, that there were complaints under the army regime.

When matters passed into civilian control they changed completely. Six days after Captain Kilian had been detached from service in the army he was detailed for service under the Relief Commission. Some five or six women appeared at the Moulter warehouse, the headquarters of Captain Kilian. They requested that each should be given a sack of flour, and the captain gave them several sacks. They were accompanied by a newspaper photographer, and a picture of the incident appeared the next day. The following day, July 6th, there appeared a large delegation of women. They did not ask for flour; they demanded it. Captain Kilian advised them to go to Dr. Devine, head of the Relief Commission, and make a requisition, whereupon he would furnish them with the flour. They repaired to headquarters but Dr. Devine was out. Commissioner Kilian then wrote a requisition on Captain Kilian asking him to give to each of the women a two-pound sack of flour. Captain Kilian returned to the Moulter warehouse with his orders, but in the absence the women had decided not to wait. They made a rush for the flour, tore the coat off the back of the storekeeper, and gave his face a good scratching. The number of women gradually increased until by afternoon there were hundreds of women around the warehouse. Captain Kilian was obliged to apply to the Chief of Police to protect the warehouse, but in the meantime the crowd had grown so threatening that Captain Kilian was forced to seize hold of one woman who was trying to force her way in through the door. She made haste toward a police station where she swore out a warrant for Captain Kilian on a charge of battery, and at five o'clock he was taken to police headquarters.

On the whole, perhaps Captain Kilian's time thinks that if military service has its dangers, civil life has its terrors.

For a time it looked as if the influence of the special East would be against San Francisco and on the side of the insurance companies in the present complication. The Eastern insurance companies made the specious argument that they were to jump insurance rates to a high figure all over the United States in order to meet enormous San Francisco earthquake damage. The *Argonaut* did not say that the earthquake damage was significant, and in most buildings no

FOOD PROBLEMS
OF THE RELIEF
COMMISSION.

THE INFLUENCE
OF EASTERN
CREDITORS.

THE MEAT
PACKERS'
DEFENSE.

heyhnted that if Eastern financial circles support them in their struggle to make a horizontal line in San Francisco they would lower the current surce rates which they had raised. For a time located as if the financial East would side with em.

But a new aspect is now given to the case. The steel manufacturers, publishers, shippers, merchants and jobbers find that they are receiving no one from their San Francisco customers. In the nature of things it is impossible, for the San Francisco business men cannot pay unless their losses are paid. These the insurance companies practically refuse to settle. Therefore the San Francisco business men do not settle with their creditors. They do not refuse to settle, they cannot. It is gradually being borne in the minds of the Eastern business world that the millions due them from San Francisco will not be paid until the hundreds of millions due San Francisco from the insurance companies are paid. It is quite evident, therefore, that already the influence of the financial Eastern world will be on the side of our San Francisco business men—on their own sake, if for no other reason.

like of the Seamen's Union still continues in San Francisco. Most of the big passenger liners are going to sea without passengers and in ballast. Most of the steamers likewise are sailing without passengers, although carrying some freight. Steamers do not carry passengers, and are apparently succeeding in getting to sea with extemporized crews and with a certain amount of freight.

The strike is gradually growing more bitter. Collisions have resulted, in each case disastrous to the union men. In one affair a union man was shot and instantly killed, and three others injured; these were "pickets," endeavoring to "make a parade" of non-union men to leave their ship. In another case a union "picket," who was endeavoring to "persuade" a non-union man to quit his job, incidentally shot him in the eye; the non-union man drew a pistol and shot the union man in the arm. This is probably the beginning of a long series of shootings, stabbings, and killings.

The plumbers of San Francisco are receiving \$10 a day. Last week they struck for six dollars a day.

This strike interfered with the arrangements of the Building Trades Council, as it threw out of employment a certain number of craftsmen in the trades. Therefore the Building Trades Council rebuked the striking plumbers, and ordered them to return to work. This the striking plumbers not only refused to do, but they refused to let union plumbers from other cities near at hand secure union cards empowering them to work in San Francisco. Thereupon the Building Trades Council determined to furnish union five-dollar tickets to the employing plumbers. As yet, the result is doubtful. When mechanics are getting high wages that their strike for higher wages is met with unsympathetic measures by fellow mechanics there can be little doubt that they are in without warrant.

The United Railroads, which was a very unpopular corporation before the fire, has won high praise from San Franciscans for the rapidity and efficiency with which they have set their emergency lines to work. But they have been badly treated by the carlinemen in their employ. As the company has put its utmost to extend its lines, and as it has a long offer of employment for three thousand men it cannot apparently obtain, the electric carmen have seized this time as a favorable one to demand shorter hours and higher wages. The company is now parleying with them, and the result is as yet unsettled.

As we remarked that all this heart-to-heart talk, bouquet-throwing, and labor-leader gush

about "building up dear old San Francisco without enforcing union rules" would turn out to be slobber and drool. The lying down of the employer lion with the labor lamb, that we heard so much of two months ago, is a pipe-dream. The labor union men are out for all they can get. As for the employers, they are rapidly adopting the double-cross Golden Rule—"Do the other fellow or he will do you." The employers can hardly keep on tossing bouquets to the labor union men when the labor union men are throwing brick-bats at them. Besides there are more brick-bats than bouquets now in San Francisco—the bouquets would hardly go round. So that the love-feast of a few weeks ago may now be admitted to have degenerated into a good old hammer-and-tongs scrap.

In the recent disaster the ones who have suffered and are suffering the most in San Francisco are the great middle class. Our rich men were very hard hit, it is true. A great many of them lost all of their incomes, and to-day have absolutely nothing left but hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of unproductive land. This is bad, but they at least have enough to eat, roofs over their heads, and beds to sleep on, which is not the case with some forty or fifty thousand of their fellow citizens.

At the other end of the ladder is the working man. A common laborer in San Francisco to-day gets from \$2.50 a day up. As for mechanics, they get fancy wages. Any man who can saw well enough to saw a limb off a tree without sitting on the wrong side of the saw and saving himself off, is called a "carpenter," and gets \$4.00 to \$5.00 a day. Bricklayers were getting \$7.00, and are now getting \$8.00. In between these plutocrats, the hard-hit rich men and the eight-dollar-a-day mechanics, is the great middle class, the clerks, book-keepers, stenographers, small shop-keepers, salesmen, floor-walkers and cashiers of stores, janitors, commercial travelers, florists, caterers, etc. These are the people who are suffering. The clerk who had a little house which he had built has lost his house and his employment. His employer, who also had a house, a place of business, and a lucrative trade, has lost all three, and the power to employ his clerk. These people to-day are eating the bitter bread of charity. These are the ones to whom it is vital that the city should be built up speedily again. But if the crippled rich man is going to be gouged by a purse-proud mechanic the rich man will not build—for that matter he cannot. If prices continue to soar for labor as they are doing now, it will put an effectual stop to the building of a new San Francisco. The rich man can stand the stoppage, even if he has no income. He can eat up his land. But the impoverished middle-class man cannot. There is a shade of self-inflicted retribution in the condition of these middle-class voters. Hitherto they have persistently sided with and voted for the Labor Union men. Instinctively they have allied themselves with the Labor Union men and against the rich. Now they are seeing what the gratitude, the consideration of labor unions is like.

Perhaps the method about to be used by the policy-holders against the defaulting insurance companies would also be useful in this labor crisis, to wit, publicity. No more spectacular disaster than the destruction of San Francisco has ever occurred in the history of the world. It will loom as large in the minds of men as the great explosion of Krakatoa or the burning of Moscow. There is a peg on which to hang your advertisement so it will stick in men's minds. If it be known throughout the world that bricklayers are getting \$8.00 a day in San Francisco, plumbers \$6.00 and common laborers \$2.50 to \$3.00, the working-men of the world will believe it. And why? Because they will have heard that San Francisco was destroyed and hence they will believe that she is to be built up again; that therefore there is a great demand for labor; that therefore there is a scarcity of laborers; that wages hitherto unknown in the his-

tory of the world are being paid. All these things they will believe. There would then be such a mighty pilgrimage of workmen to San Francisco that it would resemble the crusades of the early Middle Ages.

We have already commented on the vain hope of San Francisco policy holders that the German Imperial Government would intervene on their behalf with the German insurance companies. A vain hope? It is an illusion, a delusion, an ignis fatuus!

Since writing that paragraph we note a statement attributed to F. Bopp, who is said to be German Consul, and who is reported as recently returned from Germany; "there," we are told, "he investigated the standing of companies doing business on this coast." Consul Bopp is reported as saying: "I am in a position to know that the German insurance companies will pay dollar for dollar, and I advise all persons doing business with a German company not to accept a compromise." To give a pinker tinge to this rose-colored picture, the article in which Mr. Bopp is interviewed adds: "The Consul has just concluded an exhaustive investigation of the conditions in San Francisco, the results of which he has sent off to his government. The tenor of his report is unmistakably in favor of compelling the German companies to carry out their obligations." The Consul was further interviewed by the guileless reporter as to "the attitude of Emperor William toward those companies that showed a tendency to shave their claims. The general implication of his remarks was that the Emperor had practically ordered those companies to settle on a dollar-for-dollar basis."

All this is interesting, if true. We sincerely hope that Mr. Bopp is right and that our local policy holders will be paid their insurance losses. Although, like Thomas Didymus, we doubt, we can not help but admire the guarded attitude of the Consul when he refused to commit himself as to the attitude of Emperor William toward the companies. If the present Kaiser were Frederick Barbarossa; if Redbeard were still seated on the German Imperial throne; or if the first Hohenzollern still occupied his Brandenburg castle whence he could sally forth and hang up rich burghers by the thumbs until they revealed their hidden treasure; if fire insurance companies had existed in the early Middle Ages; if San Francisco had burned down before Martin Luther nailed up his defiance at Wittenberg; if the then Hohenzollern was suzerain of San Francisco, and wished to aid its impoverished burghers; if the directors of the fire insurance companies did not learn of this in time to reach the frontier; if the Hohenzollern war-lord got hold of the fleeing directors, brought them back, and nailed them by the ears to the door of his Imperial barn; if all these hypotheses were true, we would agree with Consul Bopp. We believe that the remaining fire insurance directors who got across the frontier in time, and who reflected on their fellow directors nailed up by their ears, would at once rescue them and pay the San Francisco fire losses. But we know of no way in which the present Kaiser can work upon the corporations except through the courts. He is not "Emperor of Germany;" he is "German Emperor." He is King of Prussia, it is true, but he is not King of Saxony or of Bavaria. Even if he were, he would be a constitutional monarch as he is in Prussia. If there is any way in which he can order corporations to change their methods of business except the courts, we do not know what it is. Take, for example, a German company doing business in San Francisco, like the Hamburg-Bremen, which has reinsured with a German company not doing business in San Francisco, the Rauber-und-Dieb-Feuer-und-Wasser-Nicht-Erbeben-Versicherung-Gesellschaft. If the Kaiser should order the Rauber-und-Dieb-Feuer-und-Wasser-Nicht-Erbeben-Versicherung-Gesellschaft

THE KAISER
AND THE
COMPANIES

Ischaft to pay to the Hamburg-Bremen in San Francisco its fire losses, and if the Rauber-und-Dieb-Feuer-und-Wasser-Nicht-Erdbeben-Versicherung-Gesellschaft should refuse, what would he do? Would he lock the Rauber-und-Dieb-Feuer-und-Wasser-Nicht-Erdbeben-Versicherung-Gesellschaft up in the deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat at Bidlelsdorf, or at Pottsdam? Or would he take the Rauber-und-Dieb-Feuer-und-Wasser-Nicht-Erdbeben-Versicherung-Gesellschaft and chop off its head?

Counsel Bopp, we pause for a reply.

The final verdict of Congress on the Panama Canal was for the lock type. It is evident that the Senate voted this way with reluctance. Many Senators expressed themselves as not competent to form an opinion on the subject. Others stated that they considered it a subject distinctly for engineers and not for laymen. Others explained that they preferred a sea level canal, but voted for a lock canal because it was the choice of the president. The general opinion of the senate seemed to be that two serried hosts of engineers had expressed themselves as being in favor of both types; that therefore it was evident there was no grave danger in laymen voting for either type. Senator Foraker probably expressed the feeling of the Senate when he said that he would vote for the lock canal "with misgivings," but believed that the judgment of those charged with the actual work of construction inclined toward the lock canal, and that therefore he would follow their lead.

When so many engineers have indorsed the lock type it is probable that it is safe. Another matter in its favor is that if the actual work of construction should develop the fact that a sea-level canal is superior to a lock canal, it would be comparatively easy to change to the sea-level system. As it is now, the type favored by the president has been endorsed by both House and Senate, which is well.

In digging the big ditch the president will have a free hand and Congress has been liberal. The president has a canal commission and an engineer force who have his entire confidence, and Congress has voted him practically unlimited funds. We hope that the incessant changes and blunders which have characterized the operations of the canal commission up to a recent period will be replaced by substantial and enduring achievements, and that the great enterprise may be rapidly brought to a successful ending.

For many years the *Argonaut* has been urging the authorities in San Francisco to prohibit the sale of fireworks on and prior to the Fourth of July. It is absurd to pass ordinances prohibiting the use of such engines of the devil so long as their sale is freely permitted. But despite the inflammable nature of much of the city, no such attempt has ever before been made. In previous years our admirable fire department has been on duty day and night for from twenty-four to thirty hours over the national holiday. The sound of the fire bell during that holiday has been almost continuous. The list of fires would sometimes fill half a column or a column in the daily newspapers. Prudent householders the day before would take every precaution against fire. Usually such abundant care would result in minimizing—not the number of fires but their destructiveness. The Fourth of July fires have always been numerous but fortunately extinguished soon.

This year, when San Francisco's business district had been almost completely destroyed by fire, the municipal authorities prevented the ruins from being burned by prohibiting fireworks:

In former years the number of youth seriously injured and sometimes even killed by toy cannons and pistols and exploding bombs has been very large. On the Fourth of July, 1905, for example,

there were at the San Francisco Emergency Hospital 216 cases of injury, more or less serious, due to firearms and fireworks. In 1906 there were but three. The foresight of the municipal authorities in forbidding the use of fireworks this year, and thereby relieving any possible strain on the emergency hospital, is highly commended, when one reflects that there is no longer an emergency hospital.

Nearly all of the semi-annual insurance statements are made as of June 30th. The crooked companies which in San Francisco are putting on a poor mouth and pretending that they cannot pay their just debts are now being forced to show their hand. If they make statements to the insurance commissioners of the various Eastern States that they are sound and solvent, they can not pretend here that they are unsound and semi-insolvent. In short, they are between the devil and the deep sea. They are being given a little time by the Eastern insurance commissioners, but they will soon have to show down.

In the meantime the people are punishing the bunko companies in their own way. The move we chronicled last week toward cancelling current insurance in the crooked companies is becoming more general. San Diego inaugurated the movement in California, and it has been followed in Washington and Oregon. Sacramento is cancelling her insurance in the bunko companies. Oakland is following suit, and is dividing the cancelled business between the dollar-for-dollar companies. The Santa Cruz City Council has ordered all city policies with "welching" companies to be cancelled. So with several of the lesser municipalities in California. Letters arrive daily from the East at the newspaper offices here, asking information concerning the facts of the insurance situation. In these busy times editors have not much opportunity to write letters in reply, but an abundance of printed matter is going back to these seekers after information. As matters are going now, the bunko companies who are trying to dodge their debts will find that they are not only writing no new business but that all the business they have will soon be cancelled.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Col. Milio Kosterlisky, commanding the rurales at Sonora, Mex., whose presence quelled the riot at Cananea, is a terror to evil doers, both savage and civilized, and is admitted to be the strongest military character on the Mexican frontier. By birth he was a Russian. In 1871, being then a soldier in the United States cavalry, he deserted in Arizona, escaped to Sonora and obtained a commission in the Mexican army. President Grant pardoned him through the intercession of the president of Mexico.

Lady Doyle, wife of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, is dead. It is expected that the President will leave in October, or early in November, for the Isthmus of Panama, to investigate the work being done on the canal. He will be absent about three weeks. The trip, it is believed, will be made on one of the big cruisers of the navy.

The President has been sitting for a portrait bust to be placed in the capitol at Washington, the artist being James Earl Fraser of New York city, a pupil of St. Gaudens. Mr. Roosevelt thinks the model fine. It will presently be cast in bronze.

The portraits of Gov. Pennypacker, the late Senator Quay, Israel W. Durham, and other Pennsylvania political celebrities, are now on the \$60,000 bronze doors at the main entrance to the state capitol building at Harrisburg.

William Pinckney Whyte has re-entered the United States Senate, to fill the unexpired term of the late Arthur Poe Gorman, at the age of 81. Gorman was an old political enemy of Whyte, and defeated him for the senatorship 25 years ago.

Captain "Hank" Haff, dean of American yachting skippers, died at Islip, L. I., last week. In the fall of 1881, when the America cup was defended by the sloop *Mischief*, he sailed as one of the picked crew. In 1886 he was on the *Mayflower* as adviser to Capt. Stone in the cup races and in 1887 he was given command of the *Volunteer*, which defended the America cup that year. In 1895 he had command of the *Defender*, with which he defeated Lord Dunraven's *Valkyrie III*. In 1898 he resumed command of the *Volunteer*, then owned

by J. Malcolm Forbes, and remained with her until when he was chosen by Thomas W. Lawson to command his ill-starred *Independence*.

The late Premier Seddon of New Zealand was a remarkable man in many ways. Born of humble parentage in 1841, he emigrated to Australia in the fever of 1863. Turning saloon-keeper he soon became prosperous, and passed to New Zealand, where he became mayor of Kumara. In 1879 he entered the House of Representatives, where his bold and extreme radical principles soon brought him into prominence. He became prime minister in 1893. Practically the New Zealand administration.

Elihu Root's string of LL. D.'s is not to be sneezed at. Hamilton, Yale, Columbia University of New York, Williams and Princeton have contributed to it. Root sailed from New York on July 4th on the cruiser *Charleston* on a three months' South American tour. From July 25th to August 6th he will represent this country at the third Pan-American Congress in Janeiro, Brazil.

Despite the strongest influence to have the sex evoked Elliot F. Shepard, of New York, grandson of late W. H. Vanderbilt, must serve six weeks' imprisonment imposed upon him October 26th last, with a fine of \$120 and \$4,000 for running over and killing while driving an automobile at St. Ouen, France, April, 1905.

Mrs. Semple, daughter of President Tyler, or "first lady of the land," is spending her last days in Louise Home in Washington. She is 86 years of age, blind, but is in good health.

Joseph F. Sinnott, a distiller of Philadelphia, who last week leaving an estate of more than \$1,000,000 bequeathed \$10,000 in trust to the University of Pennsylvania hospital for equipping and maintaining a room for one sick person at a time who shall have been a newspaper writer or a journalist in preference to any other. The endowment is in commemoration of his daughter, Joseph E. Sinnott, who was a reporter in Philadelphia.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who has just passed her 92d birthday, has enjoyed the remarkable experience of seeing her husband returned to Parliament for Westminster on the centenary of her father's first election to that constituency.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Everything is Lovely on the Isthmus.

Down at Panama, friends, the goose honks hi
And everything is lovely in the Zone.
All that talk of grafting was just a blooming
Graft (above a "flea bite") is unknown.
Not a word of truth in that screed of Bigelow!
Bigelow's afflicted with strabismus.
Everybody's glad to know what Everybody's k
That everything is lovely on the Isthmus.
Down with the knackers! A bas P. Bigelow!
Everything is lovely in the Zone.
Fever is a-flying, the mosquito is a-dying.
And the vulture doesn't often pick a bone.
Work is going forward with a Brobdingnagian
stride;
Probably they'll finish it by Christmas.
Tennyrate our check's aglow with patriotic
For everything is lovely on the Isthmus.—P

The Old Stand-by.

If simple potted ham be bad,
And devilled chicken worse,
If breakfast bacon's but an ad
To fill some packers' purse,
If meat is doped to add three cents
A pound to canner's cash,
Oh, what are the ingredients
Of good old corned beef hash?
If tinned up tongue is 'phony food,
As is extract of beef;
If mince meat isn't any good
What words shall gauge our grief?
We'll all be vegetarians
And mornings, nights and noons
We'll have no more of things in cans,
Oh, Lizzie, pass the prunes.
—New York M

Rubaiyat of a Motor Car.

Would you your last remaining Thousands spend
About the Secret? Quick about it, Friend!
A Hair perhaps divides This Make from That
And on that Hair, prithee, may life depend!
Now the New Year reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Catalogues retires;
He scorns his Last Year's Runabout, and
The Newest, Biggest Touring Car aspires!
Each Year a Hundred Models brings, you say
Yes, but who buys the Car of Yesterday?
And every Mail brings in New Catalogues
That make a Last Year's Model fade away!

Waste not your Hour nor in the Vain pursuit
Of Demonstrators who will loud Dispute;
"This one is Best, because it's painted Red
"That One, because it has a Louder Toot!"

'Tis only a Beginner, young and green,
Who Thinks he wants an Odorless Machine;
What Fragrance is to Rose or Violet,
So to the Motor-Car is Gasoline.

—Caroline W

A CIVILIZED
FOURTH OF
JULY.

FREAKS OF THE FIRE.

Were Only Apparent--Really Due to Fire-Fighting or to Wide Streets--Isolated Buildings in the Ruins.

first view at close quarters of the burned city will fail to sadden a returning San Franciscan by its aspect of utter ruin and desolation. Yet curiously enough, when wrapped in a familiar San Francisco and viewed from the bay, with the outlines of great clusters of buildings breaking the sky line and the bulk of surviving sky-scrappers looming large, the old city looks a city still.

Between these survivals of the holocaust, however, many blocks burned bare to the brown earth, and in these desolate testimonials to the devouring of the flames, the spectator wonders at the curious chances of chance that spared a few structures from the ravages of such relentless character.

At a little investigation reveals that it was not chance or concerted effort that preserved these few landmarks. Chance, of course played its part. It is, for instance, surprising, considering the upward trend of flames, that the lower stories only of the Kohl Building are left, a number of the upper floors retaining their work and the offices their furniture absolutely unharmed.

At the Montgomery Block, on Montgomery Street between Washington and Merchant, is still standing, in its neighborhood to the Appraiser's Building. The latter structure were stored many valuable documents, and a strong effort was made to save it. Thus times advancing toward its direction were stayed, saving the salvation of the Montgomery Block, and buildings that still stand on the adjoining block to the north.

In manner in which the Latin denizens of Telegraph Avenue have already been described. The residence in these humble homes of wine in sufficient quantities to soak blankets and avert fire is due to practice among Italians of making home-made wine. In the fall of the year, whole wagon-loads of grapes may be seen being carried into the tenements occupied by Italians formerly dwellers in the vine districts of the city. These people have crude wine-presses in their homes, with which they press out a light wine from the grapes and store in kegs for home consumption, the wine being drunk almost before it has begun to ferment. Another expedient was successfully practiced by the holders who dwell down on the level block partly covered by Montgomery Avenue and North Point and Streets. At this point the bay is so near at hand that one who kept his head during the general panic hit on a plan for utilizing its waters. While the men and children were despatched to a place of safety on a tug boat, the husbands and fathers organized a rescue against the flaming horror. Ripping up the carpets they dipped them in the waters of the bay and hanging them over the roofs and walls of the houses, saving them from time to time for newly wetted as they dried in the advancing heat. That the extent was a success is evidenced by a clump of some four or eighteen buildings that still stand in the local neighborhood.

Especially the line of houses on the western side of Market Street was saved by organized effort. A force of two hundred men united in a common cause to fight the fiery destroyer, whose course they stayed by getting wet over the houses blankets and carpets pre-dipped in bath-tubs into which had been drawn the water the pipes would yield.

A house that was saved helped to save others, who joined together to prevent the destruction of Robert Louis Stevenson's house, and that of Frank G. were instrumental in preserving the entire of houses which now remains in isolation in the neighborhood of Larkin and Chestnut Streets.

A householder waged his war single-handed, by old house on the corner of Leavenworth and Market Streets was saved by its owner. At hand, the roof which was of tin. Its incombustibility permitted him to direct his efforts toward the sides of the building, portions of which he chopped down as they began to smoke.

An unprejudiced observer, who is outside of the city and against the widening of streets, cannot but be struck by one fact, noticeable in connection with every one of the saved sections; namely, that they all in every instance. The general conflagration was checked at Van Ness Avenue, the widest street in the city proper.

The mission, Dolores Street, an exceptionally wide street, forms the dividing line between the burned and unburned sections, its width having greatly aided the fire-fighters in the determined efforts mentioned.

Telegraph and Russian Hills the bluffs, the jagged and the precipitous descents interposed further obstacles of space to bar the progress of the fire.

San Francisco, as it is now the fashion to call the fragment of the city, is new indeed, in that it rises the most recently built and improved portion of the peninsula. Very few old houses remain, and a vagrant chance has left standing on the corner of Market and Taylor Streets an old, old structure belonging to the tenement class which had served its time, and was appropriate food for fire. This house, which was forty or fifty years ago, a substantial and comfortable dwelling, occupied by the Gummerts, a well-

known family of pioneer days, was, on account of its detached position, overlooked by the greedy flames although the tenant, foreseeing, as he thought, its inevitable end, lost all his household goods by carrying them out to the open hillside where they were speedily consumed in a rain of cinders.

The stimulating effect of the flying colors on the military was exemplified in an interesting incident which took place during the fire. A body of soldiers from the Presidio, while passing along the eastern slope of Russian Hill at the intersection of Taylor and Vallejo Streets were struck by the sight of the flag, which was flying from a flagpole on the residence adjoining that of Eli Shepherd. It was occupied by Edward Dakin, a Grand Army man, who has a penchant for running up the colors on appropriate occasions. When the denizens of that block were warned by the fire fighters to leave, Mr. Dakin dipped his colors three times amidst the cheers of his departing neighbors, and left the flag flying. Later, a group of soldiers detailed to relieve those who were fighting the fire, passed by and noted the presence of the flag.

"Boys," said the young captain to his command. "Let us save that house for the sake of the colors." The proposition was received with cheers and the conflict was begun with youthful enthusiasm. Water had flowed in the pipes on Russian Hill hours after those in other sections were dry, and the bath-tubs in both the Dakin and Shepherd residences were full. The men gathered all the blankets available, and hung them dripping over the roof. A bucket full of lime-water which had been used by the plasterers at work on the Hanford mansion that was being built across the street--and which still stands--was utilized by the soldiers for the making of mud pies, with which they daubed the parts of the roof the blankets failed to cover. When parts of it smoked, they played upon it sprays of Shasta water from a dozen bottles they found in the house, or chopped off the smoking fragments.

The house was saved, although that of William Stadtfeldt, which was separated from it by a space of some twenty-five feet, was burned to the ground, and with it the records, and much valuable music of the Loring Club, of which Mr. Stadtfeldt became the director on the death of David Loring.

A curious accompaniment of the fire was the apathy that possessed many people during its spread. Not only was this noticeable among the illiterate classes, but plenty of people of intelligence made absolutely no effort to save their goods. Thousands of spectators assembled on the nearest heights, and, gazing apathetically at the roaring furnace in the business section, seemed hypnotized into immobility by the terrible spectacle.

Where hundreds buried their silver and household treasures, those of thousands were abandoned either to be melted or consumed. Some dug huge trenches, in which they placed rugs, trunks of clothing, silver and chinaware, books and laces. In many cases, the owners returned after a few days with the intention of recovering their possessions, only to find that they had been carried away by looters. In other cases, they discovered that the pits they dug having been insufficiently covered, the heat of the fire had penetrated the loosely strewn earth and injured the goods beyond redemption.

In the era of reconstruction which is following the calamity the mood of the people varies between that of the optimism so glowing described in the daily press and a stoical acceptance of the inevitable. There are no tears and few bewailings, the calamity being too widespread to offer special opportunity to the constitutional railer against destiny.

The following conversation might well stand for hundreds that take place during the first meeting of friends and acquaintances after the fire:

"Burned out?" with a pleasant smile.
"Burned out. And you?"
"Of course," with an answering smile and a shrug.
"Did you save anything?"
"Nothing but what I have on, and a pair of blankets. Did you?"

"Just that and no more. Were you insured?"
"Yes, for about one-fourth of the value. Were you?"
"Yes, but like you, only for one-fourth or one-fifth of the value."

Truly, a plucky people this, but unless all signs fail, one that will not lay to heart the lesson of the fire. In spite of many solemn warnings San Francisco took its chances before, and the prospect is that the easy optimism which enables it to bear its losses with such philosophy will induce it to take them again, without making proper provision against the future repetition of a general conflagration. J. H. P.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1906.

Although wiseacres predicted swift political advancement for Congressman Longworth, after he became a member of the President's family, the representative already has a contest on his hands to keep his present office. A Cincinnati lawyer, Theodore Horstman, has openly declared that he aspires to succeed Mr. Longworth in Congress. Mr. Horstman and his friends are planning to make their fight, first at the primaries and then at the convention. Mr. Longworth's self-announced opponent claims that Mr. Longworth does not represent "that spirit of the Republican party which is awakening and the support of which it is necessary to have this time in order to win." Mr. Longworth is yet to be heard from.

LATE VERSE.

The Spirit of '49.

Gray-bearded, rugged, lithe and long,
He stood and gazed upon the spot
Where, proud and beautiful and strong,
A city was that now is not.
Tears, manly tears, coursed down his face;
The thing that was to him was dear,
For he had seen it in its grace--
This California pioneer!

"O city of my sunset seas,"
He murmured, as a voice that dreams,
"Farewell her golden argosies,
Her voyagers of the old triremes;
Far out beyond her ocean gate
I see mirrored the things that were,
The human tide that followed fate
Unto the naked birth of her.

"The long processions o'er the hills,
The cracking whips above the steers,
The lumbering wagons memory fills
With souls who entertained no fears;
The picks on shoulder in that train
That sought a new world in the old,
And left the harvest fields of grain
To till these Western hills of gold.

"Her first rude huts, I see them rise,
Her later avalanche of life,
Building beneath these matchless skies--
To love as one could love a wife--
A city with the spirit fine
That follows rugged manhood's sway;
A portion of the new world's spine,
A measure of the far Cathay.

"But out of it, and through and through,
Mixing the rugged with the fine,
She grew--oh, how my city grew!--
Into conglomerates divine;
Into a hairy-breasted Gath,
A red-blood, tawny-bosomed town.
Good God, what reason for this wrath
That tossed her, sundered, shook her down!

"Down, yet not down, for she shall wake,
Her spirit sends its roots far back
Into the hearts that for her sake
Will bend with courage to the rack.
Her children are the children yet
Of those who left the plains behind,
Who conquered mountains, all they met,
And whistled hardship to the wind.

"Their spirit is the spirit true
That out of all this wailing waste
Will build the framework and the flue,
A finer city, firmer based.
Take courage, brothers of my race;
Hail stricken daughter, splendid mart,
These tears that trickle down my face
Are for the comfort of thy heart!"

Gray-bearded, like a shade he passed,
A halo of his hope arose,
And where the golden waters glassed
The city's desolate repose
A bow of brilliant promise streamed
O'er that dark ruin, burned and sear,
In whose aurelian colors gleamed
The vision of the Pioneer.--Baltimore Sun.

Contentment.

I read dread news of earthquake shocks,
Of buildings tumbling down,
Of roaring seas of flame that sear
And devastate the town;
Of lives by hundreds blotted out,
And thousands forced to flee--
Well,

New England isn't perfect, but
It's good enough for me!

I read how old Vesuvius
Has started up again,
To mock with his tremendous force
The puny will of men;
To drive them from their humble homes,
And show what hell may be--
Well,

New England isn't perfect, but
It's good enough for me!

I read of cyclones, floods, and great
Disasters everywhere,
Of natural calamities
That drive men to despair;
And then I think how blest we are,
From all such trials free--
Yes,

New England isn't perfect, but
It's good enough for me!

—Somerville Journal.

The Lamp in the West.

Venus has lit her silver lamp
Low in the purple West,
Breathing a soft and mellow light
Upon the sea's full breast;
It is the hour when velvet winds
Tremble the alder's crest.

Far out, far out the restless bar
Starts from a troubled sleep,
Where roaring through the narrow straits
The meeting waters leap;
But still that shining pathway leads
Across the lonely deep.

When I sail out the narrow straits
Where unknown dangers lie,
And cross the troubled, moaning bar
To the mysterious sea--
Dear God, wilt Thou not set a lamp
Low in the West for me?

THE EARTHQUAKE FAULT.

Herman Whittaker Tells of It in "Harper's Weekly"—He Follows It for Many Miles Up and Down the Coast.

"Have you seen the fault?" A friend asked me a couple of weeks ago.

"The fault? What is that?" said I.

"Earthquake fissure," he answered, briefly. "Comes out of the sea at Mussel Rock, four miles below the Cliff House, then runs away down the coast."

I had not seen it, but early next morning I took a car from the Ferry to Ocean View, and then cut across country three miles to the ocean.

"You can't go to Mussel Rock to-day," said a man whom I passed on the way. "Though I have been back and forth once a week for fourteen years, I could hardly find my way this morning. The whole face of the country is changed."

Of course he exaggerated; yet, coming out on the beach I found his statement had a solid foundation in fact. Though at this point the fault passed a full mile out to sea, the sand cliffs, seven or eight hundred feet in height, were torn, riven, and rent all along their front. Where dark chaparral had clothed gentle slopes, vertical surfaces now showed yellow as a gangrened wound, purple-streaked where the friction of sliding masses had actually burned the clay. In one place a big slice had fallen over, forming a miniature range with a valley a hundred yards wide between it and the parent cliff. At another, the slide had gone so far out into the ocean that one might walk, dry-shod, beyond the end of Mussel Rock, which projects a hundred and fifty yards to sea.

Along the face of the cliff, some four hundred feet above the beach, a right of way had been excavated for the Ocean Shore Electric Road. Of this there remained only odd bits. Buried at some points under enormous slides, at others it was shorn away and tossed into the ocean. Half-way up one slide, the steel derrick of a steam shovel projected. Four men were digging it out—one of whom was actually on the shovel—when the quake sloughed off both it and the right of way.

Half a mile or so from the buried shovel, I crossed the line of the fault. Coming out of the Pacific Ocean in the vicinity of Point Arena, one hundred and twenty miles north of San Francisco, it runs south along the coast for two hundred and twenty-five miles to San Juan. There it fades from view, yet pursues its course, doubtless, many other hundreds of miles beneath the Californian desert. Of its kind, it is the most stupendous in history, exceeding by four times the length of the fault in the great Japanese earthquake of 1891. Sometimes a wide crevasse, sometimes a sunken road between parallel fissures, again humped into a line of torn brown sod, it ploughs through green valleys, cleave forests, splits mountains—all with a sublime contempt of topography, and impressing one with a sense of the omnipotent energy behind, of blind force, of power immutable and absolutely indifferent to human hopes and fears.

At the head of Spring Valley it appeared as a fissure, black and irregular, paralleling the road. On the morning of the quake one might, I suppose, have dropped a stone down to where, miles below, the earth's ponderous machinery creaked and groaned; and though the sides had now caved and crumbled, it still yawned with sinister suggestiveness. Stepping down, I had an uncomfortable feeling that the black walls might close in like a door on a fly, or open and let me through. It was impressive. No man may gaze on this, the visible cause of San Francisco's disaster, without a secret feeling of awe, nor can he refrain from speculation as to the mighty causes which produced this great effect—causes which hark back to the very beginnings of geological time.

On the Pacific Coast the oldest rocks are lime-stones and quartzites. Ages ago these were elevated above the sea, were extensively eroded by stream and wave action, and were then submerged and covered by thousands of feet of sediments, which formed the Franciscan or Golden Gate series. This deposition was ended by a second upward movement. Raised high above sea-level, the series was folded, creased and faulted—that is, broken across the strata. Remaining above sufficiently long to be eroded, it sank again to be covered in turn, by eight thousand feet of sediments of the Cretaceous and Eocene periods. Elevated for the third time, the series was crumpled and faulted into a well-defined mountain range, and sank once more in Pliocene times, though this time not completely submerged. Along the California coast was deposited the Merced series, beneath which is found

a forest of pines indistinguishable from those now growing at Monterey, and which proves the rapidity of the submergence. Raised for the last time, the series was tilted at angles as high as seventy-five degrees, and dislocated by a heavy fault which formed Spring Valley and the system of ponds and lakes that furnish the San Francisco water-supply. Along the valley run three well-defined faults, the San Andreas and San Bruno, which pass to sea at different angles, and a third which diverges in the direction of the city of Santa Rosa, and accounts for the enormous destruction in that city.

The origin of Spring Valley thus understood, a little additional data enable us to guess what happened on the morning of April 18. Geologists divide earthquakes into two classes, volcanic and tectonic. The former occur at comparatively shallow depths, diffuse their vibrations from a definite center, have a short radius of influence, and are not followed by after-quakes. They may, in fact, be closely imitated by the explosion of large quantities of dynamite at the bottom of deep mines. Tectonic quakes, on the other hand, occur at greater depths, and are caused by the breaking of strata along a line. Their waves are sent forth from this line, whatever its length, and they are always followed by after-quakes. To this class belongs the great Japanese earthquake before mentioned, which killed seven thousand people, wounded seventeen thousand, and destroyed two hundred thousand houses. It was caused by movement along a fissure which appeared on the surface as a fault seventy miles in length, and after an exhaustive study, Professor John Milne concludes that they are more frequent in districts that exhibit evidences of elevation or subsidence, such as our own Pacific Coast.

This understood, let the reader place the palms of the hands together, the left representing the Pacific Ocean and strip of coast line; the right, the remainder of California. For years, perhaps, centuries, the rock strata beneath have been exposed to increasing strain by enormous and unknown forces. It may be caused by the shrinkage of the earth's envelope on a cooling center once molten as some say; by vast masses of sediment that have been carried out by the coast rivers, millions of millions of tons, and have been deposited on the ocean floor till the weight breaks down the strata, as maintained by others. Be this as it may, the limit of elasticity has been reached at 5:15 on the morning of April 18. Here at that hour, at the head of Spring Valley, the air is warm and meadow-larks are singing. Mr. Fay, foreman of the Sneith ranch, is bringing up the cows that will not supply San Francisco's breakfast. Unknown to himself, he is riding along the fault, but beyond the eerie stillness—dubbed "earthquake weather" by Californians—there is nothing to indicate that, miles below, vast subterranean forces are poised on a hair-trigger.

Now snoot the left hand forward, the right back. With a roar, a rumble, a crash, grinding of rocks, the cry of a world in pain, the strata break along the old fault. Zip! it slips eight feet, laterally, along its two hundred and twenty-five miles of land line and nobody knows how many hundreds more of ocean bed. The Pacific slides north eight feet; California comes eight feet south. When the evidence is all in, Professor Lawson and the geologists of the State Commission will doubtless tell us which; but their verdict makes no difference upon the personal problem of Mr. Fay on the Sneith ranch.

To understand what happened to him just up-end a book on the table and snatch the table cloth eight feet. The legs were snapped from beneath the horse, and when, bruised and shaken, Mr. Fay rose, he was thrown again to the ground. Lying there, he saw that his cows were all down, some rolling, others whirling spasmodically in their attempts to get up. Up at the house, Mrs. Fay was thrown from the stove, where she was cooking breakfast, out through the open doorway. Fancy! what if that fault had gone through San Francisco? Though she is in ashes, the unfortunate city may be thankful that it passed six miles outside her borders. Had it clove her center, the foundations borders.

Not far from the Sneith ranch, I came on the first break in the Spring Valley Water Company's twenty-inch main, the pipe that supplied most of San Francisco's water. Broken here and pushed apart till its sides overlap, it was flattened farther on, telescoped or wrenched apart, according to the angle at which it crossed the fault. Imagine the power required to telescope one length of a buried iron pipe upon another of the same gauge! Yet this occurred at a hundred points. For a mile it was pulled apart at every joint; beginning with half-inch apertures, the breaks grew wider and wider

between every length, until the maximum eight inches was attained. Crossing Andreas dam, a mammoth structure, it moved one end bodily over, leaving a jog of feet in both dam and fence. Further down it threw, crushed or pulled apart the big main which here is carried on trestles. At Springs it shoved through a brick drain, car halves over so that opposite walls now to all it wrecked the system with a completeness would seem the act of malicious fate to one of the geology of the region.

Viewing the wreck, no unprejudiced man fail to exonerate the water company from charges of contributory negligence so freely against it. Lynching has been mentioned too good for its directors. It has been accused of carrying its main on flimsy trestles; of using piping; of snoring peacefully while San Francisco burned. On the contrary, the company doing thing that was possible in the premises. San Andreas main was hopelessly wrenched, turned all its energies upon other sources for repairing the least damaged first. For Mr. Schussler, the chief engineer, live automobile; ate in it, snatched his sleep; chauffeur whirled him up and down the pipe. Further, the company had made some provision against possible earthquakes.

Passing from Spring Valley, the fault southward, three or four miles to the Redwood City and Palo Alto. Being so line of greatest destruction, both towns, course, badly wrecked. The damage at University alone runs high in the millions. Jose, farther from the line, suffered less; proportion to size, the actual earthquake exceeded that of San Francisco. At V station on the Southern Pacific's South Coast, the fault sliced the Santa Cruz Mountains, the railway tunnel that carries the line of feet below the summit.

Originally I had no intention of writing fault. My visit had been prompted by But the first glance convinced me that, earthquake phenomena, this, its sign-manifest cause, was the most worthy of record other means of conveyance being available I south on foot through a drizzle making twenty-seven miles that first day roughest kind of walking. Two days later a North Shore train to view the fault in its aspects. Though three weeks had elapsed was the first train to run through to Cazadero terminal, and everywhere along the line construction trains were in evidence, strapping track, bracing bridges, reestablishing gradients.

Wherever the line approached the faults of severe shock abounded. It is at Mount Tamalpais has been moved bodily. At Point Reyes, on Tomales Bay, a late ment of fifteen feet has been measured occurs, of course, in marsh-land, and doubles the movement of the underlying rock. It undoubtedly proves the destruction of the surveys. All the surveys on the Pacific will have to be reestablished, and in the broken property lines it will be a pretty settle just which man's land has been moved on to the other fellow's property.

Passing the end of Tomales Bay, the called me out to the rear platform to look of grade that had sunk five feet below while there recounted his personal experience. "When the tremor turned loose," "our train was just ready to pull out. Reyes on the morning trip down. I had my orders and swung aboard, when—being thrown from the track and turned back was the most puzzled man in California looked over at the station. Then I knew frames, glass, were gone from every window; a big frame house had been thrown bodily away."

A few minutes later I saw the house, less, with high-tide washing in and out of windows, it conveyed a peculiar impression of wreck, flood and fire.

From Point Reyes northward, the line a zone of small destruction; partly, perhaps, cause towns are few and small, and partly in its methods the earthquake was kinder to a coquettish woman. Here shaking the earth out of a town, as in the case of Santa Cruz, gliding under another, as with Petaluma, a third, setting with all the fury of a terremoto. So sparing Cazadero, the North terminal, it seized and tore Duocan's main terrible convulsion; worried, shook it, the story frame hotel fell apart like a house

JR "SHATTERED NERVES."

Insurance Man Discusses San Francisco's Situation Touches on Our Nerves, Our Fire Risks, and Our "Six-Bit" Expectations.

since the great fire San Francisco has had rs some of the big insurance men from the esidents, Vice-Presidents, and General Man- Most of them, after looking over the went home, leaving their General Ad- to cope with the situation.

of these is Mr. A. W. Damon, president of ngfield Fire and Marine Insurance Co. He d to San Francisco to investigate conditions d to confer with his Pacific Coast manager. return he gave out a long interview to the eld Republican. He told of the insurance n in San Francisco and of the conditions g generally throughout the city. He talked ngly of his experiences and impressions, st vivid of which was a feeling that San co is "a city of shattered nerves." From , in an almost plasterless room, for which he ay \$6 a day, to watching the city teachers school in tents in Golden Gate Park and y of destitute who still draw rations from ernment, to picking his way amid the ruins ening to tales of horror and grim humor, he through the entire range of experience that to the visitor.

agraph that will interest policy holders here t that they will have to suffer a twenty-five t. cut is as follows :

ike two predictions, one that many of the insur- npanies, which are trying to settle with their olders on the basis of 75 per cent of the face f policies, will reverse their program, and the t it will take San Francisco at least 10 years to from the effects of the disaster."

Damon gives some inside history of the s of the Insurance Star Chamber in Oak- He said :

meetings of the insurance officials—officers adquarters and departmental managers—were eed's Hall in Oakland. Even at the first meet- s evident that a distinct line of cleavage existed, the companies represented would be divided camps. One camp believed in adjusting losses rancisco on exactly the same basis as in any onflagration, while the other—comprising a umber of companies, but companies as a rule ential—demanded a sweeping cut on the face all policies. When the question came to a vote, o companies voted to make a cut of 25 per cent icies, and 32 companies recorded their opposi- ny such way of doing business. This meant urds of the companies, that have one-third of , wanted a cut because of the earthquake, when o means of knowing just what damage the ke did, and where or when any of the 32 fires ed within five minutes had their origin, and s no one on the streets at the time who can gived information. Several companies were not ted, and some of the foreign companies were from voting, as instructions had not been re- y their American representatives.

dent Damon points out the fact—very signi- San Francisco policy holders—that as most ured much under the sound value of the , horizontal cuts on the face value are in- e. He says :

total amount of insurance on property in the rea in San Francisco will not exceed one-half f the property destroyed, as under-insurance was l see no reason to modify my estimate that the e in force in the burned area totals \$175,000,- that the value of the property destroyed was \$300,000,000. The point of difference between es like ours and those who want the cut is this: o you have a building that cost you \$20,000 and insurance on it. It was destroyed and you ur claim. We make a certain deduction, say ent, because of depreciation due to age and use, her deduction because of the earthquake, that quake damage occurred. But these deductions e only when the insurance is equal to or exceeds the e property. If the insurance is less, as it always is in rrisco, we pay the full amount of the policy and make

dent Damon does not think that the "six- npanies will be able to hold out in the face onest policy of the others. He says :

not know of one case where our company has y deductions at all. But the "six-bit" com- o named by Californians because they pay its on the dollar instead of eight—insist on the nt cut anyway. No one in San Francisco has eption to our stand, and, indeed, there is y no reason to think that we will have to mak- ons. By the way, I might mention he dy two companies, the Insurance Com fan)

North America of Philadelphia, Pa., and the Niagara Insurance Company of New York, have left the 61 and joined our camp. I look for many more defections from the ranks of the cutting companies, for they must realize the impossibility of inducing their policyholders to accept settle- ments on the 75 per cent basis or of making California juries award judgment in their favor when cases are brought to trial."

President Damon goes on to discuss the cases where many companies are interested in a single risk, likewise the two forms of policy, the "fallen building" and the "earthquake clause." He says :

"All the important losses, where several companies are concerned—and there are losses in which as many as 50 different companies are interested—are handled by committees of three or five members, which are appointed by the so-called 'committee of 15,' which has been given full charge of such matters on behalf of all the companies. The authority of these committees, however, is limited to ascertaining the total loss and its apportionment among the different companies interested. Ordinarily the committees would have power to fix the amount to be paid by each company, but as so many companies insisted on the 25 per cent cut regardless of the amount of the loss, this limitation of the powers of the committees was demanded. The companies which pay in full accept the apportionment made by the committees as final and pay accordingly, and, if the loss equals or exceeds the face of the policy, no deduction is made.

"Now the character of the policies has been many times discussed, but I want to go into it again. There are two forms. The one used by most of the companies is the New York standard form, prescribed by the New York State Legislature, and has the 'falling building' clause, under which, if a building or any substantial part thereof falls from any cause other than fire, insurance on the building or contents at once ceases. Rare will be the instances where sufficient proof will be brought out to satisfy a California jury that any building in the burned area collapsed in whole or in part. The other form of policy is issued principally by the English and German companies, which do a worldwide busy ness—especially in the tropics, and has the 'earthquake clause, which provides that, if the loss is caused directly or indirectly by earthquake, the companies are not liable for the loss. The earthquake was clearly indirectly responsible for the entire loss in San Francisco by fire. And yet in a case, probably, intended as a test case before a minor court of California a week ago, in which the Palatine Insurance Company was the defendant, the justice decided that the company must pay, regardless of the earthquake clause. The case will be appealed to the highest court of the state. Its outcome will be watched, as the officials of those companies whose policies have this earthquake clause are anxious lest, if they pay where they are not liable, some of their stockholders bring suit against them."

Concerning the quality of San Francisco buildings and their resistance to earthquake shock Mr. Damon says :

"Above all things the fire exposed the wretched work done by many of the cheaper contractors. Many a fine looking building of cheap construction was tumbled down, while a substantial neighbor was hardly damaged. Poor brick laying and very poor mortar were responsible for much of the destruction of property. Many of the very strongest buildings in sections where there was no fire were damaged, but these generally lost only chimneys, gables, cornices and folderols. The force of the quake seemed to have been greater in some places than in others. In some spots the quake seemed to have wiggled sideways, and in others up and down."

Next to the colossal ruins what most impressed President Damon was the nervous condition of the San Franciscans. This is what he says of us :

"The one thing that most impressed me, outside the ruin wrought by fire, was the nervous condition of all the people who passed through those days of horror. Thousands of families have moved away from the city because at least one member of a family has shattered nerves and cannot stand it to live where there are daily earth-tremors and constant reminders of the times of terror. For instance, a deacon of one of the churches told me that after the experiences of the first few days had shattered his wife's nerves, he managed to steal his own automobile, which the government had appropriated, and took her to Los Angeles. Now he is obliged to sell his San Francisco property and business and go to Los Angeles, as his wife cannot return. I was entering the house of a friend of mine just after a slight tremor, and there in the sitting-room was his daughter, a fine, healthy-looking girl of apparently sound nerves, going into hysterics. On the train coming home was an experienced, surgeon, a man of middle age and good nerve, who had passed through the strenuous days doing a world of good. Seven times in one night he awoke on the train bathed in perspiration, imagining that the noise and motion of the train was another quake. It will be a long, long time before the nerves of the people of San Francisco recover. Just imagine what must be the feelings of those doctors in a hospital, where there was just time to carry out the patients who could be cured, and who were obliged to chloroform those who were doomed to die anyway and could not even be carried from the building. Think what must be their feelings, even though they acted for the best and their action is approved by every one. Think what a

state their nerves must be in, and also realize that thousands of other people passed through fully as horrible experiences. Nerves! It's a wonder the people have any left."

The suddenly extemporized retail business quar- ters of the city thus impressed Mr. Damon :

"The retail business of the city is carried on in the "Klondike" district, the residential sections of Fillmore, Polk and Geary Streets, where the sidewalks day and night are as crowded as is Main Street in Springfield on a Saturday evening. Stores in dwelling houses and canvas signs are the order. The section looks like a canvas mining camp thrown together in a day. What little wholesale business there is is being cared for in temporary structures, mostly of one story, that are being built all over the burned area. They are crude build- ings of redwood weatherboards nailed on frames of Oregon fir. The debris is being removed from the streets as fast as possible and the removal will be ex- pedited by the construction of steam railways into the principal sections of the burned area, which will allow of whole trainloads being carried away at one time."

The Eastern Insuranc President spent some considerable time in studying the refugee camps, of which he says :

"In the parks of the city, refugees are still encamped. Many are still living in the small parks, but will soon be transferred to the camps in Golden Gate Park, where some 5000 are living, under the regulations of the regu- lar army. At various points in the city and the parks are places where food is distributed or shelters where meals are served. Those who can afford it are ex- pected to pay for what they get, the charge generally being 10 cents for a meal. As the most prosperous and energetic sufferers are already at work trying to rebuild their fortunes, the campers are either the old and weak or the refuse of the city. I saw some pathetic sights in the bread lines and among the camps. One of the in- teresting sights was the tent schools, where the city teachers instruct children, each tent being occupied by a class of 24 pupils. Grades and districts are, of course, pretty well scattered, but every effort is being made to keep the schools going in some manner. The desks are wooden platforms, but each tent has its blackboard and air of coziness."

President Damoe's long interview closes with a comparison between the views of the boomers and the views of the faint hearts. Whether the rader agrees with him, it must be admitted that his views are those of an unprejudiced person. In speaking of San Francisco's future, he said :

"There are two sets of men—the 'boomers,' wt will prove to you that a certain piece of real estate worth so much more than before the fire; the others, those who are discouraged and intend to move to oil cities and start afresh where there are no earthquak and where they can recover their nervous health. will be many years, I think, before San Francisco re- covers its old-time prosperity. No city can lose \$300,- 000,000 worth of property from its very heart and re- trieve the loss in a day. It's a physical impossibility, it seems to me, for the city to recover inside of 10 years."

Waiving the somewhat gloomy prognostication in the last sentence, one can not but be struck by the fair and honest view of the insurers' liabilities as taken by this Springfield insurance president. Would that all our insurance presidents were as fair and as honest as he !

When the great vault of the G. H. Umben Company, located under the sidewalk in front of the firm's recent office at 20 Montgomery street, was opened, everything in it was intact and in per- fect condition. One year ago the Umben Company built the vault under the sidewalk next Mont- gomery street. In this vault were located two large safes and shelves for the reposal of valuable records, documents and papers. The walls of the vault were two feet thick and of brick. When the fire came on April 18 the steel door of the vault was closed and the members of the firm departed reassured, for they had faith in the stability of their vault. When the vault was opened shortly after the fire no evidence of heat was observed, except on the paint of the outside door. Tons of valuable papers were in it. With records of the insurance policies kept by Umben, the fire underwriters were able to proceed in the matter of adjusting. The firm lost not a paper of value and has been able to resume business on its old lines since the fire. Among the contents of the vault were large wooden boxes in which were the card bookkeeping systems. Every night, no matter what the closing hour, the clerks of the firm lugged these heavy boxes into the vault beneath the sidewalk. Evi- dently one of the bosses must have been on hand very eve ning.

STANFORD WHITE.

His Life and His Death—Is He a Distinct Loss to the World?—The Opinion of Many Newspapers.

The killing of Stanford White by Harry Kendall Thaw on the evening of June 25th, in the Madison Square Roof Garden, has attracted more attention than has attached to any social tragedy since the Fisk-Stokes shooting, a third of a century ago. The spectacular way in which the crime was committed, the prominence of the principals, and the aftermath of shameful details of lives unmentionable, have sent the poetesses of passion and the kept moralists of the press into fits of hysteria. There is little choice between the moral characters of the slain man, his slayer, and the woman who was the exciting cause of the tragedy. There were three of them, all bad, and that's all end on't.

"The man now dead was intellectually of brilliant gifts and therefore the less excusable for being the amazing moral pervert he must have been," remarks the Chicago Chronicle. "The man who slew him had not even brain to make any part of the world feel his loss had the killing been the other way, and he had lived the idle, useless, profligate life of a vulgar spendthrift and rounder, a perpetual disgrace and torment to an otherwise reputable family. The woman, so far as appears, must have been worthy of the worst of both."

"By all accounts Stanford White was as near to genius as any man in New York," says a writer in the New York World. "He has been compared to an artist of the Italian Renaissance. He would have shone at the court of the Medici, apt alike with the brush, the chisel and the rapier." As junior member of the firm of McKim, Mead & White, the leading firm of American architects, he designed a number of masterpieces. Of these may be mentioned the Madison Square Garden, the buildings of the Century and Metropolitan clubs, the Washington Arch, the new buildings of the University of Virginia and those of New York University, and the pedestals for the principal statues by Augustus Saint-Gaudens. As an architect, Mr. White's claim to recognition was based on work of a highly decorative style. But he could work with more reserve, as he did in the Boston Public Library, in the design for the Rhode Island State House, in the art schemes for Prospect Park, Brooklyn, for the Greater Washington improvement, and in many notable club-houses and private mansions.

"He was, as a matter of fact, artist rather than architect, and had he followed painting with the same energy that he brought to the sister profession, there can be little doubt that he would have achieved recognition and probably something of fame," remarks the New York Evening Post.

Speaking of this side of Stanford White's talent, a brother architect said: "You may think I am exaggerating when I say that he was really a great painter in water colors, but I am not. I feel confident that, were you to take some of the water colors that he painted, transport them to London, and cause them to be hung here and there among the Turners in the National Gallery, it would be impossible, later on, to tell which was Turner and which was White."

White had something of the medieval artist's prodigal versatility; he could turn his hand to many things. "He was the most-talked-of collector of art of our time," says the Post. "His own aesthetic standards were exquisite; but insensibly, as he sold his

taste to a wealthy but half-trained society, his taste condescended to their ignorance and vanity. The time that he should have given to creative design, he spent in despoiling French and Italian country houses of their fittings and furnishings, and he adorned many an American mansion with irrelevant plunder of this sort."

The New York World says that when the body of White was brought to his home it "almost at the feet of the statue, 'Venus Genetrix,' which was found in the Tiber; this Mr. White purchased and placed in the great drawing-room of his Gramercy Park home, famous for its collection of ancient marbles and old tapestries. Living, he placed a chaste Diana atop his great work—Madison Square Garden; dead, he was stretched in the shadow of a Venus; she who brought him to the shadow of death. Stanford White's love of the beautiful produced two sides in his nature; he loved the chaste and beautiful in his work; he loved only the gay and beautiful in his pleasures. Besides engaging Mr. White to build their dwellings, the fashionables consulted him when they doubted their own good taste; he advised how drawing rooms should be decorated for elaborate functions. He was not above telling a fashionable woman what would most become her at a fancy dress ball or of dictating to a millionaire, on a like occasion, how the colors of the velvets in his costume should contrast."

This is typical of the New York Journal's comments on the tragedy. "Either Stanford White is the most dreadfully maligned and slandered man in the world's history, or his life was prolonged infinitely beyond its proper limits and the hand that destroyed him was as much a benefactor of the human race as any hand ever raised in a righteous battle." To animadversions of this character, the Globe and Advertiser says: "Why not a demand that Madison Square Garden and the Washington Arch be instantly torn down as corrupting to all who behold them? Both structures, flowing from the brain and taste of the late Stanford White, stand as monuments to him. If it is our business to look closely to sources, and we may not accept a rich man's wealth because he was a bad man, can we consistently accept the product of a bad artist—bad in his personal morals—no matter how beautiful and uplifting it may seem to be. If tainted money, why not tainted architecture?"

The New York Tribune believes that the White-Thaw incident "should serve to reconcile the mass of toiling Americans with their lot. In the light of this bloody episode, we may grasp the full meaning of Andrew Carnegie's now classic phrase, 'The blessed heritage of poverty.' There are millions among us who are no whit better than the slayer or the slain, but who are kept 'true to the kindred points of heaven and home' by the overmastering need for strenuous effort. It must be borne in mind that our aristocracy of wealth has none of the splendid distractions which save Britain's noblesse from the twin curses of sloth and self-indulgence; for the American plutocrat's son is usually brought up with the keenest sense of his rights and almost no sense of his duties, whereas the scions of England's historic houses are taught to believe that the nation's claim overrides all others." And the New York World moralizes thus: "The offenses with which Stanford White is charged were no different from Belshazzar's. Every nation where the expenditure of wealth was an occupation has had the same orgies. The combination of inherited wealth without inherited responsibilities has always

created Harry Thaws. It is as inevitable as the growth of rank weeds on rich, untilled soil."

The Journal describes Thaw as a "weak young man, with good impulses," but the bulk of the comments is highly unfavorable to him. He is shown to be an idle spendthrift who had never done one moment's honest work, but spent his time in dissipating, in profligacy and debauchery, a large fortune which he had inherited. A correspondent to one of the New York papers makes the following contrast:

"White left many undying monuments to carry his name down a few generations. But, pray—and the question is asked with all sincerity—who is this idiotic fop, this dangerous, brainless, moneyed monstrosity, who dared kill a whole man? What has he done that will carry his name into posterity? Nothing. Ah, yes, he has—it will endure in the criminal list and his face will forever emblazon the Rogues' Gallery. But what a contrast! And then this half man and half savage has the audacity to laugh at his deed and say he has avenged his wife's honor. Having accepted a woman as wife whose name was on the tongues of vulgar men and women, Thaw had a right to keep his tongue quiet and his pistol in the closet."

"We shall have to agree with the very large number of out-of-town newspapers that regard the Thaw-White affair as 'typical of New York,' says the World. "It was. Almost anything or everything may be typical of New York. Only four States of the Union number more inhabitants than are crowded into the five boroughs that constitute the city of New York. These 4,000,000 inhabitants are drawn from every quarter of the globe. They represent all the gradations of poverty and wealth, ignorance and culture, vice and virtue, known to civilized society. Thaw's shooting of White was typical of New York, and White's relations with the chorus girls of the Tenderloin were typical of New York. So were the demonstrations made by the Jewish women of the east side over the insane rumors that their children were being murdered in the public schools by the physicians sent by the Department of Health to examine them. So was Josephine Teranova's action in killing her uncle and aunt. So was New York's subscription of \$3,000,000 to the San Francisco sufferers."

The Tenderloin is typical of New York, and so are the tens of thousands of homes of virtuous, industrious, law-abiding citizens who have no exposures to dread and no skeletons to conceal. Anything that is likely to happen in a city of 4,000,000 inhabitants, whether moral or immoral, virtuous or vicious, generous or greedy, or good or bad or indifferent, is typical of New York. It is even typical that only one of the three principals in this Madison Square tragedy should have been born here or should have claimed New York for a residence when the murder was committed."

In the recent war the advantage of the Japanese was inversely as the cubes of their height and breadth. The average targets offered by each to the enemy are as the cubes of 1.585 and 1.642, or as 106 to 118, an advantage in favor of the Japanese of about 12 per cent.

A vegetarian contends that if it were intended that we should live on meat we would doubtless have had strongly set ivory fangs instead of flat topped, shell-like teeth that loosen and break usually before the meridian of life is reached. He says that he has worn

out two sets of natural and three of "store teeth," but his stomach is still doing a satisfactory business after nearly seventy-five years of service.

It was stated recently in the reichstag, with reference to German New Guinea, that out of a total European population of 466 there was 174 missionaries, and that for every two farmers there was a German officer. This meant that every farmer there cost Germany \$5,500 a year. The speaker remarked that it would be cheaper to bring the farmers home and give them pensions.

A society matron had been reading a newspaper article devoted to criticism of peekaboo waists, elbow sleeves and openwork stockings. "Perhaps," she said, "men would do well to correct untoward incidents in their own apparel. They might, for instance, campaign against the insufficient clothing men wear at the beaches. As one young woman put it, instead of being buffeted by the surf she is surfeited by the buff. Men's bathing suits are scanty enough without then rolling up the trousers legs and cutting down the sleeves so as to expose the scapula and vertebrae. In general, the average masculine bathing suit needs trimming—say, an overskirt to begin with."

Shreve & Company

have on sale their usual complete stock of
DIAMOND and GOLD
JEWELRY, WATCHES
SILVERWARE, GLASS-
WARE, ETC., AT
Post Street and
Grant Avenue and
2429 Jackson Street
San Francisco

Prompt and careful attention given to correspondence

Del Monte Offers

During the reconstruction of San Francisco, Hotel del Monte offers welcome shelter to those desiring a homelike place for rest and recreation. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at the present. The entire hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. We not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home. Special terms for families. Address: Geo. P. Snell, Manager, Del Monte California.

A Permanent Home

A MATCHLESS RECORD

Made by a Matchless Newspaper

Conclusive Proof that the

OAKLAND DAILY TRIBUNE

Reaches seven-tenths of the Homes of Alameda County

May, 1 905, 27,870 inches of advertising
May, 1906, 48,237 inches of advertising
NET GAIN OF 69 PER CENT

The Tribune carries more advertising than all other Oakland papers combined.
Only seven-day paper in Oakland.

THE MEAT-PACKING HORRORS.

Their Disclosures Have Made People Stop Eating Meat—The Packer's Defense—The President's Victory.

Congress has passed the Agricultural bill, the President has signed it, and we may soon approach the breakfast table with a reasonable assurance that our chop is free from the dreadful contamination with which recent disclosures have made us so unappetizingly familiar. Sporadic articles had appeared in the press for years, intimating that the great slaughter-houses of Chicago were unclean, and canned meats have always been under suspicion, but national legislation on the subject is the direct outcome of the publication, several months ago, of a novel, "The Jungle," by Upton Sinclair, a young socialist. President Roosevelt read the book, interviewed the author, and as a result, sent to Chicago two commissioners, Charles P. McNeill, and James B. Reynolds. They reported conditions at the packing-houses as revolting, and that "the stockyards and packing-houses are not kept even reasonably clean, and that the method of handling and preparing food products is uncleanly and dangerous to health." But they add: "The evil seems to be much less in the sale of dressed carcasses than in the sale of canned and other prepared products."

The latter point, for the sake of the national stomach, should have been given stronger emphasis. It appears that the dressed carcasses amount to 92 per cent, and the canned products to but 8 per cent of the total output. This lends verisimilitude to Secretary Wilson's statement that "American livestock are the healthiest in the world. The great ranges of the west produce herds of cattle in which the percentage of disease is remarkably small. The inspection of the animals before and at the time of slaughter has always been thorough. It is true that the department of agriculture has heretofore lacked the power and the money to provide for an efficient supervision of the sanitation and the methods of preparation of canned meat food products."

But even if every animal were scrupulously inspected, the subsequent processes made the meat unfit for food. Carcasses are dragged over the "dirty, blood-soaked, rotting, wooden floors, fruitful culture beds for the disease germs of men and animals." Upon these floors, moreover, the employees, in utter ignorance of cleanliness or danger to health, "expectorated at will. While the carcasses are hung on hooks and do not often come in contact with the floor, the parts that are sent to the rooms where meat products are prepared are in some of the largest establishments thrown in a heap upon the floor, and the workers climb over the carcasses to select the pieces they want, and at times "were seen to climb from the floor and stand, with shoes dirty with the refuse of the floors, on the tables upon which the meat was handled."

The commissioners further told of wooden buildings with "soaked and impenetrable wooden floors, wooden partitions from which one can scrape decaying grease with a knife, wooden receptacles, barrows, and tables showing no signs of any recent attempts at cleansing. "Usually the workers toil with the floors of rotten wood, decayed meats, linking offal and entrails." The trines for the workmen and workwomen usually ventilate into the work-room, and "washing sinks either are not furnished at all or are small and dirty." And so, on, ad nauseam.

In reply to this criticism, the Argonauts, in a full-page advertisement in the Chicago papers, requested the pub-

lic to visit their plant, and learn that they had been grossly libelled, adding that if conditions were so vile the millions who have visited their abattoirs would have long since informed the people. Mr. Sinclair scouted at this, saying a small place is set aside for the delectation of tourists, but the guides and spies are careful not to let the visitors venture too far. Besides, if everything is as it should be, why have the packers recently set about making improvements, employing an army of carpenters, installing a new plumbing system, posting new regulations for employees, etc. "I have," he continues, "not told one-tenth of the facts in my possession," and then goes on to another detailed description of horrors that makes one hold his nose.

"The wars of the world have been fought on Chicago's canned goods," claims Mr. Armour. Anent this, General Miles has the following to say:

"I believe that three thousand United States soldiers lost their lives in the Spanish-American war because of adulterated, impure, poisonous meat. There is no way of estimating the number of soldiers whose health was ruined by eating impure food."

The publication of the commissioners' reports evoked a storm of criticism and horrified expressions from the London press. One correspondent wrote, more in sorrow than in anger: "It will take more than a paper reorganization of the great life-insurance companies and a cleaning of the Augean stables at Chicago to restore European belief in American honesty and fair dealing. It will be a long time before public opinion on this side of the Atlantic will have any confidence in American corporate reform."

But the Lancet began looking into things at home, and decided that so far as disease and cleanliness are concerned "the meat which England imports from the United States and Argentina is more satisfactory than much of the English meats." And "a sanitary inspector in Camberwell, a part of London, found that there, too, rotten meat is canned; there also tuberculosis carcasses are marketed." Also, he "found in a jam factory a collection of dried raisins filled with ants and other insects, rotten apple pulp, orange-peel, some filthy macaroni, a lot of blown tins of apricots, and other refuse bought from grocers' shops as unfit for food. It amounted to nine hundred-weight in all, and was being treated and made into jam."

The recently passed Meat Inspection law provides for the thorough inspection of all animals before slaughter; thorough inspection of all animals after slaughter; thorough inspection of the sanitary condition of packing-houses; thorough inspection of the products that go to the consumer in forms other than in bulk. The government is to pay the cost of inspection, some \$3,000,000 annually; the inspectors are to be appointed under civil service rule; and the packers are to be given an unlimited right of appeal. It was proposed to date the label on canned goods, but this feature was stricken from the bill.

There has been a great deal of criticism of the clause compelling the Government to pay for inspection; "inspection is a necessary incident of the packers' business, let them pay for it, as they do their other expenses." But inspectors in the employ of the Meat Trust might favor them, say other papers. In any event, the vegetarians' millennium has not arrived.

Of the miles of verse that the packing house investigation inspired, the subjoined from the Independent, by Charlotte Perkins Gilman, is the sanest and most pertinent:

A PACKINGTOWN POEM.

The American public is patient,
The American public is slow,
The American public will stand as much

As any public I know.
We submit to be killed by our railroads,

We submit to be fooled by our press,
We can stand as much government scandal

As any folks going, I guess.

We can bear bad air in the subway,
We can bear quick death in the street;

But we are a little particular
About the food we eat.

It is not so much that it kills us—

We are used to being killed;
But we like to know what fills us
When we pay for being filled.

When we pay the Beef Trust prices—
As we must or go without—

It is not that we grudge the money,
But we grudge the horrid doubt.
Is it ham or trichinosis?

Can a label command belief?
Is it pork we have purchased, or
poison

Is it tuberculosis or beef?

There is really a choice of diseases

To any one, little or big;
And no man really pleases
To die of a long-dead pig.

We take our risks as we're able,
On elevator and train,

But to sit in peace at the table
And be seized with sudden pain

When we are at home and happy,
Is really against the grain.

And besides—admitting the poison—

Admitting that we all must die—
Accepting the second-hand sickness

From a cholera-smitten sty;
Patiently bearing the murder,
Amiable, meek, inert—

We do rise up and remonstrate
Against the Packingtown dirt!

Let there be death in the dinner,
Subtle and unforeseen,

But O, Mr. Packer, in packing our
death.

Won't you please make it clean?

An electric chair for seasickness has been tested in an English Channel steamer and an ocean liner. You sit in a snug armchair. A motor under the seat is connected with the ship's electric current. You sit and take vibratory treatment. Up and down and crosswise you are shaken. Most sitters need but one treatment. Their tendency to seasickness is vibrated out of them. Some need a second sitting. A few are seasick as soon as their treatment ends. It is a preventive, mark you, not a cure. The theory is that seasickness is essentially a nervous malady and that vibration reduces the nervousness.

Spain is enjoying a business boom, and the credit of the country is steadily rising. A year ago the silver peseta was worth only 13 cents. Now it is worth 17. By the end of the year it bids fair to be nearly at par, when it should equal a franc, say 19 cents. In Cadiz alone the receipts of the Custom-House in 1899 doubled those of the preceding year. One hundred thousand men who formerly went to recruit the colonial army have remained in Spain and about \$75,000,000 of capital. Employment has been found for both in mining and cotton mills. There is a great increase in the mineral output and manufactures, and the whole peninsula is waking up in Yankee style.

Food, real, pure food, is almost impossible to secure, says a New York World correspondent. Real food costs more money than the ordinary mortal can pay, and as a result the family, the basis of the nation, is rapidly being driven to insanity through worry and poison preservatives, by and with the consent of our political overlords. I have just returned from the West and the South. The freshest and most meaty eggs I ever beheld are selling for from 12 to 14 cents a dozen. In

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS
Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.
Wood Rollers Tins Rollers

New York we are paying 30 cents, and do not get very good eggs at that. Chickens in the country retail from six to eight cents a pound, with the entrails out, heads and legs cut off. In New York we are compelled to pay from 18 to 22 cents for chicken, where in the decomposing entrails have flavored the meat throughout.

Chief Buckley of the Digger Indians died recently at Grass Valley at the age of 134 years. Death was the result of sunstroke. The body of the chief was buried by his followers with all the ceremony that is customary at the funeral of a man of his importance among his race. All the males of the Indian village gathered to pay homage to the remains of the leader. His personal possessions were buried with the body and many gifts were placed in the grave. Chief Buckley was probably the oldest inhabitant of California. Buckley was given his name by the early gold-seekers. He was a friend of the white people and to the end held their respect.

The Chicago Tribune has published its ninth annual summary of the deaths and injuries caused throughout the United States by the celebration of the Declaration of Independence. The figures were as follows: Dead, 33. By fireworks, 9; by cannon, 1; by firearms, 11; by explosives, 7; by toy pistols, 4; by runaway, 1; by drowning, 5. Injured, 2789. By fireworks, 1099; by cannon, 261; by firearms, 393; by explosives, 697; by toy pistols, 304; by runaways, 35. Fire loss, \$66,450. In Chicago: Dead, 2; injured, 157. Last year 42 persons were killed outright, but when lockjaw and other diseases induced by injuries had completed their work over 400 lives had been sacrificed. The number of injured—2789—is in excess of last year's figures by 353.

ROBERTSON'S
Just a Book Store

The books reviewed or mentioned in the Argonaut can always be purchased at

ROBERTSON'S
1186 1/2 Ellis St., Near Octavia

50 YEARS
OF
UNPRECEDENTED
POPULARITY

HUNTER
BALTIMORE RYE
BOTTLED BY WILLAMAHAN & SON, BALTIMORE.

HUNTER
BALTIMORE RYE
BOTTLED BY WILLAMAHAN & SON, BALTIMORE.

CHARLES M. REYNOLDS CO.
San Francisco, Cal.

VANITY FAIR.

After the Harvard-Yale boatrace at New London, this year, according to custom of long standing, the supporters of the rival universities foregathered at the Pequot House. Joining with them were parties from aboard the yachts at anchor in the stream, but they were all college students for the night, if the number of colored handbands worn was indicative. Yale and Harvard did not quarrel. On the veranda the band played alternately "Fair Harvard," and "Boola Yale," for the benefit of the dancers, while out on the grass groups got together and sang old favorites of the campus, mingled with, "There is a Light Shining Bright," or "Some One Thinks of Some One." And when everything else was exhausted they fell back on the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," sung to the words:

"We're here because we're here, because—
We're here because we're here, because—
We're here because we're here, because—
We're here because we're here, because—

The college men from the yachting fleet, took part in the songs. Some of them were men of years and dignity, but it was put aside while their daughters danced in the parlor with the younger generation. In the front of the hotel, the water, black and unruffled, was dotted with the wavering anchor lights of scores of yachts. Besides the white lights of the vessels lying at their moorings were seen occasional red and green flashes, as tenders traveled about the fleet or came ashore, and now and then the broad, glaring rays of a searchlight directed at this point or that. The silence was broken only half-hourly when the yacht bells tinkled out the time, by the occasional puff, puff of a restless gasoline launch, or by a hail from the pier of the New York Yacht Club: "Endermion ahoy." Back of the hotel to the westward a crescent moon hung in the sky, and looked down amusedly at the college students at play. Tiring finally of the show, she sank down towards the horizon and went to bed. The merry-makers at the hotel watched her out of sight and followed her example—long afterwards.

The Yale-Harvard boat races always bring a fleet of pleasure yachts from New York and elsewhere into the harbor, but this year the number was greater than usual on account of the race of the Indian Harbor Yacht Club from Greenwich to New London.

John Willis, of Glasgow, Mont., blew in to see the President a fortnight ago, (writes the Washington correspondent of the New York World). John was the President's foreman when the President was learning the cattle business, at large expense to himself, in the days long gone by.

"Hello, John!" shouted the President; "glad to see you. You must dine with me tonight."

"Nope," said John—"no siree. Can't do it, Theodore."

The President isn't used to having his invitations to dinner declined and he asked rather sharply, "Why not?"

"Ain't got no dress suit with me," John replied.

"But," insisted the President, "that doesn't make any difference. I would be glad to have you if you came dressed in leather breeches."

Lady Mary Hamilton, only daughter of the late twelfth duke of Hamilton and Brandon and the richest woman in Great Britain, was married a fortnight ago at St. George's Church, Hanover square, London, to the marquis of Graham, eldest son of the duke of Montrose. King Edward was

among those present at the ceremony. The display of diamonds and other precious stones was probably seldom equaled. The scene outside the church was quite exciting. At one period the enormous crowd that desired to make a closer inspection of the bride broke through the police cordon and swarmed round her carriage. Heavy reinforcements of police were necessary to clear the way for the king's carriage and open a passage for the bride to enter the church.

Frederick Tudor, a wealthy member of the exclusive Somerset, University, and other clubs of Boston and New York, seriously objects to the use of portraits of his fiancée, the beautiful Miss Amy Isabel Logan, formerly a stenographer, for advertising purposes in street cars. To the amazement of a crowded Back Bay car in Boston recently, Mr. Tudor, who had been carelessly looking at various advertisements in the car, suddenly drew himself erect, and, striding to the other end of the car, stopped before a woman, to whom he said: "Pardon me, madam, for reaching over your head." In a second he had torn an advertisement picture from its frame.

When General Corbin, with questionable taste, complained in addressing the West Point graduates of the low pay they would receive in the army. Secretary Taft promptly countered by speaking of low salaries as "a method of developing character which you ought not to lose." And he added: "I am pretty sure that your salaries for the next five years, low as they are, are pay that the average professional man would be delighted to be sure of in the first five years of his work. The truth is that your pay is not munificent, but you can live on it, and it has the great merit of relieving you from that intense anxiety that troubles so many members of the learned professions—that of keeping the wolf from the door. We are apt in this age of wealth to attach too much importance to money. We ought to have more people who when they have amassed a competence would stop and devote themselves to public affairs."

"Don't doubt that," John said, shifting from one foot to the other, "but I can't eat no dinner with you here tonight."

"Pshaw!" said the President; "come along. I don't care what kind of clothes you wear."

"I guess that's true enough," said John, "but out in my part of the country we know what's what. If you're going riding I'll go along, but as for eatin', why, I guess I'll eat tonight down at the hashery where I'm bunkin'."

And that settled it.

The great charm of the London season for American women is the amount of out of doors. The Park twice a day is an objective point of society, in the morning during the riding hours, and between five and seven during the driving hour. At this time the occupants leave their carriages and sit under the trees chatting with friends until the scene resembles a private lawn party instead of a public park gathering. To go to the opera night after night with the sun still shining is something of a shock at first, but it is consoling not to have the dread of facing the bitter cold after an evening in an overheated auditorium. June affords, usually, the very best of English weather; it is an ideal time for London. The cricket matches between the great universities are important social functions of the open air, with many others.

To the ordinary traveler, to be in

London in May and June is the most attractive time of the year. Royalty is on daily view. The royal levees and courts have their attendant interest for a spectator as well as for one who participates in them. The great rush of the regular American summer travel abroad begins as the schools close, for the teachers comprise the great class of workers who have a vacation long enough to make the voyage worth while.

American women travel more extensively than those of any other nation; European travel has been developed and fostered for years past with the object of their comfort and convenience. It is only very lately that the American railroad and steamship companies have thoroughly realized that personally conducted, or suggestive, well-planned independent tours do not depend upon the wealthy winter tourist. Newspapers and other advertising mediums have been used during the winter to exploit our wonderful natural scenery, and this year shows a tremendous increase of travel to the farthest corners of the country—to the wonders of the Colorado Mountains, the Grand Canyon of Arizona, California, Alaska, Yosemite, and the Yellowstone Park. These Far Western tourist points will see more women tourists this summer than ever happened in their experience.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Fourteenth of July.

The fourteenth of July had come,
And round the guillotine
The thieves and beggars, rank by rank,
Moved the red flags between.
A crimson heart, upon a pole—
The long march had begun;
But still the little smiling child
Sat knitting in the sun.
The red caps of those men of France
Shook like a poppy-field;
Three women's heads, with gory hair,
The standard-bearers wield.
Cursing, with song and battle-hymn,
Five butchers dragg'd a gun;
Yet still the little maid sat there,
A-knitting in the sun.

An axe was painted on the flags,
A broken throne and crown,
A ragged coat, upon a lance,
Hung in foul black shreds down.
"More heads!" the seething rabble cry,
And now the drums begun;
But still the little fair-haired child
Sat knitting in the sun.
And every time a head roll'd off,
They roll like winter seas,
And, with a tossing up of caps,
Shouts shook the Tuilleries.
Whizz went the heavy chopper down,
And then the drums begun;
But still the little smiling child
Sat knitting in the sun.

The Jacobins, ten thousand strong,
And every man a sword;
The red caps with the tricolors,
Led on the noisy horde.
"The Sans Culottes to-day are strong,"
The gossips say, and run;
But still the little maid sits there,
A-knitting in the sun.

Then the slow death-cart moved along;
And, singing patriot songs,
A pale, doom'd poet bowing comes
And cheers the swaying throngs.
Oh, when the axe swept shining down,
The mad drums all begun;
But smiling still, the little child
Sat knitting in the sun.

"Le marquis," linen snowy white,
The powder in his hair,
Waving his scented handkerchief,
Looks down with careless stare.
A whirr, a chop—another head—
Hurrah! the work's begun;
But still the little child sat there,
A-knitting in the sun.

A stir, and through the parting crowd
The people's friends are come;
Marat and Robespierre—"Vivat!"
Roll thunder from the drum."
The one a wild beast's hungry eye,
Hair tangled—hark! a gun!
The other kindly kiss'd the child
A-knitting in the sun.
"And why not work all night?" the child
Said to the knitters there.
Oh, how the furies shook their sides,
And toss'd their grizzled hair
Then clapp'd a bonnet rouge on her,
And cried, "'Tis well begun!"
And laugh'd to see the little child
Knit, smiling in the sun.

—George Walter Thornbury

Washington in Flannels.

During the session of Congress just closed there was at Washington an interesting exhibition of styles of dress seasonable for hot weather, says the correspondent of the Springfield Republican. There are of course, more men in Washington than in any other American city who have lived in tropical climates. Here are gathered many individuals who have either served with the army in the Philippines or under the insular government in that part of the world, or who have seen consular service in other hot countries. When a hot spell strikes Washington these men are ready for it. Out come their clothes that have graced the Luneta in Manila, or gay promenades of fashion in the far-away tropics, and they are both comfortably conspicuous and conspicuously comfortable. President Roosevelt himself sets the style. A visitor to the executive offices recently found him clothed comfortably in white linen trousers and loose unbuttoned white linen jacket, no waistcoat, and a white cheviot shirt and a black tie. It looks cool and is not undignified, and a foreign diplomat who appears in the conventional costume has a right to be envious one of these hot mornings.

General Grosvenor's white costume is doubtless the result of the Taft trip to the Philippines last summer. Over in the Senate Senator Scott of West Virginia has clad his portly form in light cream-colored flannels which he also doubtless learned to wear on the Taft trip to the Philippines last year, and Senator Warren of Wyoming, who was another member of the Taft party, has disported himself in a suit of cool linen crash. Aside from these, however, and possibly a few others, the lawmakers stick heroically to conventional costume, and perspire and mop their heads and fan themselves in desperation. Even Vice-President Fairbanks, who is popularly supposed to create a low temperature wherever he goes, seems to find the long black Prince Albert coat and the stiff high collar, which he persists in wearing, pretty oppressive at this time of year.

For more than fifty years, children, from the age of three months to ten years, have been benefited by Steadman's Soothing Powders.

Romeike's Press Cutting Bureau

Will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date."

A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily papers and over 2000 weeklies and magazines, in fact, every paper of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers and, through the European Bureaus, all the leading papers in the civilized globe.

Clippings found for subscribers and pasted on slips giving name and date of paper and are mailed day by day.

Write for circular and terms.

Henry Romeike, 33 Union Square, N.Y.

Branches:
LONDON, PARIS, BERLIN, SYDNEY.

DO YOU WRITE?

Instruction by mail in literary composition.

Courses suited to all needs. Revision, criticism, and sale of MSS. Send for circular

EDITORIAL BUREAU,
32 West 45th St. New York.

Bonestell, Richardson & Co.
Has plenty of every kind of

PAPER

For Immediate Delivery.

Just Received Four Carloads of
RUBEROID ROOFING.

Architects and builders of the highest class recommend Ruberoid for any style of building.

Write for Samples and Price.

Phone, Oakland 7700.

1059 CASTRO STREET OAKLAND.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Two Silesians, seated in a music hall, bent to argue about the music of Wagner. The argument, as it progressed, grew heated. He upshot was that the younger challenged the older Silesian to a duel. But the older Silesian declined to fight. "No, no," he said. "I refuse to meet you. he risks are not equal. You, you see, are a cheloh, whereas I am a married man with ree children. I'll tell you what to do. Go t married and wait till you've a family as ge as mine, then, when our risks are alike, me and challenge me again. The younger man complied. He married. hree years passed, and one day three years er, he went, accompanied by a nursemaid, his opponent's home. "Here I am," he said fiercely. "My wife at home. In this coach are my three chil-en. Now for the duel." "But the older man shook his head. "Not yet awhile," he said. "I have five w."

An average man got married. After he had en married several years his wife said to him e night: "You do not speak as affectionately to me you used to. Hal. I fear you have ceased love me." "Ceased to love you!" growled the Avere-man. "There you go again. Ceased to ve you! Why, I love you more than life elf. Now shut up and let me read the per."

The smokers' seats were full. The car was oved. Two men who were smoking were lliged to stand on the rear platform. A man ho was not smoking sat in the rear seat. "Seems to me," said one of the men who ere standing, "that a man who is not smok-g should sit in the forward seats and let ose who want to smoke have these seats. ow that man might just as well be sitting up front. He isn't smoking." "I know it, my friend," said the man, turn-g around, "but I am perfectly willing to be. ou haven't got an extra cigar, have you?"

O. W. Nickerson and J. S. Baker were resi-nts of Harwich. Captain Nickerson, as as called, was a man of means and very rew. Joe was less fortunate. One day e captain took Joe into a room, closed the ors, and said: "Now, Joe, for \$25 I will tell u the secret of getting rich. Be saying, of urse, and when you do make a bargain with yone be sure that no one hears you, and en if you get the worst of it or want to ck out you can. Now hand me the \$25." Joe thought a second and then said: "Did any one hear us make this bargain, tain?" "Not a soul," replied the captain. "Well, then," Joe said, "I guess I'll begin ou."

At Muncie, Indiana, recently, when Mr. omas Pellan, an Englishman, was arraigned a charge of intoxication, the magistrate iently decided to discharge the prisoner, d said to him "Skidoo." Mr. Pellan though was a terrible sentence that had been im-posed on him and begged for mercy. With isiderable difficulty the meaning of the erican slang word was explained to the glishman, whereupon he thanked the magis-e and "skidooed."

An Irishman entered the New York post-e for the purpose of mailing a letter to a financee. He paused in perplexity before a board con-ing three letter slots bearing the words "ity," "Domestic," "Foreign," "Faith," mumbled, "this is a pretty problem. Mag-s a domestic, she lives in the city, and s a foreigner. What beats me is how I'm et the letter in the three holes at wanst."

The head of a well known theological sem-ry is accustomed to test the ability and self-ession of the students by sending them o the pulpit with a sealed envelope in their hds containing the text of a sermon to be dvered on the spur of the moment. In one such occasion the student, on open-ing his paper, read these instructions: "Apply tory of Zaccheus to your own circum-ces and your call to the ministry." he student, cleverly enough, delivered him-of the following: Brethren, the subject on which I address

you is a comparison between Zaccheus and myself, with reference to my qualifications for the pulpit. The first thing we read of Zaccheus is that he was small of stature. I never felt so small as I do now. In the second place, we read that Zaccheus was up a tree, which is very much my position at present. Thirdly, it is related that Zaccheus made haste to come down; and in this I gladly and promptly follow his example."

On June 17, Senator Bacon, of Georgia, was making a speech about the proposed ship canal from Lake Erie to Pittsburg. Senator William Pinkney Whyte, of Maryland, the successor to the late Senator Gorman, was listening. Presently Bacon began on a line of argument that made Whyte sit up and take notice.

After the speech Whyte went to Bacon and asked: "Senator, where did you get the data for the last half of your speech?" "Oh," said Bacon, "it came from a very able speech on the subject delivered some time ago. I don't know who the speaker was."

"I do," said Senator Whyte. "I made that speech myself in this chamber thirty-eight years ago."

There was a man whose wife had an Aberdeen terrier of extreme ferocity. It bit the man a number of times. He expressed great hatred for it. Finally the terrier bit a large piece out of the calf of the man's leg, and the next day it disappeared. The man advertised widely for the dog's return. He offered a reward of \$200 for it. His friends were amazed.

"I thought," said a friend to him, "that you hated that dog?" "I do," the man admitted. "Why, then, do you offer such a large reward for its return?" "To please my wife."

"But you're foolish," said the other. "Such a large reward will be sure to bring it back."

"No, no," said the man, with a smile. "You see, it's dead."

At midnight, in Chicago once, an Irish policeman overhauled a sleep-walker who was promenading a principal thoroughfare clad only in his night robes. When the officer had awakened the unfortunate man, placed him under arrest, and was hustling him off to the station, the sleep walker exclaimed with indignation:

"Surely you are not going to lock me up?" "Surest thing you know!" airily responded the bluecoat.

"Why, man, I can't be held responsible for the predicament you find me in! I am a somnambulist!"

"Sure, it makes no difference what Church ye belong to," sharply returned the officer; "ye can't parade the streets of Chicago in your nighty!"

Admiral Dewey grew reminiscent as the 1st of May rolled around this year. He narrated to a number of friends the manner in which he learned that there were two cables instead of one, as he supposed, in Manila Bay.

"I had found and cut one cable," said the Admiral, "and thought that ended the whole business, as far as communication went, when a captain of a small boat to whom I had given permission to carry out some refugees from Manila, came on board to thank me for the privilege accorded him. He had made several hundred dollars out of the deal. I learned incidentally. While on board he casually remarked:

"*'Se dice que usted ha cortado un cable tele-grafo, Almirante?'*" "I understand you have cut a cable, Admiral?"

"I informed him that I had, and when he innocently asked, 'Which one?' I began to get busy, and it was not half an hour until I had the other wire located and cut."

A Fort Dodge doctor, Dr. X., once had a grave dug for a patient, supposed to be dying, who afterward recovered, and over this error of judgment the doctor was joked for many years.

Once he attended, in consultation with three confreres, another patient. This patient really died. After the death, as the physicians discussed the case together, one of them said: "Since quick burial is necessary, we might inter the body temporarily. I understand our brother here has a vacant grave on hand." Dr. X. smiled. "Yes," he said, "I believe I am the only physician present whose graves are not all filled."

Apropos of the higher education of women, a lady on a sultry summer afternoon, called on some friends. The talk buzzed along briskly, fans waved, and the daughter of the house kept twitching uncomfortably, frown-ing, and making little, smothered exclama-tions of annoyance. Finally, with an im-patient sigh, she rose and left the room.

"Your daughter," said the visitor, "seems to be suffering from the heat." "No," said the hostess. "She is just back home from college, and she is suffering from family grammar."

Whether a diet of bread and milk taken almost exclusively for forty years is respon-sible for the remarkable preservation from the effects of old age shown in the body of Mrs. Mary Fay, who died in New York City alms house at the age of 105 years a few days ago, is causing interest among physicians. Do spite the extreme age of Mrs. Fay her body is in as perfect physical condition and as well nourished as that of a comparatively young woman, according to Coroner's physician, Dr. Philip O'Hanlon.

"I have performed 4525 autopsies," said Dr. O'Hanlon, "but she was the best pre-served person I ever saw. Were it not for the lines of age in her face she would not have been taken for more than 25 years of age. She weighs approximately 140 pounds, and was little more than five feet in height. The body was exceptionally well nourished and the teeth in both upper and lower jaws were in perfect condition."

Miss Geraldine Bonner's new novel which is to appear next autumn will be a work of unusual interest to San Franciscans. It is a story of San Francisco just before the great disaster. The situation and people are all modern, and at the same time belong to a period and condition of the city's evolution which many old San Franciscans fear was wiped out with the fire. Those who have seen the manu-script of this book say that it has much of the romance and the color of old San Francisco.

FOR YOUR
BREAKFAST
GERMEA
AT ALL GROCERS

The Johnson-Locke Mercantile Co
ACENTS

714 Broadway, Oakland

ORPHEUM

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee

JULY 15, 1906

Matinee every day except Sunday

ANOTHER BIG SHOW

'The Military Octette' and 'The Girl with the Balon'; Argyro Kastron; Carlin and Otto; Irving Jones; Gar-tell Brothers; Linden Backwith; Ziska and King; Orpheum Motion Pictures and last week of

CLAUDE GILLINGWATER AND CO.

Prices 10c, 25c, and 50c. Down town box office at Donlan's Drug Store, Fillmore and Sutter Streets. Phone, West, 6000. Chutes and Zoo---Open daily from 10 a. m. till mid-night. Admission, 10c; children, 5.

IF YOU
WISH TO ADVERTISE

In Newspapers

ANY WHERE AT ANY TIME

Call on or Write

E. C. DAKE'S

Advertising Agency

1004 Masonic Avenue,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

VACATION 1906

ISSUED BY THE

California Northwestern Railroad.
THE PICTURESQUE ROUTE OF CALIFORNIA
AND
North Shore Railroad.

THE SCENIC ROUTE
IS NOW READY FOR DISTRIBUTION
GIVING FULL INFORMATION

IN REGARD TO
CAMPING SPOTS, THE LOCATION,
ACCOMMODATIONS, ATTRACTIONS
ETC., OF MINERAL SPRING RE-SORTS AND COUNTRY HOMES AND FARMS, WHERE SUMMER BOARD-ERS ARE TAKEN, WITH TERMS OF BOARD, \$7.00 AND UPWARD PER WEEK.

To be had at Tiburon Ferry, foot of Market St., San Francisco. Inquiry by mail will bring an immediate response.

R. X. RYAN,
Gen'l. Pass. Agent.
JAS. AGLER, General Manager.

Thomas Cook & Son
NOW LOCATED
410 Fourteenth St.
Oakland

LATEST STYLES IN
CHOICE WOOLENS
H. S. BRIDGE & CO.,
Merchant Tailors
2220 WEBSTER ST., SAN FRANCISCO
Bicycle and Golf Suits

THE ORIGINAL
SWAIN'S BAKERY
And Restaurant Now Open for Business
111 POST ST., bet. Polk and Van Ness
No connection with any other establishment

THE AMERICAN
NATIONAL BANK
is occupying its former quarters in the
MERCHANT'S EXCHANGE BUILDING,

AND IS FULLY PREPARED TO CARE
FOR THE BUSINESS NEEDS OF ITS
PATRONS.

LITERARY NOTES.

Christ as a Man.

"The Personality of Jesus," by Charles H. Barrows.

A close study of the Bible, and a thoughtful, appreciative and loving scrutiny of each and every image that is there presented of Christ enables the author of this ably-written study to vitalize the ordinary conception of Jesus that exists, and lift it in some degree, from the vague, beautiful haze that envelops it.

As historians of the nineteenth century have endowed the stately statue of Washington with life, as has Mr. Barrows, while reverencing the divinity of Christ, sought to present him as epitome of beautiful mankind, physically as well as mentally. "We see him mingling among men, received gladly, inquiringly, critically." We are brought to notice his sympathetic observation of nature, his phenomenal personality, his practical wisdom, his marked ability as an orator, his immense powers as a propagandist of the Christian religion.

Mr. Barrows presents the results of his study so calmly, logically and convincingly that not only the seeker after religious literature, but intelligent students of Biblical characters will feel interested and repaid in reading his book.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co; price \$1.25 net.

A Unique Cooking Book.

"Books and My Food—Original Receipts with Literary Quotations for Every Day in the Year," by Elizabeth Luther Cary.

This little volume amounts to a cunning conspiracy against the digestion, if not treason against the purse. The receipts make the mouth water, but the author's acknowledgment that the work is "a whimsical effort to combine intellectual and bodily sustenance," is quite true. It is not a good working book of receipts for daily use, but one that, for occasional consultation during leisure moments, should supplement the fat-leaved authority that occupies the place of honor on the "cook book" shelf.

Published by Moffatt, Yard & Company.

Irrigation.

In his new book, "Irrigation in the United States," Professor Frederick Haynes Newell says that one-third of the United States consists of vacant public land. For the last twelve years the author of this valuable work has been engaged in investigations which look to the reclamation of these arid regions. The aim of the book is to promote home making in the boundless areas of the West, and Professor Newell's simple, untechnical and lucid exposition of the means employed to render unwatered plains cultivatable in regions hitherto closed to the settler, is a narrative as well of the immense results achieved by the Reclamation Service.

It is almost universally conceded by expert hydrographers that Professor Newell, "who knows more about water in its native haunts than any man alive," is the one best fitted to acquaint the western settler with the means of turning the annually wasted floods of water to account.

The present edition is thoroughly revised, and provided with numerous illustrations, maps and diagrams.

Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co; \$2.00 net.

Recent Fiction.

A book with a twentieth century civilized Indian for a hero, has the merit of novelty, and to this distinction "Kenelm's Desire," by Hughes Cornell, may fairly lay claim. Kenelm is a practicing lawyer with a turn for oratory, and his dark skin proves no bar in the way of a successful career. But when it comes to affairs of the heart it is another story.

There are crudities and inequalities in the tale indicating that it is the author's first work. The romance is of a high-flown order, as may be expected when a girl of the white race loves a full-blood Alaska Indian. To balance this, the style is breezy and colloquial, the dialogue well-seasoned with up-to-date slang. The group of half-breed girls, daughters of a British father and an Indian mother, is well drawn. These householders are peculiar to British Columbia, where the scene of the story is mostly laid, and the varying characteristics of the half-breed and the full blood Indian have been noted by the author with an observant eye. Taken as a

whole the book is a peg above the level of the commonplace.

Published by Little, Brown & Co.

Novels that reveal the tortuous windings of political and financial intrigue are, in a way, educators of the uninitiated public. They are generally written by men of ability whose keen, discerning vision penetrates the mask of hypocrisy of business dissimulation with which the heads of great trusts veil their secret purposes and their phenomenal craft.

In "The District Attorney," by William Sage, Richard Haverland stands for a rare and almost forgotten type. He believes that the birthright in a democracy carries with it an obligation of patriotism, and that men who evade laws and despoil the state corrupt the Republic. As District Attorney he discovers that "the City Hall ain't no Sunday School," and putting his hand unswervingly to the plow he prosecutes alike the lofty and the lowly who have sought to put bribes in the hands of justice.

A striking feature of this admirable work is the fidelity of the portraits presented. Keating, the grafter, able, unscrupulous, jovial with the tempted, loyal to friends. Maier, wax in the heat of temptation, but who, unexposed to the wiles of the bribes, would have gone honest to his grave; and the group of multi-millionaires, who thrive by sucking the substance from their fellow men.

The trial of Cadwell, who buys his way into the Senate; the winning over by the District Attorney of the witnesses against him, the deliberations of the jury, the curious human perversion of motives, by which respectable men condemn the upright, and sympathize with the venal, these go to make up characters of intense interest in a novel which is one of the ablest in the season's output.

Published by Little, Brown & Co.

"Susan Clegg and Her Neighbor's Affairs," by Anne Warner, is among the new books just to hand. By continued excuse Miss Clegg's creator has acquired a pronounced skill in setting forth all the comedies of village life in a fluent stream of Cleggesse. Susan still discourses vigorously, and Mrs. Lathrop interposes mild, cut-off monosyllables. It is a popular form of humor whose homely flavor recommends it to the multitude, and the revised Susan Clegg bids fair to rival her own former popularity.

Published by Little, Brown & Co. \$1.00.

"Nicanor, Teller of Tales," is a story of Roman Britain by C. Bryson Taylor. That this novel gives ample evidence of research and erudition has justified the publishers in investing it with a handsome dress. Although bound in cloth the book is enriched with borders, initials and headpieces, and contains a number of full-page illustrations in color.

A story that is couched in the quaint and curious language forms of other times is bound to lose in freshness and spontaneity, and besides, its author is apt occasionally to fall into conscious or unconscious imitations of Shakespeare and the Bible. But Mr. Taylor retains the interest of his readers in spite of the blood and brutality which must of necessity disfigure authentic records of the modes of life of the ancients. As a contrast to this element, the interest turns with relief to the Lady Varja, who, deficient though she is in understanding, offers the charm of romance, of femininity and of patrician beauty.

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co; \$1.50.

PERSONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

The author of the words of Mevin's well-known song, "The Rosary," is R. Cameron Rogers, a Santa Barbara newspaper man. Nevins asked and received permission to use the verses. Mr. Rogers had forgotten all about the matter, and returning from spending the summer in Europe, heard in Chicago that a song called "The Rosary" was attracting wide attention. He went into Schirmer's and asked for a copy. He was told the price was sixty cents. He explained that he was the author of the verses. "Twenty cents discount," said the salesman, and this reduction on the price of a single copy of his own song, which has been the most lucrative in years, was the sum total of his receipts. It seems curious that Mr. Rogers' work is not better known in California, says the Los Angeles Graphic. He has already published two volumes of verses, and a third is about to be issued from the press of John Lane.

Is Mrs. Gertrude Atherton the author of the incisive and interesting essays published anonymously, with the title, "The Secret Life," asks the Springfield Republican. "While the evidence is perhaps not such as would satisfy any jury, there are several things that point to her as the author, and only one passage is inconsistent with this theory. The author is clearly a woman, an American woman who has traveled much. California, England, Spain—she sounds the same notes as Mrs. Atherton, in-

cluding the bull-fight in Seville, which might well be the souvenir of the same tour that gave us 'The Traveling Thirds.' There are minor coincidences perhaps not important enough to dwell upon, and the one conflicting note is the depreciatory comment upon Henry James for whose work Mrs. Atherton has elsewhere expressed very high admiration. But this may be in the nature of a blind, or the admiration may have been overdone as a handy way of slashing at some of the women novelists of America whom Mrs. Atherton has never professed to love."

"Memoirs of General Kuropatkin," a voluminous work covering the Russo-Japanese war, are being published at Moscow under the supervision of its author.

Robert Sherard's "Life of Oscar Wilde" has appeared in London. Mr. Sherard has carried out his rather perilous literary enterprise successfully.

Mark Twain once applied for work on the Honolulu Advertiser and was refused. "He would probably have taken \$10 a week and been glad to get it," the editor of the Advertiser says, who employed but one reporter, and preferred to keep Nat Ingalls, who already had the "job." Mark bore no grudge about it, however, and often contributed to the paper.

The writers who recently left the service of McClure's Magazine have finally placed themselves. The American Magazine, long known as Leslie's Monthly has been sold to the Phillips Publishing Company, composed of John S. Phillips, Lincoln Steffens, Ray Stannard Baker, Ida M. Tarbell and A. A. Boyden, recently of the McClure publication, and in addition there to Peter Finley Dunne and William Allen White.

"Ben Hur" was a reasonable, though not a remarkable success in its first year. The fact which surprised the publishers was that its sales were doubled in the year following. It advanced from year to year by geometrical progression until it became the most widely selling book in American literature. Many interesting facts concerning the inspiration and growth of "Ben Hur" are set down by General Wallace in his forthcoming autobiography.

W. S. Leake, administrator of the estate of the late Josephine Dunsinuir, widow of Alexander Dunsinuir, has made petition to be allowed to compromise the claim of George Barrie & Son of Philadelphia against the estate for \$12,434 10 for books and pictures furnished Mrs. Dunsinuir during her lifetime for Souther Farm, her summer home, near San Leandro.

An English writer says we are losing the art of laughter, and blames it on the women novelists. But Sarah Jeannette Duncan, who is now Mrs. Everard Cotes, has raised the chuckle with her "Simple Adventures of a Memsahib," and many other books. Kate Douglas Wiggin, who has given us the "Cathedral Courtship" and the rest, is an American, as is also the inventor of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

Announcement is made of another change in the magazine world. The Literary Digest absorbs Public Opinion and will accordingly cover a larger field. Putnam's Monthly is to be combined with the Critic.

The new volume, "Bible Sidelights From the Mound of Gezer" is by the well-known antiquary Mr. R. A. Stewart Macalister, director of excavations for the Palestine Exploration Fund. The death of Samson, narrated in the Book of Judges, has been ranked as a myth by critics. But in a stratum at Gezer, some 300 years older than the time of Samson, the excavators have found a form of building which answer to a remarkable extent the conditions of the story. It is a temple with a portico supported by four wooden pillars.

According to the report of the Health Department for June, San Francisco, during the month had one of the lowest death rates known in the city for years. The number of deaths was at the rate of 8.3 per thousand per annum. The average death rate of San Francisco is about 17 per thousand. Of course the death rate is based on the former population of the city, the number of inhabitants in San Francisco before the fire. There is now no doubt that the city's population is considerably less than it was three months ago, probably only three-fifths of the number. Even on that basis of computation the city's death rate was unusually low, the rate being 13.1. The Health Department, under Dr. Ragan, has done admirable work in keeping the city free of contagious diseases, in superintending the purification of water, the inspection of food and temporary quarters, as well as overseeing all temporary sanitary arrangements.

"There is something," he said. "that I have wanted for a long time to tell you. I am not rich, as you know, but I am young, strong, and willing to work. Miss Millyuns—Edith—I—" "Oh!" she cried. "I will tell papa about you. I think I heard him say this morning that he wanted to hire an office boy with just the qualifications you mention."—Judge.

Pears'

Don't simply "get a cake of soap." Get good soap. Ask for Pears' and you have pure soap. Then bathing will mean more than mere cleanliness; it will be luxury at trifling cost.

Sales increasing since 1789.

THE CALL

Is the cleanest, brightest, newsiest of all the S. Francisco dailies.

The best fiction the world produces can be found in the Magazine Section of the Sunday edition. Its Art features are equal to the best of the magazines.

THE CALL is made up having specially view its large home patronage. It contains every day of the year

All the News that's Fit to Print

And is the BEST Advertising Medium

Leonard L. Murch

BOOK AND COMMERCIAL

PRINTING

427 SIXTY-FIFTH STREET

Near Telegraph Avenue

OAKLAND

Cards, Circulars, Legal Blanks, Stationery, Etc. Col-
tracts taken for Printing of Periodicals.

PHONE OAKLAND 7374

Bonestell, Richardson & Co

Has Plenty of Every Kind of

PAPER

California's Leading Paper House

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM

TOILET POWDER

TRADE MARK

Positive Relief
for
PRICKLY HEAT,
CHAFING, and
SUNBURN, and all skin
irritations. Removes all odor of perspiration.
Keeps the skin soft and smooth.
Sold everywhere.
Beware of cheap imitations.
Bottled at receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample Free.
GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, NEW YORK, U.S.A.

EDUCATIONAL.

Mrs. J. E. TIPPET

(CLARA BEUTLER)

Teacher of Singing,
Coaching.

THE ORIGINAL VIENNA CA

MISS. HAMLIN'S

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL
FOR GIRLS.

Formerly at 1849 Jackson St., is now at 2230 Pacific Ave.
near Webster St. School reopens Tuesday, August 7. I
Accredited.

Address MISS S. D. HAMLIN.

2230 Pacific Avenue.

San Francisco

STAGE GOSSIP.

Mme. Albani, dear to the memories of childhood of forty years ago, is still singing in Canada.

Allen Hinckley, who enjoys the distinction of being the only English-speaking vocalist, engaged for the Bayreuth Festival this month, was born in Boston in 1877, and is the only son of the pastor of the Spring Garden Unitarian Church of Philadelphia. He studied in New York under Oscar Sanger, and in 1903 started for Germany on his career as an artist in grand opera.

"The Light Eternal," by Martin V. Merle, a young Californian, will be produced in the principal Eastern cities, in October next. Mr. Merle, while in Santa Clara College developed an unusual aptitude for playwriting. He left college and joined Frederick Warde's company, and became an actor in order to familiarize himself with stagecraft. "The Light Eternal" was first produced last January, at the Santa Clara College Hall.

Miss Maud Fay, a pupil of Mme. von Werneck, of San Francisco, is reported having made a great success in opera in Vienna.

"See-See" a new "Chinese comic opera," has scored a decided hit in London. The Daily Mail's critic calls it together one of the prettiest, daintiest, and most graceful little feasts for eye and ear.

Edward A. Braden is busy engaging a company to support Tyrone Power in the Corelli's play, "Barabbas," next season, and is carefully selecting the cast. Next week William Redmond, well known legitimate actor, was engaged for the part of Caiaphas, the high priest, and Bert McWade, for many years identified with the play of "Rip Van Winkle," the part of Hanan.

L. Toole, the Joe Jefferson of the land, is dying.

"Checkers," the popular race track play, which has been seen in the theaters of the city during the last three seasons, is ready to start on its first Pacific Coast tour.

Actors are often non-plussed by remarks from the gallery. Lewis Morrison, appearing in "Faust" at the Grand Opera House, San Francisco, and was much discomfited one night when the door by which Mephistopheles makes his final exit, supposedly to perdition, closed to work. Morrison squirmed and tried to no avail, and was still squirming and pushing when a shrill voice in the gallery cried out: "No use, Mister, it's full!"

"Besses o' th' Barn Band," probably one of the most famous organizations of its kind in the world, is to begin an American and Canadian tour in August. The organization has been in existence more than a century. It obtained very considerable prominence in 1818 during the reign of George III., and has won prizes valued at nearly \$500,000. The band before last it secured the championship of the world in the national brass concert.

Marion Weed has been boycotted in the north. Music masters refuse to accept her as a pupil, one hotel has treated her shabbily, and music folk shun her. Weed went from New York to the north with the intention of studying during the summer. The prima donna did not at first understand why she had been slighted. She was not left in the north. Councillor von Gros informed her that no request she might make in the north would be granted, because she had taken part in a performance of "Parsifal" in New York against the express wish of Richard Wagner.

"Arson" Davies, well known as a master of pugilistic sport, and for some time past a theatrical manager in the north, is about to go on the vaudeville tour.

The most remarkable pastoral and spectacular series of historical tableaux, which has ever attempted, commenced July 2, and continued for six days at Black Castle. Many of the best members of the British nobility took part with actors and actresses, literary men and artists of the highest fame in

making the tableaux a success. Among those present as participants or spectators were Lord and Lady Helmsley, Mary Anderson Navarro, Marie Corelli, Ellen Terry, the Duchess of Westminster, the Countess of Suffolk and many others equally prominent in London society.

M. Lemerrier, the favorite dramatist of Napoleon Bonaparte, was seated one evening on a low stool in the gangway of the first gallery of the Theatre Francaise. Enter a young officer, making a great deal of noise, slamming the door violently behind him, and taking his stand right in front of M. Lemerrier. "Monsieur," says the poet, "very gently you prevent my seeing anything."

The officer turns around and stares from his towering height at the little inoffensive-looking civilian, humbly seated on his low stool, and resumes his former position.

"Monsieur," repeats M. Lemerrier, more emphatically, "I have told you that you prevent me from seeing the stage and I command you to get out of the way." "You command," retorts his interlocutor, in a tone of contempt, "do you know to whom you are speaking? You are speaking to the man who brought back the standards from the army of Italy."

"That's very possible, monsieur, seeing that it was an ass which carried Christ."

As a matter of course there was a duel, and the officer had his arm broken by a bullet.

The Los Angeles theaters are profiting by the absence of show places in San Francisco. Nat Goodwin is appearing in "The Genius," and "When We Were Twenty-One," at the Mason Opera House; at Morosco's Burbank Theatre in a play new to Los Angeles, "The Lady From Laramie;" Kolb and Dill are in the second week of "Roly Poly" at the Hotchkiss; the Ulrich Stock Company is presenting "At the World's Mercy" in the Grand Opera House, "What Happened to Jones" is the attraction the Belasco Theatre offers; and there is vaudeville at the Orpheum and the Chutes.

The University of California announces that the Minetti String Quartette will give its second concert in the Greek Theatre at 3:30 o'clock on Thursday afternoon, July 19. This is the third of a series of six concerts arranged for the summer by the University of California and given on Thursday afternoons by the University orchestra and the Minetti Quartette in alteration. The programme will include the Quartette in G Minor by Haydn, a "Canzonetta" by Godard, "The Bee" by Schubert, and the Quartette in D (op. 11) by P. Tschalkowsky. The Minetti Quartette consists of Giulio Minetti, first violin; Hans Koenig, second violin; Andre Verdier, viola; and Arthur Weiss, violoncello.

Jennie Lind's Tutor Is Dead.

Manuel Garcia, the discoverer of the laryngoscope, and one of the most famous singing masters of his age, died in England on July 2nd, in his one hundred and second year. He was born on the 17th of March, 1805, in Madrid, and a year ago his centenary was celebrated in London by a very notable assemblage gathered together in his honor, in recognition of his accomplishments in music and science.

It was a mere accident that led to the discovery that made Garcia famous—his finding in the shop of a Parisian instrument-maker, a little mirror attached to a stick, with which it occurred to him to try to see his vocal cords in action with the aid of a ray of sunlight. This led him to an endeavor to place the art of voice-building on a scientific, physiological basis, to explain tone-formation, registers, and tone colors, or modulations of the voice.

Garcia, himself, in later years abandoned the idea that larynxology, with its anatomical and physiological details was of much use as a basis for the science of voice-building. He fell back on the ear as the controlling factor, and followed the maxim that the secret of learning to sing lies in having a good example and trying to imitate it. He himself was a tenor of some note in his youth.

Among the more famous pupils of Garcia may be mentioned Jenny Lind, Mathilde Marchesi, Johanna Wagner, Antoinette Sterling, the Misses Macintyre, Orridge, Larkom, Thudichum, Julius Stockhausen, Batille, and Charles Santley, but the men and women whom he led to distinction formed a host. Maria Malibran and Pauline Viardot were his sisters. The physical and mental energies of Garcia never failed him even in extreme old age.

Little "Arvy" (who has had "a bad day," to driver of public coach)—"Ever lose any money backin' 'orses, coachie?" "Driver—" "Not 'alf! Lost twenty quid once—backed a pair of 'orses and a hominibus into a shop window in Regent Street!"—Punch.

"Yes, sir," exclaimed the representative of commercial interests, "this pure food law is all wrong." "What's the matter with it?" "Matter? Why, man, if we couldn't adulterate the poisons we use in our fancy goods for table use they'd be fatal."—Philadelphia Ledger.

San Francisco Savings Union

FOUNDED JUNE 18th, 1862

PRESENT LOCATION:

NORTHWEST COR. OF CALIFORNIA & MONTGOMERY STS.

EIGHTY-EIGHTH HALF-YEARLY REPORT.

AND

SWORN STATEMENT.

OF THE CONDITION AND VALUE OF

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES.

AT CLOSE OF BUSINESS

JUNE 30, 1906.

ASSETS.

Loans on Real Estate secured by first lien on properties wholly within the State of California	\$19,299,811.60
Loans secured by pledge and hypothecation of Bonds and Stocks of railroad and quasi-public corporations.....	1,346,387.20
Bonds of railroad, quasi-public and industrial corporations and of the school districts and municipalities of the State of California.....	11,406,692.91
Bank Premises	200,000.00
Other Real Estate in the State of California	379,984.69
Furniture and Fixtures	2,000.00
Sundry Accounts in Adjustment.....	16,968.18
Cash (in Vault and in Bank).....	3,047,735.73
Total Assets	\$35,729,580.01

LIABILITIES.

Capital—Paid up.....	\$ 1,000,000.00
Reserved and Contingent Funds	1,065,883.85
Due Depositors	33,473,392.59
General Tax Account. Balance undistributed	199,303.27
Total Liabilities	\$35,729,580.01

(Signed) E. B. POND, President

(Signed) LOVELL WHITE, Cashier

State of California
City and County of San Francisco ss

E. B. Pond and Lovell White, being each separately and duly sworn

each for himself, says: That said E. B. Pond is President, and said Lovell

White is Cashier of the San Francisco Savings Union, the corporation above

mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

(Signed) E. B. POND

(Signed) LOVELL WHITE

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 2d day of July, A. D. 1906.

(Seal) (Signed) FRANK L. OWEN.

Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

PERSONAL.

Engagements and Weddings.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Jones, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones, to Mr. Webb Ballard took place on Tuesday afternoon last at the home of the bride's parents on Buchanan Street. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father McQuaide at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon. The bride's sister, Miss Helen Jones, was the maid of honor, and Miss Bessie Bates was the bridesmaid. Mr. Austin Sperry was best man and Mr. Paul Jones, the bride's brother, was the usher. Only relatives and intimate friends were present at the wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Ballard left for the north on their honeymoon trip, and will a fortnight hence, go to Minneapolis, where Mr. Ballard is engaged in business and which will be their future home.

The wedding of Miss Bertha Goodrich to Mr. Edward Leonard Bacon took place on Thursday, July 5th, at the Goodrich country place, "El Quito," near San Jose.

The wedding of Miss Marjorie Bowers Buffington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Buffington, to Mr. Joseph Sexton Thompson took place Saturday afternoon, July 7th, at Trinity Church. The ceremony was performed at a quarter before two o'clock by the Rev. Mr. Hulme, assistant rector of Trinity Church. The bride's sister, Miss Mary Mason Buffington, was the maid of honor and Mr. Spencer Grant was the best man. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson left on a brief honeymoon trip.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sharon have been the guests recently of Mrs. W. E. Sharon in Oakland.

Mrs. Margaret Irvine and her son, Mr. James Byrene, who are traveling in Europe, have recently arrived in Paris.

Mrs. Edward Griffith and Mr. Millen Griffith arrived from the East on Thursday of last week and went directly to their cottage in Ross Valley.

Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mrs. Clinton Worden left recently for a trip to the Towne ranch in Kern county but will go a little later to Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bryant Grimwood who have been the guests of relatives in Fruitvale and Ross Valley since the fire, have taken a house on Jackson street beyond Presidio avenue and will come to town shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer are at the Holbrook country place at Menlo Park and will be there for several months.

Mr. Francis Burton Harrison is spending the summer with his mother, Mrs. Burton Harrison at her cottage at Bar Harbor, Maine.

Mrs. Louis F. Montague and her son, Paige Montague, who have been abroad for several months, for the benefit of Mrs. Montague's health, have left Switzerland, where they have been sojourning, and are again at some German baths. Later they will go to England.

The Rev. Dr. Edward A. Dodd, whose marriage to Miss Harriette de Witt Allen is to be celebrated late this month, has arrived from his home in Boston and is the guest of Mrs. Henry F. Allen in Ross Valley.

Mrs. J. C. Kirkpatrick and Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick, who are at their country place at Pleasanton, will leave in the early fall for the East, where Miss Suzanne will be placed in a finishing school.

Mr. Jarboe and Mr. Paul Jarboe are spending the summer in the Santa Cruz mountains, where they have a cottage.

Mrs. Samuel W. Bryant has arrived in Sausalito from her home in Vallejo and will spend the summer in the former town with her mother, Mrs. William L. Merry, as Lieutenant Bryant, U. S. N., has gone to China on the navy transport Lawton and will be absent several months.

Mrs. Ernest Robinson has arrived from her Eastern home and is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Kip, who are spending the summer in Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. Shepard Eells, who have been staying with Mrs. Eells' parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Coffin, in Ross Valley, have recently moved

into their own handsome house nearby, which is just completed.

Dr. and Mrs. Emmet Rixford, who have been in Sausalito since the dynamiting of their attractive California street home, have been at Boca on a week's fishing trip.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Landers and Miss Eleanor Landers are spending the summer at their country place near San Jose.

Mr. and Mrs. Delmar Smith, (formerly Miss Helen Davis) and the latter's mother, Mrs. Abbott, are en route from Manila to this city, having stopped over a month in Japan on the way.

Mrs. John L. Howard of Oakland is spending the summer at Deer Park Inn near Tahoe.

Mr. L. A. Thurston, a prominent attorney and capitalist of Honolulu, arrived in this city recently from the Islands, but returned after a stay of a week here.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Clay and Miss Madeline Clay returned last week to "Level Lea," their home in Fruitvale, after a visit in New York.

Miss Grace Mellus, of Los Angeles, whose engagement to Frank Corbusier of this city was recently announced, is spending several weeks as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Banning at their country place at Escondido.

The Presidio Bridge Club held their regular weekly meeting on Friday night of last week at the home of Captain and Mrs. Nugent, at the Presidio. There were four tables of players and the prizes were won by Mrs. Aultman and Mr. John Clem.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis de Fontenay Bartlett (nee Olney), who are spending the summer in Oakland, are rejoicing in the recent advent of a daughter.

The Ross Valley Country Club entertained at a dance at the club house on the evening of July 3d. About forty members and guests were present.

Mr. and Mrs. Worthington Ames are rejoicing in the advent of a son in their home recently.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Starr Keeler are rejoicing in the advent of a son in their home a fortnight since.

Mr. and Mrs. Winslow Beedy, (formerly Miss Olive Hamilton), are rejoicing in the advent of a daughter in their home last week.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. Theodore Wores has again gone to Santa Barbara after a short stay in Oakland.

President Benjamin Ide Wheeler has returned to his home at Berkeley from a trip East.

William Greer Harrison, president of the Olympic Club, will leave on a trip across the Atlantic. Before going, the members of the club have decided to give him a farewell dinner in the clubhouse on Eddy street. The dinner has been scheduled for Tuesday evening next at 6:30 o'clock. Tables are being reserved by the members for the occasion.

The Midsummer encampment of the Bohemian Club will be held from July 23rd to August 6th at their Grove on the Russian River, Sonoma Co.

D. O. Mills sailed for Europe last week. While in London he will be the guest of Ambassador Whitelaw Reid.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and her son, Hermann Oelrichs, Jr., have been stopping at the Hotel Splendide in Aix-les-Bains.

Mrs. Albert Gerberding and her daughter, Miss Beatrice Gerberding, who have been visiting Mrs. Charles S. Aiken at her country place near Howell Mountain, have returned to town. Mr. Aiken is suffering from quite a severe injury to his arm, received a short time ago by being thrown out of a buggy.

Dr. and Mrs. James A. Black went to Lake Tahoe last Tuesday to spend the Fourth with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Bissell, who are at their country place near Tahoe City.

Mrs. C. Frederic Kohl, and her mother, Mrs. Godey, of Washington, D. C., are spending the summer at Lake Tahoe.

Hon. Richard Burke of Tipperary, Ireland, with his son, William E. Burke, is

at Laurelwood, Santa Clara County. The travelers arrived a few weeks ago to look after property interests in town. Mr. Burke and his children being part owners of the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. I. W. Van Weklen, of Alameda is at Lake Tahoe with her two daughters and two sons.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Whitney are at Del Monte where they expect to spend the entire summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Peixotto left their home in New York recently for a two years tour of the Old World. They will spend some time at their chateau at Fontainebleau.

Dr. A. J. Stewart, who is doing so much musically for Oakland, has been appointed organist at Sherith Israel in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Yole have had as their guest Mr. Wilber T. Gracey.

Recent arrivals at the Hotel Del Monte include Mrs. George Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. Edward R. Diamond and Mr. Ward Barron of San Francisco, Mrs. Mark Requa of Oakland, Baron Von Sternberg, of Berlin, and F. Omori of Tokio.

Mrs. G. Lawrence Poole expects to go soon to San Rafael, where she will spend a part of the summer.

Mr. Douglas Grant, who has been at school in the East, has returned to his home at Burlingame for his summer vacation.

The summer golf tournament for the Pacific Coast Championship will take place at Del Monte from August 20 to 25, and it is expected that a large number of players will take part.

Miss Lucile F. Thompson of Denver, as married in the Presbyterian Church Sanat Monica, at noon June 23, to Henry B. Tickner of Los Angeles, the ceremony being performed by Rev. H. P. Wilber. The matron of honor was Mrs. J. N. Sewell and the attendant maid was Miss Clara Tickner, sister of the groom. J. F. Curran of Los Angeles was best man.

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot. Springs during the past week were the following San Franciscans: Judge E. B. Belcher, Mrs. Lucy May Hayes, Dr. W. S. Johnson, Major and Mrs. H. Ben-M. Mr. T. V. Coleman, Mr. Thos. nagee, and Mr. V. G. Hush, Jr.

INVESTMENT

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to American National Bank and Anglo-California Bank.

A. W. BLOW

Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

317 Kohl Bld'g., S. F.

HOTEL RAFAEL

SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

50 minutes from San Francisco. Complete change of Climate.

TIBURON OR SAUSALITO FERRY.

All Modern Conveniences.

R. V. HALTON, Prop.

HOTEL COLLINGWOOD

35th St., bet. 5th Ave. and Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district, containing every modern device for comfort of guests.

Positively exclusive. Service a la carte.



CALIFORNIA LIMITED
TO
CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS
LEAVES DAILY AT 9:30 A. M.
WITH DINERS AND SLEEPERS

7:30 a. m. For Stockton, Merced, direct connection for Yosemite Valley, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield

8:00 a. m. and intermediate points.

9:20 a. m.—California Limited, 3 days to Chicago. Leaves every day. Direct connection to Grand Canyon.

9:30 a. m.—Valley Limited for Stockton, Merced, direct connection for Yosemite Valley, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield and points on Sierra Railway.

10:55 a. m.—For Stockton Riverbank, Oakdale and points on Sierra Railway.

4:00 p. m.—For Stockton, Fresno and intermediate points.

5:00 p. m.—Overland Express for Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and Grand Canyon.

NOTE—Yosemite V. R. R. trains leave Merced for Yosemite Valley at 5:20 a. m. and 2 p. m. every day.

TICKET OFFICES
Ferry Building, San Francisco.
1112 Broadway, and Fortieth, and San Pablo avenue, Oakland.
University and West street, Berkeley.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Company of Hartford.

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital\$1,000,000.00
Cash Assets5,340,136.94
Surplus to Policy-holders.... 2,414,921.16
COLIN M. BOYD,

Agent for San Francisco,
2310 California St. San Francisco,
525 Thirteenth St., Oakland.
BENJAMIN J. SMITH,
Manager Pacific Department.

BULLOCK & JONES CO.

NEW QUARTERS

801 Van Ness Avenue, Cor. Eddy St.

CARS PASS THE DOOR

All garments made on premises as in old establishment

GERMANIA NATIONAL BANK
OF SAN FRANCISCO

Is now open for business at their new quarters

521 MARKET STREET, bet. 1st and 2d Sts.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

OFFICERS:—W. A. Frederick, Pres.

F. Kronenberg, Vice-Pres.

F. Kronenberg Jr., Cashier

R. F. Christ, Asst Cashier

CABLE ADDRESS "GERMANIA"

ARMY AND NAVY.

Rear-Admiral Henry W. Lyons, U. S. N., who has been commanding officer of the Honolulu Naval Station, arrived on the Mongolia on July 3d, accompanied by Mrs. Lyons. They were met here by a tug which conveyed them at once to Mare Island. Admiral Lyons has assumed permanent command of the navy yard at Mare Island, vice Captain Alexander McCracken, U. S. A., captain of the yard and temporary commandant since the retirement of Rear-Admiral Bowman H. McCalla on June 19th.

Major-General John R. Brooke, U. S. A., retired, Mrs. Brooke, and the latter's sister, Miss Stearns, returned on the Mongolia on July 3d from a pleasure trip to the Orient.

General Frederick A. Funston, U. S. A., and Major Carroll A. Devol, Department Quartermaster, U. S. A., left on July 3d for a ten days' fishing trip in Idaho, as the guests of Mr. E. E. Calvin.

Colonel Sedgwick Pratt, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been placed on the retired list with the rank of brigadier-general.

Colonel William L. Pitcher, U. S. A., who was recently promoted, has been assigned to duty as commanding officer of the Twenty-seventh Infantry stationed at Fort Sheridan, Illinois.

Major S. W. Dunning, U. S. A., and Mrs. Dunning, who have recently been staying in Oakland, have gone to Burlingame and will spend the summer there.

Major Abner Pickering, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., stationed at Alcatraz, has been granted six weeks' leave and left last week for Chicago to join Mrs. Pickering and the Misses Pickering, who left shortly after the fire.

Authority has been received at Division Headquarters, from Washington for Captain William G. Haan, assistant, and acting chief of staff, Pacific Division, to remain on this coast until November 1st. Captain Haan will go to the American Lake maneuvers with General Funston, U. S. A., as chief of staff. He was ordered in the first instance to go to Fort Monroe, Virginia, on August 15th for duty there. Mrs. Haan will leave late this month for Los Angeles, where she will visit friends for a few weeks before going to Tacoma to join Captain Haan.

Captain Sydney A. Cloman, general staff, U. S. A., has arrived from Washington, D. C., and will remain here until about August 1st, when he will proceed to Vancouver Barracks and march to American Lake with the Fourteenth Infantry. Captain Cloman has been detailed as observer of the maneuvers.

Captain Edward P. Orton, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., who was ordered to proceed to San Francisco to report on July 25th to the commanding general, Department of California, for duty as paymaster general of that department, has had his orders amended and will instead proceed to Vancouver Barracks and report for duty in the Department of the Columbia with station at Portland, Oregon, until the close of the American Lake maneuvers, when he will report for duty here.

Captain William T. Burwell, U. S. N., who has recently been stationed at Mare Island, and is now at Bremerton Navy Yard, has been promoted to the rank of rear-admiral, to date from June 6th.

Captain John T. Nance, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty on the relief work in Oakland and has returned to his duty as instructor of Military Science and Tactics at the University of California at Berkeley.

Captain Daniel W. Ketcham, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has succeeded Captain L. R. Burgess, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., as adjutant of the Presidio of San Francisco post. Captain Burgess has been granted two months' leave of absence before proceeding to Fort Totten. He at present is visiting in Mill Valley.

Captain Lawrence B. Simonds, Subsistence Department, U. S. A., is relieved from duty as assistant to the Chief Commissary, Department of California, and left on Tuesday for Denver, Colorado, where he will report for duty as chief commissary of the maneuver camp to be located at

Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming. On completion of this duty Captain Simonds will return to California.

Captain Harry E. Howland, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., has been detailed by order of the President, as major to command the Sixth Battalion, Philippine Scouts, vice Captain Charles T. Boyd, Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., relieved. Captain Boyd will rejoin his troop.

Lieutenant Arthur MacArthur Jr., U. S. N., has been detached from duty on the U. S. S. Ohio, now in Chinese waters, and ordered home.

Lieutenant Graham Parker, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., left last week for the East, where he will spend three months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant John O'Neill, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, which he is spending at Yosemite.

Ensign Caspar Goodrich, U. S. N., and Ensign Wallace Berthoff, U. S. N., have been promoted to be lieutenants from June 7, 1906, to fill vacancies existing in that grade on that date.

Cadet Henry Walter Torney, a member of this year's class of the Military Academy at West Point, has been appointed as a second lieutenant in the Artillery Corps, U. S. A. He is a son of Colonel George H. Torney, U. S. A., who commands the Army General Hospital at the Presidio.

Cadet John Sedgwick Pratt, a son of General Sedgwick Pratt, U. S. A., retired, who graduated from West Point this year, has been appointed a second lieutenant in the Artillery Corps, U. S. A.

Two companies of the Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., commanded by Major Van Vliet, U. S. A., are expected to arrive today (Saturday) on the transport Sherman from Honolulu, having come to the State for the Division Rifle Competition to be held at Monterey at the end of this month. They will probably be here about a month.

Rear-Admiral Caspar F. Goodrich, U. S. N., was the guest of honor at a dinner given recently by Mrs. Cyrus Dolph, at her home in Portland, Oregon. Twelve guests were present and about thirty more came in later for bridge. Those at dinner were, besides the guest of honor, Judge and Mrs. Charles Wolverton, Colonel and Mrs. Davis of Vancouver Barracks, Mrs. J. B. Montgomery, Mrs. W. B. Ayer, Miss Hazel Dolph, Miss Martha Hoyt, Miss Failing and Mr. Wheelwright.

Company I, Signal Corps, U. S. A., commanded by Captain William H. Oury, U. S. A., sailed from Manila for this port on the transport leaving there July 10th. On arriving here the company will proceed to Fort Omaha, Nebraska, for station.

Commander L. L. Reamy, U. S. N., Mrs. Reamy and Mr. Brewster Reamy, who are so well known on this coast have gone to Nantucket, Massachusetts for a brief stay, after which they will sail for a year's sojourn abroad.

Mrs. Goodrich, the wife of Admiral Goodrich, U. S. N., and her daughter, Miss Gladys Goodrich, returned on the Mongolia from a trip to Honolulu and Japan.

It wasn't a Missouri editor but a printer's devil who was going through his first experience in "making up" forms. The paper was late and the boy got the galleys mixed. The first part of the obituary notice of a peculiar citizen had been dumped into the forms and the next handful of type came off of a galley describing a recent fire. It read like this: "The pallbearers lowered the body into the grave and as it was consigned to the flames there were few if any regrets, for the old wreck had been an eyesore to the town for years. Of course there was individual loss, but that was fully covered by insurance."

The widow thinks the editor wrote the obituary that way because the lamented partner of her joys and sorrows owed him five years subscription. —Evening Sun.

Marshall P. Wilder tells of a young man in Wilkesbarre who had aspirations to the hand of a daughter of one of the wealthiest men in that place. Recently the hopeful one had an interview with the father for the purpose of laying the matter before him. "Well," growled the old man, "what I most

desire to know is, what preparation have you made for the future?" "Oh," exclaimed the suitor, in a confident and obliging tone, "I am a Presbyterian; but if that denomination doesn't meet with your approval, I am quite willing to change."

"Ah, the bugler!" exclaimed the beautiful girl graduate. "Doesn't it always bring something to your mind to hear the call of the bugle?"

"Yes," yawned the corpulent and unromantic matron, "it always reminds me that I have a pair of scissors to grind, and if I don't hurry the scissors grinder will get out of sight." —Chicago News.

A Hindu mahatma declares that there is but one "perfect soul" in America and that is in Chicago. "Bathhouse John" or Mayor Dunne?—Kansas City Journal.

The sale of the Bible increases with wonderful rapidity. During the year ending March, 1906, nearly 6,000,000 copies of the scriptures were circulated by the British and Foreign Bible Society, which exceeded the society's previous highest output by 33,000 copies. This is the more remarkable in the face of the disturbed conditions which have prevailed in Russia, China, and Japan, where some of the society's heaviest sales take place. The polyglot nature of the Bible society's work is instanced in the fact that at Winnipeg, for example, the scriptures were supplied in forty-three different languages, while at Johannesburg versions in fifty-two languages were sold at the depot in that city, and a fifty-third was asked for by a newcomer, who demanded a Bible in Icelandic, which the agent had not in stock. During the past year eleven new languages have been added to the society's list of versions.

"Speaking of a labor agitation," began the lazy reporter. "The worst in my experience."

"Was when some one asked you to do some actual work, I suppose," broke in the city editor, who knew his man.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Cincinnati telephone girls are going to take boxing lessons in order to protect themselves from masher. The Cincinnati Telephone Company might simplify matters by hiring homely girls only.—Chicago Record-Herald.

In boyhood Carl Schurz was an Old World hero of romance; in the history of his native country his knightly deeds have put on an atmosphere of tradition and of myth. In manhood he battled for freedom and the life of the American union. In ripe age he stood among the honored heroes and counsellors of the republic. He passes away, leaving a blameless and beautiful fame as a precious inheritance for his fatherland and for the country of his adoption, and of his splendid devotion.—Editorial in the July Century.

Cincinnati believes in employing home talent. And where in Ohio could they be found?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

IS NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC.

In a new and central location at 1226 Post street, near the Emporium, is the cosy home of the Vienna Cafe and Bakery. The Dining Rooms have been fitted up most elaborately making it one of the most attractive cafes in the city. The cuisine and service will receive the special attention of the proprietor, Mr. F. B. Galindo, who has catered to the San Francisco public for so many years past. A Grill, Restaurant and fine Bakery all in a handsome private residence is something entirely new and will no doubt recommend itself to ladies while out shopping. Special rooms for receptions and banquets are also one of its features. San Francisco's Original Vienna is opening up its new establishment in fine style where appetizing breakfasts, lunches and dinners are to be had at popular prices the same "as before the late unpleasantness."

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

EDUCATIONAL.

MISS HARKER'S SCHOOL, Palo Alto, Cal. Home and Day School for Girls. Intermediate and Primary Departments. Certificate admits to Stanford, Vassar and Wellesley. Number limited. Reopens August 20th.

OGONTZ SCHOOL for YOUNG LADIES.

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia, two hours from New York. The late Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circulars address

MISS SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal, Ogontz, School P. O., Pa.

Miss Ransom's School for Girls

Will open on Wednesday, August 15, at 484 Prospect Avenue, Oakland. A limited number of boarders received

MARION RANSOM
EDITH BRIDGES
Principals.

STEAMSHIP LINES.

AMERICAN LINE

St. Paul July 14 | St. Louis Aug. 4
New York July 28 | Philadelphia Aug. 11

Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool

Friesland July 14 | Merion July 28
Westerland July 21 | Noordland Aug. 4

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE

Mesaba July 14 | Minnehaha July 28
Minneapolis July 21 | Minnetonka Aug. 4

HOLLAND-AMERICAN LINE

Statendam July 11, 11 am | Noordland Aug. 8, 6 am
Ryndam July 18, noon | N. Am'tm Aug. 15, 12 am
Potsdam Aug. 1, noon | Statendam Aug. 22, 10 am

RED STAR LINE

Zeeland July 14 | Finland Aug. 4
Vaderland July 28 | Zeeland Aug. 11

WHITE STAR LINE

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool

Maestricht July 11 | Teutonic July 25
Celtic July 13 | Cedric July 27
Oceanic July 18 | Baltic Aug. 1

Republic July 12 | Arabic Aug. 2
Cymric July 19 | Republic Aug. 16

TOYO KISEN KAISHA

ORIENTAL S. S. CO. has opened their general offices at 217-221 BRANNAN ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Steamers will leave wharf, corner of First and Brannan streets, 1 p. m. for Yokohama and Hongkong, calling at Honolulu, Kobe, (Higo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamer for Manila, India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

S. S. Nippon Maru, Saturday, July 28, '06.

S. S. Hong Kong Maru, Friday, Aug. 24, '06.

S. S. America Maru, Friday, Sept. 14, '06.

Round trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan sts. W. H. AVERY, Assistant General Manager.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

HONOLULU only—S. S. Sierra sails 11 a. m. July 21. Round trip, first class, \$125.
TAHITI, SOUTH SEAS—S. S. Mariposa sails 11 a. m. Aug. 6. Grand Tour. This voyage, \$125 Round Trip.

Sydney, Auckland, Samoa, Honolulu

S. S. Sierra sails 2 p. m., July 12.

OCEANIC STEAMSHIP CO.,

Office, 1003 Broadway, Oakland, Pier 7, San Francisco.

HAS NEVER FAILED

TRY IT

HERBO CORN CURE

Relieves Pain in One Night

Twenty-five Cents All Druggists

Mt. Tamalpais Railway

Via Sausalito Ferry—Foot of Market St.

Lv. San Fran.	Ar. Tamalpais
Weekday Sunday	Sunday Weekday
7:15 A.	9:27 A.
9:50 A.	11:12 P.
10:15 A.	12:20 P.
1:45 P.	1:40 P.
12:45 P.	3:10 P.
2:15 P.	4:40 P.
4:35 P.	6:40 P.
Legal Holidays	Sunday Time

TICKET OFFICE AT SAUSALITO FERRY

HELPING THE HOMELESS.

The Continental

Building and Loan Association

Has helped build up several interior towns and cities of California but for the next few years its force will be used to help restore the burned homes of San Francisco.

Dr. Washington Dodge, President.

Gavin McNab, Attorney.

Wm. Corbin, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr.

Office: Corner Market and Church Sts.

THE ALLEGED HUMORIST

He—"I asked her to tell me her age, and she said 'twenty-three.'" She—"Well—did you?" —*Brooklyn Life*.

"Why do you refer to his fortune as hush money?" Waggy—"He made it in soothing syrup." —*Philadelphia Record*.

"Do you leave your valuables in the hotel safe when you go to a summer resort?" "Only when I leave." —*Judge*.

"That man has a very shady business record." "Why, what has he been doing?" "He puts up awnings." —*Baltimore American*.

Stello—"Isn't that Mr. Bachelor kind and gentle?" Bello—"That's just the trouble: he stands without hitching." —*Brooklyn Life*.

Sophedde—"A penny for your thoughts, Miss Pert." Miss Pert—"They are not worth it. I was merely thinking of you." —*Philadelphia Record*.

"Out of a job, eh?" "Yeh, de boss said he was losin' money on de t'ings I was makin'." "Dat so? Wot was you makin'?" "Mistakes." —*Philadelphia Press*.

"I hear your boss expects to raise your salary this month." "So he says; but he hasn't succeeded in raising all of last month's yet." —*Philadelphia Press*.

"What kind of pie will you have, Willie—mince or apple?" "I'll take two pieces of each, please." "Two pieces!" "Ye'em. Mama told me not to ask twice." —*Life*.

"For godness' sake. What's that noise?" "The girl next door is having her voice cultivated." "Huh! Apparently the process of cultivation has reached the harrowing season." —*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"See that man? Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!" laughed Love. "What's the matter with him?" asked Envy. "Nothing," answered Love, "only he's a locksmith. Ha! ha! ha!" —*Philadelphia Record*.

"Isn't it splendid out here all alone?" began Mr. Boreim, who had found her musing beside the quiet lake. "Yes," replied Miss Bright, "I was thinking that very thing as you came along." —*Philadelphia Press*.

Mrs. Widder (at the door)—"I thought I told you never to call again." Mr. Loster—"I didn't come to see you, Madam. I came to collect a little bill." "Ah—I see—er—call again, won't you?" —*Cleveland Leader*.

Mistress—"I am sorry to trouble you, Bridget, but my husband wants his breakfast to-morrow at 5:30." Cook—"Oh it won't be no trouble at all, mum, if he don't knock nothin' over 'whoole cookin' it an wake me up." —*Judge*.

Young Husband—"I told the governor I thought it would be wise if we started house-keeping at once." Young Wife—"And did he endorse the opinion?" Young Husband—"Oh, yes, he endorsed the opinion all right." —*Town and Country*.

Mutual Savings Bank

710 Market Street, Opposite Third SAN FRANCISCO.

Guaranteed Capital\$1,000,000
Paid-up Capital 300,000
Surplus 320,000
Deposits, Jan. 1, 1906.....10,213,501
Interest paid on loans. Loans on approved securities.

OFFICERS—President, James D. Phelan; first vice president, John A. Hooper; secretary and cashier, George A. Story; assistant secretary and assistant cashier, C. B. Hobson; attorney, Frank J. Sullivan.

Directors—James D. Phelan, Frank J. Sullivan, Jas. M. McDonald, S. G. Murphy, James Moffitt, Robt. McElroy, Charles Holbrook, Rudolph Spreckels.

P. E. BOWLES, Pres.

BANKING.

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY

Capital Fully Paid.....\$ 2,000,000
Total Assets.....19,000,000

A General Banking Business Conducted. Savings and Checking Accounts Received. Interest Paid on Deposits.

MAIN OFFICE:

Corner California and Montgomery Streets

West End Branch: 1531 Devisadero St., near Post.

Mission Branch: 927 Valencia Street, near Twenty-first.

Uptown Branch: 1850 Geary Street, west of Fillmore.

DAVID F. WALKER, Pres.
J. DALZELL BROWN, Mgr.

FRENCH AMERICAN BANK

Union Trust Building, Third Floor

Ready to accommodate its customers and do a general banking business. We will collect on insurance policies for those wishing our services.

THE FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

Occupies offices in the same building. Officers—Charles Carpy, president; Arthur Legallet, vice president; Leon Bocqueraz, vice president.

Directors—J. E. Artigues, O. Bozio, J. A. Bergerot, E. J. De Sabla, J. M. Dupas, J. S. Godeau, J. J. Mack, Geo. Belaney, Leon Kaufman.

German Savings and Loan Society

482 California Street, San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus\$2,536,763.61
Capital Actually Paid up in Cash 1,000,000.00
Deposits, Dec. 30, 1905.....39,112,812.82
F. Tillman, Jr., president; Daniel Meyer, first vice president; Emil Rohte, second vice president; A. H. R. Schmidt, cashier; William Herrman, assistant cashier; Geo. Tourney, secretary; A. H. Muller assistant secretary; W. S. Goodfellow, general attorney.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

F. Tillman, Jr., Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohte, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, N. Ohlandt J. W. Van Berger, E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

Security Savitgs Bank

316 MONTGOMERY STREET
Established March, 1871

Authorized Capital\$1,000,000.00
Paid-up Capital 500,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits 280,000.00
Deposits, Dec. 30, 1905 4,829,205.94
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made. Banking by mail a specialty.

William Babcock President
S. L. Abbot Vice President
Fred W. Ray Secretary
Directors—William Babcock, S. L. Abbot, O. D. Baldwin, Joseph D. Grant, E. J. McCutcheon, L. F. Monteagle, R. H. Pease, Warren D. Clark, Jas. L. Flood, J. A. Donohue, John Parrott, Jacob Stern.

American National Bank

DEPOSIT GROWTH

Mar. 3, '02\$ 387,728.50
Sept. 15, '02 1,374,983.43
Mar. 15, '03 2,332,582.94
Sept. 15, '03 2,629,113.39
Mar. 15, '04 3,586,912.31
Sept. 15, '04 3,825,471.71
Mar. 15, '05 4,349,427.92
Sept. 15, '05 4,938,629.05
Mar. 15, '06 5,998,431.52
June 18, '06 6,650,555.84
FRANCIS CUTTING Vice Pres.
GEO. N. O'BRIEN Cashier

Merchant's Exchange Building

FRANCIS CUTTING, Vice-Pres.

GEO. N. O'BRIEN, Cashier.

GUY T. WAYMAN
Locate down town
OFFICES AND STORES TO LET
CENTRAL BUILDING

519 Market Street, between First and Second Streets

Electric Light
Sanitary Service
and Night Watchman

GUY T. WAYMAN

519 Market Street

The First National Bank

Of San Francisco, Cal.

CORNER BUSH AND SANSOME STS.

CAPITAL\$1,500,000
SURPLUS 1,500,000

Accounts invited from banks, corporations and individuals.
Safe deposit boxes to rent in vaults that came through the fire unharmed.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

CAPITAL\$10,000,000
SURPLUS 4,000,000

Is Located at Its Old Headquarters

Southeast Corner California and Sansome Streets
SAN FRANCISCO

Belvedere, California
HILLSIDE INN

Tiburon Ferry, 40 minutes from San Francisco. Boating and Bathing. Terms reasonable. Address

MRS. M. J. WARREN.

ALAMO PINTADO INN
BALLARD, CAL.

A delightful resting place for automobilists traveling between Francisco and Santa Barbara—50 miles north of Santa Barbara miles south of Los Olivos. Daily mail, long distance telephone 72-degree gasoline.

F. M. SHAW, Prop.

Roos Bros.

NOW OPEN

Fillmore at O'Farrell

ANOTHER STORE
About August 15
Van Ness Avenue at Bush

The Argonaut.

Vol. LIX. No. 1532.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1906.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 1711 San Pablo avenue, Oakland, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Jerome A. Hart, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." To insure consideration, manuscripts submitted for publication must be typewritten.

Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal."

Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco; by W. J. Abernethy; by Foster & O'Rear; and by the Dennison News Company on its boats and trains.

Published at San Francisco, Cal. Temporary Office, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal.

THIRTIETH YEAR.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

JEROME A. HART - - - - - Editor

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL—The Democratic Presidential Nomination—High and Low Levels in Cities—The Fall of Congressional Elections—Relief Commission Clothing Problems—Printing by the Government—It is Good to be Honest and True—Money Here and Elsewhere—Fire Protection, Old and New—Relief for Land Owners and Renters—The Insurance Situation—House Servants in Camps	1-6
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	6
THE NEW SAN FRANCISCO—Architects on Rebuilding	7
EARTHQUAKE ECHOES—The Great Shock of Oct. 21, 1868	8
ARGONAUTS FOR OUR FILES	9
OLD FAVORITES—The Burial of Sir John Moore	9
ANITY FAIR	10
TAGE GOSSIP	11
LITERARY NOTES—New Publications—Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip	12
RAG-TIME FUNERAL MARCH—Poetry from the Philippines	12
TORYETTES	13
PERSONAL—Engagements and Weddings—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy	14-15
ILLEGED HUMORISTS	16
UNEUFUL LIAR	16

The Democratic Presidential Nomination.

It is just two years since the Democratic National Convention nominated for President of the United States Judge Alton B. Parker. At that time the Democratic party seemed bent on repudiating W. J. Bryan. It is true that he was a delegate at the St. Louis Convention, but over two-thirds of the other delegates were against him when he opposed Judge Parker's nomination. He had enough of a following to force the convention to

ignore the financial question in the platform. Over the financial plank Mr. Bryan waged a long and strenuous fight, resulting at last in his apparent victory. This conquest was followed by his complete physical collapse after days and nights of unceasing toil without sleep. After Mr. Bryan had retired from the scene completely exhausted, the convention turned around in its tracks and indorsed Judge Parker's telegram which declared the gold standard to be "irrevocably established."

What follows is very recent history. In the convention two-thirds of the Democratic delegates followed Parker and turned their backs on Bryan. In the Presidential election two-thirds of the Democratic voters turned their backs on Parker and followed Bryan. That is, they refused to vote for the Democratic candidate, and many of them voted for Theodore Roosevelt.

William R. Hearst was Judge Parker's opponent before the St. Louis Convention. Since Judge Parker was defeated Mr. Hearst has been actively engaged in nursing his own Presidential boom. It has been thought that Hearst and Bryan would in consequence collide. But on the 6th of July Mr. Hearst gave out to the Associated Press an authoritative statement in which he said, "I would like to state very positively that I am not a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1908."

Mr. Hearst's announcement is variously received. The Tammany leaders think that it is disingenuous. They say that Hearst is too shrewd to oppose the present Bryan boom, which seems irresistible. But, as the National Convention is still two years off, many things may happen in the meantime. Therefore, say the Tammany men, Hearst shows shrewdness now in announcing that he is not a candidate; thus he avoids antagonizing Bryan's friends. If he stands aside now, and if anything happens to Bryan in the next two years, Mr. Hearst will surely be his political legatee. Hearst will then probably have the backing of Bryan's friends. With such backing he would, as against Senator Bailey or Governor Folk, have a walk-over.

In the meantime Mr. Hearst is in active pursuit of the Governorship in New York. His political managers say that they can secure the Democratic nomination if they want it, but that Mr. Hearst is indifferent; that his independent league will nominate him; that the independent voters will elect him; and that the Democratic convention will be forced to indorse him whether they want to or not.

What is called "the safe and sane Democracy," or the Conservative Gold Democrats of the Eastern States, have apparently determined to accept Bryan as gracefully as may be. Considering the venomous way in which they opposed him so short a time ago, it is a little awkward. But politicians may be depended upon to accomplish even more difficult flip-flops than that. There can be no

doubt that Mr. Bryan's rating in the opinion of the American people has greatly changed. But it does not seem to us that Mr. Bryan himself has changed. He expresses himself concerning public questions in very much the same terms as he did in 1904, in 1900, and in 1896. True, he has stopped talking about the silver question, but he says that there is no longer a silver question. He maintains that the parity of gold and silver is adjusting itself, and it would seem as if he were not far wrong. There can be no question that during the last few years either silver has been rising in value or gold has been falling. On other matters Mr. Bryan's stand now seems conservative beside that of President Roosevelt. Some of the measures advocated by the President are infinitely more advanced than those advocated by Mr. Bryan. It is also not to be controverted that Mr. Roosevelt has gone farther in his attacks on trusts and corporations than Mr. Bryan could ever have succeeded in doing.

On the whole, according to present indications, the nomination of Mr. Bryan for the Presidency seems assured. Both the "safe and sane wing" and the socialistic wing of the Democracy seem to indorse him. The first is represented by August Belmont and his set. The socialistic wing is represented by Mayor Tom L. Johnson of Cleveland and Tom Watson, the Southern politician and writer. If Mr. Bryan becomes the nominee of the Democracy, it is believed by many Republicans that President Roosevelt is the only man who can defeat him. In that case the President may be forced to accept the nomination whether he wishes it or not.

High and Low Levels in Cities.

In visiting ancient cities the present writer has often wondered at the remarkable elevation of the modern street levels. Probably Jerusalem is one of the most ancient cities known to history which is still inhabited by man. In Jerusalem you may often see burrows descending seven or eight feet beneath the present level of the street by which the dwellers enter ancient houses. Dirty as have been and are the inhabitants of Jerusalem, it is scarcely credible that the deposition from their cutaneous real estate, even for ages, could have elevated the street levels to such an extent. Therefore there must be some other reason for this curious phenomenon. It is to be noticed in other old cities, but as Jerusalem is probably the most ancient city still in being, and unquestionably the most filthy, it is a good case in point. Jerusalem, too, is situated on a mountain range, and sits on a mountain top about twenty-five hundred feet above sea level. Dirty as is the human race, it is likewise notoriously lazy. It is, therefore, impossible to believe that the dwellers in Jerusalem could have lugged rubbish up a mountain twenty-five hundred feet in the

air simply for the curious pleasure of throwing it into the street. The street is their only garbage dump, for they have no backyards. In the savage stages of existence in Northern Europe our remote ancestors accumulated "kitchen-middens" by the same propensity—to-wit, throwing their rubbish out of the front door of the hut. They were, however, more nomadic and less lazy than the Jerusalemites; therefore, when the heap of rubbish in front of their houses grew so high that they could not see over it, our ancestors simply settled the problem by moving some rods off and starting another kitchen-midden.

The Jerusalem dwellers were not so wise. They began staying still a couple of thousand years ago, and they are there yet.

The phenomena attending the rapid reconstruction of San Francisco shed some light on these perplexing problems. All over the city temporary buildings are being rushed up. They are constructed of wood, of tin, of corrugated iron, even of wooden frames with a canvas roof. These flimsy structures are occasionally varied by substantial ones of brick, steel, or stone. Yet in all except the enduring structures there is such haste to get them built that the builders care little for the foundations. They scrape and level the masses of brick, stone, mortar, plaster, cinders and ashes, until they have secured an unsubstantial foundation for their structure, and then it rears itself upward. Probably Jerusalem has been burned down many times since its first stone was laid. San Francisco is only a half century old, and it has been thrice destroyed. Doubtless it will be burned yet many times in the process of the ages, and with each successive fire we make no doubt that a new city will be erected on the ruins of the old. Into the modern city there has been pouring for half a century millions of tons of building material. Now all this is reduced to wreckage and rubbish. It is the aim of all to get it away as soon as possible. Therefore it is being "dumped" in all sorts of places which are lower than others. Market Street—which below Second Street to the bay had sunk from one to three feet—is suggested as an excellent place for dumping rubbish. So are the swamps between the Potrero and the hilly portion north of Market Street. So is much of the land east of Sansome Street. In short, in addition to the shacks which are being erected on the razed foundations, all of the vast amount of structural material which three months ago made up a magnificent city will probably remain there. But it will be in a different shape and condition. The buildings of the old city will make a substratum for the new. The debris will be used for filling the low places. It will be smeared over the surface of the city like a gigantic plaster. If its bulk could be estimated, a simple arithmetical process dividing the bulk by the space would show the aggregate raising in level of the new San Francisco.

Probably this is the explanation of the gradual raising of level in ancient cities. San Francisco is a modern one, but her down-town streets have been much raised since 1849. The level of the new down-town San Francisco will also be higher than the city of 1905. As San Francisco grows older, she will, like the ancient cities, lift her-

self up as she rises out of her ruins—"rising from her dead self to higher things."

The Fall Congressional Elections.

Six months ago there was a slight weak-kneed feeling among the Republican Congressmen. They could not exactly tell what made them feel so, but some of them had a feeling of apprehension in their bones. Probably what had a great deal to do with it was the prevalence of what is known as the "Iowa idea." In Iowa there are a great many Republicans who think that the tariff needs revision. There are also a great many Republicans outside of Iowa who think that the tariff needs revision. President Roosevelt himself, in his messages to Congress not many months ago, was of the opinion that the tariff needs revision. True, the President has not said so much about revision during these recent days. But it is the belief of the revision Republicans, in Iowa and outside of Iowa, that he still believes in revision. So thinking, they are inclined to believe, now that the President has Congress off his hands, that he will talk revision more than he did.

The prevalence of the Iowa idea, which alarmed so many Republican Congressmen last year, does not scare them so much now. They say that the President rather sympathizes with the Iowa revisionists, and it is quite evident that the people sympathize with the President on many things and possibly on revision. If that is the case, the Republican Congressmen who want to be re-elected will shout for "Revision and Roosevelt" when their districts are infected with the Iowa idea, and will shout for "Roosevelt the Trust Buster" in districts where their constituents do not believe in revision. They will follow the good old rule laid down by Republican leaders at the time of the greenback inflation epoch, when there was such a bitter fight between the adherents of hard money and soft money. Then the leaders gave this sage advice to Republican Congressmen going forth to do battle for votes: "You must hurrah for hard money in the East, softening it a little as you get West; but you must shout for soft money in the West, hardening it a good deal as you get East."

In the districts where the revision hurrah is inexpedient, Republican Congressmen will not only hurrah for Roosevelt, but will hurrah for the Roosevelt Congress, for the President has fairly won the right to claim the recent session of Congress as one which he controlled. It will be hard for most of the Congressmen to hurrah for Roosevelt, as nearly all of the measures which Congress passed under pressure from the White House were measures in which the Congressmen did not believe. But they do not dare to go into their districts and say about the President what they said about him in Washington. On the contrary, they intend to say that he and they "Busted the Trusts"; that he and they passed the Railroad Rate Bill; that he and they passed the Panama Canal Bill; that he and they indicted the Paper Trust; that he and they held up the Drug Trust; that he and they passed the inspection law for the meat packers; that he and they passed the Pure Food Bill. In short, after opposing the President secretly in Congress, many of them will make their campaigns under his mighty name.

An amusing feature of the campaign will

also be that some of these measures forced by Mr. Roosevelt on an unwilling Congress were pet measures of Mr. Bryan. Thus, when the Republicans meet the Democrats this fall, and argue over the actions of majority and minority, it will seem as if President Roosevelt had stolen much of the Democratic thunder.

Relief Commission Clothing Problems.

Among the many puzzling problems presenting themselves to the Relief Commission for solution, one is the system of clothing distribution. The Relief Commissioners now maintain a clothing warehouse which costs them nearly five thousand dollars a month to run. They maintain another supply-house for groceries which costs them nearly as much. It has been suggested that their costly and cumbersome system of distributing clothing and groceries should be replaced by a system of orders for goods on the regular retail dealers of San Francisco. As it is now, the clothing and grocery business, as conducted by the Relief Commission, is handled by amateurs. Everybody knows what amateur work means. The best amateur theatrical entertainment that ever happened is worse than the worst professional. What the amateur distribution of food and clothing must be when compared with professional work one can readily imagine; it must be very, very bad. The unfortunate refugees have to wait for hours before they can get the attention of the amateur salesmen and saleswomen—if they will pardon us for the term; when the refugees get the salesmen's attention they often do not get the goods, because "not in stock"; or if they get the goods it is often the wrong kind. When a refugee mother asks for clothing for little Tommy, she is given the Cleopatra kind of clothing instead of the Mark Anthony brand. When the head of the family calls for shoes, instead of the desired number nines he gets some foot gear suited for a stripling. In short, these institutions as at present conducted give almost complete dissatisfaction all around.

The retail merchants are kicking because they say they are trying to make a living by hard work; why then, they ask, should the Commission, which is supposed to aid the refugees, be engaged in trying to turn hard-working retailers into refugees too? The retailers suggest that they have stocks arranged in such ways that they can furnish whatever is wanted without delay; they add that if the Relief Commission were to supply themselves merely with pencil and paper they could give orders to the refugees for whatever is wanted. Thus (say the retailers) the Relief Commission would not be obliged to haul supplies from the freight stations to the central warehouse, thence to the section warehouse, and thence to the supply stations; that all this costly hauling would be saved, and that they, the merchants, would deliver the package directly to the refugees, who now have to go after it, and sometimes have to walk miles back to their camps carrying it. And the retailers close by saying that if this plan were followed the Relief Commission would save over ten thousand dollars a month for useless and unprofitable labor, would save a vast amount of recrimination and heart-burning, and would give this trade to the people to whom it justly belongs.

We are inclined to agree with the retailers.

Printing by the Government.

A fortnight ago, discussing municipal and assisted industries, the Argonaut remarked:

"We will lay a wager that the Government Printing Office in Washington turns out the smallest output per type-setting machine per man to be found in the United States. It is probable that every linotype and monotype machine in that vast concern has its 'secret maximum,' and that every operator who exceeds that maximum output per day gets himself disliked, and that mysterious things are continually happening to his machine. In short, if one wants to know how slowly the governmental mills may grind, all he has to do is to visit Uncle Sam's printing shop at Washington."

And a good time to have chosen was Saturday, the 30th of June, 1906, at the closing of the long session of Congress.

This closing was a most remarkable one. Ever in the recollection of the oldest member had a session ended amid such a maze of disorders. There were mistakes by enrolling clerks, mistakes by printers, and mistakes by proof-readers. The day was one of terrific heat, yet through its blazing hours the House and Senate "sat around" waiting for the return of bills from the Government Printing Office. The President went down to the Capitol and at once repaired to the President's room; our Chief Magistrate never goes to the Capitol save at the end of a Congressional session. and then only for the signing of bills. But there were no bills ready for the President to sign, so he went down into the Senate barber-shop and got shaved. He returned to the President's room, but there were still no bills, so he had luncheon served. Still no bills. He then went over to the Congressional Library, where he spent a couple of hours looking around. He returned to the Capitol. Still no bills. Then the President gave it up in disgust, and returned to the White House. The Senate also grew exasperated over the delay, as finally did the House. Most of the Senators have passed the musical age, and are not fond of sky-larking, so with the hours dragged. In the House the members are younger, and they spent the day singing "Everybody works but Can-," and similar pleasing ballads, until a vocalism palled upon them. At last, after a vast amount of delay, the laggard bills were brought in, went through the Congressional machinery, and thence to the President for his signature. To the amazement and indignation of Congress the Sun-Civil Service Appropriation Bill contained an item appropriating a trifle of three millions for a building in the District of Columbia, which appropriation had been vetoed by the Senate. A Senate Committee was appointed to ascertain who was guilty of this mistake or fraud. The House is a fickle and changeable body, but the Senate never dies. It is theoretically in continuous session. Even if the House forgets its events, the Senate will not. We may expect a report from the Senate Investigating Committee at the next session.

What is the secret of these amazing incidents? They probably are due to the same cause, trades union plots and "secret numbers." Not long ago President Roosevelt was informed by the trades union men of the Government Printing Office that they had a non-union foreman book-binder discharged. President Roosevelt refused. At the union tried to take a high hand, the President is not an easy man to bull-

doze, so the union backed down. Not long after the President grew alarmed at the enormous apparent waste in the Government Printing Office, and appointed a committee to investigate the conditions in that and other Government institutions. As a result the Public Printer was relieved. He was replaced by one Stillings, a Boston master printer, with an excellent reputation for executive ability, accuracy, and honesty.

Ever since then the Government Printing Office has been running badly. On the surface everything is all right, but underneath there are mutterings. The employees say that Public Printer Stillings has "put spies on them." This means that he has been introducing time-cards and having the men keep time on their jobs. Being Government employees, this they resent. They do not want to keep time on their jobs, and they do not want any Public Printer to keep time on them. So they have "had it in" for Public Printer Stillings. Evidently the troubles on the last day of Congress were the result of a prearranged plot on the part of the printers. They had determined to ruin Stillings by getting him into the bad graces of the President, the Senate, and the House. The Public Printing Office is a great pet of Congress. There never has been any attempt to stint its revenues. Correspondingly, Congress expects from it rapidity and accuracy in its work. But the printers' plot in this particular instance seems to have gone awry. Instead of Public Printer Stillings being made the scape-goat, it is probable that the President, the Senate, and the House will hold the employees responsible. Theoretically the Public Printing Office is an open shop, and no American citizen can be excluded from it because he is not a member of the union. In reality, however, it is a union shop, and the union printers there have determined to "down" Stillings, because he has been interfering with their easy jobs. But as Stillings is President Roosevelt's appointee, the printers will probably get into trouble with the President.

It Is Good to Be Honest and True.

Thus runs the old saw: "It is good to be merry and wise—It is good to be honest and true—It is good to be off with the old love—Before you are on with the new." 'Tis an excellent old saw, but let us not too soon forget our Old San Francisco before we have pledged our affection to the New.

Was the Old San Francisco honest? It would seem so. One of the pleasant things about the recent disaster in San Francisco has been the disposition of men to trust one another. We do not mean in the sentimental sense—we mean in business. When an entire community finds its records wiped out, men must necessarily do business on faith for awhile. Therefore, many firms which have saved a few memoranda are sending out account statements of what they believe to be the amounts due them, requesting their customers to "check up" from their own memoranda and let the firm know about what they think the amount is. Other firms which saved no records at all are ingenuously requesting their customers to let them know if any indebtedness is due the firm. To the honor of humanity be it said, both sides seem satisfied with the results.

These reflections refer purely to ordinary accounts, doubtless not reaching up to very

large sums. When a decent interval has elapsed after the disaster, when it is not so sharply outlined in men's minds, when the fear of a tectonic hereafter is not staring them in the face, they may fall into the worldly way of each man trying to get the better of his neighbor. Then, when John thinks that he can get away James's land by indirection because James has lost all written record of his title thereto, John may yield to temptation and "jump" James's land. But may that evil day be distant. When it comes, our friends the lawyers, most of whom were cleaned out by the catastrophe, will reap rich harvests from the resultant litigation.

All of this is outside the issue. We started to tell another story. On the 14th of June we received a letter from a gentleman whom we will call John Doe. Mr. Doe wrote to us as follows:

Mill Valley, June 13, 1906.

Argonaut Publishing Co.

Dear Sirs: A couple of days before the fire I subscribed for your paper, to be sent for two years to Mr. Richard Roe, Barry, Ontario. I paid \$8.00 for same to a blind newsdealer who used to stand on the corner of Bush and Montgomery streets, and took his receipt therefor. Will you kindly look on your mailing list and see if the name of Mr. Richard Roe has been placed on, and very much oblige,

Yours very truly,
John Doe.

We have always found Argonaut subscribers to be above the average in honesty. Very rarely can we recall an instance where they have attempted to do up this simple and confiding newspaper. Therefore—although this seemed to be a comparatively blind trail leading to a blind newsdealer who formerly used to stand on a corner in a city which no longer existed—we at once honored the request of Mr. John Doe, and sent the paper to Mr. Richard Roe. But meanwhile we addressed a letter to Mr. John Doe as follows:

June 22, 1906.

John Doe, Esq., Mill Valley, Calif.

Dear Sir: Yours of June 14th received in regard to a two years' subscription to the Argonaut for Mr. Richard Roe, Barry, Ontario. We will endeavor to find the newsdealer who stood formerly on the corner of Bush and Montgomery streets. Our mailing list we saved from the fire, but we regret to state that the name of Mr. Richard Roe is not on it. Would you kindly drop a line to the newsdealer, and recall the matter to his attention, and we will do the same.

Yours very truly,
The Argonaut Publishing Co.

After waiting some days nothing whatever took place. Mr. John Doe, like the blind newsdealer, seemed to have dropped into the "ewigkeit." Therefore we addressed him another letter running as follows:

June 29, 1906.

John Doe, Esq., Mill Valley, Calif.

Dear Sir: We enclose to you herewith a letter which we addressed to the Newsdealer, Bush and Montgomery St., and a reply made to same by Wakelee & Co. So far we have not been able to locate the newsdealer Barkhausen. We are sending the Argonaut to Mr. Richard Roe, Barry, Ontario, pending the result of your investigations.

Kindly let us hear from you again about the matter.

Yours very truly,
The Argonaut Publishing Co.

The letter which we addressed to the blind newsdealer and the resulting reply we also append:

June 28, 1906.

To the Newsdealer, Bush and Montgomery Sts., San Francisco.

Dear Sir: We are in receipt of a letter from Mr. John Doe of Mill Valley stating that on April 14th he subscribed through you for the Argonaut for two years and holds your receipt for \$8.00 for the same, the Argonaut to be sent to Mr. Richard Roe, Barry, Ontario. Will you kindly forward receipt to us in order that we may put Mr. Doe on our mailing list?

Yours very truly,

The Argonaut Publishing Co.

This letter—addressed to a blind newsdealer who used to stand on a street corner which no longer existed in a city which had been destroyed—we sent forth with the simple and trusting faith of a little child. No pessimist would expect to receive an answer to such a letter. Yet our faith in Uncle Samuel and his postoffice was not misplaced. The puzzled mail carrier had to take the letter to the former corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, and as there was no newsdealer there and no corner, he went to the firm that previously had a place on the corner. He went to Wakelee & Co., who had kept a pharmacy there for some thirty or forty years. Wakelee & Co. kindly replied to us as follows:

June 27, 1906.

Argonaut Publishing Co.

Dear Sirs: Your letter of June 23d addressed to the newsdealer who used to stand in front of our store has been handed us by the mail-carrier with the request to deliver it if possible. The man for whom you inquire was a blind person named Barkhausen, and we have not seen him since the disaster. We have heard, however, that he came through it safely, and is now living in one of the refugee camps around San Francisco. We return your letter and are sorry we cannot give you any further indication as to Barkhausen's address.

Yours very truly,

Wakelee & Co.

This was something. True, it was not much but it was a step forward. The blind newsdealer, unlike his corner, had not ceased to exist. He was known to be living, and was supposed to be in one of the refugee camps around San Francisco. But as there are a score of camps, and some fifty thousand people living there in tents, it seemed doubtful if we would ever succeed in finding out in which particular tent lived one Barkhausen, who was blind, and who used to sell newspapers on a corner that no longer existed.

But everything cometh to him who waits, says the proverb. The very next day we were engaged in perusing attentively the classified ads of a daily newspaper to find if anybody had for sale a left-handed automobile of good moral character that had been brought up in the country, could speak two languages, and mind the baby. We went carefully through the advertisements entitled "For sale. Miscellaneous" and found nothing of the kind mentioned. Turning sadly away, we were about to devote ourselves to other tasks when our eye fell upon the two words, "Barkhausen" and "blind." Feverishly scanning the advertisement we found that it was indeed the lost newsdealer to whom our subscriber Mr. John Doe had so confidently entrusted \$8.00 on the eve of the earthquake. His ad. ran thus:

A. C. BARKHAUSEN, blind newsdealer, formerly at Bush and Montgomery sts., has now opened a periodical agency at 2801 California st.; subscriptions or orders for weekly deliveries sent to that address will be kindly received and

promptly attended to; just mail your address and I will call on you.

Almost anyone will admit that this is a curious sequel of coincidences; that Mr. John Doe should subscribe to the Argonaut; that he should subscribe for his friend Mr. Richard Roe in Canada; that he should subscribe for two years in advance; that he should give the money to a blind newsdealer whom he did not know; that earthquake and fire should follow this action; that a great conflagration should sweep over the city; that it should brush away as if with a besom of destruction four hundred blocks of buildings; that Mr. Doe should search vainly for his newsdealer; that he should tell the Argonaut of his search; that the Argonaut, which never had heard of the blind newsdealer, should join Mr. Doe in his search; that both should fail; that after all, out of the upheaval and wreck and ruin of this cataclysm, the blind man should be discovered at his old business of selling newspapers in the fringe of the houses left on the edge of the city that was ravaged by ruin.

Money Here and Elsewhere.

To show how rapidly trade is reviving in San Francisco one need only look at the bank clearances. It might be imagined, after the crushing disaster of last April, that San Francisco's volume of business would have fallen off enormously. But such is not shown by the Clearing House figures. According to them the volume of trade during the month of June was only about ten per cent less than for the corresponding period during the year 1905. The bank clearances for the first week in July, 1905, were \$35,210,193.17; for the first week in July, 1906, they were \$37,454,268.16. These figures are indeed extraordinary. They show the enormous vitality of the city of San Francisco, and of the resources of the great State behind it.

This revival of business, be it understood, is based almost entirely on the city and State unaided. The Relief Fund can not be said to count. Many of the large donations quoted in the Eastern papers as swelling the Relief Fund were made up of food and clothing; the actual cash fund amounted to only a little over six millions of dollars. Over five millions of that sum yet remains in banks here and in the East, and therefore only about a million and a half has been expended in aiding the destitute. This sum is so small as to have an inappreciable effect on the volume of business. Furthermore, the insurance companies have scarcely begun to settle their losses. Ten or a dozen companies are slowly adjusting and paying up, but about a hundred are merely making a pretense of adjusting, and are paying practically nothing at all. Therefore insurance money in this San Francisco business revival is a negligible quantity.

The depressed condition of the stock markets in London, Paris, and New York has been ascribed by some to the effect of the San Francisco disaster on the insurance companies, as causing them to throw large quantities of securities on the market to meet their San Francisco obligations. This explanation seems to us erroneous, as the amount of money paid by them to their policy holders in San Francisco is as yet so small that it could never have entailed liquidating any such volume of securities as to affect the great stock markets of the world. There are other causes, yet it is difficult to fathom them. In London, consols, which were a year ago

92, fell during the last week of June to 87½. As the English insurance companies are large holders of government consols, they would scarcely sell them at this low price to meet their San Francisco obligations; they could not get more than 88 in any event. Therefore they would prefer to sell their American railway stocks on this side of the water rather than their English consols on the other. But even in New York they would be forced to sell their American securities on a soft and declining market. The most steady stocks in the New York list seem to be slow settling, and so soft is the stock market that it has even affected gilt-edged bonds.

The Pennsylvania Railway has succeeded in placing a fifty-million loan in Paris. This is the first time that such a large block of American securities has been placed in the French stock market. That market is also weak; the French rentes, or government bonds, fell during the last week of June as low as 98.30. The cause of this decline is also difficult to understand. It is believed that the Conservative part of the French population have taken alarm at the spread of Socialism and the strength of the Socialist leaders in the Chamber of Deputies. Led by M. Jaures, the Socialists are threatening the imposition of a heavy income tax and it is alarming the holders of government securities. Hence their disposition to look kindly on American railway bonds.

The United States Government, unaffected by the soft conditions of foreign bonds, about to place thirty million dollars of Panama bonds on the market. These bonds are at two per cents, and are offered at "not less than par." It is believed that they will sell for about 104. The Government affects to believe that it is to be a "public subscription." Very likely it may be so intended, but it is probable that the banks will get the major portion of the Panama bonds, as they are on the same basis as the refunded twos for the use of national banks in securing their note circulation. These refunded Government twos, by the way, are also extremely soft. The credit of the United States Government is higher than that of any government in the world, for since the Boer War Great Britain's consols have declined to a point lower than has been known for many years. The government whose credit stands so high that it can refund four per cents into three and three per cents into twos, certainly is in excellent financial condition. Is it not, then, a curious financial status which will make even its refunded securities sag? In fact, government securities all over the world seem to be soft. The causes are obscure. So ascribe their decline to a fall in the purchasing power of gold—on which metal the basis of first-class powers are based.

Nothing further is known of the announced intention of the Treasury Department to deposit some ten millions of dollars in the San Francisco banks. It is a matter which is entirely within the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury. It is not quite apparent to the layman how it will advantage the business men of this city. In actual volume of currency San Francisco must be well provided, for she has been shipping back millions to the East during the last six weeks.

Fire Protection, Old and New.

For a number of years there has stood on our shelves a work in three volumes entitled, "The Old-New—Ancient History, Modern Inventions and Discoveries," by Edward Fournier. In these three volumes

I. Fournier has accumulated a vast amount of matter tending to show that most of the inventions and discoveries which we believe to be modern are really old. From so comprehensive a work it is difficult to select, but let us note briefly M. Fournier's statement that the conversion of steam into mechanical energy dates centuries back, to the time of Hero of Alexandria, who caused a ball to rotate by means of a jet of steam. This device is one of forty-five different applications of steam to mechanical uses explained by Hero. Another is a ball impelled by steam, revolving rapidly on pivots. This is singularly like the old marine oscillating engine, in which there is no connecting-rod; the piston-rod works directly on to the crank-shaft, while the cylinder oscillates, steam being fed in through the trunnions; this type is now rather out of date. Another Hero device, a horizontal wheel rotating by means of steam fed against vans, has always been admired by mechanics. The eminent French engineer, M. Leon Lalanne, wrote: "Some day perhaps the world may return to this invention by Hero." The world did return to this device in 1629, when John Branca drove a mill by directing a jet of steam against the vans of a horizontal wheel. The world now seems to have returned to it again, for the British Government in its warships, and the Cunard line in its passenger packets, are now using turbine engines, which do away with cylinders, condensers, piston-rods, slide-valves, puppet-valves, eccentrics, and other devices for transforming energy by steam into power, rotary or horizontal. This is the very latest in steam motors. It is believed that it will turn over all the existing steam-engines to the scrap-heap. Yet to the writer, who knows naught of engineering, it seems marvelously like the devices of Branca in 1629 and of Hero in Alexandria ever so many centuries ago.

Space fails us in mentioning the many so-called modern things which M. Fournier proves to be old. Let us select insurance—it is a timely topic. England had marine insurance companies in 1650. But Barcelona had them in 1433. The Florentines had them even earlier, for they are known to have existed in Florence in 1423. As for life insurance, it existed in England in 1741, in Belgium it dates back to 1568. It is said that Colonel Colt, the "inventor" of the modern revolver, once picked up an ancient revolver in a European museum, and his race was a study as he twirled its cylinder between finger and thumb. Fournier says that the revolver was invented not long after gunpowder came into use in Europe, and that in 1638 there existed a magazine gun with a revolving chamber firing six shots invented by Courveux, armorer to King Louis XIV.

What will surprise most people is that the automobile is not modern. In the eighteenth century one Joseph Michael Cugnot invented a machine which he called the "locomobile," and which, impelled by steam, made very rapid time over the roads of France. It was submitted to the First Napoleon, who appointed a committee to report upon it. Probably, like the modern automobile, it had the bad habit of breaking down when you need it most, for it disappeared from history.

These curious and interesting facts prove to us that we moderns do not possess a monopoly of intelligence. Even if we are the heirs of all the ages, we sometimes mislay our heritages. Frequently we use modern

appliances that are not so good as the old ones. We are well aware that many people will disagree with us, and say that everything which is new is better than anything which is old. This belief young people particularly will most strenuously entertain, but as Professor Jowett said to his class, "Gentlemen, no one is infallible, not even the youngest of us."

We are moved to these reflections by a strange discovery which has been recently made in San Francisco. Here and there, in the desert of cinders and ashes which is now the burned district of this city, may be seen buildings or groups of buildings still standing in the midst of the surrounding desolation. They excite keen curiosity as to how they were saved. In most cases they were saved by hard fighting, or by rudimentary appliances, such as carpets and rugs dipped in wine, vinegar or other liquids. But in most cases they were saved because the owners had water supplies of their own. This was notably the case in the Mission district, where some score or more of buildings were saved because they had an individual water supply. These houses are the property of John Center, a pioneer now ninety years of age, who erected these buildings years ago, and who constructed and has retained his own water supply for his own buildings.

The strange discovery of which we speak, however, concerns a forgotten municipal fire-protection plant. The modern firemen have discovered that the old fire-boys had fifty-five water cisterns built in the early days of San Francisco, which cisterns were located in the streets. Two of these cisterns the firemen found in the Mission district were filled with water, one located at Nineteenth and Folsom Streets, the other at Twenty-second and Shotwell Streets; each cistern contained one hundred thousand gallons. The supply of these street reservoirs checked the march of the conflagration, and prevented it from spreading below Howard Street and west of Twentieth Street.

Five other cisterns were found in the Mission district, but in the course of years they had been filled up with earth and hence were useless. It is the belief of the firemen that if the seven cisterns in the Mission district had contained water the fire could have been prevented from extending beyond Fourteenth Street and that thus more than twenty blocks of business houses and dwellings would have been saved. The cisterns in the Mission are at Sixteenth and Folsom Streets, Sixteenth and Mission Streets, Sixteenth and Dolores Streets, Nineteenth and Folsom Streets, Twentieth and Howard Streets, Twenty-second and Shotwell Streets, Nineteenth and Guerrero Streets.

Some of the Mission dwellers profess to believe that these cisterns have been wrecked and filled up by the Spring Valley Water Company. This is preposterous. The water company has larger interests than any property owner in San Francisco, with the possible exception of the Southern Pacific Company. That it should attempt to deprive the city and itself of any means of assisting to extinguish fires is beyond belief. Few corporations, perhaps none, have suffered so severely in the recent conflagration as has the Spring Valley Water Company. Its directors have lost much of their private fortunes by the fire. To think that it would permit its employees to wreck any portion of San Francisco's fire-fighting sys-

tem is to believe that its officials are madmen.

It is probable that the filling up of the old cisterns is due to the laborers who have worked on the streets during the past forty or fifty years, digging trenches for sewers, water pipes, gas pipes, electric conduits, etc. These laborers found it easier to dispose of their rubbish by filling up the old cisterns rather than by hauling it away. So the disappearance of the cisterns may be ascribed in the first instance to the laziness and dishonesty of workmen, and in the second instance to the inefficiency and neglect of officials, for if the fire warden, the fire commissioners, and the fire department officers have known during the last fifty years of the existence of these cisterns, and yet permitted them to be filled up and put out of commission, they are deserving of the strongest condemnation.

The Mission Improvement Association have petitioned the Board of Supervisors and the Board of Fire Commissioners to have all of these cisterns cleaned out and at once filled with water, that there may be some fire protection afforded the district independent of any other water supply. We hope that the municipal officials may at once comply with this request. It will cost very little, and it may save much of what remains. Had the cisterns been full on April 18th they might have saved many millions of dollars. In fact, it is not impossible that they might have put a stop to the fire in its beginning, for a little fire is easily extinguished with a very little water. Thus, these old cisterns of half a century ago might have saved to the city of San Francisco and to its citizens a loss of some four hundred millions of dollars. This enormous property—not counting consequential losses—had nothing to protect it from fire save a single line of water pipe.

Perhaps we know more about some things than the old fellows did fifty years ago. And perhaps they knew more about some things than we do now.

Relief for Land Owners or Renters.

New and perplexing questions daily arise in the administration of the San Francisco Relief Fund. The Commissioners are now perfecting a plan for donating five hundred dollars to each lot-owner to assist him in rebuilding, the money to be paid to the contractor on the completion of the work.

Two of the daily journals seem to approve of this, the Chronicle and the Examiner, which latter journal says: "The class of citizens who possess land on which to build a house, but lack the means, represent the class of citizens who should be aided; it is the best element of the population, consisting of economical and industrious citizens." (The foregoing must not be considered a verbatim quotation, as we take it from *La Voce del Popolo*.) The Italian daily thus criticises the Examiner's conclusions: "You and I, reader, who do not possess a foot of land, do not represent, according to Mr. Hearst's sheet, the 'best element' among the citizens. And although we may be industrious and of good habits we are not worthy of being aided because we do not already possess land. If the millions donated by the generosity of the American people shall be devoted to putting up buildings for small land owners instead of for giving bread to the poverty-stricken who have no land, we shall all be regaled

with the most colossal philanthropic flim-flam the world has ever seen."

At first blush the scheme of aiding land owners to build houses seemed a good one. But the Italian journal seems to think that those who have nothing deserve help more than those who have something.

Well, perhaps they do. Still, the Relief Commissioners can fall back on the Good Book—"To him that hath shall be given."

The Insurance Situation.

There is a slight lull in the insurance conflict. A fortnight ago it looked as if the defaulting insurance companies were on top. Some of the honest companies seemed to be wavering. Everything seemed to be going against the policy-holders. Matters have changed slightly, however, and now things are looking more favorable for the policy-holders. Some of the companies which were on the fence are abandoning the crooked companies, and slowly going into the camp of the dollar for dollar corporations. There are various potent causes for these changes. The first, in our opinion, is the organization of the Policy-Holders' Protective League. That body, which at first seemed to lack cohesion and unity of purpose, is working out its problems admirably. There were, of course differences of opinion at the first meeting. There always are. Assembled there were radicals and conservatives. This journal espoused the cause of those who favored vigorous and radical action. It believed in fighting the insurance companies who were trying to welch, but in assisting the weak companies who honestly tried to meet their obligations. The conservatives did not believe in fighting, but in negotiating. As is usual in such cases, a middle course has been followed.

During the past fortnight the Policy-Holders' League has succeeded in securing the adhesion of a number of commercial bodies, the latest and most important of which is the Clearing House Association. That body, in allying itself with the League, says that it believes the League is "actuated by a desire to see substantial justice done to all interests aiming to promote the future business of our city in the matter of insurance protection." The alliance of the Clearing House Association with the League means not only the aid of all the commercial banks of San Francisco, but it also means that the savings banks will follow them. Before many days all the savings banks in San Francisco will be allied with the commercial banks in the ranks of the Policy-Holders' Protective League. The interior banks will at once hasten to follow the example of the city banks. This allied action of the banks will mean that no policy from a crooked company can be used as collateral with a commercial bank in California, and no property owner insured in a crooked company can borrow money on mortgage from a savings bank in California.

Another factor which is having its effect on the defaulting insurance companies is that the press and the policy-holders in the East are gradually beginning to take note of the conditions prevailing here in insurance circles. Oddly, enough, up to a fortnight ago, little attention had been paid to it there. The great journals of the East have given vastly more space to the life insurance investigation in New York than to the fire

insurance situation in San Francisco. Now, however, such journals as the New York World are daily chronicling the developments in San Francisco. That journal says in a recent issue, "San Francisco could make a valuable return to the people of the United States if it would compile and publish an official list of those fire insurance companies that fail to discharge their obligations in full and of those companies that are attempting to quibble, scale down, or repudiate."

This journal intends to publish such a list, but it is impossible at present, owing to the daily defections from the "six-bit-ters," and some crookedness on the part of companies which boast that they are "paying dollar for dollar." As soon as we can secure an accurate list we shall print it.

The worst offender among the welching companies is the Traders of Chicago. That concern went into what now looks like fraudulent insolvency. It attempted to get its policy-holders here to compromise at sixty per cent, but failed. The policy-holders' attorneys in Chicago declare that the Traders is fully able to pay at least ninety per cent. In the meantime the receiver of the Traders is sending out circulars to policy-holders denying their claims on every possible ground. Some twenty-nine denials are made. These are reasons given among others: as "said policy is void because it was assigned;" or "because building was vacant;" or "because loss was caused by military power;" or "because of neglect of insured to attempt to preserve the property;" or "because interest of insured is not correctly stated;" or "because said proof of loss is further objected to on every possible ground."

It is evident that the Traders' stockholders are going to make a stubborn fight. We hope that the Traders' policy-holders will make it an ugly fight—just as ugly as it is possible to make it, keeping within the law. The rich rascals who own most of the stock in the Traders are vulnerable. Their tender spots can be sought out. Let the policy-holders whom they are trying to rob hunt them down, drag them to light, put them in the pillory of public opinion, and flog them with whips of scorpions. Make them sweat blood, if not money. And if they will not pay their debt in money, take it out in hide.

House Servants in Relief Camps.

One of the curious features of the present situation in San Francisco is the extreme scarcity of domestic servants, although there are many thousands of people out of employment. The Relief Committee frequently receives communications asking where all the female servants can have gone. According to General Greely, it seems that the relief camps are full of idle domestics. He said to the Relief Committee: "I am tired of conducting a Federal pauper house. The sooner this feeding of able-bodied men and women is stopped, the better it will be for the growth of the city. The camps are full of idle and shiftless women, yet there is a great shortage of female help. Employment agents say that they know of any number of domestics who, when asked to accept employment said, 'Why should we work? We have enough to eat and a comfortable shelter.' There are girls in camp at the Presidio who have done no work

since the fire and who will not accept employment, although there is a large demand for household servants. How long are we to go on giving such people a summer outing free of cost?"

The other members of the committee followed, giving their personal experiences in the camps, and agreeing as to the impossibility of getting either male or female servants there. Mr. De Young offered a resolution, which was passed, that all unemployed able-bodied men and women in the camps be forced by the camp commanders to work at keeping the camp clean, and that if they refused they should not be accorded relief supplies or the occupancy of tents. General Greely added that he thought the food supply ought to be cut off completely by the middle of August. Dr. Devine, the chairman, added to this, "We must charge rent for the tents and shelters; until we do this it will be useless to move the people to other quarters." The San Francisco members of the Relief Commission, however, do not favor the plan of charging rental, and are disposed to be less stringent in regard to cutting off the food supply.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Why the Palace Hotel Burned.

Paris, June 23, 1906.

Dear —: I arrived here yesterday, and was very glad today to find the Argonaut at Brentano's. The old paper does not deteriorate with its queer dress—which after all counts for less than "the cognoscenti" usually think. It's not the hat but what's under it that counts. It was all pleasure to read the Argonaut again, and I was glad to see your eulogy of the Palace, where I was living when the devil put his hoof on our town. As I had my breakfast in the court that morning after the shake-up, and stayed in the hotel until ordered out, I saw the whole fight to save it. The fire had been fought off on the Jessie and Annie St. sides when the city fire department tapped the hotel hydrant and took the water away to Battery and Market. Of course that ended it; the power plant in the Quartermaster's Building took fire from the Crossley Building, and the hotel was soon in flames. I am convinced in my own mind that the Palace would have been saved if its water had been left alone.

I found in New York, in London, and here in Paris, an astonishing amount of exaggeration of the effects of the earthquake and of the sum of money contributed for relief. In New York, in my presence, in the Union Club, the sum was given as "over twenty millions"—this, of course, was absurd.

After being driven from the Palace Hotel I left my mother's trunk in the Pacific Union Club basement. After seven days of mining in the cellar of the Club—with six men—I got from the ashes of the trunk all my mother's jewels—uninjured, except that the settings were blackened.

Yours sincerely,

J. W. B.

The Argonaut is Rarely Destroyed.

San Francisco, Cal., July 9, 1906.

Jerome Hart, Esq.—Dear Sir: I am quite sure that I have read every number of the best conducted and edited weekly paper ever published in the United States, issued prior to the happening of the "late unpleasantness".

I have never preserved a file of the paper, but no copy, so far as I know, was ever destroyed in my house. The custom of the family has been after reading the Argonaut, either to give or mail it to some friend, or lay it carefully away to be sent later on with other reading matter to charitable institutions.

It occurred to me that some of the papers might have become hidden away in obscure or seldom examined receptacles, and that probably you would like to have such as were to be found; so I have searched the nooks and corners of attic and basement, the result of which is noted on the accompanying sheets.

If you would like to have the papers, or any of them, it will give me great pleasure to present them to you; but whether you care for my "find" or no, I beg that you will accept my cordial good wishes for the continued success of the Argonaut and for your own prosperity and happiness.

Sincerely yours,

Chas. E. Wilson.

We Were Glad to Get Them.

Plainfield, Conn., July 2, 1906.

Editor Argonaut:—You recently said: "We shall be very glad to receive old Argonauts." I sent you a package containing about two years and half. Considering your heavy losses, I did not intend there should be any expense to you, and therefore paid the express charges through. Success being the case, I return the stamps for one dollar.

which you enclosed to me to pay the postage. Accept my best wishes.

Truly yours,
B. A. Walker.

A Two-Year Subscription.

809 Turk Street, San Francisco, July 7, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: I take special pleasure in sending you a postal order for two years subscription to your paper. "Argonauta vivat, crescat, floreat!"

Yours respectfully,
Dr. Estorjio Calderon.

From a California Jurist's Daughter.

Upper Mountain Ave.,

Upper Montclair, N. J., July 6, 1906.

Editor Argonaut:—Please find enclosed my cheque for four dollars, one year's subscription or the Argonaut.

My name has long been on your mailing list, and in this the paper's day of splendid and successful effort to continue its high standard of excellence I take pleasure in securing its weekly coming.

The Argonaut not only represents the quintessence of what is most lovable and honorable in San Francisco, but it draws into its columns, as surely as a magnet draws iron, all that is witty, eloquent, and curious in the world's social and intellectual ferment.

With congratulations, I remain

Truly yours,
Annie Lake Townsend.

A Suggestion from Paris.

9 Rue Compagne Premiere,
Paris, France, June 29th, 1906.

To the Director of the Argonaut.—Dear Sir: I take the liberty of requesting you to publish my idea concerning the rebuilding of the new San Francisco. It is this: that San Francisco should shape matters that Chinatown may not become a horror to the city as it has been. I would propose, for the best interests of all, that Chinatown should be rebuilt outside of San Francisco. It could be built in genuine Chinese style, with temples, pagodas and gardens, with all the bizarre phases of architecture found in the Chinese cities.

Yours very truly,
Matilda Lotz, Artist.

American Interests in Japan.

Yokohama, June 23, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: By this post, I am sending you marked copies of the "Japan Gazette" of Yokohama for June 15th and 20th, and the "Japan Mail"

Yokohama for June 20th, containing articles on the "Shipping Competition to Shanghai" between a Japanese line of steamers, the "Nippon Yusen Kaisha" and a British line controlled by Messrs. Butterfield & Swire. From the attitude you have maintained in your paper in your endeavor to safeguard American interests from eventual competition with Japan, I believe you will find the language and terms used by the mouthpiece of the Japanese line rather entertaining.

It is generally understood, locally, that Capt. F. Inkley, editor of the "Japan Mail", is relied on by Japanese authorities, and expected by them, sugar-coat any pill administered by the Japanese to foreigners which is not calculated to be pleasant to swallow, and to officiate as "Lord High Mootier of Rough Edges" whenever such service is needed.

Very faithfully,
An Over-Seas Subscriber.

From New South Wales.

98 Pitt Street, Sydney, 7th June, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: I have your issue of the 21st, which I shall preserve as a memento of one of the most appalling disasters in history.

All Australians sympathize with Californians in this terrible calamity which has overtaken the City of the Golden Gate; and those who know Americans appreciate the fact that their hearts are brave enough to survive the awfulness of any temporal disaster, and that, as a Phoenix from the ashes, will rise a still greater and more beautiful San Francisco to realize the aspirations and accomplish the destinies of the people of the Pacific Slope.

As the old Roman poet, "aere perennius" says,

"Justum et tenacem propositi virum
Mente quatit solida, neque Auster
Nec fulminatus magna manus Jovis;
Si fractus illabatur orbis
Impavidum ferient ruinae".

Allow me, further, as a subscriber, now for so many years, to your admirable journal, which I always read with interest, pleasure and profit, also sympathize with you in your own peculiar loss, to express the hope that, ere long, the Argonaut will appear in its old form. It could not be better, to all its old readers and to many more new ones.

Yours sincerely,
H. Peder Steel.

The Argonaut a Necessity.

Eureka, Cal., July 13, 1906.

Last week I mailed you a few Argonauts of early date, and have received your courteous acknowledgement. Today I mail five more which I treasured in my library. It affords me great pleasure to be able to contribute even so little towards the completion of your files. I have been a reader and subscriber since the first issue, and I mailed it to my friends in the East. The Argonaut! I cannot do without it. To me it is an absolute necessity, and I admire the way you have taken up the burden once more and I wish you all the success you are entitled to for your "grit" and perseverance.

Cordially yours,
Mrs. E. J. Chamberlain.

THE NEW SAN FRANCISCO.

Some Architects' Suggestions Concerning the Possibilities in Rebuilding.

It is so seldom that a city has the opportunity to build any considerable number of its houses at one time, that it seemed worth while to call attention to the possibilities for some harmonious action in rebuilding San Francisco. With this in mind, the editor of The House Beautiful invited expressions from a few leading architects in various parts of the country.

Russell Sturgis, of New York, wrote: The important thing in rebuilding a city, as in building a new one, is to design and complete attractive buildings. That is what Chicago and New York, Boston and Baltimore, are without—or so nearly destitute that exceptions do not count. If you can persuade the owners of property to employ architects of some training and much originality of mind, and if those architects, once employed, will go to the spot, work out their designs, and produce for each house the best that can be thought of under the circumstances, you will provide what San Francisco needs, and what all of the villages and towns of the United States need equally.

Any attempt to carry out schemes of uniformity of style will be giving the unnecessary, the fanciful, the non-artistic result in the place of the seriously important one. It is like ornaments—the vases and statuettes—in our sitting rooms: if they are fine in themselves, and especially if they are fine in color, they suit one another marvelously—Oriental and modern French, ancient Greek and modern American amateur experimental, all go together in a wonderful way. And if you would remind me that the owner of these gimcracks has of necessity some taste in their arrangement, and that this arranging is just what cannot be done to houses in a street, I remind you in return that the houses in the street have natural foliage to lend its powerful aid in harmonizing them.

Myron Hunt, of Los Angeles, wrote: I had but one residence in the earthquake district, and have just returned from its examination. It is situated on Russian Hill, which is next to the highest point of rock within the city of San Francisco. Owing to the size of the property and to the existence of a large amount of barren rock surface in the immediate neighborhood, this residence and seven others are the only buildings within a radius of more than a mile which were not touched by the fire.

The residence is that of Mr. Livingston Jenks, formerly of Chicago. It cost approximately \$40,000 and was built by days work. Neither labor, material nor money was spared in the erection of the structural part of the building. It was occupied at the time of the earthquake. The entire rock upon which it stands was swayed to an extent which made it almost impossible for the occupants to get from one room to another. Pictures, statuary and bric-a-brac were thrown about indiscriminately. Nevertheless, \$25 will repair the damage done. There are three cracks less than one foot long, which appeared in two rooms. The cracks are at the bases of segmental arches, and are no worse than shrinkage of timber might have produced. The chimneys were laid in cement and are entirely intact. The two and one-half story vaulted hall (plastered on framework, the wood-lath reinforced at all angles with one-half inch mesh chicken-wire before plastering) is entirely without cracks. The plastering is three-coat work, ordinary lime material, tempered with 10 per cent of imported keen cement.

The least damage was done where buildings stood on a rock foundation; the next least damage where buildings stood upon natural soil; the greatest damage where they stood upon filled ground.

Buildings of wooden construction, when the framework was well braced and the plastering of good quality, suffered prac-

tically no loss, unless they stood on filled ground. Their chimneys were, however, thrown down above the roof line, except in cases where full eight-inch walls were used and the brick laid in cement, in which cases most of these chimneys withstood the quake.

Brick buildings of all classes suffered most. The greatest damage is noticeably in brick buildings where joists were not thoroughly anchored to the wall. Much San Francisco brick work was laid dry; that is to say, the bricks were not wet before laying. The earthquake and fire threw these walls down, and the bricks lie on the ground, practically clean of mortar because of faulty laying. Well built brick walls, laid in cement, stood surprisingly well.

Well built stone buildings of all classes did not suffer much from the earthquake, but suffered greatly from the fire. Granite acted as it always does in a fire, and was the worst of all stone. Bad stone ashlar, not well bonded to the backing, was in many cases thrown off, as might be expected.

There was not enough steel frame residence work to call for any comment. Owners of steel frame office buildings, however, had almost no loss from the earthquake, and have the least loss from the fire.

San Francisco labor unions and material associations have prevented reinforced concrete from being used to any great extent in the city. There were many reinforced concrete floors in business buildings, however, and they are in remarkably good shape. In the towns about San Francisco there are a few reinforced concrete residences. I have data on one of them only. Next door to it there stood a frame building which was better built than the average. It was not entirely finished, but the roof was on. This frame building collapsed into mere kindling wood. The reinforced concrete building next door had its chimney thrown down from above the roof line. It now develops that these chimneys were built of brick and not of concrete. Except for the loss of its chimneys, there is literally no damage to this residence. After the earthquake the owner telegraphed the contractor that he wanted to go into the reinforced concrete business with him.

My conclusions are that all forms of construction, when thoroughly carried out, will continue to prove safe for San Francisco: that the steel frame or reinforced concrete construction is the most safe, both against loss of life and damage to property, but that in putting up steel frames and reinforced concrete structures, architects will in the future be more strenuous in insisting upon at least one full cross-wall in each direction, made of solid masonry, with the idea of furnishing an interior structural brace against the twisting motion of an earthquake. Such walls undoubtedly saved the veneering on the exterior from being cracked or thrown down by the whipping and twisting motion produced by the earthquake.

The loss by the earthquake impresses a visitor as being less than he expected, but the loss by the fire is greater than any written description can make an outsider comprehend.

A widow in a Maine town, according to the Boston Herald, was a strict constructionist in her theology, and would admit no lodger into her boarding house who had not a leaning toward Universalist views. One day an old sea captain happened along to ask for rooms.

"But what do you believe?" asked the widow.

"Oh, most anything," replied the captain.

"Do you believe there is a hell?"

"Sure," was the reply.

"Well," parried the widow, "how many do you think will go there?"

The captain cautiously remarked that he thought twenty thousand would be a fair estimate.

The widow paused, then stated that he could come in. "Twenty thousand," she said, "is better than none."

EARTHQUAKE ECHOES.

The Great Shock of October 21, 1868.

"What's that?"

"I don't know. It looks as if the roof were falling in."

Thus my companion and myself. We were driving in a buggy down Broadway, Oakland, and were looking at a building then called the "Wilcox Building." It was the morning of October 21, 1868.

As I said, we were looking at this building. A new story had just been added to it and we were speculating as to the safety of making such additions to buildings whose walls were only designed for structures of lesser height. It was five minutes to eight o'clock. We had pulled up, and were looking curiously at the new story, when my companion made the remark:

"What's that?"

It did indeed look as if the roof were falling in. The walls bulged out, the roof seemed to sink, the building moved slightly and then recovered its perpendicular. We were both so amazed that we could only stare in open-mouthed wonder.

At this moment I noticed that the horse was acting queerly. He did not look as if he were going to run away but simply as if something extraordinary were puzzling his equine brain. I fancied there might be something wrong with the harness and giving the lines to my companion jumped out to see. As my feet struck the ground I thought for a moment I must be mad. The earth rocked beneath me; it rocked with such violence that I could hardly stand. I seized the shaft, partly to steady myself and partly to get to the horse's head, for he was giving signs of such agitation that I feared he might run away.

As I got to the horse's head, there was a dull, rumbling roar, and a cloud of dust rose up and down the street. Then there was a crashing, jingling sound, and I saw the many window-fronts upon Broadway falling into the street. Following them came an avalanche of bricks and mortar from falling chimneys and fire-walls. And last of all came a dense mass of people from the shops and houses. Your human does not move as quickly as inanimate objects during an earthquake. When he does, he sometimes regrets it, for if he arrives at the same time as the falling bricks and mortar, he wishes he hadn't—unless, of course, he be a good Christian, whose salvation is all fixed and his goods deeds chalked up, in which case, of course a pious joy should pervade his breast.

All that I have related took but a few seconds. And in about a minute after the shock began Broadway was filled with runaway teams of every description.

There was at that time an open square, or vacant lot, on Broadway, containing nothing but trees. I remember noticing these trees and being struck, even then, at their absurd appearance. (One thinks quickly during an earthquake.) As the waves of the earth-spasm rolled along, the trees rose and fell, inclining first to one side, then to the other, bobbing and bowing in a ludicrous fashion.

Those who were on the San Francisco side of the bay that morning may think this description of the shock exaggerated. But when they consider that the local center of the earthquake of '68 was evidently at San Leandro, they will see that they are mistaken. Over there some buildings were entirely demolished, others twisted upon their foundations, and fissures and cracks opened in the earth many rods in length. Scarcely a chimney was left standing in Oakland or in Alameda.

A curious phase of the earthquake was the belief on the part of the Oaklanders that San Francisco was destroyed. A thick haze hung over the bay. It was impossible to see any of the spires and towers of San Francisco. The telegraph wires were down; the drawbridge over San Antonio Creek was thrown out of gear by the shock; the train (there was but one then) was penned up on the other side of the estuary. The only way of reaching the city was by the freight-

boat which then ran on the creek. To this repaired the anxious Oaklanders and we still more anxious San Franciscans.

On the pier at the foot of Broadway was a crowd of several hundred men. It was divided into little groups, in the center of each of which was an excited man, telling where he was and what he did at the time of the shock. He was perpetually being interrupted by other excited men who wanted to tell what they did and where they were. Every man in every group was engaged in moving his arms windmill-wise to illustrate how the earth had quivered. In moments of excitement, the Anglo-Saxon race becomes as gesticulative as the Latin.

One man in particular I remember. He was one of those small men with immense fustian voices—one who could out-roar everyone else, and by virtue of his superior lung power had succeeded in telling his personal experience over any number of times. As soon as he had finished it, he began it again.

It may be necessary to remark here that all through the morning of October 21, 1868, there were continuous shocks. People had their nerves completely unhinged by the first shock, and the gentle yet ominous oscillations of Mother Earth kept them permanently so. I will further remark (apparently without relevancy) that there was an immense heap of coal piled up on the edge of the pier.

The little man with the big voice was still talking. His oration ran thus:

"You see we had just got up from breakfast when that there fust shock come. My wife she started to run. I says to her, 'Now, Jemima,' says I, 'whatever is the use of a-runnin'? Stay right where you are. There ain't no use a-runnin'.' But she wouldn't listen to nuthin' so I just grabbed her and held her until it was over. And what do you think?—when that shock come to an end, Jemima she had fainted, and I was just as cool as I am now."

"Drip-drip-drip-drip!"

The coal was falling into the water over the edge of the pier. Every one turned—the slightest noise was ominous.

"Drip-drip-drip-drip! Plash! Dash. SPLASH!"

The pier was rocking to and fro—first gently, then with vigor, then with a vicious thump which meant mischief. There was a sudden absquatulation to dry land. The crowd resolved itself into an immense and swiftly moving fan, the apex pointing toward the shore. The apex was our friend, the little man with the big voice.

At this point many of the Oaklanders lost their interest in San Francisco. They could not be again induced to go upon the pier. They contented themselves with vaguely remarking that they "would wait and see," and with whooping up others who seemed disinclined to go.

At last the boat made her appearance. I think it was the old ferry-boat "Louise," long since disappeared from these waters—under that name, at least. It was not a very large crowd that boarded her. There was a good deal of talk about tidal waves and things, and the people looked upon us very much, I fancy, as the Spaniards did upon Columbus when he set out on his voyage into unknown seas.

Most of us, as I have said, were San Franciscans. On the boat, I remember, was Michael Reese. Michael was drenched with woe. He feared that where San Francisco had reared her fair tower-crowned hill-tops to the sky, there was nothing but ashes, dust, and desolation—hence pecuniary damage to Michael Reese. He was a large, adipose, greasy mass of suffering. He even wept. Tears ran down his fat cheeks, and mingled with the imperfectly removed remnants of his breakfast.

A group stood around him, attempting to comfort him. I do not fancy they felt anything but contempt for him, yet they respected his millions. And this blubbery millionaire was being coddled like a blubbery school-boy.

"Ach Gott!" sighed Michael, blowing his nose with a large red bandanna handkerchief, "ich bin ruined! All dose years vat

I shtruggle vos tron away. Who could del nodings about an erdkvake, I like to know! Dot is not like fire. Dose insurance companies dey will not pay me nodings. Lieber Gott! Berhaps dose insurance kompanie vos gone up too."

And a fresh burst of tears came to the relief of the over-burdened millionaire.

John W. Dwinelle approached, and satirically comforted the weeping Dives.

"Do not be so cast down, Mr. Reese," said he. "Things are not so bad, I imagine, as they are represented. We shall presently be in sight of the city, and I think we shall see it standing. Ah, excuse me, Mr. Reese—you had eggs for breakfast, I fancy."

And he indicated to the weeper a large mass of egg-yolk upon his starboard jaw partially mixed with tears. Michael scrape it off, and resumed his weeping.

But soon we came where the fog-veil was not so thick, and the top of the shot-tower was seen piercing the haze. I remember that some enthusiastic spirits gave three cheers for the safety of the city. And as we gradually approached the pier, it was seen that the city was apparently all there. We did not learn until later that the shock had been lighter on the San Francisco side than on the other.

We hastened up the streets, looking for damaged houses, ruined walls, and corpse. We did not see as many as we had expected. Coming up Clay Street, however, near Sansome, there was a frightened boy, who, surrounded by many people, was pointing at a mass of blood and brains upon the sidewalk. His jaws were working convulsively but no sound came from them. A bystander told me that the boy had witnessed the death of the man whose brains had been dashed out, and which sight so horrified him that he had remained thus ever since the shock—a matter of a couple of hours. The man, it seems, had run out of the building when the first shock came, and had reached the sidewalk just in time to catch the falling fire-wall upon the top of his head.

I do not propose to weary my reader with an account of the earthquake. It is a recent history. But these things came in my head the other morning, when I was awakened at five o'clock by the familiar brating, twisting, grinding motion—the creaking of the groaning bricks, the ominous rumble of the shuddering metal roof. I said to myself: "The most severe shock since '68." And, so saying, these recollections came to me, and I jotted them down.

But I will indulge myself in relating a few or two anecdotes which I recall. There was a gentleman here from the East at the time who had been sighing for an earthquake. He had met many like him, by the way, but never saw any of them who wanted to feel two. I do not refer to temblors, but to good stiff shocks. No one who has ever felt one wants to feel another.

This pilgrim, then, had been yearning for an earthquake. Fortunately for him came before he went away. He went away as soon as he could get away, I may say. He was living in Brenham Place, and was awakened by the shock. He arose. He knew what it was. No man needs an introduction to an earthquake. He fled through the door. He nearly took it with him. He was only in a short night-shirt, but despite the fact he went into the center of the Plaza; there remained. He could not be induced to re-enter the house. Finally he hired a small boy to go and get his clothes, dressed himself in the heart of the population.

Later in the day he ventured out of the Plaza, and, accompanied by Tommy Newcombe, President of the Bohemian Club, went to Barry and Patten's to get a drink. The barkeeper mixed the drinks and placed them upon the counter. Newcombe pushed his back, requesting the barkeeper to take the ice out. The other did the same. It was half-past ten o'clock. There was a slight jingle of glasses, then a crash, and the bar leaned forward and courtesied to two friends in the most familiar fashion. The barkeeper was almost buried in a vitreous avalanche. The Eastern man knew, without being told, that this was another earthquake.

quake. He made for the street. He got there before anybody else in the house. These Eastern men are very quick to learn about some things—particularly earthquakes. He reached the street with such impetuosity that he was on the other side before he knew it. There was a building here belonging to Sam Brannan, the top of which was crowned with two long stones, meeting like a V. One of these fell with the second shock, just as our Eastern friend reached the sidewalk. The stone came shooting down like a conical projectile, struck the flagged sidewalk, made a clean hole, and disappeared in the depths below. The hole was about six inches away from the Eastern man. He nearly fell into it. He took the steamer for home.

When this shock took place I happened to be in the Odd Fellows' Bank, then on Montgomery Street, opposite where the Safe deposit building is now. A group of us were talking over the first shock. I remarked that I had not been inside of a building when the first shock came, but that, had been, I would have remained. I further said that I considered running from a building as highly dangerous, instancing the unfortunate man who was killed on Clay street as a case in point. All agreed with me. One in particular—a friend named Maillot—remarked:

"You are perfectly right. The man who could run out of a building during an earthquake shock is a d—d fool."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the half-past ten o'clock shock came. He does not remember very distinctly how I got there, but in about three seconds I found myself in the middle of the street. I have no recollection of coming down stairs. Strange to say, all the other men were there too. Maillot looked at me and remarked with grim humor:

"I thought you never ran from an earthquake."

"I never do."

"But you ran then."

"No. I didn't run. I flew."

So I did, and I very much fear I may gain. H.

San Francisco, July 11, 1906.

Argonauts for Our Files.

In response to the Argonaut's request for loose and unconnected copies of the Argonaut which we would be glad to have in order to build up complete files, we have received packages of papers from a number of our readers. Among the many who have very kindly sent us papers and to whom we extend our thanks are the following:

Mr. S. K. Ballard, 3237 Briggs Ave., Alameda, Cal.

Mr. B. Neustadter, Portland, Ore.

Mr. Charles H. Schilling, 957 Fourth Ave., Oakland.

Mr. H. F. Hamilton, 125 Marlborough St., Boston, Mass.

Mr. Chas. E. Wilson, 1117 Mission St., S. F.

Mr. Sam Mayer, 1324 Monadnock Block, Chicago.

Mr. Bartholomew Noyes, 225 Albany Block, Oakland.

Mr. Victor Whitman, Redwood, Cal.

Mrs. Charles G. Hickox, 579 Prospect Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. J. W. Glennan, Redwood, Cal.

Mr. H. E. Green, Belle Fourche, So. Dak.

Melvin G. Dodge, Associate Librarian, Library, Stanford University.

Prof. Henry Senger, Berkeley, Cal.

Mr. S. O. Richards, Victoria, B. C.

Mr. Frankenau, Sanger, Cal.

Mrs. E. J. Chamberlin, Eureka, Cal.

Miss A. F. Gardiner, Victoria, B. C.

Mr. E. Roemer, Alameda, Cal.

Those cheers for Bryan at Secretary Taft's meeting of Southern Republicans seem to be a warning to Republican speakers in the Congressional campaign not to mention the Nebraskan's name.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Burial of Sir John Moore.

In the July number of the Critic there appears an astonishing article under this heading: "An Astonishing Discovery—'The Burial of Sir John Moore' taken from the French of Lally-Tollendal, by Henry N. Hall." The "Astonishing Discovery" which Mr. Hall has made is this:

"The Reverend Charles Wolfe is generally supposed to be the author of a single poem, 'The Burial of Sir John Moore,' which alone has sufficed to perpetuate his memory. As a matter of fact, he only translated it from the French. The extent of his indebtedness will be apparent to all who read 'Les Memoirs de Lally-Tollendal,' published by his son."

The poem was written under the following circumstances, according to Lally-Tollendal, per Mr. Hall:

"In 1749 a Colonel de Beaumanoir, a native of Brittany, raised a regiment in his neighborhood, and with it accompanied Lally-Tollendal's ill-fated expedition to India. The Colonel was killed in defending Pondicherry—the last stronghold of the French—against the forces of Coote. He was buried at dead of night by a few faithful followers on the north bastion of the fortress, and the next day the French fleet sailed for Europe with the remnants of the garrison. Lally-Tollendal was executed in 1766, but a worthy son made noble efforts to rehabilitate his father's memory. The memoirs were widely circulated and must have come into the hands of the Reverend Mr. Wolfe, who, though he stole, did not mar in the stealing."

Following this history of the genesis of the poem, Mr. Hall gives the text of Charles Wolfe's poem:

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried,
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we hurried.

We hurried him daskly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er
his head
And we far away on the hillow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

Printed in parallel columns Mr. Hall gives what he calls the "original of the poem."

This is indeed an "Astonishing Discovery." In fact, it is so astonishing that it arouses a certain amount of incredulity in the mind of the average reader. It did not take long for Mr. Hall's discovery to bring forth some comment. Two or three days later this appeared in the New York Evening Post, signed by Russell Sturgis:

The question about "The Burial of Sir John Moore" and its French origin was raised by F. J. Mahony in 1837; and with the same suggested answer as in your para-

graph of yesterday's issue. In Volume 1 of Bentley's Miscellany, p. 96, appears the third "Scrap" by Father Prout; and with this is printed what seems to be the whole of Lally-Tollendal's poem: eight stanzas of four lines each. The poem is credited to the "Appendix to the Memoirs of Lally-Tollendal" (sic) by his son.

To any one who is familiar with the life and writings of Francis Mahony, the witty Irish priest, the mere appearance of his name as asking a question which was answered by "Father Prout," the pseudonym he most affected, is in itself suspicious. Mr. Sturgis speaks guardedly, but it is evident that he entertained doubts as to the gravity of Mr. Hall's "Astonishing Discovery."

A day later another writer hastened to shed light on this literary discovery. He wrote as follows:

The French version of "The Burial of Sir John Moore" is so obviously a jeu d'esprit in Father Prout's usual manner that one would think a knowledge of its source should be sufficient to enlighten any one as to the value of the discovery.

Reference to the same authority will show that the best of Moore's Irish Melodies were also plagiarized from a French original, and that the "Groves of Blarney" is derived from the Greek. In fact, the "Reliques" should prove a treasury of mares' nests, if there is any demand for the article.

The Dictionary of National Biography says in reference to these verses: "To the same number (the first issue of Bentley's Miscellany) he contributed a clever French rendering of 'The Burial of Sir John Moore' which he entitled 'Les Funerailles de Beaumanoir,' and pretended to regard it as the original of the poem."

That Father Prout should have proved to an astonished world that Moore's Melodies were also plagiarized from the French, and that "The Groves of Blarney" was stolen from the Greek, arouses grave suspicion as to his discovery concerning the original of the poor parson's poem. But suspicion is at once allayed by the direct statement in the "Dictionary of Biography" that it was Father Prout himself who had made the French version, in order that he might accuse the unfortunate Mr. Wolfe of having stolen it.

Mr. Hall is as unfortunate in his literary discovery as the Critic is in having discovered Mr. Hall. It is another illustration of the fact that there are many good people in the world who believe only that which is incredible.

The Republicans of North Carolina opened their convention in Greensboro with some 1500 delegates and alternates in attendance, the largest gathering in the State since 1876.

Nevada Republicans are stirred up over a report to the effect that Victor H. Metcalf and Congressman Needham of California are seeking Federal Judgeships and that one of them wishes to succeed Thomas E. Hawley, who recently retired from the Federal Court at Carson City. Leading Republicans say the Nevada Judgeship belongs to a Nevada man and that the Republican State ticket will be defeated if a non-resident is appointed by the President.

Michigan Central railroad officials believe that their Canadian line, formerly known as the Canadian Southern railway, has a record in the matter of safe travel unequalled by any road. That line, which is about 500 miles long, has never killed a passenger from train accident in all the 31 years of its operation. The Michigan Central lines in the United States unfortunately are not able to show any such record as that.

VANITY FAIR.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, the American ambassador and his wife, who was a daughter of D. O. Mills of San Francisco, have done wonders for Mr. and Mrs. Longworth. No one in the diplomatic circle ever lived in greater splendor or entertained in a more sumptuous manner. It is costing Mr. Reid between \$250,000 and \$300,000 a year to keep the American eagle screaming, writes Wm. E. Curtis from London. If he remains four years, it will cost him at least a million dollars to gratify his social ambitions. His house rent is \$40,000 a year, and he has a country seat for the summer, for which he pays \$20,000. His embassy is the most sumptuous residence on Park lane, the most famous residence thoroughfare in London, and it is said to be insured, with its contents, for \$5,000,000. The mansion is called Dorchester House; it ranks next to Buckingham Palace, the residence of the King, in magnificence. It surpasses Marlborough House, the residence of the Prince of Wales. The drawing rooms are arranged so that they open one into another, and combined can accommodate over a thousand people without crowding. The White House at Washington would look insignificant beside the American embassy in London. To maintain this establishment Mr. Reid has more than fifty servants, and those who are seen by the public wear liveries of light blue and gold, with broad revers of buff heavily trimmed with gold braid. The house belongs to Major Holford, a bachelor equerry of King Edward, and it is a rather singular coincidence that he should have attended his royal majesty the other night to be entertained in his own house by his American tenant.

The reverse of the embassy medal is shown in another dispatch: Some of the scenes at the American Embassy's offices in Victoria street during the first part of the Longworths' stay in London were almost indecent. The wretched staff was busy all day warding off infuriated ladies from the Wild West who declared that they were entitled as American citizens to be invited to Dorchester House to meet "our President's daughter." The butler and footmen at Dorchester House had to fight hard to prevent battalions of Americans from dashing through the hall without even presenting cards.

A Paris journal, Le Petit Parisien,

publishes an editorial severely criticizing what it calls the "pomp and pretension" of the Longworth journey to Europe. Says the writer, apropos of the President's daughter and her husband:

"The manner in which their time will be employed is noted in advance with a precision which could be equalled only if it were a sovereign, accompanied by her royal husband, who was engaged in making a tour outside her own states. This display seems excessive. It is a good thing to be the daughter of a President of the United States, but it is not enough to warrant this young person receiving any more homage than is due any other equally charming member of her sex. Mrs. Longworth would show a nobler sentiment in being merely proud of her father, instead of seeking the flattery consequent upon personal grandeur. A wedding journey conducted with less ostentation would have been in better taste."

The tide of American visitation to Europe this year will rise far above the previous high water mark. The lowest estimate is that 250,000 Americans will land on European shores between May 15 and August 15, and that the sum of \$500 is a fair average of individual expenditure. It is easy to believe that the aggregate will be at least \$250,000,000. Of this huge total the largest share falls to Switzerland. That region has more than 2,000 hotels, little and large, employing an aggregate of 30,000 people, and the influx of travelers is already taxing the resources of all. Some of the hotels have retained all the cottages of the peasants near them for the season.

A. Barton Hepburn, former Comptroller of the Treasury and now president of the Chase National Bank, asserts that at least \$400,000,000 is what it will cost this country for the expenses of its tourists in 1906.

Mr. Hepburn said: "The extravagant expenditures of American tourists abroad are responsible for the present conditions in the money market. These expenditures now reach the enormous sum of \$400,000,000 or \$500,000,000 a year.

The estimate of Mr. Hepburn was submitted to Thomas Cook & Son, who have wide experience in the tourist business. The New York manager said: "I don't believe it. It doesn't stand to reason. Our business touches, in general, persons from moderately rich to those with small incomes. Going to Europe is not so costly a job, when it's figured out right, as many

think. Once you're on the other side you can travel and stop wherever you like, with good accommodations, all covered by an expense of \$6 to \$10 a day. Any more can be set down to the extravagance of a few of our suddenly-rich Americans but as a factor in American expenditures abroad these extravagant individuals count for very little. Bear in mind that a trip to Europe is the dream of almost every cultivated American. School teachers save their salaries for years to go. Ministers also and business and professional men.

"Most European travelers come back with 10 per cent. of their letters of credit unexpended."

It has been made abundantly plain, says the Springfield Republican, that the American public is becoming more and more infatuated with the theater. It is an exceptional magazine among the cheaper sort which does not make the prodigious display of the charms of actresses its chief stock-in-trade. Art is nothing. Before the multitude of young girls are flaunted the prizes of the "profession"—to work hard to master technic, to learn to interpret nobly the masterpieces of the great dramatists? Not at all; but to wear a costly Paquin gown and amazing diamonds to take a haughty Early Norman stage name, to reach somehow, if not the center of the stage, at least "the front row," to dazzle the public by sheer force of beauty, to be admired, stared at, appraised inch by inch, snapped up by the highest bidder—this is the debasing ideal of a noble profession which is being insidiously fostered among countless silly young people. Flamboyant accounts are given of the prodigious "achievement" of this or that brainless beauty who had but to show herself on the stage to marry a spendthrift earl or the prodigal son of a millionaire. The woman concerned in the White-Thaw case was in one of last month's magazines made to figure in a galaxy of splendidly fortunate stage betuties! It is not, then, wonderful that in every city and town in the country there are vain girls who know nothing of acting, who care nothing for acting, but feel sure that with fine clothes they, too, could be brilliant, conspicuous, bave their names in men's mouths, see their pictures in the magazines, enjoy a life of unlimited fun, glory and champagne.

Beauty has its market, no less than talent, but a market of the hideous sort Zola has depicted in his infamous masterpiece.

At last the bridge mania shows signs of decline in England. Although the game is by no means neglected, the passion for it which for two years possessed society to the exclusion of almost all other pursuits, has disappeared. One no longer hears of young girls deep in debts of honor to professional gamblers, and the voice of the lady novelist crying in the wilderness against the country house "hell" is silent. Bridge, however, has left behind it its indelible traces. It has changed the social habits of moneyed English people and left them feverish and restless.

Up to the time of the earthquake our advertisement occupied this space four hundred and seventy consecutive issues. We are prepared to serve you as formerly at our new address.

HIRSCH & KAISER
1757 FILLMORE ST. Opticians

EDUCATIONAL.

MISS HAMLIN'S
Boarding and Day School
For Girls.

Formerly at 1849 Jackson St., is now at 2 Pacific Ave., near Webster St. School reop Tuesday, August 7, 1906. Accredited.

Address MISS S. D. HAMLIN
2230 Pacific Avenue. San Francisco

ST. HELEN'S HALL

A girl's school of the highest class. Complete of teachers, location, building, equipment—best.

Send for catalogue.
School opens September 17, 1906.

Mrs. J. E. Tippet
(CLARA BEUTLER)
Teacher of Singing
Coaching

Studio, Pierce Building, Copley Square
Boston, Mass.

MISS HARKER'S SCHOOL.
Palo Alto, Cal. Home and Day School for Girls. Intermediate and Prima Departments. Certificate admits Stanford, Vassar and Wellesley. Number limited. Reopens August 20th.

OGONTZ SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES
Twenty minutes from Philadelphia two hours from New York. The late Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circulars address
MISS SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal
Ogontz, School P. O., Pa.

MISS RANSON'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
Will open on Wednesday, August 1st at 484 Prospect Avenue, Oakland. Limited number of boarders received.
MARION RANSON,
EDITH BRIDGES,
Principals

ALAMO PINTADO INN
Ballard, Cal.

A delightful resting place for automobilists traveling between San Francisco and Santa Barbara—50 miles north of Santa Barbara, 2 miles south of Los Olivos. Daily mail, long-distance telephone, and 72-degree gas line.
F. M. SHAW, Prop.

MENNER'S BORATE TALKUM
TOILET POWDER
A Positive Relief For
PRICKLY HEAT,
CHAFING, and
SUNBURN, and all affections of the skin.
Removes all odor of perspiration. Coughless after Shaving. Sold everywhere.
Mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original) Sample Free.
GERHARD MENNER COMPANY, NEWARK, N. J.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Company
of Hartford
ESTABLISHED 1850.
Cash Capital \$1,000,000.
Cash Assets 5,340,134.
Surplus to Policy-Holders.. 2,414,921.
COLIN M. BOYD,
Agent for San Francisco,
2510 California St., San Francisco
525 Thirteenth St., Oakland.
BENJAMIN J. SMITH,
Manager Pacific Department

HOTEL RAFAEL
SAN RAFAEL, CAL.
50 minutes from San Francisco. Complete change of Climate.
TIBURON OR SAUSALITO FERRY
All Modern Conveniences.
R. V. HALTON, Prop.

Belvedere, California
HILLSIDE INN
Tiburon Ferry, 40 minutes from San Francisco. Boating and bathing. Terrific reasonable. Address

MRS. M. J. WARREN

Shreve & Company

Have on sale their complete stock of

DIAMOND and GOLD JEWELRY, WATCHES
SILVERWARE, GLASSWARE, Etc., at

Post Street and Grant Avenue
and 2429 Jackson Street

San Francisco

Prompt and Careful Attention Given to Correspondence.

THE WHITE HOUSE

OPENING OF THEIR SPACIOUS
NEW STORES

Monday, July 23, 1906

N.W. Cor. Van Ness Avenue
and Pine Street

Raphael Weil & Co., Inc.

ROBERTSON'S
NEW LOCATION

1539

Van Ness Avenue
"Next to the White House"

Mr. Robertson calls attention to the above address, which is very centrally located.

The Call

Is the cleanest, brightest, newsiest of all the San Francisco dailies.

The best fiction the world produces can be found in the Magazine Section of the Sunday edition. Its Art features are equal to the best of the magazines.

THE CALL is made up having specially in view its large home patronage. It contains every day of the year

All the News That's Fit to Print
And is the BEST Advertising Medium.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Everybody onto Father.

During the dull summer months in New York "the perfesh" devote themselves to trying out new songs in the various "parlors" and "Melody Palaces" of the music publishers. Roy McCardell, in the New York World, amusingly depicts these experiences. Loud squawking from Parlor C. Kitty Lestrangle, "the So Different Sourette," who was the big hit last year at the Lagoon in Cincinnati, is trying over the new march ballad, "I Could Earn to Love a Soldier."

Miss Lestrangle has a lovely open voice. She gets off the key a great deal, and when the note is high she sings the words. She wants something pathetic to close her turn with.

"I come on just before the moving pictures," she says, "and by that time Cincinnati Dutchmen are full of her and want something to make them weep."

"A good mother song goes best with them. Then they take the last car home and commit suicide."

"Well? Well, why does any crazy Dutchman commit suicide? On account of my songs? Nix. I guess my songs keeps a lot of them from doing croak, for suicide in Cincinnati is at half the fad in summer as it gets to be after the Lagoon closes."

Julius Witmark is the "Big Screen" around the Melody Palace. He is a tall, dark young man and somewhat of a singer himself. He is willing to do shop.

"March songs have the call now," says Mr. Witmark, "they can be turned to order in all grades. The reddest thing to get is a real good comic song. If you will notice, the singing-loving public has to be catered along certain hard and fast lines. Other must always be treated tenderly."

"George Day wrote a burlesque Mother Song once. It was a great song, but the audiences wouldn't have it. It is all along telling about a mother earning for her wandering boy, fearing some danger had befallen him in some foreign land. Finally she received a letter 'From a land so far away, it made her old eyes sparkle, a fond heart to beat gay'; the letter said her boy was well, was hearty, strong and hale, and was where no harm could happen him, for he was 'in jail!'"

"It made them mad," said Mr. Witmark. "They didn't mind him being in jail, but they seemed to think the boys should have been kept from there."

The love for the antique as echoed song," said Mr. Witmark, "has lost appeal. The public does not care old garden gates, the old home by stream. It goes in for up-to-date apartment houses and sanitary plumbing, and these don't fit in sentimental songs very well."

A good sentimental song is always a good seller. Dear old mothers have call in them, but dying soldier boys sing their last messages to their sweethearts are more to the popular eye now. As a general thing Father is by trifled with. Father is always muck-raked in comic songs. Blow Almost Killed Father, Everybody Works But Father, are in point.

Father's lassitude and his chronic indulgence in alcoholic stimulants are always sure of scoring in a popular song. But the singer who would dare say that mother shirked the household or devastated the bottled beer would be hissed off the stage."

Notes and News.

James T. Powers in "The Blue Bird," the big Americanized London extravaganza, will be one of the first attraction of the coming season. He will again make a concert tour, opening at Carnegie Hall, New York, some time in October.

The first American tour of Leoncavallo, with the subsidized orchestra of La Scala theater, Milan, and ten Italian singers, includes Puccini, "La Boheme," "Roland and the Zaza." The tour will be at New York in October.

Lucy Bates, in David Belasco's new play, "The Girl of the Golden West," is now in her tenth month at Belasco, New York.

Henry Arthur Jones' new play, to be produced in New York in September,

will be staged under the title of "The Hypocrites."

Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, the eminent pianiste, will begin a tour of the United States in September.

Reginald De Koven is writing a comic opera for Henry W. Savage.

Pauline Hall recently met with a severe accident in a runaway at Yonkers, N. Y. Her leg was broken and she was badly bruised.

Edna Goodrich is the new leading woman of Nat Goodwin's company, now playing in Los Angeles.

Nat C. Goodwin and his company are in Los Angeles presenting "The Genius" and "When We Were Twenty-one."

The burlesque, "Roly-Poly," is a Los Angeles attraction.

M. B. Curtis is still holding on to his old play, "Sam'l of Posen." He is now presenting the comedy at Seattle, Wash., at cheap prices.

"Hearts of Tennessee," a play by a California author, is to be produced at Los Angeles by Morosco's stock company.

T. Daniel Frawley, who has been away from the Coast for several years, now has a stock company playing at Seattle, Wash. "The Charity Ball" and "Madame Sans Gene" were recent productions. Mary Van Euren is the leading woman of the company.

Many of the old members of the San Francisco Tivoli Opera Company are now appearing at Seattle. This week they appeared in the Bostonians' great success, "Robin Hood."

May Buckley is to be Kyrie Bellew's leading woman next season.

Lulu Glaser is to be seen in a new musical comedy by George M. Cohan.

George V. Hobart has been engaged to write a new play for May Irwin, in which she is to appear next season. She is to have the part of a society woman with a fondness for bridge-whist.

Marie Corelli, the novelist, will probably come over from England early in the fall to take personal charge of the rehearsals of the dramatic version of her story, "Barabbas," which Tyrone Power is to bring out next October.

"The Paris Model" is the title of the new operatic comedy by Harry B. Smith and Max Hoffman, now in process for Anna Held. The "model" of the piece is employed in a Parisian modiste's shop.

Mrs. Leslie Carter, the actress, and William Payne of New York were married at Portsmouth, N. H., July 13. Dr. Henry Emerson Hovey, rector of St. John's Church, the fashionable Episcopal church of Portsmouth, was called upon by a heavily veiled woman who was accompanied by a man dressed in motoring clothes. The two were unaccompanied. They produced a license issued by the local authorities and drawn in the name of Caroline Louise Dudley, aged thirty, of Lexington, Ky., and William Payne of New York. Payne is understood to be William L. Payne of New York, an actor who has played many prominent roles in many cities.

The appellate division of the Supreme Court of New York July 12 rendered a decision in the case of James S. Metcalfe, who brought charges of conspiracy against the associated theatrical managers because they would not let him into their theaters. The case was before the court on appeal by Charters Burnham, manager of Wallack's Theater, from a dismissal of the writ of habeas corpus secured in the case brought against him. The decision states that, according to the conditions printed upon the ticket, the manager of any theater has a right to say who shall enter his place of amusement, and, as such is the case, Burnham and his associates did not enter into a conspiracy when they agreed among themselves that Metcalfe should not be admitted to the various theaters managed by them. This legal action arose from Metcalfe's dramatic criticisms published in Life.

"Paulus" (St. Paul), a religious drama of extraordinary power, by Pastor Robert Falke, of Frankfort-on-the-Main, is profoundly impressing the theater-going world in Germany. Competent critics predict that it will rival the great passion play at Oberammergau. The third act culminates with Paul on Mars hill preaching, and afterward before the Athenian areopagus. Two hundred persons appear in

this scene—Greek priests, philosophers, worshippers of beauty and courtesans. The fourth act shows Paul in the barracks of the Pretorian cohorts at Rome, while Nero is Caesar. In the fifth act the fall of Rome is produced with thrilling verisimilitude. The great cost of putting the play on the stage at Erfurt has been borne by two petty sovereigns, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, a nephew of King Edward.

Paul Spadoni, the juggler, will head the new bill at the Orpheum next week. He makes a specialty of juggling such articles as fifty-pound cannon balls, a two hundred and fifty-pound iron cannon, and catches a twenty-five-pound shot between the back of his head and shoulders, on his neck, as it is fired from a cannon. Arthur McWatters, Grace Tyson and their company will present a spectacular musical comedy, entitled "Vaudeville." The Camille Comedy Trio are triple horizontal bar eccentrics, and James F. Kelly and Annie Mabel Kent will offer a hodge-podge of singing and dancing. Argyre Kastron, the young Greek violinist, will change her selections and Carlin and Otto, the German comedians, will tell new stories and sing new songs. The Military Octette and the Girl with the Baton, give a musical act. The Gartelle Brothers, comedy roller skaters, and Orpheum Motion Pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete a varied and interesting program.

The New White House.

Raphael Weil & Co. announce the opening of the new White House, corner of Van Ness avenue and Pine street, for next Monday, July 23d. The new establishment, as was the old, will be the most artistic dry goods store in San Francisco. For weeks the firm's buyers have been busy purchasing in the East and Europe, and the shelves are laden with complete lines of the latest goods. The spacious store will be the mecca of tasteful shoppers who wish to replace the garments and household furnishings that were destroyed in the disaster.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

Next Sunday Go to Byron Hot Springs.—You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

For more than fifty years children, from the age of three months to ten years, have been benefited by Steedman's Soothing Powders.

ORPHEUM

Week Commencing Sunday Mat. July 22
Matinee Every Day Except Monday.

VAUDEVILLE WINNERS

Paul Spadoni; McWatters, Tyson and Company; Camille Comedy Company; Kelly and Kent; Argyre Kastron; Carlin and Otto; Irving Jones; Orpheum Motion Pictures and Last Week of The Military Octette and the Girl with the Baton.

PRICES:—10c, 25c, 50c. Down town box office at Donlon's Drug Store, Sutter and Fillmore Streets. Phone, West, 6,000.
CHUTES and ZOO:—Open daily from 10 a. m. till midnight.
Admission, 10c; children 5c.

Hotel St. Francis

SAN FRANCISCO
America's Model Hotel

St. Francis Annex

200 Outside Rooms

Famous Grill Room in Main Building now running under same skilled chel.

Just the Place to Lunch
Everything Ready for You

HOTEL COLLINGWOOD

35th St., bet. 5th Ave and Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district, containing every modern device for comfort of guests.
Positively exclusive. Service a la carte.

THE LATEST STYLES IN CHOICE WOOLENS

H. S. Bridge & Co.
MERCHANT TAILORS,
1176 O'FARRELL STREET
Bicycle and Golf Suits.

DO YOU WRITE?

Instruction by mail in literary and dramatic composition. Courses by actual practice. Revision, criticism, and sale of manuscripts and plays. Send for circular.

Picton & Bennett
23 W. 42nd Street. New York

Romeike's Press Cutting Bureau

Will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date."

A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines. In fact, every paper of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers, and, through the European Bureaus, all the leading papers in the civilized globe.

Clippings found for subscribers and pasted on slips giving name and date of paper, and are mailed day by day. Write for circular and terms.

Henry Romeike, 33 Union Square, N. Y.
Branches:
LONDON, PARIS, BERLIN, SYDNEY.

INVESTMENTS

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to American National Bank and Anglo-Californian Bank.

A. W. BLOW,
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.,
817 Kohl Bldg., S. F.

The Argonaut Number for April 21

Have any of our readers spare copies of this number? If so, and if they will kindly mail them to us, they will much oblige the Librarians of several of the great libraries of the country, who failed to receive their copies through trouble in the San Francisco Postoffice the week of the fire. As our copies are all exhausted, we can not supply them. Readers who do not bind their copies may feel disposed to part with them. On receipt of same we shall at once forward them to the libraries that lack them. Address

THE ARGONAUT,
25 Brown Avenue, San Jose.

Byron Mauzy Piano Co.

Ready for business at
1165 O'FARRELL STREET
Pianos Tuned, Repaired, Moved and Stored

OAKLAND OFFICE,
654 FOURTEENTH ST., near Grove

LITERARY NOTES.

A Girl Wife.

An opening chapter in which turgid and overluxuriant rhetoric plays a too prominent part is apt to discourage the reader of "Truth Dexter." But the book improves as it goes on, and its author proves herself capable of writing, if not with simplicity, at least with sincerity. She carries the reader from a village in the rural South to crowded, worldly Boston, where we are invited to watch the intellectual development of a girl-wife's soul. The Southern wife is pitted against a lithe, green-eyed Boston Circe, a siren who is singularly unlike the typical Boston charmer, and would be looked at askance by those spectacled ladies. The story is romantic in theme, quixotic in motive and sophomoric in style.

Published by Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

Modern Horticulture.

Following naturally upon a study of the development of irrigation comes a book by W. S. Harwood entitled "The New Earth," in which the methods of modern and advanced horticulture are thoroughly analyzed and explained. The author has closely followed the work done by the staffs of the Experiment Stations of the United States, and his book will cause the unscientific farmer to realize the economic value of husbandry illumined and made facile by the latest discoveries of science. Plant development, soil inoculation, modern forestry, modern dairying and animal husbandry are among the topics discussed. The work is copiously illustrated.

Published by the MacMillan Company.

A Japanese Romance.

John Luther Long, now recognized as one of the most sympathetic and discerning of American writers in the delineation of Japanese character, has written a poetic story of love and patriotism. In "The Way of the Gods" Arisuga, a Samurai of the Samurai, dedicates himself to "the great red death," in expiation of the long-hidden treachery of his dead father. His filial remission of the paternal sin is temporarily prevented by his marriage with an eta of "the despised, accursed caste"; for the husband of an eta is dishonored in the army. Unlike the Japanese chroniclers of the national character, Mr. Long exalts the gentler sex and does special reverence to the self-sacrifice practiced by Japanese women. In "The Way of the Gods" the filial ambition of Arisuga dwindles to a slight and trivial thing when viewed beside the heroism of the tiny, flower-faced wife, who sacrifices honor and life itself to the accomplishment of his unfulfilled task. The book is written with a delicacy and charm that greatly assist in bridging the gulf between Occidental and Oriental sentiment.

Published by the MacMillan Company.

A New Samantha Book.

One must enjoy humorous literature according to one's tastes. Genuine spontaneous humor there is not in "Samantha vs. Josiah," yet we doubt not that hundreds of couples will read the book aloud to each other and rock in their seats while they wipe tears of enjoyment from their streaming eyes. Samantha is the same old-fashioned Samantha thrown in contrast with ultramodern things. An automobile plays the star role in Marietta Holley's latest revival of her still popular heroine, and Samantha and Josiah, while the latter recovers from his various automobile accidents, wrangle over questions of religion, and please the reading public by using the

plain, homely dialect of illiterate New England.

Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Co.; \$1.50.

Fifth Avenue Sybarites.

In his carefully chiselled style, with a beautiful degenerate for a heroine and a sympathetic sybarite for a hero, Edgar Saltus writes "Vanity Square, a Story of Fifth Avenue Life." This lover of the polished phrase, the briefly epigrammatic sentence, generally lures his readers on, and often persuades them that he is a superexcellent writer. But his stories generally lack vitality and imagination in its finer sense. The men and women of whom he writes are incapable of spirituality, of sustained flights through the ether of high emotions. They always crawl. So it is with the soulless Borgia in "Vanity Square," and with the Fifth Avenue sybarite, who, cloyed with luxury, gratified sensations and high feeding, bores the reader with his boredom. There is a chaste and loving wife in the story, but Mr. Saltus does not excel in the delineation of a virtuous woman. The subject does not attract him, and Maud is a mere figment.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

Winston Churchill's "Coniston."

The lightning skimmer of fiction should pass Winston Churchill by. He writes in almost too leisurely a mood for this hustling age. "Coniston" has the true rural atmosphere of a New England village, the story being contemporaneous with General Grant's administration. Mr. Churchill gives a very complete picture of the life described; too much so, indeed. His canvas is overcrowded, and realistic as are his types of shrewd country politicians and their guileless henchmen, they jostle each other to the point of blurring the vividness of the portraits. That this author has his limitations is apparent after reading a couple of pages. He is an apostle of the commonplace, and offers no delicate savor to the epicure in words. But his safe niche in the public regard is due to the democratic simplicity of the life which most attracts his pen, and his sympathetic attitude toward love and life in their more wholesome aspects.

Published by the Macmillan Company; price \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous.

Miriam Michelson's novel of old San Francisco, "Anthony Overman," will be published August 1.

The sales of Winston Churchill's five books, including the cheap editions of "The Celebrity" and "The Crisis," are about 1,500,000 copies.

"Morgan Shepard, one of San Francisco's publishers, has sought in New York a field. A company has been formed to be known as the Morgan Shepard Company, with large capital." So says the Los Angeles News.

The title of Rex Beach's novel, "The Spoilers," had already been used in England, so it appears there as "The Spoilers of the North."

John Bigelow's "The Mystery of Sleep," which was published a few years ago, has recently been brought out in French by the Librairie Fischbacher, of Paris, under the title, "Le Mystere du Sommeil."

Charles Dornon Robinson, the San Francisco artist, made several pictures in color during the progress of the fire. These will be reproduced in the August Century.

Carlos Wilson, a famous collector, who had 2000 volumes and 9000 portraits and rare prints relating to Napoleon, died in Boston recently. His collection is the finest in America, if not in the world.

The publishing house of Fox, Duffield & Co., from which R. K. Fox has recently retired, will hereafter be known as Duffield & Co.

"I had often heard Ibsen confess to a great distaste for seeing his own plays on the stage," writes William Archer. "I have quite definite conceptions," he said, "of my own characters, and the actors come between me and those conceptions, in some cases, permanently distorting or obscuring them."

H. G. Wells has just finished a book based on observations made during his recent visit to this country, under the title of "The Future in America."

The Psychologies of Professor William James are almost as popular as the novels of his brother Henry. Henry Holt and Company have just had to send to the Messrs. Macmillan in London a fourteenth printing of the "Brief Psychology," and that, after having sent them sixteen printings of the professor's big two-volume "Psychology."

Charles Battell Loomis, the American humorist, and Jerome K. Jerome, the British humorist, became fast friends when they were touring America together in the season recently closed, and Mr. Loomis sailed last week for England with his wife and daughter, to be the guests of the Jeromes.

"Nearly all the current issues of the magazines are filled with short fiction," says the New York World, "and as usual the stories are written by women, about women and for women. The magazines have done more than anything else to fasten upon American fiction the reproach of effeminacy." A curious light is thrown upon this statement by the letter written by the editor of one of our old and high-priced magazines to a well-known author, when he returned a short story by the latter. It was a good story, he wrote, but it had nothing in it about women, "and I cannot," said he, "accept for our magazine any story that does not contain a strong feminine interest."

Upton Sinclair's novel, "The Jungle," is to appear serially in many languages. Arrangements have been completed for its publication in L'Action of Paris, Il Tempo of Milan, in an underground revolutionary paper in Russia, and in a Dutch paper at Amsterdam. In this country, the Bohemian Fornort, the Polish Robotnick, various German papers, and the daily Vorwaerts are to print it. We did not suppose it was so bad as that.

Three of the most prominent novelists of the day are now in Lenox, Mass. Mrs. Edith Wharton, author of "The House of Mirth," is now at the Mount, the country place of her husband, Edward Wharton. It is said in Lenox that Mrs. Wharton has received more than \$70,000 from her publishers and foreign royalties. Judge Robert Grant, author of "The Undercurrent," and "Unleavened Bread," with Mrs. Grant, of Boston, is in Lenox. Mr. and Mrs. Morris K. Jesup have Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Jesup Stimson as their guests at Belvoir Terrace. Mr. Stimson's new novel, "The Cure of the Soul," has attracted much notice.

Senator Perkins has communicated with the various scientific societies in Washington with a view to replacing the libraries of California and societies which suffered in the San Francisco disaster. Most gratifying responses have been made. Several societies there have not only promised to contribute from their own store, but have volunteered to act as agents for a collection of scientific works, papers, government publications, etc., here and abroad.

A PHILIPPINE INCIDENT.

Rag Time for a Funeral March.

Not long ago the enlisted men in the Philippines grew much excited over an incident which took place at the funeral of a United States marine. It seemed that the officer in charge had ordered the Filipino band to play at the funeral a rag time march entitled "You Always in the Way." So much feeling resulted among the soldiers, blue jackets and marines that an inquiry was ordered, and the officer in charge of the funeral services was court martialled. He testified that the band knew but of one tune, and therefore he had ordered them to play that particular march, presumably in funeral time. As a result of this explanation the officer was acquitted.

But the men in the ranks were not satisfied with the result of the court martial. Private A. L. Price of the United States Army Hospital Company wrote some verses based on the incident, which he had published in the Cable News, a Manila daily. A copy of this production was brought to attention of the Secretary of the Navy who referred it to the Secretary of War, presumably requesting action on the matter. About the end of May a cablegram was received from the War Department by the military authorities in Manila directing an investigation. As a result of the cablegram Private Price was arrested and confined in the post guard house at F. Espana to await trial. But the court martial did not take place. The matter was suddenly dropped, for what reason is not known.

A number of superheated specimens of verse have come from soldiers in the Philippines. This one is not the most specimen of the military muse:

We don't object to hikin' through
hundred miles of sun,
We don't object to chargin' up a mountain on the run;
We don't object to livin' on a soldier's ration straight,
We don't object to dyin', but to re the Golden Gate
With ragtime funeral marches w the band is made to play—
It does sound a little awkward—"You Always in the Way."

We don't ask no favors from ye
may do the worst you can,
For Congress can't make gentle where God has failed on man.
To 'ell with all this sick'nin' rot-bad air, dry and warm,
These rotten gags about respect due the uniform—
When shoulder straps can make a lose half his little head
And make him joke the holiness wraps the country's dead.

Yes, damn ye, we'll salute ye, and
all say "Yes, sir," too,
But we salute the shoulder straps wouldn't speak to you;
You're further down beneath us than a dog a nigger owns,
Ye're dirtier'n a buzzard pickin' from dead men's bones,
When the flag is on our coffins ye'll the band to play.
That good old ragtime hymnal, "You Always in the Way."

You've stolen from a dead man the solemn fun'ral rite,
You've put a daub of mud upon a flag for which we fight;
Ye ain't disgraced the service, but know ye have at least
Showed how little man was in ye how near ye are the beast.
Few men that hold commissions would tell the band to play
The ragtime dance-ball music w soldier's laid away.

The bachelor looms large in world's eye at the present time. Fred Beit, the greatest diamond merchant alive, Lord Kitchener, the Lipton, James Henry ("Silent") Smith, Attorney General Moody, Sen. Penrose, Brandegee and Kean, eleven Representatives in Congress are among the notables who refuse to become benedicts.

STORYETTES.

Have and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Southern woman says that her coiled woman surprised her one day with the announcement that she was soon to be married again. The servant explained that she had attended a funeral a few weeks before and that she was to be "the husband of the corpse." She added that the bereaved widower had noticed her at the funeral. "He said I was the life of the occasion."

Mr. George McCrae, M. P., amused members of the Heriot Club, in Edinburgh, the other night at their annual dinner with a few political stories. He told how on one occasion Mr. John Edmond was wasting the time of the House of Commons by wandering idly from his subject, till at last the Speaker had to call him to order. "All right," said the Irish orator, "I will not repeat what I was going to say."

Some years ago a faithful son of Indiana was enabled, by reason of an inheritance, to make a trip abroad. Upon his return the Evansville people were anxious to have his impressions "furrin parts," a wish with which the traveler obligingly complied. "Tell me all about Paris," some one finally suggested. "Paris," observed the Evansville man, gravely, "is certainly a wonderful place, gents—all things considered, a wonderful place. But," he added, thoughtfully, "Evansville for me."

A well known Law Courts joke originated with the first Lord Chelmsford, when Frederick Thesiger. Sir Cresswell Thesiger was trying a case in which the name of a vessel was frequently introduced. When mentioned by Ser-

geant Channell, who was deficient in store of aspirates, the vessel was the Ellen; when alluded to by Thesiger she was the Helen. "Stop!" cried Cresswell, presently; "I have got on my notes the Ellen and the Helen; which is it?" In his blandest tone Thesiger replied: "Oh, my lud, the vessel was christened the Helen, but she lost her 'h' in the chops of the Channell."

An honest hog-buyer started up in business and guaranteed the farmers a fair deal. He always weighed the porkers twice to guard against mistakes. Once in weighing a bunch of pigs the second time he found their weight had increased to the amount of 200 pounds.

He was at a loss to account for the condition until an employee confessed that at the first weighing he had inserted the toe of his boot under the scales and pried it up, thus cheating the farmer out of one hog. The buyer was indignant.

"What did you do a trick like that for?" he asked. "You couldn't have profited by it, anyhow."

"I know it, John," said the guilty man, "but I just couldn't help it."

It had always been the custom to cheat the farmer and the man couldn't bear to see the old customs passing away.

Kimball Carrow has the reputation of being the champion absent-minded man of Bedford, Mass. On one occasion he called upon his old friend and family physician, Dr. B. E. Sawyer. After a chat of a couple of hours the doctor saw him to the door and bade him good night, saying: "Come again. Family all well, I suppose?" "My heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Carrow, "that reminds me of my errand; my wife is in a fit!"

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Robert L. Taylor, who has been chosen at a Democratic primary election in Tennessee as the successor of Edward W. Carmack in the United States Senate, is probably the most popular man in his State, and he became so the first time he ran for Governor. His opponent at that time was his own brother. At the political mass-meetings, instead of making the usual speeches, he produced a violin, and, being a fine player, entertained the crowds with music that enraptured them and secured their votes for him. The "fiddling Governor", as he is known, has had three terms in the gubernatorial chair, besides having been a member of Congress and holding other political offices. Both he and Mr. Carmack are of the editorial profession.

The latest addition to the French Academy, Cardinal Mathieu, is not in favor at the Vatican. At the last Papal Conclave, he sat next to a stranger, who spoke no French—a language which Popes are, as a rule, expected to know. "Non loqueris gallice?—ergo non es papabilis," said Cardinal Mathieu to his neighbor, who replied: "Verum est, eminentissime domine, non sum papabilis! Deo gratias!" But the stranger, who returned this answer is now Pius X, and resents the affront thus put upon him.

On the seventieth birthday of Cesare Lombroso his two daughters, Gina and Paola, presented him with a copy of his life and works written by themselves. There is to be issued soon a testimonial volume on the works of Lombroso, written by about thirty of the scientists who attended the recent

criminology congress in Turin. Each scientist has written a chapter on the particular branch of learning in which he is most versed, testifying to the great progress made in criminological science in the past sixteen years in consequence of Lombroso's studies.

Many exaggerated stories are in circulation as to President Roosevelt's condition. He is simply tired out—nothing more—by a strenuous winter and spring. Even now his vigor is such that, were he any other man, he would be called bubbling over with good health.

Jules Adolphe Breton, the famous painter, died at his Paris residence, July 5. He was eighty-nine years old. Jules Breton's works were greatly admired in America, and great sums were paid for them. He was born at Courrieres, Pas de Calais of most respectable parentage. Breton studied affectionately the human types around him, and painted them with truth, grace and vigor. In 1855 Breton first attracted wide attention in the Universal Exhibition at Paris with his "Les Glaneuses," "Le lendemain de la Saint-Sebastien," and "Petites Paysannes Consultant et "Petites Paysannes Consultant les Epis." Among some of his best-known works are "La Benediction des Bles," "Le Rappel des Glaneuses," "Le Soir—Les Semeuses," "Consecration de l'Eglise d'Oignies," "La Gardeuse de Dindons," "Un Grand Pardon Breton," "Les Lavandieres," "Jeune Fille Gardant des Vaches," "La Glaneuse," "Le Soir," "Les Communiantes," "La Fin du Travail," "L'Etoile du Berger," and "Les Dernieres Fleurs." Breton was a poet of distinction and the author of his own biography.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Indispensable as a seasoning for Soups, Fish and Gravies

John Duncan's Sons, Agts., N. Y.

"The Secret of my Success"



PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Anne Ide, daughter of Governor General Ide of the Philippines, to Congressman W. Bourke Cockran of New York.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Harriette de Witt Allen, daughter of Mrs. Henry F. Allen, to the Rev. Dr. Edward A. Dodd of Boston will take place Wednesday, July 25th, at the Episcopal Chapel in Ross Valley.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Enid Yale, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Yale of Oakland (and Mr. Wilber Tirrell Gracey, American Consul at Singtau, China, will be celebrated at the end of this month.

Captain and Mrs. Charles Plummer Perkins entertained at dinner recently on board the U. S. S. Pensacola at Yerba Buena Island, in honor of Admiral Thomas, U. S. N., who has been their guest. Those present were, besides the guest of honor, Captain and Mrs. Marix, Paymaster and Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Malcolm Henry, Commander Wiley and Senator Perkins.

Mrs. Edward Houghton entertained at bridge on Friday afternoon of last week at her present home in Berkeley. There were two tables of guests, who were: Mrs. Hippolyte Dutard, Mrs. Elmer Clark, Mrs. Frederick Green, Mrs. Frederick Fenwick, Mrs. Porter, Mrs. William Lindsley Spencer, Mrs. Goodwin and Mrs. Sheldon.

Mrs. J. P. Hawes and Miss Georgie Shepard entertained at a luncheon last week at Mrs. Hawes' home at Fort Baker. Among the guests were Mrs. Frank Findley, Miss Mabel Watkins, Miss Etelka Willard, Miss Helen Thomas, Mrs. William Klink, Miss Marjorie Shepard and Miss Hamilton.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Patrick Calhoun, who is at present in Cleveland, Ohio, will come to California on August 1st to spend a month in the city and at Burlingame.

Mrs. James Potter Langhorne has been the guest of Miss Ida Bourn at St. Helena for a fortnight, and Miss Maizie Langhorne has been spending a week at Pacific Grove.

Miss Jennie Crocker has returned from New York and will spend the rest of the summer at her country place at San Mateo.

Mr. Alfred H. Wilcox of Los Angeles has been visiting at Burlingame. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon have recently spent several days at Del Monte.

Mrs. William Havemeyer, Miss Vera Havemeyer and Miss Bernice Havemeyer have arrived in California from New York and will spend the summer here.

Mrs. Thomas B. Bishop has been in town from Santa Barbara for a brief stay.

Mrs. Lawrence Pool has recently been the guest of friends in San Rafael.

Miss Frances Taylor left last week for Santa Barbara, where she will spend some time as the guest of the Redingtons.

Mrs. William Leahy, who has been staying at Mare Island since the fire, has gone recently to Blythedale for a sojourn with her mother, Mrs. Harrington.

Mrs. Benito Smith of Chili, her brother, George T. Page, Miss Edith Page Smith and Miss Anita Maillard spent the Fourth at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Babcock have gone for the summer to their country place at Lake Tahoe.

The Rev. Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin of New York is the guest of his cousins, Mr. and Mrs. James Coffin, in Ross Valley.

Mrs. Alfred Hunter Voorhies and her son Grantland Voorhies left last week for Fort Casey, Washington, for a brief visit to Captain and Mrs. Guy Scott, the latter of whom was formerly Miss Lella Voorhies.

Miss Elizabeth Murison, who is now at her cottage, Bonnie Brier, in Fruitvale, will go abroad early in September to be absent for about a year.

Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith has returned to the home of her grandmother, Mrs. George Hyde, at San Mateo, after visiting friends in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker have returned from a brief fishing trip in the Santa Cruz mountains.

Miss Clara Nichols has been the guest of Miss Sara Coffin in Ross Valley recently.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., who are in San Rafael, for the sum-

mer, were guests at Del Monte last week.

Miss Maude Younger has arrived here from New York for a brief visit and is the guest of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Younger, at their home on Broderick street. Soon after her return to New York Miss Younger will go abroad.

Mrs. Austin Tubbs expects to leave early in September for an Eastern trip.

Miss Ethel Dean is still the guest of her sister, Mrs. Walter Magee, at the Magee ranch in Nevada, and will spend most of the summer there.

Mrs. Morton Gibbons has recently gone East to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Stubbs, who have closed their Chicago home and are, for the summer, at a resort on Lake Michigan.

Mr. Sherrill Schell has recently arrived in Paris.

Miss Hazel Hyde of Waterbury, Connecticut, is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Dwight Chipman at their home in Ross Valley.

Mr. Athole McBean was a guest at Del Monte for the Fourth of July holidays.

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee of Fruitvale has taken a cottage at Byron Springs for the summer.

Mrs. Mary P. Huntington and Miss Marian Huntington will leave about July 25 for Germany, where they will spend several months.

Miss Florence Ives, who has been the guest of Mrs. Malcolm Henry, has gone to Cloverdale where she will visit at her sister's, Mrs. Henry Crocker's country place.

Mr. and Mrs. Le Grand Cannon Tibbetts of Oakland will spend the summer in Norway and Sweden, going to Southern Europe for the winter.

Mrs. H. H. Belden and Miss Nadine Beiden, who have been abroad for the past year, will spend the summer in Switzerland.

Mr. John Carrigan left on Monday last for a month's stay at Lake Tahoe as the guest of Mrs. Brigham and Miss Kate Brigham. He will return in September to the Philippines.

Dr. and Mrs. Harold Ohrwall are rejoicing in the advent of a daughter in their home on the Zeile Farm, at Hayward.

Dr. George Blumer, formerly director of the Bender University at Albany, and professor of pathology at Albany Medical College, and later a member of the faculty of the medical department of the University of California, has been appointed professor of theory and practice of medicine in Yale University medical department, New Haven, to succeed the late Dr. John S. Ely.

Recent arrivals at Hotel Del Monte during the past week, include: Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Hudson, Mr. Leonard Chenery, Mrs. Asa R. Wells, Dr. Louis C. Deane, Mr. and Mrs. A. Alper, Mrs. Belcher, Mr. W. Burckhalter, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell Jr., Mr. Geo. T. Page and Mr. Atholl McBean of San Francisco; Mr. W. E. Crothers of San Jose; Mr. J. J. Moore of Redwood; Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Tobin of Burlingame.

United States Senator Francis G. Newlands, of Nevada, is suffering from a broken collar-bone. The Senator was thrown from a horse near San Mateo, where he and Mrs. Newlands are spending the summer.

Mrs. Abbott Kinney and Mrs. M. M. Merry expect to make a tour of the world, going by way of San Francisco to Montreal, thence to Queens-town; a tour of Ireland and Scotland; England, the continent, thence to the Holy Land. They expect to return by way of China and Japan.

Mr. George H. Strong and Miss Georgie Strong leave this week for a trip to the Yosemite.

Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff and Miss Florence Cluff have abandoned their plan of going abroad this year.

Dr. Isaac Rivas, a practicing physician in this city for forty years, and Mexican Consul at this port for four years, died on Monday morning after an illness of a few weeks. Dr. Rivas was seventy-two years of age, was educated in France and Germany, and, besides his services for his Government in this city, acted in the same capacity for a time in Cadiz. He leaves a widow and five children.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean are at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Sloss have returned from their tour abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean have been spending a few days at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Mayer, who have been sojourning at San Rafael, expect to return to San Francisco next September.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs has decided

to return for the season to Newport, and has taken a cottage there.

Mr. John Hays Hammond and a party of friends arrived at Newport last week on the yacht Wayfarer.

Miss Gwendolen Overton and Miss Mary B. Elliott have just returned from a several months' visit at Fort Apache, Arizona.

Dr. H. J. Stewart has accepted the position of organist at the Temple Sherith Israel, California and Webster streets, San Francisco.

Dr. Harry I. Wiel, for several years assistant to Dr. Kelly, of Johns Hopkins, Baltimore, arrived Sunday to spend some little time visiting his parents at 1817 Jackson street.

The Original Vienna Cafe Is Now Open to the Public.

In a new and central location at 1226 Post street, near the Emporium, is the cosy home of the Vienna Cafe and Bakery. The Dining Rooms have been fitted up most elaborately, making it one of the most attractive cafes in the city. The cuisine and service will receive the special attention of the proprietor, Mr. F. B. Galindo, who has catered to the San Francisco public for so many years past. A Grill, Restaurant and fine Bakery all in a handsome private residence is something entirely new and will no doubt recommend itself to ladies while out shopping. Special rooms for receptions and banquets are also one of its features. San Francisco's Original Vienna Cafe is opening up its new place in fine style where appetizing breakfasts, lunches and dinners are to be had at popular prices the same "as before the late unpleasantness."

Springfield Fire and Marine Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn.

Manager George D. Dornin advises that the City Department of the Springfield is now open in the Kohl Building. The General Department will occupy its old quarters on the California-street side, third floor, as soon as rooms are restored, and furniture, now ordered, made ready. Temporary Department headquarters will remain for the present at 1112 Broadway, Oakland.

The Springfield is among the companies which are adjusting and paying policy holders' claims in the San Francisco disaster involving \$1,600,000. The payment of this sum will leave the company's capital \$2,000,000, its reserve for reinsurance (or unearned) premiums \$3,122,531.32, as appears by its financial statement of December 31, 1905, intact, and a net surplus of over \$400,000. The assets of the Springfield at the close of 1905 were \$7,156,531.72.

JOHN G. ILS & CO.

— MANUFACTURERS —

HIGH-GRADE FRENCH RANGES

Kitchen and Bakery Outfits
624 WASHINGTON STREET
San Francisco, Cal.

P. Centemeri & Co.

KID GLOVES

New Location

1551 Van Ness Ave.

Bet. Pine and Montgomery

San Francisco

If You Wish to Advertise

IN NEWSPAPERS
ANYWHERE AT ANY TIME
Call on or Write
E. C. Dake's

Advertising Agency

1004 Masonic Avenue
San Francisco

Pears'

Soap, like books,
should be chosen
with discretion.
Both are capable of
infinite harm.

The selection of
Pears' is a perfect
choice and a safe-
guard against soap
evils.

Matchless for the complexion.

Del Monte Offers

During the reconstruction of San Francisco, Hotel del Monte offers a welcome shelter to those desiring a homelike place for rest and recreation. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at the present. The entire Hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families. Address Geo. P. Snell, Manager, Del Monte, California.

A Permanent Home

For YOUR

BREAKFAST

GERMEA

AT ALL GROCERS

The Johnston-Locke Mercantile Co.

AGENTS

714 Broadway, Oakland

Thos. Cook & Son

NOW LOCATED

410 Fourteenth Street
OAKLAND.Bonestell, Richardson
and Company

Has Plenty of Every Kind of

PAPER

For Immediate Delivery.

Just Received Four Carloads of

Rubberoid Roofing

Architects and builders of the highest class recommend Rubberoid for any style of building.

Write for Samples and Price.

California's Leading Paper House

Phone, Oakland 7700.

1059 CASTRO STREET, OAKLAND

PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

General Adna R. Chaffee, U. S. A., Chaffee and Miss Helen Chaffee, sojourning in Southern California. General A. W. Greely, U. S. A., commanding officer of the Pacific Division, returned from a ten days tour of section of Yosemite and San Diego. was accompanied by Captain Frank Vinn, U. S. A., acting aide-de-camp, Mrs. Greeley. General and Mrs. dy are living at El Drisco apart- ts, Pacific avenue and Broderick st.

Brigadier General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., commander of the department California, Colonel John L. Clem, U. S. A., Chief Quartermaster, Captain Sam G. Haan, U. S. A., Chief of Captain Leonard D. Wildman, U. S. A., Chief Signal Officer, Captain Meth Morton, U. S. A., Chief Ordnance Officer, Lieutenant Burton J. hell, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Ed- C. Long, U. S. A., Aides-de-camp, leave about July 25th for the m- ers at American Lake, and will be at until October 1st.

Colonel John A. Lundeen, U. S. A., Director-General of the Pacific divi- who has been for the past six s in Alaska, on a tour of inspec- is expected to return here very ly. Colonel L. H. Walker, Artillery Corps U. S. A., who has been on temporary at the Presidio, as member of a. of examination for promotion, returned to Fort Stevens, Oregon. Colonel Lea Febiger, U. S. A., Acting Director-General of the Pacific divi- has been relieved from duty in ction with the relief work in San disco.

Lieutenant Commander Solon Arn- U. S. N., who is very well known on coast, has been retired as comman- ating from June 30th, 1906, Com- er Arnold and his family are now lantic City, but will go abroad in ear future for an indefinite stay. ong the essays selected for excel- by the Naval Institute this year, of Lieutenant-Commander A. P. ck, U. S. N., on the Elements of Tactics, won first honorable men- her prize essay being that of Com- er Hawley O. Rittenhouse, U. S. i Promotion by Selection. or Charles B. Hardin, Twentieth ry, U. S. A., has been ordered port to Brigadier General Fred- Funston, U. S. A., president of my retiring board, for examina- y that board.

Captain Sydney A. Cloman, General U. S. A., arrived in San Fran- on Thursday of last week and ave in a few days for Vancouver ks. From there he will march he Fourteenth Infantry to Am- Lake, where he will remain dur- ue maneuvers, having been de- for general observation at the of instruction. During his stay Captain Cloman is the guest of n and Mrs. W. G. Haan, at Fort

Captain Robert F. McMillan, U. S. A., rs. McMillan, have left the Pre- and will be the guests for a fort- of Mrs. McMillan's parents, Mr. rs. Blakeman, in the city. About 1st they will go East and on 15th will proceed to Captain an's station at Fort Moultrie, Carolina.

Captain William F. Hancock, Artill- ers, U. S. A., of Fort Casey,

Washington, who has been undergoing examination for promotion at the Pres- idio, has returned to his station.

Captain Charles C. Smith, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., from the Presidio of Monterey, has recently been the guest for a week of Captain Davis, U. S. A., at the Presidio of San Francisco.

Captain John B. Schoeffel, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., Camp McKinley, Honolulu, has been granted two months' leave of absence, to take ef- fect about October 1, on the return of Companies I and K, Tenth Infantry, from the Presidio of Monterey.

Captain Solomon Avery Jr. and Lieutenant Rollo F. Anderson, U. S. A., have been detailed as members of the general court martial at the Presidu of San Francisco.

Captain Henry T. Ferguson, Com- missary, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty as assistant to the Pur- chasing Commissary, San Francisco.

Lieutenant Edwin C. Long, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., aide-de-camp, has been announced as inspector of small arms practice of the department of California, vice Lieutenant Burton J. Mitchell, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., aide-de-camp, relieved.

Lieutenant Charles C. Pulis, Artill- ery Corps, U. S. A., who was so se- riously injured by a dynamite explo- sion during the San Francisco fire, but who is now entirely recovered, has been promoted to be Captain from June 9.

The following named assistant sur- geons, U. S. A., have been advanced from the grade of first lieutenant to Captain to date from June 29: John A. Murtagh, Louis Brechemin Jr., John H. Allen, Charles Y. Brownlee, Eugene R. Whitmore, George M. Ekwurzel, William W. Reno, Carroll D. Buck, Conrad E. Koerper, Robert W. Patterson, Roderic P. O'Connor, George P. Heard, Robert E. Noble, Roger Brooks Jr., Verge E. Sweazey, Matthew A. De Laney, Horace D. Bloombergh, John R. Devereux, Paul S. Halloran, Kent Nelson, Lloyd L. R. Krebs, William P. Woodall, Clem- ent C. Whitcomb and Edmund D. Shortidge.

TECHAU TAVERN.

Large Crowds Gather in the Popular Tea Room.

As a shopping center the women buyers have already voted Van Ness avenue a success, and as a rendezvous during the busy afternoon hours they have set the seal of approval on the new tea room at Techau Tavern.

Elegantly housed at 1321 Sutter street near the crowded Van Ness ave- nue promenade, the far-seeing manage- ment of this well-known resort have made the LADIES' TEA ROOM one of the chief features of their splendid es- tablishment.

Since the opening day, between the hours of 3 and 5 p. m., these artisti- cally designed and elaborately appoint- ed apartments have been the meeting and resting place of the women shop- pers of the city. Here they gather to refresh themselves with some dainty tid-bit a la Techau—a salad, an ice cream, a cup of tea or delicious choco- late mid surroundings congenial.

That nothing might be wanting to complete their comfort an orchestra renders numbers from the modern and old masters and it is the privilege of the fair diners to ask for such selec- tions as best please their fancy. With its moderate prices and many conven- iences, small wonder then that the ladies find Techau Tavern so charming a place to sip tea, gossip and listen to harmony on a busy afternoon.

BANKING

P. E. BOWLES, Pres.

E. W. WILSON, Vice-Pres.

American National Bank

Deposit Growth

Mar. 3, '02	\$ 387,728.70
Sept. 15, '02	1,374,983.43
Mar. 15, '03	2,232,582.94
Sept. 15, '03	2,629,113.30
Mar. 15, '04	3,580,912.31
Sept. 15, '04	3,825,471.71
Mar. 15, '05	4,349,427.92
Sept. 15, '05	4,938,029.03
Mar. 15, '06	5,998,431.52
June 18, '06	6,650,555.84

MERCHANTS EXCHANGE BUILDING

FRANCIS CUTTING, Vice-Pres.

GEO. N. O'BRIEN

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

Capital . \$10,000,000

Surplus . 4,000,000

is located at its old quarters

Southeast Corner California and Sansome Sts
San Francisco

The First National Bank

of San Francisco, Cal.

Corner Bush and Sansome Sts.

CAPITAL \$1,500,000
SURPLUS \$1,500,000

Accounts invited from banks, corporations and individuals.

Safe deposit boxes to rent in vaults that came through the fire un- harmed.

German Savings & Loan Society

482 California Street, San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus.....

Capital actually paid up in cash.....

Deposits, December 30, 1905.....

F. Tillman, Jr., President; Daniel Meyer, First Vice-President; Emile Rohte, Second Vice-President; A. H. R. Schmidt, Cashier; Wm. Herrmann, Asst. Cashier; Geo. Tournay, Secretary; H. Muller, Asst. Secretary; W. S. Goodfel- low, General Attorney.

Board of Directors:

F. Tillman, Jr., Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohte, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, N. Ohlandt, J. W. Van Bergen, E. T. Kruse, and W. S. Goodfellow.

Security Savings Bank

310 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00

Paid-up Capital.....500,000.00

Surplus and Undivided Profits.....

Deposits, December 30, 1905.....

Interest paid on deposits. Loans made. Banking by mail a specialty.

William Babcock.....President

S. L. Abbot.....Vice-President

Fred W. Ray.....Secretary

Directors—William Babcock, S. L. Abbot, O. D. Baldwin, Joseph D. Grant, E. J. McCutchen, L. F. Montague, R. H. Pease, Warren D. Clark, Jas. L. Flood, J. A. Donohoe, John Parrott, Jacob Stern.

FRENCH AMERICAN BANK

Union Trust Building (Third Floor)

Ready to accommodate its customers and do a general banking business. We will collect on insurance policies for those wishing our services.

THE FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

occupies offices in the same building.

Officers—Charles Carpy, president; Arthur Legault, vice-president; Leon Bocqueraz, vice-president.

Directors—J. E. Artigues, O. Bozlo, J. A. Bergerot, E. J. DeSaba, J. M. Dupas, J. S. Godeau, J. J. Mack, Geo. Belancy, Leon Kaufman.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—CENTRAL

Trust Co. of California, 42 Montgo- mery st., corner Sutter—For the half year ending June 30, 1906, a di- vidend has been declared on deposits in the savings department of this bank as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent per an- num, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 1-2 per cent per annum, payable on or after Monday, July 2, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1906.

HENRY BRUNNER, Cashier.

California Safe Deposit & Trust Company

Capital Fully Paid.....\$2,000,000

Total Assets.....\$10,000,000

A General Banking Business Conducted Savings and Checking Accounts Re- ceived.

Interest Paid on Deposits.

MAIN OFFICE

Corner California and Montgomery Streets

West End Branch: 1531 Devisadero St., near Post.

Mission Branch: 927 Valencia Street, near 21st.

Uptown Branch: 1850 Geary St., west of Fillmore.

DAVID F. WALKER, Pres.
J. DALZELL BROWN, Mgr.

Mutual Savings Bank

710 Market St, Opposite Third SAN FRANCISCO.

Guarantee Capital.....\$ 1,000,000

Paid-up Capital.....300,000

Surplus.....320,000

Deposits, January 1, 1906.....10,213,801

Interest paid on deposits.

Loans on approved securities.

OFFICERS—President, James D. Phe- lan; First Vice-President, S. G. Murphy; Second Vice-President, John A. Hooper; Secretary and Cashier, Geo. A. Story; Asst. Sec. and Asst. Cashier, C. B. Hob- son; Attorney, Frank J. Sullivan.

Directors—James D. Phelan, John A. Hooper, Frank J. Sullivan, Jas. M. Mc- Donald, S. G. Murphy, James Moffatt, Robt. McElroy, Charles Holbrook, Ru- dolph Spreckels.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101

Montgomery street, corner of Sutter

street, has declared a dividend for the term ending June 30th, 1906, at the rate of three and one-half (3½)

per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes and payable on and after

July 2d, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as principal.

EDWIN BONNELL, Cashier.

Offices, Desk Room and Stores to Rent
Market Street, between Third & Fourth

IN THE NEW

Midway Office Building

Under Construction. To be completed July 15th.

Single or double offices, 10x10, 10x20 and 12x20
Desk room, 10x10. Stores, 20x64.

Apply on Premises, or to

Thomas Magee & Sons, Real Estate Agents
5 Montgomery Street

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Smith and Jones, talking about the Kaiser: Jones—They tell me that unfortunately he is very bellicose. Smith—Dear me! You surprise me! I always understood he was rather tall and slim.—Exchange.

"What I regard as most conspicuous about Georgie Gayson," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "is her naivete." "Yes," replied her hostess, "I wonder what made her get a red one?"—Baltimore American.

Senior Partner—There's one thing to be said in favor of classical music. Junior Partner—What is that? Senior Partner—The office boy can't whistle it.—Chicago News.

"Is there any available substitute for rubber?" asked the instructor of the class. "Yes, sir," answered Miss De Muir, one of the fair coeds. "I think 'stare' or 'gape' is just as good."—Chicago Tribune.

"I, sir," began Bragg, "am a self-made man." "Yes," replied Wise, "hut why apologize now? That won't help matters."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Madison—How do you like your new neighbors? Mrs. Dyer—I don't know. I haven't tried to borrow anything yet.—Town and County.

Mrs. Flip—I have just been talking to a specialist, and he says my brain vitality has all gone to my long hair. Do you believe it? Flip—Well, er-I knew it had gone!—Detroit Free Press.

"Yes, I'm going to spend a few weeks at Kloseman's summer resort. My stomach is all out of order, and I need a rest." "Well, your stomach will get a good rest there, too. I know the place."—Chicago Tribune.

"In the struggle for liberty," shouted the long-haired anarchist, "you will always find me, hrotbers, in the van." "Sure," said the doughty policeman as he pulled him into the patrol.—Baltimore American.

Green—I cannot understand why De Short wants a divorce. His wife had nearly half a million when he married her. Brown—Yes, and she has every dollar of it yet. That's the trouble.—Chicago Daily News.

She—I see the number of marriages in England and Wales during 1905 was 260,489, a slight increase over the record for 1904. That would look as if the men are getting more sensible. He—Getting more careless, I should say.—Yonkers Statesman.

"You'll have to fix the poem over before I can huy it," said the editor. "There appears to be something the matter with its feet." "I would have you understand, sir," said the hard, with dignity, "that I am a poet and not a chiropodist."—Cleveland Leader.

"I would like a pound of your golf sausage," she said to the butcher. "Golf sausage? Sorry, madam, but we don't handle it. We have blood sausage, liverwurst, ham sausage, and other kinds, but no golf sausage." "Ob, dear, I'm so sorry. My husband said he much preferred the kind made in links."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

"I suppose that some of your battle scenes are very realistic?" said the sympathizer. "Yes," said the bum actor, "I have impersonated Napoleon at Waterloo several times when real shells were bursting all about me."—Kansas City Times.

Helping the Homeless

The Continental Building and Loan Association

Has helped build up several interior towns and cities of California, but for the next few years its funds will be used to help restore the burned homes of San Francisco.

Dr. Washington Dodge, President, Gavin McNab, Attorney, Wm. Corbin, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr. Office: Corner Market and Church Sts.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Packers Potted It. Mary had a little lamb, And when she saw it sicken, She shipped it off to Packingtown And now it's labeled chicken. —New York Evening Post.

A Blue Grass Lyric. The dove's notes are the saddest In Kentucky; The streams dance on the gladdest In Kentucky; Hip pockets are the thickest, Pistol hands the slickest, Cylinders turn quickest, In Kentucky.

Song birds are the sweetest In Kentucky; Thoroughbreds the fleetest In Kentucky; The mountains tower proudest, Thunder peals the loudest, The landscape is the grandest—and Politics the d—dest In Kentucky.

The Enlivener. How stupid day by day it were And dead. An there were not some daily stir From Ted— Some big or little thing begun Some adversary on the run, Some doings by the doughty one.

How potent were the days to bore And tire, An it were not for Theodore, Esquire— Some heated solecism said, Some evil whacked upon the head, Some doings typical of Ted.

How wags the merry world with us And glad, With Theodore the Strenuous, Egad! Some smoke upon each setting sun, Some falsifier handed one, Some shindee ended or begun.

Alas! how shall we stand the blow Of fate, When Theodore shall us no more Elate? All eventful days and still! No daily grist from Teddy's mill! No news from Rough-and-Ready-ville! —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

W. Bourke Cockran, of New York, Democratic Congressman and orator, left Santa Barbara, July 14, for Lake Tahoe with Miss Anne Ide, his fiancée, and a party of friends. He discussed just before his departure the political situation. In his estimation Mr. Roosevelt is the only choice for the Republican party to consider and he believes the President will be forced to accept the nomination. Likewise he thinks that Mr. Bryan is, at this time, the unanimous choice of the Democratic party.

An interesting relic of the San Francisco conflagration is a truckload of blackened masses of metal which the United Railroads Company recovered from its safe in the Rialto building. The metal originally consisted of thousands of dollars in silver dollars, halves, quarters, dimes, nickels, and one-cent pieces. The company is endeavoring to recover the coin value of the money from the Treasury Department. Otherwise, should it succeed in recovering only the bullion value it will suffer a loss of many thousands of dollars.

Mary Mannering has a play called "Lady Betty," which she will produce in the fall.

A thoroughly competent teacher, experienced in training young children, would like to give private lessons in Ross. The best of references. Address H. P. Ross, Marin county.

Our Standards

Sperry's Best Family Drifted Snow Golden Gate Extra

Sperry Flour Company

Main Office, 133 Spear St. San Francisco, Cal.



CALIFORNIA LIMITED TO CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS LEAVES DAILY AT 9:30 A.M. WITH DINERS AND SLEEPERS

7:30 a. m. For Stockton, Merced, direct connection for Yosemite Valley, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield and intermediate points.
8:00 p. m. California Limited, 3 days to Chicago. Leaves every day. Direct connection to Grand Canyon.
9:30 a. m. Valley Limited for Stockton, Merced, direct connection for Yosemite Valley, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield and points on Sierra Railway.
10:55 a. m. For Stockton, Riverbank, Oakdale and points on Sierra Railway.
4:00 p. m. For Stockton, Fresno and intermediate points.
8:00 p. m. Overland Express for Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and Grand Canyon.
NOTE.—Yosemite Vv. R. R. trains leave Merced for Yosemite Valley at 5:30 a. m. and 2 p. m. every day.
TICKET OFFICES.
Ferry Building, San Francisco.
1112 Broadway, and Fortieth and San Pablo avenues, Oakland.
University and West streets, Berkeley.

VACATION 1906

ISSUED BY THE California Northwestern R'y. THE PICTURESQUE ROUTE OF CALIFORNIA AND

North Shore Railroad

THE SCENIC ROUTE Is Now Ready for Distribution GIVING FULL INFORMATION IN REGARD TO

CAMPING SPOTS, THE LOCATION, ACCOMMODATIONS, ATTRACTIONS, ETC., OF MINERAL SPRING RESORTS AND COUNTRY HOMES AND FARMS WHERE SUMMER BOARDERS ARE TAKEN, WITH TERMS OF BOARD, \$7.00 AND UPWARDS PER WEEK.

To be had at Tiburon Ferry, foot of Market street, San Francisco. Inquiry by mail will bring an immediate response.

JAS. AGLER, General Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen'l Pass Agent.

Mt. Tamalpais Railway

Via Sausalito Ferry—Foot of Market St.

Lv. San Fran	W'kday Sun	Lv. Tamalpais	Sun. W'kday
7:15A	9:50A	9:27A	9:10A
9:50A	10:15A	11:12A	1:00P
10:15A	11:15A	12:20P	2:30P
11:45P	12:45P	1:40P	4:25P
Sat'y	2:15P	3:10P	Sat'y
4:35P	3:45P	4:40P	9:30P
		6:40P

Legal Holidays, Sunday Time. TICKET OFFICE AT SAUSALITO FERRY.

AMERICAN LINE

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON.

New York July
St. Louis Aug.
Philadelphia Aug.
St. Paul Aug.
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool
Merion July
Neerland Aug.
Friesland Aug.
Westernland Aug.

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Minnehaha July
Minnetonka Aug.
Mesaba Aug.
Minneapolis Aug.

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.

Sailing Wednesdays as per sailing date
Statendam Aug. 22, 10 a.
Ryndam Aug. 29, 10 a.
Fotsdam Sept. 5, 6 a.

RED STAR LINE.

N. Y.—ANTWERP—DOVER—(LONDON, PARIS)

Vaderland July
Finland Aug.
Zeeland Aug.
Kronland Aug.

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.

Cedric July
Baltic Aug.
Majestic Aug.
Celtic Aug.
Oceanic Aug.
Teutonic Aug.

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool

Arabic Aug.
Republic Aug.
Cymric Aug.
Arabic Aug.

C. D. TAYLOR, Pass. Agt, Pacific Coast Temporary Office 534 14th st., Oakland.

Oceanic S. S. Co.

HONOLULU only—S. S. Alameda sails 11 a. m. July 21. Round trip, first class, \$125.

SYDNEY, AUCKLAND, SAMOA, HONOLULU—S. S. Sonoma sails 2 p. August 2.

TAHITI, SOUTH SEAS—S. S. Marip sails 11 a. m. Aug. 6. First-class round trip, \$125.

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents, Pier 7, foot Pacific St., San Francisco. Phone West 1. Oakland office, 1168 Broadway. Phone Oakland 8818.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

ORIENTAL S. S. CO. have opened their general offices at 217-221 BRANNAN ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

S. S. NIPPON MARU, Saturday, July 21. S. S. HONGKONG MARU, Friday, Aug. 1. S. S. AMERICA MARU, Friday, Sept. 1.

Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and Brannan streets, 1 P. M., Yokohama and Hongkong, calling Honolulu, Kobe, (Higo), Nagasaki, Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamer for Manila, India, etc. cargo received on board on day of sailing.

S. S. HONGKONG MARU.

S. S. AMERICA MARU.

S. S. NIPPON MARU.

Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan sts. W. J. AVERY, Assistant General Manager.

THE ORIGINAL

Swain's Bakery RESTAURANT

Now Open for Business

1111 Post Street, bet. Polk and Van Ness

No connection with any other establishment



The Argonaut.

Vol. LIX. No. 1533.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1906.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 1711 San Pablo avenue, Oakland, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Jerome A. Hart, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." To insure consideration, manuscripts submitted for publication must be typewritten.

Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal."

Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breams Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco; by W. J. Abeneathy; by Foster & O'Rear; and by the Dennison News Company on its boats and trains.

Published at San Francisco, Cal. Temporary Office, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal.

THIRTIETH YEAR.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

JEROME A. HART - - - - - Editor

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL—The Innocence of Dreyfus—Did San Francisco Commit Arson—The Hoaxing of Chicago—Drones in the Relief Camp—Union Station for San Francisco—Germany and Insurance—Sky-scraping Fire Apparatus—Crooked Sauerkraut Companies—War, Horrid War—The Insurance Situation—The Destruction of the Pacific Press	1-6
THE GREAT FIRE AT NIGHT—Billows of Flame—Shower of Cinders—Roar of Dynamite	6
AN EARTHQUAKE EPISODE—The Story of a Husband, a Lover and a Wife	7
AFTER THE DISASTER—Earthquake Remnants—Catastrophic Ashes—Paragaphic Slag—Cinders, Debris, Dross	8
JOAQUIN MILLER—The Poet on the Burning of San Francisco	8
INDIVIDUALITIES	8
MISS IDE'S BIRTHDAY—It was Presented to her by Robert Louis Stevenson	9
OLD FAVORITES—When the Cows Come Home	9
VANITY FAIR	10
STAGE GOSSIP	11
LITERARY NOTES—Recent Fiction—Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip	12
STORYETTES—Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise	13
PERSONAL—Engagements and Weddings. Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy	14-15
ALLEGED HUMORISTS	16
TUNEFUL LIAR	16

The Innocence of Dreyfus.

It is now twelve years since Alfred Dreyfus was first accused of selling military secrets to Germany. He was court martialled, found guilty, stripped of his sword, the insignia of his rank cut from his uniform in

the presence of troops, drummed out of his regiment, and condemned to imprisonment for life at the convict settlement on Devil's Island off the South American coast. Even now it is a mystery why these charges were made against him. He was unpopular and he was a Jew. But these causes are insufficient for so awful a conspiracy. It is probable that some other person had been dealing in military secrets; suddenly imminent danger of discovery arose, and Dreyfus was made the scapegoat.

The famous Bordereau found in a wastepaper basket resembled some memoranda made by Dreyfus. But it was not sufficient evidence to convict. General Mercier laid before the courts a forged cipher telegram from one foreign military attache to another, incriminating Dreyfus. On this perjured and forged testimony Dreyfus was convicted. His torture on Devil's Island lasted for five years. He was cut off from communication with the world. He did not even know what was the false evidence which had convicted him.

A hostile newspaper in Paris unwisely published a fac simile of the Bordereau. A startling resemblance was at once discovered between the handwriting of Esterhazy and that of the incriminating paper. Matthew Dreyfus, the brother of Alfred, accused Esterhazy of being the writer. A violent controversy began, which soon took the form of an anti-Semitic crusade, with the Army against the Jews. As a result Esterhazy was whitewashed. It was here that the novelist Zola burst into the case, and with fierce indignation defended the absent soldier who was eating out his heart on Devil's Island. At first it seemed as if all France had turned upon the daring Zola. He was abused, fined, and twice condemned to prison. But the truth prevailed. One of the false witnesses, Colonel Henry, confessed, and committed suicide in his cell. Esterhazy fled and confessed abroad. The Procurator General at last was forced to admit that there was absolutely nothing against Dreyfus—that there was not even evidence enough to justify a new trial. Therefore the Court of Cassation, the highest court in France, has declared Dreyfus to be innocent. On the French National holiday, July 14th, the Official Journal published a decree announcing his reinstatement, his promotion, and his appointment as a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. He enters the army again as a Major, and a demand has been made by the people of France that Zola should be honored with a niche in the Pantheon.

All of the foregoing is most melancholy reading except the last few lines. No man can stand against conspiracy, perjury, and forgery. Even the most generous nation may be deceived by such villain's work. That France is a generous nation is shown

by the way in which she has acknowledged her error and has made such amends as she can to the living Dreyfus and to the dead Zola.

Did San Francisco Commit Arson?

Occasionally we receive communications saying that the Argonaut is "unfair and one-sided" in its treatment of the insurance companies. These communications are not frequent and when they come, it is needless to say that they come from insurance men. It is possible that we may be one-sided, but we know of only one side to the present situation and it is this: If the insurance companies are solvent, let them pay their honest debts; if they refuse to pay their honest debts, they are not solvent.

There is the whole situation. And if there is another side to it than ours, which is the right side, it is the kind which at football is called "off side."

We are reminded of this because we recently highly commended George D. Dornin for resigning his position as Pacific Coast Manager of the National Fire Insurance Company of Hartford, Connecticut, because he could not stand for that company's course toward its policy-holders. We were told by interested parties that in this article we did an injustice to the National of Hartford. Wishing to do an injustice to no man, we have since been silent. But various actions of the National of Hartford since Mr. Dornin left it confirm us in our belief that as an honest man he is well out of it. We are told on the best authority that the National of Hartford, while professing to be on a dollar-for-dollar basis, is trying to force an arbitrary cut on its policy-holders. This is a horizontal scaling-down, and one not based on the facts in each individual case. When the National Company has succeeded in bulldozing a policyholder into accepting this arbitrary and horizontal cut, they then take up the case for "individual adjustment" and scale it down again.

Recent developments incline us to believe that the National of Hartford is a company with which no honest man should have anything to do. Here follows one of their latest attempts to evade liability: Before the fire there stood certain property on Van Ness and Pacific Avenue, which was insured for twelve thousand dollars in the National of Hartford. After the fire, Miss Jane McKee, as administratrix of the estate of her mother, Mary McKee, filed proofs of loss with George D. Dornin, former manager, and E. P. Farnsworth, former adjuster, who, after investigation, acknowledged liability and decided on an adjustment in the full amount of the claim. Just about this time the National betrayed signs of "welching," and gave in its adherence to the ranks of the "six-bit" companies.

Thereupon Manager Dornin and Adjuster Farnsworth promptly resigned. The company then sent one of its Baxter Street adjusters here, with an assortment of holes into which it proceeded to crawl. The company through this Eastern adjuster now denies all liability for its McKee loss, on the ground that the fire was "occasioned as the result of back-firing by the authorities."

Miss McKee, as administratrix, has now brought suit against the National of Hartford to recover the amount they agreed to pay her. The McKee attorneys claim that they have abundant evidence to prove that the property was not destroyed by back fire, but by the ordinary course of the conflagration.

The writer is not acquainted with the McKee family, and has no interest in them other than the sympathy which any man must naturally feel for women who are about to be robbed by a crooked insurance company.

The McKee attorneys probably have testimony to prove their contention concerning the absence of a back-fire. But let us admit for purposes of argument that there was a back-fire. If so, it is scarcely credible that Miss McKee should have set fire to her own house. If then the house was burned by reason of a back-fire by "the authorities," it is impossible that the entire municipal government of the city and county of San Francisco could have set fire to Miss McKee's house. As the Board of Supervisors consists of eighteen men, it is not probable that they committed arson as a body. Therefore, we must come down to the Mayor. If E. E. Schmitz set fire to Miss McKee's house, he could not have done it as Mayor. While engaged in committing that which is contrary to the laws of the land which he is sworn to administer, he is acting in the scope of his own employment merely. Therefore, if guilty of this act, he did not commit it as Mayor, but in his individual capacity. If he did it in his individual capacity, he is guilty of arson, and the National Company of Hartford should take steps to have him indicted. The municipal corporation, known as the city and county of San Francisco, cannot commit arson any more than it can commit burglary or murder. If Mayor Schmitz ordered illegal acts, such as arson or murder, the very fact that they were not legal shows that they were not official, hence not the acts of Mayor Schmitz, but merely of Mr. Schmitz. Therefore, even if Mr. E. E. Schmitz fired or ordered to be fired Miss McKee's house, it is he who is guilty and not the city and county of San Francisco.

The National of Hartford alleges that a back-fire was set; that, therefore, they will not pay to Miss McKee twelve thousand dollars which they owe her. The converse of this is that if the back-fire had not been set, they would pay to Miss McKee the twelve thousand dollars which they owe her. Therefore, they are apparently penalizing or fining Miss McKee for permitting or encouraging a back-fire to be set which destroyed her property. But is she responsible? Even if it were proved that the fire had been set by the city and county of San Francisco—and this we have disproved—Miss McKee is not herself guilty of arson. Were the municipality guilty, and were the municipality forced to pay twelve thousand dollars damages to the National of Hartford, Miss McKee would still be responsible only for her quota of the amount in her in-

dividual capacity as a citizen. That is to say, as a single citizen of San Francisco, she would be responsible for about one-four hundred thousandth part of twelve thousand dollars, or three cents, instead of the whole of it, if it were proved that the city were guilty. But not only can it be proved that the city was not guilty, but if it were Miss McKee would not be responsible for the twelve thousand dollars but only for three cents. Yet the National of Hartford is now trying to rob Miss McKee of twelve thousand dollars, when by its own argument it claims that the municipality was responsible for the illegal acts leading to the fire, and, therefore, responsible to the insurance company for the amount.

The National of Hartford is trying to throw the responsibility for the fire, for its extinction, and for the preservation of her property all on the shoulders of a woman. It is throwing on her responsibility which does not attach to her, and is attempting to evade its own responsibility. Whoever is responsible for the destruction of the property, the National of Hartford is responsible to Miss McKee, and should in all honor and decency pay her the twelve thousand dollars which it agreed to pay. If the McKee property which the National insured was illegally fired by some third party or parties, the National must look to them for indemnity—not to Miss McKee. We are aware that in the mass of verbiage by which crooked insurance companies attempt to dodge their debts it is provided that the insured shall not recover "by reason of the acts of military or civil or usurped authority." The first two might possibly pass, but the last is so preposterous as to destroy the whole claim. Even the first amounts to little. "Civil authority" exercised illegally is not civil authority at all. "Military authority" exercised without warrant of law in time of peace is not "authority" but outlawry. As for relying on "usurped authority," to invalidate their policies, words fail us to express the weakness of such a claim by insurance companies. Under it, if a drunken tramp had applied the torch to the McKee property, saying as he did so, "I am the Governor of the State," that act would have been "usurped authority"; from that moment all liability under the policy would cease and determine, and the National of Hartford would go free.

A further reduction to absurdity of this absurd insurance argument may be thus stated: In practically all policies it is stipulated that "if the policy-holder shall not use every effort to preserve his property, all liability under the policy shall cease." If Mr. Schmitz fired her property, Miss McKee did not resist him; if the eighteen Supervisors, the Fire Commissioners, the Fire Department, and the city and county of San Francisco fired her property, Miss McKee did not resist them; if the United States troops came over the hills from Fort Mason, and with certain deadly or lethal weapons did threaten to shoot leaden bullets into or upon the bodies of those resisting the firing of the McKee property, Miss McKee very probably and very properly fled. Yet when she did so she violated her policy, according to the National of Hartford. She did not "make every effort to preserve her property."

From the foregoing it is apparent that the municipal corporation as such could not

have set fire to Miss McKee's house; that the Mayor as Mayor could not have done so; that it is not probable Miss McKee, the owner, did so; that if the Mayor as a private person committed the act, he is responsible merely as a private citizen. Therefore she must look to the insurer, the National of Hartford, to indemnify her. But that company must look to the perpetrator of the illegal act. It has no reason to hold up Miss McKee. It may have to bring suit either against the city of San Francisco or the United States army. It is not denied that the United States troops had much to do with the demolition of buildings along the advance of the conflagration. It is not known whether they took orders from Mr. Schmitz or not. But it is undisputed that martial law was not proclaimed, hence the presence of the United States troops as peace officers and their acts in extinguishing fires and saving lives were entirely outside of the law. The United States Government would, therefore, promptly repudiate all responsibility. Mr. Schmitz as a private individual cannot place responsibility for criminal acts on the municipal corporation of which he is the Mayor. The United States troops, while under illegal conditions and directed by a civilian performing an illegal act, cannot throw the responsibility therefor upon the Federal Government. It would, therefore, seem that the only claim for indemnity which the National of Hartford has for the destruction of the McKee property which it had insured, is against the military officer in immediate command of the squad of troops destroying it. Therefore, if the National of Hartford cannot get its twelve thousand dollars from Mr. Schmitz, it had better try and get it from the captain or lieutenant commanding the squad of troops which fired the McKee property. But we repeat that these facts give it no reason or warrant for attempting to rob Miss McKee.

There seems to be a certain confusion in the fire insurance mind concerning the rights, duties, and obligations of policy-holders. Mr. James Nicholls, President of the National of Hartford, in his recent pronouncement to agents and policy-holders, said in substance that as the earthquake damaged the water mains, every piece of property in San Francisco at once deteriorated in value 25 per cent, because of the diminished fire protection; therefore (said Mr. Nicholls) we will pay only 75 per cent at the outside. This comfortable conclusion was at once echoed by one of the sauerkraut companies, the Rhine and Moselle, whose manager informed a committee of policy-holders that the company refused all liability on account of the leaking water mains. We could understand this curious contention of Mr. James Nicholls if he were trying to rob the municipality of insurance money carried by him on municipal buildings, for it is the duty of the municipality to maintain and keep in repair its water mains. But this is not the duty of a private citizen. Do Mr. James Nicholls and his sauerkraut confreres of the Rhine and Moselle Company, maintain that the moment a municipal water main broke Miss McKee, a policy-holder, became responsible for its repair? And if she did not at once repair it, or perform the impossible feat of keeping it from being broken when God was trying to break it, does Mr. James Nicholls believe that such an act vitiates her policy? If he does he is a very curious person, even for

the president of a crooked Connecticut corporation.

Correspondingly, does Mr. James Nicholls believe that Miss McKee, a woman and a non-voter, has any control over the acts of the municipality of San Francisco? If she has no control—even the modified control of a voter—over these acts, how can she be held in any way responsible for these acts, even if they be legal? And if these acts be illegal that Mr. James Nicholls tries to hide his crooked company behind them in order to evade liability, how then can he pretend that Miss McKee is responsible for certain acts of the municipal corporation when he avers them to be illegal acts which such a corporation as a corporation could not commit, and which she as a citizen could not legally sanction and could not vote for, even if she could vote, which she cannot do?

We spoke but now of "crooked Connecticut companies." We wish it distinctly understood that we do not mean by this to speak at all Connecticut companies. We have the very highest respect for New England and New Englanders. Out of that sturdy, strong, little group of commonwealths there has come the finest type of manhood and womanhood that has been known in the United States since they were only United Colonies. The courts of New England rank high. The literature of New England is at the head. The men of New England gave freely of their blood in the War of the Revolution and the Civil War. The women of New England gave freely of their husbands, sons, lovers and brothers without complaint when their country called them. Therefore, we say that there is no disposition on our part to judge unfairly of New England. But while the old Bay State and the Land of Sady Habits have produced high-minded and honorable men and women, they have also produced abundantly of the other kind. And if Connecticut produced the first and best State Constitution, she also was the commonwealth where flourished the ancient Blue Laws. We know that it is now the fashion to deny that the Blue Laws ever existed, but even if they did not, the spirit which permitted them existed and it exists today. The writer has himself been stopped at the State line of Connecticut on a Sunday at the train held up for a certain number of hours until the "hours for Divine service" were over and travelers permitted to cross the State. This in very recent years. He has also witnessed the Connecticut idea of a Cl-fearing Sunday at the great summer resorts around New London, where it is impossible to purchase a glass of Apollinar in the front part of one of the big hotels, while the back doors are encumbered with boat-men, yachting crews, and longshore men, white, black and brown in various stages of intoxication.

Yes, there are two kinds of New Englanders. In the old days it was the same. There were high-minded and patriotic New Englanders, like Samuel Adams and Daniel Webster, who were not money-lovers; and then there was the other kind of New Englanders, who sometimes made money honestly, but who made money; who made money selling supplies to the British troops; who made money sending Medford rum to Africa, selling it in exchange for negroes, which they brought to the American coast and sold to their Southern brethren returning thence to New England for more rum and then to Africa for more ne-

groes. It was the other kind of Connecticut Puritans who passed laws against tobacco-smoking, but when they found they could raise tobacco in Connecticut, passed laws against smoking any tobacco—except Connecticut tobacco. It was the other kind of Connecticut Puritans who passed laws against selling tickets of lotteries—Massachusetts lotteries, Rhode Island lotteries—but who had laws passed farming out to them Connecticut lotteries, by which they made much dirty money. But they made money all right—dirty money, tainted money, blood money. On these foundations rest many of the large fortunes of New England. Those pious gentlemen who made so much money out of rum, murder, and black flesh and blood were most of them deacons in the church, and begat large families, as deacons do, which families are now enjoying the fourth generation's ancestral wealth. In Connecticut most of them are stockholders, many of them directors in Connecticut fire insurance companies.

But if their money is tainted, the ancestral taint ought to have worked out of the blood by this time. Running lotteries, selling goods to the enemy, fitting out slavers, "black-birding," privateering, perhaps a little piracy on the side—these ways of money-getting might be winked at a century or more ago. But the polite and polished descendants of these Puritanic-piratic gentry had better fly the black flag if they intend to rob their fellow citizens in this day and generation. For if they fly the stars and stripes, by the Lord we'll sink them!

The Hoaxing of Chicago.

Last week we printed a discovery of a remarkable mare's nest by a correspondent of the New York Critic, one Mr. Hall. The fact that a leading literary periodical in our metropolis should fall a victim to the literary hoax of "Father Prout," a witty Irish priest, concocted two generations ago, makes us walk warily. But we are all of us liable to be hoaxed. If New York is the richest and Boston the most dignified city, Chicago is certainly the most fly, or as she would put it, the most "flip." Yet even Chicago once was hoaxed, unmistakably, irredeemably, irrevocably hoaxed.

The heart-rending occurrence in question took place when Matthew Arnold was visiting the United States. He had just returned to New York from a lecture tour to Chicago, where he was made the honored guest of some of the richest pork and beef millionaires of the Lakeside City. On his return to New York, however, there was wired back to Chicago an article from the New York Tribune signed by Mr. Arnold, in which he spoke with the utmost scorn of Chicago's social and literary shortcomings. What most moved his scorn was the fact, as he said, that one evening at a Chicago dinner party he spoke of "Obermann," but his neighbor did not know who or what "Obermann" was. When he explained that it was the work of De Senancour, "To my amazement and disgust," he added, "not a single person in that assemblage, man or woman, had ever heard of 'Obermann' or had ever heard of De Senancour."

The grief and rage with which this philippic was received in Chicago could not be told in words. For several days the journals of that city were filled with letters denouncing Mr. Arnold and his "abuse of hos-

pitality." Another curious manifestation of the Chicagoese resentment of foreign depreciation, together with their thirst for knowledge, was shown by the fact that the libraries of that great city were inundated by hordes of persons seeking for copies of "Obermann" and information about De Senancour. It goes without saying that they were mostly ladies.

About the fourth day the aggrieved Mr. Arnold pricked the bubble with his pen. It seems that the article in the Tribune was a clever hoax. It had hoaxed all concerned, including the Tribune editor and the Tribune readers, for New York laughed heartily at Chicago's ignorance of "Obermann." It had also hoaxed Chicago, which was painfully sensitive over its own ignorance. The only American community which remained utterly impassive amid the ruins of America's pretensions to literary knowledge was Boston. Boston had heard of "Obermann." There was a copy of it in the Boston Public Library; the only one, it was said, in the United States.

The amusing part of this whole matter is that not one Frenchman in five thousand ever heard of De Senancour, and not one Frenchman in five hundred thousand ever heard of "Obermann." The Tribune hoaxer had selected one of the most obscure of French novels and one of the most obscure of French writers. But he brought down birds with both barrels.

The delightful comment concerning Father Prout's "Reliques" that "It is a treasury of mares' nests" applies admirably to the "Astonishing Discovery" made by Mr. Hall.

Drones in the Relief Camp.

The rumors that the relief camps are filled with drones have been investigated by the Relief Commission. The report made last week showed that the total number of men, women and children in the various camps under civil jurisdiction was 17,210. There are still a number under military control. The army authorities estimate that about one-fifth of the male refugees are able-bodied men, and out of these they have only been able to discover about two hundred who were loafers. The remaining men are old men, crippled men, and invalids. The Relief Commissioners state that only about one per cent of the camp dwellers are able-bodied and idle men, and they are being expelled as rapidly as discovered. With the women it is different. The army men state that over one-third of them are unmarried, idle, and able-bodied, but will not accept employment. In one camp last week there were one thousand women; when employment was offered to them only six consented to accept it.

Union Station for San Francisco.

All sorts of plans for improving San Francisco are in the air. Many are impracticable, some are preposterous. Of the many plans, that which seems the most practical and the most to be desired is the erection of a great Union Station. In the matter of railway stations San Francisco has remained long enough in the village stage. True, the Ferry Building is a handsome and commodious one; it serves its uses well; for many purposes it was invaluable during the recent great fire. Still, a ferry station is not a railway station. No great city can be adequately served, for either passenger or freight traffic purposes, by boats which

cross the water. Even England, which is cut off from the Continent by the "Silver Streak," is again considering running railway trains in a tunnel under the Channel. New York, at its Grand Union Central Station, is already entered by one great trunk railway and a number of minor ones. But New York is about to have another great railway station, entered by a tunnel from the Jersey shore, through which the Pennsylvania Railway and subsidiary corporations will land their passengers in the heart of the city.

San Francisco, it is true, has another railway station in addition to the Ferry Building—the Third and Townsend street station. This has been assuming greater importance, as the Coast Division has been gradually merging into the main line, and as the fast limited trains have been entering San Francisco by way of the peninsula. The station itself, however, has not assumed proportions commensurate with the importance of its trains. The railway people are not to be blamed for this, for they have not possessed sufficient land to erect a great station there, and have not found it possible to meet the prices of the land owners around them even for freight-yard purposes, much less for a great passenger station. But the burning of San Francisco's business district is bringing about such sweeping changes that the Southern Pacific people probably do not regret that they did not begin construction at Third and Townsend. The erection of a passenger railway station much nearer the center of the city is now more feasible, and already the idea is taking shape and doubtless it will soon be in concrete form.

Will the city be asked to spend several millions of dollars in the erection of a Grand Union Station in the heart of the city? It has been suggested that the present site of the City Hall would be an excellent one for a railway station. There seems to be an objection among many municipal officials to rebuilding the City Hall on its old site. Why, we do not know. We see no good reason for removing the City Hall, but if it be erected elsewhere its location would be an excellent site for a Union Station. If not, there is plenty of vacant land in the immediate vicinity which doubtless could be secured. At present there is much vacant land in San Francisco, we are sorry to say.

If the station be erected on this or any other central site the trains will enter it by means of an underground approach—probably a shallow tunnel like the Subway in New York, where the street is practically a steel-arched roof to the tunnel. The old Fourth Avenue approach in New York to the Grand Central Station at Forty-second Street is a very good type of tunnel; that thoroughfare is generally called "Park Avenue" by New Yorkers, by reason of the little parked plots which dot its center for many blocks, to permit the escape of smoke and steam from the trains below. If such an approach were constructed in San Francisco, the steam locomotives should be dropped on the outskirts of the city, and the trains brought in to the central station by means of electric locomotives, in which method Baltimore was the pioneer in this country. This project would be linked with the plan of bridging the bay at Dumbarton Point, by which all of the transcontinental trains and many other fast and limited trains would come directly into San Fran-

cisco without trans-shipping passengers at the ferry. A further point in this plan which would please San Franciscans would be that the fast trains would run directly through the hated and rival city of Oakland, side-tracking her, so to speak, and leaving her off the map.

The idea of a Union Station is so admirable that all manner of objections will at once be made to it. It has been a general rule in California, when in doubt over any proposition, to find out what the Southern Pacific wanted and then do the other thing. It has frequently been perplexing, however, when it was not known precisely what the Southern Pacific wanted. In that case it was generally decided to oppose the probable preference of the railroad. If subsequent developments showed that this was a mistake, the press and people would suddenly switch to the other track. At present, however, Californians, and San Franciscans above all, are not so bitter against the Southern Pacific as they used to be. Doubtless they will become so after a decent interval. But just at present the recollections of the calamity and its generosity to the refugees are too recent for any of us to begin knocking. But we all of us have our little hammers laid away.

The first objection to the plan as outlined by the daily press, is that it is a "Southern Pacific scheme to get the city to spend several millions of dollars for the railroad." We do not think so. If the city were to sell the land to the Southern Pacific and permit the corporation to erect a railway station alone, then the objection would be that "the Southern Pacific was monopolizing terminal facilities." The answer to this second objection is that if neither the city nor the Southern Pacific may build the station, the next corporation eligible to undertake it would be the Santa Fe. But a similar objection would lie there. That proposition being turned down, there would remain only the Western Pacific, which, being a newer corporation and not yet inside of San Francisco, is much more popular than the older ones. When it gets here, it will have to divide the curse with them. But even a new, pure, shiney white and virginal railway gradually grows grimey and black in the eyes of the populace and the press, as it begins to haul. Against the Western Pacific there would be urged the same objection, "monopoly." Such being the facts, perhaps it would be best to conclude that the municipal corporation is the corporation to undertake the work.

From a pecuniary standpoint the city has nothing to fear. The plan would cost several millions of dollars, it is true, but the money could be readily obtained by issuing bonds. If the city entertained doubts as to its ability to finance the loan or to construct the building and its approaches, it could turn the matter over to a holding corporation or a constructing corporation. There are plenty of men in the United States who would jump at the proposition. Then the station would belong to no one railway company, but either to the city or the holding corporation, which would lease terminal facilities to the railways. Naturally, in constructing the building and its approaches, it would be only fair to consult the wishes of the various corporations about to lease it. They would not only provide the interest on the bonds and a sinking fund for maintenance and betterments, but they would in

not many years pay enough in rentals wipe out the face of the bonds. In fact, the chief difficulty in floating the loan would be that potential purchasers might object to the bonds on the ground that their life would be too short.

San Francisco ought to carry this plan into execution while she is still in the embryonic condition following the recent fire. In a year or two it would be difficult to have such a choice of sites as now. Nearly every large city in the United States has a Union Station. They have been found indispensable. Strangers from other cities arriving in San Francisco wonder how we do business with our present primitive methods. New York, which for years has had one of the largest stations in the country, is enlarging it and supplementing it by another, as we said above. Washington, the capital city, is also completing a magnificent Union Station. All over the United States many cities much smaller than San Francisco possess handsome and capacious Union Stations. In the great cities of the Old World it would be impossible to concentrate all the railways in a single station, but the plan of bringing them close into the heart of the city is almost universal. In London, for example, there are fourteen great railway stations near the center of the city. All these may be called "Union Stations," numerous as they are. For example, Victoria Station—which is in the heart of the West End near Buckingham Palace—is the terminal point for six railway lines. So are other great stations in London are Euston Square, St. Pancras, King's Cross, Paddington, Liverpool Street, Cannon Street, Charing Cross, and Waterloo. If anyone doubts their "greatness" he need only take up a stand at Charing Cross or Cannon Street Station—we were going to say during the busy hours, but we will modify it and say almost any hour of the night or day. To give an idea of the size of these great stations, Paddington is not the largest in London, and is the terminus of only a single railway, the Great Western, yet it is enormous and holds so many thousands of people that its platforms are lined with eating stations and newspapers stands. Two or three of them could never accommodate the thousands of people who are there at the same time.

It is a curious and instructive sight, looking down from the Tower bridge on the great city of London, to see the scores of trains threading their way at full speed through this vast wilderness of bricks and mortar. London has no time to go far afield to take its trains. Its trains must come into London, and come rapidly. Different nations have different ways of doing things. We in America prefer a tunnel; in London they prefer a viaduct. So while there are miles and miles of railway tunnels in London, there are more miles of viaducts. Signaled by their white steam amid the dingy chimneys, threading their way over land purchased at fabulous sums, these railway trains make their way into the great central stations.

Paris, like London, has many great railway stations—over a dozen. The principal ones are those of the Eastern Railway, the Invalides, the St. Lazare, the Lyons, the Northern Railway, the Orleans, and the Strassburg Railway. These too are all in toward the heart of the city, the St. Lazare Station, being just behind the Opéra, while the Eastern and Northern Railways

tations are also close in, just off the Rue Lafayette. Paris has her underground system also, as well as an admirable Belt Railway, by which it is possible for a traveler round, let us say, from London to Marseilles, to run around on the Belt Railway, and not be forced to disembark in Paris.

Berlin has a magnificent Union Railway station, and there are many minor cities in Europe, like Bale in Switzerland, which possess fine railway terminals—magnificent stations which put to shame the present facilities enjoyed by the city of San Francisco.

The financial side of this proposition need not be feared. There will be other means of revenue besides rental from the railways. All sorts of facilities for travelers could be afforded. Stores and shops could be rented in the ground floors; on the upper floors there would be space for restaurants, news stands, and other establishments catering to travelers, and there could even be a terminal hotel in the building. For the best hotel in Northwestern England, in our opinion, is a part of the enormous Northwestern Railway Station in Liverpool. It is quite possible to sleep very comfortably in the terminal hotels, as English railway trains move in and out of the stations without the barbaric clamor which is so characteristic of ours.

There are other considerations which will appeal to San Franciscans in favor of such a station. If the city owned such a building it could be devoted to other uses beside those of a terminal station. A gigantic hall or "concourse," such as is found in many great railway stations, could be used for mass meetings and similar gatherings. Our Ferry Building is by no means equal in size to many of the railway stations in other cities, but even it has served many purposes. Have not great statesmen while traveling held receptions there?

There is another point which will appeal to many thousands of our people. Since the destruction of the Mechanics' Pavilion by fire there no longer remains in San Francisco any large building suited for amusement purposes. The destruction of the Mechanics' Pavilion to many brought a distinct pang. Since the early '80's all sorts of famous events have taken place there—Authors' Carnivals, giddy mask balls, dog fights, cock fights, John L. Sullivan knockouts, and the many hippodromes of recent years. There seem to be more suckers in the city, by the way, than there used to be in the early '80's. If the fight promoters had tried to run so many raw fakes on the men of the early '80's as they do on the present rising flip generation, the gentlemen holding down seats at \$5.00 per would have grabbed a bunch of fighters and their managers and wouldn't have done a thing to them.

And this is another of the many excellent reasons why we ought to have a Union Station. We have not a single building in which to pull off fake fights for the suckers of the rising generation.

Germany and Insurance.

The Argonaut has been not a little amused at the attempt of some journals to create a belief that the Kaiser would interfere in the present insurance tangle on the side of the San Francisco policy-holders. We remarked a fortnight ago that as Germany has a constitutional government and possesses courts of law, we did not see how it was possible for the Kaiser to interfere.

Since then the following dispatch has come to hand:

BERLIN, July 18.—The Tageblatt today affirms that it is authorized to deny the report that the German Government is considering the propriety of using its right of inspection in the case of fire insurance, in order to compel the settlement of the San Francisco claims against the German companies. The legal situation is regarded as being extraordinarily complicated. The Government could only interpose after its rights have been legally established.

Sky-Scraping Fire Apparatus.

Amid the clamor of contending factions over sky-scrapers and ordinary buildings, we observe that the sky-scraping advocates have not touched on one vital point, which is this: To protect sky-scrapers you must have a sky-scraper fire apparatus; to extinguish fires twelve, sixteen or eighteen stories above the ground you must have fire apparatus that will reach some twenty stories above the ground. Where is such apparatus to come from? The San Francisco Fire Department does not possess water towers or ladders high enough or pressure strong enough to reach to the top of such lofty buildings. The fire in the World Building in New York some years ago burned out the stairs and elevator shafts half way up the building and cut off the occupants of the upper stories. The firemen were unable to reach the top of the building, and for a time it looked as if many lives would be lost. In St. Louis last week a fire broke out on the thirteenth floor of the Missouri Pacific Building. The water towers and extension ladders failed to reach anywhere near the thirteenth floor. The firemen had to hoist up hose by ropes from the windows of adjacent sky-scrapers. The fire was put out with great difficulty. Had it not been for the adjacent lofty buildings its extinction would have been impossible.

Again we ask the sky-scraper advocates how they are going to protect sky-scraper buildings without a sky-scraper fire department?

Crooked Sauerkraut Companies.

One of the worst of the defaulting foreign companies is the Rhine and Moselle of Strassburg. This company owes its policy-holders in San Francisco \$4,250,000. It absolutely refuses to pay a cent. It says that the earthquake clause in its policies renders it not liable. The German managers met a committee of policy-holders the other day and made these statements. They added, however, that the company was disposed to "make a gift" to the policy-holders because they were sufferers. They said that this "donation" would probably not be more than five hundred thousand dollars.

The policy-holders warmly resented this. The chairman, Joseph Herzog, said, "I am not a pauper. If your company is not liable I do not want a dollar from it, but if it is liable it must pay me in full." The other members of the committee expressed themselves likewise.

The committee asked the German managers if in their opinion all the fires of April 18th, 19th and 20th were due to earthquake. "Yes," they replied. "But," said the chairman, "San Francisco used to average three fires a day. During these three days, therefore, there must have been nine ordinary

fires. Can your company tell which were the extraordinary earthquake fires and which were ordinary ones?" The Rhine and Moselle managers refused to reply. "If," said the chairman, "there was any fire not caused by earthquake, was not your company liable for loss under such a fire?" "If there was such a fire," replied the German chairman, "is there in your policies any clause stipulating that we, the policy-holders must furnish you with a water supply?" To this also the German managers refused to reply. The committee withdrew, intending to advise the general body of policy-holders to bring suit against the Rhine and Moselle, and to refuse this sop of sauerkraut so contemptuously thrown to them.

The Greatest of These Is Charity.

Last week the Pacific Press, a large printing plant belonging to the Seventh Day Adventists, a religious body located at Mountain View, was completely destroyed by fire. The plant was the largest in California of its kind, including type-setting machines, power presses, job presses, photo-engraving plant, book binding plant, etc. A paper was published there called "The Signs of the Times," the denominational organ of the Seventh Day Adventists. A large amount of book and newspaper printing was done there, including religious publications, tracts, leaflets, etc.

The managers of this printing plant were sincere believers, thorough-going exponents of their belief, and had the courage of their convictions. As the Seventh Day Adventists reject Sunday as the Sabbath, and believe that Saturday is the Biblical day of rest, they have always kept their plant going on Sundays and have shut down on Saturdays. Furthermore, they have always refused to print any books or publications which did not accord with their ideas of what is right.

When the Argonaut was burned out last April and found itself without type, linotype or press, we made haste to ascertain where we could get this journal printed. So complete was the demolition of printing plants in San Francisco, so incomplete were those to be found in small towns, and so rushed with work were those in the lesser cities, that we were forced at first as far afield as Chicago in our search for temporary accommodations. This led to an unfounded rumor, which still exists, that the Argonaut contemplated abandoning San Francisco for the East.

In our extremity we addressed ourselves to the Pacific Press. The managers very politely replied that they would be glad to print the Argonaut, but according to Adventist tenets they could not do so unless we would guarantee that nothing of an irreligious nature should appear in its reading columns, and that no liquor or tobacco announcements should appear in its advertising columns.

Now the Argonaut cannot claim to be religious. It tries to be as religious as it may. But in that regard it is like the reformed Celtic inebriate whose parish priest met him after a slight backslide. "Ah, Patrick, Patrick," cried the reverend gentleman, "I thought I had made a teetotaler of you." "So ye did, Father," replied Pat, gazing at him with moist eyes, "and it's a teetotaler I am, your riverence, but I'm not a bigoted wan." Correspondingly the Argonaut tries to be religious, but when it comes to tobacco

co and liquor we try not to be bigoted. The Argonaut as a corporation does not indulge in alcohol and has never been addicted to the use of tobacco as a beverage, but as we have never believed in sumptuary legislation, we have always thought it well to allow every man to poison himself in his own way, whether it be with coffee, tobacco or rum. We are aware that this may seem selfish and cynical, but we are also aware that if we worried much over the matter it would make no difference to the gentlemen addicted to tobacco and to rum. Therefore, we let them alone. Correspondingly if dealers wish to advertise their wares, even if they be vinous or nicotine, we have always permitted them to do so. We try to advertise only wares which are the genuine stuff. Personally, we think that all liquor is bad enough without any deleterious ingredients being added. But the matter works out its own salvation, for only dealers having first-class wet goods patronize the Argonaut, as its readers are so critical that they will not knowingly purchase aniline wines or fusil oil whisky.

Although without reproach in these regards, we were much cast down by the rebuke of the religious manager of the Pacific Press, courteously as it was couched, and mildly modified so as not to wound the publican and sinner. Thanking him for his courtesy, we turned to go. As a farewell gift he presented us with several tracts and a copy of "The Signs of the Times." This latter journal contained an article beginning "Woe, Woe!" It was tinged with a stern joy, and was addressed to some lady who apparently had led a loose life, who came from Babylon, and who sat on seven hills. "The Signs of the Times" applied an unpleasant epithet to her never seen out of the Bible, and seemed to be really glad that something had happened to her. And the religious journal said that her fate was a "special judgment of God," and went on and prophesied that a great many more things would happen to her before God got through.

Well, they have. Poor San Francisco has had her face down in the ashes now for lo, these many weeks.

But how about the Pacific Press plant? How about the Seventh Day Adventists? How about "The Signs of the Times"? and how about the religious editor who wrote "Woe, Woe!"? We do not want to be unkind, but it seems to us as if our pious brethren have had some kind of a special happening in Mountain View.

We in San Francisco could scarcely have suffered from a "special judgment of God," for we all went down together—Christian and pagan, Mongol, Jew and Gentile, publican and sinner. The churches were hit harder than any other buildings—hardly any of them are left; archbishop and rabbi, minister and Russian pope, mourn the loss of cathedral and synagogue, temple and orthodox Greek church. So there could not have been a "special judgment" in our case—if so, it would have hit the saloons, and left the churches alone.

But how about the Pacific Press? More than three months after the great fire a special one comes to wipe out the Seventh Day Adventists' plant. Whatever can they have been a-doing of? Perhaps speaking uncharitably of their neighbors.

Well, we'll all forgive them. There's no unkindness. All of us San Franciscans are broke, our property is destroyed, and the

insurance companies won't pay us. Now our Mountain View friends, the Seventh Day Adventists, are ruined too.

Come in, brethren, and join the band. The printers and publishers are all close up under the droppings of the sanctuary, for they need salvation most. Brother Spreckels, will you please move along and give the new arrivals a show? Brother De Young, couldn't you make a little room on that Mourners' Bench? Brother Hearst, will you kindly take your place on that penitential stool, and make room for the new mourners? Step up, brethren—step right up in front, and take your places on the Mourners' Bench?

We will now sing: "While a plant holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return." Page 77, right hand side, top of the column, "While a plant holds out to burn." All of the congregation will please rise and sing.

The Insurance Situation.

Two weeks after the great disaster the Argonaut made a careful canvass of the situation and remarked that it was our belief that some thirty companies would attempt to evade liability; that the German companies would probably attempt to repudiate their policies; that it was our belief that the British insurance companies would stand strictly by the letter of their contracts, but that they at least would pay what they had to pay. We are sorry to say that our forecast is coming true.

The Duchess Insurance Company of Poughkeepsie, New York, will be unable to meet its San Francisco losses. It is organizing a new company to be known as the Duchess Fire Insurance Company. The old company has liabilities of something like \$700,000 in San Francisco. The new company will doubtless endeavor to get new business.

The North German of Hamburg has at last decided to deny all liability, taking refuge behind its earthquake clause. Its liabilities in the burned district are estimated at over \$4,500,000. Walter Speyer, for many years local manager, has resigned, as he will not countenance the company's course.

The Williamsburg City Fire Insurance Company is another defaulting company which is trying to avoid its just liabilities. It is attempting to secure the removal of actions brought against it from the California courts to the Federal courts.

The Eagle Insurance Company of New York is another concern which revoked the appointment of its local manager in order to force the policy-holders to sue in the New York courts.

The American Insurance Company of Newark, N. J., is returning objections to its policy-holders' proofs of loss, demanding all sorts of impossible conditions, such as "furnishing verified plans and specifications of the fixtures and machinery, etc., destroyed;" likewise "all books of accounts, bills, invoices and other vouchers, etc., destroyed." As the loss of nearly every business man was total, it may easily be seen how impossible is this demand.

The Milwaukee Mechanics' Insurance Company of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has not as yet paid any of its policy-holders. It claims it is prevented from so doing by a peculiar Wisconsin statute, and it is bringing suit ostensibly to have this statute set aside.

THE GREAT FIRE AT NIGHT.

Billows of Flame—Leaping up High as if to Reach the Stars—The Fiery Shower of Cinders—The Dull Roar of Dynamite.

Strange as it may seem, in none of the accounts of the great fire that I have seen have any writers dwelt on the scene at night. They have told of the great volume of smoke in the daytime, of the remarkable appearance of the sun, of the rain of sand and cinders, but they none of them have described (or rather tried to describe) the awfulness of the night scene.

Our residence is in the Western Addition, near the new center, Fillmore street. Little narrow Fillmore street, which before the fire used to seem like the principal street of a sleepy country town, is now the center of retail trade. On Thursday afternoon of the 19th, our part of town was largely deserted by the householders. Nearly all the people had packed up, and left for the Park or Presidio, for the smoke was getting nearer and nearer, and increasing in volume. We all knew that if the fire crossed Van Ness, our home, too, must go, so I packed up ready for the notice to leave that had been given to so many others. What a queer sensation that was! To go deliberately among your belongings, your treasured gatherings of years, and save what you could carry. "What you can carry" means very little when you have a long distance to travel, with nothing but your feet to take you there and just two hands to bear the burden.

We were about to start, for the fire seemed to be about two blocks away, and we had determined to wait till it got that near us, before we left. When we were ready to go our nearest neighbors suggested that we should first approach the fire as near as possible, before we left for good. So we walked toward the fire and found it much farther away than we expected.

We walked to Gough and Washington streets, just below Lafayette Park, where thousands had taken refuge; and from there we saw that the fire had been measurably confined to the east side of Van Ness avenue. I had crossed the avenue at the Clau Spreckels' mansion, and the stable, which faced on Sacramento street, was then burning. Franklin street to the west side of Van Ness had caught and burned for a few blocks, but they told us they were going to make a final effort there to stop its westward course, and stop it they did.

It was between seven and eight o'clock in the evening; the hill is high just there, and from the corner we could look over a scene which can never be forgotten. As far as the eye could reach, to the south and away toward the Mission; looking toward Russian Hill on the north (the fire was then spreading that way) there was a raging sea of flame. We were two blocks away from the actual blaze; yet we could hardly face it, so intense was the heat. Miles of fire and smoking, blazing ruin spread out before us. Our beloved city was in flames. It looked like what in our childhood we were taught Hell would be—a consuming fire that roared and swayed and leaped up high into the heavens, as if it desired to reach the stars that looked down on us, for the night was a beautiful one.

Now and then a dull roar announced that more dynamite was being used. A high leap of flame and white smoke would mark the place.

"Look!" said a bystander, "Look! you will never see such a sight again."

Pray God, no. I hope no city ever will. It seemed too horrible to be real. It was as if one were in the throes of a monstrous nightmare, out of which one must awake. It did not seem as if we were living in it at all, but as if it were a spectacle devised to terrify us. It was a hideous dream; it was anything but a reality.

We were so stunned with our hours of horror that we did not take it all in; our minds were not capable of it. People ever forgot what day of the week it was. And all the time over us there fell a rain of sand

and lime and cinders, that stung and blinded us and added the finishing touch to the awful scene.

It was Hell. Hell personified. Words fail me when trying to tell another what it was like. It would take a Dante to describe it, a Dore to picture it.

Some walls and chimneys yet stood, but they only served to heighten the effect as the hungry flames leaped to their tops and waved tongues of fire into the still air.

Picture it, you who did not see it. Think of standing on a high hill and as far as you could see before you imagine billows on billows of flame and vast volumes of smoke. Think of a blaze so great that you could read fine print miles off. You can dimly picture what that night scene was in San Francisco.

- Heloise M. Henderson.

San Francisco, July, 1906.

AN EARTHQUAKE EPISODE.

The Story of a Husband, a Lover and a Wife.

We were returning from the fair of Liorio by a zigzag mule-path over the mountain. Jennari had treated me to a good dinner, as he had been paid a fine price for his wares, and we had dined so heartily that the jarring gait of the mule was anything but agreeable. And we had lingered so long at the table that we were late, too. It must have been two o'clock in the morning; and the sky was so densely covered with clouds that I could scarcely see the mule's head. During the first mile I had lighted my dark lantern, which illumined the path for a yard or two, but after a half hour the oil failed, and we were in utter darkness.

My friend Jennari, accustomed as he was to these mountain trails, little heeded our predicament, besides, he had faith in his wiles, while the bargains he had made at the fair, and the prospect of soon seeing his dear Aquila, put him in a cheery frame of mind.

"I assure you," he said to me, "I assure you my eight days' absence from the side of my dear bride seems an age. You should know the difficulties and struggles I went through to win her. Since our school days we had been sweethearts, and for eight years she made me crazy by her indecision. And when I inherited those beautiful lands from Uncle Nunzio, do you think that her parents were willing to give her to me? Not at all. But, by Jove, I was more obstinate than they; and now, after eight years' striving, she is under my roof—good wife, faithful and loving! Yes, Aquila loves me now. She sees the difference between me and that silly fop, since our marriage.

"Who was your rival, Jennari?" I asked. "Mario Talanca, the ridiculous son of that good woman, Appolonia. Do you know him? He is a fool who thinks himself irresistible to all women, because he dresses stylishly and can twirl his cane like a juggler. It was he, mind you, who thought to keep Aquila from me. Bah!"

Jennari spoke with so much heat that I knew that the contest for Aquila's hand must have been a bitter one, and I also saw at victory had not softened his hatred for Talanca. There was no doubt of Jennari's loyalty for his bride, still I was not so sure he reciprocated his affection. But I was not so silly as to tell him so.

Daylight had dawned as my companion was recounting his story, and finally we reached the town. Town, did I say? Heavens what desolation and ruin! A glance told us the sad tale—a dreadful earthquake had laid waste the pretty little village. We sprang from our saddles in haste, leaving the mules on the path. Over piles of stones, between crumbled walls, past groups of weeping people, we ran in dread haste.

"Surely my house is not wrecked," shouted Jennari. "It is built on a rock, and the walls are strongly anchored to the rock with iron rods."

"Let us hope so," I answered. "Here is the house standing."

A few paces on there was a torch stand-

ing between two stumps, heaven knows for what signal. Jennari snatched it and scrambled up the hillside. Another violent tremor came and the earth slid from under our feet; as we passed out of a doorway an arch tumbled behind us; and two big blocks of granite grazed our bodies. Amid the roar of tumbling buildings and the screams of despair I heard a cry of joy from Jennari: "My house is safe. Look! There! There!"

We ran, jumped, slid, climbed, flew. The door was open and we hastened in.

"Aquila! Aquila!"

Up to the attic, down to the ground floor, into the cellar.

"Aquila! Aquila!"

The house was empty. She must have fled into the streets. He took another torch from the storeroom, and again rushed out, waving the torch wildly around amidst the thick dust still lingering from the shock.

"Aquila! Aquila! I am here! Who has seen Aquila Jennari? Aquila Jennari, who has seen her?"

Shouting hoarsely, up and down the town, heedless of the wailing of the wounded, over new ruins, over yawning abysses, out into the open country, Jennari ran.

"Aquila Jennari! Who has seen Aquila Jennari?"

But no one answered his frantic cries. He was distraught, and I had more and more trouble in quieting him.

"Your house is standing," I said, "and your wife must be safe."

"That is certain," he exclaimed; "but where is she?"

"She has fled to the open, of course. It will soon be light and then our search will be easy."

But my words fell on deaf ears, and he would have again begun his mad flight if a wild cry, coming from the heart of a woman—a mother-cry—had not checked him.

"My son! my son! I hear him calling!"

Forgetting for the instant his own grief, Jennari, stopped. His torch revealed a handsome old woman, a gray shadow, gray as the ruins on which she was crouched, feverishly, madly digging with bloody nails in the rubbish.

"Jennari, you son of Bonaria, whom I loved like a sister," she wailed, "forget your hate against my son! He is here alive! Aid me to find him, Jennari!"

He did not hesitate a moment. Sticking the torch between two chalky masses, he began to dig with superhuman ardor. Stones, door-jambs, slates, tiles, and broken and crushed utensils, we tossed aside hastily, while the poor mother pointed to the spots where we could locate the bedroom, the living-room, or the studio. All at once, in removing a heavy adobe block, I discovered a hole, and reaching in felt an arm.

"Here!" I called out excitedly. "I have found the opening to a room."

The beautiful old woman sprang forward with a tiger-like movement. "Mario! Mario, my son! Tell me you are alive! Give me your hand! Mario, my Mario!" she screamed into the opening. But no voice replied.

We were compelled to use our utmost strength to tear her away, and she only yielded when Jennari threatened to leave her if she did not allow us to continue our digging. He seized the torch, fixed it to a pole, and thrusting it through the aperture moved it around the ruined room. The walls were intact, but the ceiling, half fallen, covered the floor. From the rubbish protruded a leg. Jennari looked around, swung into the hole and let himself down to the bottom. I handed the torch to him, and he began his search of the room. The mother crouched at the edge of the grave-like ruin, gazing into the depths with breathless shuddering, and following his every move as he wildly tore away the debris.

Jennari's labored breathing suddenly ceased, he uttered an exclamation of horror, and dropped the torch. He recovered it quickly, and by its flickering light we saw two bodies in close embrace, crushed one

against the other. Oh, the horror of that grisly spectacle!

Jennari started from the corner of the room, and stood beside the bodies, a picture of satanic fury. His eyebrows contracted until they covered the pupils, his back rose in an arch, his hands were raised like claws, ready to clutch. With the cry of a wild animal, he fell upon the bodies, one hand disappeared into the hair of the man, the other grasped the tresses of the woman, while with livid face he tried to separate the two mouths from their last voluptuous kiss, sealed by death.

He slowly rose from his gruesome task, and gazed at the grief-distorted face of the mother. Up from the depths of that tomb of sin and death came the sardonic voice of Jennari:

"Don't grieve, Madame Appolonia, your son is dead, crushed to death in the embraces of my wife, don't grieve! The earthquake has done him full justice!"

I bounded forward to grasp the mother as she sprang as if to throw herself into the opening. I had not taken five steps before a second and more tremendous shock opened new fissures and heaped ruin on ruin. Faithful husband and faithless wife were in a common grave.—Translated for the Argonaut from the Italian of Francesco Caputi, by Augusta Bixler.

A Letter From the German Consul.

Recently the Argonaut copied from the dailies some statements attributed to Mr. F. Bopp, the German Consul at San Francisco, concerning the alleged interference of the Imperial German Government in insurance matters in San Francisco. We questioned then whether these remarks attributed to Mr. Bopp could be correct, and remarked that, in our opinion, their authenticity was extremely doubtful. Mr. Bopp now corroborates our paragraph. We are glad that he has done so, for the printing in the daily papers of mis-statements apparently coming from an official of such standing would lead to misconceptions on the part of policy-holders in German companies, and would buoy them up with false hopes.

Consul Bopp said:

KAISERLICH DEUTSCHES KONSULAT,

Oakland, Cal., July 23d, 1906.

To the Editor of the Argonaut—Dear Sir: My attention having been called only lately to the article referring to the German Fire Insurance Companies in your issue of the 14th inst., I beg to inform you that your doubts with reference to the authenticity of the remarks attributed to me—

"That the German Insurance Companies

"would pay all claims dollar-for-dollar,

"that the German Emperor had ordered

"them to do so, that I advised all policy-

"holders not to settle in any case, etc."—

are well founded. Notwithstanding repeated denials on my part these alleged remarks are still being quoted occasionally and commented upon. I, therefore, deem it advisable to emphasize again that I never made those or any similar remarks. The view that I take in the matter was defined in a statement that I made to Mr. F. W. Dohrmann Sr., Vice-President of the Policy-Holders Protective League and which Mr. Dohrmann caused to be published in several papers.

In this statement I said, that according to my information the German Insurance Companies were solvent, that they were able to pay all losses in full, that therefore their financial condition did not in itself necessitate any general "horizontal" cut, that there was no reason why just claims should not be paid in full and that a compromise was only justifiable in cases involving uncertainty as to law or facts.

At the same time I advised the policy-holders to be patient and reasonable, to appreciate the extraordinary difficulties with which the companies have to contend and to give them the time required to examine their losses and raise the necessary funds, as a hurried realization of their assets would necessarily involve great losses and eventually lead to their insolvency which would otherwise be avoidable and therefore be detrimental to the interests of the policy-holders as well as to the interests of the companies.

You would greatly oblige me by kindly inserting this communication in full in your valuable paper.

Yours respectfully,

ROPP,
Imperial German Consul.

Reform Republicans find attractive the name of "Lincoln Republicans" to distinguish them from the regular sort. The name started in Philadelphia last year, and it has now reached New Hampshire.

AFTER THE DISASTER.

Earthquake Remnants — Catastrophic
Ashes—Paraphrastic Slag—Cinders, Debris, Dross.

Principal Armstrong is teaching the 800 pupils in the tented schools of Golden Gate Park how the soil can be cultivated. Two acres of ground have been laid out in sections of 100 square feet. The school children already know the names of nearly all the birds and half the plants in the park.

Charles Dormon Robinson succeeded in making a number of paintings of the fire when it was at its greatest height, on Thursday night, April 18, from 11 to 3 in the morning. Mr. Robinson was in the fires of 1851, 1853 and 1854, as well as in the much greater catastrophe of 1906.

The steamer Deutschland, which left New York on April 16, received from an unknown steamer news of the disaster by wireless telegraphy. The message was to the effect that the entire city of San Francisco was destroyed. Many San Francisco people were on the steamer. Says the Call: "Among them was a woman prominent in the highest society circles and the wife of one of our multimillionaires. When the news reached her she became momentarily insane and made a wild dash across the deck and attempted to jump over the rail into the sea, when she was caught by some of the officers of the ship and carried to her cabin."

One of the hills before the claims committee of the relief fund is that presented by Varney & Green for \$34,000, which the firm says represents the amount of lumber which was torn from their hillboards during the emergency days to be used in the construction of the rustic kitchens which formerly adorned the streets. The committee offered the firm \$5000, but they refused, saying, "The billboards were our stock in trade."

"What would you like, madam?" asked a Red Cross official of a woman in the line of refugees. "A baby grand piano." was the unexpected response. "I am a concert singer, and I see in the papers that you are rehabilitating people in their business. If you can get me a piano. I shall be awfully obliged to you." The next in line was a man who asked to be given a wooden leg. He lost his in the fire.

On July 13th workmen were excavating in the basement of what was a book store on Montgomery Street, near Post. After removing a quantity of bricks and twisted iron, they unearthed a pile of smoldering books, which had been buried since April 18th. When exposed to the air the smoldering mass burst into flame. The heat was so intense that the workmen were compelled to abandon their task temporarily.

On the morning of April 19 Henry Payot, senior member of the firm of Payot, Upham & Co., struggled up Van Ness avenue from Ellis street with two trunks filled with his most precious possessions. He left them at the house of Attorney Walter H. Linforth, at 1400 Washington street, where he thought they would be safe. That night the flames came close to Linforth's home and Henry Payot again took up his burden. He managed to climb to the top of Russian Hill, where a friend promised to watch the precious trunks. The next day Russian Hill was swept by fire and Payot's two trunks disappeared in smoke. Yet his house at 911 Ellis street, from which he had hurriedly rescued his valuables, withstood the flames.

The impression still prevails in the minds of many San Franciscans that hundreds of injured persons were

hurned to death in the Mechanics' Pavilion, which was used as an emergency hospital. This is denied by Election Commissioner McGuire. "I have heard on several occasions that the doctors had to chloroform the patients to put them out of misery," says Mr. McGuire. "This report is denied by such reliable men as Dr. James Ward, president of the Board of Health; Chief Steward Burcher of the Emergency Hospital and other parties that were in the pavilion before it hurned down. I was helping at the pavilion until it caught fire and helped to carry the last patient out just as the roof started to burn."

The block bounded by Greenwich, Lombard, Polk and Larkin streets escaped the flames which swept the Russian Hill district. The buildings were saved because it is a block peopled by homeowners. Their homes represented the savings of a lifetime, and when the fire had driven the soldiers from the scene the householders dodged back through the smoke, determined to do the utmost to save their property. They had no water, but found a barrel of vinegar. The barrel of vinegar was rolled out on the sidewalk. Men gave their coats and women tore off their skirts to be dipped into that vinegar and hung upon the walls and roofs as shields against the flames of the blazing houses sixty feet away. Thus, in the midst of fire, these people fought for hours and conquered.

Hundreds of buildings east of Howard street and south of Fourteenth street escaped the flames, although all else west of Howard and north of Fourteenth was destroyed. The people in the saved district owe their homes to the foresight of John Center. Mr. Center constructed his own water system as early as 1851. It includes artesian wells, a large subterranean reservoir, two frame tanks with a capacity of 80,000 gallons each, fire hydrants and a steam pump with a capacity of 20,000 gallons an hour. Two streams of water from this system supplied four engines, which fought the flames for twenty-seven hours and checked the fire on Howard street and again on Fourteenth. On Friday morning, April 20th, there remained six feet of water in the tanks, enough to have maintained two stream for fifteen more hours, or to have fed one stream indefinitely from the large subterranean reservoir.

"Many persons," says the Bookman, "will remember the extraordinary sensation created in Paris two or three years ago by the vaticinations of a certain Mademoiselle Couedon, whose feats of clairvoyance astonished the French capital. In January, 1905, the correspondent of a New York newspaper secured from the French sibyl a forecast of the events of the coming year. In addition to a number of other prophecies, was a striking and somewhat detailed prediction of the fate which was impending over an American city, the name of which, however, was not given. The toppling over of tall buildings was graphically described, and particular stress was laid upon the disturbances which were to take place beneath the surface of the earth. Apparently, and in fact obviously, the fate of San Francisco had in some way projected itself within the range of this woman's second sight."

Of the forty-three attorneys engaged in the litigation over the Julius Friedman estate but three appeared in Judge Kerrigan's court when the case came up last week, and the hearing had to be postponed. Friedman was found dead in bed at the Palace Hotel on January 1, 1900, leaving an estate valued at \$500,000. That forty attorneys should fail to show up at the division of a half-million shows strikingly the dislocation of the legal world.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Among the birthday honors recently was a knighthood for F. Carruthers Gould, the political caricaturist of the Westminster Gazette. Thus has another cartoonist joined Sir John Tenniel in that distinction. The honor meets with universal acclaim in the English press, even from the victims of Sir Francis's wit. He has done good service to the Liberal party.

H. J. McCoy, secretary of the San Francisco Y. M. C. A., announced July 16, that he had received an order from John D. Rockefeller to give \$250,000 toward rebuilding the San Francisco Y. M. C. A. buildings provided an equal amount was received from others. Mr. McCoy said he had already obtained \$105,000 in addition to the Rockefeller offer.

A polo player at 65 is P. F. Collier, owner of Collier's Weekly, a man of wealth. Mr. Collier is the most ardent of horsemen, and has been playing polo for twenty-five years. Several times during recent years it has been his misfortune to be injured; once he sustained a broken collar-bone. But these mishaps have left his enthusiasm unabated.

A witness of the battle of Waterloo, in 1815, has just completed her 104th year. She is Mme. Dupuy, who was born in Belgium in the year 1802. When a girl of 13 she saw from a neighboring hill the downfall of Napoleon on the famous battlefield. Before the fight she and her mother sold provisions to the French soldiers, and after the carnage both of them helped to pick up the wounded and hurry the dead.

The commission appointed to investigate the surrender of Port Arthur has finished its labors, and recommends that General Stoessel, former commander of the Russian forces at Port Arthur, be dismissed from the army and shot; that Lieutenant General Fock, who commanded the Fourth East Siberian division at Port Arthur, be dismissed from the army and undergo a year's hard labor; that General Reiss, chief of staff of General Stoessel, be dismissed and banished, and that Admiral Alexeff, former viceroy in the far East, Lieutenant General Smyrnoff, commander of the Port Arthur fortress, and General Vernander be reprimanded.

Winston Churchill is running for get there—he is a hard worker. A Governor of New Hampshire. He may part of his first novel, "The Celebrity," was written half a dozen times. "Richard Carvel" was written five times. While "The Crisis" was being written Mr. Churchill had an office in the business district, St. Louis, where he observed long business hours, writing, rewriting, dictating and revising. Trained at Annapolis for the navy, Winston Churchill deliberately adopted writing as a profession.

Alfred Beit, the well-known South African financier, died in London, July 16. Mr. Beit was born in 1853 at Hamburg. He was a life governor of the DeBeers Consolidated mines, and a director of the Rand mines, Rhodesia Railways, Behuanaland Railway trust, Consolidated Company, Bultfontein mine and British Chartered South Africa Company. A suit was brought against Mr. Beit on the ground of complicity in the Jameson raid and his prosecution was demanded by Dr. Leyd, the representative of the Transvaal in Europe and in 1896, his resignation from the board of directors of the British Chartered South Africa Company was accepted. When Cecil Rhodes died in 1902 Mr. Beit was one of his executors. Early in 1903 Mr. Beit had an apoplectic stroke at Johannesburg, and never fully regained his health. Mr. Beit is said to have been

the richest man in London. He gave large sums of money to the Red Cross and other institutions and recently donated \$500,000 to found a university at Hamburg. He controlled the output and price of the world's diamond industry.

Judge Schofield, of the Boston Superior Court, has officially laid down the right and wrong way of alighting from a car. The case which involved this pronouncement was that of a woman who sued the Old Colony Street Railway Company for damages because of injuries received in leaving a car. The defense was that the passenger got off with her face to the rear of the car. Because of this the judge instructed the jury as follows: "I shall instruct you, gentlemen, as a matter of law, that if this plaintiff in getting from this car got off from the left side, placing her left hand on the stanchion of the car and her right foot on the ground, so that she faced the rear of the car, and, while the car was in motion, attempted to get off while facing the rear of the car, she is guilty of contributory negligence and cannot recover."

JOAQUIN MILLER.

The Poet Tells of the Burning of San Francisco.

From his home, "The Heights," on the hills across the bay facing the Golden Gate, the poet saw the burning of San Francisco following the earthquake of April 18, 1906.)

Such darkness, as when Jesus died!
Then sudden dawn drove all before.
Two wee brown tomcats terrified,
Flashed through my open cottage door;
Then instant out and off again
And left a stillness like to pain—
Such stillness, darkness, sudden dawn
I never knew or looked upon!

This ardent, Occidental dawn
Dashed San Francisco's streets with gold,
Just gold and gold to walk upon,
As he of Patmos sang of old.
And still, so still, her streets, her steep,
As when some great soul silent weeps;
And, oh, that gold, that gold that lay
Beyond, above the tarn, brown hay!

And then a bolt, a jolt, a chill,
And mother earth seemed as afraid:
Then instant all again was still,
Save that my cattle from the shade
Where they had sought firm, rooted clay,
Came forth loud lowing, glad and gay
Knee-deep in grasses to rejoice
That all was well, with trumpet voice.

Not so yon city—darkness, dust,
Then martial men in swift array,
Then smoke, then flames, then great guns thrust
To heaven, as if pots of clay,
Cathedral, temple, palace, tower—
An hundred wars in one wild hour!
And still the smoke, the flame, the guns,
The piteous wail of little ones!

The mad flame climbed the costly steep,
But man, defiant, climbed the flame
What battles where the torn clouds keep!

What deeds of glory in God's name!
What sons of giants—giants, yea—
Or heedless lad or veteran gray.
Not Marathon nor Waterloo
Knew men so daring, dauntless, true!

Three days, three nights, three fearful days
Of death, of flame, of dynamite,
Of God's house thrown a thousand ways;
Blown east by day, blown west by night—
By night? There was no night. Nay,
The ghoulish flame lit nights that lay
Crouched down between this first, last day!
I say those nights were burned away!

And jealousies were hurned away,
And hurned were city rivalries,
Till all, white crescenting the bay,
Were one harmonious hive of bees.
Behold the bravest battle won!
The City Beautiful begun,
One solid San Francisco, one.
The fairest sight beneath the sun,
—Sunset Magazine for June-July.

MISS IDE'S BIRTHDAY.

Was Formally Presented to Her by
Robert Louis Stevenson.

When Miss Annie H. Ide, the fiancée of Bourke Cockran, was a little girl in nafores she was a pet of Robert Louis Stevenson in Samoa. She spent much of her time at the Stevenson bungalow, and the childless novelist wanted to adopt her.

Failing in this, Stevenson got permission from the Ides to have little Anne at his bungalow a certain number of hours a day. Once she complained that she was defrauded of her natural rights because she happened to have been born on a Christmas. The next day Mr. Ide received the following document:

"I, Robert Louis Stevenson, advocate of the Scots Bar, author of 'The Master of Ballantrae' and 'Moral Emblems,' civil engineer, sole owner and patentee of the palace and plantation known as Allima, in the island of Upola, Samoa, British subject, being in sound mind and pretty well, I thank you, in body; 'In consideration that Miss Annie H. Ide, daughter of H. C. Ide, was horned out of all reason upon Christmas Day, and is therefore out of all justice denied the consolation and profit of a proper birthday;

"And, considering that I, the said Robert Louis Stevenson, have attained such an age that I have now no further use for a birthday;

"And in consideration that I have met H. C. Ide, the father of the said Annie H. Ide, and found him about as hite a land commissioner as I require;

"Have transferred to the said Annie Ide all and whole my rights and privileges in the thirteenth day of November, formerly my birthday, now, hereby and henceforth the birthday of the said Annie H. Ide, to have, hold, exercise and enjoy the same in the customary manner by the sporting of fineiment, eating of rich meats, and receipt of gifts, compliments and copies of verse, according to the manner of our ancestors.

"And I direct the said Annie H. Ide to add to the said name of Annie H. Ide, the name Louisa—at least in private—and I charge her to use my said birthday with moderation and human-

ity, the said birthday not being so young as it once was, and having carried me in a very satisfactory manner since I can remember:

"And in case the said Annie H. Ide shall neglect or contravene either of the above conditions, I hereby revoke the donation and transfer my rights in the said birthday to the President of the United States of America for the time being;

"In witness whereof I have hereto set my hand and seal this nineteenth day of June, in the year of grace eighteen hundred and ninety-one.

"ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

"Witnesses: Lloyd Osborne, Harold Watts."

Miss Ide accepted the birthday gift and thereafter became Annie H. Louisa Ide. She always treated the gift properly.

The new Episcopal Cathedral that is being planned for the summit of the California street hill will be a magnificent edifice. The site is donated by the Crocker estate and is bounded by Taylor, Jones, California and Sacramento streets.

The San Francisco Bar Association has received \$15,000 fire loss from the Phoenix Insurance Company of London. The money will be used to replace the Association's law library. It is also in receipt of 1400 law volumes from the New York Bar Association.

This was the effect of the San Francisco calamity upon the London stock market: "The common stocks of the eighteen American railways dealt in in London showed an aggregate depreciation of nearly \$75,000,000 in two days. Now of these only two companies can possibly have suffered direct loss from the earthquake and the fire, the Atchison and the Southern Pacific. Nevertheless, Union Pacific shares fell from 163 to 155½ and Atchison from 97 to 92. The rally from the bottom was as rapid as the fall had been. It is now seen that the rebuilding of San Francisco will add enormously to the revenue of the western railroads."

OLD FAVORITES.

When the Cows Come Home.

Recently the Bohemian Club held a reunion at its new quarters in San Francisco, the first since the fire. Naturally the occasion was a unique one. Many friends met for the first time in three months who previously had met daily for years. The occasion was rendered additionally interesting by the presence of "Uncle George" Bromley, the octogenarian Bohemian. "Uncle George" had intended starting East on the morning of the earthquake, but was detained by the earthquake. Despite his great age he retains his powers of amusing and interesting. The club delights to hear him recite, and this is one of his favorite recitations:

With kingle, klang, kingle,
Way down the dusty dingle,
The cows are coming home;
Now sweet and clear, and faint and low
The airy tinklings come and go.
Like chimings from some far-off tower,
Or patterings of an April shower
That makes the daisies grow—
Ko-king, ke-clang, kokinglelelele,
Way down the darkening dingle
The cows come slowly home.

Soft sounds that sweetly mingle,
With jingle, jangle, jingle,
The cows are coming home;
Malime, and Pearl, and Florimel,
De Kamp, Redrose, and Gretchen
Schell,
Queen Bess, and Sylph, and Spangled Sue—
Across the field I hear loo-oo,
And clang her silver bell,
Go-ling, go-lang, golvinglelelele,
With faint far sounds that mingle,
The cows come slowly home;
And mother-songs of long-gone years,
And baby joys, and childish tears,
And youthful hopes, and youthful fears,
When the cows come home.

With ringle, rangle, ringle,
By twos and threes and single,
The cows are coming home.
Through the violet air we see the town,
And the summer sun a-slipping down;
The maple in the hazel glade
Throws down the path a longer shade,
And the hills are growing brown.

To-ring, to-rang, toringleringle,
By threes and fours and single,
The cows come slowly home.

The same sweet sound of wordless psalm,
The same sweet June-day rest and calm,
The same sweet scent of bud and balm,
When the cows come home.

With a tinkle, tankle, tinkle,
Through fern and periwinkle,
The cows are coming home;
A-loitering in the checkered stream,
Where the sun-rays glance and gleam,
Starline, Peachbloom and Phoebe Phyllis
Stand knee-deep in the creamy lilies,
In a drowsy dream.

To-link, to-lank, tolinklelelele,
O'er banks with buttercups a-twin-kle,

The cows come slowly home;
And up through memory's deep ravine
Come the brook's old song and its old-time sheen,
And the crescent of the silver queen.

With a kinkle, klang, kingle,
With a loo-oo, and moo-oo, and jingle,

The cows are coming home;
And over there on Merlin hill,
Hear the plaintive cry of the whip-poorwill;

The dewdrops lie on the tangled vines,
And over the poplars Venus shines;
And over the silent mill,

Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolvinglelelele,
With a ting-a-ling and jingle,
The cows come slowly home.

Let down the bars; let in the train
Of long-gone songs, and flowers, and rain;

For dear old times come back again
When the cows come home.

—Agnes E. Mitchell.

The Masonic Hall Association have been offered \$750,000 for the Masonic Temple site, on the northwest corner of Post and Montgomery streets. The site is 75x160, and is one of the choicest business corners in San Francisco. The price obtained for the lot will establish the value of real estate in that section of the city. It is said it is wanted for the Wells-Fargo Nevada National Bank.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL
WORCESTERSHIRE
FOR STEAKS, CHOPS,
BOLD MEATS,



FISH, SOUPS,
SALADS, GRAVIES, etc.

THE
PEERLESS
SEASONING.

VANITY FAIR.

The Salt Lake Tribune, discussing the killing of Stanford White by Harry K. Thaw, says: "We have a few words by way of objection to a bumptious remark made by an assistant district attorney in New York City: 'It was simply a question whether New York has gone down to the level of a mining camp, or whether a man has got a chance for his life.' Now that is precisely the difference between New York in general and this particular New York case in especial, and the ethics of a mining camp. In a mining camp a man gets a chance for his life. In New York he does not. In this case Stanford White had no chance whatever for his life, nor does the New York tough or murderer in any case intend to give his victim even the shadow of a chance to fight back. He strikes in the dark; he strikes without warning; and he aims to strike to disable and kill. The developments in the circle which White and Thaw seem to have frequented, show a low level of degradation, vice and loathsome villainy which could not possibly find a parallel in any mining camp in the world."

Andrew Carnegie enjoys telling how, until comparatively recent date, the old time Scotch prejudices were retained by the hard-headed professors of the university in Aberdeen.

There was a certain Professor Cameron, who had a weakness for the refinements and minor graces of life; so, just after "at home" cards became fashionable, one of the driest specimens of the old professional regime was the recipient of a missive from Cameron which read as follows:

"Professor and Mrs. Cameron present their compliments to Professor Pirie, and hope that he is well. Professor and Mrs. Cameron will be at home on Thursday evening, the 12th instant, at 7:30 o'clock."

The crusty old chap to whom this note was addressed replied in this wise:

"Professor Pirie returns the compliments of Professor and Mrs. Cameron, and begs to inform them that he is very well. Professor Pirie is glad to learn that Professor and Mrs. Cameron will be at home on Thursday evening, the 12th instant, at 7:30 o'clock. Professor Pirie will also be at home."

Bertha Krupp's fiance, Herr Dr. von Bohlen und Halbach, the secretary of the Prussian Legation at the Vatican, has already practically given up diplomacy and is hard at work at Essen getting familiar with the ramifications of his future wife's enormous business. The late Herr Krupp provided in his will that Bertha's husband should become leading director of the works, and Bohlen is devoting all the powers of his brilliant mind and untiring energies to fit himself for that position. He works ten hours a day, and it is expected that he will soon be master of all the details. It is said he cherishes the plan of forming a German steel trust. The salary of the new director after his marriage will be \$200,000. Every member of the Krupp family, including the two sisters, has been made to learn a trade. Bertha is an accomplished dressmaker, and instead of buying her wedding trousseau she has made most of it herself. The 120,000 employees of the gun factory have raised a subscription sufficient to buy magnificent wedding gifts for the two sisters. Barbara's betrothal followed quick after Bertha's engagement.

The Emperor of Germany's intimate knowledge of American affairs is often a matter of surprise to Americans who meet him. Miss Frances Griscom, daughter of Clement A. Griscom, the American railroad and Standard Oil magnate, was one of the German Emperor's guests at dinner on board the royal yacht "Hohenzollern" when the Emperor approached her and said:

"Miss Griscom, I am very sorry that you were not present at our yacht races the other day to see my yacht win."

"I should have been glad, your Majesty, to be present," replied Miss Griscom; "but the water was a little too rough for me."

"Ah," replied the Emperor, "not a good sailor, then. Well, Miss Griscom, the next time my yacht races and the water is rough I shall insist upon your presence, and we will pour oil on the

water. And, believe me," ended the Emperor with a smile, "the oil will be effective, for I shall see to it that it is Standard Oil!"

The question "Shall Women Smoke?" is being vigorously discussed in the London press. This is the way it looks to Punch:

Some faddist in the press first raised the question,

When anxious of a grievance to be rid—

Hinting disease or death or indigestion
Probable, if they did.

"Indignant Dame" replied a morning later,

Giving the lie—or several—direct;
Describing him a low prevaricator—
Or words to that effect.

The fat was in the fire. A smart "Young Mother" urged it was chic, and womanly as well;

One "Damsel" found it soothing, while another

Simply abhorred the smell.

"Father of One"—outside the infant's hearing—

Vowed that no girl of his "such things" should do;

"Father of Nine" refrained from interfering—

Thinking it wiser to.

A "Spinster" said the weed was all she trusted

To take from single cussedness the sting;

A lady, who inscribed herself "Dis-gusted,"

Loathed the unseemly thing.

An "Indian Colonel" found the practice "frighty,"

And asked, if women thronged the "Smokers," too,

Where—in this crimson territory—might he

The scheming sex eschew?

"Enthusiastic" called it bliss-bestowing,

Which "Youthful Cynic" stigmatized as rot;

And "Tweeny Girl" was diffident, unknowing

Whether to whiff or not.

Such are the strange, reciprocative scorings,

Such are the quaint, antagonistic views,

That filled the papers during several mornings,

Taking the place of news.

Whether the thing is really wrong or rightful,

We know not yet; but this is sure the while—

Either it is entrancingly delightful.

Or else supremely vile.

The \$25,000 traveling allowance which was placed at the President's disposal by Congress, is, as the Boston Transcript points out, the fifth appropriation made for the President's benefit. Two of these other allowances are larger than the \$50,000 of official "salary." The appropriation for care of the White House, including the coal bill and the maintenance of its greenhouses, is \$60,000 a year. The salaries of employees, only a few of whom, however, are personal attendants, aggregate another \$60,000. Then come \$20,000 for lighting—so construed as to include even matches—and \$20,000 more for contingent expenses. This latter applies to the "official" stable, though the President has to maintain his own horses and hire all his stable employees except the driver. So the gross amount allowed by Congress for what may be called the Presidential office will henceforth be \$235,000 a year.

Some of the newspapers of the Mexican Capital have taken up an agitation for a reform in the business hours. Heretofore it has been the custom to close all shops and offices absolutely between the hours of 1 and 2:30 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Some of the foreign stores have attempted to get away from this system, but the small amount of trade gained by thus doing away with the ancient "siesta" hour (now largely a tradition in the capital) was not enough to pay for the trouble. The noon rest hour is a reasonable one in the tropics, where it is always a period of dullness and unusual heat, but there is also the other side, in that the long hour suggests a heavy noon meal which in the tropics, more than anywhere else, is unreasonable. But the principal opposition to the noon rest hour is the consequent lengthening of the working hours into the evening, so that stores and offices never close before 7 o'clock, and often not before 8. This throws the evening's recreation into the night, so that no theatre can begin a performance before 8:45 at the very earliest, and the time of recreation is lengthened into an "all-night seance."

The John Lane Company is about to issue a biography of President Diaz of Mexico, by Mrs. Alec Tweedle. The biographer gives extracts from the President's private diary and letters, and other material, including 100 or more illustrations.

Mr. Newlywed—Did you say this was pound cake, my dear? Mrs. Newlywed—Yes, precious, and I made it myself. Mr. Newlywed—Are you quite sure you—pounded it enough?—Philadelphia Record.

W. & J. Sloane & Co.

are now showing complete lines of

Carpets, Rugs, Furniture, Upholstery,
Curtains, Window Shades, Etc.

at their new store at the corner of

Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street

Lawyers' Title Company

WILL ESTABLISH YOUR RECORD
TITLE FOR A

MODERATE FEE

and will notify you of any adverse and encroaching suit that may be brought by others. Owners and mortgagees should register their property with the company at once and secure its protection.

DIRECTORS

FRANK P. DEERING
A. F. MORRISON
R. T. HARDING
CHARLES W. SLACK

J. C. MCKINSTRY
CHAS. P. EELLS
C. B. SESSIONS
J. W. LILIENTHAL

PETER F. DUNNE
CARTER P. POMEROY
E. S. HELLER
WILLIAM THOMAS

OFFICE, 1916 SUTTER ST.

Telephone West 6373

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Your eyes are faithful servants—give them the care and attention they require.

Our business is to tell you how.

HIRSCH & KAISER

1757 FILLMORE ST.

Optician

EDUCATIONAL.

MISS HAMLIN'S
Boarding and Day School
For Girls.

Formerly at 1819 Jackson St., is now at 2 Pacific Ave., near Webster St. School reop. Tuesday, August 7, 1906. Accredited.

Address MISS S. D. HAMLIN
2230 Pacific Avenue. San Francisco

Mrs. J. E. Tippet

(CLARA BEUTLER)

Teacher of Singing
Coaching

Studio, Pierce Building, Copley Square
Boston, Mass.

Irving Institute

Boarding and
Day School for GIRLS

2126 California Street : S.

The school is uninjured and opened with
encouraging numbers July 9, 1906.
Fully accredited by Universities. Academic
Preparatory and Primary Instruction; Music,
Art, Languages.

APPLY TO

MRS. E. B. CHURCH, Principal, or
MRS. FAY CHASE KELLOGG, Prin. in Charge

MISS HARKER'S SCHOOL.

Palo Alto, Cal. Home and Day School
for Girls. Intermediate and Primary
Departments. Certificate admits
Stanford, Vassar and Wellesley. Number
limited. Reopens August 20th.

OGONTZ SCHOOL for YOUNG LADIES

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia
two hours from New York. The late
Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circulars
address
MISS SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal,
Ogontz, School P. O., Pa.

MISS RANSOM'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Will open on Wednesday, August 1
at 454 Prospect Avenue, Oakland.
Limited number of boarders received.
MARION RANSOM,
EDITH BRIDGES,
Principals.

ALAMO PINTADO INN

Ballard, Cal.

A delightful resting place for automobile
travelers between San Francisco
and Santa Barbara—50 miles
north of Santa Barbara, 2 miles south
of Los Olivos. Daily mail, long-distance
telephone, and 72-degree gas line.
F. M. SHAW, Prop.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Company

of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital\$1,000,000.00
Cash Assets5,340,130.50
Surplus to Policy-Holders..2,414,921.11

COLL. N. BOYD,

Agent for San Francisco,

2310 California St., San Francisco

525 Thirteenth St., Oakland.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH,
Manager Pacific Department.

HOTEL RAFAEL

SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

50 minutes from San Francisco. Complete change of climate.

TIBURON OR SAUSALITO FERRY

All Modern Conveniences.

R. V. HALTON, Prop.

Belvedere, California

"HILLSIDE INN"

Tiburon Ferry, 40 minutes from San Francisco. Boating and bathing. Terms reasonable. Address

MRS. M. J. WARREN

HOTEL COLLINGWOOD

35th St., bet. 5th Ave and Broadway

NEW YORK CITY

New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district, containing every modern device for comfort of guests.

Positively exclusive. Service a la carte.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Joe Weber has made arrangements for the production in the Studebaker, Chicago, Monday, July 30, of a three-act farce by Richard Watson Tully of San Francisco, called "A Strenuous Life."

It is reported that Marie Corelli, the novelist, intends to come over from England early in the fall to take personal charge of the rehearsals of the dramatic version of her story, "Barabas," which Tyrone Power is to bring out next October.

Representative Kahn of California has written a book of a comic opera dealing in the spirit of satire with certain social conditions in America, at least, so report sayeth. The music is being prepared by Julian Edwards, and it is probable that the Shuherts will produce the opera in the autumn. Heinrich Conried has decided on a policy with regard to his choristers. He will not engage any of them as long as he or she is a member of the labor union.

Jan Kubelik will open the tour in 1907 on Jan. 1 in Honolulu. His first concert in the United States will be in Seattle, Jan. 21.

Miss Florence Roberts will be seen "Giaconda" next season in the East. Miss Roberts gave the first English production of the D'Annunzio play in San Francisco in 1904.

E. H. Sothern, and presumably Julia Arlowe, in "John the Baptist" is an announcement held by the Shuherts for a later date. Little is known of the play, its author or the general scheme of production, but that Mr. Sothern to have a biblical play of his own has been told to his intimate friends.

Olga Nethersole will appear in a dramatization of Gertrude Atherton's "Daughter of the Vine," next season.

Miss Donald, the prima donna of the Covent Garden opera season and chief attraction since the retirement of Melba, has caused a sensation by announcing that she is betrothed to the actor, Sevilhac. Donald is a Canadian of Jewish descent and it was Sevilhac who discovered her and brought her out. The romance is therefore entirely logical.

A unique theater party at the home of Bernard Shaw in London a fortnight ago had Robert Loraine for its only player and the redoubtable Irish dramatist himself for its sole auditor. Shaw wanted to know something of the manner of the American performance of "Man and Superman," and Loraine humored him by giving a one-man performance of the whole comedy. The audience was delighted with the performance and all the critics present praised highly the work of every member of the cast.

Francis Wilson has written the book of a comic opera which will be produced by Klaw & Erlanger.

Arnold Daly and his manager, Sam Gumpertz, were acquitted in the New York Court of Special Sessions of the charge of violating Section 385 of the Penal Code in producing George Bernard Shaw's play, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," at the Garrick Theatre, October 30 last.

Clay Clement is out with his announcement of a new play. It is to be the crystallization of long-studied ideas on Sam Houston of Texas. It is to be the name of the play, Sam Houston.

Play-writers, play-goers and players are sending congratulations to William Winter, dean of dramatic critics, poet, actor and biographer, who recently celebrated the 70th anniversary of his birth. At first-night gatherings in Broadway there is no more conspicu-

ous figure than William Winter, with white tousled hair, upturned coat-collar and muffled throat. Old and feeble as he has grown, every premiere of importance is attended with conscientious regularity. In all kinds of weather he makes the journey from his Staten Island home to the theatrical center, which has moved from lower Broadway to Fourteenth street, and then on to Times Square, since he assumed the post of dramatic critic forty-one years ago. Moreover, he considers it not too great a task to witness scenes from each of a half-dozen new plays in a single night, and his wanderings from playhouse to playhouse are quite as much a feature of important theatrical nights as the curtain calls and the authors' speeches.

Joseph Jefferson, in remembrance of the many fishing trips he enjoyed with Grover Cleveland, remembered the former President of the United States in his will, dated October 27, 1899, and filed recently in the Recorder's office, New York. In a codicil dated five years later than the will, Mr. Jefferson wrote: "To my friend, the Hon. Grover Cleveland, I bequeath my best Kentucky reel." This reel is said by those who knew Joseph Jefferson in life to have been one of the actor's most treasured possessions.

Shakespeare in Opera.

The latest things in operas in London town these days are playful little parodies on Mr. Shakespeare's plays. They put on "Hamlet" with a ghost that does a song and dance and springs a mouldy gag or two while all the chorus chants, and Hamlet, on beholding him, lifts up a lively clog. And says: "Is that you, father, dear, or just a London fog?"

When old King Lear goes maundering across the canvas sea His graceless daughter winks and says: "Now, don't you Lear at me!"

And Kent exclaims when through the storm he hears his monarch shout: "It's pretty windy, ain't it, King, to take those whiskers out?" And when his subjects hail the King the old man says, complaining: "Away with you! How dare you, knave, to hail when I am reigning?"

When dark Othello from the wars comes aoble shuffling back Iago says: "I'm scared of him because he looks so black." And Desdemona's stifled while that villain calmly smokes, Remarking philosophically the while: "I hope she chokes!" And when Othello stabs himself Iago, with a roar, Shouts out: "There's always room where you are bound for just one Moor!"

When Caesar gets the gleaming knives he's circled by a bunch Of show girls, while lean Cassius mourns: "'Twas too much Roman punch!" Macbeth beholds the aged crones dance round their bubbling pitch And asks them with a grin of glee: "Now tell me which is witch?" They're turning crowds away, they say, and down by Avon's wave, It's said, the bard is turning, too—he's turning in his grave.

—Montreal Star.

The Marco twins will be seen for the first time in several seasons at the Orpheum, July 29. These individuals, one over six feet in height, and the other under four, give a performance decidedly out of the ordinary. The famous Basque Quartet, who were at the Orpheum some three years ago, are now on their second visit to America and will undoubtedly receive a warm welcome. The three Hickman Brothers, singing, dancing and talking comedians, will make their first appearance in San Francisco. Ida O'Day, a dainty little mite of femininity and an accomplished singing comedienne and banjoist, is known all over England and America. Kelly and Kent, the comedy couple, will vary their amusing act, McWatters, Tyson and Company will introduce new specialties in their musical comedy, "Vaudeville," and Paul Spadoni, the light and heavy juggler, will continue to astonish his audiences. The Camille Comedy Trio, in their funny triple horizontal bar entertainment, and Orpheum motion pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete an unusually strong program.

The last of the University concerts in the Greek Theater is set for half past three o'clock Thursday afternoon, August second. The honor of closing the series falls to the Minetti String Quartet, which is composed of Giulio Minetti, first violin; Hans Koenig, second violin; Andre Verdier, viola, and Arthur Weiss, violoncello.

The program will be as follows: Quartet in F major (op. 18, No. 1) in the following movements: Allegro con brio; Adagio affettuoso ed appassionato; Scherzo—Allegro molto, and Allegro. Next will be "Lento" (from American Quartet in F, op. 96), Dvorak, and "Canzonetta" (from Quartet in op. 12) Mendelssohn. The concert will close with the Quartet in E minor, known as "Aus meinen Leben," by Smetana, with movements as follows: Allegro vivo appassionato, Allegro moderato alla Polka, Largo sostenuto, Vivace.

For more than fifty years children, from the age of three months to ten years, have been benefited by Steedman's Soothing Powders.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

ORPHEUM

Week Commencing Sunday Mat. July 29
Matinee Every Day Except Monday.

"CLASS A"
VAUDEVILLE

Marco Twins; Basque Quartet; Three Hickman Brothers; Ida O'Day; McWatters, Tyson and Company; Camille Comedy Trio; Kelly and Kent; Orpheum Motion Pictures and last week of Paul Spadoni.

PRICES:—10c, 25c, 50c. Down town box office at Donlon's Drug Store, Sutter and Fillmore Streets. Phone, West, 5,000.
CHUTES and ZOO:—Open daily from 10 a. m. till midnight.
Admission, 10c; children 5c.

Hotel
St. Francis

SAN FRANCISCO
America's Model
Hotel

St. Francis Annex

200 Outside Rooms

Famous Grill Room in Main Building
now running under same skilled chef.

Just the Place to Lunch
Everything Ready for You

A PRIVATE LIBRARY of several thousand volumes particularly rich in works of reference and aids to literary craftsmanship, will be placed on sale

"At the Sign of the Lamp"
643 TURK STREET

Near Van Ness

Monday morning, July 29th. Among the more important items: Subscription set of Green's History of England, 1624 edition of Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, Outward Bound Edition of Kipling, Dana Estes Complete Dumas, 1687 edition Chaucer and many separate volumes of the world's great classics. Catalogue on application.

The Call

Is the cleanest, brightest, newsiest of all the San Francisco dailies.

The best fiction the world produces can be found in the Magazine Section of the Sunday edition. Its Art features are equal to the best of the magazines.

THE CALL is made up having specially in view its large home patronage. It contains every day of the year

All the News That's Fit to Print
And is the BEST Advertising Medium.

THE ARGONAUT

Clubbing List for 1906

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

American Magazine and Argonaut	\$1.25
Argosy and Argonaut	4.35
Atlantic Monthly and Argonaut	6.70
Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut	6.20
Century and Argonaut	7.10
Companion and Argonaut	4.10
Cosmopolitan and Argonaut	4.35
Criterion and Argonaut	4.35
Critic and Argonaut	5.10
Current Literature and Argonaut	5.90
English Illustrated Magazine and Argonaut	4.70
Forum and Argonaut	6.00
Harper's Bazar and Argonaut	4.35
Harper's Magazine and Argonaut	6.70
Harper's Weekly and Argonaut	6.70
International Magazine and Argonaut	4.50
Justice and Argonaut	7.50
Ladies' Weekly and Argonaut	6.70
Life and Argonaut	7.70
Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut	5.25
Littell's Living Age and Argonaut	9.00
Melton Herald and Argonaut	10.50
Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut	4.35
Nineteenth Century and Argonaut	7.25
North American Review and Argonaut	7.50
Out West and Argonaut	5.25
Overland Monthly and Argonaut	4.50
Pittman Science Quarterly and Argonaut	5.90
Puck and Argonaut	7.50
Review of Reviews and Argonaut	5.75
Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut	6.50
Smart Set and Argonaut	6.00
St. Nicholas and Argonaut	6.00
Sunset and Argonaut	4.25
Theatre Magazine and Argonaut	5.75
Three-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut	4.25
Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) and Argonaut	4.50
Weekly New York Tribune, Weekly New York World, and Argonaut	5.25

Shreve & Company

have on sale their complete stock of

DIAMOND and GOLD JEWELRY, WATCHES
SILVERWARE, GLASSWARE, STATIONERY, Etc., at

Post Street and Grant Avenue
and 2429 Jackson Street

SAN FRANCISCO

Prompt and Careful Attention Given to Correspondence

LITERARY NOTES.

Old California.

The interest that Californians feel in novels of ante-Gringo days will serve to draw attention to Marah Ellis Ryan's novel, "For the Soul of Rafael, a Romance of Old California." The author has striven earnestly to endue her story with the drowsy, sun-warmed atmosphere of old Mission days, and has measurably succeeded. True, the effort is apparent; true, too, that her dull, amiable Mexican women prattling of their lovers and their masses are not provocative of interest. Their identities are far from being distinct, and the indolent reader will resent the effort he must make in order to keep track of the Marias, the Anas, and the Teresas. But as he reads he feels himself on the dusty, sun-scorched plains of California, and his ideas of the life that is depicted are brightened up and vivified. There are few American writers, however, who can lend it charm; perhaps from a temperamental lack of sympathy with the people that followed it. There are scenes and stories illustrative of the Latin's love, hate and revenge in the book, written with excellent taste and with no undue straining for effect. But, like the photographic illustrations, they require some greater touch of idealization to lift them further away from the commonplace. The book is effectively bound and contains full-page illustrations and marginal decorations.

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50.

Town Girls in the Country.

The truly womanly woman always possesses the home-making instinct. In spite of their social follies, this trait is thoroughly developed in the two sisters in Mary Stuart Boyd's "The Misses Make-Believe," and, when not perverted by social ambitions, their genius for making much out of very little is so enviable as to make them in the end an admirable pair.

The author of the book will probably never leave the ranks of mediocrity, but many women will read it with pleasure, because she lingers so fondly over the engrossing household trifles that to the feminine mind make up the sum of human things. Withal, this story of the gradual transformation of two foolish town-bred young ladies into rosy-cheeked country girls healthfully interested in gardening and poultry raising, is told agreeably and plausibly, and their social experiences in rural Devon are not lacking in humor.

Published by Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50.

A Flimsy Novel.

Apparently the twentieth-century need of writing a novel has been the sole motive that urged M. G. Easton to the perpetration of "The House on the Bridge," a long, rambling, disconnected, episodic tale with no plot in particular, and an infinite quantity of purely extraneous matter to pad out the book to the usual size.

M. G. Easton—who fails to hide her sex under noncommittal initials—puts in so many admiring details about the unremarkable childhood of her unremarkable heroine as to almost amount to pomposity. M. G. Easton's literary measure can be gauged from the fact that she is capable of using a parenthesized exclamation point. A background of mystery, dipsomania, and lunacy fail to lend weight or the sombre interest aimed at to this exceedingly flimsy novel.

Published by John Lane, the Bodley Head.

Filibusters and Buccaneers.

"The Glory Seekers" is a gossip

record of the lawless dreams and enterprises of the buccaneers of early days, when the United States, on their western and southern boundaries, were surrounded by limitless areas of land that excited the cupidity of men who would be kings. For it was sovereignty as well as wealth that these freebooters yearned for. The author, William Horace Brown, has collected his material from many sources; old histories of wild happenings in the territory out of which was built the Southern and Western States. Aaron Burr, the preux chevalier among these would-be founders of empire, comes first, and the book includes lengthy reviews of the careers of James Wilkinson, who held unlawful commerce with the Spanish government; Philip Nolan, who dreamed of making a principality of Texas; Augustus Magee, whose rash ambition led him to head a military invasion of the same territory; Colonel Perry, leader of a military enterprise directed against Spanish possessions, and a tragic story of the Florida Maroons or runaway slaves who were the prey of brutal filibusters.

While "The Glory Seekers" rises to no great dignity as a historical chronicle, it reopens old vistas in the recorded beginnings of our prosperity, and throws sidelights on comparatively unknown bits of the national history.

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co.

Hugo's "Hernani."

The latest volume in the American Book Company's admirable school edition of standard works is Victor Hugo's "Hernani." This dramatic masterpiece is presented with ample aids for its reading in class. The editor, James D. Bruner, Ph.D., contributes an introduction which treats fully of the theory of the romantic drama, its versification, language, plot, together with an account of the first performance of the play. The notes are numerous and copious, drawing many comparisons between passages of "Hernani" and those of other well-known plays.

Published by the American Book Company; 70 cents.

"Camp Kits and Camp Life."

The distribution of copies of "Camp Kits and Camp Life," by Charles Stepmann Hanks, a supply of provisions, and transportation to one of the mountain counties, would go far toward settling the relief committee's problems. Mr. Hanks's book is entertaining as general reading, but he has intended it as a practical guide to lovers of outdoor life. Many useful directions are given on how to make camp; the necessary outfits; the care of a rifle; receipts for camp cooking; treatment of injuries and sickness; and all the varied lore of the woods.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.

"Sunset" Magazine.

The June-July Sunset is one of the finest numbers ever issued by this handsome magazine. Most of the articles are, of course, concerned with the story of the fire and earthquake. Joaquin Miller contributes a poem; Charles S. Aiken, the editor, writes of "San Francisco's Plight and Prospects;" Edwin Sorenson Jr., the well-known war correspondent, has eloquent praise for municipal and army leaders in "Handling a Crisis;" E. H. Harriman's striking article on "San Francisco's Experience," is reprinted from the May Sunset; Professor McAdie tells of "The Scientific Side of It;" and Charles Warren Stoddard contributes "Old Mission Idyls," the first of a series of six articles. The number is copiously and beautifully illustrated.

Personal and Miscellaneous.

"Edgar Allan Poe," declares George Moore, "is unread in America, whereas he is an integral part of the artistic life of Paris."

The publishers of the New York Herald are being prosecuted by the postal authorities for violation of the law forbidding the use of the mails for the dissemination of "obscene, lewd, lascivious and indecent matters in print." The matter mentioned in the complaint consists of eight so-called "Personals" which appeared in the Herald of Sunday, July 15th. The section under which the complaint was brought is the same under which Joseph Dunlop, the editor and proprietor of the Chicago Dispatch, was tried and sentenced in 1894 to serve two years in the penitentiary and pay a fine of \$2000.

It is not generally known that Robert Browning was the author of a French grammar. It appears that even the late Dr. Garnett, whose knowledge of literature was encyclopedic, had not heard of this early venture of the poet's. His surprise was therefore great when a reference to the work in question by Browning himself was pointed out to him. It occurs on page 203 of the first volume of Browning's Letters to his wife: "Thus, in more than one of the reviews and magazines that laughed my 'Paracelsus' to scorn ten years ago—in the same column often of these reviews—would follow a most laudatory notice of an elementary French book, on a new plan, which I 'did' for my old French master, and be published—that was really a useful work."

An old fashion in sensational fiction is recalled by a new edition of James De Mille's "Cord and Creese," a story better worth reading than most of the more recent examples of its class.

We wish Mr. Kipling would write out more fully his ideas and impressions about literature, says Harper's Weekly. He could make an essay which, while it might not say all there is to say on that subject, would be exceedingly good reading, and doubtless edifying. He has spoken before about the magic of words. In the story, called "Wireless," he says—as near as we remember it—that there are only five passages in all literature which are pure magic, and three of these he credits to Keats.

A movement is on foot to erect in Washington a statue to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. While England has placed a bust of the great poet in Westminster Abbey, America has done very little to declare the affection with which so many Americans regard the "Poet of the American Fireside." The president of the Longfellow National Memorial Association is the Chief Justice of the United States, General Greeley is secretary and Brainard H. Warner, 916 F Street, N. W., Washington, is treasurer. Among the regents are the President, ex-President Cleveland, Mr. Carnegie, Monsignor Conaty, President Eliot, Cardinal Gibbons, Senator Lodge, Bishop Mackay-Smith, Herbert Welsh, Bishop Potter and Henry Watterson.

ROBERTSON'S

NEW LOCATION

1539

Van Ness Avenue

Near Pine

"Next to the White House"

Mr. Robertson calls attention to the above address, which is very centrally located.

Pears'

The public's choice since 1789.

"Your cheeks are peaches," he cried.

"No, they are Pears'," she replied.

Pears' Soap brings the color of health to the skin.

It is the finest toilet soap in all the world.

P. Centemeri & Co.

KID GLOVES

New Location

1551 Van Ness Ave.

Bet. Pine and California

San Francisco

Thos. Cook & Son

NOW LOCATED

410 Fourteenth Street
OAKLAND.

Bonestell, Richardson
and Company

Has Plenty of Every Kind of

PAPER

For Immediate Delivery.

Just Received Four Carloads of

Ruberoïd Roofing

Architects and builders of the highest class recommend Ruberoïd for any style of building.

Write for Samples and Price.

California's Leading Paper House

Phone, Oakland 7700.

1059 CASTRO STREET, OAKLAND

THE LATEST STYLES IN
CHOICE WOOLENS

H. S. Bridge & Co.

MERCHANT TAILORS,

1176 O'FARRELL STREET

Bicycle and Golf Suits.

DO YOU
WRITE?

Instruction by mail in literary and dramatic composition. Courses by actual practice. Revision, criticism, and sale of manuscripts and plays. Send for circular.

Picton & Bennett

25 W. 42nd Street. New York

Romeike's Press Cutting Bureau

Will send you all newspaper clipping which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date."

A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines, in fact, every paper of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers and, through the European Bureaus, a the leading papers in the civilized globe.

Clippings found for subscribers are pasted on slips giving name and date of paper, and are mailed day by day. Write for circular and terms.

Henry Romeike, 33 Union Square, N. Y.

Branches:

LONDON, PARIS, BERLIN, SYDNEY

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A London bus driver had shouted "Igh Oborn!" till the passenger on the seat behind him could no longer resist the temptation to make a joke.

"Excuse me," said the passenger, "but haven't you dropped something?" "I see wot you're driving at," returned the driver, keenly, "hut never mind, I shall pick it up when we get to Hoxford street."

Everybody calls Alfred J. Stofer, a well-known Washington character, "Major" Stofer.

"Where did you get your title, Stofer?" Representative Littlefield of Maine once asked him.

"Earned it, suh," Stofer replied, "killin' Yankees in the war."

"But, Stofer, you were not old enough to be a soldier."

"Who said I was a soldier, suh; who said I was a soldier? I was livin' in my native village of Culpepper, Virginia, suh, in those tryin' times, and it was there I won glory for the sainted Confederate cause and myself killin' Yankees."

"But how did you kill them?"

"Killed them by indigestion, suh, by indigestion. I sold em apple pies and killed 'em by scores."

Last summer a well-known professor went with his family to a small seaside resort on the east coast of England and boarded with a farmer who was in the habit of taking paying guests. This year he wrote to the farmer and in his letter said: "There are several little matters that I desire changed should I decide to pass my holidays at your house. We don't like the maid Mary; moreover, we do not think a sty so near the house is sanitary." The farmer replied: "Mary is went, and we 'avent 'ad no hogs since you went away last August."

An ambulance surgeon had a curious experience the other night.

He was summoned to a police station to examine an unconscious prisoner. The prisoner, very muddy and disheveled, lay on the floor of the cell rooms. The physician bent over and examined him, and then, rising, said in a loud stern voice:

"This man's condition is not due to drink. He has been drugged."

A policeman turned pale and said in a timid, hesitating voice:

"I'm afraid yer right, sir. I drugged him all the way from Carney's saloon, a matter of a hundred yards or more."

A London lady who has been holiday-making wrote to a servant that she would be home next evening at 6:30 (D. V.), and asking that dinner be ready. Arriving home she found no dinner. The cook appeared with apologies. "Would you mind telling me, ma'am, what 'D. V.' means?" she said, "I couldn't make it out, but Sarah (the housemaid) said it must mean Due at Victoria." So we allowed you an hour to get home from the station."

A young clerk grown up in the employ of a prosperous German grocer was, by reason of his ability and knowledge of all the details, virtually entrusted with the management of the business, and, although given frequent advances of salary, began to feel that his services were absolutely indispensable, and not properly appreciated from a money point of view. He laid the matter before his employer, placing particular stress on what a difficult matter it would be to operate the business without him. This claim was admitted by the employer, who inquired further:

"But, Chon, vat if you should die?"

"Oh, then you would have to get along without me," remarked John.

After a few minutes' deep thought the employer looked up at John and said:

"Vell, Chon, chust gonsider yourself d it."

One day Carlyle suddenly stopped at a street crossing and, stooping, picked up something out of the mud, even at the risk of being knocked down and run over by passing vehicles. With his bare hands he gently rubbed the mud from it. He then took it to the pavement and laid it down on a clean spot on the curbstone. "That," said the old man in a tone of tenderness he rarely used, "is only a crust of bread. Yet I was taught by my mother never to waste anything; above all, bread; more precious than gold. I am sure that the little sparrows or a hungry dog will get nourishment from this bit of bread."

After which he went home and abused Mrs. C. savagely and swore at the slavey.

The mixed metaphor gives many unsuspecting members of Parliament a fall. Mr. Asquith not long ago amused the House with the phrase: "Our tongues are tied, our hands are fettered and we are really beating air to no purpose."

Mr. John Burns improved on this by declaring, in reference to the children's employment bill, "I will now repeat what I was about to say when the honorable member interrupted me." Then there was the wealthy manufacturer member who, dealing with the legal position of trade unions, asseverated that "the interests of the employers and employed are the same nine times out of ten—nay, I will go further, and say ninety-nine times out of ten."

A member of the present Opposition, observing signs of dissent from a Liberal, exclaimed: "Ah, the honorable member opposite may shake his head, but he cannot shake mine." "Sir," said Mr. Walter Long on education matters, "we are told that by this legislation the heart of the country will be shaken to its foundations."

It was commencement day at M-Seminary. The mother of the prettiest girl graduate was there—overflowing with pride at her daughter's success. "I'll tell you these girls have to walk chalk," said the complacent mother. "They can't go anywhere without a 'shampooer.'" A little later, turning to her companion, the good lady said: "Can you tell me what State 'Table-d'hote' is in? My oldest daughter is in the South somewhere, for her health. She wrote me that she was better, and was going to Table-d'hote for the first time. Now I've looked all over the map of the United States and I can't find that name anywhere."

Lady of the Golden Gate.

"Serene, indifferent to fate," she stands—

Bare-breasted, girt with sand, and sun-caressed;
With power undiminished, strength unguessed

Till now, though gaping pits and rav'ning brands

Have scorched her tunic and have scarred her hands—

As who should say: "My race is not yet run;
My triumph comes when my new days are won.

Bring bay and laurel! These are my demands."

So speaks our lady of the Golden Gate,
And we who hear the marvel of her voice

Smile back, and toss her laurel, rose, and bay;

Because serene indifference to fate
Breeds strength to conquer, power to gain a choice

That thrusts our night of sorrow into day. —New York Sun.

The preliminary sketch of the new Palace Hotel, which was made by a New York firm of architects, has been approved by the Sharon estate people. The draughtsmen have been instructed to have their plans finished in six months. These plans include a duplicate of the court of the old Palace Hotel. The hotel will occupy practically the same ground as it did before the fire and will be ten stories in height. It will require four or five months to clear away the debris. "Roughly speaking, the new Palace Hotel will contain some 600 or 700 rooms," says Colonel Kirkpatrick. "The ladies' cafe will be located on the Jessie Street side of the building and be connected with the palm garden by a succession of arches, which will give a broad vista of 130 or 140 feet, looking across the two apartments. In the other direction, the palm garden will have a length of 180 feet. The men's grill will have a different location, with an entrance from Annie Street. The building will be a modern steel-frame structure and as fireproof and earthquake-proof as human ingenuity can provide."

The palatial home of Claus Spreckels on Van Ness avenue will not be repaired for residence purposes. This house is said to have cost, completed and fitted, \$700,000. The house itself was badly damaged, and its entire contents, consisting of magnificent and costly rugs, furniture, plate, china and paintings, were destroyed by the fire. Mr. Spreckels has renovated the old home place out on Howard street.



THE
PURITY
OF

HUNTER RYE

IS

ALL THAT MAN, MONEY
AND REFINEMENT OF AGE
CAN MAKE IT—THE HIGHEST
STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE—THE AMERICAN
GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY



CHARLES M. REYNOLDS CO.
San Francisco, Cal.

Shore Line Limited

Drawing-room Parlor Cars
Buffet Smoking Car Dining Car
Large Protected Observation Rotunda

Daily by Daylight

To Coast Line Resorts
From San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Southern Pacific

Offices, Desk Room and Stores to Rent
Market Street, between Third & Fourth

IN THE NEW

Midway Office Building

Under Construction. To be completed July 15th.

Single or double offices, 10x10, 10x20 and 12x20
Desk room, 10x10. Stores, 20x64.

Apply on Premises, or to

Thomas Magee & Sons, Real Estate Agents
5 Montgomery Street

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement of Mrs. Rebecca McMullin Belvin, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John McMullin, to Mr. Francis J. Heney, is announced. Their marriage will take place in September.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lucy Burroughs Platt, sister of Mrs. Charles Platt, to Mr. Frank Victor Ferrers Baker.

The wedding of Miss Harriette de Witt Allen, daughter of Mrs. Henry F. Allen, to the Rev. Dr. Edward A. Dodd of Boston, took place on Wednesday afternoon at the Episcopal chapel at Ross Valley. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Nichols. There were no attendants of either bride or groom and only relatives were present at the marriage. Dr. and Mrs. Dodd will leave shortly for Boston, where Dr. Dodd is assistant rector of the Church of the Immanuel.

The wedding of Miss Rosebud Heydenfeldt, daughter of the late Judge Solomon Heydenfeldt, to Lieutenant Horace Nathaniel Munro, First Cavalry, U. S. A., took place on Thursday, July 19th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Platt, at 2000 Vallejo Street. The ceremony was performed at high noon by the Rev. Burr Miller Weeden, of St. Luke's Church. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Elfin Heydenfeldt, and Miss Lucy Burroughs Platt. Lieutenant Richmond, First Cavalry, U. S. A., was the best man. After a brief honeymoon spent in Southern California, Lieutenant and Mrs. Munro will go to Fort Clark, Texas, where he is stationed.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Ethel Hager and Mr. Lansing O. Kellogg will be celebrated in September, although the exact date has not been arranged.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Florence Cole, daughter of Mrs. Edward Pleasant Cole, to Mr. Charles R. McCormick, will take place on Saturday, July 28th, at the home of the bride on Pierce Street. Miss Cole will have as her attendants Miss Gertrude Jolliffe and Miss Jane Wilshire.

Captain Sydney A. Cloman, General Staff, U. S. A., was the guest of honor at a dinner given at the Bohemian Club on Friday evening of last week by Mr. J. C. Wilson. Those present besides the host and honored guest were Captain William G. Haan, U. S. A., Lieutenant Burton J. Mitchell, U. S. A., U. S. Senator Nixon, Mr. George T. Bromley, Mr. William H. Crocker, Mr. John D. Spreckels Jr., Mr. Alexander Hamilton, Mr. Thornwell Mullally, Mr. Fred W. Hall, Mr. Thomas S. Wilson, Mr. Hugh M. Burke, Mr. William Cluff, Mr. H. A. Williams, Mr. Enrique Grau, Mr. S. Steinhart, Mr. Fred H. Beaver, Mr. Wellington Gregg Jr. and Mr. Walter Gibson.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mabel Thompson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Thompson of Stockton, to Mr. Edward F. Haas of San Francisco.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Joel R. Fithian of Santa Barbara, Miss Anne Ide and Congressman W. Bourke Cockran of New York, arrived in San Francisco last week from Santa Barbara, visiting Del Monte en route, and after a few days' stay here left for Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott McAllister have recently gone to their cottage at San Mateo and will spend the summer and fall months there.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin has returned to the city after a visit of a fortnight's duration to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin at Burlingame.

Miss Mary Carrigan and Mr. William Carrigan, who have been in Europe for some months past are at present staying at Fontainebleau.

Mrs. Pringle, Miss Nina Pringle and Miss Hess Pringle, who have been in Europe for the past year, will sail for New York on August 10th, but will visit for some weeks in the East before coming to California.

Mrs. Mary Prentice Huntington, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Perkins and Miss Marian Huntington will leave today (Saturday) for New York, and all of the party save Mr. Perkins will sail immediately for Europe, to be absent three months. Mr. Perkins will join them a little later.

Mrs. A. E. Head, who has been in

England with her daughter, Mrs. A. J. Mounteney-Jephson, for the past year, has returned to California on a brief business trip.

Mrs. Arthur Page has returned to Belvedere after a visit to Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill are at present in Massachusetts and are thinking of taking a house in Cambridge for the winter, as their son, Mr. Horace Hill Jr., will be at Harvard this winter.

Mrs. Gaston Ashe, who has been at her San Benito ranch since May 1st, will return to Sausalito on August 1st, to remain during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. James King Steele, (formerly Miss Edith Shorb), will no longer make their home in Sacramento but have come to San Francisco to live. They are at present the guests of Mrs. Steele's mother, Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb, at her home on Van Ness avenue.

Miss Grace Baldwin, who is spending the summer in Oakland, has been the guest of friends at Rowardennan.

Mrs. Roy MacDonald has returned from a visit to her mother, Mrs. William B. Collier at Clear Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden visited Santa Cruz last week.

Miss Minnie Rodgers has returned from a visit of some weeks with Lieutenant and Mrs. John Burke Murphy at Vancouver Barracks, Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Brockway Metcalf (formerly Miss Elizabeth Huntington), who are at present at the Huntington home on Jackson street, will go next week to Berkeley to visit Mr. Metcalf's relatives during the rest of the summer.

Miss Elsie Sperry, who has been visiting Mrs. Frank Havens at Sag Harbor for some weeks past will return to California in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren D. Clark are spending the summer in San Rafael.

Mrs. T. W. M. Draper, Miss Elsa Draper and Miss Dorothy Draper, who are visiting in the East, will go to Narragansett about August 1st to spend a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Telamon S. Cuyler and Miss Grace Barton Cuyler have sailed for Europe, where they will remain until winter. Returning Mrs. Cuyler and Miss Cuyler will be the guests of Mrs. John Barton in San Francisco.

Mrs. Charles H. Shiels, who has been living in Sausalito for some months past, is at Deer Park Inn, near Lake Tahoe, for a few weeks' stay.

Miss Lalla Wenzelburger is visiting Miss Lutel Collier at the Collier country place at Clear Lake.

Miss Mary Bell has returned to San Francisco after a visit in New Orleans. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Chanslor are spending some time at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar T. Sewall have gone from Englewood, New Jersey, to Small Point Beach, Maine.

Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt, director of operation and maintenance of way of the Harriman lines, arrived here July 20 from New York over the Union Pacific.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Gunn at Portland has been brightened by the advent of a son.

Professor Payson J. Treat of Stanford University has left for New York en route for the Far East, where he will travel extensively.

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs during the past week were: Hon. James D. Phelan, Dr. David Starr Jordan, Mr. Frank M. Wilson, Mr. L. L. Bromwell, Col. Gilbert E. Overton, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert E. Law, Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Marston, Mr. Wm. H. Crocker, Mr. Wellington Gregg Jr., Mr. Thomas Prather and Mr. Enrique Grau.

Secretary Metcalf of the Department of Commerce and Labor on July 17 left Washington for his Oakland home. He expects to spend a few days in Oakland and San Francisco and then join Mrs. Metcalf, who is sojourning in the mountains of California.

Recent arrivals at Hotel Del Monte are the following San Franciscans: Mr. and Mrs. John Randall Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Dana, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. White, Mr. and Mrs. Edw. F. Schneider, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bernstein, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. A. Laton, Mr. W. F. Porter, Mrs. M. A. Swan, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Wynn Meredith, Mr. H. H. Scott, Mr. B. Upham, Mr. Chas. Templeton Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Sutton, the Misses Sutton, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Olds, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Shoup, Mr. S. D. Rogers, Mr. R. M. Tobin, Miss Mary Devol, Mrs. E. C. Sessions and Miss E. L. Fredricks. From Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Sherman, Miss Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Sherman. From San Mateo: Mr. and Mrs. Chas. W. Clark, Mrs. Chas.

P. Kling. From New York: Mr. W. Bourke Cochran. From Santa Barbara: Miss Ide, Mr. and Mrs. Joel R. Fithian. From San Jose: Mr. and Mrs. Chas. D. Blainey, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. H. McBride, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. B. Poelhemus and Mr. C. C. Schneider.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll have taken a house in San Mateo, which they expect to occupy for a year to come.

Thurlo Mullin, connected with the firm of Tillman & Bendel, of San Francisco, is having plans made for a handsome residence to be built in the Naglee Park tract, San Jose, where he has recently made the purchase of a residence site.

In letters to a personal friend in this city Admiral and Mrs. George Dewey have announced their intention of passing the coming winter in Southern California and a residence has been selected for them in Pasadena. Mrs. Dewey's rather delicate health makes this residence in an equable climate desirable.

The block on Van Ness avenue formerly the site of St. Ignatius, has been leased for five years to an Eastern house at a total rental of \$291,000. A large department store is to be erected on the site at a cost of about \$75,000 or more.

Springfield Fire and Marine Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn.

Manager George D. Dornin advises that the City Department of the Springfield is now open in the Koh Building. The General Department will occupy its old quarters on the California-street side, third floor, as soon as rooms are restored, and furniture, now ordered, made ready. Temporary Department headquarters will remain for the present at 1112 Broadway, Oakland.

The Springfield is among the companies which are adjusting and paying policy holders' claims in the San Francisco disaster involving \$1,600,000. The payment of this sum will leave the company's capital \$2,000,000, its reserve for reinsurance (or unearned) premiums \$3,132,531.32, as appears by its financial statement of December 31, 1905, intact, and a net surplus of over \$400,000. The assets of the Springfield at the close of 1905 were \$7,156,531.72.

Del Monte Offers

During the reconstruction of San Francisco, Hotel del Monte offers a welcome shelter to those desiring a homelike place for rest and recreation. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at the present. The entire hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families. Address Geo. P. Snell, Manager, Del Monte, California.

A Permanent Home

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

Stoves, Ranges, Refrigerators
Housefurnishing Goods
Hotel Kitchen Outfits

Turk and Polk Streets San Francisco

Phone Emergency 427

Baldwin Jewelry Co.

NOW OPEN FOR BUSINESS

With New and
Elegant Lines

.....ON.....

VAN NESS AVENUE

At Sutter Street

With factory on the premises, employing only the most skilled workmen.

You are INVITED TO INSPECT the most beautiful collection of precious gems, artistic jewels, all the newest productions of the silversmith's art, an immense importation of Parisian novelties in back combs, necklaces, bracelets and bags, and a full line of real jades.

A most complete assortment of POPULAR and stylish goods.

Agents for all the best makes of Watches, Clocks, and the celebrated ROGERS BROS.' 1847 quadruple plate.

PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

Admiral S. W. Very, U. S. N., sailed for the Mongolia on Friday of last week for Honolulu, where he will assume command of the Naval Station, in relief of Admiral H. W. Lyon, U. S. N., recently ordered to the command of the Mare Island Navy Yard. Admiral Very was promoted to his present rank on Sunday, July 22d, while at sea, that being the date of the retirement of Rear-Admiral R. B. Endford, U. S. N.

General Adolphus W. Greely, U. S. A., commanding the Pacific division, accompanied by his acting-aide, Captain Frank L. Winne, U. S. A., left on Sunday of last week for the Department of the Columbia on a tour of inspection. They expect to be absent for about ten days.

Lieutenant General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., commanding officer of the Department of California, left on Wednesday for American Lake, Washington, where he goes to command the army maneuvers to take place there, accompanied by those members of his staff who are not already in the Department of the Columbia. The officers appointed on his staff for this mission are: Captain William G. Hanson, General Staff, U. S. A., Chief of Staff; Lieutenant Edwin C. Long, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Military Secretary; Colonel John L. Clem, Assistant Quartermaster General, U. S. A., Chief Quartermaster; Captain John J. Riley, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., Assistant to Chief Quartermaster; Lieutenant Colonel George B. Davis, Deputy Commissary General, U. S. A., Chief Commissary; Captain William Abbott, Commissary, U. S. A., Assistant to Chief Commissary; Lieutenant Colonel William H. Corbuser, Deputy Surgeon General, U. S. A., Chief Surgeon; Captain Pierre C. Stevens, Paymaster, U. S. A., Chief Paymaster; Captain Edward P. Orton, Paymaster, U. S. A., Assistant to Chief Paymaster; Captain Meriwether L. Walker, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., Chief Engineer Officer; Captain Kenneth Thomson, Ordnance Department, U. S. A., Chief Ordnance Officer; Captain Edward D. Wildman, Signal Corps, U. S. A., Chief Signal Officer.

Commander C. A. Gove, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gove have arrived in the city from Washington, D. C., and are guests at the Hotel Dorchester. Commander Gove has been detached from the Bureau of Equipment in Washington and ordered here to command the cruiser Milwaukee when she is commissioned.

Lieutenant - Commander G. W. Brown, U. S. N., has been ordered detached from the Pensacola at the Naval Training Station, Yerba Buena Island, San Francisco, and ordered to Pennsylvania as executive officer, relieving Commander C. C. Marsh, U. S. N. The Pennsylvania is at present in the New York Navy Yard.

Lieutenant Enoch Crowder, U. S. A., was ordered here as Chief of Staff, relieving General Stephen W. Jocelyn, U. S. A., relieved, is now in Washington, D. C., as Acting Judge Advocate General, but is expected to arrive here shortly during September.

During the absence of Colonel John A. Clem, U. S. A., Chief Quartermaster of the Department of California, at the army maneuvers at American Lake, Captain William Wrenn, U. S. A., will be Acting Chief Quartermaster.

Major Gaston, U. S. A., on duty here with the Relief Committee, and Mrs. Gaston, are living at El Drisco, apartment house on Pacific avenue.

Captain Sydney A. Cloman, General Staff, U. S. A., who arrived a fortnight since from Washington, D. C., and who has been the guest of Captain and Mrs. William G. Haan, at Fort Mason, left on Wednesday for Vancouver Barracks. He has been detailed as special observer of the maneuvers at American Lake and will march there from Vancouver Barracks with the Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A.

During the absence of Captain Leonard D. Wildman, Signal Corps, U. S. A., Chief Signal officer of the Department of California, Captain Hanson, Black Signal Corps, U. S. A., will, in addition to his other duties, take charge of the office of the Chief Signal officer at Department headquarters.

Lieutenant Thomas N. Knox, First Cavalry, U. S. A., has been assigned to duty as Acting Quartermaster and Acting Commissary on the transport

Ingalls, during the voyage from Manila, September 1st, to New York.

Lieutenant Charles S. Tarlton, First Infantry, U. S. A., now at the Army General Hospital at the Presidio of San Francisco, having been reported fit for duty, has been ordered to report to the commanding officer of the Presidio for temporary duty, until the sailing of the next transport, when he will proceed to join his regiment in Manila.

The Naval Board of Inspection and Survey, consisting of Captain H. Austerhaus, U. S. N., senior member, Captain John C. Fremont, U. S. N., Commander I. S. K. Reeves, U. S. N., and Commander E. W. Eberle, U. S. N., arrived last week from Washington, D. C., having stopped en route at Seattle to inspect the new battleship Nebraska which vessel, it is understood, exceeded her speed requirement of 19 knots, making a record on her trial of 19.6 knots. The board left here at the end of last week for Santa Barbara for the purpose of conducting the speed trial of the cruiser Milwaukee, which took place in the Santa Barbara channel on Wednesday.

The Army Small Arms' Competition of the Pacific division for this year will be held at the Presidio of Monterey from August 1st to 7th inclusive, the rifle competition being from August 1st to 4th, inclusive, with a preliminary practice preceding on July 30th and 31st, and the pistol competition August 6th and 7th. Lieutenant-Colonel Garrard, Fourteenth Cavalry, will be the officer in command.

The following officers are ordered to report to the commanding officer of the Presidio of Monterey, not later than July 28th for duty in connection with the competition as range officers: First Lieutenant James Hanson, Battalion Adjutant, Fourteenth Infantry; First Lieutenant Theodore Schnitz, Fourteenth Cavalry; First Lieutenant Raymond W. Briggs, Artillery Corps (pistol competitor); First Lieutenant Guy E. Manning, Artillery Corps; First Lieutenant Curtis G. Rorebeck, Artillery Corps; First Lieutenant John H. Baker, Twenty-second Infantry; First Lieutenant Robert J. Birtord, Twentieth Infantry; Second Lieutenant James E. Ware, Fourteenth Infantry; Second Lieutenant Oscar K. Tolley, Fourteenth Infantry; Second Lieutenant Burt W. Phillips, Twentieth Infantry (pistol competitor); Second Lieutenant Edward E. McCammon, Twenty-second Infantry; Second Lieutenant Frederic C. Test, Twenty-second Infantry.

The following officers will report as competitors: Rifle competition—Captain Meriwether L. Walker, Corps of Engineers; Captain Harry L. Steele, Artillery Corps; Second Lieutenant George P. Hawes Jr., Artillery Corps; Major Robert C. Van Vliet, Tenth Infantry, distinguished marksman; First Lieutenant John E. Morris, Tenth Infantry; Second Lieutenant John B. Delancey, Tenth Infantry; Captain Armand I. Lasseigne, Fourteenth Infantry, distinguished marksman; First Lieutenant Arthur S. Cowan, Fourteenth Infantry; Second Lieutenant Smith A. Harris, Fourteenth Infantry; First Lieutenant William B. Wallace, Twentieth Infantry; Second Lieutenant Burt W. Phillips, Twentieth Infantry; Second Lieutenant Matthew H. Thomlinson, Twenty-second Infantry. Pistol competition—Second Lieutenant Alvin B. Barber, Corps of Engineers; First Lieutenant Aubrey Lipincott, Fourteenth Cavalry; First Lieutenant Raymond W. Briggs, Artillery Corps; Second Lieutenant Guy B. G. Hanna, Artillery Corps; First Lieutenant James G. Hannah, Battalion Adjutant, Tenth Infantry; First Lieutenant Clarence K. LaMotte, Fourteenth Infantry; Captain William H. H. Chapman, Twentieth Infantry, distinguished pistol shot; Second Lieutenant Arthur E. Ahrends, Twentieth Infantry; Second Lieutenant Charles B. Moore, Twenty-second Infantry.

It is said that the congratulations of his friends cost General Warfield his life. He intended taking an earlier boat, but so many friends stopped him to offer congratulations on his appointment as Police Commissioner of San Francisco that he missed the boat and had to take the later train, which led to his tragic death under the wheels of the engine.

The engagement of Miss Annie H. Ide and Representative Bourke Cockran is the fourth romance as the result of Secretary Taft's personally

conducted marriage-junket party to the Philippines. The marriage of Representative Nicholas Longworth and Miss Alice Roosevelt is the most notable of Cupid Taft's achievements. The Cockran-Ide wedding will be celebrated at Washington early in October. William Bourke Cockran has been twice married. His first wife died in 1880, and his second wife in 1895. After the latter's death, Mr. Cockran was unconsoled, and, to divert his mind, began to take an active interest in politics, although, in 1884, at the request of John Kelly, he joined Tammany Hall, and in the national

convention at Chicago made a memorable speech against Grover Cleveland. His reputation as an orator was firmly established by his speech against Cleveland in the national convention of 1892. Mr. Cockran has built up a law practice estimated to be worth at least \$100,000 a year. He was elected to the Fiftieth Congress from the Twelfth Congressional District and served with distinction. He refused a renomination and declined a nomination to be Judge of the Court of Common Pleas at a salary of \$15,000 a year. Mr. Cockran is now about fifty-two years old, a man of massive physique and in perfect health.

The First National Bank

of San Francisco, Cal.

Corner Bush and Sansome Sts.

CAPITAL	\$1,500,000
SURPLUS	\$1,500,000

Accounts invited from banks, corporations and individuals.

Safe deposit boxes to rent in vaults that came through the fire unharmed.

German Savings & Loan Society

452 California Street, San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus..... \$2,552,719.01

Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00

Deposits, June 30, 1906..... 38,476,520.22

F. Tillman Jr., President; Daniel Meyer, First Vice-President; Emil Rohte, Second Vice-President; A. H. R. Schmidt, Cashier; Wm. Herrmann, Asst. Cashier; Geo. Tournay, Secretary; A. H. Muller, Asst. Secretary; W. S. Goodfellow, General Attorney.

Board of Directors:

F. Tillman Jr., Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohte, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, N. Ohlandt, J. W. Van Bergen, E. T. Kruse, and W. S. Goodfellow.

Security Savings Bank

316 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00

Paid-up Capital..... 500,000.00

Surplus and Undivided Profits..... 250,000.00

Deposits, December 30, 1905..... 4,529,205.94

Interest paid on deposits. Loans made. Banking by mail a specialty.

William Babcock.....President

S. L. Abbot.....Vice-President

Fred W. Ray.....Secretary

Directors—William Babcock, S. L. Abbot, O. D. Baldwin, Joseph D. Grant, E. J. McCutchen, L. E. Montague, R. H. Pease, Warren D. Clark, Jas. L. Flood, J. A. Donohoe, John Parrott, Jacob Stern.

Mutual Savings Bank

710 Market St., Opposite Third SAN FRANCISCO.

Guarantee Capital.....\$1,000,000

Paid-up Capital..... 300,000

Surplus..... 320,000

Deposits, January 1, 1906..... 10,213,801

Interest paid on deposits. Loans on approved securities.

OFFICERS—President, James D. Phelan; First Vice-President, S. G. Murphy; Second Vice-President, John A. Hooper; Secretary and Cashier, Geo. A. Story, Asst. Sec. and Asst. Cashier, C. B. Hobson; Attorney, Frank J. Sullivan.

Directors—James D. Phelan, John A. Hooper, Frank J. Sullivan, Jas. M. McDonald, S. G. Murphy, James Moffitt, Robt. McKelroy, Charles Holbrook, Rudolph Spreckels.

INVESTMENTS

Local Stocks and Securities.

Refers by permission to American National Bank and Anglo-Californian Bank.

A. W. BLOW,

Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.,

817 Kohl Bldg., S. F.

California Safe Deposit & Trust Company

Capital Fully Paid.....\$2,000,000

Total Assets.....\$10,000,000

A General Banking Business Conducted Savings and Checking Accounts Received.

Interest Paid on Deposits.

MAIN OFFICE

Corner California and Montgomery Streets

West End Branch: 1531 Devisadero St., near Post.

Mission Branch: 927 Valencia Street, near 21st.

Uptown Branch: 1850 Geary St., west of Fillmore.

DAVID F. WALKER, Pres.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Mgr.

FRENCH AMERICAN BANK

Union Trust Building (Third Floor)

Ready to accommodate its customers and do a general banking business. We will collect on insurance policies for those wishing our services.

THE FRENCH SAVINGS BANK occupies offices in the same building. Officers—Charles Carpy, president; Arthur Legallet, vice-president; Leon Bocqueraz, vice-president.

Directors—J. E. Artigues, O. Bozlo, J. A. Bergerot, E. J. DeSaba, J. M. Dupas, J. S. Godeau, J. J. Mack, Geo. Belaney, Leon Kaufman.

Helping the Homeless

The Continental

Building and Loan Association

Has helped build up several interior towns and cities of California, but for the next few years its funds will be used to help restore the burned homes of San Francisco.

Dr. Washington Dodge, President.

Gavin McNab, Attorney.

Wm. Corbin, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr.

Office: Corner Market and Church Sts.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—CENTRAL Trust Co. of California, 42 Montgomery st., corner Sutter—For the half year ending June 30, 1906, a dividend has been declared on deposits in the savings department of this bank as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 1-2 per cent per annum, payable on or after Monday, July 2, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1906.

HENRY BRUNNER, Cashier.

Byron Mauzy Piano Co.

Ready for business at

1165 O'FARRELL STREET

Pianos Tuned, Repaired, Moved and Stored

OAKLAND OFFICE.

654 FOURTEENTH ST., near Grove

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Mamma, what are twins?" asked little Bobby. "Oh, I know," chimed in Dorothy, with all the superiority of an elder sister. "Twins is two babies just the same age; three is triplets; four is quadruplets and five is centipedes."—Harper's Weekly.

A reporter of the Paris Matin tried to purchase a genuine Rockefeller interview with a check for \$1,000. He failed. The proper way to make an American millionaire talk is not to offer him a thousand dollars, but to try to get a thousand dollars away from him.—Puck.

A statistician announces that "In 1904 the United States produced 99 per cent of the entire world's known production of natural gas." In that year, it will be remembered, we had both a long session of Congress and a Presidential campaign.—Washington Post.

Mr. City Boarder was being entertained by his rural sweetheart. "Do you play and sing 'When the Cows Are in the Corn,' Miss Milkyweigh?" "Lord bless you, no!" she ejaculated. "I got the dogs and chase 'em out!"—Harper's Weekly.

"I'll take that," said the man, indicating a silver-mounted handglass, "and I want you to engrave on it, 'From J. J. B. to Phyllis.'" "Very well," replied the salesman, "we'll put it on the back here—" "Oh, no; put it around the edge on the front. I want her to see it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Mamma," asked the little girl, "has Mr. Brown got heart disease?" "I don't know, my child. Why do you ask?" "Well, it says in my new book that faint heart never won fair lady, and when I saw Mrs. Brown I made up my mind that something must be wrong with his."—Toledo Blade.

"I understand," began Mrs. Gailey, sternly, "that you have been seen at the theater with my husband—" "Well, interrupted the pretty governess, defiantly, "what of that?" "Well, Miss Reeder, if you wish to remain in my employ you'll have to keep better company."—Philadelphia Press.

Lady Visitor—That new girl of yours seems very nice and quiet. Mistress of the House—Yes, she's very quiet. She doesn't even disturb the dust when she's cleaning the room.—Everybody's Journal.

"'Tis butt a man," remarked the belligerent goat, as he saw the solitary traveler draw near.—Baltimore American.

"Why did you have the sun-dial moved, Amy?" "I wanted it where the moonlight would shine on it, so we could tell the time of night."—Life.

Mistress (soliloquizing)—I'm afraid this hat's rather out of date. Maid—Oh, no, mum. It's quite fashionable. Cook has just bought one exactly like it!—Punch.

At the Garage. Boy—Mr. Smith is telephoning for his machine. Can you send it to him today? Head man—Don't see how we can. Why this machine is the only one around here fit to use!—Life.

Medical Student—What did you operate on that man for? Eminent Surgeon—Five hundred dollars. Medical Student—I mean, what did he have? Eminent Surgeon—Five hundred dollars.—Puck.

A little girl was out walking with her aunt one day. The aunt bowed to a man they were passing. "Who is he, Aunt Jennie?" asked the little girl. Mrs. Littlefield told her that he was Mr. Melrose, the village undertaker. "Oh, yes," replied the child quickly, "I remember him. He undertook my grandmother."—Harper's Bazar.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

"The Muck-Rakers."

"What are the bugles blowing for?" said Lawson-on-Parade. "To turn us out, to turn us out," D. Graham Phillips said. "What makes you look so white, so white?" said Lawson-on-Parade. "I'm dreading what I've got to hear," J. Lincoln Steffens said. They're exposin' the exposers; it would make your hair turn gray To reflect on what will come when they expose each expose, When they find a newer frenzy, or a treason every day— They're exposing the exposers in the mornin'.

"What makes Charles Russell breathe so 'ard?" said Lawson-on-Parade. It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold," U. Jungle Sinclair said. "What makes Miss Tarbell look so faint?" said Lawson-on-Parade. "A touch of sun, a touch of sun," S. Hopkins Adams said. They're exposin' the exposers, they are callin' of 'em down, They are huntin' of 'em hotly from New York to Packin'town; They will chuck 'em in a lake o' ink, an' let 'em swim or drown— They're exposin' the exposers in the mornin'.

"I started all this bloomin' row," said Lawson-on-Parade. "I think Miss Tarbell saw it first," Rex Beach rose up and said. "What's all that noise that shakes the ground?" said Lawson-on-Parade. "It's Teddy Roosevelt's muck-rake speech," a pale reformer said. They're exposin' the exposers, there is trouble in the air; There are Folks and Hadleys coming from concealment everywhere; And they'll all write stuff, and talk, too when they've got the time to spare; They're exposin' the exposers in the mornin'.

—W. D. Nesbit, in New York Times.

Our Daring President.

He has backed the bad bronco that bucks o'er the plain, He has galled the grim Gotham police; He has charged on the cock-ahoop cohorts of Spain Till he had them imploring for peace. He has given the Senate a sort of a nudge— And he also has bearded a federal judge.

He has sunk 'neath the seas in a submarine boat; He has tackled race suicide, too; He has tried for a grip on the octopus' throat; There is nothing the fellow won't do. It is all very well to say "Nonsense!" and "Fudge!" He has even talked back to a federal judge.

—Kenneth Harris, in Chicago News

The Original Vienna Cafe Is Now Open to the Public.

In a new and central location at 1226 Post street, near the Emporium, is the cosy home of the Vienna Cafe and Bakery. The Dining Rooms have been fitted up most elaborately, making it one of the most attractive cafes in the city. The cuisine and service will receive the special attention of the proprietor, Mr. F. B. Galindo, who has catered to the San Francisco public for so many years past. A Grill, Restaurant and fine Bakery all in a handsome private residence is something entirely new and will no doubt recommend itself to ladies while out shopping. Special rooms for receptions and banquets are also one of its features. San Francisco's Original Vienna Cafe is opening up its new place in fine style where appetizing breakfasts, lunches and dinners are to be had at popular prices the same "as before the late unpleasantness."

Next Sunday Go to Byron Hot Springs.—You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

LOCATE DOWN TOWN

Offices and Stores To Let

CENTRAL BUILDING

519 Market Street, between First and Second Sts.

Electric Light, Janitor Service and Night Watchman.

Guy T. Wayman

519 Market Street

San Francisco



CALIFORNIA LIMITED TO CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS LEAVES DAILY AT 9:30 A. M. WITH DINERS AND SLEEPERS

7:30 a. m. For Stockton, Merced, direct connection for Yosemite Valley, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield and intermediate points.
8:00 p. m. California Limited, 3 days to Chicago. Leaves every day. Direct connection to Grand Canyon.
9:30 a. m. Valley Limited for Stockton, Merced, direct connection for Yosemite Valley, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield and points on Sierra Railway.
10:55 a. m. For Stockton, Riverbank, Oakdale and points on Sierra Railway.
4:00 p. m. For Stockton, Fresno and intermediate points.
8:00 p. m. Overland Express for Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and Grand Canyon.
NOTE.—Yosemite V. R. R. trains leave Merced for Yosemite Valley at 5:30 a. m. and 2 p. m. every day.
TICKET OFFICES.
Ferry Building, San Francisco.
1112 Broadway, and Fortieth and San Pablo avenues, Oakland.
University and West streets, Berkeley.

VACATION 1906

ISSUED BY THE

California Northwestern R'y.

THE PICTURESQUE ROUTE OF CALIFORNIA

AND North Shore Railroad

THE SCENIC ROUTE

Is Now Ready for Distribution

GIVING FULL INFORMATION

IN REGARD TO

CAMPING SPOTS, THE LOCATION, ACCOMMODATIONS, ATTRACTIONS, ETC., OF MINERAL SPRING RESORTS AND COUNTRY HOMES AND FARMS WHERE SUMMER BOARDERS ARE TAKEN, WITH TERMS OF BOARD, \$7.00 AND UPWARDS PER WEEK.

To be had at Tiburon Ferry, foot of Market street, San Francisco. Inquiry by mail will bring an immediate response.
JAS. AGLER, General Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Mt. Tamalpais Railway

Via Sausalito Ferry—Foot of Market St.

Wkday	Sun	Wkday	Sun
7:15A	9:15A	9:27A	9:10A
9:50A	9:15A	11:12A	1:00P
10:15A	10:15A	12:20P	2:30P
1:45P	11:35A	1:40P	4:28P
12:45P	12:45P	3:10P	Sat'y
Sat'y	2:15P	4:40P	9:30P
4:35P	3:45P	6:40P

Legal Holidays, Sunday Time.

TICKET OFFICE AT SAUSALITO FERRY.

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS
Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.
Wood Rollers Tin Rollers

Steamship Lines

AMERICAN LINE

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON.

St. Louis Aug.
Philadelphia Aug.
St. Paul Aug.
New York Aug.
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool
Noordland Aug.
Friesland Aug.
Westernland Aug.
Merion Sept.

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Minnetonka Aug.
Mesaba Aug.
Minneapolis Aug.
Minneapolis Aug.

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VI BOULOGNE.

Sailing Wednesdays as per sailing ds
Potsdam Aug. 1, No
Noordam Aug. 8, 6 a.
N. Amsterdam Aug. 15, 10 a.
Statendam Aug. 22, 10 a.
Ryndam Aug. 29, 10 a.
Potsdam Sept. 5, 6 a.

RED STAR LINE.

N. Y.—ANTWERP—DOVER—(LO DON, PARIS)

Finland Aug.
Zeeland Aug.
Kronland Aug.
Vaderland Aug.

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVE POOL.

Baltic Aug.
Majestic Aug.
Celtic Aug.
Oceanic Aug.
Teutonic Aug.
Cedric Aug.

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool
Arabic Aug.
Republic Aug.
Cymric Aug.
Arabic Aug.

C. D. TAYLOR, Pass. Agt, Pacific Coast
Temporary Office 534 14th st, Oakland.

Oceanic S. S. Co.

SYDNEY, AUCKLAND, SAMOA, HONOLULU—S. S. Sonoma sails 2 p. August 2.

TAHITI, SOUTH SEAS—S. S. Marip sails 11 a. m., Aug. 6. First-class round trip, \$125.

HONOLULU only—S. S. Alameda sails 11 a. m., Aug. 11. Round trip, first class, \$125.

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents, Pier 7, foot Pacific st., San Francisco. Phone West 1. Oakland office, 1163 Broadway. Phone Oakland 8818.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

ORIENTAL S. S. CO. have opened their general offices at 217-221 BRANNAN ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

S. S. Nippon Maru, Saturday, July 28. S. S. HONGKONG MARU, Friday, Aug. 3. S. S. AMERICA MARU, Friday, Sept. 1.

Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and Brannan streets, 1 P. M., for Yokohama and Hongkong, calling at Honolulu, Kobe, (Higo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamer for Manila, India, etc. Cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-trip tickets at reduced rates for freight and passage apply at our corner First and Brannan sts. W. L. AVERY, Assistant General Manager.

JOHN G. ILS & CO.

—MANUFACTURERS—

HIGH-GRADE FRENCH RANGES

Kitchen and Bakery Outfits

624 WASHINGTON STREET

San Francisco, Cal.

The Argonaut.

Vol. LIX. No. 1534. SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1906. Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 1711 San Pablo Avenue, Oakland, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Jerome A. Hart, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." To insure consideration, manuscripts submitted for publication must be typewritten.

Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal."

Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue, in Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco; by W. J. Abernethy; by Foster & O'Rear; and by the Denison News Company on its boats and trains.

Published at San Francisco, Cal. Temporary Office, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal.

THIRTIETH YEAR.
ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Jerome A. Hart - - - - Editor

CONTENTS.	
EDITORIAL—The Lamented Death of Russell Sage—Six British Companies Disclaim Liability, Hiding Behind the Earthquake Clause—The Harassing Labor Situation in San Francisco—Merchants Banquet in the Midst of the Ruins—The Freight Blockade in and Around San Francisco—Money Here and Elsewhere—Ham and Eggs, Earthquakes, and Proximate Causes—Wine, Insurance, and Optimism—The San Francisco City Hall—The Crooked Cockney Companies—The San Francisco Relief Fund and its Troubles—Aid for Hospitals in San Francisco—A Man against a State.....	1-6
MATTERS TO THE EDITOR.....	6
THE CITY THAT WAS—A Study of Old San Francisco, by Will Irwin.....	8
THE VERSE—My Lioness—The Children.....	9
UNITY FAIR.....	10
SAGE GOSSIP.....	11
INDIVIDUALITIES.....	11
LITERARY NOTES.....	12
"JU SABB ME"—Poem by Wallace Irwin.....	12
SONNETS—Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.....	13
PERSONAL—Engagements and Weddings—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy.....	14-15
ALLEGED HUMORISTS.....	16
THE NEFUL LIAR.....	16

The Late Russell Sage.
When Russell Sage died last week the world lost a man who was worth eighty millions of dollars. He was born in 1816, lived to be ninety, and when he died the world lost a mean man. There are many men who get to be skinflints when they are sixty and get worse when they are eighty, but Russell Sage was a skinflint when he was a boy. When he was fifteen

years old he used to sell whisky by the glass over a counter and when he was twenty he used to sell rum by the hog-head. He also was noted as a horse trader. Any human being who goes into both the liquor and the horse business before he is twenty-one is bound to be crooked and bound to get rich. Mr. Sage had acquired a fortune of \$75,000 before he was twenty-five years of age. He added to it in the big railroad boom of the early 40's. He had much to do with buying up little railroads and selling them to big ones. But he never built a railroad and he never constructed anything. He was essentially a money lender. He did most of his money lending to bucket-shops and sharp brokers on Wall Street for usurious rates of interest. He has died leaving an enormous fortune. It is said that God testifies his opinion of money by the kind of people to whom he gives the most of it. He gave an awful lot of it to Russell Sage. This faintly foreshadows the way in which the dead usurer is regarded in the Celestial regions, but what is thought of him below nobody knows yet except Russell Sage.

British Companies Disclaim Liability.

During the more than three months which have elapsed since the great fire in San Francisco some of the most prominent British insurance companies have refused either to acknowledge or to disclaim liability. Their agents here have taken refuge behind the silence of the home offices. Among these silent companies have been the Commercial Union Assurance Company, the Palatine Fire Insurance Company, the Alliance Insurance Company, the Norwich Union Fire Insurance Society, the Commercial Union Fire Insurance Company of New York, and the Indemnity Fire Insurance Company of New York. The latter two are subsidiary companies of British corporations.

Three representatives of all these companies arrived in San Francisco a week or ten days ago, and after going over the ground they issued through their attorneys, Van Ness & Denman, a statement defining their position. It is not calculated to cheer up their policy-holders, whose claims on these companies amount to something like fifteen millions of dollars. A careful reading of this statement shows that these companies practically disclaim all liability.

The British companies say in substance that they are advised, both by their counsel in England and here, that they are "not liable for any losses occasioned by or for which the earthquake of April 18th was either directly or indirectly the cause." They also say that they are advised that the payment of such losses will make their directors pecuniarily answerable to their stockholders. They say they are advised that under the decisions of the American courts the

losses for which claims are now made against these companies are not valid claims, being due to earthquake; that there was extended earthquake damage independent of the fire; that the fire was caused either directly or indirectly by the earthquake; that the earthquake cut off the water supply; that the destruction of the city resulted from the absence of water; that the repeated declarations of the daily papers confirm this; that all of these facts are easily susceptible of proof; "that if there had been no earthquake there would have been no conflagration; that if there had been no earthquake San Francisco would not have been destroyed." The companies' counsel say that the only answer they hear to these allegations is that San Francisco juries will find otherwise. The companies' counsel say, "This may be so, but the companies will continue to believe that what is generally understood to be true can be proved."

As to the course the companies intend to pursue, they say in substance that they will make good actual loss in cases where their legal liability can be proved. As to what cases these are, they say, "It is not possible at this time to specifically name the particular cases we have within this class." There are numerous cases, they say, in which buildings were "destroyed before the fire reached them," and here the companies will not pay. In cases where the fire was "a direct and immediate result of the earthquake" the companies will not pay. Where the fire can be traced to "an earlier fire which can be shown to have been caused directly by the earthquake" the companies will not pay. "The only possible question in any case," they say, "will be whether loss resulted directly or indirectly from earthquake." They add that in every case in which fire can be traced back to the earthquake the companies will not pay.

In cases where the primary fire was not caused by earthquake, but where the earthquake's destruction of the water supply deprived that district of water, the companies presumably will not pay, although their declaration in this regard is not explicit.

The companies admit that there was available water in one portion of the city, but where fires started there from causes other than the earthquake, the Fire Department was overworked by reason of the earthquake fires, they claim, hence the losses from these fires the companies will not pay.

The companies state that there are many disputed questions, such as the area of the territory of districts where there was available water, and in all such disputed cases the companies, if their terms are not accepted, "will not pay and the cases may go to suit."

The final paragraph states that the companies' representatives will meet claimants personally, but claimants acting through at-

torneys will not be met by them, but are referred to the companies' counsel.

Fourteen weeks ago in these columns we remarked that about thirty of the American companies were weak and might not pay; about half of these were insolvent and could not pay; but that, in our opinion, all of the British companies doing business in California were solvent, could pay but would not pay unless they were obliged to. A few of them have been paying claims "as adjusted," and others have been holding off waiting for the action of this group of great companies. The action just taken will inevitably have its effect upon the other British companies, and will make them less liberal toward policy-holders. It will also give heart of grace to the few American companies who have earthquake clauses, but who have been afraid to apply them. It will likewise tone up the sauerkraut companies, all of which have been desirous of enforcing the earthquake clause, but lacked the courage.

Altogether the action of these British companies is calculated to diminish the hopes of policy-holders for speedy payment of anything like the face value of their claims.

Labor Situation in San Francisco.

The labor situation in San Francisco at present has become more than serious. In addition to the continual strikes which are chronicled from day to day, it seems impossible to secure even common laborers in sufficient numbers to do the work which is absolutely necessary. Outside of the city there is great demand all over the coast for laborers. The Western Pacific could employ ten thousand more men and must have seven thousand; the Southern Pacific wants two thousand men; the United Railroads of San Francisco wants two thousand men; the electric lines building in various parts of the State want over two thousand men. All of these demands are entirely outside of the need for skilled workmen. Over twenty thousand houses must be built in San Francisco immediately, but the workmen necessary to construct them cannot be had. Fifteen thousand laborers could find work at once in clearing away the debris, excavating, and preparing the ground for skilled workmen to follow them. These laborers are not to be had. Something like five hundred millions of dollars must be spent in San Francisco in the next few years to put it even measurably in condition to be called a city again. At least forty thousand additional workmen, skilled and unskilled, are needed, but they cannot be had.

It is not a question of wages, for the highest wages ever known in the history of the world are now being paid in San Francisco. A minimum wage for laborers on railroad work and in warehouses is now \$2.25 a day. Cement workers get \$5.00, hod-carriers \$4.00, cabinet-makers \$3.50, millmen \$3.50, plasterers \$6.00, stonecutters \$4.75, carpenters lathers \$6.00, shinglers \$4.00, painters \$4.00, fresco painters \$5.00, paper-hangers \$4.00, plumbers \$5.00, machinists \$3.75, tanners \$4.00, sheet metal workers \$4.00, glaziers \$4.00, stationary engineers \$4.00. There is a very strong demand at high wages for teamsters and electricians.

It may be added that this union rate of wage is not a fair statement of what the men receive. Merchants or real estate owners are so anxious to make their stocks of goods or their lands productive of income that they are paying large premiums to

workmen. In some cases skilled mechanics receive as high as fifteen dollars a day, and more than that for working on Sundays.

It would seem to us that it would assist the situation if the fact were made generally known throughout the United States and Europe that there is such a great demand for workmen and that such high wages are being paid. If any responsible body, mercantile or official, were to print in the leading newspapers throughout the country and in the large cities of the Old World the simple facts in the case, and append their signatures, there would speedily be brought in this direction skilled workmen of all kinds and laborers by the thousands. To publish widely in such countries as South Germany and Italy the fact that bricklayers receive eight dollars a day for an eight-hour day—32 marks—40 lire—would scarcely be believed by workmen, were it not attested by official signatures.

It would seem to us that it might assist inviting such a host hither, to make adequate preparation for them. As it is now, there is not house room or even shelter in San Francisco for the comparatively limited number of workmen engaged in trying to rebuild the city. It seems to us the first duty of the Citizens' Relief Committee is to provide house room for workmen in sufficient numbers to undertake the reconstruction of the city. At present it is impossible, and as long as there is delay in providing accommodations for the workmen, so much longer will be the delay in beginning the reconstruction of the city.

Merchants Banquet in the Ruins.

On Wednesday, July 25th, the Merchants' Association held a banquet in the white and gold room of the St. Francis Hotel. Aside from clearing away the debris and sweeping the floor, the wrecked room was left very much as it was after the fire. With the exception of brilliant electric lights the banquet hall was a ruin. The table equipments were Spartan in their simplicity and the banqueters sat on benches.

A significant episode in the banquet was the appearance of Mayor Schmitz. It is only a few months—but it seems like many years—since the Mayor electrified the Merchants' Association by declining to attend their banquet at the Palace Hotel. This event was shortly after the election of last year, when a number of prominent officials of the Merchants' Association campaigned most vigorously against Mayor Schmitz's re-election. The Mayor believed and said with great frankness that they were responsible for the numerous personal attacks on him in the press of the city, and that therefore he could not with self respect sit down to dine with them. The incident caused not a little feeling at the time, but like others of our tea-pot tempests it was all wiped out by the calamitous events of last April.

The Mayor was very cordially greeted at last week's banquet, and his speech was received with much applause. He was introduced by F. J. Symmes, the chairman, who touched upon differences in the past between the Executive and the Merchants' Association. But he said that the members and the Mayor during the past three months had become much better acquainted than ever before, and on behalf of the Association he therefore welcomed the Mayor as a particular and honored guest.

In his speech the Mayor said: "Your

chairman has intimated that there may have been differences between the Merchants' Association and the municipal authorities. I do not desire to make any comment on that subject. But I do wish to make the days of the late fire a memorable period. I want harmony and patriotism in our new town. When I retire from office I expect to be loyal to the city's administration. I want loyalty to the present administration. For too long a time there have been knocking and knockers in San Francisco. The earthquake seemed to be an aggregated collection of all our local knocks. It gave us the biggest knock of all." Concerning the present situation, labor and other, the Mayor said: "There is comment about certain elements in our city being banded together to sell their labor at an increased price. On the other hand, rents are being increased and the prices of all kinds of material are being raised. Thus it is not surprising that labor should be higher than before the fire. In the next few months, however, supply and demand may have their effect, and let us hope that the spirit of tolerance and fair play may benefit our good town." The Mayor was received throughout his speech with much appreciation, and seemed to be the most popular man at the banquet.

R. B. Hale also made a successful speech. He urged the return of the retailers to their old location, and called the attention of landlords to the fact that merchants now are much freer than before to move around, and that it would be wise not to put their rents too high. Mr. Hale also advocated a belt railroad with spur tracks to the large business establishments and a salt water system for fire protection.

H. A. Law spoke in an optimistic strain pointing out that the situation of San Francisco and the resources of the State will lead to rapid rehabilitation; that San Francisco always had more business than she could take care of, and even now "the people are standing five deep in the retail stores." He said, "This was a rich man fire. We lost a great deal, but we were able to lose it. We have sent \$21,000,000 to New York since the fire to lend at two per cent."

F. K. Lane, the newly appointed Interstate Commerce Commissioner, spoke of the labor troubles, and warned his listeners that the present strikes would inevitably cause great disaster if they were not prevented. He advocated arbitration before a court of arbitrators, a board of Supreme Justices, or Bishops, or other men not personally interested in either labor or capital.

In the annual report of the Merchants' Association a number of suggestions are made concerning the building of the new city. It is recommended that the business district be laid out in zones, with warehouses, factories, coal and lumber yards and similar establishments along the waterfront with the members of each branch grouped together; the strictly wholesale houses in the second zone; in the third zone manufacturers' agents and brokers and corporations offices; in the fourth zone the present banking location, with real estate offices, insurance companies, and stock exchanges; in the fifth zone the great retail district; in the sixth zone the apartment boarding houses and the family hotels. Beyond this would come the strictly residential section. In its report the Association p

dicts that the permanent retail business will be re-established in the downtown districts, and the directors say that they "are of the opinion that considerable haste was shown in locating temporary stores uptown."

This is doubtless true, but the directors should not forget that if the merchants had located downtown with the temperature then existing in the ruins, more haste would have been shown in getting out of downtown than they showed in locating uptown.

Freight Blockade in San Francisco.

Another difficulty has settled over the unfortunate city of San Francisco. In addition to the high price of structural material, the high price of labor, the continual strikes of the labor unions, and the difficulty of getting freight handled, trans-shipped, and delivered, there now has come a complete congestion of freight in San Francisco. So serious is the situation that Julius Kruttschnitt, Vice-President and Manager of the Southern Pacific Company, came out from the East to examine into the matter. As a result he decided that the Southern Pacific Company would refuse all lumber shipments for San Francisco, and if the freight yards were not speedily cleared, that all freight for San Francisco would be refused. At the present writing there are some ten thousand loaded cars standing on the tracks in and around San Francisco waiting to be unloaded, and they are pouring into the city at the rate of 500 a day.

Part of this congestion is due to the labor question. The freight handlers are continually striking, and it is with difficulty that crews in the freight yards can be retained. The scarcity of workmen in the building trades, the very high rate of wages, and the strikes and threatened strikes among them, cause a great delay in erecting new buildings. The most embarrassing feature of the problem is that most of the consignees can not receive the freight because they have no place to put it. As soon as the great fire of last April was over the San Francisco merchants sent to the East large orders for goods of all kinds. The merchants made their orders believing that in a few weeks they would be in a condition to receive their freight in temporary quarters. Some of the large houses sent orders practically duplicating their entire lost stock; for example, a business house which previously had occupied a six-story store would order goods to fill it. Now such a house finds itself in a wooden shed of a single story, and it is utterly impossible to find room in it for the goods ordered. Another phase of the situation is the financial one; many merchants ordered goods on the supposition that their insurance money would be paid in a few weeks. But they are finding that the insurance companies are not only very slow in paying, but many of them will not pay at all. Thus the money which these merchants expected to have with which to meet their bills is not at hand, and they are unable to receive their freight.

The situation has clogged the tracks of the railway companies for many miles. In addition to the enormous bulk of freight cars in the San Francisco yards, there are nearly three thousand loaded cars in the Southern Pacific freight yards around Oakland and Berkeley, while small lots and on every siding in that vicinity. In fact, the sidings are clogged north, east and south for many hundreds of miles. Far out

in the desert there stand on the sidings long lines of freight cars loaded with freight for San Francisco. These trains cannot be forwarded, as there is absolutely no room around San Francisco for the cars.

This is the most serious situation which has confronted San Francisco since the great disaster. If the merchants cannot receive their freight—and it would seem that it is impossible for them to do so—the railway companies will be forced to declare an embargo on San Francisco. Nearly a quarter of their freight cars are now tied up in the San Francisco congestion, and if they do not put a stop to the situation they will be forced themselves to cease operations on much of their mileage. Therefore, it would seem as if the Southern Pacific, Union Pacific, the Santa Fe, and their connecting lines will be forced to refuse receiving freight for San Francisco. They have already refused to receive lumber, lime, cement, structural materials and hay. It looks like a hopeless deadlock.

Money Here and Elsewhere.

Although San Francisco is going through very hard times as far as the fire, the insurance situation, the labor situation, the freight situation, and the supply of building materials are concerned, money matters on the face of them seem most encouraging. The San Francisco bank clearances last week were, 1905, \$33,500,750.99; 1906, \$38,073,172.36; and balances, 1905, \$3,944,716.99; 1906, \$4,302,304.19; showing that we are several millions ahead of the clearances of a year ago. It is amazing that in the face of all the difficulties under which San Francisco is laboring, the money market should be apparently so unperturbed.

This is not the case elsewhere. The condition of the stock market in New York has been causing anxiety to speculators and some disturbances to those who are not speculators. There are not wanting pessimists who prophesy trouble in the money market during the coming autumn. They say that the rates for money on call four or five months ago led to the April deficit in the New York Bank reserves, the first time a deficit has occurred at that season in over twenty years. Further they point out that owing to various causes money is now tied up more tightly than has been known for years. They point also to the enormous destruction of property in the San Francisco fire, which must be replaced by a flowing westward of insurance capital, largely American. We might interject here to the "prophets of gloom" that some of us would like to see some more of this insurance capital get as far as San Francisco. They next dwell upon the disturbed money markets in Europe, owing to Russia's political revolution. Lastly, they point with alarm to the approaching Congressional elections, which they fear will hinge largely on the Trusts and the abuses of crooked capital.

On the other hand, large over-subscription to the Panama two per cent bonds would seem to point to the existence of plenty of money for investment, if not for speculation. These bonds were for thirty million dollars, and brought an average price of 103.95. This is the first popular loan offered since the war bonds of 1898. Many journals seem to believe that these bonds, by reason of their low interest, do not appeal to general investors, but that they were subscribed for chiefly by Na-

tional Banks as collateral for public deposits and circulation. The refunding two per cents, however, were taken largely by the public, 4-9 by popular subscription and 5-9 by the banks, to be exact. While this thirty million Panama loan seems to have been taken largely by the banks, it is probably due to the fact that the public was ignorant of the impending issue. In 1898 two hundred millions of three per cent bonds were sold at par to nearly a quarter of a million of subscribers, and they at once jumped to a premium. The present issue was sold, as above indicated, at nearly 104. Ours is the only country in the world where such high figures can be obtained for such low interest. The mighty Imperial Government of Great Britain pays two and one-half per cent on its Consols, but they sell down in the 80s. France's bonds pay three and three and one-half per cent interest, but they too are selling below par.

As for Russia, the low price of Russian securities has not a little to do with the present disturbed condition of the money markets in the Old World. When the new Russian loan was issued, some months ago, the old four per cent Russians were held at 86¼. Last week they fell to 74. This is lower than the lowest price during the war with Japan. When Russia placed last April nearly half a billion of dollars in bonds at five per cent, they sold at 89, but have since fallen nearly eight points. Russia's troubles over the Duma, and the peasant revolt, is causing much apprehension in the money markets of France, Austria and Germany, the principal purchasers of Russian bonds. Even British Consols have fallen five points in the last three months. There was a time when a drop of a quarter was considered as a grave financial disturbance. Although England took only about sixty million dollars of the Russian loan, she looks with much apprehension on the condition in Russia. True, the Czar has dissolved the Duma, but he will have to call another legislative body, and its members are certain to come imbued with the same ideas concerning the expropriation of private lands and their distribution to the peasants. This leaven set working in Europe at the present may shake the foundations on which all national finances rest.

Altogether the financial situation in New York—although to the hyper-sensitive speculator of Wall Street it seems disturbed—is beatific compared with the situation of the great money marts abroad.

Proximate Causes and "Passing It Up."

Several times since the great disaster we have had occasion to comment on the multi-form phases of "passing the buck" and The Other Fellow in his variety. He has occupied an unusually prominent position in our city during the past three months. For example, it was the unanimous belief of the entire city that the Burnham plans of beautifying San Francisco should be carried out. This involved running boulevards, creating new parks and squares, terracing hillsides, and widening streets. Not a voice was raised against this plan of beautification until it came to details. Then it seems that we all remained unanimous in regard to the desirability of widening streets, but we did not want our own particular street widened. We wanted the widening done on The Other Fellow's Street. A man who owned a corner lot twenty feet on Sansome by sixty feet on Commercial was strenuously opposed to

widening Commercial twenty feet. He greatly preferred that they widen Some Other Fellow's Street.

So widespread has become the belief that it is The Other Fellow's Street on which changes should be made, that the Burnham project is semi-moribund. The unanimity with which the city praised it a couple of months ago in the abstract, entirely disappeared when it was presented in the concrete. In short, the Burnham plan was "passed up"; it seems to be laid away in that limbo where are placed lovers' perjuries, politicians' promises, the old moons, and other things at which Jove laughs.

But if one hears of the Burnham project only its death rattle, not so The Other Fellow. He is still very much alive. Likewise our municipal officials, our relief commissioners, and our citizens at large continue to "pass the buck." During the past six weeks there has been much rancor excited over certain changes in the business districts of San Francisco. About the end of April, when the Argonaut ventured to hint that such changes were inevitable, we received not a little slang-whanging for our pains. All the same we seem to observe that these changes are going on. About the only district which seems established hard and fast is the financial district. All the banks own their property; all of them still retain their vaults intact; all of them still possess funds in abundance; and all of them intend to rebuild where they are. Therefore, that district will remain unchanged. But as for the warehouse district, the factory district, the downtown wholesale district, the apartment-house district, and even the Tenderloin—where these quarters of the city are going to be located permanently, who can tell? Not even the real estate agents, not even the newest, the youngest, the most infallible among them.

A few months ago those individuals who owned real property on Market Street between Sansome and Powell, on Montgomery between Market and Sutter, on Kearny and Grant Avenue between Market and Post, on Stockton and on Powell Streets between Market and Union Square, were looked upon as the uptown magnates of the city. Property had sold on Market Street in that vicinity for over six thousand dollars a front foot. On Kearny Street it had sold for five thousand dollars a front foot. Therefore, when these landlords, after the great fire, saw their former tenants taking flight for such distant residential streets as Fillmore, their feelings may be imagined. The Fillmore Street landowners were jubilant, but so avaricious did they grow in their scale of rentals that soon there was revolt among their tenants. The richer and more influential among the retail dealers organized an association, seceded from Fillmore Street, and at once created a new shopping quarter on Van Ness Avenue. The writer is not a seventh son of a seventh son, but he will venture to predict that Van Ness Avenue will remain a fine shopping street as long as there is any San Francisco. It may be that in time there will again be a downtown retail district near where the old one was, but there will always remain a shopping quarter on Van Ness Avenue.

Naturally, the owners of property in and around the former retail district grew much disturbed over their tenants' flight. They held a meeting recently to concoct means for bringing back the retail birds of passage. But the ex-landlords did not agree. In the course of their discussion and dissension it developed

that some of them had already provided temporary quarters, but in the opinion of their neighboring landowners they were charging such high rents as to kill off all hope of a general return of the tenants. Those who had no tenants wrestled with those who had, urging them to lower their rentals. But those who had tenants stoutly resisted the overtures of their tenantless neighbors, maintaining that "rent is purely a question of demand and supply."

So it is. That is a comfortable and comforting conclusion for a landlord. Furthermore, the statement is true. Still there is not a little criticism at present of those landowners who are exacting high rents, and they are denounced as "gougers."

It has occurred to us, however, that there is a better defense to be made by landlords who are making tenants pay high rentals. As the insurance companies insist on going behind the fire record for the cause of the recent calamity, and insisting that the earthquake is not a remote but a proximate cause of the destruction of all houses and buildings, so let the landlords seek for a proximate cause of their high rents. What bids fair to become a leading case in San Francisco is known as the "ham and egg fire"; in this an elderly lady at North Beach, on the morning of the fire, overturned a coal-oil stove, set fire to her house, by which fire was communicated not only to the entire block in which her house was located, but eventually to the greater part of the North Beach district. This was one of the many independent and separate fires which raged during the three dreadful days of last April. It might be thought that a clear-cut case like this—for all these facts are readily to be proved by many witnesses—might shake the ingenious theory of the insurance companies as to the earthquake being the proximate cause. Not so. The insurance companies will perhaps admit that the ham and egg fire did not result directly from the earthquake, or from buildings ignited by fires resulting directly from the earthquake; but they will allege that the earthquake got on the old lady's nerves to such an extent that her hand shook; that she dropped the ham and eggs; that thus she overturned the coal-oil stove; and thus she destroyed over one hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of property, for which the insurance companies refuse to pay, although they agreed to do so, because the fire was "indirectly" the result of the earthquake, via the old lady's shaking hand and ham and eggs.

Correspondingly, to return to the landowners, their tenants and their high rents. Let them seek, like the insurance companies, for a proximate cause. The following strikes us as being a pleasing and ingenious explanation, calculated to soothe the jealousy of neighboring landowners, and possibly to placate tenants who have been thrown out in favor of those paying a higher rental:

First, it is not the landlord who is responsible for raising the rental; it is the tenant. Tenant Doe comes and offers Landlord Stokes a higher rental than he is at present receiving from Tenant Roe; he is quite justified in ejecting Tenant Roe and replacing him with Tenant Doe. Even if he thus deprives his friend and neighbor, Landlord Nokes, of Tenant Doe, it is not the fault of Landlord Stokes. It is the fault of Tenant Doe. He is the proximate cause.

Following the same logical path as the insurance companies, we might push our reasoning further, and say it is only partially

the fault of Tenant Doe for paying too much, but mainly the fault of Tenant Roe for not paying enough. By the same line of reasoning, the fire was not due to the ham and eggs, or the old lady, or the coal-oil stove, but to the earthquake, which shook the house, which rattled the nerves, which made shaky the hand, which spilt the ham, which scrambled the eggs, which capsized the coal-oil stove, which set fire to the house the old lady built, and burned down San Francisco. Thus the earthquake became a proximate cause of the city's destruction. And the danger to the retail district now is not due to the avarice of landlords, but to the spendthrift folly of tenants in paying more rent than they ought to. The landlords, like the insurance companies, are not responsible. It is the earthquake and the tenants.

Those mournful prophets who accuse the landlords of holding up the New San Francisco by charging high rents can thus be proved to be mistaken; it is the tenants who are to blame for offering the landlords high rents. In short, they can pass it up to The Other Fellow.

Those pessimists who accuse the labor unions of disloyal greed in seizing the present unhappy situation as a favorable time for charging exorbitant wages are mistaken (according to the Examiner). That journal repudiates with indignation these slanders on the trades unions and prints long and mysterious explanations of these demands, from which it seems it is not the labor unions nor the workmen comprising them who make these demands for exorbitant wages, but some mysterious agency which forces the employer to give and the workmen to accept these high wages, without either knowing why.

It must be The Other Fellow.

San Francisco's City Hall.

Among the many photographs which the crooked insurance companies are circulating throughout the United States in order to show that San Francisco was destroyed by earthquake instead of fire, is one of the City Hall. It is true that that building was badly wrecked before the fire came to complete the earthquake's work, but it must not be forgotten that it was built by the municipality of San Francisco. The crooked insurance companies are not circulating any photographs of the United States Mint (a few hundred yards away), which is practically undamaged, or of the Postoffice (a short distance to the west), which is only slightly damaged, or of the Appraiser's building (downtown in the heart of the burned district), which is scarcely damaged at all. The explanation is that these buildings were constructed by the federal and not by the municipal government.

Badly, however, as the City Hall appeared to be wrecked, it is apparently not so hopeless as was supposed. Supervisor Nicholas, chairman of the building committee, recently reported officially that the City Hall, the Hall of Records, and the Hall of Justice had been injured beyond repair, and he was quoted in the newspapers as saying that "It would be unfair to the citizens of San Francisco to require them to imperil their lives by going inside the ruined City Hall to transact business." This statement surprised and startled the citizens of San Francisco, for they were certain that the foundations at least were uninjured, and these cost something like a million dollars. Now the Supervisors as a body have con-

to believe in the municipal buildings having at least a certain value, for they have passed resolutions stating that "at least 60 per cent of the City Hall and Hall of Justice buildings has been saved"; "that said buildings can be completely and economically restored"; that "within three months enough of the city buildings can be restored and made ready for temporary use by the officials of the city"; that "the basements, first floor, and courts of said buildings are almost unimpaired, and that they be made ready for temporary occupancy by the City and County officials"; further, "that the Hall of Records be immediately put in good condition for the Recorder's use."

These resolutions were passed by the Board unanimously—with the exception of Supervisor Nicholas.

Another Crooked "Cause."

Now another insurance gang, the Transatlantic, deny liability and pass up a new cause. The crooked cockney companies hide themselves merely behind "earthquake" as a proximate cause. But this crooked sauerkraut company is more devout; it ascribes the cause of the fire to "an overwhelming catastrophe due to a visitation of Providence." When the cause of our disaster is passed up to the Lord, the only thing left for us to do is to pass out of the insurance game. For that matter, are not the men who have never insured at all ahead at present? The rest of us have been paying premiums for many years, and now we are going to be buncoed out of our insurance money. Besides, we are broke. The men who have never insured are also broke, it is true, but at least they are ahead of us just the amount we paid for premiums. Think what a lot of fun they must have had with the money they did not pay for premiums! Think also what a lot of fun the insurance men must have had with the money we did pay for premiums!

The Crooked Cockney Companies.

A meeting of the policy holders of the Commercial Union, Alliance, Palatine, Norwich Union, and Indemnity Companies was held on July 30th. There were evidently some emissaries of the companies present, for a number of adroit attempts were made to puzzle the policy holders. For example, it was given out semi-officially that the crooked cockney companies "believe the North Beach fire to be due to the act of an incendiary, consequently all losses in that section must be paid." Further, another rumor permeated the meeting to the effect that the crooked cockney companies believe that "the Hayes Valley fire was caused by a defective chimney flue, and the companies will therefore offer to compromise claims in this section." Concerning other claims, the policy holders were assured that the involved and ambiguous statement issued by the companies' attorneys was "merely a bugaboo to satisfy the English stockholders," and after scaring the policy holders nearly to death, the companies, we are told, "intend to act fairly and squarely by them."

These varying rumors caused much indecision in the minds of the policy holders, and as a result they did not form an incorporation. However, we can inform them that the crooked cockney companies will not pay a penny more than they are forced to pay. They will fight every claim,

whether it is for a North Beach fire or a Hayes Valley fire, if they think they have a chance to "compromise." Furthermore, if the policy holders permit themselves to be bamboozled by these reports, they will only cause delay which will do them no good, but only harm. If they want to get anything out of the crooked cockney companies they will have to get it by fighting. They are in an entirely different situation from the holders of policies in non-earthquake companies. Their situation is a desperate one, and they will have to fight desperately to get anything at all.

In our opinion their most useful weapon is publicity. The crooked cockney companies have written many millions in policies in England, in Ireland, in Scotland, in Wales, in the United States of America, in the Dominion of Canada, in Australia, and in New Zealand, not to speak of the colonies and crown colonies of Great Britain all over the world, and in many foreign countries as well. If the San Francisco policy holders in the crooked cockney companies will spend a few thousand dollars in warning other people holding policies in these corporations of the danger to which they are exposed, the local policy holders will, in our opinion, force the companies to some sort of a settlement. When we say "danger" we mean it. There is no part of the world where earthquakes have not occurred and there is no part in which they may not occur again. There was one in Wales a few weeks ago, and one of the most destructive ever known occurred in the Mississippi Valley of the United States. There may be one in London next week. Every policy holder ought to know of his danger from earthquake clauses as well as from earthquakes and fire.

Anyway, it is not probable that these crooked cockney companies are willing to have their policy holders throughout the world know what their attitude is. If their directors are honest—and we will admit purely for purposes of argument that they are—they should not only be unreluctant but more than willing to impress thoroughly on the minds of all their policy holders throughout the world that they will not pay any fire losses when an earthquake has occurred within 72 hours of the time of the fire. Still, we do not think they will circulate these facts freely. Therefore, why not let their policy holders here circulate the facts for them—not only freely, but free?

Optimism, Insurance and Wine.

One of the first San Francisco policy holders to get its loss adjusted was the California Wine Association, which carried \$1,062,000 of insurance in 74 different companies. This loss was adjusted a number of weeks ago. In the meantime the semi-annual dividend of the association has become due, which has been "temporarily" postponed until the company receives all of its insurance money." President P. T. Morgan is thus quoted in the daily press: "I think we shall eventually get the \$1,062,000 as recommended by the local adjuster." No one can accuse President Morgan of pessimism. In fact, he is a persistent optimist. Perhaps it is dealing in wine, which maketh glad the heart of man, that makes him so hopeful. When the California Wine Association again erects its big building on Third Street near Townsend "as soon as the company receives all of its

insurance money," we recommend that they secure cunning sculptors to design two statues to stand on either side of the great portal. Let the statue on the left be that of Mark Tapley; let the statue on the right be that of Wilkins Micawber, Esq. Crowning the arch over the portal, standing on the keystone, with eyes uplifted, with hands extended, with a beatific and expectant smile, we recommend the installation of a life-size statue of the optimistic president, Mr. Morgan, waiting "until the company receives all of its insurance money."

He will stand there until Gabriel blows his horn.

The Relief Fund and Its Troubles.

The three commissioners appointed by the Finance Committee and the Mayor a month ago to administer the Relief Fund met with enthusiastic disapproval from the people, the press, and the refugees. They are, we believe, all honest and well-meaning men, but they had an impossible task. So all of them resigned, and the work has been taken up again by a corporation composed of the members of the Citizen's Finance Committee. This was duly incorporated, adding to it the Governor of the State and the Mayor of San Francisco. All of the members of this incorporation are prominent citizens and men of wealth, all of them serve without salary, and all of them are working from the best and most unselfish motives. This we believe, but we also believe that they will find it impossible to administer the Relief Fund without a vast amount of criticism, some of it well-meaning and some of it malicious.

In the first place, it is impossible to satisfy thousands of people living under the conditions to which the refugees have been exposed for three months. If they were given the best of food, the best of shelter, and the best of care, they would still be dissatisfied. On the other hand, they have suffered many hardships—from the inelastic workings of the Relief Commissioner's Bureau, from a failure to supply such absolutely necessary articles as clothing and bedding, and from red tape. They have hence grown so rancorous that when this week a banquet was tendered to Dr. Devine of the National Red Cross—who has given his services most unselfishly and without salary for three months to San Francisco's destitute—the refugees organized a procession to march to the hotel where the banquet was given, in order to denounce him.

It has been impossible to settle the food question in the camps satisfactorily. At first the refugees were given unecooked rations by the army officials. Many abuses resulted; for example, a Palo Alto paper recently remarked that a number of families were living there on relief supplies which they had accumulated in San Francisco three months ago. We do not know whether this is true or not, but it is not improbable. The army officials found that some families of the poorest class, consisting of say five members, would make application at five different relief stations for supplies enough for five persons, twenty-five in all, thus making an "endless chain." They would thereby get food in quantities enough to start small grocery stores.

As a result, the army officials concluded to shut down on the unecooked rations, and they installed camp kitchens instead, where

hot food was served to the refugees. There were two sets of tables at these places. At one, the meals were served free; at the other, the meals cost fifteen cents. Thus those who were unwilling to accept cooked food as alms could pay for it if they chose. This plan has resulted in intense dissatisfaction among the refugees. They claim that it breaks up family life completely and that it is degrading. The camp inspectors of the new corporation have been requested to pass upon this question first, in order to decide whether these camp kitchens shall be retained or the old system of uncooked rations be resumed. Oddly enough, all of the inspectors were opposed to the camp kitchens when they began their task, but after investigation they reported that in their opinion it was impossible to serve the refugees otherwise, although all of them condemned the manner in which the kitchens have been run.

Major Gaston, an army officer who has remained General Superintendent of the Camps, has reported against the uncooked rations. He says that the kitchens are a necessity; but that they can be improved. He discusses the suggestion that thirty cents be given to each refugee to buy his food for the day, and condemns it. His experience shows, he says, that owing to the frailty of human nature this sum would often be spent for improper purposes, leaving many refugees begging for food. He also points out that if uncooked rations be issued for thirty days, many receiving them will give them away, or waste them, or lose them by being robbed in their tents, which of course have no safeguards; thus again, he says, the spectacle will be presented of refugees begging for food in the camps. But his most invincible argument is that there are no stoves or other cooking utensils in the camps, and, even if there were, many of the refugees do not know how to cook. There would also be great danger of fire from so many kitchens, and the bad sanitary condition of the camps would intensify, owing to garbage from the individual kitchens.

What Major Gaston says about the inability of the refugees to cook is very true. In mining camps there is an old joke about the inability of many men to "cook water without burning it." Most of these poor refugees are even more helpless than the men of the frontier.

Aid for Hospitals.

In the great disaster of last April San Francisco lost nine of its hospitals, and those that remain are so crippled that at least one of them will have to be torn down. The Medical Faculty of the University of California is trying to start a hospital and free clinic in one of the Affiliated College Buildings south of Golden Gate Park in San Francisco. Those dwellers throughout the State who are friends of the afflicted, of the State University, and of medical education, might be willing to assist in raising the amount of money necessary to reconstruct and furnish this building. Such a hospital would be a benefit to the entire State. There are many medical problems peculiarly interesting on this coast which can be solved only by means of such a hospital. Many tropical diseases will inevitably result from the presence in this State of thousands of returned soldiers from the Philippines. There are also certain indigenous diseases, some of them fatal, which medical experts in California are now study-

ing with much interest. Eighteen such cases have been discovered recently in San Francisco among laboring men. There is a tendency to early arterial degeneration on this coast which is a subject well worthy of careful study. We have also an unusually high percentage of insanity in California. This State is somewhat overburdened with tuberculous cases from elsewhere, and we must take heed lest, like the Riviera, that which was originally a resort for health seekers shall not become a plague spot to those born of the soil. All of these problems require careful study, and such a hospital as we speak of with a free clinic can bring about this much to be desired result. It will take about fifty thousand dollars to begin this work. It is so difficult now to raise money in San Francisco that the friends of the project appeal for help to the State at large. Funds should be sent to Dr. A. A. D'Ancona, Dean of the Medical Faculty, Affiliated Colleges Building, San Francisco.

War, Horrid War.

A few days ago war threatened to break out among the Republics of Guatemala, Salvador and Honduras. Those people who believe that President Roosevelt is not in favor of peace must revise their opinions. The President made haste to send a Peace Commission aboard the United States cruiser, Marblehead, to attempt to adjust matters. The ship lay to off the stormy Guatemalan coast, where the water is usually so rough that it is difficult to make a landing. The cruiser lay some five miles off shore, and the Commissioners of the three republics were brought out in boats and then hoisted in steel cages to the ship's deck. There they met the members of the American legations accredited to the three republics. Rumor says that when the San Salvadoreno, the Guatemalteco, and the Hondureno Commissioners were hoisted up and then lifted out of their cages, they were at once carried below where they remained for many hours, a prey to internal dissensions of the most violent character, each man remaining in his own cabin. After they had stood it as long as they could, the Commissioners concluded to declare peace and signed the protocol with trembling hands. Then the greenish yellow dagoes were again hoisted in their steel cages, put into their boats, and taken ashore. Thus was war averted. Who can accuse President Roosevelt of being lacking in diplomacy? Who would ever have thought of sea-sickness as an expediter of peace negotiations? As the jolly young waterman of Oyster Bay pulls for the shore and Sagamore Hill, he meditatively winks the other eye.

Marshall Field's executors will be asked to pay taxes on \$180,000,000, amounting to about \$2,800,000. This will be by far the greatest tax ever levied upon the property of an individual taxpayer. The larger portion of the assessment against the Field estate is for seven years' back taxes on personal property upon which the late Mr. Field is held by the Chicago Board of Review to have avoided paying taxes.

Taking advantage of the fact that no deposit was required of bidders for Panama Canal bonds, owing to the peculiar condition of the money market, Samuel Beyerley, an express company clerk, put in four bids and was awarded \$5,800,000 worth of bonds. By selling his option he cleaned up over \$20,000 without putting up a cent save for the postage stamp which carried his bid to Washington.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"Champagne Out of a Beer Glass."

Yokohama United Club, No. 4 Bund, July 7, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: Just came down from Vladivostok, and as soon as I arrived here I looked for the Argonaut, and was tickled to find it, even if it was in rags or wood pulp rather. It's almost like drinking champagne out of a beer glass—but I was very glad indeed to see the familiar headline. I was in Vladivostok when the fierce news came. It's all too bad, too awful to believe! Our offices, of course, were burnt down, but I got a cable, "All well, ready for business"—that's California for you! I regret your losses exceedingly, but congratulate you upon the uninterrupted appearance of The Argonaut. Sincerely yours,
R. E. Haas.

A Complete Argonaut File for Sale.

McNeill Bros., Printers, 788 McAllister St.,
San Francisco, July 25, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: Most people read the Argonaut, and all respect it. Once in a while a fellow will come along and express a vague wish that he had a complete file of it. Once in say five or twenty years a C. C. (coupon cutter) wants a file real badly, and in its own columns the Argonaut once practically offered \$500 for a complete file. [If so we withdraw the offer for the time being, at least.—Ed.] As the small boy says, "Now listen!" I have a complete bound (1-2 Roan) file of the Argonaut from Vol. 1, No. 1, to 1900 inclusive. It takes in the late lamented Fred A. Somers and Frank M. Pixley. It is its own inimitable self all the way down the line, from "Them Asses of the Sand Lot" to that Catholic controversy where Pixley got madly licked, and through varying vicissitudes up to and including Cleveland's second term and a part of McKinley's—peace to his ashes.

But I am digressing. Do you know of anybody with sufficient love of the Argonaut, and of ancient history—and with more money than he knows what to do with, who wishes to recoup me on some of my late fire losses to the extent of going right down into his pockets—a coupon will do—and paying me handsomely for my file? For a few days after the fire—while I belonged to the bread line and a dollar was as big as a cart-wheel—most any old sum would have parted us. But like all other commodities in this city, except printing, Argonaut files are now up. I am again a "boss"—see letter head—and as a cold speculation, sufficient remuneration (how's that?) might assuage the pains of parting and I might be tempted to relinquish my grip. There is this to say, however, like old wine these Argonauts will improve with age, and who knows but what another fire, elsewhere, might make them priceless? How much am I offered for them? Don't all speak at once. Plenty of time. "All things come to him who waits." Very truly yours,

A. B. McNeill.

An Editor Misses the Argonaut.

Office of Washington Mirror,
821 Colorado Building, Washington, D. C.,
July 20, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: We have not received our exchange copy of your brilliant paper since the fire. We understand that you did not cease publication, and presume that the non-receipt of the paper is due to the fact that your lists were destroyed.

We have not had an opportunity before to express to you our deep sympathy, and trust that with the well-known energy of you Californians your temporary crippling will act but as a breathing space, and you have by now resumed your place among the foremost weeklies in this country. With best wishes, very truly,
F. D. Mullen.

Another Editor Misses the Argonaut.

Office of the Journal,
Lompoc, Cal., July 27, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: I notice that the Argonaut is not coming among my favorite "exchanges," and as it has been a welcome visitor to me for over ten years I write this to know if you will favor me with it again. I have seen a few copies of the Argonaut since the "wreck" and read it with even greater interest than before, and I congratulate you in getting from under the wreck and putting up such an excellent paper under such trying conditions. With the exception of the make-up, it is the same, only better. With best wishes, very truly yours,
W. E. Miscall.

Argonaut Insurance Not Settled.

American Newspaper Union,
Birmingham, Ala., July 26, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: Thinking it possible that your mailing lists might have been destroyed, we are writing you at this time to make sure we will not be overlooked when well under way again.

I do not believe we fully appreciated the Argonaut until we missed it. We always realized its worth, but we did not realize how much it meant to us. We assure you that we will welcome, indeed, the first issue we receive.

Trusting everything is coming smoothly with you, and that you have been successful in ob-

taining a settlement from the insurance people, with best wishes we remain, very truly yours,
American Newspaper Union,
Jas. H. Mogford, Manager.

Our Views on Insurance Affairs.

New York, July 10, 1906.

Dear Argonaut: Your provisional issues of last April have been especially bound for preservation in my library of "Americana."

I rejoice with your many readers that your issues continue to reach us, and I wish you years and years of prosperity and continued usefulness. Your position in regard to fire insurance affairs is both just and fair—to insurers and insured—and it is a great pity that a few Eastern journals do not take up your brave and independent lead.

The port of San Francisco—therein rests the great future of this country. The greatest port of white civilization next to the world's most important markets. It is my firm belief that the port of San Francisco will eventually rank equal to those of Hamburg, Liverpool, New York and New Orleans. In your new and well-built city will be established markets in which commercial operations of the widest scope will be conducted. With such a future, the losses of the past will soon be regained and the sufferings of the present era forgotten. I am daily associated with the merchants of this city—engaged in the export trade—and I am quite sure I voice their sentiments.

By the way, it is the general opinion that the golden house of Rothschild needed the drubbing you recently administered. Eastern journals are, as usual, skulking and silent on this point. Very truly yours,
Telamon S. Cuyler.

From a Mountain Rancho.

Tokayano Rancho, Colfax, Cal., July 22, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: I enclose clipping sent to me from Paris relating to an imaginary condition supposed to have existed in Chinatown before the fire. Judging from the print and the paper, I think it was published in *La Liberté*, one of the leading and conservative evening papers of the French capital. Knowing that you read French, I did not take the trouble to translate it.

Reading your valuable paper every week is one of the things that make life worth living.

W. C. Spencer.

Earthquakes and Short Crops.

Office of J. and I. Blum,
Vacaville, Cal., July 18, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: We enclose Chicago dispatch which gives you an idea what some of the Eastern people know about earthquakes and fruit crops. It reads: "The scarcity of fruit is attributed to the recent earthquake in California and to the cool weather prevailing this spring." How is that for earthquake lore and weather wisdom?
Yours truly,
Milt W. Blum.

Being Swindled While You Wait.

Berkeley, July 25, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: While I was at the Williamsburg Insurance Company rooms being swindled a young clerk came to the head of the office asking for postage stamps. The portly gentleman replied, "We can't discount Uncle Sam, can we?" and handed him the stamps. I don't know whether this is a joke or not, but it is a fact. The confidence game they played on me is another story.
M. D. K.

A Relief Suggestion From Honolulu.

Kapiolani Building, Honolulu, July 16, 1906.

Editor Argonaut: The tone of the San Francisco press seems to indicate that the City Relief Committee and the whole business is in a muddle; that there are 50,000 destitute, with \$6,000,000 in sight and 8,000 barrels of flour on hand; yet the fifty thousand sufferers are getting barely a subsistence out of it and no chance of anything better.

Now, \$6,000,000, divided among 50,000 people means \$125 each. The food supply on hand is probably sufficient to keep them some time. Suppose you were to divide the money up, say one-half of it pro rata and the other supplies pro rata, on condition that the recipients take their portion, get out and become self-sustaining. Every one going would relieve you of a burden, and undoubtedly most of them would go. Such as would not go, but were able-bodied, could be set to work and kept at work. Of course the relief fund belongs to the destitute, but it loses so much in getting to them that there is only a little left when it gets there.

If you had a man among you with the force and executive ability of old Brigham Young, he would take San Francisco's sufferers and their supplies and relief fund, go out in the hills on a piece of desert land, and make them self-sustaining ere one-half of the fund was gone.

I do not see what is to hinder you from dividing their relief moneys among them as fast as you can and sending them away where they have a chance to be self-supporting. You certainly cannot improve their condition by holding them there together, destitute, with nothing to do and nothing to go it with, and keeping the relief fund under the fingers of the commission.
An Outsider.

The Sailor's Consolation.

One night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline turned his quid,
And said to Billy Bowline:
"A strong nor-wester's blowing, Bill;
Hark! don't you hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em, how I pities all
Unhappy folks on shore now!"

"Foolhardy chaps who live in town,
What danger they are all in,
And now are quaking in their beds,
For fear the roof should fall in;
Poor creatures, how they envy us,
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck, in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean."

"But as for them who're out all day,
On business from their houses,
And late at night are coming home,
To cheer the babes and spouses;
While you and I, Bill, on the deck,
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots
About their heads are flying!"

"And very often have we heard
How men are killed and undone,
By overturns of carriages,
By thieves, and fires in London.
We know what risks all landmen run,
From noblemen to tailors;
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors!"

—William Pitt.

President Roosevelt makes every minute count. He is even busy when he is being shaved. A deft-fingered negro brings in towels, soap, and razors, and waits quietly until the President is ready. The President comes in from his office, takes off his glasses and seats himself in a chair. Very frequently some cabinet officer or favored newspaper correspondent is shown in during the process, or asked to stay before it has begun. Secretary Loeb may come in from the adjoining room with a fountain pen and a document for the President to sign. For a moment the shaving is suspended and the President, undisturbed by lather, leans forward to affix his name. The story is told in Washington of a Governor of one of our insular possessions, who, several times, went to the White House to explain a certain complicated matter, and each time he was prevented from so doing because the President monopolized the conversation. Finally the Governor happened to arrive one day just at the time the President was being shaved. The Governor was shown right in, and as soon as the manipulations of the razor gave a momentary opening he seized and never let go until he had explained his whole case.

Mercantile circles in the East are much interested in the recent incorporation of Sears-Roebuck & Co. under the laws of New York State, with a capitalization of \$40,000,000. This is a Chicago mail-order concern. It is stated for the company that its sales in 1905 amounted to \$38,700,000, and for the first five months of the present year to over \$20,000,000. The company does business only on the "cash before delivery" basis; it receives an average of some 75,000 letters each day; and its customers are said to number upwards of 6,000,000. Its newly built stores or store-houses in Chicago cover some 37 acres of ground. It deals in various classes of commodities—dry goods, clothing, house-furnishings, hardware, jewelry and silverware, vehicles, musical goods, drugs and surgical instruments, paints, books, sporting goods, groceries, wallpapers, and so on.

William Jennings Bryan, who was introduced by Ambassador Reid, has been received in private audience by King Edward at Buckingham Palace. The visit was paid at the king's special request, his majesty having notified Mr. Reid that he desired to meet Mr. Bryan. The interview was quite informal. Only the king, Mr. Reid and Mr. Bryan were present. The conversation largely turned on the subject of peace and the conference of the Inter-Parliamentary Union.

The Dial thinks that our "captains of industry" suggest to us the French analogue of "chevalier d'industrie."

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

Dr. D. D. Stevens, an eminent New York physician, says scrap tobacco is a menace to health. He declares that in an extreme southern State and in Cuba he found that nearly fifty per cent of the cigarmakers were afflicted with tuberculosis or other transmittable diseases and that what particularly disgusted him was the habit the cigarmakers have of putting the end of the cigar in the mouth when forming a tip.

Chauffeur Carsughe, whom Thomas E. Stillman brought from New York, was sun-struck while he was driving the Stillman automobile thirty miles an hour last week on the road to Dives-sur-Mer. Naturally the half-senseless chauffeur could not steer the big touring car, and at its top speed it crashed sideways into a heavy truck driven by one Troughard, a miller. The automobilists and Troughard were hurled to the ground, car and truck being demolished. All of the occupants were injured, Mr. Stillman seriously. The accident near Lisieux is the third within a week to American automobilists in Europe.

A negro was hired in New York recently to pose as the victim for a moving picture of a Southern lynching bee. Just as he was strung up by a ferocious stage mob, which was firing blank cartridges and acting in a devilish manner generally, and a camera was getting into action, a young woman witness of the scene informed the police a lynching was in progress. The police came in on the run, and scattered the lynchers, knocking three of them senseless. Some time later they remembered the negro was still hanging, and they cut him down. He was so nearly dead he could not speak.

In the harbor of Yokohama the liner Doric's officers witnessed a collision between the Canadian Pacific steamer Athenian and the oil-carrying steamer Appalachee, the latter striking the Athenian on the port side aft of amidships and cutting her to the water-line. The Doric was delayed several hours waiting for four passengers from the Athenian who desired to take passage on the liner. In boarding the Doric from a launch, one of them dropped her purse into the sea, and as it contained not only her ticket, but all the money she had in her possession, along with jewels worth several thousand dollars, she was compelled to return to shore to communicate with her husband, Dr. Moore Graham of Shanghai.

As a circus was leaving Rumford, Me., the elephant man and two villagers became involved in a quarrel. The countrymen called for a policeman. The driver of the elephants was ready for him. He said in an undertone to his animals, "Tails!" The big creatures quickly closed around him in a circle which could not be easily penetrated. Then to the biggest elephant, the driver said, "Look out for that man," and the anger of the elephant being kindled, he charged on the officer, who was only too glad to take to his heels. The mischievous driver let the animal pursue the fleeing officer, to the great amusement of the crowd, until he saw that the man's breath began to fail him, then he called a halt, and the cavalcade proceeded to the station.

The craze for picture postcards led to extraordinary rioting in the streets of Tokio, when the picture postcards issued by the government in commemoration of the war with Russia were placed on sale at the postoffices. Double files of people a mile long were waiting outside most of the offices as soon as they opened. At one place the police lost control of the crowd, which began a desperate struggle to gain admittance. The fence round the postoffice was trampled down and the people climbed up the walls onto the roofs and fought their way in through the windows. Under the weight of people part of the roof fell in, while the walls were damaged and the windows were smashed. Those who could not get near threw stones at the building. To quell the disturbance soldiers were called out. They charged the crowd with fixed bayonets and the fire brigade played streams of water on them.

THE CITY THAT WAS.

A Picture of the Old San Francisco.
The Striking Study Made by
Will Irwin.

Will Irwin, who left San Francisco not long ago to take a position on the New York press, recently accomplished quite a master stroke by writing in a day an article of many columns for the Sun shortly after the news of the San Francisco disaster arrived. It so much impressed some of the writers on the Sun that they advised Irwin to print it in book form. The legends of the local room say that he wrote it at one burst in a single sitting with the copy boy tearing the sheets off his typewriter almost before he finished them. Whether he did or not it is good stuff. He has reprinted it under the title, "The City That Was, A Requiem of Old San Francisco, and he frankly says in his introductory note, "For the title I am indebted to Franklin Matthews."

The hypercritical might say that Irwin's history is at times a little too recent; that his geography is not quite exact; that Denis Kearney never made speeches in Portsmouth Square; that the genuine Sand Lot was up near the City Hall. But what does all that matter? No man writing such a "tour de force" can carry so many dates and facts in his head, and if he had revised it he might have revised all of the spirit out of it, and it certainly would have lost the tenderness and the pathos with which now it is so strongly tinged. Thus the book begins:

The City That Was.

The old San Francisco is dead. The gayest, lightest hearted, most pleasure loving city of the western continent, and in many ways the most interesting and romantic, is a horde of refugees living among ruins. It may rebuild; it probably will; but those who have known that peculiar city by the Golden Gate, have caught its flavor of the Arabian Nights, feel that it can never be the same. It is as though a pretty, frivolous woman had passed through a great tragedy. She survives, but she is sobered and different. If it rises out of the ashes it must be a modern city, much like other cities and without its old atmosphere.

And it was a city of romance and a gateway to adventure. It opened out on the mysterious Pacific, the untamed ocean; and through the Golden Gate entered China, Japan, the South Sea Islands, Lower California, the west coast of Central America, Australia. There was a sprinkling, too, of Alaska and Siberia. From his windows on Russian Hill one saw always something strange and suggestive creeping through the mists of the bay. It would be a South Sea Island brig, bringing in copra, to take out cottons and idols; a Chinese junk after sharks' livers; an old whaler, which seemed to drip oil, home from a year of cruising in the Arctic. Even the tramp wind-jammers were deep-chested craft, capable of rounding the Horn or of circumnavigating the globe; and they came in streaked and picturesque from their long voyaging.

In the orange colored dawn which always comes through the mists of that bay, the fishing fleet would crawl in under triangular lateen sails; for the fishermen of San Francisco Bay are all Neapolitans who have brought their customs and sail with lateen rigs stained an orange brown and shaped, when the wind fills them, like the ear of a horse.

Along the Water Front.

Along the waterfront the people of these craft met. "The smelting pot of the races," Stevenson called it; and this was always the city of his soul. There were black Gilbert Islanders, almost indistinguishable from negroes; lighter Kanakas from Hawaii or Samoa; Lascars in turbans; thickset Russian sailors; wild Chinese with unbraided hair; Italian fishermen in tam o' shanters, loud shirts and blue sashes; Greeks, Alaska Indians, little bay Spanish-Americans, together with men of all the European races. These came in and out from among the queer craft,

to lose themselves in the disreputable, tumble-down, but always mysterious shanties and small saloons. In the back rooms of these saloons, South Sea Island traders and captains, fresh from the lands of romance, whaling masters, people who were trying to get up treasure expeditions, filibusters, Alaskan miners, used to meet and trade adventures.

There was another element, less picturesque and equally characteristic, along the waterfront. San Francisco was the back eddy of European civilization—one end of the world. The drifters came there and stopped, lingered a while to live by their wits in a country where living after a fashion has always been marvellously cheap. These people haunted the waterfront and the Barbary Coast by night, and lay by day on the grass in Portsmouth Square.

The square, the old plaza about which the city was built, Spanish fashion, had seen many things. There in the first burst of the early days the vigilance committee used to hold its hangings. There, in the time of the sand lot troubles, Denis Kearney, who nearly pulled the town down about his ears, used to make his orations which set the unruly to rioting. In later years Chinatown lay on one side of it and the Latin quarter and "Barbary Coast" on the other.

On this square the drifters lay all day long and told strange yarns. Stevenson lounged there with them in his time and learned the things which he wove into "The Wrecker" and his South Sea stories; and now in the centre of the square there stands the beautiful Stevenson monument. In later years the authorities put up a municipal building on one side of this square and prevented the loungers, for decency's sake, from lying on the grass. Since then some of the peculiar character of the old plaza has gone.

The Barbary Coast.

The Barbary Coast was a loud bit of bell. No one knows who coined the name. The place was simply three blocks of solid dance halls, there for the delight of the sailors of the world. On a fine busy night every door blared loud dance music from orchestras, steam pianos and gramophones, and the cumulative effect of the sound which reached the street was chaos and pandemonium. Almost anything might be happening behind the swinging doors. For a fine and picturesque bundle of names characteristic of the place, a police story of three or four years ago is typical. It all broke out in the Eye Wink Dance Hall. The trouble was started by a sailor known as Kanaka Pete, who lived in the What Cheer House, over a woman known as Iodoform Kate. Kanaka Pete chased the man he had marked to the Little Silver Dollar, where he halted and punctured him. The by-product of his gun made some holes in the front of the Eye Wink, which were proudly kept as souvenirs, and were probably there until it went out in the fire. This was low life, the lowest of the low.

Until the last decade almost anything except the commonplace and the expected might happen to a man on the waterfront. The cheerful industry of shanghaiing was reduced to a science. A citizen taking a drink in one of the saloons which hung out over the water might be dropped through the floor into a boat, or he might drink with a stranger and wake in the forecastle of a whaler bound for the Arctic. Such an incident is the basis of Frank Norris's novel, "Moran of the Lady Letty," and although the novel draws it pretty strong, it is not exaggerated. Ten years ago the police, the Sailors' Union, and the foreign consuls, working together, stopped all this.

Kearney street, a wilder and stranger Bowery, was the main thoroughfare of these people. An exiled Californian mourning over the city of his heart, has said:

"In a half an hour of Kearney street I could raise a dozen men for any wild adventure, from pulling down a statue to searching for the Cocos Island treasure." This is hardly an exaggeration. It was the Rialto of the desperate, Street of the Adventurers.

These are a few of the elements which made the city strange and gave it the glamour of romance, which has so strongly attracted such men as Stevenson, Frank Norris and Kipling. This life of the floating population lay apart from the regular life of the city, which was distinctive in itself.

California Men and Women.

The Californian is the second generation of a picked and mixed ancestry. The merry, the adventurous, often the desperate, always the brave, deserted the South and New England in 1849 to rush around the Horn or to try the perils of the plains. They found there a land already grown old in the hands of the Spaniards—younger sons of hidalgos and many of them of the best blood of Spain. To a great extent the pioneers intermarried with Spanish women; in fact, except for a proud little colony here and there, the old, aristocratic Spanish blood is sunk in that of the conquering race. Then there was an influx of intellectual French people, largely overlooked in the histories of the early days; and this Latin heaven has had its influence.

Brought up in a bountiful country, where no one really has to work very hard to live, nurtured on adventure, scion of a free and merry stock, the real, native Californian is a distinctive type; as far from the Easterner in psychology as the extreme Southerner is from the Yankee. He is easy going, witty, hospitable, lovable, inclined to be unmoral rather than immoral in his personal habits, and easy to meet and to know.

Above all there is an art sense all through the populace which sets it off from any other population of the country. This sense is almost Latin in its strength, and the Californian owes it to the haven of Latin blood. The true Californian lingers in the north; for southern California has been built up by "lungers" from the East and Middle West and is Eastern in character and feeling.

Almost has the Californian developed a racial physiology. He tends to size, to smooth symmetry of limb and trunk, to an erect, free carriage; and the beauty of his women is not a myth. The pioneers were all men of good body; they had to be to live and leave descendants. The bones of the weaklings who started for El Dorado in 1849 lie on the plains or in the hill-cemeteries of the mining camps. Heredity began it; climate has carried it on. All things that grow in California tend to become large, plump, luscious. Fruit trees, grown from cuttings of Eastern stock, produce fruit larger and finer, if coarser in flavor, than that of the parent tree. As the fruits grow, so the children grow. A normal, healthy, Californian woman plays out-of-doors from babyhood to old age. The mixed stock has given her that regularity of features which goes with a blend of bloods; the climate has perfected and rounded her figure; out-of-door exercise from earliest youth has given her a deep bosom; the cosmetic mists have made her complexion soft and brilliant. At the University of California, where the student body is nearly all native, the gymnasium measurements show that the girls are a little more than two inches taller than their sisters of Vassar and Michigan.

San Francisco's Beauty Show.

The greatest beauty-show on the continent was the Saturday afternoon matinee parade in San Francisco. Women in so-called "society" took no part in this function. It belonged to the middle class, but the "upper classes" have no monopoly of beauty anywhere in the world. It had grown to be independent of the matinees. From two o'clock to half-past five, a solid procession of Dianas, Hebes and Junos passed and repassed along the five blocks between Market and Powell and Sutter and Kearney—the "line" of San Francisco slang. Along the open-front cigar stores, characteristic of the town, gilded youth of the cocktail route gathered in knots to watch them. There was something Latin in the spirit of this ceremony—it resembled church parade in Buenos Ayres. Latin, too, were the gay costumes of the women, who dressed brightly in accord with the city and the climate. This gaiety of costume was the first thing which the Eastern woman noticed—and disapproved. Give her a year, and she, too, would be caught by the infection of daring dress.

In the parade of tall, deep bosomed, gleaming women, one caught the type and longed, sometimes for the sight of a more ethereal beauty—for the suggestion of soul within which belongs to a New England woman on whom a hard soil has bestowed a grudging beauty—for the mobility, the fire, which belongs to the Frenchwoman. The second generation of France was

in this crowd, it is true; but climate and exercise had grown above their spiritual charm a cover of brilliant flesh. It was the beauty of Greece.

With such people, life was always gay. If the fairly Parisian gaiety did not display itself on the streets, except in the matinee parade, it was because the winds made open-air cafes disagreeable at all seasons of the year. The life careless went on indoors or in the hundreds of pretty estates—"ranches" the Californians called them—which fringe the city.

Famous Old Restaurants.

San Francisco was famous for its restaurants and cafes. Probably they were lacking at the top; probably the very best, for people who do not care how they spend their money, was not to be had. But they gave the best fare on earth, for the price, at a dollar, seventy-five cents, a half a dollar, or even fifteen cents.

If one should tell exactly what could be had at Coppa's for fifty cents or at the Fashion for, say thirty-five cents, no New Yorker who has not been there would believe it. The San Francisco French dinner and the San Francisco free lunch were as the Public Library to Boston or the stock yards to Chicago. A number of causes contributed to this. The country all about produced everything that a cook needs and that in abundance—the bay was an almost untapped fishing pond, the fruit farms came up to the very edge of the town, and the surrounding country produced in abundance fine meats, game, all cereals and all vegetables.

But the chefs who came from France in the early days and stayed because they liked this land of plenty were the head and front of it. They passed on their art to other Frenchmen or to the clever Chinese. Most of the French chefs at the biggest restaurants were born in Canton, China. Later the Italians, learning of this country where good food is appreciated, came and brought their own style. Householders always dined out one or two nights of the week, and boarding houses were scarce, for the unattached preferred the restaurants.

The eating was usually better than the surroundings. Meals that were marvels were served in tumble-down little hotels. Most famous of all the restaurants was the Poodle Dog. There have been no less than four establishments of this name, beginning with a frame shanty where, in the early days, a prince of French cooks used to exchange ragouts for gold dust. Each succeeding restaurant of the name has moved further downtown; and the recent Poodle Dog stands—stands or stood; one mixes his tenses queerly in writing of this city which is and yet is no more—on the edge of the Tenderloin in a modern five-story building. And it typified a certain spirit that there was in San Francisco.

For on the ground floor was a public restaurant where there was served the best dollar dinner on earth. At least, if not the best it ranked with the best, and the others were in San Francisco. There, especially on Sunday night, almost everyone went to vary the monotony of home cooking. Everyone who was anyone in the town could be seen there off and on. It was perfectly respectable. A man might take his wife and daughter to the Poodle Dog.

On the second floor there were private dining rooms, and to dine there, with one or more of the opposite sex, was risqué but not especially terrible. But the third floor—and the fourth floor—and the fifth! The elevator man of the Poodle Dog, who has held the job for many years and who never spoke unless spoken to, wore diamonds and was a heavy investor in real estate. There were others as famous in their way—the Zinkand, where, at one time, every one went after the theatre, and Tate's, which has lately bitten into that trade; the Palace Grill, much like the grills of Eastern hotels, except for the price; Delmonico's, which ran the Poodle Dog neck and neck to its own line; and many others, humbler but great at the price.

The Hotel De France.

Listen! O ye starved amidst plenty, to the tale of the Hotel de France. This restaurant stood on California street, just east of Old St. Mary's Church. One could throw a biscuit from its back windows into Chinatown. It occupied a big ramshackle house, which had been a man-

sion of the gold days. Louis, the proprietor, was a Frenchman of the Bas Pyrenees; and his accent was as thick as his peasant soups. The patrons were Frenchmen of the poorer class, or young and poor clerks and journalists who had discovered the delights of his roastery. The place exuded a genial gaiety, of which Louis, throwing out familiar jokes to right and left as he mixed salads and carried dishes, was the head and front.

First on the bill of fare was the soup mentioned before—thick and clean and good. Next, one of Louis' three cherubic little sons brought on a course of fish—sole, rock cod, flounders or smelt—with a good French sauce. The third course was meat. This came on en bloc; the waiter dropped in the center of each table a hot roast or boiled joint together with mustard pot and two big dishes of vegetables. Each guest manned the carving knife in turn and helped himself to his satisfaction. After that, Louis, with an air of ceremony, brought on a big bowl of excellent salad which he had mixed himself. For beverage, there stood by each plate a perfectly cylindrical pint glass filled with new watered claret. The meal closed with "fruit in season"—all that the guest cared to eat. I have lived a startling fact to close the paragraph—the price was fifteen cents!

If one wanted black coffee he paid five cents extra, and Louis brought on a beer glass full of it. Why he threw wine and charged extra for afternoon coffee was one of Louis' professional secrets.

Adulterated food at that price? Not a bit of it! The olive oil in the salad is pure, California product—why adulterate when he could get it so cheaply? The wine, too, was above reproach, for Louis made it himself. Every autumn he bought tons and tons of cheap Mission grapes, set up a press in his backyard, and had a little, festival vintage of his own. The fruit was small and inferior, but fresh, and Louis himself, in speaking of his business, said that he wished his guests would eat nothing but fruit, it came so cheap.

Hospitality and Club Life.

Hospitality was nearly a vice. As

in the early mining days, if they liked the stranger the people took him in. At the first meeting the San Francisco man had him put up at the club; at the second, he invited him home to dinner. As long as the stranger stayed he was being invited to week end parties at ranches, to little dinners in this or that restaurant and to the houses of his new acquaintances, until his engagements grew beyond hope of fulfillment. Perhaps there was rather too much of this kind of thing. At the end of a fortnight a visitor with a pleasant smile and a good story left the place a wreck. This tendency ran through all grades of society—except, perhaps, the sporting people who kept the tracks and the fighting game alive. These also met the stranger—and also took him in.

Centres of man hospitality were the clubs, especially the famous Bohemian and the Family. The latter was an offshoot of the Bohemian; and it had been growing fast and vying with the older organization for the honor of entertaining pleasing and distinguished visitors.

The Bohemian Club, whose real founder is said to have been the late Henry George, was formed in the '70s by newspaper writers and men working in the arts or interested in them. It had grown to a membership of 750. It still kept for its nucleus painters, writers, musicians and actors, amateur and professional. They were a gay group of men, and hospitality was their avocation. Yet the thing which set this club off from all others in the world was the midsummer High Jinks.

The club owns a fine tract of redwood forest fifty miles north of San Francisco on the Russian River. There are two varieties of big trees in California: the Sequoia gigantea and the Sequoia sempervirens. The great trees of the Mariposa grove belong to the gigantea species. The sempervirens, however, reaches the diameter of 16 feet, and some of the greatest trees of this species are in the Bohemian Club grove. It lies in a cleft of the mountains: and up one hillside there runs a natural out of doors stage of remarkable acoustic properties.

In August the whole Bohemian Club,

or such as could get away from business, went up to this grove and camped out for two weeks. On the last night they put on the Jinks proper, a great spectacle in praise of the forest with poetic words, music and effects done by the club. In late years this has been practically a masque or an opera. It cost about \$10,000. It took the spare time of scores of men for weeks; yet these 750 business men, professional men, artists, newspaper workers, struggled for the honor of helping out on the Jinks; and the whole thing was done naturally and with reverence. It would not be possible anywhere else in this country; the thing which made it possible was the art spirit which is in the Californian. It runs in the blood.

The bonny, merry city—the good, gray city—O that one who has mingled the wine of her bounding life with the wine of his youth should live to write the obituary of Old San Francisco!

There are many ponderous tomes about San Francisco in the libraries of San Francisco, or rather there were, but there are few that will be remembered as long as the little book written by Will Irwin on "The City That Was." Let us hope that the preterit definite tense may be more indefinite than it was in the case of Ilium.

Published by B. W. Huebsch, New York; price, 50 cents.

LATE VERSE.

My Lioness.

One night we were together, you and I,
And had unsown Assyria for a lair
Before the walls of Babylon rose in air.

Low, languid hills were heaped against the sky,
And white bones marked the walls of alkali,
When suddenly down the lion-path a sound,

The wild man-odor—then a crouch,
a bound,
And the frail thing fell quivering with a cry.

Your yellow eyes burned beautiful with light;
The dead man lay there open-eyed and white;

I roared one triumph over the desert wide,
Then stretched out, glad of the sands and satisfied;
And through the long, star-stilled Assyrian night,
I felt your body breathing by my side.

—Edwin Markham in August Cosmopolitan.

The Children.

Mother of many children I—sprung of my heart and my brain—
And some have been born in gladness and some have been born in pain.
But one has gone singing from out my door,
Never to come again.

Content and Ease and Comfort—they abide with me day by day;
They smooth my couch and place my chair as dutiful children may,
And Success and Power, my strong-limbed sons,
Stand ever to clear my way.

And these be the prudent children, the careful children and wise,
There was one, and only one, with a reckless dream in his eyes.
He who was one with the wind of the dawn,
And kin to the wood and the skies.

Faithful and fond are my children, and they tend me well, in sooth;
Success and Content and Power, good proof is mine of their truth,
But the name of him that I lost was Joy,
Yes, my first-born Joy of Youth.

'Well do my children guard me, jealous of this their right;
Carefully, soberly, ever by daylight and candlelight,
But, oh, for my prodigal Joy of Youth,
Somewhere out in the night.
—Theodosia Garrison in June Smart Set.



See that Lea & Perrins' signature is on wrapper and label.

Beware of inferior sauces put up in bottles similar to the above.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

is invaluable to the fastidious cook. It adds zest to her Gravies and spice to her Salads, and improves the flavor of Fish, Game and Soups.

Its rare rich flavor makes it the most useful of all sauces.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce is in every well-equipped kitchen

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York

VANITY FAIR.

Cupid has been working overtime in San Francisco since the fire. Never has he reaped such a harvest as has come to his bow in the last three months. One of the surprising things following the earthquake was the unusual extraordinary increase in marriages. In fact, weddings by the score occurred hurriedly during the dread days while the fire was sweeping over the city. They were accounted for by the fact that many young women, contemplating matrimony, found themselves without protectors on account of the earthquake and fire. Their chivalrous swains called in the minister at once.

It was thought these marriages would cease as soon as affairs settled down to the normal. But the weddings increased. Young, middle-aged, and sometimes even juvenile couples, besieged the clerk, who issued marriage licenses for permits to wed until that official became the most overworked man in San Francisco.

In June, 1905, he thought he had made a record for San Francisco by issuing 398 licenses. But this year during the same month he wrote out 574, an increase of about 50 per cent. The fact, too, must be remembered that San Francisco's population is at least 35 per cent less than it was in June of last year.

July, too, shows an encouraging record, one that would greatly please President Roosevelt. For the first twenty days of the month there were issued 266 licenses, as against 172 during the same period of time last year.

Cupid is not confining his mischievous operations to San Francisco alone. He is working hard across the bay, and in Oakland has achieved even greater results than he has in this city. There during June he so enmeshed in the tangles of love 405 young couples that there was nothing for it but to go and get married. Last year he could induce only 175 pairs of boys and girls to embark on the dangerous sea of matrimony during June.

During July, also, the Oakland record for marriages kept up. For the first twenty days there were issued 236 licenses, as against 147 for a corresponding time last year.

Henry James, when he was last in this country, talked very frankly with his friend, Julian Hawthorne. Mr. James does not like the modernity of America, its confusion, its bigness. "I'm not accustomed to the extensive scale of things here," he said, "especially the extensive scale of the disagreeable things!" He spoke of the telephone with humorous disgust:

"These telephones—they pursue one everywhere. At the slightest pretext, one flies to the telephone, or no pretext—for the mere purpose of chatter! The English system of postal telegraphs, with its silent and sufficient promptness, is much preferable. But this morning, for instance, when I had just got out of bed, and was in the midst of my toilet, the bell of my telephone rang in my room—in my bedroom! It is regarded as a convenience, a luxury, and one is charged extra for it! It was a communication from a lady, who, at that hour, wished to tell me how she admired my books!"

Mr. James, one suspects, has little sympathy with the President:

"He seems to be a very good creature! He was very kind to me, invited me to tea, and so on. But I wasn't attracted to him. I had had some prejudice against him since the Cuban War—which I hated—in which he took such a prominent part. And his books—those dreadful books! And the way he has of talking to the people, his preachings to them, those platitudes, they seem so queer in a man in his position."

The very curious life which is led in Vanity Fair, the remarkable ideas prevailing there concerning law, the strange recoveries from mortal diseases among Vanity Fair's heroines, and the dreadful mortality among its villains as set forth by Vanity Fair's novelists, are thus summed up by Punch:

There is a murdered Baron in every country-house library.

A colonel (British) is a melancholy man with a Past; but when he smiles

his rare smile the young widow may begin to hope.

A colonel (foreign) is a worthless adventurer.

A solicitor is a fatherly, white-haired man, who makes a decent income by sorting out changelings. He subsists chiefly on hasty cold collations, served in the libraries of noble clients.

To qualify for hospital work in the slums a newly married lady of title needs only (a) believe on rather shadowy evidence that her husband loves another, (b) attire herself in simple mourning, and (c) pack a few necessities in a small black bag. N. B.: Some authorities have it that she should in addition leave her rings on her dressing table, with the exception of a plain gold band hung by a string from her neck; but this qualification is probably optional.

Brain fever (a complaint unknown to your doctor or mine, but the usual accompaniment of domestic trouble in the mansions of the great) will invariably baffle the skill of an ordinary practitioner; but a medical baronet, arriving by special train, can cure it by coughing dryly and endorsing the treatment prescribed by the local talent.

A villain, if of good family, will eventually die a hero's death in Africa (or wherever copper-colored people happen to be giving trouble at the time of his tardy repentance).

A peer (newly married) is an unfortunate but faultlessly dressed individual who spends six months in the year hunting for his wife with the aid of incompetent detectives.

The proletariat consists solely of French maids and policemen.

To have the marriage ceremony performed in France declarations and innumerable documents have to be drawn up and signed. Even an elderly fiancé of sixty has to gain the consent of the head of his family before he is able to appear at the Mairie of his neighborhood with his bride.

Here is a list of the documents which the two young people must produce before they marry. The young man:

1. His birth certificate.
2. The consent of his father.
3. The consent of his mother.
4. His military certificate.
5. A certificate of the banns, with the name of the place of publication.
6. The names of the places where his and her parents live.

The girl must bring (supposing she is an orphan):

1. Her birth certificate.
2. A death certificate of her father.
3. A death certificate of her mother.
4. A certificate of residence in Paris.
5. The consent of her grandmother.

Is it any wonder that a wholesale cause of immorality in France is a growing tendency of men and women to live together without the formality of the wedding ceremony, rather than go to the enormous trouble of collecting all the various documents which are now necessary to satisfy officialdom?

The Outlook's "Spectator," who is certainly not an unkindly critic, has been relieving his mind about new York's bad manners. He tells of a lady who returned to New York after a number of years' absence:

She had known New York well in the sixties and seventies, and believed it was about the best place in the world in which to be comfortable. But in the nineties she found the place very much changed, of course. Two or three days after her arrival she went out shopping, using the streetcars to go from place to place. After a few hours she returned to the friends she was visiting, very much flustered and filled with

hot indignation. "Well," she said, "I have been insulted and treated with rudeness all the morning. I have had enough of New York. It is no home for me. I have been mauled and hauled about by crowds, and every conductor yelled at me, 'Step lively, step lively, lady,' and some even caught hold of me and jerked me on the car and then pushed me into the struggling crowd of passengers inside. 'Step lively,' indeed! 'Good old New York' is what we used to say in what we called the 'God-forsaken West,' but if this is what New York has come to I shall go to the West, where there is consideration, or to Washington, where there is courtesy." She cut her visit short in the great city and never returned.

The "Spectator" then comments on her attitude:

The lady's complaint was not entirely unreasonable. This everlasting "Step lively" does not expedite matters in the slightest degree. It flusters the timid and uncertain and angers those who desire to be courteously treated. There is no doubt in the world that New York has the reputation, deservedly or not, of being a fearfully rude place. Politeness is lower perhaps than in very many other places, notably in the West and South. The Spectator knows full well that when he stays abroad or in the country for a long time and gets back to New York he finds the shoving and hustling are intolerable.

The latest discovery in Germany is—camping! R. Julien writes about it in the Berlin Tageblatt as "die neueste Sommer-Romantik."

"Like so many new things," he says, "the camping summer amusement comes to us from the Far West by way of France. American youths it was, pupils, students, who first introduced it." The Americans, he goes on to inform his countrymen, convinced that the comforts of life in cities tend toward effeminacy, make a regular sport of camping. Not only during the summer vacation, but often over Sunday they go—alone, in couples, in families, in clubs—to forest or shore. Sleeping in the open air steels their nerves, while rod and rifle provide additional recreation. Mr. Julien suspects that "Trapper romantik" and inherited ancestral love of adventure throw light on this American specialty. Possibly, he adds, the paucity of inns has something to do with it. A German never takes a walk or excursion that does not end at a tavern or a beer garden. Supply follows the demand, and inns are so abundant, even in out-of-the-way places, that tenting seems a superfluity, if not an absurdity. For students, who, most of all, might feel inclined to "rough it" under canvas, dozens of special inns have actually been built in the mountainous regions of Germany.

American life insurance originated in England, at a breakfast party. The notable guests were Robert Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, Miss Mitford and Barry Cornwall. The host was John Kenyon, the poet. There was present, also, Eliza Wright, an American who had recently landed in England in the humble guise of a book agent. A discussion on life insurance was begun by Barry Cornwall, who pronounced it "the greatest humbug in Christendom," and Wright came back to America to correct abuses. He succeeded here, after great labor, and became the real founder of American life insurance. There be San Franciscans who would breathe a fervent "amen" to Cornwall's remark if he included fire insurance in his pronouncement.

"A marvelous man, President Roosevelt," said an enthusiastic American to John Morley. "I hardly know how one would describe him." "It is difficult," mused the distinguished statesman. "Perhaps he might be called a cross between St. George and St. Vitus."

We don't sell glasses off-hand. We fit them with a proper regard for the important part they play in your every-day life.

HIRSCH & KAISER

1757 FILLMORE ST.

Opticians

EDUCATIONAL.

MISS HAMLIN'S
Boarding and Day School
For Girls.

Formerly at 1819 Jackson St., is now at 2230 Pacific Ave., near Webster St. School reopens Tuesday, August 7, 1906. Accredited.

Address MISS S. D. HAMLIN
2230 Pacific Avenue. San Francisco

OREGON PORTLAND

ST. HELEN'S HALL

A girl's school of the highest class. Corp of teachers, location, building, equipment—the best.

Send for catalogue.
School opens September 17, 1906.

Mrs. J. E. Tippet
(CLARA BEUTLER)

Teacher of Singing
Coaching
Studio, Pierce Building, Copley Square
Boston, Mass.

Irving Institute
Boarding and Day School for GIRLS

2126 California Street : S. F.

The school is uninjured and opened with encouraging numbers July 9, 1906.
Fully accredited by Universities. Academic Preparatory and Primary Instruction; Music, Art, Languages.

APPLY TO
MRS. E. B. CHURCH, Principal, or
MRS. FAY CHASE KELLOGG, Prin. in Charge

MISS HARKER'S SCHOOL.
Palo Alto, Cal. Home and Day School for Girls. Intermediate and Primary Departments. Certificate admits Stanford, Vassar and Wellesley. Number limited. Reopens August 20th.

OGONTZ SCHOOL for YOUNG LADIES
Twenty minutes from Philadelphia two hours from New York. The late Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For particulars address:
MISS SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal
Ogontz, School P. O., Pa.

MISS RANSOM'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
Will open on Wednesday, August 1st at 434 Prospect Avenue, Oakland. Limited number of boarders received.
MARION RANSOM,
EDITH BRIDGES,
Principals

HOTHER WISMER

VIOLINIST
Studied with Professor Karl Halit and at the Royal High School of Music at Berlin. He resumed teaching at his studio and residence 2945 Fillmore Street, between Green and Union Streets. Saturdays at Stiles Hall Berkeley.

OTTO FLEISSNER

Vocal, Piano, Organ and Harmony
Residence and Studio:
2560 Vallejo St., near Scott St. : S. F.
In Oakland on Tuesdays, care of Sherman, Clay & Co.

HOTEL RAFAEL

SAN RAFAEL, CAL.
50 minutes from San Francisco. Complete change of Climate.
TIBURON OR SAUSALITO FERRIS
All Modern Conveniences.
R. V. HALTON, Prop.

MENNER'S BORAT TALEN TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief for PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all other skin eruptions. Removes all odor of perspiration. Lighter than Shaving. Sold everywhere on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original) Sample!

GERHARD MENNER COMPANY, New York, N. Y.

W. & J. Sloane & Co.

are now showing complete lines of

Carpets, Rugs, Furniture, Upholstery,
Curtains, Window Shades, Etc.

at their new store at the corner of

Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street

STAGE GOSSIP.

Blanche Bates is to reappear in New York, August 6th, in David Belasco's play, "The Girl of the Golden West."

When H. B. Irving comes to America next fall he will have in his repertoire the following: "Mauricetto," "Paolo and Francesca" and "The Sin of David," three new plays. Also three of his father's great successes, "Charles I," "The Bells" and "The Lyons Mail."

Olga Nethersole is to make a tour of the Pacific Coast in the early part of the coming season.

The new Astor Theater at Broadway and Forty-fifth street, New York, will be opened on Thursday, August 30th. The house will be opened by Miss Annie Russell, who will appear for the first time as Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Edna Wallace Hopper is to appear as leading woman with Lew Fields when the new company at his Herald Square Theater, New York, is established. To accept the position Mrs. Hopper has cancelled a forty weeks' audiville tour.

Rosenthal, Gabrilovitch, Lhevinne and Paderewski will come from Europe, and to them will be added the Americans, Joseffy, Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler and Olga Samaro. Because of this competition Gadowsky, Achman, Josef Hofmann and Haroldauer have postponed their next American tours another year. Three great violinists will appear—Kubelik, Saye and Caesar Thompson; and Leacavallo will come with the famous Scala Orchestra from Milan.

Russo, the famous Italian tenor, is singing in Portland, Oregon, at "popular prices."

After a four weeks' engagement in New York, beginning September 7th, David Warfield will make a tour of the United States in "The Music Master."

Ferris Hartman, the comic opera comedian, formerly of the San Francisco Tivoli, now singing at Idora Park, Oakland, is about to retire from the stage to engage in business in San Rafael.

Katherine Grey, has been appearing at the Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, as Mary Quayle in "The Christian," with Franklin Underwood as John Storm.

The stock company at Morosco's Los Angeles Theater is appearing in "Romeo and Juliet."

"When Johnny Comes Marching Home," the military comic opera, has made a great hit at Idora Park, Oakland.

Martin Harvey is to revive "The Corsican Brothers" in London.

Beerbohm Tree is to make an elaborate revival of "Macbeth" in London.

"The Student King," De Koven's new opera, was recently presented at the Studebaker Theater, Chicago. Theaters pronounce it a big success.

Grace George's play for next season has been rechristened "Dolly Dresses." "The Richest Girl in the World" was thought by Mr. Brady to be too much of a financial flavor, as he believes the public is becoming tired of plays about money.

The new Alcazar Theater, class A and fireproof, to be erected by Messrs. Lasco & Mayer on the southwest corner of Sutter and Steiner streets, will cost \$150,000. The seating capacity will be 1,500 without crowding. The exterior is designed in old Spanish style and the interior ornamentation will be Moorish. White Whittlesey will own the playhouse in the latter part of October.

Frank Pixley's new musical play, "The Great Mogul," which the librettist completed in Japan, will be produced next November.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The new queen of Spain has been baptized three times, once as an infant, when she was taken into the Presbyterian church, a second time when she was made a member of the church of England and lastly a few weeks ago when she was baptized as a member of the Roman Catholic church.

Mistral, the famous Provencale poet, is engaged in building his own tomb. A great deal of time and much care are being spent on its construction, for in the poet's own words, "Our tomb is the dwelling in which we abide the longest and it should be as beautiful as possible."

Geronimo, the famous Apache outlaw and chief, has spent the last two years in dictating his autobiography. S. M. Barrett, Superintendent of Schools at Lawton, Oklahoma, has been the medium through which the chief, now seventy-seven years of age, has told the story of his life and that of his people.

Lady Curzon, wife of the former Viceroy of India, is dead. Lady Curzon was Miss Mary Leiter, daughter of the late Levi Z. Leiter, of Chicago. She was married in London in 1895. Daisy Leiter, one of the sisters of Lady Curzon, is married to the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire. Nancy Leiter, another sister, is married to Major C. P. Campbell of the British Army. Lady Curzon was in her own right the possessor of \$3,000,000.

Russell Sage died suddenly July 22 at his country home at Lawrence, L. I. He would have celebrated his ninetieth birthday on August 4. The veteran financier left a fortune exceeding \$100,000,000. He had never contributed to charity, but it is reported that he has willed a large sum for philanthropic purposes. In the 40's and 50's Sage was active in politics, serving two terms in Congress as a Whig. The bulk of his vast fortune was made in loans on negotiable securities and in railroad investments.

With last week's issue of the Nation, Wendell Phillips Garrison lays down its editorship. His own announcement of his retirement is as follows: "The need of a prolonged rest after forty-one years of unrelaxed application in the service of the Nation constrains me, from the present date, to relinquish the editorial direction of this journal. With extreme reluctance, and with far profounder feelings, I take a grateful leave of my readers and of all my cherished and indispensable associates." Mr. Garrison's successor is Hammond Lamont, formerly of the faculty at Harvard and Brown, and for the past six years managing editor of the Evening Post. With him will be associated Paul Elmer More, literary editor of the Evening Post.

Colonel Picquart, the man who above all others is responsible for Dreyfus' vindication, will return to the French army as a brigadier general. Picquart, then a lieutenant colonel, was chief of the secret intelligence bureau of the French army from 1894 to 1897, or at the time Dreyfus was watched, arrested and convicted. He was a firm believer in the guilt of the ex-artillery officer until the late summer of 1897. Then he unexpectedly discovered that the bordereau, on which Dreyfus had been convicted, had in reality been written by Esterhazy. He laid the matter before General Billot, then minister of war, and suddenly was transferred to Tunis. He continued his efforts in Dreyfus' behalf, however, and was arrested for showing army papers tending to establish the latter's innocence to members of the French senate. He was convicted by court martial, sentenced to solitary confinement in a prison and finally publicly degraded and dismissed from the army. With Dreyfus he will now return to military service with advanced rank.

mer of 1897. Then he unexpectedly discovered that the bordereau, on which Dreyfus had been convicted, had in reality been written by Esterhazy. He laid the matter before General Billot, then minister of war, and suddenly was transferred to Tunis. He continued his efforts in Dreyfus' behalf, however, and was arrested for showing army papers tending to establish the latter's innocence to members of the French senate. He was convicted by court martial, sentenced to solitary confinement in a prison and finally publicly degraded and dismissed from the army. With Dreyfus he will now return to military service with advanced rank.

One of the greatest problems that now faces the San Francisco Postoffice authorities is the distribution of the mails to the right place. Before the fire every clerk in the office had the routes on which the large firms were situated well in mind, and as soon as a letter came for one of the well-known houses it went into the proper pigeon-hole with unerring accuracy. Now all that is changed. Those firms that were formerly neighbors are far apart, and the whole system has to be learned anew, which is slow work.

A distinct novelty is promised at the Orpheum this week. The juvenile comedian, Edward Clark, and his "Six Winning Widows," will present a miniature racing musical comedy. The only Billy Van will be on the program. He promises many amusing songs and anecdotes. Carter and Blufford will make their first appearance in this city. They are accomplished singers and carry a wealth of costumes and scenery. The Lucania trio Cuban acrobats, direct from the New York Hippodrome, will present their equilibristic combination act. They are marvels of agility, suppleness and daring. The Basque quartet, French operatic vocalists, will change their selections. The Hickman Brothers, dancing and talking comedians, will vary their specialty and Ida O'Day, the singing comedienne and banjoist, will be heard in new numbers. The Marco Twins and the Orpheum Motion Pictures will complete the program.

ORPHEUM

Week Commencing Sunday Mat. Aug. 5
Matinee Every Day Except Monday.

A Vaudeville Symposium

Edward Clark and the Six Winning Widows; Billy Van; Carter and Blufford; The Lucania Trio; Basque Quartet; Three Hickman Brothers; Ida O'Day; Orpheum Motion Pictures and last week of The Marco Twins.

PRICES:—10c, 25c, 50c. Down town box office at Donlon's Drug Store, Sutter and Fillmore Streets. Phone, West, 6,000.
CHUTES and 200:—Open daily from 10 a. m. till midnight.
Admission, 10c; children 5c.

Boericke & Runyon Co.

Homeopathic Pharmacy

NOW OPEN AT

1554-1556 Van Ness Avenue

Near California Street

Hotel St. Francis

SAN FRANCISCO

America's Model Hotel

St. Francis Annex

200 Outside Rooms

Famous Grill Room in Main Building now running under same skilled chef.

Just the Place to Lunch Everything Ready for You

ALAMO PINTADO INN

Ballard, Cal.

A delightful resting place for automobilists traveling between San Francisco and Santa Barbara—50 miles north of Santa Barbara, 2 miles south of Los Olivos. Daily mail, long-distance telephone, and 72-degree gasoline. F. M. SHAW, Prop.

HOTEL COLLINGWOOD

35th St., bet. 5th Ave and Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district, containing every modern device for comfort of guests. Positively exclusive. Service a la carte.

REOPENING OF

THE WALDORF HAIR STORE

MISS D. HONIG, Prop.

1528-1530 BUSH ST.

Near Van Ness Ave.

Hair Goods Shell Ornaments Toilet Articles

Our complete force of help, so well appreciated by our many patrons, are still with us.

Branch Store

3461 Sacramento St., near Walnut

THE ARGONAUT

Clubbing List for 1906

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

American Magazine and Argonaut	\$4.25
Argosy and Argonaut	4.35
Atlantic Monthly and Argonaut	6.70
Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut	6.20
Century and Argonaut	7.10
Commoner and Argonaut	4.10
Cosmopolitan and Argonaut	4.35
Criterion and Argonaut	4.35
Critic and Argonaut	5.10
Current Literature and Argonaut	5.90
English Illustrated Magazine and Argonaut	4.70
Forum and Argonaut	6.00
Harper's Bazar and Argonaut	4.35
Harper's Magazine and Argonaut	6.70
Harper's Weekly and Argonaut	6.70
International Magazine and Argonaut	4.50
Judge and Argonaut	7.50
Leslie's Weekly and Argonaut	6.70
Life and Argonaut	7.70
Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut	5.25
Littell's Living Age and Argonaut	9.00
Mexican Herald and Argonaut	10.50
Thurston's Magazine and Argonaut	4.35
Nineteenth Century and Argonaut	7.25
North American Review and Argonaut	7.50
Out West and Argonaut	5.25
Overland Monthly and Argonaut	4.50
Pittsburgh Science Quarterly and Argonaut	5.90
Puck and Argonaut	7.50
Review of Reviews and Argonaut	5.75
Serlin's Magazine and Argonaut	6.50
Smart Set and Argonaut	6.00
St. Nicholas and Argonaut	6.00
Sunset and Argonaut	4.25
Theatre Magazine and Argonaut	5.75
Thirteen-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut	4.25
Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) and Argonaut	4.50
Weekly New York Tribune, Weekly New York World, and Argonaut	5.25

LITERARY NOTES.

The Election of Senators.

How do men come to membership in the United States Senate, the dominant branch of Congress? What considerations led the framers of the Constitution to place the election of Senators in the hands of the State Legislatures? What are the causes that have brought about the recent movement for popular election of Senators? George H. Haynes, Ph. D., in "The Election of Senators," answers these questions in a handsome volume of 300 odd pages. Cartoonists, special writers and socialists who sneeringly call the Senate a millionaires' club are reminded that that is exactly what the Convention of 1787, in selecting our present method of electing Senators, hoped it would be. As the author of the original motion put it, legislatures having "more sense of character" than the people at large, would select men distinguished for their rank in life and their weight in property, and forming a body bearing as strong a resemblance to the British House of Lords as possible. Roger Sherman, who seconded the original motion, declared: "The people immediately should have as little to do as may be about the government." This was the spirit of the convention. Professor Haynes gives at length the arguments for and against direct vote. The question is of pressing interest, as thirty-one States have made formal application to Congress for the submission of an amendment to secure popular election of Senators, and an interstate convention to further the same object may be held this year. The State of Oregon has hit upon a plan which, if generally adopted, would obviate the necessity of a constitutional amendment. Briefly, the voters indicate their preference for Senator at the primary election, thus leaving the legislature no choice in the matter.

Published by Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Local Government.

"Local Government in Counties, Towns and Villages," by John A. Fairlie, Ph.D., is to be commended. While the author shows the process of development of local institutions, he is more concerned with present conditions. The variations of administration in the different States compels encyclopedic treatment, but the subjects are given comprehensive consideration. Professor Fairlie believes rural communities have too many elective officers, and that the most important problem in our State government today is that of organizing the mass of minor offices into a definite system.

Published by The Century Company; \$1.25 net.

"The Heart of a Rose."

The author of "The Heart of a Rose," William Marabell, tells us confidently that it is his ambition to have the story staged, therefore its sub-title, "a narrative drama." There are doubtless managers who will attempt the production if Mr. Marabell uses the means he probably employed in publishing the book—pay all the bills. "The Heart of a Rose" is a wishy-washy, milk-and-waterish tale, written in a very proper, young-lady-like manner.

Published by The Klebold Press; \$1.00.

A Poem with a Purpose.

Nathan Haskell Dole in "The Building of the Organ" has attempted that scarcely understandable task—the poem with a purpose. Mr. Dole believes his work to be a prototype; may it remain the first, and last, of its kind. Slavery in Russia was abolished by the stroke of a pen, he ar-

gues, wherefore, then, may not the poet twang the lyre until the nations consent to go no more to war. If they could compel the war-makers to read all their peace-poems, perhaps, after all, it would be an effective means. They would consent to anything to escape the ordeal.

Published by Moffatt, Yard & Co.; \$1.25 net.

"YOU SABE ME."

(By Wallace Irwin.)

Based on a True Story of the San Francisco Fire.

I.

Believe in Chinese exclusion?
Well, maybe I did before
The day of the great confusion
When the quake in its wrath upthrew
The roots of the town, and the Reaper
Mowed us with flame—then I saw
The faith of a race that's deeper
Than any Exclusion law.

Yes, I took in the politicians'
Rhetoric, buncomb air;
Who, from their fat positions,
Mentioned "the white man's share,"
The white man's right to bully
The race with the braided queue—
Kick 'em from boat to alley,
Cheat 'em in bench, in pew.

Bong was the name of our coolie;
Long-fingered, Canton boy—
When at his job with a truly
Pagan sort of joy,
Serving-man, cook and waiter,
Roust-about, general slob—
That's what the Chinese hater
Calls "taking a white man's job."

We lived in the Rincon section,
Alice, the kid and I.
Bong was the home protection,
And held his position high.
Gentle he was with the baby—
Never was cross or grim,
Used to explain "Oh, maybe
I catchem 'll gal like him!"

When I left for the office early
In the era before the Wreck,
After I'd kissed my girlie
And the kid hung close to my neck,
Then I'd chuckle to Bong, "You
Chinker,
Take care of 'em both, d'ye see?"
So the coolie would grin like a tinker
And answer "You sabe me!"

Bong, though his head was level,
His conscience ironed to a gloss,
Rather worshipped the Devil
And sneered at the "Christian joss."
He learned from the heathen sages
A budget of useful lore,
And I found him investing his wages
In a Chinese general store.

Those years that I spent with Alice
On the hills of our merriment!
Every man's house was his palace,
(We're living now in a tent)
By the sweet bay we slumbered,
From the gay height looked down—
Who thought that our days were num-
bered,
And hell was beneath the town?

II.

I was away in Seattle;
The earthquake rumbled through
Like the jar of a mighty battle—
Then the news of the horror grew.
"San Francisco is shaken—
Half of the buildings down—
Dead from the ruins taken—
Fire is sweeping the town!"

How I tore to the station,
Drunk with a man's despair;
Chaos was on creation—
My wife and my child out there!
We squeezed in the trains like cattle
Packed in the slaughter-stall;
And when we pulled out of Seattle
The night was beginning to fall.

Traveling men and sailors,
Millionaires, merchants, sports,
Two-penny clerks and tailors,
Touts from the Coast resorts,
Spoke of their homes like brothers
Bonded in grief—and when
I prayed, "God pity the mothers!"
A gambler whispered, "Amen!"

Oakland! A pall of terror
Blinded the sun on high;
The bay, like a broken mirror,
Glared to the smoking sky.
Tattered and smoke-bereft
Crowds upon crowds poured
through,
Limping, insane, disheveled—
And the glare of the city grew.

III.

Day was short. And the darkness
Out of the smoke-cloids fell.
The ferry spire stood black in the fire
Like a crag at the mouth of hell.
All night long swung the ferries,
Listed and cramped and crammed,
And all night long came the fleeing
throng
Like the hosts of the haunted
damned.

Twenty-four hours at the ferries
I searched the mad throng through.
Haggard and wan I looked upon,
But never a face I knew.
Beggars, burdened with riches,
Muttered and toiled ahead—
I called aloud in the face of the crowd
Who looked with the eyes of the
dead.

Then some one spoke from the clamor
With a voice that I seemed to know,
"They are safe back there on Port-
mouth Square—
I saw them an hour ago.
They were warm under cover.
Close to the Monument,
It wasn't so bad, for the Chinatown
lad
Had stretched up a sheet like a tent.

"He had brought them food from the
ruins,
And seemed to be keeping house.
Squat on his heels he was cocking
their meals—
The Kid was wrapped in his blouse.
Bong's face was black from the burn-
ing,
But his grin it was good to see,
When I called from the throng. Take
care of 'em, Bong!"
And he answered, "You sabe me!"

This was my neighbor's story.
And well you may understand
How I could not speak till the tears
from my cheek
Splashed over his outstretched
hand;
And of all the pure Christian bless-
ings
Which pulpit and church employ,
I hope one sped to the pig-tailed head
Of my heathen coolie-boy!

IV.

One night more at the ferry.
I could see her, heaven be blessed;
Out of the mob she came with a sob
And fainted away on my breast.
Bong sat near with the baby
Fast asleep on his knee,
And he said as he smiled and looked
at the child,
"I fetchum—you sabe me!"
—Metropolitan Magazine.

Scotsmen are celebrating the fourth
centenary of the birth of George Bu-
chanan, scholar, historian, controver-
sialist and the best Latin poet of his
age. Buchanan was tutor to Mary
Queen of Scots and to her son James,
afterward James I of England. One
day he caused himself to be made king
of Scotland, and this was the way of
it: Having observed in James a ten-
dency to too ready acquiescence, he
drew up a paper for the royal pupil
to sign. James did so at once without
having read it. The document hap-
pened to be a transfer of the royal
authority to Buchanan for fifteen days,
and no sooner had the poet got it into
his possession than he began to play
the monarch, even before the king
himself. James thought the man a
lunatic until the instrument was pro-
duced by which he had signed away
his sovereignty. This incident was
used by the worthy preceptor to illus-
trate the day's lesson on the responsi-
bilities of monarchs.

ROBERTSON'S
NEW LOCATION

1539

Van Ness Avenue
Near Pine

"Next to the White House"

Mr. Robertson calls attention to the
above address, which is very centrally
located.

Pears'

"A cake of pre-
vention is worth a
box of cure."

Don't wait until
the mischief's done
before using Pears'
Soap.

There's no pre-
ventive so good as
Pears' Soap.

Established in 1789.

P. Centemeri & Co.

KID GLOVES

New Location

1551 Van Ness Ave.

Bet. Pine and California

San Francisco

SPRINGFIELD

FIRE and MARINE

INSURANCE COMPANY

OF

SPRINGFIELD, MASS

Manager George D. Dornin advise
that the City Department of the
Springfield is now open in the Kol
Building. The General Department will
occupy its old quarters on the Califor-
nia-street side, third floor, as soon as
rooms are restored, and furniture, no
ordered, made ready. Temporary De-
partment headquarters will remain for
the present at 1112 Broadway, Oakland.
The Springfield is among the com-
panies which are adjusting and paying
policy holders' claims in the San Fran-
cisco disaster involving \$1,600,000. The
payment of this sum will leave the
company's capital \$2,000,000, its reser-
ve for reinsurance (or unearned) prem-
iums \$3,132,531.32, as appears by its
1905, intact, and a net surplus of over
\$400,000. The assets of the Springfield
at the close of 1905 were \$7,156,531.75.

**THE LATEST STYLES IN
CHOICE WOOLEN**

H. S. Bridge & Co.

MERCHANT TAILORS,

1176 O'FARRELL STREET

Bicycle and Golf Suits.

**DO YOU
WRITE?**

Instruction by mail in liter-
ary and dramatic composition.
Courses by actual practice.
Revision, criticism, and sale
manuscripts and plays.
Send for circular.

Picton & Bennett

25 W. 42nd Street. New York

**Belvedere, California
HILLSIDE INN**

Tiburon Ferry, 40 minutes from San
Francisco. Boating and bathing. Terms
reasonable. Address

MRS. M. J. WARREN

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A teacher in one of the country schools, says Lippincott's, had a class of young children in mathematics before her. The examples were in addition, and she propounded this question: "Now, children, if I lay four eggs on the desk, and Sam," pointing to a reckless-face boy at the head of the class, "should lay three, how many would there be?"

The bad boy, who was at the foot of the class, had been listening intently, and shouted out, "Go on, Sam, make her up. She can't do it."

Colonel A. A. Pope, says the Sun, builder of automobiles, was in San Francisco during the earthquake period. Driven from his hotel, he sought other quarters, and finding an auto standing in the street asked its lone occupant to drive him to another hotel. "Machine's busted," was the hauffeur's laconic remark. "Oh, I now all about automobiles," said Colonel Pope affably, "let me see—." "You do, hey?" said a gruff voice at his elbow. Colonel Pope turned to regard a burly sergeant of infantry with a squad of leather-faced soldiers at his back. "We need men like you," continued the sergeant, "so you'll have to come with us. Step lively." Colonel Pope stepped and spent the next six days repairing automobiles for the military authorities.

A young German saved a girl from drowning. When he brought her shore her father said: "Noble-minded youth, we owe you a debt of gratitude. A hundred thousand marks or your daughter's hand—choose! Which shall it be?"

The youth, who was no less wise than brave, thought to himself that if he took the daughter he would some day get the money also and accordingly without a moment's hesitation he answered: "I choose your daughter." "A wise choice," said the old father. "I could not have given you the 100,000 marks, for I am only a poor cobbler, but you shall have the girl, and that gladly. Join hands, dear children, and receive my blessing."

A San Francisco writer tells this incident of the fire: "I happened upon one of the victims of the fire sitting at the site of his old home, his hat pulled over his eyes, loafing and looking down over the miles of ghastly ruins where in spots the fire still smoldered. The horror was hardly more than a week old, yet presently this man fetched a deep yawn, stretching his arms abroad. 'Gee whiz!' he exclaimed, 'I wish something would happen. This is getting tedious.'"

A huckster, coming out of a patron's house one day, saw a little boy feeding apples to his horse. Pleased at seeing the animal getting an excellent meal at no cost to himself, the man patted the boy on the head and said:

"That's right; always be good to animals. And where did you buy those pretty apples?"

"I didn't buy them," the boy answered. "I took them out of your wagon."

A Philadelphia pastor was noted for the dryness of his discourse. One Sunday morning the old gentleman preached a sermon so amazingly long and dull that the congregation diminished one by one until only the janitor and himself were left. But the clergyman, apparently unconscious of all this, kept right on until the janitor, seeing no prospect of relief, finally came in also and, handing the keys to

the minister, said: "I'm off. You can lock up the church when you're through."

Once there was a dying man who was too cautious even to make his peace with Providence.

"Do you renounce the devil and all his works?" the minister said to the man.

And the dying man replied in a weak, hesitating voice:

"Please don't ask me that. I'm going to a strange country and I don't want to make myself enemies."

A traveler in Pennsylvania arrived late one night at a small village hotel and asked for a room. He was told that the only vacant one was next to that of a very nervous man whom he must be careful not to disturb. After going to his room the newcomer thoughtlessly let fall one of his shoes; then, recalling the warning he had received, placed the other very carefully on the floor. He had put out the light and retired when there was a knock on his door. Opening it, he faced the nervous occupant of the adjoining room, who demanded excitedly:

"Why in thunder don't you take off that other shoe?"

When the late Senator Wolcott first went to Colorado he and his brother opened a law office at Idaho Springs under the firm name of "Ed. Wolcott & Bro." Later the partnership was dissolved. The future Senator packed his few assets, including the sign that had hung outside of his office, upon a burro and started for Georgetown, a mining town farther up in the hills. Upon his arrival he was greeted by a crowd of miners who critically surveyed him and his outfit. One of them looking first at the sign that hung over the pack, then at Wolcott, and finally at the donkey, ventured:

"Say, stranger, which of you is Ed?"

An absent minded woman one Sunday morning walked into church, took a front seat and joined in the service vigorously. Then the collection basket was passed to her, and, putting a coin into it, she looked about. She cast glances in every direction, her mind cleared, and an expression of amazement overspread her face. She got up. She hurried down the aisle. She overtook the man with the collection basket. "I'm in the wrong church," she whispered, and, taking out the coin she had put in, she hurried forth.

Miss Clara Clemens, Mark Twain's daughter, was talking at Atlantic City about entertaining. "Tact," she said, "is essential to good entertaining. I once dined at a house where the hostess had no tact. Opposite me sat a modest, quiet man. This man suddenly turned as red as a lobster and fell into a fit of confusion on hearing his hostess say to her husband: 'How inattentive you are, Joe. You must look after Mr. Blank better. He's helping himself to everything.'"

William James Connors, the Buffalo newspaper proprietor and freight contractor, has a beautiful home out on the edge of the city. His house is surrounded by many acres of lawn. A year or two ago his gardener planted foliage plants on a slope on the lawn in great letters that spelled "William James Connors." "Dear me," said one of the social leaders of the town as she was driving by, peering through her lorgnette, "the poor man must think he is a railway station."

The late Governor Robinson was examining a witness, and the question arose as to the true definition of a miracle. Endeavoring to get an answer by illustration, Governor Robinson said: "If a man should fall from a

three-story window, striking his head on a brick sidewalk, then get up and walk away, what would that be?"

"That would be an accident," quietly replied the witness.

"Well, if the same man should fall the next day from the same window, striking his head again on the brick sidewalk, and walk away unhurt, what would that be?"

"That would be a coincidence," said the witness.

The lawyer smiled, and then said, with the complacency of one sure of his victory: "And if the third day the same man should fall from the same three-story window on the same brick sidewalk and strike his head, and then rise and walk off, what would you call that?"

"The same man?"

"Yes."

"The same window?"

"Yes."

"And fall on the same sidewalk?"

"Yes."

"I should call it a habit."

The Soane Museum in England contains a cork model of the Colosseum. The late keeper, Mr. Birch, was showing a party of American visitors over the museum, and mentioned that this was "made in cork."

"That is curious," said one of the ladies, "we are just going to visit some friends there."

"I mean, madam," he explained, "that this model was made out of cork."

"That is still more curious," she replied; "our friends live just a little way out of Cork."

Messrs. Henry Kahn & Co., The Ocularium, formerly located under the Chronicle building, have pleasure in informing their patrons and the public in general that they have secured convenient and well-equipped premises at No. 1309 Van Ness avenue (between Bush and Sutter streets). The filling of oculist's prescriptions will be made a specialty in the Ocularium's new premises, where the daintiest and most practical of framed and frameless spectacles and eyeglasses will be fitted by expert opticians. In their new establishment, Messrs. Henry Kahn & Co. will continue to stock all kinds of scientific instruments, together with an extensive variety of photographic cameras, supplies and novelties. As was the case in the old premises, at the Ocularium will be found every desirable requisite for the beginner or advanced amateur in photography, and that necessary characteristic of photographic stocks, freshness, will be emphasized.



50
YEARS' TEST PROVES

**Hunter
Rye**
BEST

CHARLES M. REYNOLDS CO.
San Francisco, Cal.

... GOLF ...
AT DEL MONTE

If you are looking for a pleasant week's vacation, remember the Golf Tournament at Hotel Del Monte, August 20th-23th, inclusive; special round-trip rates from all points in California; elaborate trophies for golf champions. If you don't play golf, there are a thousand ways to enjoy yourself—riding, driving, fishing, tennis and other attractions. Write for programme to George P. Snell, Manager, Del Monte, California.

Shore Line Limited

Drawing-room Parlor Cars
Buffet Smoking Car Dining Car
Large Protected Observation Rotunda

Daily by Daylight

To Coast Line Resorts
From San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Southern Pacific

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Kathleen Bull, daughter of the late Mr. Alpheus Bull, to Mr. Covington Pringle. The wedding will be celebrated in the early fall.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ruth Merrill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill, to Mr. Leonard Hammond. No date has been arranged for the wedding.

The engagement is announced of Miss Gertrude Wheeler, sister of Mr. Charles Stetson Wheeler and Mr. William R. Wheeler, to Mr. Carl Wilhelm Rubenson of Christiana, Norway.

The engagement is announced of Miss Gertrude Gould, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Gould, of Oakland, to Dr. Roderic O'Connor, U. S. A.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Evelyn Clifford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford of this city, to Mr. Sylvanus Farham of Oakland, will take place on September 19th, at Trinity Church.

The marriage of Miss Daisy Van Ness, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Van Ness of this city, to Mr. John Taylor of Boston, took place in London on Tuesday last. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor have started on a trip around the world and will visit San Francisco on their way home.

The wedding of Miss Florence Cole, daughter of Mrs. Edward Pleasant Cole, to Mr. Charles R. McCormick, took place on Saturday afternoon of last week at the home of the bride, 2824 Pierce street. The ceremony was performed at half past four o'clock by the Rev. W. Maxwell Reilly, rector of St. Paul's Church. The bridesmaids were Miss Gertrude Jolliffe and Miss Jane Wilshire. Mr. Sidney Hauptman was the best man. After a honeymoon trip to Portland, Mr. and Mrs. McCormick will live in Berkeley.

The wedding of Miss Hortense Guyot of Paris, to Mr. Beach Soule, of Oakland, took place at the Soule home at Linda Vista, on Sunday afternoon last, the Rev. Alexander Allen being the officiating clergyman. There were no attendants of either bride or groom and only relatives and a half a dozen intimate friends were present. Mr. Soule and his bride have gone to Japan on their wedding journey and on their return will live in Oakland.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon have decided not to return to Paris this year and have taken the Mountford Wilson house on Pacific avenue for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. C. August Spreckels left recently for the East, after a brief visit to California, and sailed almost immediately for Europe. They are now in Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis and their sons are at their country place at Tahoe for the rest of the summer.

Mrs. T. C. Van Ness, who is at present in London, is expected to return to San Francisco within a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll, who have been in Oakland most of the time since the fire, expect to return shortly, having taken a house here for two years.

Mrs. Robert Oxnard, who went abroad in May, is at present sojourning in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tuhhs are at Del Monte, where they will spend the summer.

Miss Alice Griffith has returned from a visit to relatives at Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton and Livingston Baker went to Del Monte en

automobile last week for a stay of several days.

Mr. H. Leslie Tatum will leave shortly to make his future home in Portland, Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Dibblee are spending a month at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. W. F. Fitzhugh Lee and Miss Kate Stuart arrived in San Francisco last week from Washington and are guests at the St. Francis Hotel.

Mr. J. Downey Harvey has returned from an Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. George McNear have been spending a few weeks at the Hotel Rafael.

Miss Virginia Jolliffe and Miss Gertrude Jolliffe have returned to their ranch in Sonoma county after a stay of several days in town.

Mrs. David Starr Jordan is at Carmel-by-the-Sea for a stay of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Wayman are spending the summer in Ross Valley.

Mr. E. W. Hopkins brought back a party from Del Monte to Menlo last Sunday in his automobile. Among his guests were Mr. and Mrs. McNear and Miss Zeile.

Miss Elizabeth Mills is the guest of friends in Portland, Oregon.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel Del Monte are Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Deming, Mr. and Mrs. Edw. F. Schneider, Mr. and Mrs. A. Reinhart, Mr. Max Loeh, Mr. W. F. Porter, Mr. E. W. Runyon, Mr. C. E. Morgan, Mrs. M. A. Swan, Mr. H. C. Breeden, Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mr. Livingston L. Baker, Mr. Jas. T. Casey, Mr. Robert Porter, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Brigham, Mr. H. G. Hinckley, Miss Rickard, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Butler, Rear Admiral and Mrs. Brownson, Miss Brownson.

Among the recent guests at Byron Hot Springs are the following: Mr. and Mrs. Varney Gaskel, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Stern, Col. A. Andrews, Judge and Mrs. Hyland, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Harris, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Holton, Mr. Frank M. Wilson and Capt. A. Nicholson.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Bryant Grimwood (formerly Miss Frances Allen) has been brightened recently by the advent of a son.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy of Los Angeles, has been brightened by the advent of a son.

News has reached here from St. Louis of the birth of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Thunder (formerly Miss Gertrude Buckley).

SHOPPING IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Although San Francisco has the appearance of a mining camp, San Franciscans are not demanding calancty goods from the merchants, but are huying the best. It took the local merchants hut a few days to feel the pulse of the disorganized community. Their first surprise was to find the people waiting at their doors before they could open them for business. The next surprise in trade when men and women objected to low-grade stuff. Clothiers, like all others in trade, have a cheerful story to tell. An astonishing number of high-grade ready-made suits for men are being sold. Not all the tailors have re-established in business as yet, and the men who formerly were entirely in the hands of them are now customers for smart ready-made clothing, to the enthusiastic delight of the men who have it for sale. This is the time for those who decry the high and higher heels that a majority of women have been wearing to sleep well o' nights. The shoemen say that there never was such a demand for common-sense footwear. A pilgrimage of a mile or two, or several of them, on wiggling two or three inch heels is not a pretty spectacle. The very pain that is the penalty of this

foolishness sends the vainest woman to the nearest shoe shop. Quite naturally, those who have shoes to sell are as sure of patronage as those who hake bread, and are in consequence reaping an unusual harvest. To a man the shoe dealers say their coming orders will include plenty of high-priced stock, because there is the demand for it. Milliners are coming into their own. Re-establishing their business has been a little slow, as every one of the best known dealers in this line was hurned out, wholesale and retail, and hundreds of the smaller ones as well, so that the problem getting fresh stock was not so easily solved. The demand for hats was perhaps not so insistent as for other commodities.

OLD FAVORITES.

Opportunity.

Master of human destinies am I!

Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.

Cities and fields I walk: I penetrate Deserts and fields remote, and, passing hy

Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late,

I knock unhidden once at every gate! If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before

I turn away. It is the hour of fate, And they who follow me reach every state

Mortals desire, and conquer every foe Save death; hut those who doubt or hesitate,

Condemned to failure, penury and woe, Seek me in vain and uselessly implore—

I answer not, and I return no more.

—John J. Ingalls.

Days,

Daughters of Time, the hypocrite Days,

Muffled and dumb like harefoot der-vishes,

And marching single in an endless file, Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.

To each they offer gifts after his will, Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.

I, in my peached garden, watched the pomp,

Forgot my morning wishes, hastily Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day

Turned and departed silent. I, too late, Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

—R. W. Emerson.

SHREVE & Company

have on 'sale their usual complete stock of DIAMOND and GOLD JEWELRY, WATCHES, SILVERWARE, GLASSWARE, STATIONERY, ETC., at

Post Street and Grant Ave., and at 2429 Jackson St. SAN FRANCISCO

Prompt and careful attention given to correspondence . . .

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO

Stoves, Ranges, Refrigerators
Housefurnishing Goods
Hotel Kitchen Outfits

Turk and Polk Streets San Francisco

Phone Emergency 427

The Ocularium
OPTICIANS
Photo Supplies
Scientific Instruments
1309
Van Ness Avenue
Bet. Bush & Sutter Sts.
HENRY KAHN & CO.

TO LET.

For one year from November 1st, 1906, "The Breakers," on Channel Drive, fronting Pacific ocean, near Country Club, Montecito, grounds about three acres, beautifully laid out; with houses and carriages (will also let garage with Packard Touring car if desired), hutler, cook, coachman, and laundryman wish to remain with tenants; for terms and particulars apply to L. G. Dreyfus, Santa Barbara, Cal.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Company

of Hartford
ESTABLISHED 1850.
Cash Capital \$1,000,000.00
Cash Assets 5,340,130.94
Surplus to Policy-Holders... 2,414,921.11
COLIN M. BOYD,
Agent for San Francisco,
2310 California St., San Francisco
625 Thirteenth St., Oakland.
BENJAMIN J. SMITH,
Manager Pacific Department

Thos. Cook & Son

NOW LOCATED
410 Fourteenth Street
OAKLAND.

For YOUR

BREAKFAST

GERMEA

AT ALL GROCERS

The Johnson-Locke Mercantile Co
AGENTS

714 Broadway, Oakland

Bonestell, Richardson and Company

Has Plenty of Every Kind of

PAPER

For Immediate Delivery.

Write for Samples and Price.

California's Leading Paper House

Phone Temporary 1273

473 to 475 SIXTH STREET
San Francisco

PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

General James Buchanan, U. S. A., who has been in command of the department of Visayas, Philippine Islands, and who was retired on May 31st, came in last Saturday on the Transport Logan, and left in a few days for Washington, D. C.

General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., returned on the liner Manchuria, on Thursday, from the Orient, where he went in February, 1905, as an observer of the Russo-Japanese war. Since the close of the war, General MacArthur accompanied by Mrs. MacArthur and their son, Lieutenant Douglas MacArthur, U. S. A., aide-camp, has been traveling in India and China. General MacArthur will re-assume command of the Pacific Division and General Greely, U. S. A., temporarily in command, since the retirement of General Samuel Sumner, U. S. A., will be on leave at once, taking up his leave which was interrupted by his return here at the time of the fire. At the expiration of his leave, General Greely will go to St. Louis to assume command of the Northern Division, vice General Henry C. Corbin, U. S. A., who retires on September 9th of this year.

General A. D. Greely, U. S. A., Mrs. Greely and Captain Frank L. Vinn, U. S. A., acting aide-de-camp, returned on Monday last from a ten days' trip to the north, General Greely having made a tour of inspection of the Department of the Columbia.

Colonel John C. Dent, U. S. A., formerly Lieutenant Colonel of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, arrived on the transport Logan last week, and found on reaching here that his promotion awaited him. He will take the vacancy left as Colonel of the Fourteenth Infantry by General Jocelyn's promotion.

Major Samson L. Faison, U. S. A., whose promotion dates from June 30, as been assigned to the Twenty-fourth Infantry, U. S. A., stationed in the Philippines. Major Faison will remain on duty in the quartermaster general's office until December 31, when he will join the regiment to which he is assigned.

Major John W. Ruckman, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who has recently been promoted to his present rank, has been ordered to the Presidio of San Francisco for duty as one of the fire commissioners. He is now at Fort DuPont, Delaware, and will arrive here in about a fortnight.

Major Philip Wales, Medical Department, U. S. A., who has been surgeon of the post at Fort William McKinley, near Manila, arrived on the transport Logan on Saturday on four months' leave.

Major J. A. Gaston, First Cavalry, U. S. A., Captain John F. Madden, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Captain Julius N. Kilian, Commissary, U. S. A., Lieutenant Henry R. Richmond, First Cavalry, U. S. A., Lieutenant Henry H. Scott, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Lieutenant Hugh S. Johnson, First Cavalry, U. S. A., have been granted six months' leave by the War Department to engage in relief work in San Francisco.

Captain John Conklin, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., came from the Philippines on the transport Logan to prepare for his examination for promotion.

Captain George A. Nugent, U. S. A., quartermaster of the Presidio of San Francisco, has been granted fifteen days leave of absence, to take effect August 10th.

Captain Eugene T. Wilson, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who is so well known here, has been ordered, upon the completion of the course of instruction at

the School of Submarine Defense, Fort Totten, New York, to repair to Washington, D. C., to report to the Chief of Artillery for assignment to temporary duty in his office.

Captain Charles P. George, Sixteenth Infantry, U. S. A., who arrived in charge of the guard prisoners on the transport Logan last week, will remain in this country to spend his leave.

Captain Guy T. Scott, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is transferred from the 85th Co. Coast Artillery, stationed at Fort Casey, Washington, to the 44th Co., Coast Artillery, stationed at Fort Washington, Maryland. He will join his company about October 15th. Captain Scott's wife was formerly Miss Leila Voorhies, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Hunter Voorhies of this city.

Captain Henry O. Bisset, U. S. M. C., who has been at the Mare Island Naval Hospital, is now at Fort Bayard, New Mexico, for further treatment.

Captain Edmund D. Shortlidge, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Camp Overton, Mindanao, P. I., and ordered to proceed to Jolo, P. I.

Lieutenant Edmund L. Zane, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., now in camp near Three Rivers, California, is detailed for duty in connection with the "Progressive Military Map" of the United States.

Lieutenant Rollo F. Anderson, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been detailed for duty in connection with the "Progressive Military map of the United States."

Mrs. L. H. Bash (formerly Miss Bertha Runkle), wife of Captain Bash, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., is at present the guest of her mother, Mrs. L. L. Runkle, at the latter's home in the Catskills. Mrs. Bash will rejoin her husband in the Philippines during the fall and will, en route, visit San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO.
April 18, 1906.

O fateful dawn, destruction in thy train,
O fearful day, when nature drew the key
That set the elemental furies free;
O might of death, come thou not thus again!
A little while ago, and she did reign
The hill-throned Empress of the Western Sea;
Her sceptre now is fallen; misery
Her mantle, and her cruel crown is pain.

Ye strange Titanic forces past control
Shall we bow down in fear, a weakling race?
Well can the earthquake from its hut-tress'd place
A fortress hurl; but not the human soul:
And unto them who staunchly suffer.
Fate
Shall not avail to bar life's Golden Gate.

George S. Hellman.
358 5th avenue, New York City.

Wherever the English language is spoken and babies are born, there Steadman's Soothing Powders are called for.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE
"MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup"
for your children while teething.

Hotel Imperial

951 Eddy St.
One Block from Van Ness Avenue
SAN FRANCISCO

European Plan

ELECTRIC LIGHTS TELEPHONES
ELEVATOR GRILL STEAM HEAT

E. S. DE WOLFE, Proprietor
Electric Cars Direct from Ferry.

NATHAN
DOHRMANN
COMPANY

Will resume Retail Business
during the latter part of
August.

Retail Office Now Established

1520-1550
VAN NESS AVENUE

Bet. California and Pine Sts.

Telephone Emergency 615

Retail orders taken for delivery
of goods as soon as they arrive

The White House

N.W. Cor. Van Ness Ave.
and Pine St.

Special
Great Relief Sale

Commencing Monday, Aug. 6, 1906

One Thousand Ladies' Suits

At \$6.50 Each

200 Tan Covert Box Coats

All Silk Lined

At \$5.00 Each

Absolutely the cost price

NO ALTERATIONS

TELEPHONE EMERGENCY 200

Raphael Weill & Co., Inc.

Hotel del Coronado

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Enjoy California's best climate at the largest all-year seaside resort hotel in the world. All outside rooms. Guests will appreciate the new and important changes. Every modern convenience provided, including long-distance telephone in rooms. Chief of national reputation. Choicest and widest collection of any hotel in the West. Interior court—a rare tropical garden. Fine winter fishing and hunting. Unexcelled golf links and tennis courts. For further information address

MORGAN ROSS, MANAGER,
CORONADO BEACH, CAL.
H. F. NORCROSS, GENERAL AGENT,
334 60, SPRING ST., LOS ANGELES

Helping the Homeless

The Continental

Building and Loan Association
Hac helped build up several interior towns and cities of California, but for the next few years its funds will be used to help restore the burned homes of San Francisco.

Dr. Washington Dodge, President.
Gavin McNab, Attorney.
Wm. Corbin, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr.
Office: Corner Market and Church Sts.

Byron Mauzy Pianos

Ready for business at

1165 O'FARRELL STREET

Pianos Tuned, Repaired, Moved
and Stored

BANKING.

California
Safe Deposit & Trust
Company

Capital Fully Paid.....\$2,000,000
Total Assets\$10,000,000

A General Banking Business Conducted
Savings and Checking Accounts Received.

Interest Paid on Deposits.

MAIN OFFICE

Corner California and
Montgomery Streets

West End Branch: 1531 Devisadero St.,
near Post.

Mission Branch: 927 Valencia Street,
near 21st.

Uptown Branch: 1850 Geary St., west
of Fillmore.

DAVID F. WALKER, Pres.
J. DALZELL BROWN, Mgr.

FRENCH AMERICAN BANK

Union Trust Building (Third Floor).
Ready to accommodate its customers
and do a general banking business. We
will collect on insurance policies for
those wishing our services.

THE FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

occupies offices in the same building.
Officers—Charles Carpy, president;
Arthur Legallet, vice-president; Leon
Bocqueraz, vice-president.
Directors—J. E. Artigues, O. Bozlo, J.
A. Bergerot, E. J. DeSable, J. M. Dupas,
J. S. Godeau, J. J. Mack, Geo. Belaney,
Leon Kaufman.

German Savings & Loan
Society

482 California Street, San Francisco
Guaranteed Capital and Surplus.....
\$ 2,552,710.01
Capital actually paid up in cash.....
1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1906..... 38,476,520.22
F. Tillman Jr., President; Daniel
Meyer, First Vice-President; Emil
Rothe, Second Vice-President; A. H. R.
Schmidt, Cashier; Wm. Herrmann, Asst.
Cashier; Geo. Tourny, Secretary; A. H.
Muller, Asst. Secretary; W. S. Goodfellow,
General Attorney.

Board of Directors:
F. Tillman Jr., Daniel Meyer, Emil
Rothe, Ign. Steinhart, L. N. Walter, N.
Ohlandt, J. W. Van Bergen, E. T. Kruse,
and W. S. Goodfellow.

Security Savings Bank

316 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00
Paid-up Capital 500,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....
250,000.00
Deposits, December 30, 1905.....
4,529,205.04
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.
Banking by mail a specialty.
William Babcock.....President
S. L. Abbot.....Vice-President
Fred W. Ray.....Secretary
Directors—William Babcock, S. L.
Abbot, O. D. Baldwin, Joseph D. Grant,
E. J. McCutchen, L. F. Montague, R. H.
Pease, Warren D. Clark, Jas. L. Flood,
A. Donohoe, John Parrott, Jacob
Stern.

Mutual Savings Bank

710 Market St., Opposite Third

SAN FRANCISCO.

Guarantee Capital\$ 1,000,000
Paid-up Capital 300,000
Surplus 320,000
Deposits, January 1, 1906..... 10,213,801
Interest paid on deposits.
Loans on approved securities.

OFFICERS—President, James D. Phelan; First Vice-President, S. G. Murphy; Second Vice-President, John A. Hooper; Secretary and Cashier, Geo. A. Story; Asst. Sec. and Asst. Cashier, C. B. Hobson; Attorney, Frank J. Sullivan.
Directors—James D. Phelan, John A. Hooper, Frank J. Sullivan, Jas. M. McDonald, S. G. Murphy, James Moffitt, Robt. McElroy, Charles Holbrook, Rudolph Spreckels.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Jones—"Ever been here before, Smith?" Smith—"No; that accounts for my being here now."—Puck.

"They are having an engagement dinner at the Brown's tonight." "Who is engaged?" "A new cook."—Judge.

"They asked the expert a hypocritical question about a column long." "You mean 'hypothetical,' don't you?" "Well, it may have been that, too."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"They say the theosophists out in California worship a dog." "Ob, well, that isn't so surprising; a great many women who aren't theosophists do that."—Detroit Free Press.

Visitor—"Why do you make some of your pies round and some of them square?" Wife—"Because my husband has been complaining of the sameness of his diet lately."—Cleveland Leader.

"Breathless Traveler—"Come, summon all your flagging energies." Station Man—"What for?" B. T.—"I want you to stop that train."—Baltimore American.

Kind Lady—"I hope, my good sir, that you are a Christian." The Hobo—"I reckon mebbly I am, 'coz I never was guilty of workin' on Sunday."—Chicago Daily News.

Nell—"In Turkey a girl never sees her husband until she is married." Belle—"How funny; in this country she never sees him afterward."—Philadelphia Record.

"Your son won a prize for oratory while he was in college, I believe. What is he doing now?" "He got a job in the union depot announcing the departure of the trains."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Daughter—"Papa, dear, Lord Topnotch is getting impatient. Can't you interview him?" The Father—"Not just now, dear, too busy." "Well, then, can't you have the Title Guarantees Company look him up?"—Brooklyn Life.

"You say you have confidence in the wisdom of that statesman?" "Yes." "It's my opinion that he holds dangerous views, but refrains from expressing them." "It is in not expressing them that he shows his wisdom."—Washington Star.

"Yes, that steam yacht over there has lost three owners within the past two years." "Dear, dear, Water is a very treacherous element." "Water! It isn't water that kills 'em—it's the other stuff."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. Newrich of New York—"Did you bathe during your recent visit to Atlantic City?" Mrs. Emerson Saltonstall of Boston—"No, I had intended to do so, but another lady was using the ocean."—Life.

"An actor should put his whole heart into his work, shouldn't he?" "Yes," answered Stormington Barnes; "and even that isn't enough. He must find a man willing to put his whole pocket-book into it."—Washington Star.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed the excited woman who had mislaid her husband. "I'm looking for a small man with one eye." "Well ma'am," replied the polite floorwalker, "if he's a very small man maybe you'd better use both eyes."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"A number of statesmen refuse to depend on the judgment of the common people." "Well," answered Farmer Cornstossel, "after the poor judgment shown by us common people in putting 'em up for office, I don't know as I blame 'em."—Washington Star.

"I wonder if it's literally true, as they say, that the 'darkest hour is just before the dawn.'" "Wouldn't he be surprised. Notice that often when I get home from the club just before dawn, I fall over everything in the house."—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR..

Increasing the Vision.
Little streams of seltzer,
Little lumps of ice,
Colored up with bourbon,
Make a man see twice.
—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

The New Burlesque.
Let's see the new burlesque, my dear;
Oh, won't you come with me?
There are new ditties there to hear
And nudities to see!
—From the Cleveland Leader.

"Everybody Works" in Esperanto.
Cui labores sed patro
Li sidas cirkau vio tago
Kun lia piedoj sur des fijaro-loco.
Fumiant lia argila pipo,
Patrimo emprenas des lavo,
Tiel faras filino Anne.
Cio laboras en mia domo
Sed mia maljuna viro.
—Chicago News.

Questions of the Hour.
We're all aware that Anna Held
Exactly what John Drew,
But what we'd like to know is just
How much coin Kyrie Bellew,
Does Hackett cut the ice he did?
Does Tony Pastor pay?
If you can't answer these perhaps
Our old friend Edna May.
Does Lillian Russell through her lines?
Is Cissy Loftus tall?
Is Sothern cold by nature, and
When Primrose did he fall?
Is Mansfield tract-able? If so,
Can he be called a plot?
Would Goodwin be a bad one if
Gillette him? Maybe not.
—Frank Thompson Seabright in Judge.

Mrs. Corrigan—"A stroke, it it?
Will, thin, begorry, yez kin hilp me wid me washin'." Mr. Corrigan—"Av coorse Oi will, darlint. If the tub breaks down O'll fix it fur yez."—Puck.

The temporary St. Francis Hotel, in Union Square Park, across the street from the hotel is open for business. C. C. Loomis of Los Angeles has the honor of being the first guest to register. When the Palace was first opened in the seventies the late Senator Leland Stanford was its first registered guest, while in the old St. Francis William H. Crocker was the first person to register. The temporary St. Francis has accommodations for 200 guests. The guests will get their meals across the street in the basement of the old hotel.

H. P. Flannery, who had the Richelieu saloon at the gore lot at Market, Geary and Kearny streets before the fire, has leased the property and will erect on the lot a seven-story Class A building. Ten years ago the New York Life Insurance Company offered \$300,000 for the property. Two or three years later the Equitable Life offered \$400,000. The Mutual Savings Bank, a few months later, was willing to give \$450,000. When their offer was rejected they built their bank structure on the adjoining lot.

The San Francisco Savings Union is now installed in the old Parrott building at the corner of California and Montgomery streets. This old stone structure, one of the few landmarks now in San Francisco which dates back to the fifties, escaped with little damage from the earthquake and fire. It housed the Wells-Fargo Company in the picturesque days and was for many years the home of the Pacific Union Club. The stones of which it is built were brought from China.

Next Sunday Go to Byron Hot Springs.—You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

Our Standards

Sperry's Best Family
Drifted Snow
Golden Gate Extra

Sperry Flour Company

Main Office, 133 Spear St.

San Francisco, Cal.



CALIFORNIA LIMITED
TO
CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS
LEAVES DAILY AT 9:30 A. M.
WITH DINERS AND SLEEPERS

7:30 a. m. For Stockton, Merced, direct connection for Yosemite Valley, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield and intermediate points.
8:00 p. m. California Limited, 3 days to Chicago. Leaves every day. Direct connection to Grand Canyon.
9:30 a. m. Valley Limited for Stockton, Merced, direct connection for Yosemite Valley, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield and points on Sierra Railway.

10:55 a. m. For Stockton, Riverbank, Oakdale and points on Sierra Railway.
4:00 p. m. For Stockton, Fresno and intermediate points.
8:00 p. m. Overland Express for Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and Grand Canyon.

NOTE.—Yosemite Vv. R. R. trains leave Merced for Yosemite Valley at 5:30 a. m. and 2 p. m. every day.
TICKET OFFICES.

Ferry Building, San Francisco.
1112 Broadway, and Fortieth and San Pablo avenues, Oakland.
University and West streets, Berkeley.

VACATION 1906

ISSUED BY THE

California Northwestern R'y.

THE PICTURESQUE ROUTE OF CALIFORNIA

AND

North Shore Railroad

THE SCENIC ROUTE

Is Now Ready for Distribution

GIVING FULL INFORMATION
IN REGARD TO

CAMPING SPOTS, THE LOCATION, ACCOMMODATIONS, ATTRACTIONS, ETC., OF MINERAL SPRING RESORTS AND COUNTRY HOMES AND FARMS WHERE SUMMER BOARDERS ARE TAKEN, WITH TERMS OF BOARD, \$7.00 AND UPWARDS PER WEEK.

To be had at Tiburon Ferry, foot of Market street, San Francisco. Inquiry by mail will bring an immediate response.

JAS. AGLER,
General Manager.R. X. RYAN,
Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Mt. Tamalpais Railway

Via Sausalito Ferry—Foot of Market St.

Lv. San Fran	Wkday Sun	Lv. Tamalpais	Sun. Wkday
9:00A	9:15A	9:27A	9:10A
9:50A	9:15A	11:12A	1:00P
10:15A	10:15A	12:20P	2:30P
1:45P	11:15A	1:40P	4:28P
12:45P	12:45P	3:10P	Sat'y
2:15P	2:15P	4:40P	9:30P
4:35P	3:45P	6:40P

Legal Holidays, Sunday Time.

TICKET OFFICE AT SAUSALITO FERRY.



Steamship Lines

AMERICAN LINE

FLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTH-AMPTON.

PhiladelphiaAug. 11
St. PaulAug. 13
New YorkAug. 25
St. LouisSept. 1
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool	
FrieslandAug. 15
WesternlandAug. 25
MerionSept. 1
NoordlandSept. 8

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

MesabaAug. 11
MinneapolisAug. 13
MinnehahaAug. 25
MinnetonkaSept. 1

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM—via BOULOGNE.

Sailings Wednesdays as per sailing list.	
N. AmsterdamAug. 15, 10 a. m.
StatendamAug. 22, 10 a. m.
RyndamAug. 29, 10 a. m.
PotsdamSept. 5, 6 a. m.
NoordamSept. 12, 10 a. m.
N. AmsterdamSept. 19, 6 a. m.

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—DOVER—ANTWERP (LONDON—PARIS).

ZeelandAug. 11
KronlandAug. 13
VaderlandAug. 25
FinlandSept. 1

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.

OceanicAug. 15
TeutonicAug. 22
CedricAug. 24
BalticAug. 29
MajesticSept. 5
CelticSept. 7
BOSTON—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL	

RepublicAug. 16
CymricAug. 23
ArabicAug. 30
RepublicSept. 13

C. D. TAYLOR, Pass. Agt. Pacific Coast, Temporary Office 534 14th st., Oakland.

Oceanic S. S. Co.

SYDNEY, AUCKLAND, SAMOA, HONOLULU—S. S. Sonoma sails 2 p. m. August 2.

TAHITI, SOUTH SEAS—S. S. Mariposa sails 11 a. m., Aug. 6. First-class round trip, \$125.

HONOLULU only—S. S. Alameda sails 11 a. m., Aug. 11, Round trip, first-class, \$125.

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents, Pier 7, foot Pacific st., San Francisco. Phone West 1273. Oakland office, 1168 Broadway. Phone Oakland 8818.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

ORIENTAL S. S. CO. have opened their general offices at 217-221 BRANNAN ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

S. S. HONG KONG MARU.....Aug. 24.

S. S. AMERICA MARU.....Sept. 14.

S. S. NIPPON MARU.....Oct. 12.

Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and Brannan streets, 1 P. M., for Yokohama and Hongkong, calling at Honolulu, Kobe, (Higo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamer for Manila, India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan sts. W. H. AVERY, Assistant General Manager.

JOHN G. ILS & CO.

—MANUFACTURERS—

HIGH-GRADE FRENCH RANGES

Kitchen and Bakery Outfits

624 WASHINGTON STREET

San Francisco, Cal.

The Argonaut.

Vol. LIX. No. 1535.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1906.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the Interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 1711 San Pablo avenue, Oakland, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Jerome A. Hart, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." To insure consideration, manuscripts submitted for publication must be typewritten.

Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal."

Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Dreams Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue, in Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco; by W. J. Abernethy; by Foster & O'Rear; and by the Denison News Company on its boats and trains.

Published at San Francisco, Cal. Temporary Office, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal.

THIRTIETH YEAR.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

JEROME A. HART - - - - - Editor

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL—Cockney Mercy and Crocodile Tears—The Coming Congressional Campaign—Letters from Eastern Insurers—Banking and Militarism—Protective League of Policyholders—Kiplings Latest Poem—Fireman's Fund and Home Insurance Companies—Pardee and the Los Angeles Water Plan—Suits Against German Insurance Companies—The New York Governorship—Earthquake Clause Companies—McKee vs. the National Insurance Company.....	1-6
RUSSELL SAGE—Anecdotes About the Thrifty Millionaire.....	6
FIRE AND EARTHQUAKE PROOF—Some Architect's Suggestions on Rebuilding San Francisco.....	7
POLITICAL PERSONALS.....	7
THE THREE DAYS OF FIRE—A Graphic Description by Charles Keeler.....	8-9
VANITY FAIR.....	10
STAGE GOSSIP.....	11
INDIVIDUALITIES.....	11
LITERARY NOTES.....	12
STORYETTES—Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.....	13
PERSONAL—Engagements and Weddings—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy.....	14-15
ALLEGED HUMORISTS.....	16
TUNEFUL LIAR.....	16

Cockney Mercy and Crocodile Tears.

The non-liability manifesto of the crooked cockney companies last week did not meet with the reception which their managers evidently anticipated. It not only produced no consternation, but seemed to be considered in the light of a bluff. After waiting a decent interval, the cockney companies therefore supplemented their manifesto with another, in which, while liability is not acknowledged, they mercifully of-

fer to be charitable to the poorer ones among their policyholders. In this the crooked cockney companies resemble one of the crooked sauerkraut companies, the Rhine and Moselle. This concern owes several million dollars to its policyholders; it also refuses to pay its debts, but qualifies its refusal by feelingly promising to "make them a present" if they will be good and not bring suit. Up to date the policyholders of the sauerkraut companies have refused with indignation these Teutonic alms.

In Manifesto Two the cockney companies say that they have a number of policyholders whose claims will not exceed five hundred dollars, and add: "As to such claimants, and also in those cases in which fire did not start upon the premises as a result of the earthquake, and in which the property was not destroyed or seriously damaged by the earthquake, the companies have concluded to waive the earthquake clause and to adjust and settle such losses." To account for this remarkable move, the companies apologetically say: "It is their desire to relieve the possible necessities of their small policyholders." They add: "The companies are justified in paying their policyholders what would otherwise be eaten up in attorneys' fees, court costs, and other legal expenses."

It is quite evident that these companies are somewhat alarmed at the reception of their repudiation of liability. They see little prospect for compromise, and that they are going to have a fight on their hands. Such being the case, they have determined to sow dissension and division in the ranks of the policyholders, by alluring those whose property had little or no earthquake damage to hope for a settlement without a suit.

As for those policyholders "whose claims do not exceed five hundred dollars," we would advise them to settle under the terms of this magnanimous offer. They have nothing to lose by it, and everything to gain. As for all others, we advise them not to be affected by this hypocritical pretense of charity, or to be lulled with the false hope that the companies will enlarge the scope of their offer of settlement. They will not do so unless they are forced to. Still, as they are already showing signs of cowardice, it is quite evident that a good hammering will make them back down. We therefore advise the policyholders of the crooked cockney companies not to be dazzled by this very little gold brick, but to go on and perfect their incorporation. When they do so, and when they take steps to publish throughout the world the manner in which these companies have repudiated their liabilities, we think that the repudiating companies will issue another manifesto largely extending the number of policyholders with whom they desire to

compromise on something like an honest basis.

We may add that so long a time now has elapsed since the great calamity of April that the people have got over the love-feast snap. We are all of us now down to cases and some of us to hard-pan. We do not want charity; we want our due. We do not want hot air; we want coin. We do not want sympathy; we want our policies paid. When these crooked cockney corporations and these crooked sauerkraut companies, which have been thriving on our good money, come over here and inform us that they will not pay their honest debts, but that they will give us a little money in charity, they are going rather too far. All we ask of these cockney gentry and these sauerkraut freiherrns is not to pity us, but to pay us.

Give us our money and get out!

The Coming Congressional Campaign.

Even the most enthusiastic Republican organs in the East speak guardedly of the coming Congressional fight. The independent Republican papers speak somewhat apprehensively. The independent Democratic papers, if they may be called so—such as the Springfield Republican and the Nation—draw dark horoscopes for the Republican candidates. They fear that Hearst is going to carry New York; they say the Republican machine in Pennsylvania is smashed; that there is a hopeless split in the Republican ranks in Iowa; that the American Federation of Labor is attempting to defeat some of the most prominent Congressmen, including Speaker Cannon; and that the next House is going to be Democratic.

What is the truth of the matter? We might as well admit candidly that the Congressional fight is going to be much closer than two years ago. New York has 26 Republican and 11 Democratic Congressmen. It is universally admitted in New York that every Democratic Congressional District will again go Democratic. But more than 12 of the 26 Republican seats are doubtful. Pennsylvania has 31 Republican Congressmen and a single Democratic one; the Pennsylvania Democrats claim that they will give him plenty of company in the next Congress. Iowa has 11 members of Congress, all Republican, but the Democrats are claiming that the dissensions over the tariff and the Cummins and anti-Cummins fight will enable them to take away at least half of them. Wisconsin has 10 Republican Congressmen and only 1 Democrat; faction fights there last year came near retiring Babcock, chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee for ten years. This year the Democrats say they will retire him and a number of others. Ohio has 20 Republicans in Con-

gress and 1 Democrat. Last year, however, Ohio elected a Democratic Governor, and the Democrats are claiming something like half of the Congressional delegation.

This year it is not going to be a walk-over for us as it was two years ago. Therefore it will be well for the Republican campaign leaders to take heed. President Roosevelt does not want to have a Democratic House on his hands for the last two years of his term. We may add parenthetically that neither does the Republican party want him to have a Democratic House. They might "get together" on the tariff. But if the Republican leaders desire to insure success, they can easily do so by making positive promises of tariff revision. But if they refuse to revise the tariff the Democrats may do it for them.

Letters from Eastern Insurers.

The Argonaut is continually in receipt of letters from Eastern policyholders who are desirous of being informed concerning the insurance situation in San Francisco. In almost every case they request that their names be treated as "not for publication." We shall, of course, comply with their wishes. We take from this morning's mail a couple of letters which may be considered as typical of all, and print them without the names. The first comes from a mining superintendent in Colorado. He writes:

Dear Sir: May I trouble you to give me some information regarding the _____ Fire Insurance Company of _____? Are they paying the claims of their policyholders promptly in California? or have they joined the defaulting concerns? We have our office buildings and annexes insured in this company, and thus are interested in learning the stand which they may take. Noticing the amount of space and the attention you are giving to the insurance situation there, we have thought that you might be disposed to give us some information concerning this company. Will you do so? If so, you would confer a very great favor upon us. Thanking you in advance for your trouble, I remain

Yours very truly,
_____, Superintendent.

Another letter from a very large concern in Chicago runs as follows:

Dear Sir: I have been carefully reading the Argonaut's articles concerning the stand taken by the unfair insurance companies in San Francisco. I would be very much obliged if you could let me have a list of the companies which are not acting fairly by their policyholders. I am now carrying, on our offices and plant, nearly eight hundred thousand dollars in a number of insurance companies. I have no desire to run the risk of not collecting same in case of fire, as I understand from your articles is the experience of many of my fellow business men in San Francisco. Although you do not know me personally, I have read the Argonaut for many years, and I am convinced that your articles are intended to be of assistance to your readers under these trying conditions. Therefore, if it is not too much trouble for you to

prepare and then forward to me such a list, I greatly wish you will do so. If you do, I will take your assurance as to its correctness and will immediately cut out all such companies from our list at once and cancel the policies. I will tell them why I do so, although I will not quote you in the matter. If this is not too much trouble, you will greatly oblige an old Argonaut reader, if you will forward the list I desire.

Very truly yours,

In these strenuous times there are very few of us who have leisure to spare on other people's business. The merchants and other business men in San Francisco know that full well. Many of them who are overwhelmed with the burden of their own affairs are yet attempting to assist in the work of municipal government, in the work of charitable associations organized for many years back, and in the abnormal charitable work thrust upon us by the great calamity. Some of these men are toiling sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. Many of them are neglecting their own business and neglecting the adjustment of their own insurance losses to attend to matters such as those of which we speak.

The editor of the Argonaut certainly has enough to occupy his attention at present in his immediate surroundings without going far afield. But he has not hesitated, in the case of any application like those above, to reply at once and to furnish all the information that he could give. Where he could obtain official information he secured it. Where he could not obtain official information he has forwarded such as was to be had. There is no lack of such information, for there are many hundreds of policyholders who are by no means reluctant to speak of their experiences with the unfair, crooked, and defaulting companies. It is our observation that the crooked companies have been endeavoring to browbeat and bulldoze their small policyholders first, as they are poor and obscure, postponing and evading settlement of the larger claims of the rich and influential. As a matter of policy some of them have settled squarely with certain large policyholders who might create a scandal and a stench.

We found that forwarding the facts concerning the doings of the insurance companies had a marked effect on the Eastern policyholders who wrote us. In one case, where an Argonaut subscriber asked about a certain company in which he held a policy, we replied in substance as follows: That this company was aligned with the dollar-for-dollar companies; that ostensibly it purported to be paying its losses squarely; that in reality it was indulging in all manner of paltry expedients to intimidate its small policyholders, while at the same time we knew it had settled with one large policyholder to the tune of two hundred thousand dollars without a discount. We added that we had nothing to say against the solvency of the company, but that we had an ineffable contempt for its meanness, and enclosed a newspaper clipping of a suit brought against it where it was attempting to evade a liability to a poor widow, who had lost her husband in the recent great fire, on the technical pretense of a "transfer of interest" in a gift deed from one spouse to the other. By return of mail

there promptly came back this notification from our Eastern correspondent:

Your favor received. At first your opinion concerning the solidity and solvency of the _____ Company impelled us to leave our policy alone. But when we read the item about their conduct toward the widow we were so disgusted that we at once informed their agent here that we desired our policy canceled at once.

We shall continue to furnish all the information in our power to those of our readers and subscribers who reside at distant points. We shall therefore be glad to hear of any cases of crooked dealing which policyholders here may have suffered. We shall treat their letters as we treat those of the Eastern policyholders—as confidential.

Banking and Militarism.

During the troubled days following the great disaster of April 18th there were many complaints of the bad conduct of "soldiers" in San Francisco. There were many charges made of "soldiers" having wantonly shot down civilians. General Greely and General Funston denied that any such charges could be proved against the men in their command.

As to the conduct of the National Guard, there was much recrimination and counter-recrimination at the time. Many charges were made against its members, and in one case a number of National Guardsmen stationed at Oakland were put under arrest at San Francisco for looting in the ruins of Chinatown. Governor Pardee vigorously defended the National Guard, but he was forced to disband Company F, of the Seventh Infantry, N. G. C., for insubordination.

But Company F of the Seventh refuses to be disbanded. They claim that the State still owes them \$46 each for their services, and they refuse to lay aside their battle-scarred uniforms until they receive this sum. When an officer representing the Adjutant General recently visited their armory with the order for their discharge, each man formally presented to him a bill first demanding pay for his services. There is something more commercial than military in this latter procedure. In the old days mutinous legionaries made prisoners of their officers, and held them as hostages till the pay was forthcoming. In these piping times of peace they render a statement of account.

As there will be no money in the State Treasury until July, 1907, for the payment of these militiamen, the bankers in the various cities have loaned the lacking money to the Adjutant General. For example, the San Francisco bankers loaned him \$100,000 to pay off the San Francisco militiamen. Similar action has been taken in Long Beach, San Diego, Fresno, Riverside, San Bernardino, and is about to be taken in Redlands and Pasadena. For some strange reason, however, the bankers of Los Angeles have shown a curious reluctance to loaning to the Adjutant General the \$15,000 necessary to pay off Company F of the Seventh Infantry, N. G. C. Therefore these warriors still stoutly refuse to disband, and are holding the fortress until they get their \$46 per. They are reported in the Los Angeles papers as "looking toward General

Robert Wankowski, who is a banker." We fear that their hope of aid from General Wankowski is only a forlorn hope. The name sounds military; it sounds Polish; it brings recollections of Dombrowski, of Walewski, of sabers and spurs, of frogs and epaulettes, of pelisses and whiskers. But General Wankowski is in a commercial country, and one which is in a condition of ignoble peace and not at war. When it comes to digging up that \$15,000, we think that General Wankowski will lay aside his plumed hat and his sabre, and will look at the matter in a mild and financial fashion over the gilded grill and through the keen spectacles of Banker Wankowski.

Plan of the Policyholders' League.

Several weeks have passed since the organization of the San Francisco Policyholders' League, with but little to report. It is not difficult to understand the silence of this body, however, when the importance of its operations are considered. The magnitude of the policies it represents, some fifty millions of dollars, and the tangle of interests involved, demand deliberate action. Furthermore, the men composing it, and particularly the officers, are overwhelmed with public and private business.

Its directors have finally formulated a plan of action, reporting to the League as a whole its contemplated operations, as follows:

To induce the insurance companies to make prompt adjustment;

To organize incorporations or trusteeships empowered to collect its policyholders' claims in court;

To ascertain whether companies really require time in which to pay in full—if so, to arrange for such payment;

To secure from insolvent companies, by suit or otherwise, the best possible results;

To give public indorsement to all insurance companies that treat San Francisco fairly;

To induce solvent and fair-dealing companies to do business in California, and to endeavor to secure reasonable rates, fair to insurer and insured;

To co-operate with the municipality, the fire department, and the insurance underwriters for the best fire protection;

To suggest insurance legislation, fair both to the insurance company and the policyholder;

To secure the adoption of a uniform form of fire insurance policy that will be clear and fair.

Every holder of a fire-insurance policy in San Francisco is eligible to membership on depositing one per cent of the face value of his policies. If said one per cent shall not be expended, all surplus shall be returned to those who contribute it when the League has terminated its existence. Members may withdraw their policies from the League at any time, the League retaining the one per cent subscribed. The by-laws make the usual provisions for the election of Trustees, Executive Committee, etc. Application for membership must be made within thirty days from the 1st of August.

Since the Argonaut first suggested the advisability of this organization, unlooked-for strength has been added to it. Although the League already represented over fifty millions in insurance policies, within the last fortnight there has joined with it the Clearing House Association, which repre-

sents all the commercial banks in San Francisco. This has been followed by the adhesion of the savings banks, which represent thousands of insurance policies on the property of small landowners who have mortgaged it to the banks. As the commercial banks possess the power of throwing out the policies of all unfair insurance companies when submitted as collateral, and as the savings banks possess the power of refusing to loan on property when it is insured with a company which has been held by this League to be unfair, it may readily be seen what enormous power is held by the Policyholders' League of San Francisco. We earnestly urge every reader of the Argonaut who is unfortunate enough to hold a policy in an insolvent company, a weak company, or a shuffling company, to apply at once for membership in the League.

Kipling's Latest Poem.

When Rudyard Kipling writes a political "poem" nowadays, it is cabled over the Seven Seas. We are not of those who believe that politics can be transmogrified into poems—as well might sermons be set to ballet music, and expressed in pantomime by short-skirted young ladies in pink fleshings. But Mr. Kipling's admirers hang upon his burning words as devoutly when he poetizes about preferential tariffs as when he sings of love and war. Here is his latest wooing of the Tory muse:

The shame of a Majuba Hill
Lies heavy on our line,
But there is shame completer still,
And England makes no sign.
Unchallenged in the market place
Of Freedom's chosen land,
Our rulers pass our rule and race
Into the stranger's hand.

At a great price you loosed the yoke
'Neath which our brethren lay;
(Your dead that perished ere 'twas broke
Are scarcely dust today).
Think you ye freed them at that price?
Wake, or your toil is vain;
Our rulers jugglingly devise
To sell them back again.

Back to the ancient bitterness
Ye ended once for all—
Back to oppression none may guess
Who have not borne its thrall—
Back to the slough of their despond;
Helots anew held fast
By England's "seal upon the bond"
As helots to the last.

What is their sin that they are made
Rebillion's lawful prey?
This is their sin—that, oft betrayed,
They did not oft betray;
That to their hurt they kept their vows;
That for their faith they died;
God help thee, children of our house,
Whom England hath denied.

But we—what God shall turn our doom,
What blessing dare we claim,
Who slay a nation in the womb
To crown a trickster's game?
Who come before amazed mankind
Forsworn in party feud,
And search the forms of law to bind
Our blood to servitude?

Now, even now, before men learn
How near we broke our trust—
Now, even now, ere we return
Dominion to the dust—
Now, ere the gates of Mercy close
Forever 'gainst the line
That sells its sons to serve its foes—
Will England make no sign?

What may this remarkable outburst mean? This is probably the explanation: When the Boers laid down their arms one of the conditions was self-government in South Africa for Briton and Boer. Lord Kitchener acceded to the terms, and they were confirmed by the Conservative government then in power. But the promise was not kept, and the Conservative government also outraged both Britons and Boers in the Transvaal by importing Chinese coolies at the behest of the great min-

ing lords of the Rand. This outraged both Briton and Boer. Yet Balfour, the Conservative premier, excused this coolie degradation of labor, and refused to keep the Conservatives' solemn promise to give the Transvaal self-government.

Now Campbell-Bannerman, the Liberal premier, is about to carry out the pledge the Conservatives broke. A government bill is before Parliament giving the Transvaal self-government and manhood suffrage, as well as prohibiting the importation of coolie labor. The bill is bitterly opposed by Balfour in the Commons, by Milner in the Lords, and by Kipling in the press. Yet it is only what the Conservatives promised to perform at the close of the Boer War. The bill, we are glad to say, is expected to carry by a vote of about 300 to 100.

Does Mr. Kipling really think that such matters lend themselves to treatment as "poems"? It would not be fair or courteous to ask whether his mind is working as clearly as of yore. But he is certainly losing his sense of humor.

Fireman's Fund and Home Insurance Companies.

Insurance Commissioner Wolf has notified the president and directors of the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company and the Home Fire and Marine Insurance Company, both of San Francisco, that they must make good the deficiencies in their assets inside of four weeks, failing which Attorney General Webb will file a complaint in the name of the People of the State of California to have them declared insolvent and to have their business wound up under the supervision of the court. Both the Insurance Commissioner and the Attorney General agree that the provisions of Sections 600 and 601 of the Code, under which these proceedings will be taken, are mandatory. These sections provide that when the Insurance Commissioner learns that an incorporation is insolvent, or that its capital is impaired, or that the liabilities exceed the assets, he must take certain proceedings specified by these sections. Deputy Attorney General Sturtevant states that the court has no power to appoint a receiver for insolvent companies in the first instance. When judgment has been either confessed by or obtained against the companies, the court must allow the Directors to wind up the company's affairs. Only on complaint of a stockholder or creditor, or on a showing being made that the affairs of a corporation are not being administered properly, can the court order a receiver to take charge. The law differs from that concerning banking corporations, where receivers are sometimes appointed in the first instance.

Insurance Commissioner Wolf, on August 2, sent an expert accountant to the offices of the Fireman's Fund and the Home Insurance companies to make formal demand for the inspection of the books. As the books are burned, no inspection can be made. William J. Dutton is president of both the Fireman's Fund and the Home Insurance companies. Bernard Faymonville and J. R. Levison are vice presidents of the Fireman's Fund company, and Lewis Weinmann is secretary. Stephen D. Ives is vice president and Franklin Bangs secretary of the Home Insurance company. The Home company, which was originally organized in 1864, was purchased by the

Fireman's Fund company. The Home company has a capital stock of \$300,000, and its assets, according to its last report, were \$1,822,952. The Fireman's Fund, according to its last report, had a capital stock of \$1,000,000, of which sum \$500,000 is paid in, and assets of some \$6,000,000. It was organized in 1863. After the great fire of last April the Fireman's Fund directors assumed that the Home Insurance company would be able, with assistance, to continue business, and therefore loaned it \$600,000. But as the situation grew worse for both companies, the Fireman's Fund reinsured its risks in force to the amount of \$372,584,750 with a new company styled "The Fireman's Fund Insurance Corporation," which company has the same officers and directors as the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company. It is stated that the loan, the reinsurance, and the new incorporation have all been done in good faith, without evasion, and without intention of fraud.

President Dutton is quoted over his signature in the daily papers as saying: "Commissioner Wolf has advised us that he proposes to serve notice upon us to levy an assessment to make good the capital of the old Fireman's Fund Insurance Company. This is his duty under the law and the course which the Code provides. Section 600 of the Code authorizes the Insurance Commissioner to require assessment of an amount sufficient to restore the entire paid-up capital or one million dollars over and above all liabilities. But we are in liquidation, and not intending to continue business, nor to restore our capital, but only to pay our debts. Until August 18th, when the time for filing claims ends, we cannot tell how much our liabilities are. We have no desire to evade any of our obligations, and are busy now turning assets into cash to make a partial distribution among our claimants during the present month. This will be followed by a call upon our stockholders for the share of each toward making up the deficit. But an assessment upon stockholders for a sum which will be largely paid from the sale of securities already in hand, and further to restore the capital of a retiring company which does not intend to use it, is not reasonable."

The Organized Policyholders' Association, through its attorney, Charles C. Boynton, who represents a number of claimants against the Fireman's and Home Insurance companies, made a formal demand on August 3d for an assessment to be levied on the stock to meet the deficit. President Dutton in reply read to Attorney Boynton a communication from the two companies' attorneys advising that an assessment be not levied. This opinion is said to hold that any assessment levied by the two corporations would be met by insolvency proceedings instigated by a large number of stockholders; that after the assessment was collected and the attendant expenses had been paid, the net proceeds would be insufficient; that another assessment would have to be levied, and so on, with the result, say the companies' attorneys, that the richer stockholders would have to pay the entire liability of the companies, instead of merely their proportionate share. Therefore, according to the daily papers, President Dutton stated that for these reasons the Fireman's Fund will refuse to levy an assessment on its stockholders to meet its liabilities.

Concerning President Dutton's refusal, Attorney Boynton, for the policyholders,

is quoted in an interview as saying: "This move of the Fireman's Fund attorneys will damage both the stockholders and the policyholders. The stockholders must eventually settle with the policyholders. This can be accomplished by individual suits by the policyholders against the corporation and its individual stockholders. This course would be expensive and long continued. On the other hand, the corporation, acting on behalf of its policyholders, could collect the necessary amounts from its stockholders in one simple proceeding by assessment. No one denies the speed and economy of this course, but it is alleged that under it some wealthy stockholder may be compelled to pay more than his share. I do not believe this is possible. The proposed assessment is to pay the debts and not to continue business. The stockholder's liability is definitely established by statute."

In his statement President Dutton is quoted as saying: "The Fireman's Fund Insurance Company in its management has always enjoyed a high reputation for integrity, and we propose to maintain it."

All Californians will hope that the views as to the action of the Fireman's Fund, so handsomely expressed by President Dutton, may be indorsed by the action of its stockholders. It is very disagreeable to lose money. Many thousands of us have learned that within the last few months, even if we did not know it before. But if it is disagreeable to lose money honorably, it is more disagreeable to lose money and lose honor too. Let us hope that such may not be the case with any of our California corporations and their stockholders.

Another local insurance corporation is treading the same fiery path as the Fireman's Fund and the Home companies. This is the California Fire Insurance Company, which has levied its second assessment of \$40 per share to pay its policyholders' claims, which it is meeting in full. The third assessment is on August 8th, and two others it is expected will follow shortly. The par value of the California stock is \$40 a share divided into six thousand shares and the directors expect to call for \$200 per share from the stockholders to pay off the claims, which amount to about \$1,250,000. The California Insurance Company has only been in business since June, 1905. Hence its present ill fortune comes all the harder. When the enormously rich insurance corporations of Great Britain, Germany, Austria, and the Eastern States are dodging, shuffling and welching, we are glad to see this little California company manfully meeting its obligations. We hope that its elder and stronger sisters, the Fireman's Fund and the Home companies, may also induce their shareholders to raise the money to meet their liabilities.

Governor Pardee and the Los Angeles Water Plan.

When Governor Pardee visited Los Angeles last week he was closely questioned by the reporters as to his position on the Los Angeles plan for bringing water from the Owen River country. The Governor requested to be quoted correctly, and the reporters say he said this: "The water question is the future great question for the whole State. Los Angeles, owing to her unprecedentedly rapid development, is confronted with the most serious aspects of the matter a little in advance of other communities, but that is the only difference. San

Francisco, Oakland and other bay and inland cities will presently find their supplies inadequate, and will be compelled to bring in mountain water from long distances and at heavy expense, as Los Angeles is now proposing to do. So I say it is a State question, and not merely one in which Los Angeles is concerned."

The Governor then goes on to praise Los Angeles for her pluck and enterprise in undertaking a public work costing over twenty millions of dollars, and he adds: "The State Legislature ought, and I believe will, enact whatever legislation may be necessary. Nothing will be withheld which will not constitute an invasion of the rights of other communities."

Since last spring the Los Angelenos have been hammering the Governor because he opposed their consolidation scheme. This is an unfair attack, for the people in and around Los Angeles are not themselves unanimously in support of that scheme, and the suburban towns seemed to be opposed to consolidation with Los Angeles. Therefore the Governor and the legislature could scarcely coerce them. The federal government may of course try and bulldoze New Mexico and Arizona into consolidation, but that is different. California is still a commonwealth of self-governing people, and we admire and applaud Governor Pardee for his stand in refusing to force these suburban towns to consolidate with a larger city against their will.

The pith of the Governor's remarks, however, lies in the last sentence, concerning "invasions of the rights of other communities." What he says concerning San Francisco, Oakland, and other bay cities and their future water supplies is also strictly true. There is going to be a great deal of trouble in this State when the coast cities, rapidly increasing in size, find their water supply inadequate. They will attempt to bring it from the foothill and mountain districts, and they will find the dwellers there resisting them. For years San Francisco has been taking her water supply from the counties of San Mateo, Santa Clara, and Alameda. Now these counties need their own water; yet various San Francisco power, water and electric light companies are trying to take more. This question is now pending in the courts, and it is a burning one.

Query—If Los Angeles, a large city, may take away the water from the Owens River District, a sparsely settled farming country, is that all right? Most people would reply, "Yes."

If the Owens River country were a thickly settled farming district, would it then be all right? Most people would hesitate.

If the Owens River District were a thickly settled farming country containing several prosperous towns, would it then be all right? Most people would say, "No."

The counties of San Mateo, Santa Clara, and Alameda are among our most populous, prosperous and oldest-settled counties, and in them are found some of the largest towns and cities of the State. Is it all right for San Francisco corporations to take additional water from them when San Francisco is already taking more than they can spare? What do people say to that?

This is neither a court of equity nor a court of law, and therefore it cannot hand down judicial decisions. But it would like very much to know who owns water, the riparian owner or the fellow in the next

town, the foothill farmer or the electric light and power company, the poor village or the rich city? And it would also like to know where the courts are going to draw the dividing line between sparsely settled and thickly settled districts? And when the courts have drawn the line and have decided that the big coast cities may have all the water they want from the interior, what are the courts going to do when interior cities grow big and there is no more water for them to claim?

All of the above is said without prejudice as to any rights we may have, either in city or country. We only want to know, you know.

Suits Against the German Companies.

The Transatlantic Company of Hamburg has repudiated all liability, and its policyholders are discussing means of getting judgments against the company. At a meeting of the policyholders Attorney W. H. Linforth advised them to begin suits in Germany as soon as possible, and not wait for judgments here. He proposes on behalf of his own clients to bring suit at once in Germany, where the company's assets are, and to attach its property. There are over 3,300 claimants in San Francisco, and he does not think they could be led to act with sufficient promptness as a body. Therefore he intends to act for his own clients at once. About 200 policyholders, with claims amounting to over \$2,000,000, have put down their names in favor of forming an association. Attorney Linforth believes that the German courts will not recognize judgments obtained here, and therefore believes in bringing suit in Germany. He thinks that whenever a suit is begun an attachment can be levied on the property of the company or of the stockholders. The other policyholders present were in favor of an incorporation. It seems there are a number of Chinese policyholders whose claims aggregate some five hundred thousand dollars. They desire to act with the white policyholders, but wish the latter to start the corporation. It is believed that several hundred at least of the policyholders will form an incorporation and then put their claims in such shape as to minimize the number of suits.

We believe that Attorney Linforth's views are sound concerning the non-validity of judgments obtained here. There is no international "law" that we know of. What is so called consists merely of what one nation is willing to do regarding its relations toward another nation. As for the courts, those of one country do not recognize the writs and attachments of those of another country. This may be disputed, but it is true. If any California policyholder desires to get a judgment against a defaulting insurance company and make it a fruitful one, he had better bring suit in the country where the company has its property. We will go further—even in this country, where the courts of the different States are supposed to recognize each other's jurisdiction, we advise any wronged policyholder to bring suit in the State where the crooked company is located, where it has its property, and where the stockholders have theirs. He may not get judgment, or if he gets judgment he may not get satisfaction even there, but he certainly will get none if he brings suit in California and attempts to have his Califor-

nia judgment recognized in foreign countries, or even in other States of his own country.

Who Will Be New York's Governor?

The campaign rumors of New York State seem to show that both the old parties fear the chances of Hearst's election. To such an extent does this feeling go that the Republican and Democratic machines are talking of combining to fight the Independence League ticket, which will be headed by Hearst. The New York Evening Post is probably the most bitter opponent of Mr. Hearst in the newspaper world. Yet its accounts of the campaign show very plainly that he is a factor to be reckoned with. In a news article of July 31st it quoted three editors of "up-State" Republican newspapers in New York, all of whom, when interviewed, said that there is general dissatisfaction in New York State with the Republican machine, and one added: "A great many Republicans will vote for Hearst." Other Republican voters, when interviewed, said that there are thousands of voters in the State who are tired of both machines, and are anxious to smash them.

There seem to be many adherents of Mr. Hearst in the ranks of both the Republican and the Democratic parties. Ex-Senator W. F. Mackey, the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant Governor in 1900, has deserted the regular organization and joined the Hearst ranks. So jubilant are the Hearst henchmen that they are now scornfully refusing a possible deal with the Democrats by which it was proposed that Hearst should head the Democratic State ticket and the Democratic machine get the legislative nominations. Ex-Senator Ford says: "The straight Independence League ticket and no deal with the Democratic machine are what I stand for."

The Evening Post also says that Steuben county will instruct its delegates for Hearst. R. R. Lyons, a prominent lawyer, heads the Hearst movement, and, although the so-called "safe and sane" Democracy are very strong there, the delegates will go to the convention shouting for Hearst. The Republicans in that and the adjacent counties, to use the Post's language, "look on the Hearst movement as dangerous." So much fear is felt, in fact, that the Post's correspondent speaks somewhat hopelessly of the situation. He says: "Jerome might still save the Democratic day, for the situation is not hopeless, it is only becoming so. But Jerome is silent, while Hearst and his agents are busy."

Altogether, taking this journal, Hearst's bitterest enemy, as an authority, his chances in New York State for the governorship would seem to be much better than we out here had supposed.

The Earthquake-Clause Companies.

The more one examines the statements issued by the crooked cockney companies—in which they endeavor to hide behind the earthquake clause—the more crooked and shuffling they appear. In one sentence they say that it can be proved absolutely that the fire was either directly or indirectly caused by the earthquake, hence they are advised by their counsel that they are not liable. In another sentence they say that their legal liability is doubtful. In another statement they announce that they will pay

fire claims where the amount is not over five or six hundred dollars.

Why these three varying statements? If their liability was even doubtful, they would not pay a cockney penny to the holders of five-hundred-dollar claims, which must aggregate many thousands of dollars. If, on the other hand, their policies are void, and they are "not liable," as advised by their counsel, why should they pay five-hundred-dollar or any other claims for which they do not owe? This can scarcely be set down to charity or generosity, for we have all of us lately come to know that these emotions are not attributes of insurance companies. Those of us who never expected such qualities from them would be satisfied if they showed common honesty.

The crooked cockney companies go on to say that they are prepared to "meet claimants personally," but will not meet claimants' counsel to adjust losses. If they are "not liable," there is nothing to adjust. Why, then, do they offer to adjust?

The explanation of these inconsistencies is plain. The crooked cockney companies fear that their attitude will not be sustained by the courts, and they are endeavoring, before litigation begins, to "compromise" with the largest number of their policyholders—that is to say, those who have the smallest claims. But we very much doubt whether they will be able to establish their contention of non-liability. All of the policies we have examined containing the earthquake clause seem to us to have a perfectly clear meaning, to wit, that the companies are liable for damage by fire, but are not liable for damage by earthquake. In some policies the clause, by a great deal of hair-splitting, might possibly be construed to mean that where fire was caused by earthquake, "directly or indirectly," the company was not liable. But all of the clauses are written in such words as to prove plainly that in the minds of the men who drew them there was but one thought, that the companies were not liable for damage from earthquake. No one of these clauses which we have read expresses plainly the other thought which the companies are now trying to force into them, that they are not liable for damage from fire when caused by earthquake. In short, the meaning of these policies is unmistakable when the intent is considered; they mean liability for fire damage, non-liability for earthquake damage.

If the men drawing up these clauses had intended to make it perfectly clear that the companies are not responsible for fire when it is caused by earthquake, that meaning would be quite apparent, as it is easy to convey such a meaning in simple and direct English; but no such meaning is apparent in most of them, and in many the clause is so curiously worded that it actually makes the company responsible for fire when caused by earthquake and not for other earthquake damage. This seems extraordinary, but it is quite true.

If a court of law could take into consideration that the execution of these insurance contracts brought the minds of the insurer and the insured together on this basis—that these earthquake clauses meant liability for fire damage, non-liability for earthquake damage—it would simplify matters, for that such was the case no man can truthfully deny. If these crooked cockney companies intended to make clear their non-liability for fire resulting from earthquake,

they did it very clumsily; yet in all the other negative clauses of policies, their non-liability is made clear.

Further to prove their non-liability, the crooked cockney companies claim that San Francisco was left without water supply on April 18th as a result of the earthquake shock, and hence they are not liable to their policyholders. We fancy that it would be difficult for them to prove either this premise or this deduction. In some parts of San Francisco the Spring Valley water continued to flow freely; in other parts of San Francisco there were artesian wells; in some places there were elaborate systems of private water supply and fire protection. There were in the city nearly threescore cisterns, some of which were filled with water, others dry, and some dismantled and filled up with earth. Yet this old cistern system was still a part of the municipal water protection system. Therefore, the crooked cockney companies allege falsely when they say that there was no water supply, for there was an imperfect one, and they are in error when they say that they are not liable because of its injury by the earthquake. What have the individual policyholders to do with the water supply of San Francisco?—either that of the Spring Valley company or that of any other company, or that of the municipality, or that of private citizens? The policyholder as an individual is not responsible for the city's water supply. The aggregated fire insurance companies, through their board of underwriters, have all to do with it, and the policyholders have nothing to do with it at all. The fire underwriters are supposed to know all about the local system of water supply, although the facts show that they knew nothing. They apparently knew nothing about the old cisterns which had been neglected by the municipal authorities, and they apparently did not know that nearly all of San Francisco's protection from fire depended on a single Spring Valley main running through swampy ground, which was ruptured at the first earthquake shock. If the fire underwriters did not attend to their insurance business any better than this would show, they had better go down into the Valencia-street sewers and clean out the old and ruptured water-main, while the horny-handed gentlemen toiling down there in odoriferous rubber boots take possession of the underwriters' comfortable chairs. The sewer-cleaners might do no better work for the companies than the board of underwriters have done; they certainly could do no worse.

But we ask again, how does all that concern the policyholder? Did not the crooked cockney companies and all the other insurance companies begin writing business in San Francisco with their eyes open? Did they not know the source of the water supply? Had they not, through their underwriters' board, repeatedly gone over the system with the municipal authorities and the Spring Valley Water Company's officials? Did they not sleep and snore and drink and get fat while the municipal authorities allowed the old cisterns to become wrecked and filled up? And if by their laches they thus allowed the city of San Francisco to be destroyed by fire, and if they thus permitted their stockholders to lose scores of millions of dollars, why do they now look to the unfortunate policy-

holders to pay the losses which they by their negligence and their gross stupidity permitted to occur?

A policy is a contract. But is there anything in these insurance policies stipulating that the policyholders shall furnish a water supply to San Francisco? Not a word. And is there anything in these policies stipulating that if the policyholders do not furnish, maintain, and keep in repair a perfect water supply, the insurance companies shall go free? Not a word. Therefore, their claim of non-liability because their policyholders did not perform an act which their contract did not require them to perform, is utterly without any basis in law or equity.

McKee vs. National Fire Co.

Recently the Argonaut commented at some length on a suit reported to have been brought by Miss Jane McKee against the National Fire Insurance Company of Hartford for \$12,000 fire damages, under a policy which that company denied liability for, on the ground that the authorities had destroyed the buildings insured, with back-firing or dynamite. The Examiner of August 6th says this claim has been settled, and adds:

The National Fire Insurance Company of Hartford has paid a claim. It was for \$12,000, and a check for that amount was sent to Miss Jane McKee. Payment was made, however, only after Miss McKee, as administratrix of the estate and representative of the heirs of Mary McKee, had brought suit against the company for the face of the policy. Attorney Percy V. Long, who instituted the action, said yesterday:

"We have just been notified by our client that the claim has been paid. The company sent the check to her. The policy was on a residence and household goods on Van Ness Avenue. It has been the contention of the company that the building was dynamited."

Argonauts for Our Files.

In response to the Argonaut's request for loose and unconnected copies of the Argonaut which we would be glad to have in order to build up complete files, we have received packages of papers from a number of our readers. Among the many who have very kindly sent us papers and to whom we extend our thanks are the following:

Mr. Samuel Hubbard of Oakland, 167 Brattle St., Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. J. L. Schlesinger, 1207 Filbert St., Oakland.

Mrs. George G. Wilcox, 1733 Hinman Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Dr. R. Lorini, Coronado, Cal.

Dr. P. De Vecchi, Villa Margherita, Asti, Italy.

Rev. Bernard M. Kaplan, 2402 Bush St., San Francisco.

Mrs. J. N. Brittain, San Francisco.

Mrs. Sewall Dolliver, 210 Spruce St., San Francisco.

H. G., Fresno.

Mr. C. N. Perkins, San Francisco.

Mr. L. Ransome, Cambridge House, Southsea, England.

M. Auguste Goupil, Papeete, Tahiti.

An Old Reader, Fruitvale, Calif.

Mrs. Nellie Holbrook Blinn, San Francisco.

Mr. C. E. Wilson, 107 Broderick St., San Francisco.

Mr. Sam Mayer, 1324 Monadnock Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

THRIFTY RUSSELL SAGE.

He Dies Leaving Many Millions, Widely Lamented and Much Loved.

Wall Street teems with anecdotes of Russell Sage. His thriftiness became a byword all over the country. Daily for years Sage used to go from his Wall Street office to the Western Union Building on Broadway to partake of the free lunch that was served to the company by its directors. He was a great lover of horses. He had a team of good ones that he loved to drive at a brisk gait and was successful in swapping. He never smoked, and drank little, and there were no holidays in his life. A few years ago a story came from the West that Sage had exacted a mortgage on his brother's property at 6 per cent for a loan of \$50. Sage denied it. He said the money was lent to a nephew. Sage only once got the worst of a bargain. In 1884 the failure of Grant & Ward showed that for once his usual good judgment had failed him. He lost \$6,000,000, but he paid all demands and recovered the sum within a year.

His name is identified with the system of "puts and calls," which he introduced in 1870 and stuck to. In his office on December 4, 1891, when Henry L. Norcross threw a dynamite bomb at him, Sage was cut by pieces of the bomb and by flying glass in forty-seven places, but none of the wounds was serious. Norcross himself was blown to pieces. Norcross was a Boston broker who had gone mad. He demanded \$1,200,000 of Sage, and, failing to get the money, threw the bomb. Among those in the office at that time was William R. Laidlaw. He sued Sage for \$100,000 damages, asserting that Sage had used him as a shield. In the lower courts he won a large verdict, but this was reversed. Sage often carried large sums of cash in his pockets, not for use, but because he liked to have the money where he could actually feel it. Sage's hair was always cut by Charlie, his coachman. In eighty-five years it is estimated that the financier thus saved \$510, which, with interest added and compounded, would amount now to perhaps \$1,500. He always favored paying the manager of any company in which he was a stockholder or director a good salary, enough to keep him honest, his employees used to say, and then he expected the manager to hire lesser clerks at extremely low salaries.

It is said that Dr. Charles P. Munn, who acted as Mr. Sage's medical adviser for many years, never charged the financier any fee. Dr. Munn, as one of the executors of the will, will now receive about \$300,000, it is said. Foxy Munn!

Not long ago Sage cashed a check for four cents, and as he did so it is said that he remarked: "It was just like finding money." The check came in a letter from a theatrical firm calling his attention to their new play then running at the theater and enclosing this check to pay for the time used in reading the letter. Such letters were sent to many wealthy New Yorkers, but it is said that Sage was the only one who cashed the check.

At one time a man went in Sage's office to extend a loan. As the clerk looked over his bundle, which may have contained a half-million dollars' worth of securities, the envelope which held them began to tear at the corner. As he noticed this the clerk said to the debtor: "I think you had better send me around a new envelope, or Mr. Sage will have to call that loan." Think of that! Asking for a new five-cent envelope on a transaction that probably brought in interest at the rate of \$25,000 a year.

Lord Leigh, writing to the London Times, states that a large portion of the lofty tower of the old priory of Maxstoke, in Warwickshire, England, fell on April 18th. Allowing for the difference in time, this would coincide with the first shock of the earthquake in San Francisco.

FIRE AND EARTHQUAKE PROOF.

Some Architect's Suggestions on the Factors of Safety in Rebuilding San Francisco.

The journals devoted to architecture and building are giving much space lately to the problems that confront San Francisco. In a recent periodical, Donn Barber, a well-known New York architect, thus wrote:

"Investigation of the effects of the earthquake upon the buildings of San Francisco is difficult, and the results are unsatisfactory. The testimony of eye witnesses is most unreliable, owing to the state of panic and the need of self-preservation which existed at the time. No cool-headed and scientific observation was possible. We shall, therefore, probably be forced to depend upon the silent testimony of the relics of the disaster; and here again we, as architects and engineers, are hampered and obstructed in our researches by the complications due to the subsequent action of fire and dynamite. Even if the effects of this particular earthquake could be clearly read, it would not be safe to conclude that the action of those in the future will be the same, so different are they in their movements of upheaval, sliding or rotation. It would seem, therefore, that we are forced back upon theory to determine what class of buildings will best withstand the shock and the unequal settlement or upheaval of their foundations.

A few facts, however, seem to stand clear of the mass of uncertainty. The great destruction by fire has once more shown us that the fireproof buildings cannot resist the concentrated heat of a surrounding mass of burning buildings. We have advanced, sufficiently in the science of fireproof construction to make our buildings safe from any fire which may originate within their walls, but we have not yet reached the point where we can construct buildings which will not succumb to the terrific heat of burning buildings on all sides. This has been demonstrated again and again. It is too much to expect that the entire city, or even any one great section of the new San Francisco, will be of fireproof construction, but it is to be hoped that the city will, at least, be divided into many sections by lines of fireproof buildings separating the areas given over to inflammable or slow-burning buildings, each from the others. This would prevent the irresistible sweep of the flames; while the sections in which fires originated might be totally destroyed, the neighboring sections would not be affected.

The great danger to life in an earthquake is from the falling of parts of buildings, and, while it is probably not within the bounds of human effort to prevent all loss of life, it is certainly possible to lessen the loss. It would seem, therefore, that the following very general precautions should be taken in the rebuilding of both the residential and the business sections of the city:

Any system of construction adopted should be sufficiently flexible or elastic to permit the building to adjust itself, within reasonable limits, to an unequal settlement of its foundations and to sliding or vibratory motions of its parts. To this end steel would seem to be the ideal material, for it is possible to construct a building of steel which will withstand almost any strain and adapt itself to all manner of deformation. The steel frame of a building should not be rigid; the columns should be as few and as far apart as possible, so that in the case of unequal settlement the angle of distortion will be less than in shorter spans; and the connections and joints of the columns, beams, etc., should be flexible instead of rigid. All bracing should be curved instead of straight, so as to add to the elasticity of the structure. In other words, the building should be no stiffer than is necessary to withstand the wind pressure. The floor beams should be as close together as possible and should be connected by closely placed tie rods. The floor arches should be reinforced in such a way as to guard against cracking and fall-

ing. Steel should everywhere be fireproofed with cement on wire lath.

Stairs should be built of wrought iron, steel, or very heavily armored concrete, and should be located if practicable, on an outside wall and as near the exit as possible. Projections of masonry over the street, such as cornices, balconies, etc., should be avoided, and if used at all, should be supported on a steel skeleton securely attached to the frame of the building.

Water and gas pipes, both interior and exterior, should be placed in ample ducts and should be furnished with expansion joints, or loops, to avoid rupture. All exterior pipes and conduits should be kept as far from the columns as possible.

Walls should be as thin as the structural condition will allow, should be supported at every story on girders or beams, and in every case should be anchored to the frame work.

Reinforced concrete will probably be very largely used, but should be employed with caution because it is in an evolutionary and experimental stage of development. Large monolithic slabs of whatever material used should be avoided on account of the possible cracking and crumbling under great shock.

In other words, the fire units and the units of construction should both be kept as small as possible.

A strange accident happened on one of the highways leading out of Walla Walla, Wash., recently, that resulted in the destruction of a motor-car. Heavy, coarse straw had been placed on the road for the purpose of keeping down the dust. As the car passed over this the straw became entangled in the rear axle to such an extent that the rear wheels were lifted clear of the ground, making it impossible to move the car forward or backward. The car had been running a long distance without a stop, and the muffler was so hot that the straw, which was closely packed between the floor of the car and the ground, became ignited. As the rear wheels were clear of the ground it was impossible to move the car from its dangerous position.

Referring to the fact that the making of money out of quackery has become a great source of revenue to many periodicals, the *Lancet* remarks that it looks forward to "the time when traffic with the rampant charlatan will be regarded as an infamy—an infamy comparable to the maintenance of a brothel."

Ice is regarded with superstitious reverence in Italy, France and England. Common waiters are not allowed to touch the precious product. Instead, the head waiter hands it out in infinitesimal fragments with a pair of sugar tongs.

Completed plans have been filed in the Building Department of New York for the new Singer Building, with its 41-story tower. The tower will be 625 feet high, the highest commercial building ever known and higher than any church spire in the United States.

The new census statistics of the newspaper business are staggering, even to those who make, or help make, newspapers. In 1900 there were 19,624,757 copies printed daily in the United States, and there are doubtless many more printed today.

If the cold feet of the men ahead of the game in all of the poker seances in Chicago on an average night were to be collected it would give a frigidity equal to that of 91,715,400 pounds of ice.

Significant of France's weariness of top-heavy militarism is the growing demand of Radicals and Socialists that the term of military service be shortened from three to two years.

Three American ladies touring Japan were arrested in Iyo province and released after their cameras were destroyed, because they made photographs of Japanese ladies bathing at a public bathhouse.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Nicholas Longworth may be made chairman of the Ohio Republican State Convention, as the first move toward the nomination of the President's son-in-law for Governor next year.

Mr. William Jennings Bryan is one year four months and twenty-two days younger than President Roosevelt. He was thirty-eight when he first ran for President. He also is in his way strenuous.

Mr. Gompers' attitude toward Speaker Cannon is one of the bitterest opposition. "Joe Cannon," said Mr. Gompers to an audience in New York City last week, "has more devilry in his nature toward organized labor than any other man I know of."

Senator Joseph H. Millard has received an invitation to accompany the Presidential party to Panama next November. Secretary Taft will be one of the party. Senator Millard is chairman of the Senate committee which has investigated the affairs of the Panama Canal.

A very unusual, indeed a unique, distinction was given to William Jennings Bryan when John Burns was showing him over the House of Lords. Three strangers, however eminent, have always been rigorously confined to the gallery set apart for them, but Mr. Bryan was taken within the rail space around the steps of the throne, heretofore sacred by immutable prescription to the eldest sons of peers and members of the Privy Council.

Speaker Cannon is to go to Illinois at once. The new primary system is to be tried in his district and as he has not attended one of his nominating conventions for twenty years, it is his intention to be present on the 19th of August, when he expects a renomination. He will go to Maine in September to lend his aid to the early campaign in that State and especially in the Second District, where Representative Littlefield is being fought by organized labor.

James H. Blount, former Judge Advocate General of the Philippines, has been elected a vice president of the Anti-Imperialist League. "Information from the Islands," says the *Springfield Republican*, "is to the effect that industrial and political conditions are steadily growing worse. The favor which President Roosevelt has shown for the policy of neutralization of the islands is said to have been withdrawn on account of the opposition of Secretary Taft, who is preparing to be in the islands next year, presumably to do what he can for peace. Recent accounts represent the sentiment regarding Taft as having changed so much that he is the most unpopular man in the islands."

Under the easy rule of Vice President Fairbanks the Senate drifted into a somewhat leisurely way of doing business. The dignified body was treated to a shock one day. Senator Frye was in the chair. His rulings are more prompt than are those of the Vice President. At one time a vote on an amendment was put so suddenly that Senators who wanted to speak were left standing open mouthed and nonplussed. "I don't think an amendment should be railroaded through like that, Mr. President," protested Mr. Lodge. "The chair put the vote distinctly," replied Mr. Frye, "and Senators had opportunity to be recognized." "But we are not used to such quick work, Mr. President," said the Bay State Senator in a tone of crushed tragedy, and dropped despairingly into his chair.

The Western Pacific Railway Company, it appears from the text of its new mortgage securing its \$50,000,000 bonds, agrees that it will complete and equip its main line before September 2, 1908, with adequate terminals at Oakland, San Francisco and Salt Lake.

THE THREE DAYS OF FIRE.

A Graphic Description by One Who Viewed It from Many Points.

A brochure just from the press is "San Francisco Through Earthquake and Fire," by Charles Keeler. The writer acted as an assistant and messenger to the Citizens' Relief Committee during the three dreadful days, and hence covered the city in automobiles many times. He sets forth his experiences most graphically. He has divided his account into epochs, and it is the first attempt we have seen to present an orderly narrative of the great conflagration. Later a more extended and comprehensive account will doubtless be made by some writer who will divide the time into hours as well as days, so that we may follow it closely, as we would the account of a great battle.

Mr. Keeler lived in Berkeley, and after describing his experiences on the East shore of San Francisco Bay on the morning of April 18th, he says:

The First Day.

I hurried cityward on one of the early boats. From the deck we could see licking tongues of flame all along the water-front beneath the great folds of smoke-cloud mounting high in heaven. On nearer approach the scene was one of unforgettable terror. Over the whole city rose this cloud pillar, spreading above like a colossal mushroom. Just back of the ferry tower and the stately rigging of the ships the flames were running riot along the shore. The mast on the ferry tower was bent, stone had fallen from its walls, and the great clock pointed silently the hour of fate—quarter past five.

The big ferry bumped into its slip and we hurried through the dark stone building to the foot of Market Street. Up and down the water-front the flimsy rookeries were roaring and crackling. Wellman-Peck's big modern grocery house a block north was enveloped in a perfect whirlwind of flame. The new Terminus Hotel on the north of Market was just igniting, while Smith's Cash Store opposite was burning furiously. In the open street about the Ferry Building were crowds of dazed people, many with bundles of clothes or traveling-bags. They seemed bewildered rather than excited. When, at quarter past eight, another rather sharp earthquake occurred, people rushed screaming from the walls, but in an instant the shock was over, and the crowds lapsed into their state of dazed stupor. Many took the ferry for Oakland, but others believed the east shore was in ruins, and feared to leave the terrors around them for unknown perils beyond.

I hurried north along the docks, hat against face as screen from the scorching heat. Up in the Latin Quarter saloons had already been looted, and people were making ready to leave—bargaining with extortionate expressions, throwing clothes and furniture out of windows, and dragging trunks, children's express wagons, loaded baby buggies, or, in fact, anything on wheels or casters. Others, incredulous that the fire would reach them, sat impassively on their doorsteps.

Doubling on my tracks I turned down Montgomery Street into the heart of the business district. Troops of regulars were swinging down the pavement, passing the surging throng of dumbfounded people. Here and there plate-glass windows had been broken, leaving stores exposed, and in front of all such, paced sentries. A company of infantry was drawn up before the Sub-Treasury Building. There was no confusion or disorder at any point, the immensity of the peril casting a spell of solemn quiet over the crowds.

Looking down the narrow alleyways toward the wholesale district, I saw dead horses and demolished wagons amid piles of brick. A two-story brick building stood divested of its front wall, showing all the secrets of its interior to the curious crowd.

But houses thus injured were rare exceptions. All modern buildings of good construction stood practically intact.

Meeting Weather Forecaster McArdie on the street, he pointed up at Old

Glory fluttering proudly from the signal station atop the Mills Building.

"I put it at half-mast first," he said, "but soon after raised it to cheer people." Then he told how San Francisco was cut off from telegraphic communication with the world, and of how he was trying to reach Washington by Manila cable.

The Mutual Life Insurance Building—a modern structure of terra cotta, on California and Sansome Streets, was blazing fiercely, but no one appeared to heed it. At the corner of Montgomery and Market Streets, the heart of the business district, buildings showed little trace of damage. The Call building, like a peerless white sentinel, watched over the burning city. The lofty new red-brick Chronicle tower was intact, the Palace Hotel seemed undamaged, and the Crocker Building held its gore defiantly. On crossing Market Street I was stopped and turned back by soldiers. Behind the Palace Hotel angry smoke-clouds rolled up, and there was a burst of flame leaping amid the buildings to the rear of San Francisco's world-famed landmark. Far up the street on the southern side another dark column lowered, and down toward the ferries was a continuous wall of fire.

"The city is doomed," was heard on every lip. The ominous boom of dynamiting sounded intermittently. A company of cavalry clattered down Market Street from the direction of the smoke-cloud, driving the crowds off into the side streets.

From the windows of the Call Building, faint wisps of smoke were floating. Then in a flash, high and low, flames burst out of the shattered windows of the stately tower, and a mighty smoke-cloud rolled in one mass high into the heavens. The Examiner Building opposite became a terrific furnace, its floors collapsed, its festive Spanish front crumbled, and only a fragment of its walls marked the spot. Regulars with cases of dynamite on their shoulders ran to the unfinished Monadnock Building, but neither earthquake, blasting nor fire seemed to make much impression on this structure. Its upper floors contained no inflammable matter and the fire might have been stayed at this point had not another conflagration been moving from the rear upon the Grand and Palace Hotels. How the flames invaded that historic landmark—"The Palace," with its great court and hospitable banquet halls! How they raged through its multitude of rooms, licking off its bow windows, bellowing through its corridors and chambers, while the floor crashed on floor!

So the fire traveled from building to building, from block to block, from street to street, smoke-clouds belching from roofs and windows, granite cracking and crumbling, plate glass shattered to fragments, or melted as by a blowpipe, steel plates bending and twisting, impotent to withstand the advancing holocaust. Automobiles rushed madly back and forth with artillery officers carrying loads of dynamite. In vain they blasted building after building, for out of the very ruins sprang the hungry flames to continue the work of devastation.

Many were the deeds of heroism enacted amid that cataclysmic sweep of flame. Surrounded on all sides by the burning city, hemmed in by a roaring sea of fire, a devoted band of employees of the United States Mint, aided by a guard of regular soldiers, fought against the overwhelming odds. For seven hours were they besieged in that fearful oven, choked with smoke, faint with the heat and exertion, yet undismayed. Nearly two hundred million dollars were in their keeping. With a hand-pump forcing water from the basement well through an inch hose, they wet down the roof and upper story, but despite their heroic stand the fire burst through the windows and they were forced to the lower floor, where iron shutters stayed the flame. The whirlwind of destruction swept by, and again they rushed to the top story and the roof where the woodwork was burning. By 4 o'clock in the afternoon the fire was extinguished and the Mint was saved; the soldiers standing guard over its treasure, the building intact, and round about a far-spread ruin.

By similar efforts of small devoted bands of employees, firemen and soldiers, fighting with bucket brigades, wet blankets and small hose pipe, the splendid new Postoffice building was saved (though afterwards badly damaged by dynamiting), and the fire was turned aside from the Appraisers' building, the branch Postoffice on Sansome and Jackson Streets, and the

Montgomery block at the corner of Montgomery and Washington Streets, where a large part of the Sutro Library with its priceless old tomes was stored. These still remain like oases amid the universal devastation—monuments to the unrecorded deeds of heroes.

When it became evident that the city was threatened with destruction, a number of public-spirited citizens, moved as by a common impulse, sought out Mayor Schmitz to offer aid. As the Mayor's office in the City Hall was in ruins, they made their way, one by one, to the badly damaged Hall of Justice at the east of Portsmouth Square, and here they commenced to plan for the relief of the stricken city. Suddenly some one called out:

"It's time to get out of here, gentlemen!"

The air was growing oppressive and stifling. Buildings were being dynamited all about them, and the meeting adjourned to the historic square opposite, where, beside the Robert Louis Stevenson drinking fountain they continued their deliberations. Presently Portsmouth Square became untenable and they moved again, this time going up through Chinatown to the Fairmont Hotel on the summit of Nob Hill. This splendid structure of white stone was nearing completion, but unfinished, and was supposed to be outside the fire zone. After perfecting their organization, electing a secretary and outlining a plan for a "Relief Committee of Fifty," the members scattered to look to the safety of their families.

The sun wheeled down to the sea, a blood-red ball of ill omen. Night came, but in lieu of darkness there was a wild unearthly glare that lit up the streets as on the day of doom. Still the business district north of Market Street and centering at Kearny remained intact, although the opposite side of the great city highway was a dismal wreck. By seven in the evening the insatiable monster began to move up Sutter and Bush Streets. Two hours to the block marked its rate of progress. Meanwhile another conflagration (said to have been started by some housewife a few blocks above the City Hall, who, after the earthquake, lit a fire in her kitchen stove) was moving down-town. By midnight the sentries along the streets were keeping the death watch, for the fire demon was charging from the east and west upon the city's heart, and, ere morning, walls had been calcined and steel frames smelted in this peerless furnace of destruction. The unfinished Chronicle Annex came through the fire little damaged, but the old Chronicle building, the familiar red-brick landmark watching over the crowds that for years have surged around Lotta's Fountain, was but a hollow shell.

Union Square was packed with a motley crowd—guests from the big hotels and denizens of the tenderloin, with trunks and rolls of bedding, all watching the thrilling spectacle as it moved up-town, nearer and nearer, block by block, lighting the midnight darkness with its unearthly awesome glare. The silent rain of ashes increased, and the incandescent air warned the crowd to abandon their trunks and save their lives. The flames worked their will, first to the east, then advancing on the north and south sides. The tall St. Francis Hotel was spared until the early morning watch, when it, too, ignited.

Chinatown was ablaze early in the evening and burned throughout the night, the fire sweeping fiercely through the flimsy oriental city, scattering the inhabitants hither and yon in helpless bands. Out of the narrow alleyways and streets they swarmed like processions of black ants. With bundles swung on poles across their shoulders they retreated, their helpless little women in pantaloons following with the children, all passive and uncomplaining.

In every quarter the night was full of terror. The mighty column of smoke rose thousands of feet in air, crimsoned by the wild sea of flame below it. Scarce a soul ventured to sleep. A procession of weary refugees moved continuously toward Golden Gate Park, the Presidio and the cemeteries. Homeless throngs rallied about the great cross on Lone Mountain, and many a footsore, heartsick mother—with her little ones leaned against overturned tombstones. From the heights the calm starlit night was intensely black in contrast to the vast crater, whence flames leaped in fantastic shreds high above the burning city. There was a ceaseless crash as buildings and homes shuddered and

fell in the fiery maelstrom, and the booming of the dynamiting sounded throughout the night.

The Second Day.

Thursday morning dawned, fair and beautiful, but bringing no hope to the inhabitants of the doomed city. As if dissatisfied with its task, the fire turned back toward the water-front and the Latin Quarter north of Market Street, while another great conflagration was raging amid machine-shops and homes of artisans in the Potrero and Mission districts to the south and west. Here the suffering of the people was most poignant, and hungry crowds of homeless poor, gathered in whatever open plot they could find, watched the destruction of all that made life possible for them.

Nine o'clock found a small party of men in an automobile, seeking a road from the water-front to attend the Citizens' Relief Committee meeting at the Fairmont Hotel on the summit of Nob Hill. The Mark Hopkins Institute of Art was afire, and Lieutenant C. C. McMillan was saving the pictures, driving the people to the work at the point of his revolver when they stopped to question his authority. Artillery officers ran up to ask for more dynamite, as their supply was exhausted, and our automobile was soon speeding away for more. Furniture was being hurried from the doomed Flood, Stanford and Crocker mansions atop the hill, for the insatiable red monster was sparing neither rich nor poor that day.

On entering the Fairmont Hotel we found it already afire, the window-sills having ignited. The Citizens' Relief Committee had adjourned to the North End Police Station on Sacramento Street, and thither we hurried on foot. Here we received an officer's tar and a pass through all lines. About the tall figure of the Mayor, in that cramped police office, a group of men crowded in earnest consultation. A list of leading citizens was made out, and work was assigned to each as chairman of a sub-committee.

Meanwhile the fair city of San Francisco upon its many hills was burning, and the bewilderment of people was complete. As I hurried up the hills men stopped me all along the way to ask how far the fire had come and if I thought their homes in danger. Just then a man with a megaphone came dashing down the street in an automobile, shouting continuously, "Time to leave! Time to leave! The fire is coming—only two blocks away!"

People would say to one another, "Surely it will never burn as far as this," but anon the soldiers were ordering them from their homes, driving them at the point of the bayonet if they resisted.

At three o'clock on Thursday afternoon the only hope left was that the Western Addition, including the north end of the peninsula to the west of Van Ness Avenue, and the Mission district beyond Dolores Street, might be saved, these two wide cross-streets offering the first effective break to the fire. Back-firing was tried on Van Ness Avenue as a last desperate expedient. It was a terrible spectacle when all the fine mansions, costly apartment hotels and churches along this broad street were in a blaze. Bright shreds of flame lept frantically up, steeples blazed and crackled, while the colossal pall of smoke spread above the doomed homes. A deafening boom shattered window panes near and far. A blazing building heaved and collapsed, and the firemen rushed upon the scattered embers with the hose-line, for here a scant supply of water was available.

Automobiles passed up the avenue with finely dressed women loaded with Indian baskets, cut-glass bowls and other household treasures. Two men, intent on saving a piano, rolled it for several blocks on the sidewalk until the casters were all broken and it would not budge. They were not to be thwarted, however, and so they commenced banging it along end over end like a huge packing-box. Coatsless and perspiring, they worked until stopped by a policeman on Van Ness Avenue. "Don't you think that piano is about done up?" asked the bluecoat good-naturedly. They stopped and looked, somewhat foolishly, at the piano. The case was fairly burst asunder, the strings snapped, and the instrument a hopeless wreck. But they had saved it from being burned.

When, in the late afternoon, it was learned that despite the most heroic efforts to stay the fire, it had crossed Van Ness avenue, men shook their

hids dubiously. There seemed no hope for the remaining residence section. But with the courage of despair the fire-fighters made their stand at Franklin Street, a block to the west, and with dynamite and water succeeded in checking the conflagration at this critical point. For the time being it had been arrested in its triumphal sweep toward the ocean.

But the night was full of terror, for there was still abundant fuel to feed the insatiable flame. Still the crimson cloud swept heavenward—the awfulest torch which human eyes have ever gazed upon. Still the firemen and soldiers fought on without rest or sleep. Still the half-million people, shivering and cold in the dewy night, watched and wondered. Would it be here they were all driven to the bottom of the ocean? The boom of the dynamiting continued, and the crash of falling walls.

The Third Day.

By Friday morning the outlook for the section beyond Van Ness Avenue and Dolores Street was more encouraging. The storm center had now moved toward North Beach. The strong west wind swept the fire back over the unburned district between Van Ness Avenue and the bay. A vast torrent of flame poured down towards Russian and Telegraph Hills and around them in the direction of the water-front. Thousands of refugees thronged the hills, and, as the fire came sweeping closer, they were in imminent danger of destruction. A fleet of tugs and steamers hastened to their rescue, and they embarked at Meiggs Wharf for points across the bay.

The little colony on the summit of Russian Hill made a valiant stand in defense of their homes, again and again beating out the fires with wet rags. The steep rocky slopes rendered their position somewhat isolated. While these scattered groups of men were fighting for their homes, the main wave of fire again rushed threateningly right in the teeth of a stiff west wind, up to Van Ness Avenue, sweeping all to the north of the area

burned a day earlier. Again the Western Addition, and for that matter all that remained of the city, was in jeopardy. Houses across the avenue began to smoke and blister. The firemen carried their hose right up to the curb, with fiery walls tottering above them. Some of the men had been without sleep since the earthquake and worked until they fell from exhaustion.

We amateur firemen carried the hose and brought wet cloths to hold before the men on the firing line, where they stood doggedly in the blistering heat playing the water upon the roaring walls. Then there was a rush with buckets and wet blankets for smoking roofs and cornices opposite. When the block was finally saved, a great cheer went up from the onlooking crowd, the only one I heard during all those terrible days.

Late that afternoon I went along the water-front in a launch, and looked upon the burning city. Despite all efforts to arrest the flames, they had invaded the docks and lumber yards about Meiggs Wharf. The open roadstead was crowded with ships, men-of-war and steamers, painted with the ruddy glow that never should be on land or ocean. Awesomely throngs stood upon their decks, gazing at the thrilling spectacle. Fire-tugs were pumping water upon the flames that waved and lashed before the brisk wind. Dynamiters were sending off their thundering blasts. But look, another path of fire has swept down from the hills to the docks! Nothing can save the ferry building and the wharves, we all agreed. But something did save them—the indomitable pluck and courage of those men on the tugs, the deluge of streams of sea water, the heavy blasts of dynamite.

The End of the Fire.

Over the Berkeley hills peered the morning sun, clear and radiant—unmindful that a city, late so joyous, now lay in ruins. It was Saturday, and many a family awoke from the sleep of exhaustion, chilled to the bone in the dewy morning air. Some had tents and blankets, but thousands were

without protection, lying upon the ground in the only clothes they had saved. Black clouds of smoke arose from the burning oil and coal on North Beach, and everywhere fires still smoldered, but the mighty conflagration had spent its fury.

What a scene of desolation, where late had stood the proudest city of the Pacific! It might have been a ruin of a thousand years. Nay, even Pompeii or Nineveh or Babylon would not have seemed more ancient. So fierce had been the heat that scarce a trace of charred timber remained. Flames had leaped from the asphalt of the streets, and basalt blocks beneath were chipped and cracked like shale. The very ashes had been sucked up into the fiery vortex and swept away to sea. The wind eddying amid the ruins caught up clouds of lime and brick-dust, but no ashes. Look where you will up the highways, and piled heaps of bricks and snarls of wire block the way. The coloring is of livid red and pale purple, with patches of whitish gray lime and dun ground. Some rows of withered trees or an occasional charred telegraph pole are the only touches of black in the picture.

A narrow foot-path up Market Street alone leads through the business district, and here two silent processions pass in single file, the refugees burdened with their all, slowly moving toward the ferries, and the relief corps hastening to the Mayor's office far out at Franklin Hall, or to the various camps. Express wagons loaded with foodstuffs and automobiles with Red Cross flags flying are also making their way up the winding lane between the brick piles.

Tottering walls rise on either hand, all hollow and crumbling. Great hulks of buildings stand gaunt and defiant. The walls of the Palace Hotel remain, divested of the bulging windows, but the floors have all fallen through, leaving the building but a mockery. The new Monadnock block, which contained almost nothing combustible, is less damaged, but the adjacent Examiner building has been blown to fragments. The Call tower stands proudly, defiant of earthquake though marred by fire—still beautiful and triumphant amid all this misery. The old Chronicle building opposite is gut-

ted, but the unfinished annex towering beside it is practically unscathed.

And thus through the muster of steel-frame, fireproof-cased levellans—the Crocker building, Mills building, Merchants' Exchange, Kohl building, Emporium, Flood building, St. Francis Hotel, Shreve building, and others! They stand, but the fire has consumed all the inflammable material, and some are ruined beyond repair. All structures of less thoroughgoing workmanship are unrecognizable heaps of twisted steel and chaotic masonry.

In the factory district "South of Market" is a jumble of distorted machinery amid the brick piles. In Chinatown and the Latin Quarter, brick walls are half standing, like ruined stalls in the stables of the early gods. At the lower rim of Portsmouth Square the Hall of Justice stands in ruins, its tower toppled over, its brick walls fallen off, and part of its heavy steel cells crashed from the top floor into the basement.

The Stevenson monument remains unscathed, a long row of temporary graves hard by, and a camp of soldiers and refugees round about—a shelter for the living and the dead. Upon the summit of California Street the Fairmont Hotel is the only work of man that breaks the contour of the hill.

Up on the slopes where wooden residences had jostled one another for many a long year, there are blocks upon blocks where no obstacle save an occasional chimney varies the monotony of the shaven crown.

The volume is accompanied by some fifteen photo-process illustrations printed on heavy coated paper. It has a colored design on the cover, the work of Louise Keeler. The publishers deserve great praise for their success in presenting the work in such creditable form. The mechanical difficulties attending its preparation can only be appreciated by those publishers who have gone through the stress and strain of the last hundred days.

Published by Paul Elder & Company, San Francisco.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Indispensable as a seasoning for Soups, Fish and Gravies

John Duncan's Sons, Agts., N. Y.

"The Secret of my Success"



VANITY FAIR.

Owing to some interesting rumors, the return to the United States of Mrs. Longworth is awaited in Washington social circles with much interest. These rumors are to the effect that she intends to establish a literary and political salon. A Washington correspondent says:

How such a departure will be received in Washington is a source of much difference of opinion. It is also reported that she will undertake to follow that portion of British etiquette which gives to a woman her father's rank and not that of her husband, so she may still be received as the daughter of the President instead of the wife of a junior member of Congress. If she succeeds in these plans she will effect a notable revolution in Washington society.

The San Francisco Chronicle does not believe she will succeed, and says:

There will be a tempest in the Washington society teapot over the question of precedence which it is declared Mrs. Longworth will attempt to raise. Although the daughter of a President she is the wife of a common Congressman, and will have to walk behind the wives of Secretaries, Senators and Speakers unless she wins her point. If she does it will only be after a hard fought battle. There have been some awful scraps at the capital over this subject, and it is not at all probable that the ladies who have been at the head of the procession will allow Alice to walk ahead of them because she is of the house of Roosevelt. There is "blood on the face of the moon."

The Outlook's "Spectator" recently wrote at length on the rudeness of New York. Now similar reflections have been aroused in the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, which says:

It is commonly believed that New York is the worst mannered city in the world, and the belief is not ill-founded. The visitor to New York had better leave at home all sense of his personal dignity and instinctive objection to being man-handled by aggressive strangers. If he doesn't he will be in constant hot water. The street manners of other cities in the country are bad enough—but in this particular New York bears away the bell.

New Yorkers explain that the rush of life in New York is so great that no one has time to be courteous. This is largely nonsense. It doesn't take any longer to be courteous than to be boorish. There is always time to be courteous. Moreover, the hurry of New Yorkers is largely affectation. A man whose time is worth nothing at all rushes from place to place as if it were worth a hundred dollars a second merely because he wants people to think it is.

Richard Harding Davis is writing a series of articles on "Modern Adventurers"—the successors of the Cid, Roland and of Roncesvalles, Jason, Dugald Dalgetty, Ulysses, Marco Polo and men of that kidney. His latest subject is Winston Spencer Churchill, of whom he says:

Once he ran away to Cuba to fight with the Spaniards.

After this campaign, on the first night of his arrival in London, he made his maiden speech. He delivered it in the Empire Music hall.

At the time Mrs. Ormiston Chant had raised objections to the presence in the music hall of certain young women, and had threatened, unless they ceased to frequent its promenade, to have the license of the music hall revoked. As a compromise, the management ceased selling liquor, and on the night Churchill visited the place, the bar in the promenade was barricaded with scantlings and linen sheets. With the thirst of tropical Cuba still upon him, Churchill asked for a drink, which was denied him, and the crusade was explained.

He scrambled to the velvet-covered top of the railing which divides the auditorium from the promenade and made a speech. It was a plea in behalf of his "Sisters, the Ladies of the Empire Promenade."

"Where," he asked of the ladies themselves and of their escorts crowded below him in the promenade, "does the Englishman in London always find a welcome? Where does he first go, when, battle-scarred and travel-worn, he reaches home? Who is always there to greet him with a smile, and join him in a drink? Who is ever faithful,

ever true—the ladies of the Empire promenade."

The laughter and cheers that greeted this, and the tears of the ladies themselves, naturally brought the performance on the stage to a stop, and the vast audience turned in the seats and boxes.

They saw a little red-haired boy, in evening clothes, balancing himself on the rail of the balcony, and around him a great crowd, cheering, shouting and bidding him "Go on!"

Churchill turned with delight to the larger audience, and repeated his appeal. The house shook with laughter and applause.

The commissioners and police tried to reach him and a good-tempered but very determined mob of well-dressed gentlemen and cheering girls fought them back. In triumph Churchill ended his speech by begging his hearers to give "fair play" to the women, and to follow him in a charge upon the barricades.

The charge was instantly made, the barricades were torn down, and the terrified management ordered that drinks be served to its victorious patrons.

Those ladies who intend soon to be presented at the Court of St. James will find the following hints from the Ladies' Field quite useful:

The Queen is addressed as "ma'am" by all the members of the upper classes, the term "Your Majesty" being rarely used except on formal occasions. The King, the Prince of Wales and all the other English princes are addressed as "Sir." Yet foreign princes and princesses bearing the title of Serene Highness must not be addressed as "sir" or "ma'am," but as "prince" or "princess."

A letter to the sovereign must begin thus: "His Majesty the King," and below the single word "Sir." The conclusion of the letter would be worded somewhat as follows: "I have the honor to submit myself Your Majesty's most humble and devoted servant," etc. A letter to the Prince of Wales should begin thus: "To His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales," on a lower line "Sir," and then the letter would be proceeded with.

When the King and Queen play bridge or any other round game money fresh from the mint must be provided, and when any member of the reigning family joins in a game of cards new money is usually supplied.

Peek-a-boo waists and diaphanous clothing must go. The Los Angeles Women's Christian Temperance Union has so decreed. Members of the local union have declared themselves unequivocally upon the subject. The fiat went forth last week. The death knell of the peek-a-boo waist and the clinging, diaphanous skirt was sounded at a meeting of the union. The scene was an extraordinary one. Every member present appeared excited over the issue, and, by a rising vote, the official stamp of disapproval was placed upon the alluring waists.

The audience granted by Queen Alexandra to Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth was entirely private and informal. The only other persons present were the Hon. Charlotte Knollys, always called "Chatty" by the Queen, and Lady Alice Stanley. The Queen received her visitors in her boudoir, and what delighted her Majesty particularly about the President's daughter was her distinct speech. The Queen is far deader than she was even a few years ago, and Miss Knollys had hinted beforehand to Mrs. Longworth

to move her lips carefully when talking without raising her voice too much. Shouting annoys the Queen intensely, as she is very sensitive about her affliction. The Queen asked innumerable questions about America, and especially about the daily life of the President. All sorts of photographs and souvenirs never shown to ordinary visitors were brought out for Mrs. Reid and Mrs. Longworth. Altogether the audience, which became a very informal tea party, lasted over an hour and a half.

Just before leaving America's kindly shores the Gaekwar of Baroda delivered himself of a long disquisition upon Yankeeland in general and American women in particular. The Maharajah said:

"As in any country as new as this, society is bound to be somewhat crude. What you call the higher class, as well as the middle class, we found exceedingly kind and hospitable. I must admit, however, that very frequently I met a spirit of curiosity, which, in my poor opinion, merged almost upon vulgarity.

"I found American women independent, self-possessed and high spirited, but I must own they are not as beautiful as I had been led to expect. I had heard a great deal about the beauty of your women, but I did not find them particularly beautiful, although they are very attractive."

Sir Walter Besant was a strong advocate of "The endowment of the daughter," as he called it in an article on the subject. There have been since his death some rather satirical remarks because he apparently did not follow his own doctrine, but the London Sphere declares that this is false.

"The very small sum given in the newspapers at the proving of the will was as misleading as it nearly always is. Both his daughters, who are now happily married, were well provided for, and thus it will be seen that the author of 'All Sorts and Conditions of Men' carried out his own oft-expressed conviction as to the duties of all fathers, whatever their position in life, to dower their daughters."

An old bachelor will "go" with the most fascinating women for years and escape. Then suddenly he will be captured. How do the successful women manage it? And another peculiar thing is that the women who succeed in landing wary old bachelors are either divorced women or stenographers. Society women who make a business of looking for husbands never land these rare catches.

While a wedding breakfast was being held in a restaurant at Fresno les Rungis, a naval officer in uniform entered the room, and was invited to preside over the feast. He made himself very agreeable, sang songs and delivered speeches. He was proposing the bride's health when two policemen rushed in and arrested him as an escaped lunatic from a neighboring asylum. It is further asserted that he thereupon politely turned to the officers and said: "I think you have made a mistake, gentlemen. There"—pointing to the bridegroom—"is the man you want."

All the characters except two in the play which George Ade is writing are women. The scene is Radcliffe college.

Real comfort--an easy chair, a good magazine, and a pair of our glasses.

HIRSCH & KAISER

1757 FILLMORE ST.

Optician

EDUCATIONAL.

MISS HAMLIN'S

Boarding and Day School For Girls.

Formerly at 1819 Jackson St., is now at 22 Pacific Ave., near Webster St. School reopens Tuesday, August 7, 1906. Accredited.

Address MISS S. D. HAMLIN

2230 Pacific Avenue. San Francisco

Mrs. J. E. Tippet

(CLARA BEUTLER)

Teacher of Singing Coaching

Studio, Pierce Building, Copley Square Boston, Mass.

MISS HARKER'S SCHOOL.

Palo Alto, Cal. Home and Day School for Girls. Intermediate and Primary Departments. Certificate admits Stanford, Vassar and Wellesley Nurber limited. Reopens August 20th.

OGONTZ SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia two hours from New York. The late Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circulars address

MISS SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principals

Ogontz, School P. O. Pa.

MISS RANSOM'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Will open on Wednesday, August 1 at 484 Prospect Avenue, Oakland. limited number of boarders received.

MARION RANSOM,

EDITH BRIDGES, Principals.

HOTHER WISMER

VIOLINIST

Studied with Professor Karl Halir and at the Royal High School of Music at Berlin. Has resumed teaching at his studio and residence 2945 Fillmore Street, between Green and Union Streets. Saturdays at Stiles Hall Berkeley.

OTTO FLEISSNER

Vocal, Piano, Organ and Harmony

Residence and Studio:

2560 Vallejo St., near Scott St. : S. F.

In Oakland on Tuesdays, care of

Sherman, Clay & Co.

The Call

Is the cleanest, brightest, new-sheet of all the San Francisco dailies.

The best fiction the world produces can be found in the Magazine Section of the Sunday edition. Its Art features are equal to the best of the magazines.

THE CALL is made up having specially in view its large home patronage. It contains every day of the year

All the News That's Fit to Print And is the BEST Advertising Medium

HOTEL COLLINGWOOD

35th St., bet. 5th Ave and Broadway NEW YORK CITY

New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district, containing every modern device for comfort of guests. Positively exclusive. Service a carte.

THE LATEST STYLES IN CHOICE WOOLENS

H. S. Bridge & Co.

MERCHANT TAILORS,

1176 O'FARRELL STREET

ALAMO PINTADO INN

Ballard, Cal.

A delightful resting place for auto motorists traveling between San Francisco and Santa Barbara—50 miles north of Santa Barbara, 2 miles south of Los Olivos. Daily mail, long-distance telephone, and 72-degree gas line. F. M. SHAW, Prop.

W. & J. Sloane & Co.

are now showing complete lines of

Carpets, Rugs, Furniture, Upholstery, Curtains, Window Shades, Etc.

at their new store at the corner of

Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street

STAGE GOSSIP.

On a deadwall in San Jose is an old poster bearing the suggestive legend: "The Lion and the Mouse," Wednesday, April 18.

Mme. Sembrich is now at her home in Berlin, chiefly engaged in repairing the ravages which the San Francisco catastrophe made in her operatic and personal wardrobe.

"H. M. S. Pinafore" is being sung at the Opera House, Oakland. Sybil Page has the role of Josephine, Hope Mayne is little Buttercup, Arthur Cunningham is the captain and Ferris Hartman is Sir Joseph Porter.

Miss d'Arville's return to the stage after several years' retirement following her marriage to a wealthy Californian, will be an event of no little interest; she will head a big comic opera organization in a new play which is to be produced in the early autumn.

A new theater, to cost \$75,000, has been nearly completed at McAllister and Leavenworth streets, and will be owned by a dramatic stock company, under the direction of Frank Bacon. It will be named the Colonial. Martin Atzig is the proprietor and financial backer of the enterprise.

"Lady Jim," by Harold Heaton, is the play in which Hilda Spong will make her first appearance as a star next season.

Actresses rarely marry between seasons. It is more profitable from the advertising standpoint to embark upon the matrimonial sea late in the fall.

The Late Julie Rosewald.

It is only a few weeks since we published a letter in these columns from Madame Julie Rosewald, tinged with great grief over the disaster which had befallen San Francisco, and expressing in pathetic terms her affection for our stricken city and her determination to return here. Since then, news has come that Madame Rosewald passed away on July 16, at Wildbad, in the Black Forest. An Argonaut reader who in common with many of us was a warm admirer of the deceased lady sends us the following biographical sketch concerning her:

Madame Julie Rosewald was born in Stuttgart, the musical center of South Germany, in which city, at the age of 11 she was placed at the Conservatory of Music for a general musical education. At the age of 12 she entered the Royal Theatrical School, a great distinction, as tuition there is paid for by the King of Wurtemberg. Her operatic debut was made in Canada, under the management of C. D. Hess, and so great was Madame Rosewald's success that Hess made a contract with her to go to California with a repertoire of fifteen operas. Later on she embraced the opportunity of singing in her native land, and made her German debut in Wurtemberg in "The Huguenots," singing subsequently in Cologne, Bale, Bielefeld, Frankfurt, Mayence, Amsterdam, Stuttgart and Dresden. The result was a most flattering contract for a permanent engagement of three years at the Dresden Royal Opera, but she preferred to return to the United States, where she accepted an engagement with the Emma Abbott Company, her husband filling the position of director. After several very successful seasons together in the Abbott company, Mr. and Mrs. Rosewald decided to leave the publicity of stage life and establish a home for themselves, settling teaching as a profession. Mr. Rosewald was a master of the violin, and his wife, after a short period, attained the reputation of being by far the best singing teacher on the Pacific Coast. Her death occurred suddenly; she had been stricken with paralysis on three days before and appeared to be in no immediate danger.

Madame Rosewald leaves a host of mourning friends and disciples behind. She was an excellent woman and an excellent musician, and her place will not be filled. To have known her was a privilege and a benefit; and her memory will long be felt among California women, to whose musical training she devoted her great talent and best years.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

La Belle Otero, the most famous dancer in Paris, has insured her ankles against sprain for \$80,000 each.

F. D. Coburn, the new Senator from Kansas, began life as a farmhand at \$12 a month.

When Edouard de Reszke comes to this country next fall to sing he will begin all over again. Most of the money that he made here has been lost.

Baron Komura, the Mikado's chief representative at the peace conference in Portsmouth, succeeds Viscount Hayashi as Japanese ambassador to London.

Don Manuel Estrada Cabrera, President of Guatemala, unlike most of the Central American rulers, is not a soldier. His public life has been that of a lawyer eminent in his profession.

Edward Halton James, a Harvard graduate, has abandoned the practice of law in Seattle and is working as a common farmhand. He is testing his socialistic views. An uncle is Henry James, the novelist.

Ibsen at sixty-one, sour and grey, was in love with a girl of twenty as is shown by a series of letters, written by the poet to a beautiful Austrian girl, which Professor Brandes has just published in a Copenhagen journal.

In Paris the photographs of Mlle. Elise de Vere, a variety artist, sell best. She has a close second in Cleo de Merode and Mlle. Robins. Pierre Loti comes next, with Loubet, Fallieres, Rejane, Paul Bourget, Theodore Roosevelt, Yvette Guilbert and Santos Dumont in order as named.

The German Foreign Minister is considering the purchase of the house at Vaillima, Samoa, formerly owned by Robert Louis Stevenson, as a residence for the governor. The house was sold by Mr. Stevenson's heirs to a Hamburg merchant named Herr Kunst. It is the finest residence on the island, less than an hour's drive from Apia. Kunst died recently.

Prince Eugene Murat of Bavaria was killed near Munich, July 26, by the overturning of his automobile while he was on the way to Carlsbad. He was the oldest son of Prince Louis Napoleon Murat, who was the son of Prince Joachim Murat, who was born in Bordentown, N. J., and married Miss Caroline Fraser of Bordentown. Prince Joachim was the son of the Prince of Naples, who fled to Bordentown with his father, ex-King of Naples, after the downfall of Napoleon. His wife, Violette Elchingen, is a descendant of another famous marshal of the First Napoleon, Ney, who was created Duke of Elchingen. She was born in 1878.

Edith Helena, the soprano, will be heard at the Orpheum on Sunday afternoon. She comes direct from Europe, where she has sung in London twenty-four weeks and in Madrid, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Milan, Munich, Brussels and Barcelona. Frank Gardner, Lottie Vincent and their company will present their original spectacular fantasy, "Winning a Queen," the very latest idea in vaudeville. They are great favorites in this city. The Proveanis, six trick cyclists of international reputation, will make their first appearance in San Francisco. They open their act with a graceful bicycle ballet, containing many intricate movements, and present a succession of wheeling surprises that cause their spectators to marvel. The limber-limbed Reiff brothers, singers, and dancers, will complete the list of newcomers. Edward Clark and the "Six Winning Widows" will continue their interesting specialty, while Billy Van will change his chatter with the rising inflection and sing new songs. Carter and Bluford, with their numerous changes of costume, the Lucania trio of acrobats, equalibrists and contortionists, and Orpheum Motion Pictures, will complete a varied and interesting program.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Evening of Life.
It is too late! Ah! nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sopholes
Wrote his grand Oedipus and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers,
When each had numbered more than four score years;
And Theophrastus at four score and ten
Had but begun his "Characters of Men."
Cbaucer at Woodstock with the night-
ingales,
At sixty wrote the "Canterbury Tales."
Goethe, at Weimar, tolling to the last,
Completed "Faust" when eighty years were past.

What then! Shall we sit idly down
and say
The night hath come; it is no longer
day?
The night hath not yet come; we are
not quite
Cut off from labor by the failing light;
Something remains for us to do or dare,
Even the oldest trees some fruit may bear,
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another
dress;
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible
by day.

—Henry W. Longfellow.

Amanda Clement of Yankton, S. D., where she is a student, is a capable umpire at baseball games and frequently officiates in that capacity. Miss Clement is just 17 years old. She is captain of the champion basket ball team of the Yankton College.

ORPHEUM

Week Commencing Sunday Mat. Aug. 12
Matinee Every Day Except Monday.

Stars of Distinction!

EDITH HELENA, Gardner, Vincent and Company; Six Proveanis; Reiff Brothers; Billy Van; Carter and Bluford; Lucania Trio; Orpheum Motion Pictures, and Last Week of

EDWARD CLARK

AND THE

SIX WINNING WIDOWS

PRICES:—10c, 25c, 50c. Down town box office at Donlon's Drug Store, Fillmore and Sutter Streets. Phone, West, 6,000.

CHUTES and ZOO:—Open daily from 10 a. m. till midnight.
Admission, 10c; children 5c.

Hotel
St. Francis

SAN FRANCISCO
America's Model
Hotel

St. Francis Annex

200 Outside Rooms

Famous Grill Room in Main Building
now running under same skilled chef.

Just the Place to Lunch
Everything Ready for You

Romeike's Press Clipping Bureau

Will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date."
A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines, in fact, every paper of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers, and, through the European Bureau, all the leading papers in the civilized globe.
Clippings found for subscribers and pasted on slips giving name and date of paper, and are mailed day by day.
Write for circular and terms.

Henry Romeike, 33 Union Square, N. Y.

Branches:

LONDON, PARIS, BERLIN, SYDNEY.

Bonestell, Richardson
and Company

Has Plenty of Every Kind of

PAPER

For Immediate Delivery.

Write for Samples and Price.

California's Leading Paper House

Phone Temporary 1273

473 to 475 SIXTH STREET
San Francisco

If You
Wish to Advertise

IN NEWSPAPERS

ANYWHERE AT ANY TIME

Call on or Write

E. C. Dake's

Advertising Agency

1004 Masonic Avenue
San Francisco

Thos. Cook & Son

NOW LOCATED

410 Fourteenth Street

OAKLAND.

THE WHITE HOUSE

N. W. Corner Van Ness Avenue and Pine Street.

SOLE AGENTS

Dr. Jaeger's

Sanitary Woolen Underwear

TELEPHONE: EMERGENCY 200.

RAPHAEL WEILL & CO. (INC.)

Boericke & Runyon Co.

Homeopathic Pharmacy

NOW OPEN AT

1554-1556 Van Ness Avenue

Near California Street

LITERARY NOTES.

Sport in Southern California.

In "Life in the Open; Sport With Rod, Gun, Horse and Hounds in Southern California," Charles Frederick Holder presents the impressions of a score of years of hunting days. With fine enthusiasm the author describes cross country runs with hounds after the nimble hare and lowland wolf; the joys and perils of hunting the lynx, the mountain lion, the big-horn, the wild goat and the deer in the Sierra Madre; and the royal sport for Waltonians in brook and lake and along shore. There is no day in this all-the-year-round land that has not its invitation for the lover of sport and nature.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3.50.

New York Politics.

In two volumes of some 400 pages each, DeAlva Stanwood Alexander has written a history of "that most unfathomable of subjects, the politics of the State of New York." The work treats of the movements of political parties and their leaders in the Empire State from 1777 to 1861, although the author announced in the first volume his intention to bring the history down to the year 1896. Hamilton, Burr, the Clintons, Van Buren, Seymour and Weed are the central figures in the narrative.

Published by Henry Holt & Co.; \$2.50 net per volume.

The Journal of a Gentleman Farmer.

Altogether charming is "On Common Ground," by Sydney H. Preston. Those to whom the whimsical, daintily sentimental volumes of Roy Rolfe Gilson, or Donald Mitchell, are a delight, will be extremely pleased to meet Merrivale, the gentle city-bred bachelor. Very entertaining, genuinely humorous and pleasantly fanciful are his experiences as a "gentleman farmer." His description of his adventures in search of his hens, who have wandered far afield, is full of fun.

Published by Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.25.

Foibles of the Bench.

Henry S. Wilcox of the Chicago bar, author of "Foibles of the Bench," has evidently had a hard time with the judiciary, although he assures us he is not trying to "get even." He holds up a number of types of judges for ridicule and censure.

Published by the Legal Publishing Company.

American Poems.

"American Poems, 1776-1900," is intended to serve as an introduction to the systematic study of American poetry. It is a useful and intelligently edited little anthology. Brief critical comments and explanatory notes and biographical sketches that really inform are supplied by Augustus White Long of Princeton.

Published by the American Book Company.

How Ferns Grow.

Advanced students of the fern and botanists generally will be interested in "How Ferns Grow," by Margaret Slosson. The book is illustrated with forty-six plates by the author. The layman, to whom the fern is but a delicate-bit of greenery, will be astonished at the formidable lore with which science encompasses the plant. Who would suppose that the dainty branchlet of a maidenhair fern is "borne on rachis below one of basal pinnae; pinnae lanceolate; oblong deltoid, the apical cuneate; outermost basal pinnae sometimes bifid, etc.?" The author points out the principal features of the development of form and venation

in fern leaves, as seen in the species of the northeastern United States.

Published by Henry Holt & Co.

Who's Who on the Stage.

"The Green Room Book" is a biographical record of the dramatic and musical world—a "who's who" of the stage. The book includes not only biographies of actors and actresses, in the stricter meaning of the phrase, but also notices of the principal variety artists, dramatists, musical composers, conductors, critics, managers and proprietors of the United Kingdom, America and the Continent. The details of the entries have been supplied largely by the subjects themselves, hence accuracy is assured.

Published by Frederick Warne & Co.

Twelfth Night.

"Twelfth Night" is the ninth volume in the "First Folio" edition of Shakespeare, edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. The spelling and punctuation of the original text are given and the play is freed from the editorial changes of three centuries. This is the only reprinting of the First Folio in handy form. The book is a model of typographical beauty.

Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.00.

Italian Romance Writers.

American readers are singularly unfamiliar with the works of the modern Italian novelists. In "Italian Romance Writers" Joseph Spencer Kennard gives us fourteen admirable critiques of the best known story writers. Mr. Kennard begins with Manzoni, whose practice it was to omit love scenes and tender endearments from his novel, and ends with D'Annunzio, who probably pronounces that paragraph faulty that has not in it some passionate expression. D'Azeglio, Guerrazzi, Grossi, Nievo, De Amicis, Fogazzaro, Verga, Serao, De Roberto, Neera and Butti are also the subjects of eloquent appreciations.

Published by Brentano.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"On Art and Artists" is the title of a work by Dr. Max Nordau. Whistler, Rodin, Meunier, Carriere and others are vividly characterized, and in some cases Dr. Nordau's judgments differ widely from those generally accepted.

New novels that will soon appear are "The Call of the Blood," by Robert Hichens, "Listener's Lure," by E. V. Lucas, "Les Desenchantees," by Pierre Loti, "The White Plumes of Navarre," by S. R. Crockett; and volumes by Hall Caine, Louis Tracey and Mary Johnston.

Catulle Mendes, critic, playwright and academician, has just received a gold medal for cooking. It was awarded by the jury of a culinary exhibition for his latest dish, "Carpe la Mendes."

Marie Corelli's new novel "The Treasure of Heaven, a Romance of Riches," appeared in London on July 31st with her portrait as a frontispiece.

Ex-President Cleveland has gathered some hunting papers into a volume that is about to appear.

It is intended to form a Thackeray Club in London.

Thackeray's Lord Steyne is said to have been a pen portrait of an ancestor of Lord Yarmouth, who married Harry Thaw's sister. The Lord Yarmouth whose picture was painted in Steyne married Mlle. Fagniana, who inherited from George Selwyn £30,000, £150,000 from another man and still another immense sum from Fagniana.

John Adams Thayer has sold part of his stock in Everybody's Magazine and has retired from active participation in the Ridgway-Thayer Company June 1,

though retaining an interest in the company that makes him the third largest stockholder. His reason for this action it is said, is an unwillingness to join in launching a new magazine which the company contemplates putting out—a weekly. Mr. Thayer has been instrumental in building the advertising patronage of Everybody's from \$120,000 a year to over \$750,000, and leaves the advertising department in charge of Robert Frothingham, formerly advertising manager of Life. His interest is said to have brought \$250,000. No change in the policy of Everybody's is contemplated. The chief stockholders are Erman Ridgway and G. W. Wilder, the latter the active head of the Butterick Publishing Company.

Handsomely printed, prettily illustrated and miserably written is "The Cloud Kingdom," by I. Henry Wallis, a collection of verse for children. Published by the John Lane Company.

All the mechanical work of the Baedeker handbooks, including the printing, map-making and binding, is done in Germany, most of it in Leipzig, where the firm has been established since 1872. Before that its seat was at Coblenz. The connection of the Baedeker family with the book trade goes back to Diederich Baedeker, who died at Bielefeld in 1716 as königlich-preussischer privilegierter Buchdrucker. Since his day there has been an unbroken line of printing or publishing Baedekers, forming a good example of that honorable commercial hereditry so difficult to parallel out of Germany.

The Singing Carpenter.

The following story is told at the expense of a New York theatrical manager:

"We were engaged one morning testing voices for a summer production, the manager, musical director and myself. There was a rather long line, and all looking for positions in the chorus, and nearly every voice was below the standard, which was very disappointing, and the manager got to be very irritable as we reached the last of the applicants, who was a very melancholy looking man. As he came to the piano he attempted to make some remark, but was promptly cut short by the manager, who said:

"You will omit all preliminary remarks and get down to business! Try him," he added, turning to the director.

"The latter began the accompaniment to a popular song, which with some hesitancy the applicant for a job attempted with what voice he had. His effort was about as bad as it could have been.

"Look here!" cut in the manager, after the singer had cleared his throat for the second verse, 'that will do! You actually have the nerve to ask me for a job?"

"Certainly," replied the sad one, in an injured tone.

"Why, man, you can't sing a bit!"

"I don't claim to be able to sing," calmly responded the man, 'and I don't want to sing. I am a stage carpenter. I was only singing to please you people—you seemed so set on it."

ROBERTSON'S
NEW LOCATION

1539

Van Ness Avenue

Near Pine

"Next to the White House"

Mr. Robertson calls attention to the above address, which is very centrally located.

Pears'

"A shining countenance" is produced by ordinary soaps.

The use of Pears' reflects beauty and refinement. Pears' leaves the skin soft, white and natural.

Matchless for the complexion.

Hotel del Coronado
UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Enjoy California's best climate at the largest and most exclusive resort hotel in the world. All outside rooms. Guests will appreciate the new and important changes. Every modern convenience provided, including long-distance telephone in room. Chief of national reputation. Choice of the widest view of any hotel in the West. Interior court—a rare tropical garden. Fine winter fishing and hunting. Unexcelled golf links and tennis courts. For further information address

MORGAN ROSS, MANAGER,
CORONADO BEACH, CAL.
H. F. NORCROSS, GENERAL AGENT,
334 SO. SPRING ST., LOS ANGELES

For YOUR

BREAKFAST

GERMEA

AT ALL GROCERS

The Johnson-Locke Mercantile Co.
AGENTS

714 Broadway, Oakland

REOPENING OF
THE WALDORF HAIR STORE

MISS D. HONIG, Prop.

1528-1530 BUSH ST.

Near Van Ness Ave.

Hair Goods Shell Ornaments
Toilet Articles

Our complete force of help, so well appreciated by our many patrons, are still with us.

Branch Store

3461 Sacramento St., near Walnut

Belvedere, California
HILLSIDE INN

Tiburon Ferry, 40 minutes from San Francisco. Boating and bathing. Terms reasonable. Address

MRS. M. J. WARREN

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Lady Lytton, wife of the novelist, Bulwer Lytton, wrote of the widow who became the wife of Lord Beaconsfield: "My mother went to call upon Mrs. Wyndham Lewis to condole with her upon the death of her husband. She had no sooner entered the room than the widow came forth all smiles and eagerness. 'Congratulate me, my dear,' she said. 'Disraeli has proposed.'"

An American artist, during his student days in the Latin Quarter in Paris, was passionately fond of honey, and of a particularly good kind which he secured in a little restaurant in the quarter. The waiters became accustomed to him and usually had a dish on his table. The student married, and some months later brought his bride to the restaurant and incidentally gave her taste the honey of his bachelor days. As they sat down to the table he noticed the absence of his usual delicacy and called to the waiter, "Hey, where's my honey?" The waiter, stranger, looked puzzled for a moment, and then his face clearing, with satisfaction at the thought of exhibiting his familiarity with "rag-time" Americanisms, winked knowingly, and in a hoarse stage whisper, remarked: "Ah, yes, you mean ze leetle black-balled one? She ees not here now, but perhaps I could find out for ze gentleman where she go!" As the ex-student assured the waiter that it was not necessary, he caught his bride's eye, and the meal was finished in silence—without the honey.

When I was connected with the Ananias Traveler, said Opie Read, I one day called upon a large advertiser to solicit his patronage. Naturally, the first question he asked was as to the circulation of my paper. "Where does it go?" he queried. "Where does it go?" I replied. "Why, it goes North and it goes South; it goes East and it goes West; and would have gone to hell long ago if it had not been for me."

A young physician in a thriving eastern town was awakened at midnight by a violent ringing of the door-bell. He scrambled into his clothes and hurried downstairs. A well-dressed man was standing at the door. "Doctor," said the stranger breathlessly, "you're wanted immediately out at the Country Club. Can you come right away?"

"Certainly, sir. Just step inside a moment while I 'phone for my horse. I'll be there in a jiffy."

It was a good five miles to the Country Club. Just beyond stood a cluster of suburban homes.

The yellow house on the left there," said the stranger as he alighted from the buggy. "By the way, I forgot to ask the amount of your fee."

"Four dollars," said the doctor. The stranger peeled off four one-dollar bills and passed them to the doctor.

"That'll be all, thank you, doctor. One of those pirate hackmen up in town would do it for less than six."

John Sharp Williams had an engagement to speak in a small Southern town. The train he was traveling on was not of the swiftest, and he lost no opportunity of keeping the conductor informed as to his opinions of that particular road.

"Well, if yer don't like it," the conductor finally blurted out, "why in tarnation don't yer git out an' walk?"

"Would," Mr. Williams blandly replied, "but you see the committee don't expect me until this train gets here."

A certain Doctor of Divinity was accustomed to slip down a side aisle at the conclusion of his service and be at the door of exit to greet the people as they passed out. He was especially cordial to strangers.

One Sunday he extended his hand to a young German woman, who, in answer to his inquiry, said she lived in a certain suburb. The minister then told her he would like to call and see her some time, whereupon the girl, with a blush, stammered:

"Please, sir, I've got a young man already!"

Thus spoke Congressman Cushman in a duel of wit with Bourke Cockran:

My admiration of Mr. Cockran was so great that a few days ago I said to a friend of his, "Is it possible that in all of those masterful and misleading addresses which the gentleman 'pulls off' upon this floor that he speaks entirely without preparation—absolutely extempore? Has the gentleman no thought of what he is going to say when he rises to speak?"

And his friend said to me, "Mr. Cushman, I not only assure you that Cockran has no idea of what he is going to say when he rises to his feet, but what is more wonderful than that, he speaks with such unusual fluency and enthusiasm that he does not even know what he has said when he sits down."

Russell Sage, the millionaire, hated lawsuits and always tried to avoid one if possible.

One day he went to his lawyer and laid the details of a case before him. When Mr. Sage was through the lawyer said he would be delighted to take the case; Mr. Sage had a sure case—one, the lawyer said, he couldn't possibly lose.

"I can't lose," asked Mr. Sage. "You can't lose," positively replied the lawyer.

"I guess I won't bring suit, then," said Mr. Sage.

"But why not?" asked the lawyer in amazement.

"Because," replied Mr. Sage as he took up his hat, "it wasn't my side of the case, but my opponent's side, that I laid before you."

One day when William M. Evarts, Secretary of State under President Hayes, was a college student, he was called on to read Virgil in class.

He started out bravely: "Three times I strove to cast my arms around her neck, and—and—" adding lamely, "That's as far as I got, professor."

"Well, Mr. Evarts," said the professor, "I think that was quite far enough."

William H. Crane, the actor, was recently asked how it was that he never attempted serious Shakespearean roles.

"But I did once," replied the comedian. "Years ago, in the West, I played 'Hamlet.'"

"Did you, indeed?" said an admirer and friend. "Didn't you have a great success? Didn't the audience call you before the curtain?"

"Call me," replied Crane. "Why, man, they dared me!"

When Meyerbeer died his son composed a funeral march which "remembered his dead father." Full of emotion, the young man took it to Rossini.

"Play it, maestro," he pleaded; "play it. I wrote it in expression of my grief and mourning for my dead father."

Rossini took it up and placed it on his piano and played it. Tears rolled down his cheeks. Utter sadness dwelt upon his countenance.

"You weep," cried young Meyerbeer, beside himself with joy at the effect upon the great master.

"Because," replied Rossini, "I am wishing that you were dead and it was your father who had written the funeral march."

Two boys who managed to be rather unruly in school so exasperated their teacher that she requested them to remain after hours and write their names one thousand times. They plunged into the task. Some fifteen minutes later one of them grew uneasy and began watching his companion in disgrace. Suddenly the first one burst out with despair between his sobs, and said to the teacher:

"'Tain't fair, mum! His name's Bush and mine's Schluttermeyer."

The News From Peterhof.

What's the news from Peterhof—from quiet little Peterhof, From peaceful little Peterhof, where Nicholas resides?

What's the double guard about? And what's the fighting hard about? And what's the bloody yard about? And what's the row, besides?

What's the news from Peterhof—from restless little Peterhof, From sweet, Edenic Peterhof, where Nicholas retires?

What's the din and roar about? And what's the bolted door about? And what's the running gore about? And what are all the fires?

What's the news from Peterhof—from cosy little Peterhof, From soothing little Peterhof, of which we've often read?

Whose corse is that upon his shield? What man is that the Cossack steeled?

And why is Nicholas concealed in underneath his bed?

—Clark McAdams in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

THE ONLY WAY TO COOK

USE 85 cent Gas

CARLOADS OF \$15.00 GAS RANGES

Free Service Free Connection Easy Payments

Restaurant Ranges, Griddles, Broilers

The GAS COMPANY

500 Haight St. 421 Presidio Ave 1260 Ninth Ave.

... GOLF ... AT DEL MONTE

If you are looking for a pleasant week's vacation, remember the Golf Tournament at Hotel Del Monte, August 20th-25th, inclusive; special round-trip rates from all points in California; elaborate trophies for golf champions. If you don't play golf, there are a thousand ways to enjoy yourself—riding, driving, fishing, tennis and other attractions. Write for programme to George P. Snell, Manager, Del Monte, California.

P. Centemeri & Co.

KID GLOVES

New Location

1551 Van Ness Ave.

Bet. Pine and California

San Francisco

SPRINGFIELD

FIRE and MARINE

INSURANCE COMPANY

OF

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Manager George D. Dornin advises that the City Department of the Springfield is now open in the Kohl Building. The General Department will occupy its old quarters on the California-street side, third floor, as soon as rooms are restored, and furniture, now ordered, made ready. Temporary Department headquarters will remain for the present at 1112 Broadway, Oakland. The Springfield is among the companies which are adjusting and paying policy holders' claims in the San Francisco disaster involving \$1,600,000. The payment of this sum will leave the company's capital \$2,000,000, its reserve for reinsurance (or unearned) premiums \$3,132,531.32, as appears by its financial statement of December 31, 1905, intact, and a net surplus of over \$400,000. The assets of the Springfield at the close of 1905 were \$7,156,531.72.

Shore Line Limited

Drawing-room Parlor Cars
Buffet Smoking Car Dining Car
Large Protected Observation Rotunda

Daily by Daylight

To Coast Line Resorts
From San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Southern Pacific

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Katherine Powers, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. George H. Powers, to Edward Chapman.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ethel Hanks, youngest daughter of the scientist, Mr. Henry G. Hanks, to Mr. James G. Hawks of Southern California.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Ethyl Hager and Mr. Lansing O. Kellogg will be celebrated on the afternoon of September 5th at the home of the bride, on Gough and Sacramento streets, Miss Alice Hager will be the maid of honor.

The wedding of Miss Minnie Hennessey, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hennessey, to Mr. James V. Coleman took place on Thursday of last week at the Church of the Holy Cross, Santa Cruz, the Rev. Father Hennessey of Capitola officiating. The bride was given away by Mrs. Margaret Deane; Miss Adelaide Pollock was the maid of honor and Mr. Thomas Mulqueen the best man. Only a few very intimate friends were present at the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Coleman went to San Rafael and then to Mr. Coleman's mines in Calaveras county on their wedding journey. They will leave shortly for a trip around the world in their yacht, the Aggie.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lishtenberg of San Rafael announce the engagement of their daughter, Elsa Angelita, to Mr. Harry Disbro Johnson, Jr., grandson of Mr. J. N. Studebaker.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was the hostess at a luncheon on Thursday of last week in honor of Miss Marguerite Le Breton, who is visiting here from Paris. The guests were Baroness von Schroeder, Mrs. Robert Hannay, Miss Maud Bourn, Miss Frances McKinstry, Miss Ethel Shorb, Miss Jeannette von Schroeder and Miss Donohoe.

Commander Charles F. Pond, U. S. N., and Mrs. Pond entertained at a dinner recently at their home at Mare Island in honor of Rear Admiral Henry W. Lyon, U. S. N., and Mrs. Lyon. Those present besides the guests of honor were: Captain and Mrs. Alexander McCracken, Medical Director, and Mrs. R. C. Persons, Miss Elizabeth Keith Pond and Assistant Surgeon Francis M. Shook.

Mrs. Joseph B. Coryell of Menlo Park entertained at luncheon recently, in honor of her guest, Miss Clarisse Hale of Sacramento. Those present were: Miss Hale, Mrs. David Montgomery Crabtree, Miss Amy Bassett and Miss Beatrice Fife.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. William Babcock and Miss Flood are guests at Paso Robles, having spent a few days at Del Monte on their way down.

Mr. Hermann Schussler, Chief Engineer of the Spring Valley Water Company, left on the Overland Limited August 4th for a prolonged stay in Europe. Since the fire Mr. Schussler is said to have worked incessantly, and is now advised by his physicians to take a long rest.

Mrs. Joseph Crockett will spend part of this month at Tahoe as the guest of Mrs. William Tevis.

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, who has been abroad since early in April, sailed from Europe a fortnight since for New York, and is expected here shortly.

Miss Mary Josselyn has been spending some days in the city as the guest of Miss Cadwallader.

Mrs. Truxtun Beale, who is spending the summer in San Rafael with

her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Oge, is at Tahoe for a fortnight's stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Dibblee left this week for Columbus, Ohio, where they will spend two months as the guests of Mrs. Dibblee's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers.

Miss Helen Wheeler and Miss Julia Langhorne returned last week from a month's stay at Miss Wheeler's country place in Mendocino county.

Mrs. Austin Tubbs will go East in September, and with her family will spend the winter in Washington, D. C.

Miss Anita Harvey and Miss Genevieve Harvey have recently been the guests of Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl at Tahoe.

Miss Azalea Keyes, who has been abroad for some months, has taken an apartment in Paris and expects to make her home there indefinitely.

Miss Florence Whittell recently spent several days at Del Monte as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark.

Mrs. Frank S. Johnson of San Rafael is spending part of the month at Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Jackson Ralston have returned to their home in Berkeley after a trip throughout the East, including a visit to their daughter, Mrs. Bullitt, in Louisville.

Miss Geraldine Bonner, who has been spending several weeks at Carmel, has gone to Berkeley to remain during most of the winter.

Mr. G. Courteney Ford is at present the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Boldt of New York at their country home at the Thousand Islands.

Mr. Frederick Greenwood and Mr. George de Long have returned from a brief visit to Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Laton are at Del Monte for the rest of the summer.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst was in Antwerp when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. Hennen Jennings and Miss Jennings, of Washington, D. C., are staying at Berkeley during their sojourn on the Pacific Coast.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Coker Sims and Miss Blythe McDonald have taken an apartment in Berkeley for the winter.

Miss Edith Treanor is spending several weeks as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Clarence Oddie in Tonopah.

Mrs. Frederick Pickering left recently for the East for a brief visit. With her will return Miss Rhoda Pickering, who has been the guest of friends in Chicago.

Mrs. William H. Mills and Miss Elizabeth Mills are visiting friends in Portland, Oregon.

The New York papers say that Mr. and Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels have purchased the dwelling at 858 Fifth avenue, New York City, formerly belonging to Isaac Stern. It is an unusually large marble-front house adjoining the residence of the late Charles T. Yerkes at Sixty-eighth street. It is not known whether Mr. and Mrs. Spreckels expect to reside in New York or whether they have purchased this house for their daughter, Mrs. Spencer Eddy.

Among the Californians recently in Paris were Mrs. Margaret Irvine, Mr. J. W. Byrne, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey and Mrs. E. J. McCutcheon.

Sir Sydney Waterlow, father of Mrs. Alfred B. Ford of San Mateo, died in London, on August 3d, aged 83 years. The information came in a cablegram just received by Mr. Ford. Mrs. Ford sailed from Boston last week expecting to visit her father, and is still in ignorance of his death. Sir Sydney Waterlow, who was once Lord Mayor of London and a man of

great wealth, was identified with California in that his second wife was a native of this State. While visiting here, in 1883, he met Miss Margaret Hamilton, a woman of great beauty, whom he led to the altar at Del Monte. In commemoration of the event he bestowed the name of Del Monte on his home near Cannes in Southern France. Mr. Ford is an official of the Crocker-Woolworth Bank and secretary of the Burlingame Country Club.

Recent arrivals at Del Monte include: Mr. and Mrs. William R. Hearst, Mr. F. E. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Wheeler, Miss Pauline Wheeler, Mrs. Mullins, Dr. and Mrs. John R. Clark, Mr. W. W. Carson, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer C. Buckbee, Mr. C. B. Sealy, Mr. and Mrs. Marx, Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Palmer, Mr. A. D. Shepard, Mr. P. W. Seeley, Mr. A. P. Redding, Miss Katherine Redding, Mr. and Mrs. J. Henry Meyer, Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock, Miss C. J. Flood, Mr. and Mrs. J. Tobin, Miss Florence Whittell, Miss Hager, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Green, Mr. Allen L. Green, Mr. Arthur Green, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller, Miss A. H. Miller, Mrs. I. L. Requa, Mrs. W. H. Fitzhugh Lee, Mrs. Kate Sloat, Mr. R. H. Ballard, and Mr. and Mrs. E. T. M. Eckert.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Mitchell, Mr. G. A. Chittenden, Mr. H. Lucas and Mr. F. A. Hihn, of Santa Cruz, have been stopping at the Hotel Imperial on Eddy street.

Mr. John C. Klein, who with Mrs. Klein left here for a visit to New York shortly before the fire, has returned to the city and is at the Dorchester. Mrs. Klein is visiting friends in the East and will return to San Francisco in a few weeks.

Dr. George Herbert and his son, Charles Herbert, are guests at the Hotel Imperial pending their return to Honolulu.

Mrs. C. H. Colman of Yuma is stopping at the Hotel Imperial.

SHREVE & Company

will occupy about September first, their temporary building at the corner of Van Ness Ave. and Sacramento St.

Complete stock now on sale at Post Street and Grant Avenue

The Oakland branch office will be discontinued August eleventh.

Hotel Imperial

951 Eddy St.

One Block from Van Ness Avenue
SAN FRANCISCO

European Plan

ELECTRIC LIGHTS TELEPHONE
ELEVATOR GRILL STEAM HEATE. S. DE WOLFE, Proprietor
Electric Cars Direct from Ferry.

TO LET.

For one year from November 1st 1906, "The Breakers," on Chann Drive, fronting Pacific ocean, near Country Club, Montecito, ground about three acres, beautifully laid out with horses and carriages (will also be garage with Packard Touring car desired), butler, cook, coachman, and laundryman wish to remain with tenants; for terms and particulars apply to L. G. Dreyfus, Santa Barbara, Cal.

HOTEL RAFAEL

SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

50 minutes from San Francisco. Complete change of climate. TIBURON OR SAUSALITO FERR All Modern Conveniences. R. V. HALTON, Prop.

THE ARGONAUT

Clubbing List for 1906

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistake.

American Magazine and Argonaut	\$4.
Argonaut and Argonaut	4.
Atlantic Monthly and Argonaut	4.
Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut	6.
Century and Argonaut	7.
Commoner and Argonaut	4.
Cosmopolitan and Argonaut	4.
Critic and Argonaut	4.
Critic and Argonaut	5.
Current Literature and Argonaut	5.
English Illustrated Magazine and Argonaut	4.
Forum and Argonaut	6.
Harper's Bazar and Argonaut	4.
Harper's Magazine and Argonaut	6.
Harper's Weekly and Argonaut	6.
International Magazine and Argonaut	4.
Judge and Argonaut	7.
Leslie's Weekly and Argonaut	6.
Life and Argonaut	7.
Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut	5.
Littell's Living Age and Argonaut	6.
Mexican Herald and Argonaut	10.
Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut	4.
Nineteenth Century and Argonaut	7.
North American Review and Argonaut	7.
Out West and Argonaut	5.
Overland Monthly and Argonaut	4.
Pathe's Science Quarterly and Argonaut	5.
Puck and Argonaut	7.
Review of Reviews and Argonaut	5.
Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut	6.
Smart Set and Argonaut	6.
St. Nicholas and Argonaut	6.
Sunnset and Argonaut	4.
Theatre Magazine and Argonaut	5.
Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut	4.
Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) and Argonaut	4.
Weekly New York Tribune, Weekly New York World, and Argonaut	8.

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO

Stoves, Ranges, Refrigerators
Housefurnishing Goods
Hotel Kitchen Outfits

Turk and Polk Streets San Francisco

Phone Emergency 427

PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

Rear Admiral W. T. Swinburne, U. S. N., commissioned rear admiral from July 22nd, 1906, has been detached from duty as a member of the general board of the navy and as a member of the army and navy joint board, Washington, D. C., and ordered to duty as commander-in-chief of the Pacific squadron, hoisting his flag on the Chicago, relieving Rear Admiral Casar F. Goodrich, U. S. N., who is ordered home to await orders.

Major General Adolphus W. Greely, U. S. A., who has been in command of the Pacific Division since the retirement of General Sumner, U. S. A., in February, returned on Monday of last week from a ten days' tour of inspection in the Department of the Columbia, and left the following day for the east on his leave, which was interrupted by his return here at the time of the fire. General Greely, accompanied by Mrs. Greely, went from here to Benicia, where he spent one day, and then from there to Tahoe, where they spent a day, going thence directly East. General Greely will spend most of his leave in Massachusetts, and on September 15th will go to St. Louis, Mo., to assume command of the Northern Division.

Major General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., arrived from the Orient on the ship Manchuria on Thursday of last week and re-assumed command of the Pacific Division and also temporarily of the Departments of California and Columbia during the absence of their respective commanders at the maneuvers at Camp Tacoma. Accompanying General MacArthur were Mrs. MacArthur, Lieutenant Douglas MacArthur, U. S. A., aide-de-camp, and Lieutenant Arthur MacArthur Jr., U. S. N., and Mrs. MacArthur. Lieutenant MacArthur, U. S. N., has recently been relieved from duty in the Orient and ordered home.

Colonel John P. Wissner, U. S. A., acting inspector general of the Pacific Division, has been ordered to Camp Tacoma, Washington, for duty during the maneuvers, as inspector general of the camp.

Major Charles B. Hardin, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., has appeared during the past week before the army retiring board at the Presidio of San Francisco, consisting of Colonel Charles Morris, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Colonel George M. Dunn, U. S. A., judge advocate of the Department of California; Colonel William H. Comegys, Pay Department, U. S. A.; Colonel Daniel M. Appel, Medical Department, U. S. A.; and Captain James Kennedy, Medical Department, U. S. A.

Major Samuel W. Dunning, U. S. A., Military Secretary of the Pacific Division, and Captain William C. Wren, U. S. A., acting Chief Quartermaster of the Department of California, returned on Sunday evening from several days' stay at the Bohemian Club Hotel at Bohemian Grove, Russian River.

Captain Eugene P. Jervy Jr., Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., who was stationed here last winter as aide-de-camp to General S. S. Sumner, U. S. A., and who rejoined his regiment upon General Sumner's retirement, has been granted two months' leave of absence on account of sickness.

Captain Robert McMillan, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., and Mrs. McMillan, who have been visiting Mrs. McMillan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. Z. Blumman in this city, since leaving the quarters at the Presidio, left on Monday for the East, Captain McMillan having been ordered to Fort Moultrie, South Carolina.

Captain George C. Nugent, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to Manila

for temporary duty, on the transport sailing from this port. He will be relieved from duty as quartermaster of the Presidio post by Colonel William C. Davis, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.

Captain George B. Pond, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted leave for one month and fifteen days, to take effect on September 12th.

Lieutenant Raymond H. Fenner, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Fort Baker, has been granted twenty-one days' leave of absence dating from August 1st. Lieutenant and Mrs. Fenner returned early in the week from a brief trip to Yosemite Valley, and he left this week for the East, and will report at Fort Monroe, Virginia, for a year's course in the Artillery School. Mrs. Fenner will remain at Fort Baker until the end of September.

Lieutenant G. W. Winterburn, who rendered efficient service in the relief work under Major Devol, left on Tuesday last for Fort Leavenworth, where he will enter a second year's course in the staff college. Mrs. Winterburn will remain here with friends for a few weeks longer.

Lieutenant Thomas E. Selfridge, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to West Point, New York, to report for duty at the United States Military Academy on August 22nd. Lieutenant Selfridge, who is a son of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Selfridge of this city, has been stationed at the Presidio of San Francisco for about two years.

Lieutenant Caspar Goodrich, U. S. N., has been detached from the Chicago and ordered home to wait orders.

Lieutenant Haywood S. Hansen, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, has been ordered to proceed to Camp Tacoma to report to General Funston, U. S. A., for temporary duty during the maneuvers, relieving Captain Irving N. Rand, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., who will return without delay to his proper station, the Presidio of San Francisco.

Lieutenant Randal Kernan, Philippine Scouts, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, to report for examination by a board of medical officers to determine his physical fitness for re-appointment for a second term of service with the Philippine Scouts. The board consists of Captain James M. Kennedy, assistant surgeon, U. S. A.; Captain Roderic P. O'Connor, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., and Lieutenant W. R. Eastman, assistant surgeon, U. S. A.

Surgeon Charles Kindelberger, U. S. N., who has recently been stationed at Mare Island and left a few months since for Manila, has been ordered to the naval station of Olongapo, P. I.

Lieutenant Douglas C. McDougal, U. S. M. C., has been recently under treatment at the Naval Hospital in New York City, and upon being discharged from there is ordered to the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., and thence to Camp Admiral Harrington, Williamsburg, Virginia, for duty with the Marine Corps rifle team.

Lieutenant Chauncey L. Fenton, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty in the Philippines and ordered to West Point for duty. Lieutenant Fenton, who returned last week on the Logan, went out last spring on the transport Dix from Seattle, in charge of the horses of the batteries which sailed then from this port.

Lieutenant John Mel, U. S. R. C. S., has been commissioned a first lieutenant, to date from July 8th.

Orders have been issued by the War Department changing the system of appointing examining boards for the promotion of officers. Instead of con-

vening temporary boards at various posts throughout the country where most convenient and where examinations were necessary, as heretofore, boards more or less permanent will be established as follows: For the Subsistence Department at Chicago, Illinois; Quartermaster and Pay departments, at Washington, D. C.; Corps of Engineers, at New York and San Francisco; Ordnance Department, at Sandy Hook Proving Grounds, New Jersey; Signal Corps, at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas; Medical Department, at Washington, D. C., and the Presidio of San Francisco; Cavalry, at Fort Riley, Kansas; Coast Artillery, at Fort Monroe, Virginia; Field Artillery, at Fort Riley, Kansas; Infantry, at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. When necessary boards for the examination of officers of the various departments, corps and arms of the service will be convened by direction of the Secretary of War at Manila or the other large posts in the vicinity of that city.

Company I, Signal Corps, U. S. A., will, on arrival this month on the transport Thomas from the Philippines, take station at Benicia Barracks.

The fall target practice of naval vessels will be commenced about September 25th and for the Pacific squadron will be held near the entrance to Puget Sound. The fall practice is not competitive but is for the purpose of training gun crews, developing theories, putting theories into practice and the execution of various problems of evolution.

The home of Lieutenant Charles O. Thomas, First Cavalry, U. S. A. and Mrs. Thomas (nee Bessie Hannay) has been brightened by the advent of a daughter born on Sunday last.

The home of Dr. and Mrs. George B. Somers (nee May Hooper) has been brightened by the advent of a son.

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs for the past week are: Mr. E. W. Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. McNear, Miss Florence Hopkins, Mr. F. N. Wilson, Mr. John C. Klein, Mr. Samuel D. Mayer, Miss Mae Sadler, Miss Agnes Foster Buchanan, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee and Dr. F. H. Brown.

Wherever the English language is spoken and babies are born, there Steadman's Soothing Powders are called for.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Company

ESTABLISHED 1850.
Cash Capital \$1,000,000.00
Cash Assets 5,340,136.94
Surplus to Policy-Holders.. 2,414,921.16

COLIN M. BOYD,
Agent for San Francisco,
2310 California St., San Francisco.
625 Thirteenth St., Oakland.
BENJAMIN J. SMITH,
Manager Pacific Department.

Helping the Homeless

The Continental Building and Loan Association has helped build up several interior towns and cities of California, but for the next few years its funds will be used to help restore the burned homes of San Francisco.
Dr. Washington Dodge, President.
Gaylin McNab, Attorney.
Wm. Corbin, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr.
Office: Corner Market and Church Sts.

Byron Mauzy Pianos

Ready for business at
1165 O'FARRELL STREET
Pianos Tuned, Repaired, Moved and Stored
Bet. Franklin and Gough
SOHMER-Cecilian Player Pianos

BANKING.

California Safe Deposit & Trust Company

Capital Fully Paid.....\$2,000,000
Total Assets.....\$10,000,000

A General Banking Business Conducted
Savings and Checking Accounts Received.

Interest Paid on Deposits.

MAIN OFFICE

Corner California and Montgomery Streets

West End Branch: 1531 Devisadero St., near Post.

Mission Branch: 927 Valencia Street, near 21st.

Uptown Branch: 1850 Geary St., west of Fillmore.

DAVID F. WALKER, Pres.
J. DALZELL BROWN, Mgr.

FRENCH AMERICAN BANK

Union Trust Building (Third Floor)

Ready to accommodate its customers and do a general banking business. We will collect on insurance policies for those wishing our services.

THE FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

occupies offices in the same building.

Officers—Charles Carpy, president; Arthur Legallet, vice-president; Leon Bocqueraz, vice-president.

Directors—J. E. Artigues, O. Bozlo, J. A. Bergerot, E. J. DeSabra, J. M. Dupas, J. S. Godard, J. J. Mack, Geo. Belaney, Leon Kaufman.

Our Branch Bank is Now Open

AT

No. 810 Van Ness Avenue

German Savings & Loan Society

482 California Street, San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,532,719.61

Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00

Deposits, June 30, 1906.. 38,476,520.22

F. Tillman Jr., President; Daniel Meyer, First Vice-President; Emil Rohte, Second Vice-President; A. H. R. Schmidt, Cashier; Wm. Herrmann, Asst. Cashier; Geo. Tourny, Secretary; A. H. Muller, Asst. Secretary; W. S. Goodfellow, General Attorney.

Board of Directors:

F. Tillman Jr., Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohte, Ign. Steinhart, L. N. Wagner, N. Ohlandt, W. Van Bergen, E. T. Kruse, and W. S. Goodfellow.

Security Savings Bank

310 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00

Paid-up Capital.....500,000.00

Surplus and Undivided Profits.....250,000.00

Deposits, December 30, 1905.....4,829,205.04

Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

Banking by mail a specialty.

William Babcock.....President

S. L. Abbot.....Vice-President

Fred W. Ray.....Secretary

Directors—William Babcock, S. L. Abbot, O. D. Baldwin, Joseph D. Grant, E. J. McCutchen, L. F. Montague, R. H. Pease, Warren D. Clark, Jas. L. Flood, J. A. Donohoe, John Parrott, Jacob Stern.

Mutual Savings Bank

710 Market St., Opposite Third

SAN FRANCISCO.

Guarantee Capital.....\$ 1,000,000

Paid-up Capital.....300,000

Surplus.....320,000

Deposits, January 1, 1906.. 10,213,801

Interest paid on deposits.

Loans on approved securities.

OFFICERS—President, James D. Phelan; First Vice-President, S. G. Murphy; Second Vice-President, John A. Hooper; Secretary and Cashier, Geo. A. Story; Asst. Sec. and Asst. Cashier, C. B. Hobson; Attorney, Frank J. Sullivan.

Directors—James D. Phelan, John A. Hooper, Frank J. Sullivan, Jas. M. McDonald, S. G. Murphy, James Moffitt, Robt. McElroy, Charles Holbrook, Rudolph Spreckels.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS

To a man his club is meet and drink.
—Philadelphia Record.

Never hit a man when he has got
you down.—Philadelphia Record.

She—"So you have had a great many
thrilling escapes?" He—"Yes—I am
still a bachelor."—Detroit Free Press.

Ethel—"How long have the Newly-
riches been in society?" Bob—"From
the way they play golf, I should judge
about two days."—Judge.

"Life is so uncertain," she said. "I
know it," he replied, "let's get mar-
ried. One of us may die within a few
years."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Bacon—"She says she is twenty-
eight years old." Egbert—"Well, she
looks as if she would say she was
about that old."—Yonkers Statesman.

"De man dat nurses unreasonable
hopes," said Uncle Eben, "may be
foolish, but ain't so foolish as de one
dat nurse, vain regrets."—Washington
Star.

Medium—"I see a large dark obstacle
rising suddenly in your way." Rail-
road Magnate—"I guess that's my coal
stock."—Baltimore American.

"I see, Katie, that New York is to
have one policeman to every 521 in-
habitants," said the lady of the house.
"Well, ma'am, I've got mine," was
Katie's reply.—Yonkers Statesman.

"We believe in striking while the
iron is hot." With this expression of
sentiment, San Francisco unions quit
their work before the ruins had had
a chance to cool.—Philadelphia Led-
ger.

Old Gentleman—"Are you certain the
life-belts are cork, and not half saw-
dust?" Storeman—"They are the best
quality. We have sold hundreds, and
never had a complaint!"—Punch.

News Editor—"Here's a cable from
Constantinople saying the Sultan's
principal amusement is scaring his
wives into fits." Managing Editor—"Well, head it 'A Harem-Scarem Fel-
low,' and run it in the joke column."—
Philadelphia Record.

"I would deem it a great favor if you
would give me a little writeup," said
the poet to the editor. "Nothing would
please me more," replied the editor.
"When do you contemplate dying?"—
Milwaukee Sentinel.

"Mr. Jones," said the office boy, "I
got ter get off dis afternoon. "Me
gran'mother is dyin'." "Tve something
for you to do today, Johnnie," said Mr.
Jones; "but you may go at 4 o'clock."
"Aw! wot good is 4 o'clock?"—Judge.

"You say you wouldn't like to get
out?" exclaimed the prison visitor.
"Why, I thought you were in for life."
"O, worse than that, ma'am," replied
the convict. "I'm in for a double life.
I've got two wives waiting outside."—
Philadelphia Ledger.

"I wish," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "that
I had Mrs. Waddington's savoir-faire."
"Yes," replied her hostess, carelessly
tossing her \$60,000 dog-collar on the
dressing table, "I like it too. I was
looking at some downtown at Sellum
& Sendum's the other day, but they
didn't have any left that was anything
like hers."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"I suppose a professional pugilist,"
said Jokesley, "may properly be called
a 'box party.'" "Yes," replied Wise-
man, "pugilists don't do much but
talk."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The distinguished alienist looked
worried. "No," he said to the re-
porter, "I can't give you an opinion as
to the sanity of the prisoner." "But
surely you have considered the case?"
"It isn't that," replied the alienist,
"but you see, each side has sent me a
retainer, and, as these are the same
amounts, I am, of course, in tempo-
rary doubt."—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Man and the Quake.
Oh, man is a creature
Who cannot be tricked;
He never discovers
When he has been licked.

His buildings are tumbled,
His foundations raked,
He hasn't a notion
That he has been quaked.

His homes are in ashes,
To cinders have turned.
He has no idea
That he has been burned.

So cheer for the fellow
Who knows not rebuff,
Who never to Nature
Has hollered "Enough."
—McLanburg Wilson in N. Y. Sun.

A Question.

Mr. Carnegie, doubtless you
Can aid in pronouncing too,
Tell us now, in view of "Wooster,"
Why is Rochester not "Rooster"?
—Boston Transcript.

I Remember.

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The stained-glass windows where the
sun
Came peeping in at morn;
And Mama had such diamonds,
Such bows, and hearts, and stars!
And Papa had such splendid yachts,
And lovely private cars!

I remember, I remember
The parties they would hold,
The dinners and the dances, when
The favors were of gold;
For Papa was the president
Of an insurance co.,
But when the public got too wise,
Our grandeur had to go!
—Town Topics.

When Ethel Types.

When Ethel clicks the magic keys
I watch her in amaze;
She does it with such perfect e's,
As well as perfect a's,
Her i's are things of beauty, too,
And pleasant to the sight;
And whether they are black or blue
They seem to me just right.

The way she travels o'er the c's
Must help to make her y's;
She minds her p's the little t's—
How swift each finger flies!
She bends above the blest machine
And twists her curly q's;
She knows just what my glances
mean—
But, ah, they're little u's.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Life Is Real.

Lives of easy marks remind us
We can make existence pay;
Let us then be up and doing
Every Rube who comes our way.
—Chicago News.

Next Sunday Go to Byron Hot
Springs.—You can leave Friday after-
noon or Saturday morning, returning
Sunday afternoon or Monday morning.
Two days at the springs, and the en-
tire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This
includes the railway fare, transporta-
tion from railway station to hotel and
return, a delightful ride of two and a
half miles, accommodations at the
beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and
use of the wonderful mineral baths, all
for \$7.50. Try it.

Mt. Tamalpais Railway

Via Sausalito Ferry—Foot of Market St.		Via Tamalpais	
Wkly Sun	Wkly Sun	Wkly Sun	Wkly Sun
9:50A	1:15A	9:27A	1:00A
9:55A	1:20A	1:12A	1:05P
10:15A	1:40P	1:22P	2:30P
1:45P	1:15A	1:40P	4:25P
12:45P	1:25P	3:10P	Sat'y
Sat'y	2:55P	4:40P	5:30P
4:35P	3:45P	6:40P

Legal Holidays, Sunday Time.
TICKET OFFICE AT SAUSALITO FERRY

J. C. Meussdorffer Sons
HATTERS
Established 1849
Complete Assortment of Latest Styles
NOW OPEN FOR BUSINESS
909 Fillmore Street, Bet. McAllister & Fulton

LOCATE DOWN TOWN

Offices and Desk Room

—IN THE—

CENTRAL BUILDING

517 Market Street, between First and Second S.

Electric Light. Janitor Service. Night Watchman.

OFFICES ANY SIZE.

Apply to **Guy T. Wayman**

519 Market Street

San Francisco



CALIFORNIA LIMITED
TO
CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS
LEAVES DAILY AT 9:30 A. M.
WITH DINERS AND SLEEPERS

7:30 a. m. For Stockton, Merced, direct
connection for Yosemite
Valley, Fresno, Hanford, Vi-
salia, Bakersfield and Inter-
mediate points.
9:30 a. m. California Limited, 3 days to
Chicago. Leaves every day. Direct
connection to Grand Canyon.
9:30 a. m. Valley Limited for Stock-
ton, Merced, direct connection for
Yosemite Valley, Fresno, Hanford,
Visalia, Bakersfield and points on Si-
erra Railway.
10:55 a. m. For Stockton, Riverbank,
Oakdale and points on Sierra Rail-
way.
4:00 p. m. For Stockton, Fresno and
intermediate points.
8:00 p. m. Overland Express for Den-
ver, Kansas City, Chicago and Grand
Canyon.
NOTE.—Yosemite Vv. R. R. trains
leave Merced for Yosemite Valley at
5:30 a. m. and 2 p. m. every day.
TICKET OFFICES:
Ferry Building, San Francisco.
1112 Broadway, and Fortieth and San
Pablo avenues, Oakland.
University and West streets, Berkeley.

VACATION 1906

ISSUED BY THE

California Northwestern R'y.
THE PICTURESQUE ROUTE OF CALIFORNIA
AND

North Shore Railroad

THE SCENIC ROUTE

Is Now Ready for Distribution
GIVING FULL INFORMATION
IN REGARD TO

CAMPING SPOTS, THE LOCA-
TION, ACCOMMODATIONS, AT-
TRACTIONS, ETC., OF MIN-
ERAL SPRING RESORTS AND
COUNTRY HOMES AND FARMS
WHERE SUMMER BOARDERS
ARE TAKEN, WITH TERMS OF
BOARD, \$7.00 AND UPWARDS
PER WEEK.

To be had at Tiburon Ferry, foot of Market
street, San Francisco. Inquiry by mail
will bring an immediate response.
JAS. AGLER, General Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

HARTSHORN
SHADE ROLLERS
Bear the script name of Stewart
Hartshorn on label.
Wood Rollers Tia Rollers

Steamship Lines

AMERICAN LINE

FLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON.

Philadelphia	Aug 11
St. Paul	Aug 18
New York	Aug 25
St. Louis	Sept 1
Philadelphia	Sept 8
Friesland	Sept 15
Westernland	Sept 22
Merion	Sept 29
Noordland	Oct 6

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT

Mesaba	Aug 11
Minneapolis	Aug 18
Minnehaha	Aug 25
Minnetonka	Sept 1

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM—BOULOGNE.

Sailings Wednesdays as per sailing	
N. Amsterdam	Aug. 13, 10 a.
Statendam	Aug. 22, 10 a.
Ryndam	Aug. 29, 10 a.
Rotterdam	Sept. 5, 6 a.
Noordam	Sept. 12, 10 a.
N. Amsterdam	Sept. 19, 5 a.

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—DOVER, ANTWERP—(LONDON)—PARIS.

Zeeland	Aug 11
Kronland	Aug 18
Vonderland	Aug 25
Finland	Sept 1

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—VERPOOL.

Oceanic	Aug 11
Teutonic	Aug 18
Cedric	Aug 25
Baltic	Aug 25
Albatross	Sept 1
Celtic	Sept 8

BOSTON—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.

Republic	Aug 11
Cymric	Aug 18
Arabic	Aug 25
Republic	Sept 1

C. D. TAYLOR, Pass. Agt. Pacific Coast, Temporary Office 554 14th st., Oakland.

Oceanic S. S. Co.

HONOLULU only.—S. S. Alameda
11 a. m., Aug. 11, Round trip, 6-
class, \$125.
SYDNEY, AUCKLAND, SAMOA, HO-
LULU.—S. S. Ventura sails 3 p.
August 23.

TAHITI, SOUTH SEAS.—S. S. Marika
sails 11 a. m., Sept. 11. First-class
round trip, \$125.J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO.
General Agents, Pier 7, foot Pac-
st., San Francisco. Phone West 18.
Oakland office, 1163 Broadway. Phone
Oakland 8818.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

ORIENTAL S. S. CO. have opened their
general offices at 217-221 BRANNAN
ST., SAN FRANCISCO.S. S. HONG KONG MARU.....Aug 11
S. S. AMERICA MARU.....Sept 1
S. S. NIPPON MARU.....Oct 1Steamers will leave wharf, corner
First and Brannan streets, 1 p. m., for
Yokohama and Hongkong, calling at
Honolulu, Kobe, (Higo), Nagasaki,
Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong
with steamer for Manila, India, etc.
Cargo received on board on day of sailing.Round-trip tickets at reduced rates
for freight and passage apply at office,
corner First and Brannan sts. W. L.
AVERY, Assistant General Manager.

JOHN G. ILS & CO.

—MANUFACTURERS—

HIGH-GRADE FRENCH RANGES

Kitchen and Bakery Outfits

624 WASHINGTON STREET

San Francisco, Cal.

The Argonaut.

LIX. No. 1536.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 18, 1906.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trademarked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10; payable in advance—prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries by the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents everywhere supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 711 San Pablo avenue, Oakland. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postoffice in the United States or Europe. Special advertisements to publishers.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Jerome A. Hart, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." To insure consideration, manuscripts intended for publication must be typewritten.

Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal."

Pay all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Argonaut Publishing Company.

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at The International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane, American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, 100 Strand, London, W.C.2. In Paris, at the "Bureau de l'Opera." In New York, at Brentano's 31 West 14th Street. In Chicago, Western News Company, Inc., at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear, by W. J. Abernathy, at the Denison News Company on its boats and at San Francisco, Cal. Temporary Office, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal.

THIRTIETH YEAR

PRINTED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

JEROME A. HART Editor

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

ORGANIZED LABOR in the Congressional Fight—Earthquakes Even in Cockney Land—Russell Sage's Will—Records of Land Titles Destroyed—Strikes in the Printing Trades—The Governorship of California—How Our Sister Loves Love One Another—A Millionaire's Sand-Box—Cousin—Determined to Dig Up Dead—The Ben Love Feast—Fireman's Fund and Policy Makers' League—The Banks and the Insurance Companies	1-5
OF THE GREAT FIRE: Albert Reed, ex-Engineer, Makes a Report to the Board of Surveyors	5
MARINE BONNER: Discusses "The Passing of the Argonauts' City"	6
WITTO—PERSONAL	7
FAVORITES: "The Modern Romans"	7
MINES NO PARADISE: An Englishwoman Says Americans Have Spoiled Land and People	8
NOT FAIR	10
GIGGSSIP	11
QUALITIES	11
WRY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous	12
ATTITUDES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise	13
SCAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Wreabouts—Army and Navy	14-15
LEGED HUMORISTS	16
NEFUL LIAR	16

Organized Labor in the Congressional Fight.

The charge of battle was thrown down by Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, when he announced at the close of the Congressional session that organized labor would attempt to elect certain Congressmen, who were mentioned by Gompers has now issued a call for a dollar contribution from each member of the Federation of Labor to carry on the Congressional campaign. The men whom he hopes to defeat are Speaker Cannon of Illinois, Jenkins of Wisconsin, Parker of New Jersey, Vreeland of Pennsylvania, Vreeland of New York, McCall of Missouri, McCall of Massachusetts, and Littlefield of Maine. Three of these gentlemen are

members of the Committee on Labor, which committee did not please the Federation of Labor; hence they are marked for defeat. McCall and Littlefield incurred the hostility of the Federation of Labor by their attitude toward various bills affecting labor interests, Littlefield particularly by his firm stand on the anti-injunction bill and the eight-hour bill.

The first hostilities will take place in Maine, where Congressman Littlefield comes up for election in September. Two years ago he carried his district by over 5,000. It is believed in Maine that this majority will be reduced, but that it will not be wiped out. Coming from Maine we have no labor journals from which to gather facts, but both the Republican and Democratic papers in that State believe that the workingmen of Maine will vote according to their party lines. President Gompers seems to think differently. We shall all know more after the election, but it would seem to us as if Mr. Gompers had been rash in selecting Littlefield in Maine and Cannon in Illinois as the first victims to offer up on the altar of outraged Labor. Both are extremely able men; both have reputations that are national; both are popular in Washington and at home; and both have been invariably elected by large majorities. Mr. Gompers would have been wiser to select weaker candidates. But if he should defeat these two, the greater will be the glory to the great god Labor.

Earthquakes Even in Cockney Land.

The assumption of the crooked cockney companies that they are not responsible for fire following an earthquake ought to be known to their policy holders in the Land of Cockayne. Earthquakes are by no means confined to California, nor are they peculiar to semi-tropical or sub-tropical lands. They are experienced in nearly every part of the globe, although local disturbances are more frequent in the vicinity of volcanoes. Shocks such as we experienced last April, however, may be looked for either in the Arctic or the Antarctic zone, from the equator to the poles. Such shocks are not volcanic, but tectonic; they are the result of slips in the strata of the earth's crust; they may occur anywhere. They sometimes happen in parts of the world where earthquakes have previously been unknown in historic times. On the other hand, in countries like California, where slight shocks are frequent, severe shocks sometimes occur, and these severer disturbances are usually followed by periods of terrestrial tranquillity which may endure for many years.

Still no country can claim absolute exemption from earthquakes. The great shock at Lisbon in 1755—the most destructive ever known in a civilized country—was followed by a period of tranquillity extending over a century and a half down to the present day. So with the great earthquake shock in what is now the Middle Western part of the United States. The evidences of that great disturbance are plainly to be noted in the Mississippi Valley to-day. Had there been living in that valley then such a population as is found there to-day, the loss of human life would have been something colossal.

Is England free from Earthquake?

The crooked cockney companies hail from a land which is certainly not balmy or tropical, and which from a climatic point of view is renowned principally for rain, fog, and mud. But even perfidious Albion has its earthquakes. It is only a few weeks since a shock took place in the great smelting district around Swansea of which the London Chronicle says: "Hundreds of chimneys collapsed, and several public buildings, including the jail and general postoffice, sustained injury. A number of women and children became panic stricken, leaped from windows, and otherwise injured themselves."

Sir Norman Lockyer, the Astronomer Royal, is quoted by the press as saying that the large cities and towns employing electric power passed through serious peril in this earthquake. "Suppose," he is quoted as saying, "Suppose that at Bristol short circuits had resulted from the earthquake, and fire had started—as at San Francisco; the destruction of some of these towns would have ensued, and we must expect an earthquake in London some day."

Here is a pointer for the unfortunates who are now being swindled by the crooked cockney companies. Probably the Briton likes as little to be swindled as does the Californian. If the cockney companies are liable for damage from fire, the cockneys ought to know it; if the cockney companies are not liable for damage from fire when caused by earthquake, the cockneys ought to know that too. And we think the cockneys would be very much obliged to the Californians if we were to warn them of the stand taken by their cockney companies and of their repudiation of liability.

We presume the crooked cockney companies have no objection to letting their cockney policy holders know how they are treating their California policy holders. As the cockney directors are theoretically honest men, they should not be ashamed of what they or their companies do. Therefore, we urge on the California policy holders of the crooked cockney companies that they circulate as widely as possible throughout England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, the way in which the crooked cockney companies are swindling them.

Russell Sage's Will.

The will of the late Russell Sage disposes of a fortune variously estimated by the newspapers at from 50 to 100 millions of dollars. 'Tis a wide range, but a trifle of fifty millions of dollars to a newspaper reporter getting fifteen dollars a week seems a mere nothing. At all events, Uncle Russell left a large fortune. It took him ninety years to pile it up, and he had a great deal of fun in accumulating it. Now his family and their lawyers are going to have more fun in disseminating it. Sage left practically all of his millions to his widow, excepting \$25,000 to each of his nephews and nieces, with a provision (which is now becoming customary) cutting off any legatee contesting the will. The legatees have formed a syndicate with the advice and assistance of some earnest and altruistic attorneys; under this arrangement they all chip in and raise \$25,000 for a single selected nephew, who thereupon will contest the will. If he fails, he gets his \$25,000. If he succeeds in breaking the will they will all get their \$25,000 and a great deal more. The altruistic attorneys assure them that they will get at the very least a million dollars, which is a handsome return on an investment of \$25,000.

The nephews and nieces, whatever their age, sex, and previous condition of impecuniosity, have our earnest good wishes for their success. There is now no limit on the amount which a successful skinfint may heap up in America in the course of a life as long and as ignoble as that of Russell Sage. We have no income tax and we have no federal inheritance duty. As the government of Russia is said to be a despotism tempered by assassination, so the American attitude toward abnormal fortunes might be termed unrestricted accumulation tempered by post mortem dissemination. Hence, while Uncle Russell spent ninety years in piling up his hundred millions, it is gratifying to reflect that his nephews and nieces will probably spend only a few years in getting their hands on it—with the assistance of the altruistic attorneys. They may spend even less time in spending it all and spreading it among the people again. How simple, how entirely admirable is our American system of preventing the undue

accumulation of wealth for more than the span of lives in being. How true it is, as the American epigram goes, that here there is only a generation from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves. As a boy Uncle Russell went barefooted, had chilblains on his toes, and began his business career as assistant in a country store. After his nephews have divided up his millions, run through them, and returned to their primitive environment, they, or their sons, will again be sitting in the village store, spitting at the red-hot cylinder stove, as Uncle Russell's father used to do.

Yes, American civilization is all right.

Sure.

In the dispatches from New York telling of Uncle Sage's nepotic syndicate, we observe a paragraph calculated to fill us here in the West with unfeigned wonder. It runs thus: "The syndicate of contesting lawyers is being arranged with great secrecy, lest there be talk of bad professional ethics and investigation by the Bar Association." What kind of professional ethics can they have there in the East, and what sort of a star-chamber bar association? In the old days there used to be a belief that the attorney sat like a Senator in the Roman forum, clad in a white toga, while to him came humble clients plucking at his gown, and craving his assistance when wrong was done them. They might give him money, yet he was not supposed to sell his services, but to labor unselfishly for the doing of justice. The relation between advocate and client, even in pre-Victorian times in England, has been deemed such a relation. In fact, there may be found in old and musty English law-books occasional cases of "barratry" and "champerty," where lawyers have been punished for stirring up litigation calculated to redound to their interests, or where they have entered into litigation in which their fee was contingent on its success, or where they would bring a suit concerning a man's land and take part of it for their trouble. But all of that nowadays is looked on as mediaeval nonsense. The smart lawyer nowadays not only takes things on a contingent fee, but he looks out keenly for cases where contingencies can be worked up. In one of our most famous California will cases, that of Thomas Blythe, there not only was no question of "recruiting the syndicate with great secrecy," but the recruiting sergeant used to turn out his phalanx of lawyers with great pride. He had reason, for they were "leaders of the bar," every man of them. And their possible percentages, future percentages, and present percentages were discussed freely, not only in the courts and clubs, but in the press as well. In fact, one of the chief assets in the "estate" of a deceased leader of the bar was his contingent interest—a twenty-fifth, let us say—of the possible fee to be obtained in case the Occidental Blythe syndicate succeeded in swearing through its claimant against the Gypsy Blythe syndicate. And this shadowy "estate"—a potential contingency in a possible fee to be paid by his client if that client succeeded in winning another estate—this contingent fee constituting an "estate" was solemnly passed upon and probated by the courts.

Hence it is that this remark in the New York dispatches not only fills the public here with wonder, but must amaze our local attorneys as well. What a curious kind of professional ethics they must have in the East. And what a very remarkable Bar Association. It certainly is not at all like ours.

Records of Land Titles Destroyed.

Do you own land in San Francisco? If you think so, how do you know you own it? If you know you own it, how do you think you can prove it?

The records in the office of the Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco were destroyed by fire last April. Few if any owners can show records of title to property. Twenty thousand property-owners and millions of dollars are involved in this disaster, and speedy and efficient relief must be found.

The relief will be found. In addition to its application to the present emergency it may bring release from the slow, mysterious, and costly system of recording land titles. It may strike off the chains that entangle all legal transfers of real property and that lengthen and multiply in weight with each change of ownership. A common error of belief is that an abstract of title is a de-

fense against adverse claimants; it is merely a history of transfers and liens, and may enclose evidence of numberless lapses and flaws.

At the recent special session of the legislature an act prepared by G. W. McEnerney to fit the needs of the time was passed and has become a law. It purports to afford a simple, safe, and speedy method of establishing title by owners of property. With the object of settling all questions that might be raised on its constitutionality, an action was brought under the new law before Judge Kerrigan of the Superior Court, to prove title to a piece of property on India street. The judge denied the motion for an order requiring publication of summons, in order that on appeal the case might be taken to the higher courts.

Before the Supreme Court of the State, argument against the validity of the act was made by former Judge John Garber. The possibility of error and fraud under the act was pointed out by Judge Garber, but the main contention was as to the character of the actions authorized by the new law: whether they were "proceedings in rem," against material things, or "proceedings in personam," involving the rights of persons.

Mr. McEnerney's argument for the new law covered the need of emergency legislation, the power of the State to regulate the transfer of property, the details of the mode prescribed, and decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States on analogous legislation.

Counsel will file briefs within twenty days, ten days will be allowed for briefs in answer, and the decision of the court will follow their consideration. Should the law be upheld, the case will be taken to the Federal Courts, and if necessary to the United States Supreme Court.

Briefly stated, the provisions of the McEnerney Act allow an owner, where public record of title has been destroyed by fire, to file in the Superior Court a complaint against all persons claiming interest in the property described, and against such persons summons will be issued, for personal service when known to be in the State, for service by mail when known to be outside the State, and notice by publication two months in a newspaper of general circulation when unknown. Answer to the complaint must be made within four months of the first publication of the summons. No judgment will be given for default; proof is required of all facts set forth in the complaint and pleadings, and the judgment when given shall be conclusive, determining all rights in and title to the property. Actions authorized under the new law must begin before July 1, 1907.

It is pointed out that California already has a simple and effective land title law—the Torrens System—but that it has never come into general use, being optional, mainly through the opposition of those who profit by the more cumbersome, involved, and expensive method. The Torrens system of land registration is named for its originator, Sir Richard Torrens, who produced it in Australia in 1854. It has been in operation there for years, and has been adopted in the United States by the legislatures of Massachusetts, Illinois, and California. The plan requires the registrar to place on a single page of his record book the claim to title made by an owner and to issue a certificate of the entry. When a transfer is made the certificate is produced by the seller and a new certificate issued to the buyer. When property is mortgaged, a note of the fact with the details must be made officially on the certificate, and thus the certificate at all times shows the true status of the title. An indemnity fund is established to provide for the reimbursement of any owner who meets with loss through error of the registrar.

Title insurance companies, searchers of records, makers of real estate loans, and many lawyers have effectually opposed the Torrens system authorized by State law; the same interests are opposing the McEnerney law, and for the same purpose. The ancient and intricate system produces fat fees. Should the courts find the McEnerney law defective, their decision will be known before the Legislature meets. Why not then put the Torrens law into operation? Is enabling legislation required? If not, it may be made operative at once.

If the courts should uphold the McEnerney Act, the legislature might enact that titles be registered under the

Torrens system. San Francisco property-owners then know they own their land, and have the papers in their hands. The present system is mediaeval, inefficient, and bad; it puts a premium on perjury, forgery and fraud.

Strikes in the Printing Trades.

For a number of months a strike has been going on in the Eastern States which bids fair markedly to change the relations of the United Typothetae and the Typographical Union. The printers have insisted on higher wages for men employed in the book and job offices, as well as the "closed shop," or the barring out of persons not members of the union. The United Typothetae, as the employers' union is called, have refused to accede to this demand. The strike has lasted nearly eight months. Some of the largest publishing houses in the Eastern cities are running their business on the "open shop" principle. Among these large periodical publishers are the S. S. McClure Company, McClure, Phillips and Company, publishers of McClure's Magazine and of numerous books; another is the Scribner Publishing Company, which issues the Ladies' Home Journal and the Saturday Evening Post, these two having the largest circulations, monthly and weekly respectively, of any publications in the United States; then there is the Butterick Company, which issues such periodicals as the Delineator, largely devoted to fashions and for women's clothing, which publications also have the largest circulation in their respective lines. Mention in detail these publishers and their widely distributed periodicals in order to chronicle the fact that the Typographical Union has been attempting to bring about their enormous circulations. The boycott of a daily paper by a labor union has always been dreaded by newspaper publishers; this is probably owing to the fact that their circulations are so highly localized. Periodicals of national circulation, however, would seem to have no reason to fear from a trades union boycott.

A strike assessment, varying according to the value of the printers, but averaging about two dollars per week, being collected all over the West, including the Pacific Coast, in order to carry on the Eastern strike. The Typographical Union is a powerful organization, has a large treasury, and its leaders are unusually intelligent. It would seem, however, as if they were less disposed to be stiff-necked, and more inclined toward conciliation with the employers, for they made overtures to the employers at the annual convention of the United Typothetae. The employers' representatives stated that they would not confer with representatives of the Typographical Union but only with their employees as individuals.

The Typothetae gave out to the newspapers that their offices were running on full time, were well equipped, and that they found no difficulty in obtaining labor. During the early months of the strike this was certainly somewhat crippled, but during the past few months, if they are still embarrassed for lack of labor, the fact is not apparent. There has been a great migration of craftsmen in the printing trades from the rural districts to the large cities, where the wages are always higher. Altogether the strike would seem to be running counter to the interests of the Typographical Union.

Such being the case, the movement now under way to initiate sympathetic strikes on the part of craftsmen akin to the Typographical Union would seem to have its source in that body. There are rumors from Chicago that the stereotypers, electrotypers, photo-engravers, binders, and other craftsmen are thinking of joining the ranks of the strikers. This movement is rendered somewhat less threatening by the fact that the Printers' Union have a contract with the United Typothetae which does not expire until next year. They are reported as being adverse to repudiating their agreement. If the Pressmen's Union does not strike, such movement on the part of the other allied printing trades would have a poor chance of success.

A strike has been ordered by the Lithographers' Union, which is said to involve some twenty thousand workers. This seems to be an independent strike, for the relation between the lithographic printers and the letter-press printers is not particularly close.

printing from the lithographic stone, as discovered by Alois Senefelder, and the art of printing from movable types, as discovered by Gutenberg, or Faust, or whoever, are two distinct arts. Still, the strike of the lithographers, although unallied with the typographers' strike, is calculated to assist it.

In the meantime the United Typothetae are taking steps to entrench themselves in the advance they have made in the industrial war. In Stamford, Connecticut, the American Machine Type Setting Company has issued bonds for a large sum, intending to begin a technical school for teaching type setting, and the care, installation, and operation of type-setting machines. The printers' union believe that the United Typothetae are behind the type-setting school. Very likely they are right. When the printers' strike began in New York last winter, the Typothetae started a school for type-setters on Broome street, New York City. It is not difficult nowadays, with the various kinds of type-setting machines in existence, so to train men of fair education and average intelligence, as to render them in a short space of time very useful workmen. It is said that the output of the training school for type-setters has been very useful in keeping the employing printers of New York during the present long strike.

The United Typothetae are in a way to solve that part of the labor problem which most closely concerns them when they begin to supply new material to the type-setting craft. No one denies the right of the printers to combine and set a minimum on their wages and a maximum on their hours. No one denies the right of the Typothetae to combine and set a maximum on their wages and a minimum on their hours. They are neither of them concerned with public utilities, and so long as neither violates the law, the public is not specially concerned. As matters are at present, the intelligence and wealth of the Typographical Union would usually get the better of the United Typothetae. The Typographical Union is a close corporation, and many objections are thrown around admissions to its ranks, both from other countries or from apprenticeships. But when the United Typothetae established technical schools they speedily began turning out so many operatives at the main type-setting that it will be impossible for the Typographical Union to keep up its barriers very much longer. For that matter, there are already training schools for type-setters in a small way, like that of the World Printer in Chicago. All of these, however, are entirely within the Typographical Union rules. But when a new type-setter turned out, whether by the technical school within the union or the Typothetae school without the union, will tend to entrench the employing printer, and weaken the stand of the Typographical Union.

The Governorship of California.

The stanzas of the "Ten Little Injuns" ditty, as applied to the California political situation, have been reduced to a finality, according to the wise men who allow themselves to be quoted for publication. Four months ago at least ten prospective candidates for Governor were named, even if they were not all strictly in line; but half that number have fallen with the buds of spring. The Republican field is no longer crowded, and the Democratic aspirants—never numerous—have been reduced a third less by long-delayed Congressional action. And too, with seemingly little interest in political circles, the apathy of even the provincial leaders was noted with increasing frequency by the daily papers that are wont to be termed organs.

With the results of the primaries in many of the counties to build conjecture upon, there are still two particular problems awaiting solution, though the Democratic triangle has the darkest of dark horses for one side. Interest in the problems has at last approached the point, induced, no doubt, by the goings up and down in the State of three of the Republican candidates.

George Knight, the party orator, who deserves much credit for little of the Republican party, was the first one to make a choice to decline positively all consideration. Then Governor Henry T. Gage, now practicing law in Los Angeles, who won with ease eight years ago, when the parties seemed fairly balanced, might with reason

have remained in an expectant attitude, but he has announced that he will not be a candidate. E. B. Edson, the Siskiyou stock-grower, was merely mentioned for the place. Mayor Schmitz, who loomed large on the horizon a few weeks ago, is declared by the political seers to be no longer a probability. J. O. Hayes, of San Jose, still has a large following in Santa Clara and San Mateo counties, but it is pointed out that his brother, E. A. Hayes, is Congressman from the Fifth District, and the family can hardly expect another high place.

Governor Pardee is more than willing to succeed himself, with but little encouragement from tradition, for the honor of re-election has never been won since 1863, when the term of the office was made four instead of two years. With all the patronage he has had to bestow, and no Governor had more, it is said that there is a lack of willing workers for the present incumbent, and it is remembered that his majority over Lane was numbered by hundreds, while that of several of the candidates of the ticket was figured in thousands. The Governor now is busy in his campaign. Harbor Commissioner Charles Spear is working for the Governor, not merely because both come from Alameda county; but Congressman Knowland, from that District, is alleged to be cool. Many counties have endorsed the administration, but it is asserted that hard and fast instructions in the Governor's favor are noticeably absent.

Congressman Gillett, of Humboldt, is aggressively in the field, taking no warning from the fate, often referred to now, of former Congressman W. W. Morrow—the only example of a California Representative seeking the nomination—who was badly defeated by H. H. Markham. But Morrow stayed in Washington, and Gillett is very much here.

Mr. Gillett is a good campaigner. Two years ago he distanced his opponent, ex-Congressman Caminetti, even in the strongholds of the latter—Amador and Calaveras counties, which are a long way from Humboldt. Congressman Needham appears to be willing to assist his colleague, as his private secretary has been the companion and introducer of the Northern California Representative in the central and southern counties.

Warren Porter, a banker of Watsonville, whose aspirations were announced early, though coming from the smallest county in the State that is not a city, has won the support for the convention of four or five neighboring counties, and is reaching north and south. He is a Native Son, but was defeated in his candidacy for grand trustee of the order at the recent State meeting by A. Ruef, a not altogether auspicious happening.

Another triangle to be reckoned with at the Republican convention is made up of the more or less recognized political forces, A. Ruef, W. F. Herrin, and Walter Parker. Mr. Ruef will control a large number if not all of the 159 delegates chosen in San Francisco. Mr. Herrin, it is confidently proclaimed, can easily sway as many or more from various districts. Mr. Parker is asserted to have at his call the expressions of most of the Los Angeles delegation, 129 strong. The convention will be made up of 825 delegates, and it will take 413 votes to nominate. Uncertainty for even the most hopeful is likely to continue beyond the first and second ballots.

The Democratic situation is less complex. Had Franklin K. Lane's appointment to the Inter-State Commerce Commission been defeated in the Senate, he would, in all probability, have been the unanimous choice of his party for Governor. Lane out of the way, there are but two men left in the show of probabilities—ex-Congressman Thomas J. Geary and ex-Mayor James D. Phelan. And all reports up to this time tend to establish the conviction that even these experienced politicians will remain coy until the result of the Republican convention is known.

How Our Sister Cities Love One Another.

Immediately after the disaster of last April the Argonaut printed a number of articles from other Pacific Coast cities condoling with poor San Francisco on her calamity; linked with the condolences were the congratulations of those cities which escaped scot free—through their own foresight as it would seem; for those lucky cities which got off with a scare instead of a shaking invariably

set it down to their own forethought in locating just outside the earthquake zone.

We in San Francisco perforce endured the pharisaical sympathies of our wiser sister cities with as much resignation as might be. Some San Franciscans expressed the belief that such sympathy was worse than the earthquake; but that, of course, was a nasty remark. After printing a number of these sympathetic manifestoes, with San Francisco's polite acknowledgements for sympathies extended, the Argonaut grew silent and awaited further developments.

It did not take long for them to come. When so many cities were congratulating themselves on being entirely free from terrestrial disturbances, we were quite certain that some jealous rival would soon endeavor to refute their claims. Next to "The City That Was," the two most important cities on the Coast are Los Angeles and Oakland. From the very first day after the disaster they began regarding each other with jaundiced eyes, each secretly hoping to achieve the winning and wearing of San Francisco's mural crown. Such an attitude of veiled hostility could not for very long conduce to silence. When two cats on a back fence meet at midnight with erectile tail, with green eyes glaring they can not long refrain from screeching. Full soon the screeching began. Los Angeles proudly printed a long list of earthquakes that had not quaked and of shocks that had not shaken in Southern California. Judging from the self-gratulations of Los Angeles papers, and the little leaflets and booklets sent forth by the thousands from her groaning printing presses, no earth movements ever happened in Los Angeles except the upheavals of real estate values.

But the City of the Angels boasted so much of its freedom from temblors that the Oakland Tribune could not stand it, and proceeded to dig up earthquake ammunition from an arsenal which California is profusely furnished with. When it comes to talking about earthquakes, this country is something like Melbourne and Sydney in the matter of grandfathers. So short a time has elapsed since the British Government sent many gentlemen to Australia for their country's good that it is considered the worst possible form in Australian society circles to talk about turnkeys, wardens, cells, or ropes. Correspondingly, while there are many places in California that did not experience the severe shock of April 18th, 1906, they must be careful when it comes to boasting about the years that are gone. Thus, the Oakland Tribune says: "It would be in better taste for Los Angeles to refrain from felicitating itself that it escaped the earthquake of April 18th, when it is remembered that that city is not immune from seismic disturbances, and lies within a belt which has suffered much in the past." Referring to the earthquake in the early part of the last century, the Tribune says: "The earthquake of April 18th, 1906, only slightly damaged the old adobe Mission church in San Francisco, but the adobe Mission buildings at San Juan Capistrano were totally wrecked by the earthquake which swept over Los Angeles in the early part of the last century." Coming down to later times, the Tribune says, "In 1872 the loftiest building in Los Angeles was the Pico House, a three-story brick structure. That hotel and many of the two-story brick and one-story adobe buildings were badly shattered and the community thrown into a panic. The Owens River Valley, to which Los Angeles is now looking for its future water supply, was the center of that earthquake. Twenty-eight persons were killed and scores were severely injured. The towns of Independence, Lone Pine, and Cerro Gordo were practically destroyed. The Owens River, which Los Angeles intends to use for her water supply, totally disappeared for a time in a crevasse."

The latter part of this sentence is reminiscent of Martial's definition of an epigram, "A little thing having in its tail a sting." Los Angeles might stand every other part of the attack. But to assert that Southern California is so subject to earthquakes that the Owens River—which she intends to bring within her limits at a cost of over twenty millions of dollars—could disappear in an earthquake crevasse—that is too much. We have not yet seen the reply of the Los Angeles papers to the Oakland Tribune attack. We fancy, however, that it will be a corker when it comes. Of course it will not be reprinted

in any other of Oakland's rival cities on the Coast, which at present are looking with envy on the Pacific Athens for her crowded streets and her large increase in business from San Francisco's disaster. We observe, however, that the Sacramento Union reprints the Oakland attack on Los Angeles without any comment. But there seems to be a faint snicker running through its headings.

The Millionaire's Sandlotter Cousin.

A number of years ago one Loring Pickering, then editor of the Call newspaper, was very much interested in the founding of a free public library in San Francisco. At the meetings of the Dashaway Association, a temperance body, there spoke on a certain Sunday one Denis Kearney, then unknown to fame, on this subject of a public library. Mr. Kearney was moved to scorn over the interest taken in certain rifle-shooting competitions then in progress, and spoke sneeringly of the folly of young men "shooting bullets at a painted board" when they might improve their minds by reading. These remarks commended themselves to Mr. Pickering, and thereafter when Denis Kearney spoke, as he frequently did at such gatherings, the Call usually reported his remarks at length.

This was a time of political and industrial unrest. On the Pacific Coast there was much feeling against the Chinese; in San Francisco, in Truckee, in Eureka, and in other Coast cities, there were anti-Chinese riots; great railroad strikes extended clear across the continent, which the military were called out to suppress; and this was the time when Denis Kearney lifted up his voice in the slogan of "The Chinese must go." Charles De Young was then editor of the Chronicle, and both he and Loring Pickering had political and journalistic ends to subserve. They both saw the potentialities of Denis Kearney, and each endeavored to win him. Mr. Pickering won him. Thereafter Kearney became a powerful agent in the political battle which was waged over the events preceding the Constitution of 1879, and the deep-seated split in both parties which resulted therefrom, the growth of the "New Constitution Party," and the "Honorable Bilks."

Denis Kearney became a political power. He was a sort of journalistic Frankenstein. He grew greater than his creators. For a time he swayed the Sand Lot, where enormous crowds gathered weekly to listen to his speeches. Kearney swayed the Sand Lot, the Sand Lot dominated the city, and for a time the city almost ruled the State.

But not quite.

In the course of years, Kearney lost his influence over his Sand Lot following, and retired into obscurity and affluence.

During all these years an eccentric man named M. Theodore Kearney was building up a fortune in Fresno county. He went there some years before these events began, and bought large tracts of land, which he cut up and sold off in small tracts to colonists. The best of his land he kept; he inaugurated costly irrigation works; he cultivated his land intensively and extensively. He became one of the great raisin growers of California, which means one of the great raisin growers of the world. He also became one of the most unpopular men in Fresno county, for he was dictatorial, selfish and arrogant. He had the arrogance of riches, the selfishness of the self-made man. For M. Theodore Kearney became a millionaire.

Thirty years ago a millionaire in interior California could do little to dazzle lesser men. He might build the largest house in the county. He could not run a yacht, for there was not water enough there. Tulare Lake, which was the only sheet of water in the great interior valley, had so diminished by reason of the growth of irrigation, that it was navigable only by wagons. Then, again, it had been pre-empted by thrifty settlers, and yachting over ranches might involve a man in actions for trespass. By the way, we observe that Tulare Lake is now slowly rising again, and the son of the settlers of the seventies will be forced to turn the paternal acres into ducks and drakes.

The only thing that M. Theodore Kearney could find to do, in order to write plain and large his difference

from poorer men, was to set up a tandem and a tiger. This he did. He drove his tandem in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park, where it excited surprise, amusement and socialistic sneers. But in San Francisco we have always had a slight veneer of civilization, and even before the fire there were many thousands of people here who did not eat with their knives. Furthermore, there was a marked tolerance for eccentricity, whether in rich or poor. Cincinnati or Buffalo would not have tolerated "Emperor Norton" for a day. Russell Sage, had the emperor attempted to levy a small imperial tax, would have turned him over to the police. Our "Great Unknown"—who, oiled and curled like an Assyrian bull, daily promenaded Montgomery street—would have been "vagged" in sedate Boston within a week. Yet the "Great Unknown" lived out his harmless life in San Francisco, and nobody knew who he was, and nobody cared.

Therefore M. Theodore Kearney's tandem and tiger were not even a nine-days' wonder in San Francisco. In the great interior valley it was different. There the coach whip, the long traces, the rings and turrets on the wheeler for the leader's reins, the tiger, the tiger's buckskins, the tiger's varnished boots, the solemn, owl-like countenance of M. Theodore Kearney himself, impassive even when his leader tried to dispossess the tiger and climb into the trap by the back way—all of these things, intrinsically humorous and harmless, excited deep feeling in the granger bosom. M. Theodore Kearney, like Whistler, had perfected the gentle art of making enemies, but even his high-handed ways in business did not make him so many enemies as did driving tandem in the face of high heaven and in the San Joaquin valley.

All of this, be it understood, is written of the time when Placers was consul. It is different now. In the San Joaquin valley, nowadays, there are young people who were born to the high band-shake, knickerbockers may be worn by elderly men openly and unashamed, and young men play polo without being shot at.

In the great interior valley, nowadays, such a man as M. Theodore Kearney buys a high-priced and high-powered automobile. And, in fact, that is what M. Theodore Kearney did in recent years.

Not many weeks ago, while on his way to Europe, M. Theodore Kearney died in mid-Atlantic, and his body was taken ashore at Queenstown, to be shipped back to his adopted State. He left a will by which he devised his large fortune to the University of California. In order to prevent the breaking of his will, he devised his property to four prominent citizens of this State, in the event that his bequest to the University should be set aside. A San Francisco trust company is the executor of the estate. As M. Theodore Kearney was a solitary man, known to have no family and apparently no heirs, it was believed that his will would be probated without contest and without question. Now, however, to the surprise of the State, Denis Kearney comes forward and threatens to contest the will of M. Theodore Kearney. The ground of his contest is that he is a first cousin of the decedent, and that "the law forbids the leaving of more than one-third of a fortune to charitable purposes."

The law in California throws marked restrictions about the act of testamentary devise. Not only does it limit the amount that may be left to charitable institutions, but it provides that any such bequest must be made more than thirty days prior to the death of the testator. It has always been believed in San Francisco that this provision in the law was due to the will of William S. O'Brien of the Bonanza firm, which left large legacies to churches and church charities. It was also believed that these bequests were made in the fear of death—and the bereafter. However that may be, the law was changed not long after the death of O'Brien.

If Denis Kearney should contest the will of M. Theodore Kearney, what will be the result? Is the University of California a "charitable institution"? Is the gift of higher education to the sons of the State by the State itself to be considered as alms? Does the State owe to its youth anything more than a common-school education? Should the State give to its youth any more in the way of education than that which is necessary to

make them good citizens? Is the providing of education in the primary and grammar-school branches sufficient to accomplish that purpose? If that be not the gift by the State to its youth of educational courses of ancient languages and literature, law, medicine, surgery, pharmacy, veterinary medicine, dentistry, engineering, assaying, metallurgy, agriculture, horticulture, viticulture, raisin-growing, and other arts, sciences, trades, to be considered in the light of a charity? If so, would not the will of M. Theodore Kearney in giving money to the University of California be considered as a testamentary devise to a "charitable institution?"

These are hypothetical questions, but they are interesting if only academic.

The State possesses great power over its citizens; it can limit or restrict their right of testamentary disposition. It can even take that right away. It can prevent a father from leaving his estate to his daughter or his son. It does not even have to pass laws forbidding testamentary disposition, for that privilege is not a "natural right," but an "artificial right," and is purely a creature of statute. Were the statute to disappear, with it would disappear the artificial right. The State would need no affirmative legislation to wipe out completely the privilege of conveying property by will; simply to repeal the statutes giving to her citizens that right would be sufficient. Then there would be no more will-making and no more giving by wills.

However, States are very much like individuals. They do not like to deprive themselves of money. We are in the confidence of the California Supreme Bench that we are inclined to think that if this matter comes before them, and the respective rights of Denis Kearney and the University of California be presented to the able advocates that the claims of Denis Kearney will kick the beam.

Determined to Dig Up the Dead.

There seems to be a ceaseless attempt to dig up San Francisco's intra-mural cemeteries. We do not see why. The people inside of them behave better and do less harm than those outside. There are many cemeteries much older than San Francisco where the ancient dead are allowed to remain, and they are harmless so far as we are aware. It is of course not advisable to sink surface wells for drinking water in the midst of ancient city cemeteries, but if people want to sink wells they will have them, whether in city or country. Once, in San Mateo county, we saw a country mother at a funeral pumping water for her child to drink from an ordinary surface well sunk in the midst of the tombs. In San Francisco our water comes either from distant foothill reservoirs or from artesian wells. Therefore, we see no objection to retaining the cemeteries as they are. Ordinances forbidding the burial of fresh bodies in them are doubtless desirable, as crowding is bad among human beings, whether alive or dead.

The latest attempt to dig up the cemeteries broke in the Board of Supervisors. A supervisor offered a resolution that condemnation proceedings be instituted to open streets through Laurel Hill, Odd Fellows, Mount Calvary cemeteries. One supervisor suggested that "the city has a twenty-five acre plot of land on Cypress Lawn, intended for the bodies of paupers, in which the bodies of those removed from the cemeteries could be reburied. Removing the bodies from the cemeteries would cause a great deal of land to become available as homes for people who are being forced to go to Oakland." Even if there were ninety-nine reasons for removing the cemeteries, we fail to see the merit of the last one. If there is anything of which there is a superabundance in San Francisco at present, is vacant land. Then, why this feverish demand for land? "The cemeteries are supposed to cover some twenty-eight blocks," say the Supervisors. But there are nearly five hundred blocks burned. Let us build on these before building on the cemeteries. There is so much vacant land in San Francisco that if the Board of Supervisors were to announce that it wanted to buy twenty-eight blocks—the area it is now seeking to add to the building space—its offices would be so beset by people who wanted to sell that there would have to be a riot.

a large squad of police sent to protect the Supervisors from the mob of maddened sellers.

The Banks and the Insurance Companies.

There are a few people who are pleased to consider the remarks of this journal on the insurance situation as "temperate." The Argonaut has always called a spade a spade. Likewise, it now believes in calling a rascal a rascal. Not all insurance men are rascals, but a great many of them are.

Newspapers, as a rule, are not conservative. Bankers are invariably so. When the Bankers' Clearing House Association joined the Policy-Holders' League, we felt much encouraged. It showed the time for temporizing was past. Now the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, through its attorneys, has issued the following warning to clients and depositors:

SAN FRANCISCO, August 8, 1906.—To the Mortgagees of the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society: The first collection from the insurance companies on account of fire losses in the recent conflagration was made on June 7, 1906, just two months ago. Since that time there has been collected on account of insurance held by the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society as collateral security for its loans about \$2,000,000. At the present time collections amount to about \$50,000 every day.

Most companies have dealt honestly with the mortgagees of the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society and with the society itself. On the other hand, the practices of some of the companies have been such that it is our duty to advise and warn the mortgagees of the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society against offered compromise settlements made under such terms and in such manner as to convince us that the purpose of the companies proposing such settlement is simply to take from the people of San Francisco a large amount of money which the companies are legally bound to pay.

Our experience with the adjusters and attorneys of the London and Lancashire, Orient, State of Liverpool and English-American Underwriters has been such that we deem it our duty to make the following specific statement in regard to their business:

First—The above-named companies represent that they are well able to pay San Francisco losses in full.

Second—Their local managers have resigned because of the practices adopted by their adjusters to evade the payment of liabilities of the companies.

Third—The attorney for the adjusters has stated within the last week that they have not adjusted a single loss.

Fourth—They have knowingly denied all liability was beyond question, and by persistently adhering to their fraudulent statements they have frightened policy holders into accepting from 50 to 90 per cent of the amounts due them.

Sixth—By reason of their practices the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society regards their new policies of insurance as of doubtful value and will, therefore, refuse to accept the same as security for its loans.

Seventh—As attorneys we cannot counsel the acceptance of less than the amounts legally due from these companies. Yours very truly,

TOBIN & TOBIN,

Attorneys for the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society.

The Hibernia is one of the oldest, richest and most conservative banks in California. That it should issue a document shows in how unscrupulous a manner insurance companies are attempting to defraud their depositors.

Seats at the Bryan Love Feast.

The ingeniously humorous head waiter at a summer hotel lost his position through his whim of seating the red-headed guests at one table and all the bald-ones at another, and similar obvious but unappreciated plays of classification. The experience is recalled by the announcement in the press that Judge Feltner would make an effort to seat all State delegations to the Bryan convention in New York. Even with the arrangement on the lines there will be difficulties for the master of ceremonies on that festive Democratic occasion, but with an attempt to make a more particular distribution and grouping, a sorting of sentiments and parceling of probabilities, the possibilities of inharmony are hardly to be exaggerated. Divisions for the Parker patricians, the Appleton and unreconstructed silverites, the Watson populists, the Taggart and Sullivan sports, the Hearst irreconcilables, the Bailey Bourbons, and the innumerable middle-of-the-road and by-path varieties must be provided, with partitioning devices high, strong and tight. The task will not be an enviable one.

Fireman's Fund and Policy-Holders' League.

The following statement in regard to the Fireman's Fund and Home Fire and Marine Insurance Companies has been given out through the medium of the Policy-Holders' League, which is made up of the Merchants' Association, the Chamber of Commerce, the Clearing House Association, other commercial institutions, and individual policy-holders:

"The Fireman's Fund officers are formulating a plan which they think will be acceptable to their

San Francisco policy-holders. They have had several conferences with the trustees of the Policy-Holders' League, who propose to lend them every assistance in ascertaining whether the plan under consideration can be made practicable and satisfactory to policy-holders in general. The Policy-Holders' League has promised to co-operate to the best of its ability, and the expectation is that within a few days the details will be announced. In the meantime the Fireman's Fund officers urge that all policy-holders await the result of these negotiations before taking any action which will simply precipitate complications, to the injury of all concerned.

"The plan involves, with other features, a heavy assessment of shareholders."

Since insolvency proceedings were threatened against the Fireman's Fund and the Home the directors of both corporations have been considering how best to avoid the forced winding up of their business. The Policy-Holders' League is endeavoring to assist them, in the interests of their own members. These two San Francisco fire insurance companies hold large blocks of San Francisco securities. Turning them into cash at present would not realize sufficient to meet their fire losses. More deliberate liquidation may do so. This is what is looked for and hoped for.

LESSONS OF THE GREAT FIRE.

Albert Reed, Expert Engineer, Makes a Report to the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

The conditions existing at the time of and governing the progress made by the San Francisco conflagration are well presented in the report of the committee on fire prevention of the National Board of Fire Underwriters. This report is the result of the investigations by Albert Reed, consulting engineer to the committee, who was sent out to make an investigation immediately after the fire. Mr. Reed gives valuable data concerning existing conditions, and regarding the effect of the earthquake he says:

"On the solid ground the action was confined to shaking, in which the upper parts of structures were apt to experience a maximum oscillation. In soft ground there were permanent displacements which resulted in a distortion of the lower parts of structures where foundations did not go through to solid ground. This is illustrated by the cases of the Aetna building, the postoffice and the car tracks at the foot of Market street, all of which were foundations going through the few feet of soft material. They show but slight change of level, although the streets adjacent have sunk away.

"The actual damage was not, as a general rule, structurally serious as far as appearance went. Apart from buildings having ponderous architectural attachments, particularly the City Hall, where the damage was great and spectacular, the apparent structural injury was mainly to tall chimneys, church towers and unbraced brick gables, copings and projections.

"The effect on fireproof buildings was especially important, as the steel-frame type had never before been seriously tested in an earthquake. It may be said, generally speaking, that these buildings had no apparent structural injury. The steel frames appeared plumb and true and, contrary to the early account, neither the sides nor the floors had dropped out."

Mr. Reed, as the result of his investigations, reaches the following conclusions:

"Among previously accepted views which are confirmed are the following:

"The paralyzing effect of a number of simultaneous fires. The weakening of the fire-fighting force as it thins out over a wide front. The impossibility, with existing methods, of front resistance to the sweep when the wind velocity exceeds a certain critical figure. The special vulnerability of leeward up-slopes. The utility of explosives, except where there is close co-operation with hose streams. The structural ruin in conflagration of all wooden joist brick buildings where the stability of the walls in any way depends upon the bracing by the beams. The structural ruin to be anticipated in conflagration in all wooden joist brick buildings where the wall bracing depends upon unprotected iron and steel girders or columns.

"The limited utility in a conflagration of rear and side shutters, where front windows remain unprotected. The ignitibility in conflagrations of ordinary roofs, consisting as they do of wooden boards with a thin veneer of tin or other roofing material. The slight value as conflagration-breaks of fireproof buildings when abandoned. The possibility in conflagrations of holding buildings with unprotected openings, provided there are some men, even a little water, and the openings are few.

The little reliance to be placed on street widths as positive conflagration-breaks. The structural survival, even without window protection and when abandoned, of steel frame buildings with fireproof floor arches, provided the steel frame is properly encased with fireproof material, the structural damage being in close proportion to the excellence of the frame protection. The more or less complete destruction in such buildings of all non-structural interior; heavy spalling of all kinds of facing stone, with little distinction as to kind, the injury to ornamental moldings and copings; extensive damage to hollow tile in floor, arches, and partitions as ordinarily constructed; a marked increase in injury where wood finish floors are used over the floor arches; the danger from falling safes, where there is loose back filling; the failure of unprotected cast iron mullions and spandrels in courts, and the weakness of roofs carried on unprotected steel rafters with suspended ceilings."

The most notable facts in respect to light thrown upon debated matters are as follows:

"1—The case of the Bush-street Telephone Exchange, which had a high type of window protection, but was full of combustible contents, was shut up tight, and abandoned to the maximum conflagration exposure. The structure and the window protection resisted successfully the general sweep of the conflagration; but some unascertained leak admitted the spark which originated an interior fire, causing as complete interior destruction as if there had been no window protection at all.

"2—The partial success of the South Mission Telephone Exchange, a window protected, fireproof building, in a frame district. This building was abandoned, and yet survived with two floors in habitable condition and a large part of the switchboard equipment intact.

"3—The saving of the Kohl building, a steel frame office building, with reinforced concrete floors, and with metal-covered trim and cement floors throughout. This was noteworthy as the first conflagration in which there was a building of this type. The glass was ordinary plate glass and all partitions had ordinary glass transoms. Caution must be exercised in drawing broad conclusions from this case. The fact that the majority of the plate glass windows are not even cracked shows that the upper floors did not receive any severe attack. The building was not deserted during the fire. Furthermore, the three lower floors are extensively burned out, the wood having ignited under its metal sheathing, showing that when the glass of windows break and fire takes hold of the contents of the room, the heat soon penetrates the thin metal sheeting of the trim. Still there is a definite though small advantage in this detail of protection, which advantage may be thus accounted for.

"The prominent cases of successful defense of unprotected windows were the Mint and the Custom Houses. Furthermore, both were only three stories high, below the drift of flames and gases and in addition were mainly of fireproof construction. The building whose window trim is slowly combustible has, therefore, an appreciable advantage, even with ordinary plate glass and no shutters.

"Going higher in the scale of window protection we have the case of the Western Electric Company, with its wire-glass windows. These still cannot be regarded as standard, inasmuch as the defect well known to fire protection engineers, diathermancy, developed the anticipated effects, namely, ignition through the glass. It is important not to be misled as to the lessons of this fire."

England is increasingly agitated over the motor nuisance. In Kensington, London, a fine residence section has been devastated, with a great depreciation of values. It was the practice in that region to sit on the balconies on pleasant evenings, quite in the American style. Now all retreat indoors and shut the windows to exclude the noise and stench of automobiles and motor buses. Statistics of accidents in the London area during May and June, showed that in those months there were 1,125 accidents caused by motor cars, and 790 caused by motor buses. Public indignation threatens revolt.

Joseph Monier, from whom reinforced concrete is usually called "Monier" construction in Europe, was a gardener, and in 1867 took out a patent for making flower pots with a wire skeleton filled in with cement—little thinking that bridges and buildings could be built in a similar way.

The account of a wedding published in a Kansas paper, describing the marriage in the usual flowery adjectives, concluded with this surprising announcement: "The bridegroom's present to the bride was a handsome diamond brooch, together with many other beautiful things in cut-glass."

The club house of the Inwood Yacht Club parted from its moorings, on a recent Sunday, and went drifting down the Hudson River with two hundred scared men, women and children. A launch gave chase and brought the runaway to shore.

GERALDINE BONNER

Discusses in an Eastern Magazine "The Passing of the Argonauts' City."

The San Francisco that was destroyed by fire was one of the most individual and colorful cities in North America. Quebec may present more picturesque points to the traveler's eye, New Orleans have an atmosphere more quaintly old-world, but neither of them—nor any of their sister towns—could rival the city of the Golden Gate in charm, in buoyant, high spirits, in a gay cosmopolitanism, in a pagan pleasure of life and romantic zest of adventure.

It was built by the Pioneers and the Bonanza Kings, two widely differing types of men. The Pioneers were the giants of that unwritten chapter of romantic history, the winning of the far West. They were the hardy ones, the bold spirits of their native towns and villages. The cautious, the timid and the feeble were not equal to the hazards of the enterprise, and stayed at home. Only the vigorous and daring, those who knew no fear and thrilled to the call of the Red Gods, went to California in '49. They were the outdoor men, the adventurers, who wanted worlds to conquer and followed the star of empire to the continent's rim.

The goal toward which they bent their steps lay like a reef between the great unknown wastes of the Pacific on one side and the drab, unpeopled lands on the other. It rose, a spine of sand, between these two desolations and the men and women who toiled toward it and saw it in the distance—opal-bright and beguiling as a mirage on the desert. It was the land of their dreams, the Eldorado that beckoned them, as they marched across the long prairies where cloud-shadows lay blue on the feathered grass; as they struggled over the desert where the alkali broke through the soil in leprous whiteness, while their tongues were as leather in their parched mouths. They climbed to the hilltops that twilight turned to lilac-blue and amethyst, and, with the sunset in their eyes, looked toward it—the land of promise. They dreamed of it as they slept beside the hollowed spring, the howl of the coyote in their ears and the prowling Indian shadowy outside the circle of their fires.

They founded a straggling village along the coves and among the sand dunes. It was three times swept by fire, and three times rebuilt, but their courage was unconquerable, their spirit indomitable. They were far from other cities and other influences, so that San Francisco developed unrestricted on its own lines, taking color from its founders and its environment. The Spanish strain, still strong in the people, lent picturesqueness and a somewhat faded splendor to the local life; Pioneer and Argonaut gave it a flavor of debonair audacity; the blue skies and tawny hills that framed it planted in its children the sense of beauty.

The heart of the early city was Portsmouth Square, its main street Montgomery, its fashionable quarter where Chinatown afterward stood. Here the little town boiled and seethed, and grew as untrammelled as the cocoa palm that springs from a dropped seed on a ledge in the reef. It was wild and gay, with all its doors wide open, the tinkle of the guitars in the gambling-hall mingling with the chanting of hymns from the church on the hill. Its streets were thronged with men—men from the East who had just arrived, men from the mines who had come down to spend their money, men from the seas whose deserted ships lay idle in the cove. The stimulus of the excitement that held and dominated each one was in the air like an electric vibration.

Their city ran like wild-fire round the lip of the shore, huddled close to the water, between the sand hills and the sea. From the water-front to the Presidio lay miles of land, as wild as when Portola landed; clothed with lupins and sea-grass, and with the glitter of the bay beyond. The Mission was a sandy expanse, pegged down here and there by a white cottage, and striped by a plank road running over its ochre-colored wastes to the old Spanish church founded by Junipero Serra. Where the Bonanza Kings were later to crown Nob Hill with palaces there were canvas tents and huts built of coal-oil tins, while children picked blackberries on the chaparral-covered slopes.

The business district lay round the edge of the cove, which was gradually filled in, block by block, till deep-drawing ships could anchor at the wharfs. On this made land the old *Nianfic*, the "ship of '49," was left stranded until the busy town grew around it, and it was braced into an upright position and used as a boarding house. The stern projected from between conventional house-fronts, and a door of entrance was cut where the rudder once swung. When finally the old relic was demolished, the sides were found to be lined with crates of champagne, hidden and long since forgot.

Fashion moved many times in the early San Francisco but left its mark most distinctly on South Park. This oval spot of green, ringed by dignified houses, whose sober, stuccoed fronts were pierced by long French

windows that opened on iron balconies, was one of the most characteristic landmarks of the older city. Though fallen from its original high estate, the Park never lost its air of sedate good breeding. From this throne the Southern aristocracy ruled; the famous beauties of antebellum days—the B. C. period of San Francisco's history—were wooed and married in these solemn old dwellings, which retained to the end the atmosphere of high distinction.

All this was part of the San Francisco that developed between 1850 and 1870—the San Francisco in which everybody knew everybody else, and the rest of the world was as remote as though the peninsula of Yerba Buena was in some uncharted corner of the South Seas. This was the San Francisco of Southern sympathies, when there were no millionaires, and when the desire to become one was not every man's dearest desire.

At the end of the '60's came the silver developments in Nevada, and the city entered into the second epoch of its life. From 1868 to 1878 were the "Bonanza Times," when the San Francisco of the Bonanza Kings was built. The Pioneer Days had followed on the gold discoveries in the foothills, the Bonanza Times on the silver discoveries in the Comstock Lode. These are what might be called the two geological eras that went to the forming of the city that now lies in ashes.

The Bonanza Kings built up San Francisco in the grand manner. They were a different race from the Pioneers—less simple, less frank, and not so broad; a more astute, complex breed. But they were equally daring, if they dared in a different way and for other ends. They were men of large grasp, who swept a broad horizon; humbly born, but gigantically aspiring; in youth cramped and confined by ignorance and poverty, in maturity determined to square things by recognizing no restriction of God or man. They were the first far Western millionaires, the first money kings, and they rose to the requirements of their vast possessions with confident ease, carrying bewildered wives and children with them. A boundless self-reliance, a gallant fearlessness, a bold joy in the hazards of the game, marked them. They were born to win—conquerors of destiny, before whom fortune halts and capitulates.

They were great spenders. The privations of youth had not taught them economies, but had stimulated in them the desire to atone for the lean years of the past by the abundance of the present. They came down from gray, sterile Nevada and poured out their treasures to make San Francisco a worthy market wherein rich men might magnificently take their pleasure. On the crest of the line of hills that bristled across the city they raised great mansions in which luxuriously to end their days, saying, like their biblical prototype, "Now, soul, take thine ease." Works of art were brought from Europe, and decorations from New York, that the Nevada miner might be as artistically and as magnificently housed as the millionaires of an older and more sophisticated East.

Stimulated by their demands, the city furnished them with all they asked. It quickly passed from the quaint Pioneer town to the glorified mining camp, where every luxury could be procured and every extravagance indulged in. The San Francisco of huge private residences, of fine office buildings, of splendid hotels, of brilliant theaters, of unmatched restaurants, grew out of the Comstock millions. It was the prodigality of the Bonanza Kings that made it the gayest and most pleasure-loving city on the continent—"more like Paris than any other place in the world!" as the traveled tourists often exclaimed. A fantastic extravagance, a feverish zest of amusement, entered its life and grew into the marrow of it.

It became an anomaly among cities—a place where much of the unrestraint and some of the lawlessness of the early mining camp still lingered to jostle the self-poise and to temper the sophistication of the great metropolis. Vast sums of money, suddenly acquired, flowed with careless prodigality from purses that but yesterday were empty. The enjoyment of life became as absorbing an occupation as had been once the conquering of fortune. And while the lack of equilibrium, the spectacular effervescence, were that of a new community, the general tone of existence, the easy affluence and the spontaneous richness of the life that the eyes rested on were like those of centers where time has made the business of gracious and pleasant living easy and familiar.

Strangers felt this and could not explain it. They spoke of the cosmopolitanism, of the absence of provincialism, and thought they had plucked out the heart of the city's mystery. Native San Franciscans, in whom the sense of contrast was undeveloped, could define it no better. They gave the best explanation of the enigma when they alluded to the consciousness of restriction and constraint they experienced in other cities. In a town where the outward surroundings showed none of the half-baked rawness of the new West, where a curious completeness of finish marked the social life as well as the individual, where the keynote of existence seemed a joyous appreciation of the more refined pleasures, it was

difficult to recognize the strain of lawlessness, the taste of wild liberty, the indifference to public opinion, mark the great mining camp in its hot, fierce heyday. These lay hidden under the conventional surface of Francisco's life, giving it its mysterious effect of "decence," its charm of a wayward, undisciplined perversity. They lent it the attractiveness that comes from defiance of accepted standards, the glamour of forbidden and disapproved.

One of its characteristics most frequently mentioned was its foreignness. Much of this was the lingering afterglow from the days of Spanish glory. It also imparted by the predominating presence of the Roman Catholic, an unobtrusive participation in the daily life by the priest and the nun. The Greek Church, with its deep-mouthed choir of bearded priests and its blue, sprinkled domes, was like a bit of the enameled brilliancy of Moscow sunning itself on a dreamy plaza. At the slopes of Telegraph Hill olive-skinned women with fawn-eyed youths fitted into the background of blue and green leafage as they did into that of their native Italy.

In the heart of the business section—a piece of the world's oldest civilization imbedded in the newest—Chinatown stood, all vermilion and gold, like an Oriental banner. With the bright effervescence of busy streets eddying around it, it remained aloof, inscrutably uncommunicative. Its baffling reserve hung between it and the encircling outer life like a veil. Half a dozen streets brought the wayfarer from the green-carpeted brightness of Portsmouth Square, where the good ship *Bonanza* bent its sails before fairy breezes, into the gloom of a street mottled only by the light of crimson lanterns, then, as if with the whisperings of an unknown tongue and the shifting of softly shod feet. The advancing throng of faces all bore the same suggestion of controlled emotion, even in the eyes, set like bits of onyx into slits of tight-drawn skin. It was a center of undivulged secrets, the home of the alien and the unknown, at your very door, and yet thousands of years away and beyond.

It was not stranger, though much less terrible, than the Barbary Coast. That, too, was a relic of the mining town, a conglomerate of "the bad streets" which radiated from the main thoroughfare when "strikes" are frequent and "the camp is booming." City sophistications were incorporated on frontier franknesses, and the Barbary Coast grew to be a name of darkling significance. It drew to itself all the lost and strayed spirits that the peopled rim of the continent called from the long as on one side and the gray deserts on the other. It was a stopping place—a bivouac in hurried journeys and desperate midnight flights. Its light was as a beacon to the battered adventurer, to the sinister criminal, and the woman with only the outward traces of her womanhood left. Its pianos sounded loud in the early morning, its saloon lamps glimmered pale in the dawn. Exploration in the great sea of human nature went there on dark voyages of discovery, sounding the depths of its dance-halls and sailors' lodging-houses. The fermentation of a wild enterprise, shot by red gleams of the legends of sea-pirate and outlaw, made perpetual agitation in its uneasy air currents. Color, hazard, mystery, redeemed its atmosphere from the rank sordidness of city life. Romance lurked in its shuttered byways, and adventure dwelt in the shanties that winked all night along the water-front.

All this has gone. So, too, have the embroidered balconied houses with the jut of protecting roofs screening dim second stories—faded relics of the days when the Spaniard built against hot weather and earthquake. So have those long-windowed, iron-shuttered old rookeries whose pale faces were streaked with the drippings from the eaves and mottled with the vari-colored stains of sun and sun. Artists lived in these, nailed their cards on the doors of each successive floor, and might have dreamed they were back in the Latin Quarter if sunbeams had not so constantly slanted in through their untainted windows and the brilliancy of bunched flowers lit up the corners of their studios.

Gone are those old storied houses round whose walls clustered histories, often tragic, always sensational—the court room, where Laura Fair was tried for the murder of her lover, and, being a woman, young and pretty, was discharged; the white-pillared house on Nob Hill, the acquisition of which reads like a story only because it could have conceived and written; the square, old dwelling round which Chinatown afterward grew, where the owner was found dead by his servants one bright morning; the houses that shined the youth of dead-gone beauties; the houses whose walls had shed lurid, unchronicled loves; the houses built in days of splendor and fallen on days of squalor, and the houses that saw the humble birth of distinguished men.

All, all are gone!—that which grew from bad beginnings, and that which grew from good. The work of two generations of men toiled to build up, forty-second of earthquake and three days of fire obliterated.

like a great drama, working up through a imitative volcano of action to a tremendous crescendo. The climax was the end of San Francisco's splendid, undisciplined youth. The two first acts were those of Pioneer endeavor and Bonanza glory. The day passed from struggle to crowned achievement, toward the place where material success reached its ultimate point. The conquest of matter was complete; all that could be done by the brain and hand had been done. Then came the terrible climax. The curtain fell on a city swept and ravaged, on a blacked-out line, on skeleton walls against the sky. It fell in a period, cut off, ended; it set the seal of finality on each.

The great drama will have a quiet last act, as all wars should—an act of reconstruction and restoration of a less spectacular struggle, an equally proud but less impetuous endeavor. And a great city will rise, and by fire, chastened by its wilful passions, soberer, and humbler—the San Francisco of the future.

For the moment let us mourn for the glad, gay, and things that has gone. In the midst of our new life let us step aside into a dim place and lament for the things rich and untamable and brilliant that has gone from our lives, for the splotch of color that has been wiped from the map. *Eheu! fugaces*, the mad, bad days of '50 and '70! *Eheu! fugaces*, the port at whose mouth all nations met and were merry! *Eheu! fugaces*, the days of the Bonanza King and the Pioneer!—Reader, adieu.

It is advertising for a "reliable, sturdy execution." The remuneration offered is \$364 per execution. The former occupant of the post retired, owing inability to wield the heavy axe used in Scandinavia. The hangman is also having trouble with his executioners. The official hangman struck a few days ago for more salary and pension guarantee. His salary had been \$50 a week. The hangman, who had served a long term of imprisonment for murdering his father, has had his salary raised to \$106 per execution.

Flammarion, the distinguished wife of her equally distinguished husband-astronomer, never allows anyone to cut her husband's hair but herself, and she keeps shorn locks for pillows. Her home in Paris is full of such pillows stuffed with clippings. The Flammarions were married thirty years ago; therefore, taking the average time of a man's growth of hair between each haircut as three weeks, the treasured accumulation of over 1000 haircuttings must make a goodly pile.

The German pork shops are fitted up as gorgeously as bakeries are in New York. Plate-glass windows, marble counters and shelving, hard-wood fittings, with much polished brass, prevail. The pig himself is dealt with delicately. The plump and tender hams are so trimmed that the layers of fat and lean show to the best advantage. Loins and chops are grouped in porcine bouquets, while the ornamental effects of the sausages are never lost.

Hudson Bay Company's stock of a nominal value of £100 is selling at £86 per share in London and paying a dividend of eighty shillings. This venerable corporation was in its 237th year. Only seven years ago its shares with a nominal value of £13 did not go above £2. The company still deals in furs, and does a large general trade, but its great profits are derived from its fur sales.

For a quarter of a century, so expeditious is the British mail, freight has been collected in London late in the afternoon and delivered at the consignee's door anywhere in the north of Scotland the following morning. The great African roads send out four fast freight trains daily to New York; the London and Northwestern Railway sends out twenty-eight!

Two Swiss fire engines were dispatched from Bale to a warehouse fire in the German town of Huningue, just thirty yards over the Swiss frontier. Although the German engines were quite incapable of dealing with the outbreak, the German custom-house officials would not allow the Swiss firemen to cross the frontier, as "they had received no orders to that effect."

An investigation by the Belgian Government of the theft of leather mail bags in the Kongo Free State disclosed the fact that natives in the postal service took the bags, cut out the bottom and gave them to their wives to be worn as clothing.

The number of tramps harbored by Massachusetts towns and cities has decreased 71 per cent in a year, due to a statute enacted making them work.

Italian cigars look like Pittsburg stogies, with bits of stick sticking out of them.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Richard Harding Davis will go to New Hampshire to help out Winston Churchill's campaign for the Governorship.

Scott Bone, for nearly 20 years managing editor of the Washington Post before that paper had come under the control of John R. McLean, will begin the publication of a new one-cent morning daily in Washington, to be called the Herald. The paper will be independent in politics, as the Post is a thick-and-thin supporter of the present administration.

President Roosevelt has contributed \$1 to the Republican Congressional Committee's campaign fund. The contribution was sent in response to a general appeal for dollar contributions. The New York Evening Post notes the fact with this comment: "The President sends on his dollar for the Republican campaign fund, and thinks it 'an admirable plan.' The praise gains point from the fact that the plan saves Mr. Roosevelt, if the story of his contribution in 1904 was true, exactly \$99,999.

Charles E. Magoon, now governor of the Panama Canal zone and United States minister to Panama, will resign from both places about September 1 to accept appointment as member of the Philippine Commission and vice-governor of the Philippine Islands. Later on Mr. Magoon will succeed to the office of governor-general of the Philippines, and it is thought that he will become ultimately a member of the Cabinet, thus following closely in the footsteps of Secretary Taft, who rose to Cabinet honors through the governor-generalship of the Philippine Islands.

Senator Shelby M. Cullom added another to his long list of victories last week, defeating ex-Governor Richard Yates at the primaries for the nomination for Senator, which means re-election for the second figure in Illinois politics, as Speaker Cannon must be reckoned first. It was the first direct vote for Senator in Illinois, and the new primary law is declared a success, though the vote was not as heavy as was expected. Senator Cullom is 77, has been in public office as member of the legislature, governor, Representative in Congress, and Senator for more than fifty years. He is now completing his fourth full six-year term in the Senate.

The triumph of Governor Cummins, of Iowa, the leader of the Republican "progressives," or tariff revisionists, over Perkins, the stand-patter and nominal leader of the Shaw forces, was complete. The State Convention nominated Cummins for the third time, in spite of the opposition based on traditional hostility to a third term. The nominee for Lieutenant-Governor was Cummins' own man, and the whole ticket was satisfactory to him. Governor Cummins has for years declared that trusts must be curbed and that the tariff has nurtured trusts. The tariff, therefore, was to be revised sharply. The platform declaration of the convention, however, was mild, and almost noncommittal.

The next Senator from Oregon was practically chosen at the recent general election in that State, under the new statute allowing the electors to express their choice at the primaries, and binding the members of the State legislature to ratify that choice. The successful candidate, the first man ever virtually elected United States Senator from Oregon by the vote of the people, is Mr. Jonathan Bourne, Jr., a prominent lawyer and a wealthy mine-owner. He is a Republican, but while the Democratic Governor was re-elected, Mr. Bourne defeated his Democratic opponent, United States Senator John M. Gearin, by a handsome majority. Mr. Gearin was appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Mitchell, and his term will expire on March 4th, 1907.

Alabama has joined the lengthening roll of States that will choose Senators by popular vote. With Senators in service who have reached the mature age of eighty-two and eighty-five years—Morgan and Pettus, respectively—and have attained positions of great prominence among their colleagues in the Senate, the State is unwilling to leave to a chance governor the designation of any one not thoroughly approved. Morgan is outranked in length of continuous service in the Senate by Allison alone out of all the ninety members, and has already completed twenty-nine years of service in that body. Pettus, though the older man, was confining his political activities to manipulation as the chairman of every Alabama delegation, except the first and last, since the civil war, to the Democratic national conventions, and became a candidate for office for the first time when he was sent to the Senate in 1897. Voters in the August primary will have five votes, four of which will be for United States senatorships. Each man is entitled to vote for two candidates for senator, and in this class Morgan and Pettus are unopposed. Then he is entitled to vote for two alternates and the pair receiving the highest vote becomes the senators-prospective. Seven of Alabama's best known and most capable political leaders are candidates. Next they cast one vote indicative of their choice for governor,

the candidates being Lieut.-Gov. Robert M. Cunningham and B. F. Comer, president of the State Railroad Commission. Public sentiment will force ratification of the sensational choice of the people.

Captain Lewis M. Koehler of the Fourth Cavalry is again in disgrace for having criticised General Leonard Wood, his superior officer. Koehler accused General Wood of unjust and illegal acts and with malice in connection with the court-martial of Captain Koehler last January in the Philippines. Captain Koehler had some trouble with Major H. L. Scott, military and civil Governor of the Island of Jolo, where the Mount Dajo battle occurred last March, charging Major Scott with incompetency and neglect of duty. When the charges reached General Wood, Major Scott was in Manila and preferred charges against Koehler. General Wood, who is a strong personal friend of Major Scott, ordered Koehler court-martialed. Koehler was convicted and sentenced to be reprimanded. Captain Koehler appealed to the Secretary of War to have the sentence of the court and the reprimand by General Wood set aside. This letter came through the regular military channels and of course passed into the hands of General Wood. He complained against Captain Koehler and the President has ordered Koehler before a court-martial to be held in the Philippines on October 1.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Modern Romans.

Under the slanting light of the yellow sun of October, A "gang of Dagos" were working close by the side of the ear track.

Pausing a moment to catch a note of their liquid Italian,

Faintly I heard an echo of Rome's imperial accents. Broken-down forms of Latin words from the Senate and Forum,

Now smoothed over by use to the musical "lingua Romana."

Then came the thought, Why, these are the heirs of the conquering Romans;

These are the sons of the men who founded the Empire of Caesar;

These are they whose fathers carried the conquering eagles

Over Gaul and across the sea to Ultima Thule.

The race-type persists unchanged in their eyes and profiles and figures—

Muscular, short, and thick-set, with prominent noses, recalling

"Romanos rerum dominos, gentemque togatum."

See, Lahienus is swinging a pick with rhythmical motion;

Yonder one pushing the shovel might be Julius Caesar,

Lean, deep-eyed, broad-browed, and bald, a man of a thousand;

Further along there stands the jolly Horatius Flaccus;

Grim and grave, with rings in his ears, see Cato the Censor;

And the next has precisely the bust of Cneius Pompeius.

Blurred and worn the surface, I grant, and the coin is but copper;

Look more closely, you'll catch a hint of the old superscription—

Perhaps the stem of a letter, perhaps a leaf of the laurel.

On the side of the street, in proud and gloomy seclusion,

"Bossing the job," stood a Celt, the race enslaved by the legions,

Sold in the market of Rome, to meet the expenses of Caesar.

And as I loitered, the Celt cried, "Tind to your worruk, ye Dagos—

Full up yer shovel, Paythro, ye haythen, I'll dock yees a quarter."

This he said to the one who resembled the great Imperator;

Meekly the dignified Roman kept on patiently digging.

Such are the changes and chances the centuries bring to the nations.

Surely, the ups and downs of this great world are past calculation.

How the races troop o'er the stage in endless procession!

Persian, and Arab, and Greek, and Hun, and Roman, and Vandal,

Master the world in turn and then disappear in the darkness,

Leaving a remnant as hewers of wood and drawers of water.

"Possibly"—this I thought to myself—"the yoke of the Irish

May in turn be lifted from us in the tenth generation.

Now the Celt is on top—but time may bring his revenges,

Turning the Ferian down once more to be 'hossed by a Dago.'"

—C. F. Johnson.

PHILIPPINES NO PARADISE.

An Englishwoman Says Americans Have Spoiled Land and People.

Admiral Cornish with ships of the British navy bombarded Manila in 1762, and, when the city was taken, a "priestly governor" of the Philippine capital presented the gallant officer with a beautiful emerald ring. Mrs. Campbell Dauncey, who inherited the ring, as the admiral was her "papa's great-uncle," wore the cherished gift when she went to the Philippines from England with her husband in 1904, and looked forward with a glow of romantic interest to her arrival at the historic stronghold on the Pasig. For nine months the Daunceys remained in the Philippines at Manila and Iloilo, and the lady had excellent opportunities for observation and criticism which were certainly taken advantage of with sharp eyes, even if with a somewhat captious disposition. Her letters to friends at her old home have been collected and published in a handsome volume of 350 pages, illustrated and admirably indexed. The book is titled "An Englishwoman in the Philippines," a phrase that gives no hint of the color, racy description, and critical philosophy to be found within the blue covers embellished with the remarkable Philippine "coat of arms." Every contact with novel characters and customs, in home life as well as in island travel and participation in public entertainments, is sketched with firm lines, and political aspects no less than personal concerns are presented and pronounced upon. It is not hard to believe that the several chapters were written, as is explained, while the impressions made by the experiences described were fresh.

When the Taft party visited Manila, Mrs. Dauncey was there, an interested witness of spectacle and speech, and her comments touch more than the obvious. With her husband she attended the public reception:

We struggled through the crowd of sight-seers and into the big basement, which was decorated very profusely, and where a lot of people were standing about. A man told us he guessed the reception was going on upstairs; we thought perhaps he had guessed correctly, so we mounted the broad stairs, between sheaves of palms and American flags, and found ourselves in a huge crowd in the outer room of the suite. The court room had been arranged with rows of chairs and benches facing the dais, and the balcony beyond, with the bright blue sky and white glare of sunlight for a background, was a seething mass of white-clad humanity. I noticed the Americans were all at one end and the Filipinos at the other—an arrangement of choice, I imagine, rather than accident.

There was no regular presenting being done and no one offered to introduce us to Mr. Taft or "Miss Alice," and we did not like to ask them to do so, which I am sorry about now, as I should have liked to have met them. However, Miss Alice was standing next to the Governor's wife while I was talking to the latter, so I was able to get an impression of her appearance, which I thought quite pleasing; a young girl with a fluff of fair hair tied behind with a big bow of black ribbon, a very pale complexion, and heavily-lidded blue eyes. She had on a coat and skirt of stiff white pique, which did not do justice to her pretty figure, and a plain straw hat with blue ribbons on it tilted over her forehead.

All the American ladies among the visitors were very plainly dressed in shirts and skirts, as for the country in the morning, with large, flat hats and floating gauze veils—just like the American tourists you see in London out of the season. The residents, however, had on pretty muslins and hats, and the

Filipino ladies sported their most beautiful camisas and finest jewels. I heard afterwards that the very plain costumes of the visitors were considered as rather a poor compliment, not to say a mistake in tact, for of course the Manila papers had given glowing accounts of the lovely dresses they wore at the entertainments in Manila, and Orientals think such a lot of that sort of thing—and so do Occidentals, too, for the matter of that!

Mr. Taft and the Senators were all in white linen suits; the officers in white linen, too, plus the badges of their rank. Mr. Taft, who is a very tall, fair man of enormous build, towered over the heads of every one about him. I don't think I ever saw any one so vast, and could quite believe that he weighed 250 pounds—though I must say that to hear a weight expressed in pounds does not convey much impression to my mind. He has a large, clever face, which creases up into an amiable smile for which he is famous, and which has helped him enormously in life. In curious contrast are his eyes, which are small, and placed rather close together, and very shrewd in expression. When he is serious, it is a stern, rather hard face, and not very prepossessing, but when he smiles the "Taft smile," it is altered in the most extraordinary manner, and he really looks charming.

It was at this reception that Secretary Taft made the announcement concerning Filipino independence which is alleged to have been unexpected:

On the dais were placed two or three rows of Vienna cane chairs, those for the important people in front, with arms to them. In these sat the Governor, Mrs. Luke E. Wright, and "Miss Alice." Next to the latter Mr. Taft took the chair assigned to him, into which he wedged himself with infinite trouble; but the chair at once broke into pieces. Every one laughed very much, Mr. Taft most heartily of all, saying in a good-natured, jolly way: "Here! Some one give me a chair I can sit down on. I'm tired of standing."

So they brought him another chair, and he took his place, and the speechifying began.

The Presidente of Iloilo—a very courtly old Filipino of the name of Meliza—made a speech of welcome, a very long affair, which included the subjects of Taxation, Duties, and Independence, to which Mr. Taft replied elusively, repeating nothing tangible but his old phrase of "Philippines for the Filipinos."

Then some more people made speeches—natives—and at last they drove Mr. Taft into a corner about the Independence, and he said, "I am not come to give you your independence, but to study your welfare. You will have your Independence when you are ready for it, which will not be in this generation—no, nor in the next, nor perhaps for a hundred years or more."

Even though I have told you how up to then no one had any idea of why he and his party had come to the Islands—most people thinking he was going to say nothing definite about the Americans retiring from the Islands—the natives all firmly convinced that he was coming to ratify the undated promise of Independence he made them two years ago—even though I have told you this, you can have no idea of the effect these words had upon the audience. We were simply staggered, and the darker complexioned among us sat quite still and immovable.

The speeches lost some of their force by being translated as they went along by an interpreter, who spoke English and Spanish with equal perfection, and, indeed, he was quite marvelous; but all the same the utterances lost point, and it was not easy to follow the thread with long halts between. What was more serious was that the translations of Mr. Taft's opinions were softened by the courteous Spanish phrases, and the fiery patriotism of the Filipinos was marvelously toned down in the English rendering.

There seemed to be a lack of dignity in the bearing of the American visitors, in the opinion of the English lady:

The whole ceremony was indescribably free and easy, and even commonplace. Most of the Senators took very little interest in the proceedings, while the ladies with them did not even pretend to care about what was going on. As to "Miss Alice," she was honest enough to make no pretense at all of listening to anything, but sat staring before her, drumming with her pretty, slender, white fingers on her lips, only waking up to signal and laugh to some friends in a doorway near the platform. She was very girlish and natural in this and in all her other gestures, and if she lacked the pose necessary to the occasion, one could not be too critical nor take objection to her lack of grand manner when people were presented to her, for, after all, such situations are only to be carried off with ease by those born and bred to State ceremonies. Besides it would have been unreasonable to have looked for scrupulous aristocratic bearing among such a party of professed democrats.

In spite of all that, however, the Filipinos, who, with their traditions of customs, are themselves a very polite people, were much shocked by the free and easy ways of their rulers, benefactors, or whatever they are. I afterward heard many little comments upon the American lack of dignity, which made me feel sad, for these two peoples will never understand each other—even the good sentiments of the heart being conveyed by differences of manner, which are meat to one and poison to the other.

But few handsome costumes were displayed, and one notable showing was considered worthy of this paragraph:

One handsome woman, who I heard was the wife of an officer in Camp Josman, was so much in evening dress, possibly to make up for the others in the blouses, that she was instantly nicknamed The Mermaid. Her finely shaped head was dressed very low and set off by classic bands of gold, with huge bunches of flowers and ribbons over each ear, and I heard a man near me suggest to another that some one should go and ask her to take some of the ornaments out of her coiffure and put them in her bodice. But no one had the courage to do this thing, so the little Mestiza ladies stared and giggled, and as for the few Orientals present, they looked at The Mermaid as if they thought Equality was going to be great fun.

The banquet in the evening, at which the absence of Miss Roosevelt was noted, was another feast of speechmaking rather than of edibles, and the author reports at length the varying declarations of visitors and visited. When all was over, two prominent citizens, dignified in the book with capital initials, spoke to the lady of the show and the commanding orator:

I said: "He spoke a great many truths; what he said was very straightforward."

"Yes," said the P. C., "but he should have said all that two years ago."

Another fateful declaration follows the second brief interview:

"It was a fine show," we said.

"Why, yes," he agreed, "I guess the Filipinos did their best for the Seewar."

"I think he disappointed them, though," said C—.

"Well, I should smile! I guess Secretary Taft's the best hated man in these islands now."

And that, I believe, is the unfortunate truth.

Later, when the Manila papers came out with versions of the affair, the lady was stirred to indignation:

I never read such brazen lying in my life; in fact the reports are so cooked that they leave off being annoying and begin to be funny. The wild scenes of popular enthusiasm, the crowded banquet, the frantic love of the people of Panay for their idol, and so on, and so on. And as to sheer reporting, Mr. Taft's speech (which the Manila people are informed was greeted by the natives with much

thunderous applause) is given at length, but the impassioned utterance of the patriot who clutched the back are dismissed in a few mild No mention, too, of the ominous hiss in the procession, of the note of hack of the menu at the banquet, not the faintest hint of the one hiss which greeted the sentiment the Seewar himself. So much for local papers. And if that is the they daily with truth out here, one only faintly wonder what impression this trip is being disseminated; the intelligent voters in the far-off A., by our well informed journal friend and others of his kidney.

The Iloilo banquet, hy-the-bye, up rather disastrously for the American dignity, as the rowdy party at the near us got up some quarrel with the Filipino waiters; there were blows fighting, and the whole lot were ch out into the street. This as you imagine, has made a horrible scene and produced a very bad impression.

Not only Filipino independence Filipino and American equality favorite topics with Mrs. Dauncey. of the choicest bits of her philosophy in a letter from Manila:

I have discussed the subject, good nature, and generally half in with nearly all the Americans I met, for it is one that interest enormously; and the gist of all the me—or imply, which is better—is all Americans are the equal of above but not of those below then I suggest a social distinction between any citizen of the United States and King of England, the mere idea of a proposition makes these democrats into fits of laughter, but when I then if they, personally, would commit an indignity to be sent to dine in king's kitchen with his scullions, generally get quite offended and see that at all. I think, too, that subtleties of democratic etiquette can be even more distracting to the Filipino brain than they are to people like myself, for though the "little brother" is now being taught that men are equal, he can see without doubt that a native or Mestizo with plenty of money can get the wives of the big American officials to visit his house, whereas the poorer relative is not recognized.

Emerson told his countrymen the truth once for all when he said that "humanity loves a lord"—and it will have "lords," and must make "lords," and the best intentioned American in the world will no more make these half-breed Malays equals of each other or any one else, than they are of other or negroes.

Public improvements, too, are mysterious subjects to Mrs. Dauncey, but easily understood, even when in purpose and impossible in fact:

It is the American go-ahead, run before-you-walk way, too, to build docks and harbors costing millions before they have spent the necessary thousands in constructing roads to drag the merchandise from inland, or to feed the hundreds required to encourage trade.

The same thing is being done down Iloilo, where two millions are being spent on a harbor, when there is not one tolerable road across the island, and all the revenues that choke agriculture go to pay the officials and the school teachers, conditions which prevail throughout the Archipelago. The Americans mean well by the Philippines; but no one can doubt for an instant, which makes it all the more sad to see them wasting magnificent energy, and carrying nothing but failure and unpopularity by going dead against everything that has ever been discovered about the successful government of the Asiatics. Then, is this real government? It is very difficult to know what to call it, as at one time the venture is referred to as a "Colony," at another as "the Youngest of the United States," and yet again as "A Sacred Trust." In fact they use these terms indiscriminately and officially, which is very puzzling.

From national aspirations and disappointments to the economies of the household and back again is a little journey easily and expeditiously accomplished in the book:

Rice and potatoes from China, live cattle from China, or frozen meat from Australia, and everything else under the sun in transit from London or America! Thus, after six years of what we are told is the most enlightened system of colonial or Tropical Government yet invented. It is useless to point out that roads exist inland, except one in Luzon for the Governor and his family (go to the hills; or to remark that labor is too dear for any enterprise to try, and that all healthy foreign competition in the way of labor is excluded. The reply is, to contemplate the splendid work that is being done in education. For these schools and swarming schoolmasters this pastoral country is being taxed and tarified to breaking point—schools to which the natives are being taken from the fields, and in which they are taught a crude wash of English and mathematics. The chief result is to bring all the "scholars" into the towns to loaf along as clerkships, if they can get them. You will laugh at my vehemence! But it does seem such a pity to see a splendid country wasted, as it were, thrown away, for the sake of a windy theory expounded by some well-meaning though ignorant sentimentalists at the other side of the globe.

There is no satisfaction in the money on the islands or in the spending of it:

The money here is a dollar currency called Conant, which is worth 2s. 1d.—half the American dollar. This is the Philippine currency, and is named after its inventor, an American called Conant, and I wish he had invented a cheaper unit, for 10 Conant dollars, or pesos, as they are called, are nothing to spend, whereas the equivalent, an English guinea, is an important sum, and represents four times the spending value of 10 pesos. It is a silver currency, dollars and notes, and the coins have rather a pretty design of a man sitting looking at the sea, surrounded by most amusing

inscriptions. For instance, the 5-cent piece is: "Five Centavos," and underneath is "Filipinas." Why not "Five cents," and "Philippines," or else "Cinco Centavos, Filipinas?" Why such a mongrel? One can only suppose it is the notion of Equality coming out in some mysterious way by meeting the natives half-way in Spanish, which, by-the-by, is not their native language, and only a few of them speak it at all.

Extravagance is a vice that causes constant pain to innocent people in the provinces:

You know the way Americans go about in Europe spending the unit, which is lower than their own, like water, with no sense of value? And how they raise prices wherever they go! Well, they have done the same thing here, and an American woman, who was talking to me the other day, told me it was now beginning to be apparent to them what a mistake they had made, and they bitterly regretted having made the Philippines as expensive as America, but that it was very difficult for them to go back now to the more reasonable scale, for as soon as a Filipino found out you were an American, nothing would move him from American prices. Poor thing, she was very bitter about it, and I felt very sorry for her (as well as rather alarmed for myself), for the sums she was paying in rent and wages to live at all in Iloilo, would have kept her in comfort in London or Paris.

Decoration Day has been established in the Philippines as a public holiday, but Mrs. Dauncey finds reasons for a lack of sympathy with its objects:

They have so ordered the ceremony that the graves of those who fell out here in the war with Spain and the Insurrection are supposed to be decorated, Americans and Filipinos alike. But the two events become hopelessly confused in the native mind; and it is no wonder that the Filipinos have some dim idea that they are rejoicing over the fall of those of the Americans whom they managed to kill in the Insurrection. There are not many American soldiers' graves out here to decorate, however, as the dead Americans are being dug up and sent back to their homes—such a

queer idea! Fancy if we dug up all the men who fell in our innumerable wars and sent them to their relations at home! There is nothing left but bones, of course, but each man is identified by a bottle containing his name, etc., which was buried with him. At least, they are identified to a certain extent; but a man who had the job of bringing a lot down the Pasig for shipment told C—, that the only thing to be done, as a rule, was to put a name on a coffin and then lay inside as many bones as you could find to make a complete skeleton. It sounds rather horrible, but I must say one can't have much sympathy with such unheroic and superstitious sentimentality, which seems to me no better than the customs of the Chinese.

Additions to the number of more or less permanent resting-places are continually being made even under the happiest conditions otherwise:

I have before me the Manila Times of 17th January, 1906; from which I give the following extract:—"While the municipal and ecclesiastical dignitaries, etc., were awaiting the arrival of Secretary Taft, a Government vessel slowly made her way up the Pasig River filled with the dead and wounded from the island of Samar. During the stay of the party in Manila, four native men were brought in from the adjoining province of Cavite frightfully mutilated because of their pro-American sympathies."

Summing up at the end, when the voyage homeward is at hand, the lady writes:

No, no terrestrial paradise, for one has the laziness, the heat, the apathy, and cruelty of the East, without the compensations of artistic beauty, cheapness, plenty, and luxury, which make up for those draw-backs in other hot countries. A shuffling, drab, discontented, thick-headed, costly East—with all the worst traditions of our hundred years off the off-scourings of the Spanish monkish orders, overlaid by a veneer of shallow cock-sureness hastily assimilated from a totally incongruous alien civilization.

It might be imagined that the climate of the Philippines made Mrs. Dauncey

an inerrigible pessimist, but there is evidence to oppose the validity of such an excuse, as the lady declares in one of her earlier letters that she was never able to sleep during the heat of the day; that the solace and reviving influence of the siesta were unknown to her. Were complete justice to all offenders decreed swiftly by fate, it is to be feared that from the date of Mrs. Dauncey's hook—or from that of her first letter from Manila—all peaceful rest, by day or night, must have been denied her.

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; price \$3.50 net.

The great tunnel of the Western Pacific in the Sierras is steadily going through the mountains. The tunnel, when completed, will be nearly a mile and a half in length, and is a monumental undertaking. The work has been begun at both ends and the two bores are being pushed toward each other. There is another big tunnel at Niles canyon, but it has not the length of the one through the Sierra. The work on the tracks is being pushed westward from Salt Lake City and there are about 10,000 men grading and laying the tracks. The chief engineer reports that at least 7,000 more men could be used in the work and that he is greatly hampered because he cannot secure the requisite labor for the work.

A will that was toasted to a brown crisp in the San Francisco fire, but is still legible, was filed for probate in Oakland recently. It was locked in a safe with other papers. When the safe was opened it was found that with care it could be pasted to pieces of thin paper, and this was done. By holding it to the light the tracing of the ink can be read. The will is that of Edward P. Herenden.

The Paris budget committee in taking up the estimates for 1907 struck out the salary of Diehler, the public executioner, thus foreshadowing the disappearance of the guillotine.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL
WORCESTERSHIRE
FOR STEAKS, CHOPS,
COLD MEATS,



FISH, SOUPS,
SALADS, GRAVIES, etc.

THE
PEERLESS
SEASONING.

VANITY FAIR.

P. Connor, the weather observer on the fifth floor of the Rialto Building, was bowed over his desk. The noises from the street floated in at the half open window. This is the picture presented by the Kansas City Star, and the interview as reported:

"The area of high barometric pressure, which is forming rapidly in the northwest," murmured Mr. Connor, tracing out queer-looking lines on the map, "is moving slowly but surely to the south and southwest. We are likely to have rain; yes, or snow. Who knows? Let's see what the almanac says. I'll bet that—" Brr-hrr-hrr! "O, hang that telephone." Brr-hrr-hrr! "Yes, I'm coming. Keep on ringing."

P. Connor at the 'phone: "Hello! Yes, this is the United States weather bureau. Connor is my name. Yes, this is Connor. I say Connor. Yes, C-o-n-n-o-r."

The unmistakable feminine voice through the 'phone: "Well, of course, I couldn't talk to any one else but you. It's very important, at least to me. You see, if it rains I don't want to wear it. It would ruin it, you know. And if it's a nice day, why everybody will be so dressy and I would feel awfully tacky. Wear it? Wear what? Why, goodness me! don't you know? I mean my new party gown."

P. Connor, catching his breath: "Ah, I see, madam. You want to know if it will rain tomorrow?"

F. V.: "Yes, that's it, Mr. Connor. You see tomorrow is the day Mrs. Got-rocks entertains. Bridge, you know, and she always does it so lovely, of course I would want to wear my very best."

P. C., hracing himself against the wall for a final effort—"No, madam, it will not rain tomorrow. Not at all. Don't mention it."

F. V.: "Then I can wear it. Good bye." Hangs up receiver.

Why women seem to find a fascination in the swiftly rising elevator is easily understood, when explained:

"We carry lots of women clear to the top floor or at least several floors up and then they take the next elevator down without going three steps away from the elevator," declared the operator of one of the "lifts" in a big office building. "No, it isn't because they like to ride in the elevators, particularly. Why do they do it? To get the use of the mirrors, of course. See those mirrors on either side of the elevator? That's what attracts them. A hit of wind will strike them as they turn the corner by a big building and then they imagine that their hair is badly disarranged and make for the nearest mirror, which is in the elevator."

Mrs. William Howard, the wealthy Boston widow, has had one of those experiences which should warn Americans against too much reliance on foreign chauffeurs:

Mrs. Howard bought a magnificent car from a French firm before leaving America. Then she instructed a French chauffeur to bring it to Paris and on to London, having given him first a sum of money to buy various accessories and sundries.

The chauffeur disappeared entirely somewhere near Paris, and the car arrived the other day in London looking like a second-hand article. It had evidently taken hundreds of people on excursions, and there were certain articles in the car which showed that the chauffeur had also enjoyed a few race meetings.

The whole car was in a terrible condition. Mrs. Howard was in despair, but she has no intention of going to the trouble of commencing a hunt for the fugitive.

A Chinese gentleman gives in a recent number of the Metropolitan Magazine his impressions of American clubwomen in this entertaining style:

Among the many invitations I have received was one to meet some "club

women." The club woman is an American product. It is now fashionable to belong to clubs, hence, as a rule, the clubs are made up of

First. Women who wish to attain notoriety. They find in the club an opportunity to read original papers, poems and verses—as the members have rules by which they agree to listen to the literary productions of fellow-members. There is no escape.

Second. Women who by this way increase their acquaintance.

Third. Women who dislike household work.

There are clubs for all purposes. Thus women join forces and form a club—to study the mental development of the child. At the meetings you will hear profound dissertations upon the subject by women who have never borne children. I have seen a hook on "The Infant, How to Bring It Up," by a spinster.

The wedding gift of the Duchess of Roxburgh (formerly Miss May Golet, of New York), to Lady Unah Hely Hutchinson shows how prevalent cigarette-smoking habit is now among young English society women.

It was a complete cigarette outfit, the match safe, cigarette case and lighter being in gold, with an amber mouth-piece.

The Duchess is a great devotee of the "weed." At the Duchess of Westminster's party the other evening, when the ladies retired to the drawing-room, she introduced an innovation by producing her dainty gold cigarette case and, asking permission of her hostess, handed it around.

When the men came up they found nearly all the ladies smoking and the drawing-room wreathed with cigarette smoke.

From London came the following gleeful announcement of a remarkable lack of appreciation by Parisians:

Thirty Kentucky girls have introduced new slang into the French language. They arrived in Paris a few days ago with the widely heralded statement that they were "PEACHES."

The Paris newspapers seized the phrase. Parisians now call every girl a "peach." The Kentuckiennes resented the report that they were either "peaches" or beauties. Paris, however, insists that they are both.

Crowds surrounded the Hotel du Louvre and audibly commented on the appearance of the tourists. Next day the Kentuckiennes were followed everywhere by kodakers. Their photographs were published everywhere. The tourists declare they suffer more from publicity than from the heat.

The Paris "Gil Blas" is severe. It says: "There is not one beauty among them. They have no figure and no features. Any group of Parisian shop girls can give them points on dress. Their walk is gawky. Youthfulness is conspicuously absent."

The other papers, among which are the "Matin," "Echo" and "Petit Parisien" joke about the American beauty standard and say the girls make unentertained remarks about public monuments the like of which are not visible in their own country.

The "Petit Parisien" says: "They lack appreciation of the beautiful things of Paris. Kentucky's reputation for producing beautiful women has received its death blow in the selection made by

the 'Courier-Journal.' We fear the paper had to work too hard raising subscriptions for our ingenious confreres to pay attention to individual charms."

A special cable dispatch to the New York World says that the French public and the press, as the first offender and instigator, are showing singular lack of gallantry in its treatment of the thirty Kentucky girls who are touring Europe under the auspices of the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Against all the facts it has been assumed, or pretended, that these girls represent the "survival of the fittest" in a hearty show, instead of having been selected for their popularity.

As a matter of fact the visitors are happy and healthy young women, conspicuous neither for rare features nor for what the French consider sartorial elegance. But five hundred Parisians gathered at the station to see the trans-Atlantic beauty en masse and from fifteen hundred to two thousand waiting at the hotel showed almost indignation at their foolish disappointment. As the girls straggled out of the train with their "grips" and waited for the omnibus there was at first silence, then here and there a laugh, then various uncomplimentary murmurs of "We can do better than this in Paris," and "So these are American peaches, are they? Well, our home fruit is more tempting."

"Peach," which the London correspondents passed on to Paris, threatens forthwith to become accepted French. All the papers use it and it has already been applied to French women.

L'Eclair distinguished itself by a mocking article. It declares that it finds the beauty of the visitors only a bluff. Another remarks: "Never did feet so immense prop so little beauty."

Surprise is expressed that one of the first places they visited in Paris was the Morgue, which no decent French woman thinks of entering. Their explanation is that through some strange misunderstanding they thought they were being taken to the Zoological Gardens.

All their movements are published at great length, making excellent "silly season" matter. One paper even asserts gravely that they live in rocking chairs evenings and are fed mainly on iced water and crackers.

The girls themselves are inclined to be angry at the treatment, but they are enthusiastic over Paris as a city, agreeing that it is far finer than London. Most of them choose the Louvre as the true glory of Paris.

The girls have received invitations to every theatre and music hall in Paris.

Two journals have already proposed to Miss Ord Hazelip, who is twenty and a full-blown lawyer, to publish her impressions of Paris as compared with New York and London.

A novel feature of the Macgregor building, to be erected by the Boyd estate, on the northwest corner of Pine and Battery Streets, will be the introduction in the basement of a series of safe deposit vaults for the exclusive use of the occupants of the building.

Johann Martin Schleyer, the enthusiastic inventor of Volapuk, is also a monsignor of the Roman Catholic church, and has just celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday at his dwelling on the shore of Lake Constance.

REAL COMFORT

An Easy Chair, a Good Magazine, and a pair of OUR GLASSES

Hirsch & Kaiser OPTICIANS

1757 Fillmore St., San Francisco, Cal.

EDUCATIONAL

MISS HAMLIN'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Formerly at 1849 Jackson St., is now at 2230 Pacific Ave. near Webster St. School reopens Tuesday, August 7, 1906. Accredited. Address

Miss S. D. Hamlin, 2230 Pacific Avenue. San Francisco

OREGON PORTLAND St. Helen's Hall

A girl's school of the highest class. Corps of teachers, location, building, equipment--the best.

Send for catalogue. School Opens September 17, 1906.

MRS. J. E. TIPPETT (CLARA BEUTLER)

Teacher of Singing Coaching

Studio, Pierce Building, Copley Square, Boston, Mass.

IRVING INSTITUTE

A day and home School of high standing for girls young ladies. Accredited by the universities. Art music under masters. Write for catalogue.

Mrs. Edward B. Church, Principal. Mrs. Fay Chase Kellogg, Acting Principal.

2126 CALIFORNIA STREET, San Francisco, California

Miss Harker's School.

Palo Alto, Cal. Home and Day School for Girls. Intermediate and Primary Departments. Certificate admits to Stanford, Vassar and Wellesley. Number limited. Reopens August 20th.

Ogontz School for Young Ladies

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia. Two hours from New York. The late Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circular address Miss SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal, Ogontz School, P. O., Pa.

Miss Ransom's School for Girls

Will open on Wednesday, August 15, at 484 Pine Avenue, Oakland. A limited number of boarders received. MARION RANSOM, EDITH BRIDGES, Principals.

OTTO FLEISSNER, Vocal, Piano, Organ and Harmony. Residence and Studio: 2560 Vallecito St. near Scott St., San Francisco. In Oakland on Tuesdays at Sherman, Clay & Company.

HOTHER WISMER

VIOLINIST Studied with Professor Karl Halir and at the Royal High School of Music at Berlin. Has resumed teaching at his studio and residence, 2945 Fillmore Street, between Green and Union Streets. Saturdays at Siles Hall, Berkeley.

Hotel Collingwood

35th St., between 5th Ave. and Broadway NEW YORK CITY

New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theater district containing every modern device for comfort guests. Positively exclusive. Service a la carte.

HOTEL RAFAEL

SAN RAFAEL, CAL. 50 minutes from San Francisco. Complete Change of Climate TIBURON OR SAUSALITO FERRY All Modern Conveniences. R. V. HALTON Proprietor.

THE LATEST STYLES IN

Choice Woolens

H. S. Bridge & Co.

MERCHANT TAILORS

1176 O'FARRELL STREET

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

are now showing complete lines of

CARPETS, RUGS, FURNITURE

Upholstery, Curtains, Window Shades, Etc.

at their new store at the corner of

Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street

STAGE GOSSIP.

Wheeler Wilcox's Biblical play, "Napah," first produced in San Francisco, will be brought out at the Academy of Music in New York this fall. Elizabeth Kennedy, Charles Dalton, George Wessels, and Frank Losee are the cast.

John Craig and Lillian Lawrence, formerly Alcazar favorites, are at the head of a stock company in Boston.

Florence Roberts, who will be seen in "Giaconda" next season, gave the English production of it in San Francisco at a special matinee at the Alcazar Theater two years ago.

Isabel Morrison, daughter of Lewis Addison, will play the Indian girl in "The Squaw Man," with William Faversham next season.

Joebe Davies has returned to New York after several weeks devoted to the distribution of relief funds among the distressed player folk of San Francisco. He was placed in her charge \$5000 and by the general movement of the New York players and \$1000 voted by the Actors' Society.

Ga Nethersole will begin her American tour in October, the route being through the South and thence to California.

assist in the rehearsal of "The Little Cherub," Charles Frohman might back with him from Europe a number of photograph records. The popular song hits of London and Paris are produced for the benefit of the players who will sing them here. The play written by Marie Doro, "The Little in the Yard," which is being shown in "The Beauty of Bath," at the Alcazar Theatre, by Seymour Hicks and Edna Terriss, was produced for "The Little Cherub" company from the record. The scheme is successful.

Former Major Putnam Bradlee, according to a Manila news item, is leading the simple life as a "bachelor" for a hotel. He says he will oppose May Yohe's application for divorce.

Edna Nielson will sing on alternate nights with Nordica in the San Carlo opera company, under Henry Russell's management.

Louis James has almost completed the play of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" in which he himself, of course, will play Falstaff. Aphie James will be the Ford; Charlotte Lambert, Mrs. Ford; Nellie McHenry, Mrs. Quickly; Nathan Hackett, Master Ford; J. Arthur Young, Pistol; and William Chrysler, Master Shallow, the part he played with Hackett forty years ago.

Maxine Elliott will be managed by George Appleton, who has been with the Goodwin for the last twenty-two years. He will be the executive director of both Miss Elliott's company and Nat Goodwin's company.

Edward Shaw's play, "Caesar and Cleopatra," in which Forbes Robertson is to be seen in New York in October, is in constant rehearsal in London under the direction of its author.

The Chancellery of the Legion of Honor, having refused to approve the Government's nomination of Sarah Bernhardt for the insignia of Chevalier of the order, Minister of Public Instruction Byrand announces his formal approval of the Chancellery's action, which is based on Mme. Bernhardt being an actress, without official status.

Nat Goodwin's manager, George Goodwin, was a little afraid of venturing into San Francisco for fear of an earthquake on April 18th. Goodwin's faith in the city was founded on a rock, and he prevailed. After being installed in their apartments, Goodwin waited until he heard sonorous snores proceeding from Goodwin's room, and then quietly secured himself under the bed. At the first signal a glass of jelly went through the window, pans fell with a crash, and the ladies made the night hideous with their screams. The bed heaved all ways at once as Nat heaved and did the earthquake act. Weeden

went three feet into the air, and never stopped until he felt terra firma. Weeden still tells of his earthquake experience, and every time he does it Nat goes into unexplainable paroxysms.

The suit of Edna Wallace Hopper to break the will of the late Alexander Dunsmuir, her stepfather, has met with a succession of adverse judgments, the latest being the recommendation of its dismissal by the judicial committee of the Privy Council in London, England.

John Lawrence Toole, for many years the favorite low comedian of the British public, died at his home in Brighton, England, July 30, aged 74. Never a great actor, he had the good fortune to associate himself with a type of character which appealed irresistibly to the national sense of humor, or pathos, and so came to be recognized and acknowledged as a representative British comedian. He began acting in youth as an amateur, but became a professional in 1852, making his first appearance in London in "The Spitalfields Weaver," a farce in which he was popular for years. He was the original Spriggins in "Ici on Parle Francais," a character which he played thousands of times to the delight of countless spectators. He made a hit as Caleb Plummer, and followed with successes in "A Fool and His Money," "Through Fire and Water," and other similar plays. There was no one to compete with him in popularity, either in town or country, and when he was incapacitated he was able to retire into private life with an abundant competence. Outside the British Isles he was little more than a name. In this country which he visited thirty years ago, he had a chilling reception. In New York city he failed utterly. He appeared in several of the characters in which he was most admired in England, and found his audiences utterly unresponsive. He soon returned to England and never again crossed the Atlantic. Most Americans today will remember him chiefly as the lifelong friend of Henry Irving. The affection between the two men was profound and tender, and they had frequent happy reunions.

THE ORPHEUM.

May Boley, a most versatile comedienne, will make her first vaudeville appearance in this city at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon in Richard Carle's "Polly Girls" and the "Village Cut-Ups," the two principal novelties of his musical comedy, "The Maid and the Mummy." The act opens with the "Polly Girls" and is followed by the internationally famed acrobatic and fantastic dancer, Jennie Prager; after which comes the comical conceit, "The Village Cut-Ups." This number is rustic in character and combines the features of musical comedy, opera and burlesque. Mary Norman, the monologist, will reappear after an absence from San Francisco of several seasons. Terley comes direct from London. He appears as a hush mounted on its pedestal; beside it is a young girl, attired in the white smock of the sculptor; as she proceeds to carve—so it appears—the features take shape—each touch brings on a finished hush is before the astonished audience. It is all so real that you can hear the chips flying as the modeller works. The grounds of the Chutes, where the Orpheum is located, are full of novel attractions and are open every day from ten in the morning until midnight. "A day in the Alps," shown in the electric theatre, is well worth seeing.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Thomas A. Edison has gone on a 2,000-mile automobile tour of Canada, and will hunt for coal in New Ontario.

Old Mme. Lehaudy, mother of the Emperor of the Sahara, and of the celebrated aeronauts, has just made her first ascent. She is 61 years of age and went up with Comte de la Vaux in his balloon, the Icare. They left Paris at 5 o'clock in the afternoon and landed at Limours at 6:45.

Mr. Bryan appears to have accumulated quite a comfortable fortune since his defeat for the presidency in 1896. He was then assessed for taxation at about \$5000. He is now assessed at Lincoln, Neb., for \$73,000, not including \$78,000 of United States bonds which he is said to hold.

The postal card with Mr. Jerome's picture on it and nothing more is circulating in the mails of New York state, much to the profit of the postal revenues. The card is full of politics to the edges, and the question implied, though not expressed outright, is "What do you think of him for governor?"

Mrs. Michael Hickox Durand of Canandaigua, N. Y., celebrated her 99th birthday last week. Mrs. Durand's father, Capt. George Hickox, was an officer in the state militia during the war of 1812, and stationed at Buffalo. Her grandfather fought under Washington at the battle of Trenton. When Mrs. Durand was a girl Brigham Young worked on her father's farm.

Reinhold Begas, probably the greatest German sculptor, has just passed his seventy-fifth birthday. Ten weeks before Bismarck's death, Begas appeared at Friedrichsruh to get a final impression of Germany's most striking figure, before beginning work on the great Bismarck monument voted by the Reichstag. When Begas stated his mission, Bismarck replied: "Gott, why do you wish to set me a great monument? Represent me as being on crutches!"

Miss Kate Barnard, a writer for the Daily Oklahoman, is in Chicago gathering material for the new constitution of Oklahoma. The young woman has credentials from the governor of her State and the mayor of Oklahoma City, and the fruits of her quest will be of practical service. She has been in St. Louis and while there secured articles from the leading charity workers concerning juvenile courts, child labor, compulsory education and child penal laws.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's impulsive cry of "Vive la Duma!" in his speech before the Interparliamentary Union, was generally supposed in this country to have been an interjection of French. But his whole address was in that language. Both Sir Henry and Lady Campbell-Bannerman speak French fluently. They always spend some time in Paris each year, and have many friends in the French capital. They are fond of exploring the old chateaux, and have for many years been collectors of old French furniture and curios.

Wherever the English language is spoken and babies are born, there Steedman's Soothing Powders are called for.

The board of trustees of Stanford University has given President David Starr Jordan full power to appoint professors, but has taken from him the absolute power of dismissal.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup for your children while teething.

Boericke & Runyon Co.

HOMEOPATHIC PHARMACY

NOW OPEN AT

1554-1556 Van Ness Avenue

NEAR CALIFORNIA STREET.

HOTEL ST. FRANCIS

SAN FRANCISCO
America's Model Hotel
ST. FRANCIS ANNEX

200 OUTSIDE ROOMS

Famous Grill Rooms in Main Building now running under same skilled chef.

JUST THE PLACE TO LUNCH

Everything Ready for You

For YOUR BREAKFAST

GERMEA

At All Grocers

THE JOHNSON-LOCKE MERCANTILE CO.

AGENTS

714 Broadway, Oakland

ALAMO PINTADO INN

BALLARD, CAL.

A delightful resting place for automobilists traveling between San Francisco and Santa Barbara—50 miles north of Santa Barbara, 2 miles south of Los Olivos. Daily mail, long-distance telephone and 72-degree gasoline.

F. M. SHAW, Prop.

Bonestell, Richardson & Co.

Have Plenty of Every Kind of

PAPER

Phone Temporary 1273

473 to 475 SIXTH STREET, San Francisco.

ORPHEUM.

Week Commencing SUNDAY MATINEE, August 19. (Matinee Every Day Except Monday.)

VAUDEVILLE KOHINOORS.

MAY BOLEY and the "POLLY GIRLS;" Mary Norman; Torley; Arthur Deming; Edith Helena; Six Proveanis; Reiff Brothers; Orpheum Motion Pictures, and last week of GARDINER, VINCENT and COMPANY.

Prices: 10c, 25c and 50c. Down Town Box Office at Donlon's Drug Store, Fillmore and Sutter Sts. Phone West 6000.

CHUTES and ZOO—Open Daily from 10 A. M. till Midnight. Admission 10c; Children 5c.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief for PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all other skin irritations. Removes all odor of perspiration. Lighthearted after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original) Sample Free. GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, NEW YORK

ROMEIKE'S PRESS CUTTING BUREAU

Will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date."

A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines, in fact, every paper of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers, and, through the European Bureaus, all the leading papers in the civilized globe.

Clippings found for subscribers and pasted on slips giving name and date of paper, and are mailed day by day.

Write for circular and terms.

HENRY ROMEIKE

33 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK BRANCHES

LONDON. PARIS. BERLIN. SYDNEY

LITERARY NOTES.

A Spinster's Romance.

It is not only because it is by May Sinclair of "The Divine Fire" fame that the book reviewer will be apt to single out "Superseded" for special mention, but because the author has shown what amounts to positive genius in laying bare the timid hopes and fears, the elderly flutters, and the subsequent self-castigations of a poor little pathetic, limited, narrow-minded spinster who, at the age of fifty, first falls in love. She is not intrinsically interesting, this pathetically unimaginative pedagogue with the strong sense of duty and the tender heart, but May Sinclair compels her readers to dwell with that pity which is akin to love, and those smiles that are close to tears upon the dry-as-dust details of her cut-and-dried life. This power of illuminating the commonplace grows rare among authors in this epoch of the story for the sake of the plot, but May Sinclair has it to a degree.

Published by Henry Holt and Co.; price, \$1.25.

The Fierce Thirst for Gold.

Edmund Mitchell's novel, "In Desert Keeping" is a capital story, its plot turning upon one of the strange, sinister tragedies of the desert. In his leading character Mr. Mitchell has outlined with much skill and adherence to truth the gradual deterioration wrought by the frenzy of the confirmed gold-hunter upon a nature susceptible to the passion for gain. The story, which is located in a Southern California town contiguous to mining territory, is made realistic by the introduction of virile frontier types, and men will enjoy it.

Published by Alston Rivers, London; price, six shillings.

A Canadian Love Story.

The author's familiarity with, and appreciation of the simple-hearted, wholesome, sturdy habitants of the northlands of Canada is the real basis of "The Ancient Miracle," an unpretentious but pleasing love story which includes in its unfolding many homely details of the industrious lives led there. The book will appeal to a taste which is surfeited with the omnipresence of the self-assured, restless up-to-date modern, who knows it all, and has forever lost his simplicity. In comparison, the devout, industrious rustics in Jane Grosvenor Cooke's story are as a draught of spring water beside a schooner of steam beer.

Published by A. S. Barnes; price, \$1.50.

Some Exuberant Westerners.

In "The Builders," a story of life in an ebullient Western town, in which Willis George Emerson has turned his own experiences to account, the sincerity of the author is agreeably reflected in a style that renders the book acceptable in spite of a lack of the skill of the trained novelist. Mr. Emerson has an old-fashioned preference for closing each chapter with a moral or philosophical reflection done up, as it were, in a neat package. But one finds one's self reading them, and his exuberant Westerners, although somewhat inclined to model themselves upon Wilkins Micawber, strike the reader as happily indigenous to the fruitful soil upon which they flourish.

Published by Forbes & Co.; price, \$1.50.

A Multiplication of Pigs.

The inborn antipathy of the general public for red tape is amusingly justified by Ellis Parker Butler in "Pigs is Pigs,"

which, although it is a short story, has the honor of occupying an entire volume by itself. The marrow of the tale is the dispute which arises between the agent of an express company and the consignor of two guinea pigs, as to whether the rates due are for pigs or pets. While the officials in the company settle the point the guinea pigs thrive and increase, at the company's expense, for the consignor, disgusted at the circumlocution of red tape methods, leaves town and is heard of no more. The story is of the quality that will bear reading aloud to a delighted family circle on a dull winter evening.

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward is making plans for her long expected visit to the United States this autumn or winter. She has not made up her mind to accept any of the offers made to her by lecture bureaus.

"A literal translation of Mr. Henry James's article in the August North American indicates that he was charmed with Baltimore," is the not altogether gracious acknowledgment of the Baltimore Sun.

"In the Shadow of the Lord" is a novel to be issued by Henry Holt and Company in the early autumn. It is by Mrs. Hugh Fraser, already favorably known for her "Maid of Japan," "Letters from Japan," and other books. Mary Washington, the mother of the father of the country, is the central figure. Her husband, Augustine Washington, and the young George himself are among the characters.

Joaquin Miller has gone East to arrange for the publication of his latest work, "For Love Is All in All, Love."

Cooks and books were associated before Owen Meredith declared the former the real necessity, and it is evidenced that the association will continue. When street kitchens were in vogue after the San Francisco disaster, many of the people named their miniature cafes after popular novels. One noticed "The Man of the Hour," very appropriately borrowed from Octave Thanet's story. Other kitchens gave evidence that Geraldine Bonner's California romances had found appreciative readers for they were named "Hard Pan," "Tomorrow's Tangie" and "The Pioneer."

A translation of President Roosevelt's "Rough Riders" has been brought out in Germany under the title "Die Rauhen Reiter." The book is prefaced with a poem by Bret Harte, printed in English, and some of the President's Americanisms in the text of the work have evidently appeared as insurmountable difficulties to the translator.

Among literary topics frequently touched upon in the newspaper press, the predominating feminine influence is prominent. Women writers are furnishing half the short stories for the magazines and much of the verse. In the book world there is a similar condition, as the volumes most in demand always include the work of women. But the most impressive fact, according to the New York World is that "No magazine is likely to achieve great financial success unless it can make a convincing appeal to female readers. How long will it be before the magazines which are now edited chiefly for women be written chiefly by women?"

The "Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn," is announced for the autumn. Mrs. Elizabeth Bisland Wetmore, the author, knew Hearn intimately for nearly thirty years. The bulk of the two volumes is given up to Hearn's correspondence during a period of thirty-five years.

Success for August makes the following announcement: "We have a distinct feeling personal pride in presenting to our readers a new writer, Mr. W. C. Morrow, whose work is too little known in the 'effete East.' Out in the great western country of superlatives, Mr. Morrow's

writings of virile American life are known and appreciated by the readers of that classic sheet, the San Francisco 'Argonaut.' Mr. Morrow is distinguished also by a great book he wrote a few years ago, 'A Man: His Mark.'"

State Librarian Gillis is seeking information on the early history of California. To that end he has issued a circular asking all who possess books, pamphlets, newspaper files, manuscript narratives, diaries, public correspondence or original documents of any kind which may throw light on the early history of California to send them to the California Historical Department of the State Library at Sacramento. Much literature bearing upon the subject of the State's early history was destroyed in the fire. The State Librarian will pay expressage.

The Dial, Chicago's literary organ, thinks that the announcement of a new magazine in Los Angeles shows that San Francisco's sun has set. Thus the Dial:

"It may be significant of the dubious fortunes of San Francisco, and of the growing importance of its vigorous southern rival, Los Angeles, that the announcement of a new Pacific Coast monthly comes from the latter city. This is to be the 'Pacific Empire Magazine,' and its publication is to begin September 1st. As its title might imply, it will concern itself largely with the industrial and commercial development of the great and growing southwestern region of which Los Angeles is perhaps now the most vital center and exponent. But it will include intellectual as well as material things in its survey, and will lighten its more serious contents by stories and poems, and by profuse illustrations. Mr. Edmund Mitchell, for some years past the leading editorial writer on the Los Angeles Times, and author of several works of fiction, etc., a man of large experience and scholarship, is to be the editor-in-chief, assisted by Mr. John S. McGroarty, also an experienced journalist and author of several works of verse and fiction. We wish success to this new venture in an interesting and enticing field; it will make, we trust, a worthy fourth in the quartette of notable California magazines, beginning with the old classic Overland of Bret Harte, and including the beautiful but ill-fated Californian of Professor Holder, as well as Mr. Lummis's Out West 'sui generis' and indestructible."

ROBERTSON'S

NEW LOCATION

1539

Van Ness Ave., Near Pine

"Next to the White House"

Mr. Robertson calls attention to the above address, which is very centrally located.

ROBSON'S
Everything for
motorists except
the car.
BROS.

Fillmore at O'Farrell

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

Stoves, Ranges, Refrigerators
Housefurnishing Goods
Hotel Kitchen Outfits

TURK AND POLK STREETS : : SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Emergency 427

Pears

There's a unique adaptability about Pears' Soap. It makes the child enjoy its bath, helps the mother preserve her complexion, and the man of the house finds nothing quite so good for shaving.

Have you used Pears' Soap?

Pears' the soap for the whole family.

Golf
AT DEL MONT

If you are looking for a pleasant week's vacation, remember the Golf Tournament at Hotel Monte, August 20th-25th, inclusive; special trip rates from all points in California; trophies for golf champions. If you don't play, there are a thousand ways to enjoy yourself—driving, fishing, tennis and other attractions. For programme to George P. Snell, Manager, Hotel Monte, California.

SPRINGFIELD

FIRE and MARINE

INSURANCE COMPANY

OF

Springfield, Mass.

Manager George D. Dornin advises the City Department of the Springfield, now open in the Kohl Building. General Department will occupy its quarters on the California-street side, 11th floor, as soon as rooms are restored, furniture, now ordered, made ready. Temporary Department headquarters will remain for the present at 1112 Broadway, Oakland.

The Springfield is among the companies which are adjusting and paying policyholders' claims in the San Francisco disaster involving \$1,600,000. The payment of sum will leave the company's capital \$2,000,000, its reserve for reinsurance (or unearned premiums) \$3,132,531.00, as appears by financial statement of December 31, 1913, intact, and a net surplus of over \$400,000. The assets of the Springfield at the close of 1905 were \$7,156,531.72.

Belvedere, California,

HILLSIDE INN.

Tiburon Ferry, 40 minutes from San Francisco. Boating and bathing. Terms reasonable. Address

MRS M. J. WARREN.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

When Jim Fisk was in his glory as a railroad magnate, one day he was greatly annoyed by people asking for passes over his road for all sorts of reasons. He was well worked up, when a badly looking individual asked for a pass and asked sharply: "On what grounds do you ask for a pass?" The man replied: "Because I do not wish to pay my fare." Fisk called a policeman and said to him: "Give this man a ticket to anywhere and return. He is the only man that has told the truth today."

A professor of sciences, well known for his absent-mindedness, was engaged in a deep controversy one day with a law student when his wife hurriedly entered the room. "Oh, my dear," she said, "I've swallowed a pin." The professor smiled. "Don't worry about it, my dear," he said in a soothing tone. "It is of no consequence. Here—" he pointed at his lapel—"Here is another pin."

A woman entered a bar-room, and addressed quietly to her husband, who sat drinking with three other men. She laid a covered dish on the table and said: "Thinkin' ye'd be too busy to come to supper, Jack, I've fetched it to you here." And she departed. The man looked awkwardly. He invited his friends to share the meal with him. When he removed the cover from the dish, the dish was empty. It contained a slip of paper that said: "I hope you will enjoy your supper. It is the only one your wife and children have at home."

To city men hired a horse and trap for a little outing. Upon reaching their destination, the horse was unharnessed and permitted peacefully to graze while the men fished for an hour or two. When they were ready to go home, a difficulty presented itself, inasmuch as neither of them knew how to re-harness the horse. The worst problem was properly to address the bit. The horse himself seemed to resent the idea of going into harness again. Finally one of the friends, in disgust, sat down in the road. There's only one thing we can do, he said. "What's that?" asked the other. "Wait for the foolish beast to come."

William Wightman held office in the old court of Queen's Bench far beyond the prescribed time, and at last he gave a sort of farewell of his brother judges. However, he turned up smiling again at Westminster Hall. "Why, brother Wightman," said Sir Alexander Cockburn, "you told us that you intended to send in your resignation." "So I did," said Sir William, "but when I went home and told my wife she said: 'Why, William, what on earth do you think that we can do with you messing about the house all day?' So you see I was obliged to come down to court again."

A beautiful German peasant girl disappeared at New York the other day. She was tall and strong, blue-eyed and yellow-haired. She wanted to know at once if there were any letters for her. The postmaster at the pier, after getting her name, said, by way of a joke: "Is it a business or a love letter that you expect?" The girl faltered. "A business letter." "Well, there's nothing here,"

said the man, after looking over the assortment. The girl hesitated. Then, blushing as red as a rose, she said: "Would you mind just looking among the love letters, now, sir?"

Of Manuel Garcia, the famous centennial musician, who died a few days ago, it is told that a very rich woman offered the master any price if he would only teach her daughter. He refused, knowing well he could never obtain serious work from her; but, as the mother persisted, he hit upon a compromise. He asked the woman to be present during a lesson. The lesson began. The pupil, who seemed to the listeners an already finished singer, had to repeat passage after passage of the most difficult exercises before the master was satisfied. Mother and daughter exchanged horrified glances, and looked on pityingly. The lesson finished, the master bowed the women out, and, in passing the pupil, the young girl whispered to her, "It would kill me!" Senor Garcia, returning from the door, said contentedly: "They will not come again, thank you; mon enfant, you sang well."

In 1869, when Charles Lever was consul at Trieste, he paid a visit to England. On his arrival he called on Lord Lytton. The two novelists chatted for some time, and at length Lord Lytton said: "You will have an opportunity presently of meeting your chief, Clarendon. I expect him every moment." Lever was aghast. He recollected suddenly that he had left Trieste without obtaining formal leave. He endeavored to excuse himself to Lytton—he had to be off—he was very sorry, but—While he was explaining, the Minister for Foreign Affairs was announced. "Ah, Lever!" said Lord Clarendon, in surprise. "I did not know you had left Trieste." "No, my lord. The fact is," said the ready Lever, "I thought it would be more respectful if I came and asked your lordship personally for leave."

An Italian laborer was killed while at work on a dam at the pulp-mills, Millinocket, Me. At the hearing before the local justice there was found in a pocket a roll of bills containing \$25, and bidden in one of the bootlegs was found a dirk knife. As there was no probate court within many miles of the town, the judge was at a loss to know what disposal should be made of the money. Finally he hit upon the solution. The court took charge of the money and fined the corpse \$25 for carrying concealed weapons.

The Kaiser once said that of all the good stories his brother, Prince Henry, brought back from America, none amused him more heartily than this: As the German boat bearing the prince came up New York harbor hundreds of boats crowded close, and from the deck of one unpretentious river boat came a hail in megaphone tones: "Hey, Henry, how's Bill?"

Jones had come home about two in the morning rather the worse off for a few highballs. As soon as he opened the door his wife began upbraiding him for his conduct. Jones went to bed and when he was almost asleep could hear her scolding him unmercifully. He dropped off to sleep and awoke after a couple of hours, only to hear his wife remark: "I hope all the women don't have to put up with such conduct as this." "Annie," said Jones, "are you talking again or yet?"

Sir Robert Ball, after a lecture on "Sun-Spots and Solar Chemistry," met a young lady who expressed her regret at having missed the lecture. "Well, you see," he said, "I don't know that it would have interested you particularly, as it was all about sun-spots." "Why," she replied, "it would have interested me extremely, for I have been a martyr to freckles all my life."

A simple-hearted, ingenious, young German by name of Louis Schultz, living in Hoboken, became engaged after a brief acquaintance to a young maiden whose reputation as a coquette was well known. One of Louis's friends on meeting him one day said: "You don't mean to tell me that you are going to marry Minnie Blanche?" "Sure," replied Louis, "for why not?" "Why, she's been engaged to every young man in Hoboken." "Vell," slowly answered Louis, "Hoboken ain't such a big place."

The plans for what promises to be a most magnificent temple of art have practically been completed, and it is expected that the idea of F. M. Smith and F. C. Havens to erect an art gallery on one of the most commanding points in the beautiful Piedmont hills, at a cost of \$1,000,000, will be speedily realized. Mr. Smith, the "Borax King," intends the building as a memorial to him.

SHREVE & COMPANY

will occupy about September first, their temporary building at the corner of Van Ness Ave. and Sacramento Street

Complete stock now on sale at

Post Street and Grant Avenue

The Oakland branch office will be discontinued on AUGUST ELEVENTH

WHEN
Hunter
Baltimore
Rye

COMES TO JUDGMENT



THERE'S A VERDICT
IN ITS FAVOR
EVERY TIME

CHARLES M. REYNOLDS CO
San Francisco, Cal.



Hotel del Coronado
UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Enjoy California's best climate at the largest all-year seaside resort hotel in the world. All outside rooms. Guests will appreciate the new and important changes. Every modern convenience provided, including long distance telephone in rooms. Chef of national reputation. Choicest and widest cuisine of any hotel in the West. Interior court—a rare tropical garden. Fine winter fishing and hunting. Unexcelled golf links and tennis courts. For further information address

MORGAN ROSS, Manager
Coronado Beach, Cal.
H. F. NORCROSS, General Agent
334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles

Shore
Line Limited

Drawing-room Parlor Cars
Buffet Smoking Car Dining Car
Large Protected Observation Rotunda

Daily by Daylight

To Coast Line Resorts
From San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Southern
Pacific

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Edna Montgomery of this city to Lieutenant Edward A. Sturges, Fifth Cavalry, U. S. A. The wedding will take place in October.

It is announced that the wedding of Mrs. Rebecca McMullin Belvin to Mr. Francis J. Heney will probably take place next spring.

Miss Ethyl Hager will have as her attendants on the occasion of her wedding to Mr. Lansing O. Kellogg, on September 5th, Miss Alice Hager as maid of honor and Miss Anita Harvey and Miss Helen de Young as bridesmaids.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Boyd will entertain at a large tea this afternoon (Saturday) at their home in San Rafael, in honor of the debut of their daughter, Miss Louise Boyd. Among those assisting in receiving will be Mrs. A. W. Foster, Mrs. Carter Pomeroy, Mrs. George Gibbs, Miss Ethel Tompkins, Mrs. Benjamin Dibblee, Miss Natalie Coffin, Miss Genevieve Harvey, Miss Janet von Schroeder, Miss Sara Coffin, Miss Claire Nichols, Miss Bessie Ashton and Miss Janet Coleman.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resume of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dahlgren and Miss Katharine Martin arrived last month from New York and are to remain until October at their summer home at Santa Cruz. Mr. and Mrs. Francis Graer are also at Santa Cruz with Mrs. Dahlgren.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin, who have been living at Burlingame, will come to the city shortly to spend some time at the home of Mrs. Eleanor Martin on Broadway.

Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst has returned to Paris after several weeks' travel through Holland.

The Rev. Dr. Edward A. Dodd and Mrs. Dodd (formerly Miss Lorette de Witt Allen) returned early this week from their wedding journey to Lake Tahoe. They will leave about September 1st for their home in Boston.

Miss Katrina Wright, who is at present in Japan with her father, Ambassador Wright, will arrive here in October, en route East and will spend a few weeks here as the guest of Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Miss Margaret Newhall, Miss Marion Newhall and Miss Elizabeth Newhall, who have been abroad since March, have recently gone from Italy to England for several weeks' stay.

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, who has recently returned from a trip abroad, arrived at her home in San Francisco on Sunday evening last.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. McKittrick and Miss Redmond, who have been at the McKittrick ranch, "The Meadows," near Bakersfield, during the winter, are at Santa Barbara for the summer, having taken a cottage there.

Mrs. J. W. Keeney, who has been East for several months, is at present the guest of her sister, Mrs. Harding, at the latter's country place in the Catskills.

Miss Sophie Coleman and Miss Lucy Gwin Coleman have been recent visitors at Santa Cruz.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway is spending the month of August at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Pelham Ames, who have been living in Oakland since the fire, have recently come to town and have taken a flat on Lyon street, near Sacramento, their own old home on Taylor street having been burned.

Mrs. James Cunningham and Miss Sara Cunningham have arrived from the East and are at their home on Broadway. The duration of their stay in California is rather indefinite.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker Whitney, Jr., are spending some weeks at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. F. W. Dohrmann and Mrs. B. Paulsen, who have returned from Europe, are staying at Dr. Kaspar Pischel's country home, The Hillocks, in Ross Valley.

Mrs. Lucy Otis, who has been at the home of her son, Mr. James Otis, on Broadway, since the fire, will go to the Knickerbocker on Fillmore street and Pacific avenue, on September 1st, to spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker and their family returned on the Hongkong Maru

on Monday last from a three months' trip to Japan.

Miss Elsie Sperry has returned from several weeks' stay at Sag Harbor as the guest of Mrs. Frank Havens.

Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, who has been traveling in Europe since the early spring, is in Switzerland for an indefinite stay.

Charles S. Fee, general passenger agent of the Southern Pacific, has just returned from Chicago, where he has been attending various conferences.

News has been received of the arrival in France of Mrs. Llewellyn Jones, Miss Grace Llewellyn Jones and Lieutenant Jere Burnett.

Mrs. Ives and Miss Florence Ives, who have been at Cloverdale for several weeks, are now at Del Monte, where Miss Ives will compete in the golf tournament.

Miss Helen Woolworth, who left shortly after the fire for Europe has been touring Switzerland, in an automobile, with Mr. and Mrs. Pope of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Elthian, Miss Annie Ide and Mr. Bourke Cochran have been spending some days at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. P. N. Lilienthal, manager of the Anglo-Californian Bank, has gone on to New York to rejoin his family, whom he left at the Atlantic sea coast immediately after the fire of last April, when he hurriedly returned to San Francisco.

Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt, director of operation and maintenance of way of the Harriman roads, after a stay of several weeks in the city, has gone to the McCloud, where he will join his family. Later he will proceed to Portland and thence across the continent to Chicago.

W. C. Cox and W. F. Bond of Goldfield, Nevada, are stopping at the Hotel Imperial.

Chas. H. Segerstrom and wife of Sonora were registered at the Hotel Imperial last week.

A. N. Hedgpeth of Santa Cruz is in town this week and is stopping at the Hotel Imperial.

Recent arrivals at the Hotel Coronado include Mr. and Mrs. James Irvine, Mr. Mortimer Irvine, Mrs. Lorain Irvine, Mrs. J. Dalzell Brown, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Deming, Major Charles McKinstry and Mrs. McKinstry.

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs the past week were: Mr. and Mrs. William Letts Oliver, Mr. M. A. Murphey, Mr. E. A. Bruse, Mr. T. T. Holton, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall C. Harris, Mr. H. M. Calkins, Mr. Augustus P. Ames, Mrs. H. R. Warner, Dr. R. Gross of Eureka, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Stephens of Sacramento.

Recent arrivals at Hotel Del Monte include Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. J. Dalzell Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Watson, Mrs. C. G. Hooker, Miss Hooker, Dr. Herbert A. Carolan, Mrs. C. R. Peters, Mrs. Austin Tubbs, George Tubbs, Tallent Tubbs, Mr. C. O. G. Miller, Miss Marian Miller, Mr. L. E. Hanchett, Miss Hanchett, Mr. R. M. Tobin, Major Rathborn, Mr. Geo. E. Crothers, Mr. E. G. Schmeidell, Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Linforth, Mr. Jos. D. Smedberg, Mr. F. F. Ryer, Mr. Walter S. Hobart, Mr. J. L. Rathbone, Mr. Harry Simpkins, Miss Leonore W. Armsby, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Armsby, Miss Armsby, Mrs. J. K. Armsby of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Pringle of Menlo Park, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Newhall, Mrs. F. W. Henshaw, Dr. and Mrs. W. N. Sherman and Mrs. Geo. H. Howard.

Mrs. A. N. Drown, who had been ill for a number of months past, and who was taken to Southern California recently, died at Santa Barbara on Monday, August 13. Her husband and her two daughters, Miss Newell Drown and Mrs. Samuel Boardman, were in constant attendance until the last. The funeral services will take place in this city from the family home, 2550 Jackson street. The deceased lady leaves a large circle of friends and relatives who will mourn her loss.

Mr. George Crocker, who for seven years past has made his home in New York, has presented to the Episcopal Mission of St. John's Church, Ramsey, N. J., a handsome pipe organ in memory of his wife, who died two years ago. While the church was being built, Mr. Crocker was having constructed for himself a mansion near the H. O. Havemeyer farm at Ramsey, and both buildings have just been finished.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Melggs (nee Miss Edith Merry) at San Jose de Costa Rica, has been brightened by the advent of a son.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Wright (nee Miss Linda Hamilton) has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

H. R. Braden, who for fifteen years has been in the service of the Southern Pacific Company, in this city, first as secretary to General Passenger Agent Horschburg and afterward in succeeding positions of increasing responsibility until he was given charge of the advertising department of the railroad, has resigned his office to engage in business for himself. In partnership with C. M. Bolte, for a long time superintendent of the mechanical department of the Sunset Press, Mr. Braden will devote his efforts to the building up of an advertising and printing business. Before leaving the offices of the Southern Pacific, Mr. Braden was presented with a handsome desk by his associates, and numerous testimonials of regard.

Profiting by the experiences of the five many new San Francisco buildings will have a small elevator in the rear of the store, and at night all books and records will be loaded on to a car, and from the elevator to the front of the basement will be a track, on which the car will run through the basement and into the fireproof vaults, which will be under the sidewalk.

Albert P. Rose, a well-known specialist in tea, died in Los Angeles not long ago. On one occasion 200 varieties of tea were steeped and placed before him, and by taste, he was able to tell the name, quality and value of each.

The first death in Westminster Abbey since Henry IV died there in 1413 occurred a few days ago. The Rev. Mr. Shepherd, of West Kensington, fell as he completed an address, and died immediately.

REOPENING OF THE Waldorf Hair Store

MISS D. HONIG, Prop.

1528-1530 Bush Street

Near Van Ness Ave.

Hair Goods Shell Ornaments Toilet Articles

Our complete force of help, so well appreciated by our many patrons, are still with us.

BRANCH STORE

3461 Sacramento St., near Walnut

The White House

N. W. CORNER VAN NESS AVE. AND PINE ST.

Full Assortment of

Turkish and Persian RUGS

SPECIAL

SHIRVAN RUGS

\$18.50 Each

Raphael Weill & Company, Inc.

FAT FOLKS

Your Weight, Double Chin, Bust and Hips Reduced.

Five years ago I reduced my weight 70 pounds, bust 6 inches, waist 6 inches and hips 14 inches in a short time by a guaranteed harmless remedy without exercise or starving. I will tell you all about it. Inclose stamp. Address, MRS. O. F. RICHARDSON, 360 W. 6th St., Riverside, Cal.

**SMITH'S
CASH STORE**
16 Stewart St. San Francisco.
"JUST AROUND THE CORNER."

Hotel Imperial

951 Eddy St.,

One Block from Van Ness Avenue.

SAN FRANCISCO.

European Plan.

ELECTRIC LIGHTS TELEPHONE
ELEVATORS GRILL STEAM HEAT

E. S. DE WOLFE, Proprietor

Electric Cars Direct from Ferry.

TO LET

For one year from November 1st, 1906, "The Breton Channel Drive, fronting Pacific ocean, near Country Montecito; grounds about three acres, beautifully laid out, horses and carriages [will also let garage, with Packard Car, if desired]; butler, cook, coachman, and laundrymen to remain with tenants; for terms and particulars apply to

L. G. DREYFUS,
Santa Barbara, Cal.

P. Centemeri & Co. KID GLOVES

New Location

1551 Van Ness Ave

Between Pine and California
San Francisco

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD

ESTABLISHED 1850

Cash Capital \$1,000,000
Cash Assets \$5,340,134
Surplus to Policy-Holders 2,414,916

Colin M. Boyd, Benjamin J. Smith
Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific
2310 California St., San Francisco Department
525 Thirteenth St., Oakland

Thos. Cook & Son NOW LOCATED

410 Fourteenth Street
OAKLAND

CLUB DIRECTORY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

PACIFIC UNION, N. E. cor. Franklin and Washington Sts.
BOHEMIAN, 1925 Octavia St.
COSMOS, 1534 Sutter St.
OLYMPIC, 1050 Eddy St.
UNION LEAGUE, N. W. cor. Franklin and Sacramento Sts.
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, 2235 Washington St.
PRESS CLUB, 2016 Post St.
THE FAMILY CLUB, cor. Sacramento and Franklin Sts.
CONCORDIA, N. E. cor. Pacific Ave. and Fillmore St.
FRANCISCA, 1148 Ellis St., near Gough.
TOWN AND COUNTRY, Franklin St. near Sacramento.

WHAT PRESS CLIPPINGS MEAN TO YOU

Press clipping information is information you can obtain in other ways. As a business aid, Press Clippings will place before you every scrap of news printed in the country pertaining to your business. They will show you every possible market, and little for your goods, openings that you would never hear of in the ordinary way, and they give you this information in a fresh and valuable form.

If you have a hobby or wish information upon any subject, press clippings will give you any subject or topic, and press clippings will give you all the current information printed, and in a fresh and valuable form.

The cost for any purpose is usually but a few cents a day.

THE INTERNATIONAL PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

the largest press clipping bureau in the world, reads and files 55,000 papers and other periodicals each month, and even if you are now a subscriber to some other clipping bureau, it will give you to investigate our superior service.

Write for our book about Press Clippings and our Daily Business Reports, and ask about The International Information Bureau, which supplies complete manuscripts or material for addresses, essays, lectures and debates, and complete and reliable information upon any subject at a reasonable cost. Address

INTERNATIONAL PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU
Bayce Bldg., Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.

PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Rear-Admiral W. T. Swinburne, U. S. N., relieved Rear-Admiral Caspar F. Goodrich, U. S. N., on August 10th, at Seattle, on the command of the Pacific Squadron, Rear-Admiral Goodrich having been detached and ordered home. It is understood that Rear-Admiral Goodrich will succeed Admiral Sigsbee, U. S. N., upon the latter's retirement, as superintendent of the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Major-General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., commander of the Pacific Division, accompanied by Mrs. MacArthur and by his aide-de-camp, Captain Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., went to Monterey early last week and remained two days to present the medals to the winners of the Division Small Arms Competition.

General Stephen P. Jocelyn, U. S. A., Mrs. Jocelyn and the Misses Jocelyn, who are spending the summer traveling in Europe, have recently arrived in Dresden. Services over the body of the late Rear-Admiral Charles Train, U. S. N., who died suddenly at Chefoo, on August 4th, were held on August 10th, on board the U. S. battleship Ohio at Yokohama. Rear-Admiral Train's body will be carried directly to Washington, D. C., for interment.

Colonel John A. Lundeen, U. S. A., Inspector-General of the Pacific Division, who has been in Alaska for the past two months on a tour of inspection, returned to San Francisco on Thursday of last week. During Colonel Lundeen's absence, Colonel John P. Wissler, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., was Acting Inspector-General.

Captain John Conklin, Jr., Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who recently arrived here from the Philippines for his examinations for promotion, left during the week for Riley, Kansas, where he will take his examinations.

Captain Roderic O'Connor, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., went down early this week to the Presidio of Monterey for temporary duty with Companies I and K, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., en route from his post to the transport Logan. On the sailing of the Logan Captain O'Connor returned to his proper station at the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco.

Lieutenant Arthur MacArthur, Jr., U. S. A., and Mrs. MacArthur, who returned recently from the Orient and have since been the guests of Lieutenant MacArthur's parents, General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., and Mrs. MacArthur, returned to San Francisco on Friday of last week on a visit to Mrs. MacArthur's parents, Admiral Bowman H. McCalla, U. S. N., and Mrs. McCalla, at their home in Santa Barbara.

Mr. Geo. G. Carr has been the guest of Mr. John Stafford at the Presidio of Monterey. Mrs. Carr will return to Hanford for placing her son in Mt. Tamalpais Military Academy.

Ms. Walter G. Holbome returned to the Presidio of Monterey on Tuesday, where she is a guest of her sister, Mrs. Clifford, wife of Major John Stafford, of the 120th U. S. Infantry. Mrs. Holbome has been passing the past three weeks in San Francisco.

Lieutenant Raymond W. Briggs, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., left on Saturday last for Camp Tacoma, Washington, for duty during the maneuvers.

Lieutenant Yates Stirling, U. S. N., who is so well known on this Coast and who is attached to the U. S. S. Indiana, was recently reported to Washington, D. C., for his examination for promotion.

Lieutenant Edward H. Pearce, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., on duty with the Twenty-Second Infantry, is transferred to the regiment.

The successful commissioned competitors in the Division Rifle Competition held here this month at the Presidio of Monterey were: Captain Harry L. Steele, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., First Lieutenant William B. Wallace, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Second Lieutenant Smith A. Hays, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., all of whom were awarded gold medals; First Lieutenant A. S. Cowan, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., Captain F. G. Stritzinger, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., Second Lieutenant A. G. Fisher, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., Second Lieutenant Alvin B. Baker, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., and Second Lieutenant Burt W. Phillips, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., all of whom were awarded bronze medals. The successful commissioned competitors in the Division Pistol Competition held at the same time were: First Lieutenant Aubrey Lippin, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., Second Lieutenant Arthur E. Ahrends, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., both of whom won gold medals, and First Lieutenant James G. Hannah, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., a bronze medal. Captain William H. Chapman, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., made a score which entitled him to be Distinguished Pistol Shot eligible for the army competition. The small arms teams will compete at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, the rifle team reaching there today and the pistol team on August 22d.

Companies I and K, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., which have been at the Presidio of Monterey for the past month for the Annual Division Small Arms Competition, returned on the transport Logan, which sailed on Wednesday last from this port, to their proper station at Honolulu.

The committee of five, representing thirty-five dollar-for-dollar insurance companies, has reported on a considerable number of bureau losses, and these companies can now make immediate payment of their share of the insurance. Among typical store and residence losses are the following:

Levi Strauss & Co., value of stock, \$1,106,688.90; insurance, \$825,000.
St. Francis Hotel, insured for \$1,013,000; sound value fixed at \$1,481,869.24; salvage appraised at \$439,627.28; actual damage, \$992,241.96.
Shreve building, insurance, \$440,000; sound value, \$544,156.51; salvage, \$195,668.70; actual fire damage, \$348,487.81.
Jacob Stern, residence, insurance on contents, \$162,750; salvage, \$116,377.50.
Mrs. Ethel Crocker, residence, value of building and contents, \$586,653; insurance, \$200,000; salvage \$4,000.

The British War Office puts its seal of approval on the delayed first volume of the history of the Boer War which has just appeared, and the four volumes of the work will be endorsed "official." Many brilliant officers contributed to the book, but it is said that they are disgusted to find their efforts sadly mangled and emasculated in the printed pages. Colonel Henderson wrote the volume first but the War Office censors would not pass his work, and during their controversy with the author the gallant officer and really brilliant writer died. The volume as issued is not interesting or valuable, in spite of its five years of preparation, if English critics are right.

Southern Pacific clerks, trainmen, freight handlers and other employees who suffered losses in the late fire are to have about \$40,000 distributed among them as a partial recompense for what they lost. Probably 150 of the local employees will get varying sums of \$200, \$300 or \$400. No official is to get anything. The cases considered to be most deserving are where employees getting \$100 or less a month had all their furniture destroyed or both furniture and homes.

It is estimated that the fares paid by the Americans who landed in England in a recent week amounted to five million dollars. During the next five weeks these enormous bookings will continue. Six thousand American excursionists arrived at Liverpool during the week-end. Including their return fares the 6,000 paid \$1,250,000 to the steamship companies. As much as \$2,000 for a single journey was given for a suite of state rooms.

It has been stated that 1,000,000 or more tons of structural steel will be required to rebuild the burned business area. Karl Eckerman, a prominent German engineer, says the whole district east from Larkin and Ninth streets to the water front would only take 500,000 tons of steel, if every building in the area had a steel frame. The area will be substantially rebuilt with not over 280,000 tons of the metal, he asserts.

Mrs. Gordon Robertson is teacher of golf at the Women's Golf Club at Mitcham, England, and is said to be the only woman in the British Isles who has chosen the occupation as a profession.

A notable item in the will of Susau C. Seymour, widow of the late Simon Seymour, is a bequest of \$4,000 for the construction of a safety waiting station on Market near Powell street.

Brigadier-General Allen, chief of the signal corps of the army, sailed for Europe on August 6th, where he will investigate the signal service in various foreign armies preparatory to attending the international conference on wireless telegraphy which will be convened at Berlin, October 3. Charlemagne Tower, American ambassador to Germany, will represent the state department at that conference; Rear Admiral H. N. Manney, U. S. N., retired, will represent the navy; Gen. Allen will be the army representative and John I. Waterbury of New York, who is now in Europe, will represent the department of commerce and labor.

The Pope recently received the American pilgrims conducted by Bishop Gabriels, of Ogdensburg, N. Y. Bishop Gabriels read an address, in which he quoted President Roosevelt as saying: "Tell the Pope that I send him my profound regards. I have tried to treat Protestants and Catholics alike, as my latest appointments show. I will try to perpetuate this policy. This Republic will stand for many a century. I expect that there will be Catholic Presidents as well as Protestant. I trust that they all will treat each other as I have tried to do."

GAS THRIFT

"Thrift is such a simple thing--and it means so much. It is the foundation of success in business, of contentment in the home and of standing in society."

85-Cent Gas

Is the cheapest, cleanest and most convenient fuel. Double the heating value of any manufactured gas. *Be thrifty*--get the most heat for your money. *Perfect Service*

The San Francisco Gas and Electric Co.

925 FRANKLIN ST. 500 HAIGHT ST.
421 PRESIDIO AVE. 1260 NINTH AVE.

Helping the Homeless

The Continental Building and Loan Association

Has helped build up several interior towns and cities of California but for the next few years its funds will be used to help restore the burned homes of San Francisco.

Dr. Washington Dodge, President.

Gavin McNab, Attorney.
Wm. Corbin, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr.

Office: Corner Market and Church Streets

Mutual Savings Bank

710 Market St., Opposite Third

SAN FRANCISCO.

Guarantee Capital \$ 1,000,000
Paid-up Capital 300,000
Surplus 320,000
Deposits, January 1, 1906 10,213,801

Interest paid on deposits. Loans on approved securities.
OFFICERS--President, James D. Phelan; First Vice-President, S. G. Murphy; Second Vice-President, John A. Hooper; Secretary and Cashier, Geo. A. Story; Asst. Secretary and Asst. Cashier, C. B. Hobson; Attorney, Frank J. Sullivan.

Directors--James D. Phelan, John A. Hooper, Frank J. Sullivan, Jas. M. McDonald, S. G. Murphy, James Moffitt, Robt. McElroy, Charles Holbrook, Rudolph Speckels.

BANKING

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Capital Fully Paid \$2,000,000
Total Assets \$10,000,000

A General Banking Business Conducted
Savings and Checking Accounts Received
Interest Paid on Deposits

MAIN OFFICE
CORNER CALIFORNIA AND MONTGOMERY STREETS

West End Branch, 1531 Devisadero St.
Near Post.

Mission Branch: 927 Valencia Street
Near Twenty-first

Uptown Branch: 1850 Geary Street,
West of Fillmore.

DAVID F. WALKER, Pres.
J. DALZELL BROWN, Mgr.

FRENCH AMERICAN BANK

Union Trust Building (Third Floor)

Ready to accommodate its customers and do a general banking business. We will collect on insurance policies for those wishing our services.

THE FRENCH SAVINGS BANK
occupies offices in the same building.

Officers--Charles Carpy, President; Arthur Legallet, Vice-President; Leon Bocqueraz, Vice-President.

Directors--J. E. Aragues, O. Bozio, J. A. Bergerot, E. J. DeSaba, J. M. Dupas, J. S. Godeau, J. J. Mack, Geo. Belaney, Leon Kaufman.

Our Branch Bank is Now Open at
No. 810 Van Ness Avenue

GERMAN SAVINGS & LOAN SOCIETY

482 California Street, San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus \$ 2,552,719.61
Capital actually paid up in cash 1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1906 38,476,520.22

F. Tillman, Jr., President; Daniel Meyer, First Vice-President; Emil Rohde, Second Vice-President; A. H. R. Schmidt, Cashier; Wm. Herrmann, Asst. Cashier; Geo. Tourmy, Secretary; A. H. Muller, Asst. Secretary; W. S. Goodfellow, General Attorney.

Board of Directors:

F. Tillman, Jr., Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohde, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, N. Ohlandt, J. W. Van Bergen, E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

316 Montgomery Street

Established March, 1891

Authorized Capital \$1,000,000.00
Paid-up Capital 500,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits 285,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1906 4,934,818.50

Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.
Banking by mail a specialty.

William Babcock President
S. L. Abbot Vice-President
Fred W. Ray Secretary

Directors--William Babcock, S. L. Abbot, O. D. Baldwin, Joseph D. Grant, E. J. McCutchen, L. F. Montague, R. H. Pease, Warren D. Clark, Jas. L. Flood, J. A. Donohoe, John Parrott, Jacob Stern.

NOW OPEN FOR BUSINESS

BRANCH OF

French American Bank

AND

FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

NORTHEAST CORNER VAN NESS AVENUE AND EDDY STREET

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS

Ready for business at 1165 O'FARRELL ST., bet. Franklin and Gough

Pianos Tuned, Repaired, Moved and Stored.

SOHMER-Cecilian Player Pianos

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

A safe bet is the one you were going to make and didn't. —Philadelphia Record.

Another motto for the packers: Omnia possumus omnes (We all can everything). —Punch.

"Did you run across anybody in that automobile tour?" "We ran 'em down first and then ran across 'em." —Baltimore American.

"Senator, a political job is pretty hard to work, isn't it?" "Not very," replied Senator Badger, "but getting it is." —Milwaukee Sentinel.

Generous Uncle—"I will make you a mouthful allowance, but, understand me, I will pay no debts!" Nephew—"All right, uncle. Neither will I." —Tales.

"If you ever cross my path again, beware!" said the man with the red face. "Why, are you going to get an automobile?" asked the other. —Yonkers Statesman.

Tommy—"Pa, what is the Isthmus of Panama?" Pa—"The Isthmus of Panama, Tommy, is a narrow strip of land connecting Central America with the United States Treasury." —Life.

"But," protested Mrs. Newlied, "I don't see why you ask 25 cents a half peck for your beans. The other man only wanted 15 cents." "Yes'm," replied the huckster; "but these here beans o' mine is all hand-picked." —The Grocer.

"Here! you, sir," cried the irate old gentleman, "didn't I tell you never to enter this house again?" "No, sir," replied his daughter's persistent suitor. "You said not to 'cross your threshold,' so I climbed in the window." —Philadelphia Press.

"Young Jolliem always says the right thing, doesn't he? He never seems at a loss for the proper reply." "Well, I saw him nonplussed once." "How was that?" "Miss Keene asked him if he thought she looked as old as she was." —Cleveland Leader.

"Why do you always persist in saying you will not be a candidate for office?" "Because," answered Senator Sorghum, "it sounds properly modest, and does not in the least interfere with my chances in case a nomination wants to come my way." —Washington Star.

"One of the leading papers yesterday referred to my husband as an eminent statesman," remarked the visitor, proudly. "O, I wouldn't mind a little thing like that," replied Mrs. Goldrox, encouragingly. "We are all slandered more or less." —Milwaukee Sentinel.

"Young man, I heard you kissing my daughter in the hall last night." "Yes, sir. But it was from a purely scientific standpoint, sir." "What do you mean, sir?" "I was merely trying to collect a few microbes for the medical faculty at my college, sir." —Milwaukee Sentinel.

"I spent a pleasant half hour in a barber's chair yesterday." "How was that?" "Listening to the barber's story of how his brother went suddenly insane and slashed a customer. The barber explained between strokes that insanity ran in his family." —Columbus Press-Post.

Gotrox—"What are your lowest terms as a son-in-law?" Count—"One million." "All right; I'll sign a check tomorrow." "And how soon shall I marry your daughter?" "Oh, you won't marry her; I'm going to hold you for a rise, and sell you to somebody else." —Life.

"Do you really mean to tell me," demanded Mrs. Hauskeep, "that you are a San Francisco sufferer?" "Yes, lady," replied Hungry Hawkes. "Yer see, folks has been sending so much grub out dere, dey've had ter neglect us deservin' cases nearer home." —Philadelphia Press.

"There must be some fake about that new trick of Sandow-Sampson's," said Tete de Veau. "What trick is that?" L'Oignon asked. "Why, the strong man closes and locks, unassisted and within

five minutes, a Saratoga trunk packed by a woman for a week's trip to the seashore." —Home Journal.

Her Father—"But, sir, you are not the sort of man I should like for a son-in-law." Young Man—"Oh, that's all right. You are not the sort of man I should like for a father-in-law, but I'm not going to make your daughter miserable for life by refusing to marry her on that account." —Chicago Daily News.

"I want a concrete vault built. Cement the floor well. I don't want the gophers there; I want it to myself. Cover over with a good flange, then there will be no weeds to bother any one." Such are the directions that Maurice Walsh, of Oakland, left in his will for the erection of a vault wherein his remains might be interred.

"I suppose," said the old-time friend, "that your folks no longer feel the anxiety about social matters that they once experienced." "Yes, they do," answered Mr. Cumrox; "mother and the girls are now as busy keepin' other women out of society as they once were gettin' in themselves." —Washington Star.

One of the State legislators entered an Albany restaurant last evening and ordered a porterhouse steak. When the portion arrived it did not quite appeal to him as being sufficiently cooked. He called the waiter. "Would you kindly take this back to the cook and tell him to broil it a little more?" "Sure," replied he of the white coat. This is how the polite request was handed back to the cook: "Say, Bill, that fat guy backed away from this piece of horse. He wants a little more fire on it. Get a move on. See?" —Albany Journal.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Strictly Germ-Proof.

The anti-septic Baby and the Prophylactic Pup
Were playing in the garden when the Bunny gambled up;
They looked upon the Creature with a loathing undisguised
It wasn't Disinfected and it wasn't Sterilized.

They said it was a Microbe and a Hotbed of Disease.
They steamed it in a vapor of a thousand odd degrees;
They froze it in a freezer that was cold as Banished Hope,
And washed it in permanganate with carbolated soap.

In sulfureted hydrogen they steeped its wiggle ears;
They trimmed its frisky whiskers with a pair of hard-boiled shears;
They donned their rubber mittens and they took it by the hand
And lected it a member of the Fumigated Band.

There's not a Micrococcus in the garden where they play;
They swim in pure iodoform a dozen times a day;
And each imbibes his rations from a Hygienic Cup—
The Bunny and the Baby and the Prophylactic Pup.
—Woman's Home Companion.

A Summer Romance.

Summer maiden. Full of fun.
Summer fellow. Chapter One.

Moonlight evening. Naught to do.
Tender Topics. Chapter Two.

Sparkling diamond. Love will be
Ever Cherished. Chapter Three.

August passes. Girl no more.
Likewise diamond. Chapter Four.

Young man wakens. Heart to mend.
Love next season? NO! The End.
—Judge.

—NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

J. C. MEUSSDORFFER SONS
HATTERS

ESTABLISHED 1849

Complete Assortment of the Latest Styles

NOW OPEN FOR BUSINESS

909 Fillmore Street

Between McAllister and Fulton

OUR STANDARDS

Sperry's Best Family
Drifted Snow
Golden Gate Extra

Sperry Flour Company

MAIN OFFICE: 133 SPEAR ST.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Steamship Lines

AMERICAN LINE

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON.

St. Paul. Aug. 18
New York. Aug. 25
St. Louis. Sept. 1

Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool

Friesland. Aug. 18
Westernland. Aug. 25

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Minneapolis. Aug. 18
Minnehaha. Aug. 25
Minnetonka. Sept. 1

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.

Sailings Wednesdays as per sailing list.

Statendam. Aug. 22, 10 a. m.
Ryndam. Aug. 29, 10 a. m.
Potsdam. Sept. 5, 6 a. m.

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—DOVER, ANTWERP (LONDON—PARIS).

Kroonland. Aug. 18
Vaderland. Aug. 25
Finland. Sept. 1

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.

Baltic. Aug. 29
Teutonic. Aug. 22
Cedric. Aug. 24

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Cymric. Aug. 23
Arabic. Aug. 30
Republic. Sept. 13

C. D. TAYLOR, Pass. Agt., Pacific Coast.

Temporary Office, 534 14th St., Oakland.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

HONOLULU only—S. S. Alameda sails 11 a. m. Sept. 1st, Round-trip, first-class, \$125.

SYDNEY, AUCKLAND, SAMOA, HONOLULU—S. S. Ventura sails 2 p. m. August 23.

TAHITI, SOUTH SEAS—S. S. Mariposa sails 11 a. m., Sept. 11. First-class round trip, \$125.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., General Agents, Pier 7, foot Pacific St., San Francisco. Phone West 1273. Oakland office, 1168 Broadway. Phone Oakland 8818.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

ORIENTAL S. S. Co. have opened their general offices at 217-221 Brannan Street,

SAN FRANCISCO

S. S. Hong Kong Maru - - - Aug. 24, 1906
S. S. America Maru - - - Sept. 14, 1906
S. S. Nippon Maru - - - Oct. 12, 1906

Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and Brannan streets, 1 p. m., for Yokohama and Hongkong, calling at Honolulu, Kobe, (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamer for Manila, India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Sts. W. H. AVERY, Assistant General Manager.

JOHN G. ILS & CO.

Manufacturers

High-Grade French Ranges
Kitchen and Bakery Outfits,
624 Washington Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

Railway Lines



CALIFORNIA LIMITED
TO
CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS
LEAVES DAILY AT 9:30 A. M.
WITH DINERS AND SLEEPERS

7:30 a. m. and 8:00 p. m. For Stockton, Merced, direct connection for Yosemite Valley, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield and intermediate points.

9:30 a. m. California Limited, 3 days. Chicago. Leaves every day. Direct connection to Grand Canyon.

9:30 a. m. Valley Limited for Stockton, Merced, direct connection for Yosemite Valley, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield and points on Sierra Railway.

10:55 a. m. For Stockton, Riverbank, O'leale and points on Sierra Railway.

4:00 p. m. For Stockton, Fresno and intermediate points.

8:00 p. m. Overland Express for Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and Grand Canyon.

NOTE. Yosemite V. R. R. trains leave Merced for Yosemite Valley at 5:30 a. m. and 2 p. m. every day.

Ticket Offices. Ferry Building, San Francisco; 11 Broadway, and Fortieth and San Pablo avenue Oakland; University Ave and West street, Berkeley.

VACATION 1906

ISSUED BY THE

CALIFORNIA NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY

THE PICTURESQUE ROUTE OF CALIFORNIA AND

NORTH SHORE RAILROAD

THE SCENIC ROUTE

IS NOW READY FOR DISTRIBUTION

GIVING FULL INFORMATION IN REGARD TO

Camping Spots, The Location, Accommodations, Attractions, Etc., Of Mineral Spring Resorts And Country Homes And Farms Where Summer Boarders Are Taken, with Terms of Board, \$7.00 And Upwards per week.

To be had at Tiburon Ferry, foot of Market Street, San Francisco. Inquiry by mail will bring an immediate response.

JAS. AGLER, R. X. RYAN,
General Manager Gen'l Pass. Agent

MT. TAMALPAIS RAILWAY

Via Sausalito Ferry—Foot of Market St.

Lv. San Francisco	Sun.	Leave Tamalpais	Sun.	Wkday
9:50 A	7:15 A	9:27 A	9:11	
10:15 A	8:15 A	11:12 A	1:00	
1:45 P	11:15 A	12:20 P	2:30	
	12:45 A	1:40 P	4:20	
Saturday	2:15 P	3:10 P	Saturday	
4:35 P	3:45 P	4:40 P	9:30	
		6:40 P		

Legal Holidays, Sunday Time.

TICKET OFFICE AT SAUSALITO FERRY.



HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.
Wood Rollers Tin Rollers

The Argonaut.

LIX. No. 1537.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 25, 1906.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published weekly by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; single copies, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior of the United States may be obtained from the Argonaut Publishing Company, 1711 San Pablo avenue, Oakland. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Jerome A. Hart, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." To insure consideration, manuscripts should be typewritten. Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." All checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., 5 Beams Street, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. In Chicago, Western News Company. In San Francisco, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear, 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. J. Abernethy, and by the Denison News Company on its boats and trains. Published at San Francisco, California. Temporary Office, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, California.

THIRTIETH YEAR

PRINTED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

JEROME A. HART Editor

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: Roosevelt and a Third Term—Rapid Redistribution of Property—Bryan the Democratic Leader—His Interest Is Intercontinental—New York State Politics—Earthquake, Fire, and Frisco—New Business of the Insurance Companies—California State Politics—Private and Public Water Supplies—The Iowa Idea—Condition of San Francisco and Titles—The Other Fellow's Park—Assessor Dodge and the Supervisors	17-21
OLICO—PERSONAL	21
LITER'S EXPERIENCE: Told by Itself. From the Friend of the Case	22
FAVORITES: "When Love Passed By," by Solomon Solis; "Song," by Sir John Suckling; "Song," by Ben Jonson; "A Renunciation," by Edward Vere	22
SAVED THE WATER FRONT: Fire-Boats, Destroyers, and Revenue Cutters Brought Blue Jacket Aid	23
THE MINT WAS SAVED: Employees Aided by Army Men Fought Fire With Blue Vitrail	23
PERSON'S ART: How He Acted, Adapted, Painted, and Made Friends. Told by Another Player	24
QUALITIES	25
ANY FAIR	26
TAI. GOSSIP	27
TEARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip	28
TOILETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise	29
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy	30-31
ILLEGAL HUMORISTS	32
UNEUFUL LIAR	32

President Roosevelt and a Third Term.

Many important journals seem to be gradually coming to the conclusion that the President intends to succeed in 1908. The New York Herald is one of the latest to do so. The New York Sun and Harper's Weekly profess to be shocked and astounded at the belief that the President has "swallowed his words," to use his phrase. Henry Watterson of the Courier-Journal also thinks Mr. Roosevelt will be a candidate in 1908. Watterson was the first—some thirty years ago—to print the news of General Grant's candidacy for a third term. Mr. Blaine confided the secret to Mr. Watterson, who guardedly printed it, and was ridiculed therefor as a scandal-monger. Yet it was not killed, although Blair did much to stifle it; and Roscoe Conkling brought the third-term Grant movement four years later to the National Convention in 1880.

Mr. Watterson believes that President Roosevelt would be a weak candidate. If that is the case, he and his Democratic friends ought to encourage the nomination. They seem to be endeavoring to kill it. The Orleans Picayune thinks that the attempt to

nominate Roosevelt would raise "formidable opposition in his own party." It suggests that the position of Blaine, Morton, and other prominent Republicans of that era toward the Grant boom would be imitated now by Republican enemies of Roosevelt.

It is our belief that Mr. Roosevelt is quite sincere in his desire not to be a candidate in 1908. We think he would like to be elected to the Senate from New York State, and that he will fill that position after vacating the presidential chair, if New York State elects the necessary Republican legislature. He may, however, be forced to accept the presidential nomination against his will. However, if he is not forced to do so, the Republican party will have to lay aside such possibilities as Fairbanks or Taft. Unless unforeseen events happen Bryan will be the Democratic nominee. In that event, no conservative Republican could successfully run against him. A radical Republican like La Follette would be necessary. It is not improbable that the ticket in 1908 may be La Follette against Bryan.

Rapid Redistribution of Property.

In the number immediately following April 18th, the Argonaut remarked that the disaster would bring about a marked readjustment of property, both real and personal; that thousands of workmen would be needed to reconstruct the burned buildings; that the owners of the land would be forced to pay to these workmen millions of dollars at much higher rates of wage than existed before the fire; that many of these land owners would find themselves unable to raise the money to meet the changed conditions; that although they might apparently be rich, they would really be land poor; that the workingmen would take away from the rich men much of the latter's "unearned increment;" that the man who possessed more land than he could build on would be forced by high taxation, low income, or no income at all, to sell to another; that these transfers of land and money would bring about sweeping changes; that these changes would involve the boundaries of the business districts; that they would go further, that they would bring about a revolution in the social and financial standing of the entire community.

These remarks did not please many people in San Francisco, particularly the large land owners. They seemed to think that matters would go on exactly as before; that the insurance companies would pay their fire losses in a few days; that this money would be more than ample to re-erect their burned buildings at once; that laborers and skilled artisans would work for exactly the same wages as before; that their new buildings would be erected reasonably and rapidly; that their former tenants would patiently wait until the old landlords' buildings were ready; that the former retail and wholesale districts would be owned and occupied exactly as before; that, in short, the whole of the vast tangle of San Francisco's disrupted and destroyed business network would be put together exactly as it was before. It was because we differed, and because we pointed out that these iridescent dreams were impossible of realization, that the Argonaut incurred the ill will of many of those land owners. We submit, however, that in this case the Argonaut is not it. We shall have to "pass the buck" up to the earthquake.

There may be some who consider that the foregoing statements are exaggerated. Not at all. They are cold, sober truth. The truth then was as unpalatable as the truth now. In times of great popular excitement to state things as they are is called "pessimism;" to state things as you would like to have them is called "optimism." Naturally the press and the people took the optimistic

view; the press because it was the popular one, and the people because they sincerely believed it.

Again we may be asked, is it possible that sensible people could have believed all these things?—Indeed they did, and some of them were so hysterical that they believed, or affected to believe, that their land was worth more after than before the fire. But if any man believed or deluded himself into partly believing this, he has had a rough awakening. One need not fear violence now if he says that property is not worth so much as it was. The week after the earthquake it was distinctly dangerous to make such a remark. But if any man really thinks that land is worth more, let him go and attempt to negotiate a loan on real estate at any San Francisco savings bank.

Suppose such a man is a land owner who has patiently waited for three months, hoping to get his insurance money. He has not yet received it. He may have policies in several companies, one of which is insolvent, another of which is paying 50 per cent, another 75 per cent, and another pretending to pay "dollar for dollar," and trying to skin out at 85 cents. The unfortunate policy holder is holding off, hoping that he will get something by waiting, but conscious of the fact that he is losing interest on his vacant land and that he is not in a position to lose any more. Therefore, he determines to borrow the money to build some temporary structures, hoping to erect permanent ones later on, when he gets his insurance money. He goes to the savings bank. He is surprised to find with what a lack of cordiality he is received when he states his business. A few months ago the man who wanted to borrow money was received with effusion at a savings bank, while the man who wanted to deposit money was thrown out. Now the man who wants to deposit is received with the glad hand, while the man who wants to borrow gets the marble heart. If he finally succeeds in winning the ear of the president, he is surprised to find how heavily land has fallen in value and how much taxes and interest have gone up. He is told that when some three hundred millions in improvements have been burned and some six millions yearly must be raised in taxes, that the entire burden of raising these millions is thrown on the remaining property in a city; that the taxation is naturally higher; that as the value of the security has been impaired, the bank must get more interest. Further he is informed that the fairy tales of unimpaired land values when buildings worth hundreds of millions have been destroyed, are believed only by the reporters of yellow newspapers, and are prepared by them for the consumption of rich old dowagers, parietic plutocrats, and weak-minded sons of millionaires. Other people, he is told, know that burning down a city does not add to its value, and that land which has lost all of its earning power falls heavily in price.

After he has studied the situation carefully the former rich man comes to the conclusion that there are two courses left for him to choose from. One is to lease his property to some one who is more enterprising than himself, and who is prepared to plunge into the hurly-burly of a new town and take the hard knocks that the pioneers used to take forty years ago. The other course is to sell. Which of these two alternatives is selected usually depends on the temper and the temperament of the land owner. If he be so pressed for money that he can not meet the high prices for building materials and high prices for labor, he will be apt to sell. Then the question of price becomes a gamble. Outside of certain well-defined districts in San Francisco—such as Market street and the financial district—the value of land is something which no man can tell. Therefore, the purchaser of a

large tract of land in San Francisco may be making a fortune, and then again he may be losing one.

The alternative of leasing the land seems to be the course usually preferred. And here another difference may be noted; the man who has inherited his land seems less disposed to enter on a strenuous struggle for the up-building of the former conditions than the man who has himself created his own fortune. In short, the sons of the rich seem to prefer to lease. The sons of their own works seem to prefer to build.

Another phase of the new San Francisco which was foreshadowed in these columns the week after the fire is this: many men here had reached an age and a condition of financial ease where they were thinking vaguely of retiring from business. In this country no man likes to "retire." There is no place here for the idler. When a man here retires, the first question among his acquaintances is: "What's the matter with him? Bright's disease? or locomotor ataxia? or paresis?" In short, they at once infer that either his legs or his brains are down and out. It is not uncommonly true.

But the great disaster jolted many men over the line. A number of firms have passed into the hands of the sons of the house. Others are now controlled by the former juniors. And many of the employees have seceded from old houses and have founded new ones. The advertisements which crowd the columns of the dailies are filled with unfamiliar names. Oddly enough, their advertising columns are much more crowded with local business than they were a year ago. This was inevitable—partly to let the public know that new men were in business, and partly to let them know where the business houses are, new or old.

Another factor in the present curious situation must not be overlooked. It is the presence in San Francisco of many men from other cities, not only rich men who have made fortunes in mining, cattle raising, and other industries all over the Pacific Coast, but also investors from Eastern cities. These men are here looking for bargains. They are by no means "suckers," and they are not easily to be hoodwinked. They are shrewd, sharp investors and they are in some respects superior to local investors, for they come here with open minds. They know and care nothing about what San Francisco used to be. They have their own well defined ideas of what she is going to be. Those of us who have lived here, either all our lives or for a number of years, can not fail to be affected by local traditions. But to these strangers local traditions are rubbish, and in the grand shake-up and hurly-burly which has followed the events of last April it may be that the investors from elsewhere are less handicapped than the rest of us in looking into the future.

The American Flag Falls.

A dispatch from Sausalito to the Chronicle says that "a ninety-foot flag flying from the revenue cutter Alert fell from its halyards yesterday afternoon, was blown away and lost. Strange to say, no one on board the vessel noticed the flag was gone until the gestures of the people on shore attracted the attention of the crew." We trust that this statement is an error, but if the statement is not an error, then there is an error somewhere. The error may be in the naming of the Alert.

Bryan the Democratic Leader.

Mr. Bryan has declared that it is too early to call him a candidate for the presidency. None the less he has assumed the attitude of a leader by demanding the resignation of Roger Sullivan, a member of the Democratic National Committee from Illinois, on the ground that Sullivan was fraudulently elected and that he represents corporations rather than the masses. Sullivan has declined to vacate his position, but the party generally seems to agree with Bryan. There is a movement to request Mr. Bryan to demand the resignation of Thomas Taggart, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, who is the owner of a hotel where gambling is permitted. Bryan has as yet taken no action. The Bryan boom continues to grow. Michigan and North Dakota have endorsed his candidacy since our last mention of him. Josiah Quincy, chairman of the Democratic State Committee of New York, says that both State and local Democratic organizations in the Empire State are

overwhelmingly in favor of Bryan for the presidency. It is anticipated that the coming Democratic State Convention in New York will endorse him. Norman E. Mack of Buffalo, a member of the State Committee, announces that he will introduce a resolution to that effect. The Democratic State Convention of Massachusetts is also expected to endorse Mr. Bryan.

Its Interest Is Intercontinental.

Immediately after the great fire, when we appealed to our readers to send us such old copies of the Argonaut as they could spare, we met with an immediate and most gratifying response. For the first few weeks thereafter we received copies for our files from California, then from the Pacific Coast, later from the Middle West, and then from the States of the Atlantic seaboard. After the lapse of five or six weeks we began to hear from our subscribers in Europe. Even now, months after the disaster, we are still receiving Argonauts from subscribers scattered all over the globe.

We did not realize how wide-spread was the circulation of the Argonaut until it was thus borne in upon us by the receipt of these numbers. It is easy to forward packages in the United States, either by mail or express. It is not so easy when they must be sent thousands of miles across continents and over seas. Sometimes these packages have come by steamship lines in care of the purser. Sometimes they have been sent by Alaskan dog-sled until they reached the terminal points of steamship lines, and thence been carried by private hand to San Francisco. These packages have come from such remote points as South Africa, and Ceylon; from treaty ports in China and Japan; from various cities in the Dominion of Canada; from Central America and Mexico; from Australia and New Zealand; from Alaska; and last but not nearest, from Tahiti.

In opening the mail the other day we were reminded of this when we found a letter bearing a surcharged French stamp. We did not know—or perhaps it did not occur to us—that we had subscribers in the South Pacific Colony belonging to the Republic of France, those "Sunlit isles of Eden lying in dark, purple spheres of sea." But we were reminded that we have subscribers even there by receiving a letter headed "Etude de Maitre Auguste Goupil, Defenseur, a Papeete, Tahiti." It ran thus:

Editor Argonaut:—I am extremely happy to be in a position to help you by the forwarding of over 400 Argonauts, stray numbers dating as far back as 1893. I had put them by for future re-delection, but I can not resist your appeal of May 26th, and will henceforth console myself by thinking of the shortness of life, which might have precluded my re-reading them as I had once hoped to do.

Permit me to subscribe myself

One of your oldest French subscribers,

A. GOUPIL.

It was interesting thus to learn that there are in Tahiti advocates who plead at the bar according to the rules of the French courts. This we assume from the title "Maitre," which M. Goupil bears; the fact that he is a "Defenseur;" further, that what we would call his office is called his "Etude." It is quite natural that all these rules and titles in a French colony should follow the procedure of the French courts. But none the less it strikes one oddly to reflect that at the other end of a line of Pacific Coast steamships, plying between San Francisco and the South seas, there is a group of islands where everything is French. And what strikes us most oddly is that a San Francisco newspaper should have readers on a sometime cannibal island in the Pacific Ocean, once ruled by Queen Pomare, one of which readers subscribes himself "one of your oldest French subscribers."

On the same day, but not in the same mail, there arrived a letter from Yokohama, the writer of which began: "Just came down from Vladivostok, and as soon as I reached the United Club here, I looked for the Argonaut and was tickled to find it, even if it was in rags, or in wood pulp rather. It's almost like drinking champagne out of a beer glass." This letter was signed R. E. Haas, and the writer sent a year's subscription. In the morning's mail there came from Larkspur, Marin County, a letter from another Argonaut subscriber, en-

closing the price of a year's subscription for the Argonaut "to be mailed to R. E. Haas, Vladivostok, Siberia." The same afternoon we received a letter Herbert Haas dated Torreon, Coahuila, Mexico, enclosing a year's subscription for "R. E. Haas, Vladivostok, Siberia." We made haste to notify the friends concerned about the Siberian exile, that he already just renewed his subscription, and that therefore we would return their drafts.

Is it not odd that a man should make the little leap 1500 miles from Vladivostok to Yokohama, and a letter 4750 miles to San Francisco, ordering Argonaut to be sent 6250 miles to Vladivostok; two further orders renewing his subscription should on the same day, one of them from Torreon, Mexico, 2000 miles from San Francisco, 6750 miles from Yokohama, and 8250 miles from Vladivostok.

By the same mail that brought the Vladivostok letter from Yokohama, there came another from the same city, part of which reads as follows: "I am sending by this mail a file of Argonauts which I will be of some service to you. During our three years' residence in Japan, the Argonaut has come like a breeze from home, and it gives us as much pleasure now as in the old days when we were living in San Francisco."

In the same Oriental mail there came a letter from Chefoo, China, which says: "As an old subscriber gives me pleasure to enclose you herewith bill of lading for one case containing all the old copies of the Argonaut that I have saved up. There are many numbers missing, but I hope that these sent will be of service to you in filling up incomplete volumes. Some of the are nearly complete."

On the same day there reached us a letter from Honolulu "protesting against the reported intention to move the office of the Argonaut from the Pacific to New York." This curious rumor seems to be generally oozing over the globe. As we have before remarked, it is without foundation. Another letter in the mail dated Ottawa; it renewed a subscription, adding that he had received every number issued since the fire. By the way, is more than most of our California subscribers can say. Our Ottawa subscriber goes on: "After reading the Argonauts, I send them promptly to a friend in South Africa, who greets them like an old friend. There is another long leap—from San Francisco to Ottawa, from Ottawa to South Africa."

In the packet which brought the letter from Tepic, Mexico, there came another, dated San Salvador, Central America; in this the writer, after very generously offering to forward his old Argonauts, apologizes for a limited number, saying: "After reading the Argonauts I have been in the habit of forwarding the numbers to my relatives in England, who express themselves as delighted with their perusal." This is signed A. A. Fielding. It is another instance of the Argonaut's intercontinental wandering—from San Francisco to Central America, from Central America to England. By the way, you know that the inhabitants of Central America do not consider it a continent by itself? In Spanish America the continent is never "North and South America," but always "Las tres Americas"—the three Americas, North, Central, and South.

By the mail which came from Tahiti we received a letter dated Condobolin, New South Wales, in which the writer renews his subscription and offers to send old numbers of the Argonaut. He, too, sends his numbers to distant points.

In short, the wave of returning Argonauts, some of which we sent out many years ago, seems to be returning now with greater force than the first waves which came from near at hand. People in the immediate vicinity of San Francisco had too much to think of after the great disaster of last April, to bother themselves with packing up old newspapers. The favorite place for such odds and ends is in the attic, and some people after the disaster were afraid to go into the attic and great many had no attic at all. Our more distant readers did not suffer from the disaster, but their sympathy is not lessened by their distance.

Is it not, after all, a curious thing that an unpublishing weekly newspaper, published in a sparsely

on the Western rim of the great North American continent, necessarily devoted largely to local matters, and in some way appeal to people so widely scattered over the globe? Is it not strange that these people, of different blood, speaking different languages, following different customs, bearing different titles, reading different newspapers, bred to different beliefs, should yet, oddly enough, find some common meeting ground of interest in this little weekly newspaper?

New York State Politics.

The *Evening Post* has a correspondent traveling throughout the State of New York to investigate the political situation. Hostile as that journal is to the candidacy of William R. Hearst, it has been forced to acknowledge the fact that his boom is growing. It looks as if Mr. Hearst would become the nominee of the Democratic State Convention which meets at Buffalo September 25th. The Hearst contingent succeeded in fixing the place and date for that convention as they desired them. Hearst is said to be stronger in Albany County than anywhere else in New York State, and the date is earlier than that of the Republican State Convention, which his manager desired to precede. The Hearstocrats feel sanguine that they can elect the Governor of New York this year unless the Democratic vote should be divided. There has been talk of District Attorney McKim as the Democratic candidate for Governor, but Hearst captures the convention, Jerome will have to wait for his ambition. If Hearst is nominated it is believed that the Republicans will nominate Charles E. Hughes, who is looked upon as a very strong candidate.

Earthquake, Fire and Frisco.

In addition to the earthquake and fire, a new misfortune has come over our stricken city. It is that the world has taken to the use of the term "Frisco" as a shorthand for San Francisco. Here it has long been known that the use of this term was confined to drummers, barn-stormers, circus people, and other impossible classes. But now we learn that the term is commonly used throughout the United States. Carefully edited newspapers in the East invariably speak of us as "Frisco." We have therefore been initiated an attempt to check the use of this obnoxious term. It has won the support of the most powerful organizations as the Women's Christian Temperance Union and various other ladies' clubs. To escape this powerful alliance, we fear that "Frisco" is a bad lick. It is short, easily written, and saves time. But again, it is idiotic and ugly, which naturally makes it popular. We fear we are doomed to bear forever the name "Frisco." Still, we can take some comfort in the fact that there are others. There are three cities in South America which are never called by their correct names in North America. These three cities are in Brazil. One is the city of Belem in the state of Para: Belem is commonly called "Para." Another is the city of Recife in the state of Pernambuco: Recife is invariably called "Pernambuco"; and the third is the city of San Salvador da Bahia: San Salvador is invariably called "Bahia." Vessels arriving in the Brazils always call these cities, not by their own names but by the names of the states in which they are situated. This has been going on for many years. Long as the practice has endured, it grows none the less distasteful to their citizens, who sometimes receive the names with tears, and sometimes with curses. At such times names stick. How would we like to have the whole of San Francisco "California?" We are proud of our city, San Francisco, and we are proud of our name. But we would not like to have the city and the name hopelessly mixed up in the mind of the world as the San Francisco called by the State name rather than by her own.

However, it is useless to give names to cities, railways, or the like. People always dub them as they please. The railway from San Francisco to Santa Cruz was called the late Senator Fair was officially known as the "North Pacific Coast"; it was invariably called the "Fair gauge." The road running north through Marin county, built by Milton S. Latham, was officially known as the "North Pacific Coast" and it is invariably designated by the public the "Sausalito Narrow

Gauge." The road running from Tiburon up through Sonoma county was officially known as the "San Francisco and North Pacific"; it has been known for thirty years as the "Donahue Road." The Donahues who built it and the son who succeeded them have all been in their graves for years, and the road has passed into the control of other men, but it is still called the "Donahue Road." The tall building at Third and Market streets, which went so successfully through earthquake and fire, is officially known as the "Claus Spreckels Building," but it has never been called anything but "the Call Building." The architectural freak which stands in New York at the corner of Twenty-third Street, Fifth Avenue, and Broadway, is officially known as the "Fuller Building." Not one New Yorker in a hundred thousand knows that name, and it is invariably called the "Flatiron Building." When Joseph Pulitzer erected the lofty skyscraper with its gilded dome in which to house his newspaper, the *World*, it was officially denominated the "Pulitzer Building," but was instantaneously baptized by the public the "World Building." Mr. Pulitzer was so nettled that he had agreements made with every tenant to the effect that all business cards, letter-heads, note-heads, etc., should bear the words, "the Pulitzer Building" in giving their address. This was done. Thousands, nay millions, of printed pieces of paper have fluttered over the world bearing in every direction the information that these business men were housed in the "Pulitzer Building." But there invariably come back letters addressed "the World Building."

So we may as well be resigned. "Frisco" is not pretty, but it apparently is our name.

How do you like it?

Direct Primary Voting.

Now that the primary elections are over many sincere and earnest men, Republicans and Democrats alike, are asking themselves what they individually had to do with the result of that ballot. So impossible is it for the individual voter to express his opinion concerning an individual candidate that many good and earnest citizens stay away from the primaries. This is often condemned as an evidence of "incivism," and as showing that such citizens are unworthy of the ballot. We do not think so. When a citizen realizes that it is impossible for him to have anything to say in the choosing of delegates to a nominating convention, why should he take the trouble to go through the form of choosing?

In the election just concluded there was no conclusive way in which a voter could indicate a preference for Pardee, Gillett, Hayes, Porter or Gage. Yet many of us had our preferences, and have them still. We are still as distant from any method of indicating them. We could not through the primaries have anything distinct to say about the choice of delegates. Now that the delegates are selected we can not have anything to say about the choice of a nominee by the convention. After the convention shall have chosen, all that we can do is to poll our votes for the candidate of the convention. He may be the choice of the people and he may be the choice of the machine. Whichever it is, we must vote for him or not vote at all.

Why can not California have a direct primary law? Such a law has now been in force in Minnesota for three or four years. Oregon adopted such a law two years ago, and at her recent primary election indicated her choice for Senator. Illinois has also put a direct primary election law into effect. There are some Oregon Republicans who claim that their primaries chose the weakest possible candidate for the governorship, and thus lost that office for the Republican party. It makes no difference: If the Republican party chose a nominee for Governor, he represented the party; if the Democrats elected their nominee for governor, he represents the people of the State. In short, what we contend for is that the people shall have an opportunity to express through the polls, at primary, state, and national elections who is their choice and what is their desire.

If we had a direct primary law in California it would be possible for every voter to express with his ballot his preference for every candidate on the ticket. He would have the privilege of choosing from the entire State all of his candidates, from Governor down to State Printer. As it is now, he has no choice at all; he is forced to

choose between several sets of delegates, often named by back-room caucuses, generally by bar-room politicians. However poor may be the judgment of the people, it certainly must be better than the judgment of bar-room caucuses.

Is it too much to hope that the California legislature will give us a direct primary law? Another Pacific State, Oregon, has already tried it; the experiment is being favorably received in the Middle Western states; why should not California try it too?

The Gubernatorial Fight.

Precinct primaries and county conventions have not made it possible for any of the candidates to read their title clear to the nomination for Governor of California. With the State Republican Convention little more than a week away, there is nothing better than prediction based on probability to be discerned. The determining factor in the choice will be not superior qualifications, nor personal popularity in the candidate, but the furthering of ambitions only loosely knotted to the governorship. A United States senatorship, seats on the bench of the Supreme Court, and several lesser judicial positions will furnish dominating motives and trading combinations to control the final judgment.

In San Francisco, and even in Alameda County, the vote at the primaries was very light. This city had only 22,026 voters registered, and not one-half of these came out, only 10,933 ballots being cast. The forces of A. Ruef were successful in carrying all except the Thirty-Sixth District, which carries eight votes to the Republican convention. In whose favor the San Francisco delegation will mass its strength is as yet a problem, though it is asserted that J. O. Hayes of San Jose will be given a complimentary vote.

The Chronicle says:

Pardee can win without San Francisco. But with Gillett it is different. How can he afford to affront all the San Francisco delegates by practically declaring that he has no use for them. At the present outlook Gillett could not secure the nomination without aid from San Francisco.

In this connection, E. H. Hamilton, the special political writer of the *Examiner*, makes a declaration:

Abe Ruef is a candidate for the United States Senatorship from California to succeed George C. Perkins. A friendly Governor can contribute at least twenty-five votes in the legislature to a candidate for the United States Senate, if he so desires. It is not within the range of sound political reasoning that Ruef will ever consent to the nomination for Governor of a man who is not friendly to his political ambitions.

Another alleged senatorial sidelight is furnished by the same writer:

Perkins favors a northern man for Governor, and Gillett is his choice. The senior United States Senator is opposed to the selection of any man for Governor whose interests might favor the selection of a United States Senator—other than Perkins—from this section.

The earliest definite assertion of strength in the convention came from the Pardee camp, appearing in the *Los Angeles Express*:

Already a close estimate can be made upon the chances of all candidates for the Republican nominations. The following table shows Governor George C. Pardee far in the lead and needing only twenty-six votes to insure his nomination. Of a total of 825 delegates, 387 are pledged to his support.

The table appended gives Gillett 59 votes, Porter 36, Hayes 43, and puts down 99 as doubtful. In making up the total, 129 not assigned are said to be controlled by A. Ruef and 64 by Walter Parker.

As only 28 votes out of the Los Angeles delegation of 129 are claimed by the Pardee partisans there, it is evident that there are other interests in power. The *Los Angeles Daily News* says:

The Governor is conceded 300 votes on the first ballot, but, falling a majority, he can not hope to land, for among his 300 are many votes that will not go to him again, after paying political promises and pledges. Easily one-third of the Governor's support will go to Gillett on the second ballot, which will be sufficient to make the Humboldt county man the choice of the convention.

Col. George Stone, chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, is quoted as saying:

The people say "Pardee has made a good governor, but four years is enough for any man." Now, that is a silly sort of way to look at things. It seems to me, but you can't help it. The feeling is there just the same, and so Gillett will beat Pardee in the convention.

The San Francisco political correspondent of the *Oakland Tribune* offers a more specific assertion:

The "Organization" intends to nominate J. N. Gillett of Humboldt, and I believe they have the votes to turn the trick. The day the Governor refused to renominate Colonel John C. Kirkpatrick as harbor commissioner, he lost the support of William F. Herrin and the "Organization," and

no matter what else he might do for the Southern Pacific he had committed the unpardonable sin.

Thomas B. Sullivan says in *The Call*:

Governor Pardee will have a solid delegation from Alameda County. He will receive it only on conditions that exact much, and will hold it only as long as the practical politicians see fit to permit him. The real power behind the State delegation and the man who will manipulate it as he pleases, except in one singular exception is Supreme Justice Henshaw.

The San Francisco correspondent of the *Sacramento Union* endeavors to show Gillett's strength by a process of elimination, and says:

Of course much will depend on the decision of the city and district bosses who will control the San Francisco and Los Angeles delegations, and on the direction in which Mr. Herrin's influence is exerted; but it is safe to say already that these men will also drift toward the most popular candidate—the man whom the people will vote for—and who, other things being equal, will prove strongest in pulling the remainder of the ticket through. Governor Pardee can not mobilize these influences because they fear he can not be re-elected; nor is it probable that Porter can get them, since he is not favored by the working classes who vote the Republican ticket.

Concerning Warren R. Porter's prospects, the following is taken from one of the daily articles by E. H. Hamilton in the *Examiner*:

Warren Porter's strength consists entirely of complimentary votes, because his followers, while enthusiastic enough, have felt all along that they had no chance to win out for their candidate. Porter was primarily in the fight to defeat Pardee, and he seems to have played quite a part in the Governor's undoing.

Seldom is a word said of the merits of the candidates. Here is one, however, from Governor Pardee's home city, which has not been echoed loudly. It appeared in the *Oakland Blade*:

A convention desirous of the election of its nominees should decline to re-nominate an incumbent who received but 6 per cent of his party's plurality, and whose administration of his office affairs has been such as to place his party on the defensive. Large expenditures call for great results, and the taxed wisely get curious!

On the other side is this fling at the governor's foremost adversary, from the editorial columns of the *Oakland Enquirer*:

The *Sacramento Star* published an interview with Congressman J. N. Gillett, who is a candidate for governor, in which Mr. Gillett is represented as declining to talk on State issues, and when asked about them replied that he hadn't had time to give these matters much thought. If Mr. Gillett is correctly reported by the *Star*, this is a somewhat amazing admission for a man who aspires to the position of chief executive of the great State of California. There are many important and vital State issues upon which a man who is anxious for that office ought to have definite knowledge and opinions.

With no positive announcements of change in the Democratic situation it is possible that the dark horse has been disclosed. State Senator Marshall Diggs, of Sacramento, has been brought forward by his friends, but the party leader in the capital city does not endorse the selection. Ex-Mayor Phelan and ex-Congressman Geary are still in line for nomination honors.

Private and Public Water Supplies

At a meeting of one of the improvement associations of San Francisco last week, F. E. Edwards made a report on the private water supplies existing in the Mission district which could be used as an auxiliary to the Spring Valley system in the event of that company's water mains being broken or in case a scarcity of water should supervene. Mr. Edwards gave the location of about twenty wells, cisterns, and tanks, together with the capacity of each, and much other valuable information. The improvement association voted that these facts should be laid before the Fire Department.

Very good. So it ought to be. But what is the matter with the Fire Department getting this information for itself? And why has the Board of Fire Underwriters never made any attempt to find out what facilities there are for extinguishing fire? These high-salaried gentlemen are supposed to look out for the interests of their companies. How well they have done so is shown by the fact that they were utterly ignorant of the existence of nearly sixty cisterns in the city of San Francisco, which if properly attended to would have saved the city. We do not expect much from the Fire Commissioners, because they are municipal officials. But the insurance men are not public officers, but are highly paid by their companies to look out for just such matters as these. In this they have failed—utterly, ignominiously failed; and now they are trying to saddle the result of their neglect on the unfortunate policy holders, who have nothing whatever to do with the matter of fire protection. After the crooked companies shall have finished swindling the policy holders out of their just dues, they still will have enormous losses to provide for. All of these are due to the inexcusable

neglect of the Board of Fire Underwriters. The insurance companies will find it an expensive luxury to have retained these fat and well-fed gentlemen in positions for which they are unfitted. They badly need some new men to see that there is adequate fire protection for their companies' fire risks; men who, if they are not watchful for the policy holders' sake, will at least look out for the interests of the insurance companies' stock holders.

The Iowa Idea.

The unrest in Republican circles in Iowa over the tariff has not yet disappeared. When the delegates were elected for the recent convention it appeared that Governor Cummins had a small majority, but the "stand-pat" State Committee cooked up a scheme for counting out Cummins's delegates. This roused such a horrible roar in Iowa that the success of the Republican ticket was imperiled. The Republican members of the Congressional delegation, seeing their seats in danger, threatened the State Committee with repudiation by the entire party. Thereupon the stand-patters' scheme was abandoned. The convention then was apparently harmonious, although there was some vigorous hissing of Secretary Shaw.

The platform is a perfect marvel of a straddle. It commits the party "uncompromisingly to the American system of protection;" this to please the stand-patters. Further along it suggests that it would be well to adjust "the inequalities in the tariff schedules which inevitably arise from changing industrial and commercial conditions"; this to gratify the tariff reformers. Out of the quarrel both stand-patters and reformers emerge mutually dissatisfied. While an open bolt of the ticket is not feared, there will be little enthusiasm shown during the campaign.

The Assessor and the Supervisors.

The San Francisco Board of Supervisors, sitting as a Board of Equalization, last week attacked Assessor Dodge's assessment roll because he did not include in his assessment the buildings wiped off the face of the earth by fire on April 18th, 19th and 20th. Assistant City Attorney W. T. Baggett informed the board that "The Assessor should, on the first Monday in March, assess all the property in San Francisco. It was not in his power to strike from the assessment roll one hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of property. The Assessor and his bondsmen become liable for every dollar so left off the roll." Supervisor Wilson and Attorney Baggett were particularly vigorous in attacking the Assessor for this action. Assessor Dodge came back at them with equal vigor. The law, he said, demands that solvent credits, book accounts, bank balances, etc., shall be put down as they stood on the first Monday in March. But of property in general, both real and personal, it says that the Assessor shall put it down as he finds it between the first Monday in March and the first Monday in July. "Therefore," said Assessor Dodge, "the assessment is made on the first Monday of July, so far as the Assessor is concerned, when I turn over the books to this honorable Board. The property is listed as owned on the first Monday in March and as valued when I see it, perhaps in June."

The opponents of the Assessor then insinuated that there were many rich merchants whose stock was not assessed by the Assessor because it had been burned in April, but that they had since received the insurance money for the same and should have been assessed. To this the Assessor retorted: "You can not make one law for the rich and another for the poor. If you assess the rich man's stock, which is burned, you will have to assess the poor man's home, which is also burned. In all the years of my memory the Supervisors have never refused to wipe out the assessment of any man whose property was destroyed by fire after March 1st. What would you Supervisors have done with 70,000 applications for assessment reduction from the small property owners whose goods, homes and stores had gone up in the fire? How in two weeks' time could you gentlemen have examined 70,000 property owners?"

We do not know the law of this case, but we do know that Assessor Dodge has got hold of the hard common sense of it. Few of us like to pay taxes under ordinary

circumstances, and none of us like to pay taxes on property which has been totally destroyed. As for saying we ought to pay taxes on the destroyed property, we are going to get the insurance money on it, though, but some of us have not got the insurance. We have paid taxes on the Argonaut property which was destroyed, but we have not received the insurance money.

At the end of this discussion with the Supervisor Board, Assessor Dodge very neatly left the matter "up to the Board." He said: "Gentlemen, you have heard the opinion of Assistant City Attorney Baggett; if you think it is law, and you think it is equitable, give me an order to assess the property burned on the 18th, 19th and 20th of April. I then shall have no choice but to do so, and the responsibility will lie where it ought to, with you."

Thereupon Assessor Dodge sat down, and the matter became plunged in silent thought. After having for some time, Supervisor Wilson made a motion to accept Dodge's assessment roll as he presented it, and it was passed unanimously.

Condition of San Francisco's Titles

That practically all of the public records to land in San Francisco were destroyed by the great fire of April is a fact of common knowledge. That thousands of suits will be brought to establish titles to these lands is also well known. But in what condition the contemporaneous records are is not so well known. A petition from an improvement association to the Board of Supervisors to provide funds to the County Recorder to rent a fire-proof building in which to keep the records. The petition states that the records at Geary and Gough Streets, where they are daily accumulating, is of wood, is inflammable, and that there would be great danger to new records in case of fire.

To this prayer no one can object. A fire-proof building for the records now would be valuable. A fire-proof building for the old records would have been invaluable. But the petition goes on to urge that "Recorder prohibit his deputies and the public from smoking in the building." This seems to us unnecessarily harsh. Why should a lot of hard working deputies be forbidden to smoke in a building containing records, even if the building is highly inflammable? As for the public, that is clear. They have no business to come into a municipal building smoking. But for the deputies we think such a rule is unnecessarily stringent. Suppose the building were to burn. It would not make so very much difference. When one considers that the old Hall of Records contained the accumulations of over fifty years, and that the present building has the records of only a few years, it will be readily seen that the risk is very much less. Let the boys smoke.

The Other Fellow's Park.

At various times we have had occasion to remark on the propensity among all of us sufferers to pass the buck along to The Other Fellow. For example, when we suggested that we ought to have broad boulevard city squares, and wider streets, everybody agreed that these things were highly desirable. But when it came to condemning property for the aforesaid wider streets, it was an equally unanimous desire that it should be on The Other Fellow's Street. Corresponding indignation began to be expressed over the high prices for rent, for labor, for lumber, and for structural materials generally, it was unanimously agreed that this was gouging, greed, and graft. But when it came to driving down the high prices, it invariably resulted in the suggestion that the scaling down begin on The Other fellow's gouge. When the employers indignantly demanded that the labor unions cease in their attempt to put high wages higher, the labor unions retorted by demanding that the landlords stop putting their rents as high as to drive the workingmen out of their homes into the street. When the landlords were appealed to and requested not to gouge their tenants by such preposterous prices for their flimsy, wooden buildings, and they peremptorily demanded that the lumber companies lower their rates. In short, it was always up to The Other Fellow.

The latest development in this line now concerns parks. In various parts of the city there are a number of temporary camps which are in an unsanitary condition, and the Relief Corporation suggested moving them to certain parks where there will be more room, and where wooden structures can be erected for their housing. One of the places suggested for such a permanent camp was Mission Park. The dwellers at the Mission have arisen in an indignant protest against putting refugees in their park. They held a mass meeting at Dolores and Twentieth Streets the other night, at which were present many of the property owners adjoining the park. In the speeches, as reported in the daily press, were these facts: "While the Mission residents have been noteworthy for charity, they still think that an arrangement should be made for these houseless people without encroaching on Mission Park. Many years in property facing the park now think that their movements would be misplaced were these refugee cottages to confront them. It should not be difficult to find a plot of ground sufficient to be used for such cottages anywhere else in San Francisco."

Exactly so. In short, the residents around Mission Park do not want to have the refugee cottages erected in their park, but they have no objection whatever to putting them on Some Other Fellow's Park.

Sectarian Education in Great Britain.

On July 31st the Birrell Education Bill passed the House of Commons by a majority of 192. It now goes to the House of Lords. No bill for many years has been so bitterly contested. Against it is arrayed the House of Lords, all of the Anglican Bishops, the heads of Anglican clergy whom they control, 14,000 priests, and nearly 30,000 teachers. The late government and the Conservative party generally also bitterly oppose the bill. In addition to the Anglican clergy Roman Catholics are opposed to it, while the Nonconformist leaders also object to it because it "concedes much to the other side." The bill declares that on January 1st, 1908, no denominational schools shall receive money from the public taxes; that all teachers in public schools shall be appointed by the local authorities regardless of their religion. These sweeping reforms are tempered by the following "concessions": Any school now in existence may be leased to that state, which will use it between 9 A. M. and 4 P. M. from Monday to Friday; at all other times it may be used for denominational teaching. Also a private school may remain denominational, provided the vote of four-fifths of the children vote in favor of it; where denominational teaching is given it must be paid for by the church giving it. This permits 100 per cent of the Jewish schools, 75 per cent of the Roman Catholic schools, 50 per cent of the Wesleyan schools, and 5 per cent of the Church of England schools to continue their denominational teaching. The bill is so drafted that its tendency toward undenominational teaching, and the concessions it makes to the various denominations are so sweeping, that it surprises Americans to find how bitter is the opposition which it has excited.

Marshall Field dodged taxes of a value to him of \$100,000 a year. According to the census of 1900 the average earnings of skilled workingmen is about \$400 a year. It thus required the earnings of 1,000 men each to pay the deficit to the community that Marshall Field honestly owed. In other words, says the Pittsburgh Courier, he took from the commonwealth of the city of Chicago every year, through the dishonesty of tax-dodging, the wages of 1,000 skilled workingmen.

When a passenger boards a car in Copenhagen he exchanges greetings with the conductor; a gentleman, on leaving the car, usually lifts his hat in acknowledgment to the conductor. When a fare is paid, the conductor drops it into his cash box, thanks the passenger, and gives him a little paper receipt. He offers change on a preliminary "Be so good," and the passenger replies with thanks.

Bugs in Germany have a sort of Plimsoll mark on their side, so you can tell when one is legally loaded. You get your half-litre for two cents the foam is all above the Government line.

While Berlin is far from being the greatest metropolis, the better distinction of being the cleanest very city in the world.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Senator Tillman is stumping South Carolina, and his speeches are unusually lurid even for him. At Anderson last week he is reported as declaring that he did not know what the outcome of the negro question would be, but he did know that "there are not enough Yankees from Cape Cod to hell to keep us down."

Mr. Addicks of Delaware is one of those who are enthusiastic over the dollar idea in contributions to the Republican fund. The movement is particularly a hit with the rich men who have heretofore been made to pay handsomely for their party prominence. They are first in line, and all speak of it as a "grand idea."

In New York, where Charles A. Towne now makes his home, it is reported that Mr. Towne is willing to be Mr. Bryan's running mate on the Democratic ticket, provided that in the event of success he may become a member of the cabinet as well as vice-president. The New York World remarks: "Should Mr. Towne receive

Roger Sullivan, the Democratic National Committeeman in Illinois, whom William J. Bryan recently condemned to excommunication, is out without a retort courteous though positive, and will hold his position as long as may be. Democratic primaries throughout the State are said to have elected delegates favorable to Sullivan.

Senator Dick has announced in Ohio that President Roosevelt has promised the assistance of members of the cabinet during the fall campaigns in that state. But Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania is apparently not so lucky. His indiscreet proclamation that Mr. Roosevelt would make four speeches in the Pennsylvania campaign was promptly followed by an official denial.

Daniel J. McGillicuddy, of Lewiston, Maine, who is the Democratic and Labor-Union candidate opposing Congressman Charles E. Littlefield, is said to be able and well known. President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, has made one speech in the district against Littlefield, and has sent General Organizer Stuart Reed to hold a series of meetings there in an effort to bring out a solid labor vote.

Richard F. Pettigrew of South Dakota, first and only delegate to Congress from the Territory of Dakota and known as "Frank Pettigrew" to every settler in his State before 1883, wishes to be the first Socialist to sit in the United States Senate as such. He has served two terms already. Being an eclectic in politics he was first elected as a Republican, afterward re-elected as a Demopopulist, and in three years will hoist the Socialist banner.

Prosecuting Attorney Jerome of New York has been through the South on a personally conducted tour, with numerous displays of attitude and oratory, and the Washington Post, in commenting on the facts, calls him a busy reformer with a tireless tongue and concludes its notes with this sentence: "The great State of New York and its great city have contributed so much to the corruption of public and private morals, that such a lecture as Mr. Jerome delivered to the Alabamans is grossly and most provokingly preposterous."

Francis J. Heney keeps up his vigorous prosecution of the land fraud cases in Oregon for the Government and they continue to yield important results. Willard N. Jones, a member of the Legislature in 1903, and a wealthy contractor and timber dealer, has been sentenced by Judge Hunt in the United States circuit court at Portland to one year's imprisonment in the federal penitentiary and to pay a fine of \$2000. Upon the same suit Thaddeus Stevens Potter, a well-known Portland lawyer, was sentenced to serve six months in the county jail and to pay a fine of \$500.

While the other candidates for the Republican nomination for Governor of New Hampshire have been conducting still hunts, Winston Churchill has been waking up the State, denouncing the ring and the railroad, calling for the abolition of the free pass, and an investigation of the tax system and its revision, and a number of other things political that men of the party have hardly dared to whisper. It is charged that the machine and the Boston and Maine railroad forces have settled on Charles H. Greenleaf to oppose Churchill for the nomination.

Speaker Cannon has conferred with the Republican leaders of Indiana and is cheered with the prospect that the vote of the State delegation will be given to him—if Fairbanks can not win. Eastern papers quote with seeming satisfaction a paragraph from the Sacramento (Cal.) Union, which says that Mr. Cannon's position "is that of a man of tradition and of ideas fixed in an old-fashioned mold, not that of an up-to-date man like Roosevelt, or Bryan, or Taft, or Folk. The nomination of Mr. Cannon would pitch the coming campaign from the Republican standpoint upon past issues and past ideas."

Hon. John W. Foster, formerly United States minister to China, is held in great esteem there and has been

appointed one of China's two representatives at The Hague conference to meet in 1907. In his opening address as president of the last Mohonk Conference, Mr. Foster spoke strongly against standing armies and formidable navies. Referring to the fact that we are spending for the current fiscal year \$375,659,791 for military purposes, or sixty-four per cent. of the total expenses of the government, Mr. Foster declared that "legislators who have been deaf to the appeals of the friends of peace and arbitration may meet a reckoning at the ballot-box."

Editorial paragraphers continue to discuss the moral and binding effect of President Roosevelt's early declaration against another term, and the New Orleans Picayune says: "Mr. Roosevelt was, no doubt, quite sincere when he declared that he would not accept a nomination for a third term, but no very skilful casuistry is required to support the contention that he is under no moral obligation not to change his mind in regard to that matter. He uttered the declaration on the night of his election, and no one had thought of exacting a pledge from him that he would not again be a candidate for the Presidency either before or after his nomination to that office. He has never yet made a pledge, he has only expressed an intention, not to accept a nomination to succeed himself." The Democratic nomination he will be the eighteenth resident of New York who has received votes for vice president in the electoral college, not including the nine distinguished citizens of New York who were voted for prior to the introduction of the present electoral system in 1802. The most recent of this long line is Theodore Roosevelt; next before him Mr. Whitelaw Reid; then Levi P. Morton, Chester A. Arthur, William A. Wheeler and Millard Fillmore. Considering the distinction, the ability and the character of these men whom Mr. Towne would seek to make his predecessors, is not his disparagement of this high office and his condescension toward it a little presumptuous?"

THE NATIONAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

The following correspondence is self-explanatory:

Oakland, August 1, 1906.

Mr. Jerome A. Hart,
Editor "Argonaut,"
Dear Sir:—

We are the General Agents of the National Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn. In your last issue, you made reference to the Company and its methods in a manner not warranted by the facts, thereby doing the Company and its officers a grave injustice. Such articles are not in accord with the well known reputation of your paper, and we know that if we can only get an opportunity to lay the facts before you, you will correct the injury that the publication of such an article has done the Company.

Yours very truly,
McNEAR & WAYMAN.

McNair & Wayman,
406 13th St.,
Oakland, Calif.

Dear Sirs:—

Your favor of August 1st is duly to hand. I have no desire to do an injustice to your Company. If, as you say, the Argonaut's statements have been "not warranted by the facts," I shall be glad to publish your statement of the facts, if it is within such limitations of space, etc., as our columns will permit.

Very truly yours,
JEROME A. HART,
Editor Argonaut.

Mr. Jerome A. Hart,
Editor the "Argonaut,"
My Dear Sir:—

Your communication of August the 2nd, in reply to ours of the 1st, relative to article appearing in the "Argonaut" as of July 28th received, and we desire to thank you for your courtesy in replying to ours and shall, as soon as time permits, take the liberty of running down to see you and talking with you in person relative to the matter.

All we can say at this time is that you have rubbed it into the old NATIONAL pretty hard and there was no occasion for it, and we desire to advise you, forcibly, that the NATIONAL OF HARTFORD did not deny liability on the McKee claim, nor did any adjuster in the employ of the NATIONAL OF HARTFORD, nor did the firm of McNear & Wayman as General Agents. If suit has been brought, this office has not been advised by the court of such action, and we know nothing other than what appeared in the "Argonaut" and one of the daily papers last week. Both members of this firm are Californians, born and brought up in San Francisco, and we were with the dear old town heart and soul, and we believe that when the atmosphere has been cleared up a few months from now, and most of the losses have been settled, and the true condition of affairs relative to insurance corporations is known, you will gladly congratulate the NATIONAL OF HARTFORD on their attitude in the settlement of all claims with the insured in San Francisco.

We will state that the unfortunate part of it is that an article such as appeared in the Argonaut is either copied or the Argonaut is purchased in large numbers by some of our dear friends and sent out to the various agencies of the NATIONAL, and coming from the columns of the good old Argonaut it looks pretty good, so we believe, in justice to the National, as well as other corporations, that you should always attempt to investigate conditions pretty thoroughly before publishing these statements.

Yours very truly,
McNEAR & WAYMAN,
General Agents.

One of the latest developments in the embalmed beef story comes from Rocksbury, Va., where, in a can of pressed food, shipped from Chicago, there was found a metal dog license tag, No. 13,506.

European river or lake steamers use a horizontal engine and all of them are long, low, rakish craft, much faster than American boats, in addition to being safer.

Two cents is the standard price for an ordinary trolley fare in Italy, France or Germany, and four cents is the London standard.

A LETTER'S EXPERIENCE.

Told By Itself.

I have existed but a few hours. I was born this morning on the red velvet lid of an ebony writing-desk. A woman wrote me into existence, and as I grew under a fine gold pen, I first perceived the tips of slender white fingers whose regular sway back and forth gave me a delicious sensation. Then I distinguished the face bent above me, a pretty face, pale and sad, with great, gray eyes under which were black circles, rosy, wet eyelids, but white lips. Her hair fell in disorder over her forehead, curling behind her ears down to her shoulders. My first lines, in a slanting English handwriting, were to this effect:

Had passed a miserable night, impossible to sleep, strange dream, and awoke trembling, pity and mercy asked in the same line. Then the ball of the night before was spoken of, she had been very unhappy and had left full of presentiment although he was there. "Why was this?"

She leaned on the desk, her head on her hand, and fell into a reverie. Her sleeve fell back, and I felt the perfume of her warm, soft arm penetrate me. She remained thus some time, her beautiful, large eyes full of sad thought. Suddenly two tears gathered, and I began to understand the sense of the words, "Why was this?" The tears trembled on her eyelids, then ran down her cheek. The poor little woman sighed, and returned to me.

He had been very neglectful at the ball, and she had caught his eye only once or twice. . . . The pen began to write rapidly, the words were scratched off, sentences followed each other without punctuation, a passionate love filled my pages in a retrospective glance. "The transport of the first days," doubts, timidity, the avowal, first kisses! Then the day when jealousy was awakened so terrible, yet so charming, terror, agony, if ten minutes late, the promise of eternal fidelity, renewed vows—all this as the eyes rained tears and the pen went on impetuously, tightly held in the thin fingers.

My four pages were full, when someone entered the room. I disappeared quickly inside the desk. I fell among a pile of letters, faded flowers, and debris of all sorts. In one corner lay a white cravat, twisted around a little dried-up bouquet. It was of corded muslin, and made me suddenly think of a certain date, of which I speak later.

When I was taken out of hiding, the young woman was dressed ready to go out, with a thick veil covering her red-lidded eyes; she added two words, "Come tonight," and then I waited impatiently for a name that I expected to see, when I felt two fresh warm lips pressed so passionately against me that the paper crackled. Then a flower was slipped between my leaves, and I was shut up in an envelope and addressed, and the— Ah, I can not say for sure what happened; my impressions are vague. I was put in a pocket later, where I found a little handkerchief damp with the tears I had seen wiped away. We were together until once more I was brought forth but to fall into a vile box, where I remained all alone. It had an opening on top from which I could see people passing to and fro. I was kept here a long time, and thought I should never get out again, when thump, a heavy mass fell on me, then another, and still another. I was nearly stifled under the load. A hideous yellow envelope fell on my side, as if to crush me out of existence. Perhaps it contained some villainous news, some hypocritical lie, some message of evil, and I, yet palpitating from the fine English handwriting on my pages, had to be mixed up with all this.

A key clicked in the lock, crick crack, an enormous red hand plunged into the box, and, taking the packet, disappeared, and came again. Twice I slipped between his big fingers—I was too delicate for such handling—but I was seized at last and crumpled up in a bundle tied with string. Then I was carried along till we were surrounded by voices, scratching of pens, and I was seized anew by a hand that pressed something dreadful upon me; I received two dire strokes right over the poor little flower between my pages.

When I came to myself again I found myself on a chimney-piece, the room filled with shadows of the dying day. At length, after a long wait, my envelope was torn open and I was glanced over rapidly by two superb but icy-cold blue eyes, so dry and hard that they gave me a shock. Only my first lines were read—he seemed to divine the rest—and then he threw me roughly on the chimney-piece again, the flower fell unheeded to the floor—I saw it no more. The one who rejected me so unkindly was a very handsome man, tall and well made, with curly, blonde hair and long, carefully trimmed beard. He was elegantly dressed, and his hands were white and delicate.

As I lay in an uncomfortable position close to a chandelier, the man, evidently forgetful of my existence, devoted his attention to tying a white cravat (the mate of the one in the desk), and no doubt at this very moment my dear friend who sent me forth this morning was wondering how I was being received. Oh, if I

could only efface all that she had confided to me! He re-read me, however, after a time, and little by little memory awakened in turn over the history contained therein, but his expression remained hard and cold. Reproaches, tears, heart-throbs, all were unavailing. I heard him murmur, as he paced up and down the room: "If I go, there will be more tears, and what is to be done? It is not my fault that I do not love her any longer. I am decided. I can not go to-night. I will write and tell her so. I will say"—and he wrote.

What a difference over this morning, when I saw a sweet woman's face bending over me, feverish with emotion caused by thoughts of him, and this man seated before a table searching his brain for phrases to fit; but the words would not come any more easily than the ideas. He tore up six pages before finishing three lines.

I tell you all this from the bottom of a drawer where I am lying. There are letters, and faded flowers, and ribbons all around me, and I recognize the perfume of my tear-stained pages. Where shall I be to-morrow? What will become of me? This is my thought as I dream of the black eyes full of tears and the cold blue eyes that have ceased to respond.—Translated for the ARGONAUT from the French of Jules Case.

The filing of plans for alterations of the city home of John Jacob Astor at 844 Fifth Avenue, New York, show that the central wall which bisects the grand staircase was erected at the command of Mrs. Astor to separate her portion of the gray stone palace from that occupied by her son and family. Two of the Astors—John Jacob and William Waldorf—own the Astor House jointly. Of the Waldorf-Astoria, William Waldorf Astor owns the Waldorf side, while John Jacob owns the Astoria portion, and these twin hotels are divided by such a partition wall as existed in the Astor home, where the mother and son live side by side.

Professor Curie, the famous discoverer of radium, was knocked down by a dray and killed at the outlet of the Rue Dauphine on the Qui Conti in Paris. This has the reputation of being the most dangerous crossing for pedestrians in the whole city, which is saying a good deal. Since the beginning of the year thirty-four accidents have occurred at this corner. The Municipal Council has at last decided on the only practical solution of the difficulty—namely, to widen the street. A member said this crossing had been a danger spot for two centuries.

Captain Knowles, superintendent of the life-saving service, at Providence, R. I., kept his men working, uninterruptedly, for one hour and forty-five minutes, in the effort to restore to life a man who had been under water nearly half an hour before the body was rescued and taken ashore, his boat having capsized. The efforts were successful, though the unfortunate's limbs were stiff, teeth were clenched, and body cold and purple as a plum, showing that there was no surface or local circulation.

It is noted that the newspapers of Italy have recently entered on a period of marked prosperity. The first in circulation and enterprise is the *Evening Courier of Milan*, with 120,000 circulation and an equipment of American Hoe presses. The *Tribuna of Rome* is next in circulation and influence, with an output of 100,000 copies daily. The *Mattino of Naples* follows, with 80,000, and the radical *Messenger of Rome*, with 60,000.

Five hundred English teachers will be brought to America this fall and winter on educational tours, the plan being to represent every class from the kindergarten and defective senses instructors to professors in England's greatest universities. Applications are being made by teachers in all parts of the United Kingdom for a chance to take part in the excursions.

The Czar's new automobile was bought in Hungary for \$20,000. It is a superb vehicle, containing three separate compartments—one for a private room, another for a bathroom and the third for attendants and the baggage. The machine is capable of running sixty miles an hour. It may be superfluous to add that the automobile is steel-clad inside.

Neapolitan cab horses are all stallions of a diminutive breed. They are driven without a bit. The bridle carries a device for closing the nostrils, operated by the reins.

Laborers in Germany go to work at 6 o'clock in the morning and work until 6 at night. This may have more to do with beating Britain in the world's markets than the tariff.

"Forbidden" is a familiar word abroad. In Italy it is "vietato," in Germany "verboten," or more politely "untersagt," and in France "defendu."

OLD FAVORITES.

When Love Passed By.

I was busy with my plowing.
When Love passed by.
"Come," she cried, "forsake thy drudging;
Life's delights are few and grudging;
What batb man of all his striving,
All his planning and contriving,
Here beneath the sky?
When the grave opes to receive him
Wealth and wit and honors leave him—
Love endures for aye!"
But I answered: "I am plowing.
When with straight and even furrow
All the field is covered thorough,
I will follow."
Love passed by.

I was busy with my sowing,
When Love passed by.
"Come," she cried, "give o'er thy toiling;
For thy toil thou hast but molling—
Follow me, where meadows fertile
Bloom unsown with rose and myrtle,
Laughing to the sky;
Laugh for joy the thousand flowers,
Birds and brooks—the laughing hours
All unnoted fly."
But I answered: "I am sowing.
When my acres all are planted,
Gladly to thy realm enchanted
I will follow."
Love passed by.

I was busy with my reaping,
When Love passed by.
"Come," she cried, "thou planted'st grievous
Ripened sorrows art thou sheaving.
If the heart be fallow, vain is
Garnered store. Thy wealth of grain is
Less than Love's least sigh.
Haste thee—for the hours fast dwindle
Ere the pyre of Hope shall kindle
In life's western sky."
But I answered: "I am reaping.
When with song of youth and maiden,
Home the hock-cart comes, full-laden,
I will follow."
Love passed by.

I had gathered in my harvest,
When Love passed by.
"Stay," I called—to her, swift speeding,
Turning not, my cry unheeding—
"Stay, O Love, I fain would follow,
Stay thy flight, oh, fleet-winged swallow
Cleaving twilight sky!
I am old and worn and weary,
Void my fields and heart—and dreary.
With thee would I fly,
Garnered woe is all my harvest.
Sad ghosts of my dead hopes haunt me,
Pierce regrets, like demons, taunt me—
Stay!—I follow!"
Love passed by.—Solomon Solis-Coke

Song.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prythee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her
Looking ill prevail?
Prythee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prythee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her
Say nothing do't?
Prythee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move
This can take thee here;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her! —Sir John Suckling

Song.

Follow a shadow, it still flies you;
Seem to fly it, it will pursue:
So court a mistress, she denies you:
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say, are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men?

At morn and even shades are longest;
At noon they are or short or none;
So men at weakest they are strongest.
But grant us perfect, they're not know
Say, are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men?
—Ben Jonson

A Renunciation.

If women could be fair and yet not fond,
Or that their love were firm, not fickle still
I would not marvel that they make men bond
By service long to purchase their good-will.
But when I see how frail those creatures are,
I muse that men forget themselves so far.

To mark the choice they make, and how they change
How oft from Phoebus do they flee to Pan
Unsettled still, like haggards wild they range
These gentle birds that fly from man to man
Who would not scorn and shake them from their nest
And let them fly, fair fools, which way they list

Yet for disport we fawn and flatter both,
To pass the time when nothing else can please
And train them to our lure with subtle oath.
Till, weary of their wiles, ourselves we ease
And then we say when we their fancy try,
To play with fools, oh, what a fool was I!
—Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford

An engineer died at his post on a fast express train running from Boston to Philadelphia recently, known how long the dead hand rested on the throttle as the track was clear for many miles. Not until the train were entering Philadelphia like a whirlwind did the man discover that the engineer was dead.

NAVY SAVED THE WATER FRONT.

Fire-Boats, Destroyers, and Revenue Cutters Brought Blue Jacket Aid—Wireless Messages Efficient.

The work of army and navy officers in the early days of the San Francisco disaster is written of with understanding and appreciation by Edwin Emerson, Jr., who was a war correspondent in Manchuria during the Russo-Japanese war, and qualified to judge of military ability and achievement. In the current double number of *Sunset*, Mr. Emerson has an article, "Handling a Crisis," which is comprehensive and forceful, presenting many incidents and views that have not become familiar. The work of the navy officers and their men is described in especially pleasing terms:

The most valuable aid was rendered by the navy. But for the heroic work of a band of blue-jacket fire fighters from the navy, it is doubtful whether San Francisco's water front and ferry terminals could have been saved. Without the ferries for an outlet, the panic-stricken people, straining across the bay to Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda, and Sausalito by the hundred thousands, would have found themselves pent in by a wall of fire and driven back to the shelterless regions of the peninsula.

The ordinary telegraph and cable service was paralyzed at the start, but the air was soon throbbing with messages imploring aid:

When the news of the fire in the city reached the navy's wireless station on Mare Island, Admiral McCalla at once sent to San Francisco the two fire-boats, "Active" and "Leslie" with all the available hose, many thousands of feet long, manned by Lieut. Freeman of the destroyer "Terry," with his crew.

At the same time the "Preble," flying the Red Cross flag, was dispatched with surgeons, nurses and medical supplies. She dashed over ahead of the fire boats, and thenceforth was kept busy carrying the injured to the Government hospital on Yerba Buena Island.

Meanwhile the fire boats put into Pier 8 at the foot of Howard street, and running their hose lines out detected five streams on the fire. At one time they had run five thousand feet of hose up Telegraph Hill over a distance of seven blocks, finally losing one thousand feet of hose from the heat. At the same time they supplied city fire engines with fresh water brought by the "Sto Komo" from Yerba Buena.

Danger from the flames and flying sparks continued as long as the great fire leaped or crept north, west, or south:

For three days and nights these gallant sailors fought the fire incessantly from Fisherman's Pier below Telegraph Hill on the north to the Hay Dock on Channel 26 to the south. As the Board of Harbor Commissioners expressed it in an official resolution sent to Admiral McCalla: "Had it not been for their great assistance, we should never have been able to save an almost intact water-front for San Francisco." Afterwards, the Secretary of the Navy took official cognizance of this splendid service and rendered public commendation to Lieutenants Freeman and Bertholf, Midshipman Fild and Assistant Paymaster Mel, with the crew under them.

Six hundred miles down the coast was the flagship of the Pacific squadron, and a mysterious summons brought her in two days to the still burning city:

On the morning of April 18th Admiral Goodrich, on his flagship "Chicago," was cruising about twenty miles off San Diego. About eight o'clock an unsigned wireless message came down out of the sky. It read:

"Earthquake at 5:24 A. M., San Francisco, nearly demolished city. Call building is down and Palace Hotel, both telegraph offices, Wells Fargo building, all water pipes burst. City fire department helpless. City is in flames."

The "Chicago" responded as if an enemy had hove in sight. The cruiser was put under forced draught and moved forward at the rate of twenty-one knots. She arrived early Thursday evening and anchored off Fort Mason together with the "Marblehead" with their ship's batteries ready to land. An officer proceeded to army headquarters. General Funston requested that the landing force be held on board until next morning and that the marines then report to Col. Karmany of the Marine Corps, and the sailors to himself. This was done. Two hundred blue-jackets and sixty marines were landed early Friday morning. A naval officer in command of a beach party took command of the wharf at Fort Mason, crowded with refugees and relief stores.

A natural division of responsibilities and protective measures was the result of a meeting of the three forces: On Saturday Admiral Goodrich, after a conference with General Funston and the municipal authorities, agreed to take charge of the entire water-front of the city with his squadron. The flagship thereupon went alongside Pier 24, the "Marblehead" alongside Pier 16,

the "Boston" at Pier 8, the "Paul Jones" at Pier 17, and the "Princeton" at Pier 7. All the revenue cutters in the harbor were placed under the Admiral's command. By Sunday the entire water-front, from Fort Mason to the Pacific Mail Dock at the foot of First street, three miles in length, was patrolled by blue-jackets, with a guard at every wharf.

The signal service of the navy demonstrated its value early in that time of confusion and incapacity:

For the first two days after the flagship anchored off Fort Mason all official messages to Washington and the outside world were sent by the "Chicago's" wireless apparatus through Mare Island. A naval signal party was landed and wigwagged messages down to the flagship for transmission to Mare Island. Up to that time General Funston had no telegraphic communication. The only message that it was found impossible to send by this means was a request from General Funston to the commanding officer at the Monterey Presidio, ordering reinforcements to San Francisco. Failing to get this message through promptly Admiral McCalla, commandant of Mare Island, sent the destroyer "Preble," which made the run to Monterey in five hours. This was a highly important service in view of the utter demoralization of both the Western Union and Postal Telegraph service.

Greatest of necessities, pure water for blistered, parched and homeless sufferers, was brought by navy tenders:

When a scarcity of drinking water was reported in the burning city, Admiral McCalla sent lighters with 50,000 gallons of water each to Fort Mason wharf and the Potrero district. Three squads of blue-jackets saw to the proper distribution of the water to thousands of thirsting refugees. Besides this work the navy men also took a hand when it came to the final emergency step of dynamiting buildings so as to check the progress of the fire.

H. G. Wells, the imaginative yet profound English writer, has a formidable indictment of American civilization in a recent number of *Harper's Weekly*. He says: "Just think of it: This richest, greatest country the world has ever seen has over 1,700,000 children under 15 years of age toiling in fields, factories, mines, and workshops. . . . In the South there are now six times as many children at work as there were twenty years ago. Child labor is increasing yearly in that section of the country. . . . This is the bottomest end of the scale that at the top has all the lavish spending of Fifth avenue, and the joyous, wanton giving of Andrew Carnegie. . . . These working children cannot be learning to read—though they will presently be having votes—they can not grow up fit to bear arms, to be in any sense but a vile computing sweater's sense, men. So, miserably, they will avenge themselves by supplying the stuff for vice, for crime, for yet more criminal and corrupt political manipulations."

Not alone in San Francisco is the erection of concrete buildings increasing. An important change is noted in the East and the New York Sun in a recent issue calls attention to a remarkable situation in the building industry there. Within the last few weeks the cost of common brick has dropped from \$14 per thousand to \$5. All other building materials have also decreased in value, but not to the extent of brick. The effect of this fall in values may be appreciated when it is stated that it makes a difference of \$10,000 in the cost of construction of a typical six-story flat house on a thirty-seven and a half foot lot. The value of newly erected buildings has been seriously affected. The cause of all this trouble is that new and formidable competitor in the building field—concrete construction. It is believed the values of brick and other materials will be still further reduced.

When it was asserted in Paris that the monument to Zola, now certain, would contrast strangely with the pieces of classical sculpture in the Tuilleries Gardens, it was pointed out that in England "they honor their heroes by undressing them. They stripped Wellington of his clothes, his hat, his boots, his braces, and set him up in Hyde Park as an Achilles. All over England statues are to be found of modern warriors, statesmen, or scientists, who, thanks to a practical application of the nude, can be placed next to a Hercules or an Antinous without appearing grotesque."

New York City's budget next year will be \$116,805,490.37—more than the total amount spent by the six next largest cities—Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Baltimore, Boston and Cleveland. Although its population is only twice Chicago's its government costs four times as much. New York's expenditures exceed those of any foreign city. The London Council uses only \$50,000,000 a year. Parish expenditures do not bring the total to the New York figure. The expenditures of the German Empire are less than five times as great; those of Spain only a quarter larger.

HOW THE MINT WAS SAVED.

Employees Aided by Army Men Fought Fire With Blue Vitriol.

Harold French has recorded the desperate struggle against the waves of fire that beat upon the Mint from all sides, made by forces that for a time seemed doomed to failure, and his story in the June-July number of *Sunset* is brief yet vivid:

Surrounded by a sea of indescribable devastation, the United States Mint stands like the Rock of Gibraltar, looming above the leveled landmarks of the City of the Argonauts. Acres of debris-covered sandhills, hideous with tortured steel frames twisted into fantastic figures, encompass it. For seven hours a sea of fire surged around this grand old federal edifice, attacking it on all sides with waves of fervent heat. Its little garrison was cut off from retreat for hours at a time, had such a course been considered by those on guard. Over \$200,000,000 in coin and bullion were stored in its vaults and for the preservation of this prize, a devoted band of employees, reinforced by regular soldiers, fought like berserkers until the baffled fire-fiend fled to the conquest of stately blocks of "fire-proof" buildings.

The Mint was constructed in 1874 of granite and sandstone blocks, well calculated to resist fire from without. Located on the northwest corner of Mission and Fifth streets, it occupies a little island of federal domain in the heart of the city, from which it is isolated on the south and west by a narrow avenue, named after the Mint. A block northward, Market street grouped its grandest department stores and office-buildings. Within its walls were enough inflammable materials to feed a furious conflagration. Iron shutters shielded the lower floor, but the windows of the upper story, on which are located the refinery and assay department, were exposed. Also, a tarred hip-roof over the refinery constituted a weak spot in the defense. The Mint sustained slight damage from the earthquake although its massive towers showered the roof and court with bricks. After the fire had swept past the Mission street side, and the certainty of its returning from the north became apparent, Captain of the Watch Haws, then in charge, ordered everything on the roof that would burn thrown into the court. Soldiers and Mint employees worked with utmost haste throwing great timbers and tank-staves into the yard. Here are located some thirty tanks of blue vitriol, whose crystalline surfaces were soon covered with debris, into which increasing showers of cinders fell. Master Mechanic George McLoughlin, after a swift and thorough examination of the fire-fighting apparatus and machinery, took command of the fire-fighters assembled on the roof. Of these, forty were Mint employees, assisted by a detachment of Coast Artillery, ably commanded by Lieutenant C. R. Armstrong of the Sixth Infantry, whose cool-headed judgment contributed largely to the successful defense of this national treasure.

When cinders fell in showers among the debris-piled yard, this officer advanced a line of hose where others feared to go, and where the slender stream failed to reach, he extinguished the spreading flames with buckets of blue vitriol, though scattering acid spray drenched his uniform and half-blinded his eyes. Fortunately, the Mint possesses an artesian well ample in supplying this emergency. Engineer Brady discovered that his pump was broken by the earthquake, yet after swift, effective work, he succeeded in making rapid connections just in time to supply the building when water was most needed. Just as the mint was almost isolated, Superintendent Frank A. Leach arrived from Oakland, after a thrilling dash through falling walls and blazing blocks. His timely arrival encouraged his men to redoubled efforts.

The Mint presents a scorched and glassless front on the north and west, and the towering smokestacks are to be torn down, but the building is intact and the plant unharmed and ready for a resumption of work. On the 23d of April the vaults were opened and \$700,000 was transferred to an Oakland bank. Several million dollars more followed in a few days, relieving greatly the money stringency.

Superintendent Leach has received glowing messages from Washington referring to the saving of the Mint. Secretary of the Treasury L. M. Shaw telegraphed: "Accept thanks for your heroic conduct and that of the men under you." Director of the Mint George E. Roberts sent the following: "Please accept for yourself and convey to those who assisted you in the gallant fight to save the Mint the thanks of the Department for your splendid services."

All Americans are said to believe they know how to run a hotel, but the Swiss have proved their ability and are recognized as the hotel-keepers of Europe. Various Swiss syndicates are running civilized hotels in all the places where the multitude go. Travelers should bless them.

Most of the world's chocolate is made in Switzerland, though Germany is a good second.

JO. JEFFERSON'S ART.

How He Acted, Adapted, Painted, and Made Friends, Told by Another Player.

Francis Wilson was one of the "All Star Cast" that presented Joseph Jefferson's arrangement of "The Rivals" in 1896 through a tour of thirty nights in cities of the Atlantic Coast and Middle States, and in which nine players, all eminent, grouped themselves about the loved and respected comedian who had deservedly won first place on the American stage. So much the public knew, but until Mr. Wilson's book, "Joseph Jefferson: Reminiscences of a Fellow Player," was published in April of the present year few were aware of the intimate acquaintance of the two men, the affection and admiration of the younger for the veteran actor, and the esteem with which that tender regard was held.

The volume supplements the critical work of William Winter and the autobiography of Jefferson, as the author notes in a brief preface, and is well worth while for its close and informal views, and its apparent accuracy, while its rambling discursiveness and wealth of anecdote make it peculiarly interesting.

Mr. Wilson's description of Jefferson's personal appearance is well done, and this, of the eyes of the actor, will recall to many the expression that endures in their memories of Rip, Caleb Plummer, and Bob Acres:

But the eye was the great feature of the face. There was mildness, sweetness, frankness, fun, jollity, and especially was there riveted attention in it when he listened—and no man to my knowledge ever listened better! Good health shone out of his eyes—and how they did shine; and what wonderful control he had of them, giving them, as his long professional practice had taught him, every shade of meaning and expression his fancy might care to depict.

Of Jefferson's delight in painting, and of his success as an artist, Mr. Wilson writes with genuine interest, describing the exhibitions of the actor's pictures in Washington, and giving engravings of some characteristic examples of his skill. A souvenir effort and its making is thus described:

He painted with his fingers, pieces of rag, ends of blotting paper, feathers, etc., to get the proper effects. It must not be supposed he discarded brushes; they were used to lay in the colors. When I had last seen him, in Washington, he was making hirc trees on the canvas with his palette knife. This day the backbone of a feather was used. The soft part of the same article dipped in paint and drawn across the picture, produced the branches, limbs, and leaves.

"What's the swiftest time in which you ever painted a picture?" I asked.

"Two minutes."

"What?"

"Two minutes—for Judge Howland at a dinner recently. He passed me his card and timed me."

"Here's a card," I said; "do let me witness how quickly you can make one for me."

Some ink was spilled into the top of a soap-dish for him, and with a piece of blotting paper which I tore off the pad on his table, he in one minute and a half produced a little picture which he called "A Memory of the Catskills." He declared the picture had sky, mountains, valleys, trees.

But one other pursuit held attractions for the genial comedian, and there are many stories of that diversion:

Acting was his profession, painting was his pastime. He had a great passion for both. When he acted, and especially when he did not, he painted. When he did neither, he fished. He was an ardent disciple of Izaak Walton. I have heard ex-President Cleveland, who was often Jefferson's companion of the fly and rod, say he never saw any man get greater joy out of the sport of fishing than Joseph Jefferson, and that the mere un-

tangling of a line seemed a philosophical pleasure to him.

Apropos of fishing, the story is told of a woman approaching Jefferson, who, comfortably clad and wearing an old sombrero, sat on the wharf at Palm Beach, watching his line. The good woman, mistaking him for a well-known character whose business it was to supply bait, asked, as she was directed:

"Are you Alligator Joe?"

"I plead guilty to 'Joe,'" said Jefferson, looking up at her quizzically, "but I deny the 'Alligator.'"

Jefferson often told an anecdote which Mr. Cleveland acknowledged had a basis of fact:

One of the best stories I ever heard in connection with Cleveland and Jefferson was that of a visit the ex-President had paid between his two administrations to the comedian at New Iberia, Louisiana: desiring to see an antebellum cabin, Jefferson conducted him to one, inhabited by an old mammy who might have been sixty or a hundred, for all one could judge. The place was without any ornament except a campaign lithograph picture of Cleveland.

"Mammy," said Jefferson, "whose picture is that?"

"I doan' know fo' sho," was the reply, "but I think it's John de Baptis'."

Reminiscences of theatrical life of course are numerous in the book, and many actors are quoted. This of burnt-cork beginnings:

Jefferson thought he was one of the first men to black his face after the appearance and success of "Jim Crow" (T. D.) Rice.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Drew, "there are very few men in this company who have not at one time or another been associated with minstrel performances."

"I played 'Bruder Bones,'" said Mr. Jefferson. "Everybody knows I was in the minstrel business," Goodwin exclaimed. "Yes," I remarked, "because we were there together." "Well," joined in Crane, "I was on the tambourine end with Campbell's minstrels."

"I remember telling this at Lawrence Barrett's house at Cohasset, where the rest of the party consisted of Edwin Booth and Stuart Robson. Booth then told how he and the comedian J. S. Clarke were minstrels in their younger days, and he followed this up by declaring that he used to 'pick a little on the banjo.' I laughed, and Booth inquired the reason. I added, 'Oh, nothing much; only Booth and the banjo seemed such an odd combination.'"

Both Jefferson and Wilson found delight in plays on words, and many puns, good and bad, are appreciatively quoted. This is one of the best examples:

"Joe Jefferson is up here drawing the worst houses you ever saw." So wrote John Sefton to his relative, Mr. Barton Hill. But the houses which Jefferson was drawing were on canvas. The comedians, Sefton and Jefferson, were summer neighbors in Paradise Valley, Pennsylvania, the valley in whose peaceful shades Jefferson first met the suggestion of Rip as a possible character for himself.

A barn was to be removed, and Jefferson objected because he thought it too picturesque to be destroyed; but if it had to go, he declared his intention of making a painting of it, and his doing so gave the facetious "Jemmy Twitcher" Sefton occasion for the jest.

In his love of nature Jefferson took many sight-seeing trips, and saw most of the scenic wonders of the West:

In October, 1892, Jefferson was planning a trip to California and told me that he intended to revisit the Yosemite Valley. I recommended him to leave his climbing of the Glacier Point Trail until the last day of his visit to the valley (a trail built since Jefferson's visit twenty years before), as, having done it recently, I believed that it was an inspiring vantage-point from which to say farewell to the many glories of the Yosemite. He interrupted me with:

"Oh dear, I couldn't do any climbing! I tried it once and nearly disgraced myself. My wife was in front and, as were all of us, on horse or mule-back. My mule seemed to be meditating a jump over the precipice at every step. As he leaned farther and farther out, I grew

more unhappy and my head more uncertain. I didn't like to be the first to cry 'Halt,' and you can imagine what a relief it was to me when I heard my wife say, 'I can't ride any longer, I must get down.' Slipping from my mule's back, I fairly screamed, with an impressiveness the remembrance of which makes me laugh even now. 'Gentlemen, this lady can go no farther.'"

Jefferson's taste in music is humorously illustrated:

As we rode down in the carriage from the theatre at Hartford, the subject of music was started, and Mr. Jefferson made a confession that will hardly bring joy to the worshippers of Wagner. He thought that quite the cleverest thing "Bill" Nye ever said was: "My friend Wagner's music is really much better than it sounds."

He went on to tell that his daughter, who is very fond of music, took him to hear "Lohengrin," and turning to him in the middle of the performance, her face radiant with enjoyment, asked him if he were not now glad she insisted on coming. "My dear child," he replied. "I wish we had gone to 'Tony' Pastor's!"

The line that once separated the variety stage from the legitimate is made apparent by this paragraph:

Jefferson was liberal-minded toward the drama of today. He thought the acting and actors of the present time equal if not superior to those of previous years. He said that all things progress, and it is narrow and unreasonable to suppose that such vital things as the drama and acting stand still. "The best talent on the dramatic stage," he said, "has come from the so-called variety or vaudeville theatre. I could not get an engagement at Wallack's at one time because I was regarded as the variety performer of my day."

The comedian often gave a humorous account of once meeting with the prize-fighter, "Joe" Coburn, in a restaurant in St. Louis:

Coburn swung over to the table where Jefferson was sitting, and said:

"I hear you and me's rivals dis-

week?"

"Yes," answered Jefferson, "but I am glad, Mr. Coburn, it is not in the same ring."

One can readily appreciate the answer made by Jefferson to a suggestion of his business manager:

Jefferson's eldest son, Charles Burke Jefferson, named for Charles Burke, Jefferson's beloved half-brother, has been nearly all his life the business man and financial adviser for his father. Actuated, it is said, by the popular craze for spectacular effects, he once proposed to give "Rip Van Winkle" a new phase by introducing a real lake, mountain waterfalls, and mechanical contrivances for the disappearing gnomes, etc. He outlined the scheme glowingly to his father and asked him what he thought of it.

"I think," said Jefferson, "it is the biggest piece of impudence I have heard in a long time."

A current story described the meeting of General Grant and Jefferson, and the latter was asked if the account was true:

"Of course, it is—to a certain point, but the most humorous part of it is not mine," he answered.

"Oh, then you did meet Grant?"

"Yes, and he spoke to me as we were going up in the elevator of (I think he said) the Equitable Building. He greeted me by name, and we exchanged a few commonplaces, and then he said he did not believe I remembered him, and I had to confess I didn't, whereupon he said: 'My name is Grant. General Grant.' You can imagine how chagrined I felt on hearing the name, and I immediately made matters worse by sputtering out an apology and saying that I was not accustomed to seeing him with his hat on, which was equivalent to admitting that I had only seen him when he came to the theatre to see me!

Nor did I improve matters by asking him, in my confusion, where he was living, which all the world except my knew was in New York! The story is true as far as that, but some wit wonderfully improved it by adding I turned to Grant a few seconds later and said, 'By the way, General, were you during the war?' 'Oh, that's fine,' he laughed, 'and it is to be true.'"

The destruction by fire of "Crane's Nest," the actor's summer home at Zard's Bay, Massachusetts, is described and its rebuilding, into which went great deal of the Jefferson persona.

There Jefferson was as successful playing the part of country gentleman in any part of his professional life. Love of disputation finally deprived of the earver's privileges, because faint and guests were too frequently obliged to submit to tantalizingly "long while with poised blade and fork he his round, unvarnished tale."

Here is one of the few quotations which the actor spoke sadly of growing old:

As we passed through he pointed some lath supports made by himself to eugirdle his tomato vines. "The sad thing in old age," he said, "is the sense of expectation. You no longer look forward to things. Now a gain is all expectation"—and here, the ridiculous presenting itself to his mind said swiftly, with his characteristic smile—"and you often get a lot don't expect." Then resuming the serious vein, he continued: "Therefore have become a gardener. My boy, you are past seventy, don't forget to cultivate a garden. It is all expectation."

Jefferson died on Shakespeare's birthday, 1905. Mr. Wilson describes the comedian's last appearance on stage, his last meeting with the actor after that time, and the volume contains a photo-engraving of the gravestone that marks the grave at Sandwich, Mass. There are numerous engravings of Jefferson and others in character, and a valuable index.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The largest clean-up ever made of dredger in the Oroville gold fields is to have been secured recently, after twelve days' run, something over 1000 being the result. The Gold Dredging Company, a syndicate of Angeles capitalists, will soon be dredging their property at Diamond on Butte Creek. The company is capitalized at \$500,000 and has 182 acres of land under control. Instead of the volving shovels, or chains of huckel is the intention to use a steam shovel such as is used on railroad work. The project proves a success, it will realize the dredge mining interest some localities, as the present type dredges cost all the way from \$50,000 to \$100,000, to build and install, the shovel will cost but \$10,000.

Under a judgment of court some islands, rocks and points in the St. Lawrence River were sold at auction recently in New York. The total sum realized was \$13,595. It is said that the Maple Island alone, which brought \$7,000, is worth \$25,000. The half the most valuable islands were struck to Guy Van Amringe, a New York attorney, whose purchases amounted to \$11,565. He said he bought for himself. Few residents of the islands were present.

The rebuilding of San Francisco being delayed by the scarcity of both skilled and unskilled, and industries have been unable to start because of lack of men. The San Francisco railroad is gathering all the information possible about the kind and quantity of men needed, and this will be sent to ticket agents, who will be instructed to publish it in every town in the country. Twenty thousand men are wanted.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

George Irving, the last surviving nephew of Washington Irving, marvelously hale and active at eighty-two, is living in New York, engaged in writing history of the Irving family.

Joaquin Miller at his cottage in Saratoga, New York, is noticed by all observers for his fashion of wearing fringed chamois gauntlets and tucking his trousers into his knee-high boots.

The bulk of the vast fortune of the late Alfred Beit, the diamond king, will be inherited by his brother, Otto Beit. Mr. Beit's wife is an attractive American woman, a native of New Orleans, and connected with some of the best families in Louisiana. She was Miss Lilian Carter.

It is now settled that there is to be a contest over the will of the late Russell Sage, the nephew, James H. Sage, announcing that Joseph H. Choate has been retained for this purpose. Mr. Choate is advanced in years, but he remembers the Laidlaw case in which he fought so long to make Sage pay damages to his clerk, who was wounded by a Norcross bomb.

Emperor William of Germany had for his imperial yacht in his cruise along the Norwegian coast the sumptuous Hamann-Amerikaner liner, Hamburg. The Kaiser wore civilian clothes at all times, avoided all talk of politics, and changed his those privileged to sit at his table.

There should be no thought of favoritism. The one royal prerogative that is never foregone is the demand that no one shall address him until spoken to.

Mrs. John W. Mackay and her grandsons are at a quiet little village near Balmoral Castle. By the King's special permit, Mrs. Mackay was given a view of the private apartments in the castle. One of the royal retainers on the estate Mrs. Mackay purchased for her a quaint glass dish and a cushioned cup which the Queen was accustomed to use. Although comparatively

near her son's shootings, Mrs. Mackay will not visit him; nearly all his guests will be men. She will go to Germany for a new cure for sleeplessness.

William English Walling, who married Anna Strunsky, the Jewish writer, and is the grandson of the late William E. English of Indiana, inherited much of the wealth that tempted the Democrats in 1880 to place Mr. English at the tail of their presidential ticket, and he is now spending it in St. Petersburg on the Russian revolution. It is reported that Mr. Walling's associates have been the most radical and active leaders of the revolutionary party members of the terrorist group, who have come back in swarms from the colonies of exiles since the Czar's manifesto of last October.

Captain Alex McLean, the "Sea Wolf" of Jack London's tale of the North Pacific seal fisheries, and the man who in the schooner Carmencita—a vessel without a flag or country—caused British and American patrol boats no end of worry last summer, is now running in and out of Vancouver on the little tug, City of Tupeila. Last season's voyage of the Carmencita was a failure, financially and in every other way, the schooner having been seized and sold in order that the wages of her crew might be paid. All this is given incidentally in a matter-of-fact item in the shipping news of a San Francisco daily paper.

Mrs. Russell Sage is a descendant of Miles Standish. Her maiden name, Olivia, was also that of her parental grandmother, Olivia Standish. Notwithstanding Mrs. Sage's great wealth and interest in humanity, she has reached the age of 76 years without ever having been abroad. Mrs. Sage was Miss Margaret Olivia Slocum. She was educated in the Emma Willard school at Troy, then called the Troy Female Seminary. In her early life she was a school teacher, and that fact probably accounts for her interest throughout her long and active career in young women. She was married at Waterville, N. Y., in 1869. Mrs. Sage is the most intimate friend and adviser of Miss Helen Gould, having been a mother to the latter since she lost her parents.

Maitre Lahori, the great French pleader who made a name for himself in his defense of Dreyfus, has added much to his fame in the defense of Major John McBride, who fought with the Boers against the English. The Civil Tribunal of the Seine confirmed its decree granting Mrs. McBride a judicial separation from her husband. The trial developed much bitterness between the reputed Irish Joan of Arc and the Irish Boer hero. Maitre Cruppi, also a distinguished lawyer, endeavored to prove that McBride had wasted his time in dissipation in the United States instead of lecturing to help the Irish cause, and he extolled Maude Gonne's life as a continual sacrifice for everything Irish. On the other hand, Maitre Lahori read letters testifying to McBride's patriotism, honor, military ability and sobriety, and asserted that "the Irish Joan of Arc" was of English parentage, and has not a drop of Irish blood in her veins. "She is subject to hallucinations," he said, "and believes that she is the incarnation of an ancient Irish queen."

Freight Traffic Manager William Sproule, of the Southern Pacific Company, has resigned his position to accept an even more important place, and what is assumed to be a much larger salary than the one of \$20,000 annually that he gives up. Mr. Sproule will be manager of traffic of the American Smelting Refinery, American Smelting Securities Company, and their numerous allied interests, which cover railways, steamship lines, smelters, and mines in various parts of North and South America. For twenty-four years Mr. Sproule has been with the Southern Pacific, working his way up from a clerkship to the head of his department. His departure will be regretted by his associates and numerous San Francisco friends.

Belvedere, California,
HILLSIDE INN.
Tiburon Ferry, 40 minutes from San Francisco
Boating and bathing. Terms reasonable. Address
MRS M. J. WARREN.

ALAMO PINTADO INN
BALLARD, CAL.
A delightful resting place for automobilists traveling between San Francisco and Santa Barbara—50 miles north of Santa Barbara, 2 miles south of Los Olivos. Daily mail, long-distance telephone and 72-degree gasoline.
F. M. SHAW, Prop.

Bonestell, Richardson & Co.
Have Plenty of Every Kind of
PAPER
Phone Temporary 1273
473 to 475 SIXTH STREET,
San Francisco.

For YOUR
BREAKFAST
GERMEA
At All Grocers
THE JOHNSON-LOCKE MERCANTILE CO.
AGENTS
714 Broadway, Oakland



See that Lea & Perrins' signature is on wrapper and label.

Beware of inferior sauces put up in bottles similar to the above.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

is invaluable to the fastidious cook. It adds zest to her Gravies and spice to her Salads, and improves the flavor of Fish, Game and Soups. Its rare rich flavor makes it the most useful of all sauces.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce is in every well-equipped kitchen

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York

VANITY FAIR.

The wedding tour of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, which began four months ago and had included several of the European capitals, was completed the second week of the present month.

When the steamship St. Paul of the American line arrived at New York, she was met by the dispatch boat Sylph, which had been sent here from Oyster Bay by President Roosevelt, to meet his son-in-law and daughter, who were passengers aboard returning from a most triumphal visit abroad.

The Longworths, on the return trip, were fully as much a feature as they were on the outward voyage, and were the center of many merry parties, participating, as they did, in all the festivities on board, and it was with genuine regret that their fellow voyagers saw them go down the gang plank to the launch of the yacht that was to transfer them to Oyster Bay.

It is evident that Mrs. Longworth is interested in the political career of her husband:

There were a couple of young women from Ohio on the liner, who made it their business, as soon as they had met Mrs. Longworth and properly gushed over her, to tell her that an attempt was to be made to elect Longworth for re-election at the coming fall election.

Mrs. Longworth's eyes flashed at the information, but she quietly answered: "Oh, is that so? Well, let me tell you that if they beat Mr. Longworth they will know that they have been in a fight."

Eight years ago another young American woman was the recipient of notable honors in London, almost equal to those shown to Mrs. Longworth. The following paragraph, which appeared in the Argonaut in August, 1898, recalls the particulars:

Miss Helen Hay, the eldest daughter of the American ambassador to London, has had many honors showered upon her in London recently. She was selected for the honor of opening the public gardens which have been laid out on the site of the long disused graveyard at the rear of Robert Browning's hall at Walworth. Miss Hay performed the ceremony with grace and ease, the key with which she unlocked the gates being graven with the American and British flags and the arms of the settlements. Only a few days subsequent to this, at the big state ball at Buckingham Palace, Miss Hay danced in the royal quadrille. This is a distinction seldom granted to such a young unmarried woman.

Even in Europe the critics of feminine appearance are ready to admit certain charming qualities displayed by Americans.

Raoul Auernheimer, a well-known Viennese author, has been comparing the French women and American as he sees them at Carlsbad. At a distance, he says, they are easily confused, they look so much alike, for it is the pride of the Amerikanerin to dress like the Parisiennes, and both wear "blossoming hats" whose colors match their dresses to perfection. But as they approach the difference is manifest. The French women display a weakness and lack of strength; those from the land of Uncle Sam are "steel springs that never bend," and they walk—in Carlsbad at least—with a "splendid carriage which tells of lifelong gymnastics." But it is with a dying fall that he ends his rhapsody by remarking that after all the American woman is only a Parisienne who has just emerged from cold storage. It must be taken as a consoling fact that the race is only between the French and Americans, with the Austrians, Italians, English and Russians nowhere.

In London the latest is a bill of fare which you may eat. The sheet on which the edible menu is "printed" is made

of the sugar tissue paper used on the bottom of macaroons, while the lettering is made of cake frosting.

The London eater who "invented" the edible menu card has been honored by the patronage of the King. The King "commanded" the caterer to teach his chef to make the edible novelty, and the King's chef produced it for a dinner at Windsor Castle.

There was much laughter as the King's guests discovered that their menu "cards" were good to eat. They promptly ate them. Some of the guests were grieved to discover that in eating the menu they ate some had French with it, for the chef spelt *consomme* with only one m.

An incident of commencement day at Dothem Hall, the famous seminary for young ladies, is described in a recent issue of the Minneapolis Journal:

"Papa," said the pretty girl in white, "let me present you to Miss Dothem, our principal."

Miss Dothem beamed on the old man. "I congratulate you, sir," she said, "upon your extremely large and affectionate family."

"Large and affectionate?" he stammered.

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Dothem. "No less than twelve of May's brothers have come steadily during the winter to take her driving and sleighing, while the two older ones were most assiduous in escorting her to the theatre twice a week."

The stars of the national banner differ in glory, according to the view of the observer, as has been noted in the South and West.

Recently a Northern doctor of many sciences and philosophies, who is now teaching in a Southern university, was being pranced and lorded through the capitol of the State by a host who happened to be feeling that day like the distinguished contemporary of Ben Hill

and Alexander Hamilton Stephens. The doctor said that he had never been borne along niftily by so many grand manners in his life. Unfortunately as they passed the State flag he squinted at it instead of gazing reverently, and asked what flag it was. "Sir!" exclaimed his erstwhile genial host, in a tone of deep indignation, "is it possible that you presume to teach in a Southern State and do not recognize the emblem of her glory when you see it?"

"But," protested the astonished victim, who is a native of Wisconsin, "would you recognize the flag of Wisconsin at sight?"

"No, sir! I would not. There is nothing remarkable about Wisconsin that her flag should be so well known!"

While lecturing a number of army reserves in Magdeburg, an inspecting captain was interrupted by Dr. Schmidt, a prominent young lawyer, who blew his nose loudly. Dr. Schmidt was at once arrested and thrown into jail during the training period. When that time had passed Schmidt brought suit against the captain, but the court took the view that in blowing his nose and in his subsequent conduct Schmidt plainly showed that he had no military esprit de corps and sentenced him to ten days' further confinement.

Tired of Hartje; tired of Thaw; tired of John D.; tired of Mr. and Mrs. Corey, tired of scandal, divorce, dirt, indecency, red lights, high life, says the Dayton Journal, and it feelingly continues: Tired of manufactured sensations. Tired of reading of badness instead of goodness. Tired of publishing it. Tired of feeding nauseous doses to healthy minds.

Thirteen employees of the Berkeley postoffice have resigned this summer to take better-paying positions. The postmaster is unable to handle the mails and has asked the Postmaster-General to aid him in overcoming the difficulty.

Glasses are said to have been invented by Alessandro di Spina in the 13th century.

The glasses which we make are examples of the perfection which has been reached in their manufacture.

HIRSCH & KAISER,
1757 Fillmore St. Opticians

EDUCATIONAL

MISS HAMLIN'S
BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL
FOR GIRLS

Formerly at 1849 Jackson St., is now at 2230 Pacific near Webster St. School reopens Tuesday, August 7. Accredited. Address

Miss S. D. Hamlin,
2230 Pacific Avenue. San Francisco

MRS. J. E. TIPPET

(CLARA BEUTLER)

Teacher of Singing
Coaching

Studio, Pierce Building, Copley Square
Boston, Mass.

IRVING INSTITUTE

A day and home School of high standing for young ladies. Accredited by the universities. Music under masters. Write for catalogue.

Mrs. Edward B. Church, Principal.
Mrs. Fay Chase Kellogg, Acting Principal.

2126 CALIFORNIA STREET, San Francisco, Calif.

Miss Harker's School.

Palo Alto, Cal. Home and Day School for Girls, intermediate and Primary Departments. Certificate admits to Stanford, Vassar and Wellesley. Number limited. August 20th.

Ogontz School for Young Ladies

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia. Two hours from New York. The late Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For address Miss SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal, Ogontz, P. O., Pa.

Miss Ransom's School for Girls

Will open on Wednesday, August 15, at 484 Avenue, Oakland. A limited number of boarders receive. MARION RANSOM, EDITH BRIDGES, Principals.

OTTO FLEISSNER, Vocal, Piano, and Harmony, Residence and Studio; 2560 Vallejo near Scott St., San Francisco. In Oakland on Tuesday, care of Sherman, Clay & Company.

HOTHER WISMEI

VIOLINIST

Studied with Professor Karl Halir and at the Royal School of Music at Berlin. Has resumed teaching in studio and residence, 2945 Fillmore Street, between Green and Union Streets. Saturdays at Sutter, Berkeley.

P. Centemeri & Co.

KID GLOVES

New Location

1551 Van Ness Ave.

Between Pine and California
San Francisco

Thos. Cook & Son

NOW LOCATED

410 Fourteenth Street
OAKLAND

SMITH'S
CASH STORE
16 Stewart St. San Francisco.
JUST AROUND THE CORNER.

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

We direct attention to our new stock of ORIENTAL RUGS, consisting of an unusually broad variety of weaves. A practically unlimited scope for selection is afforded, from the inexpensive weaves to the choicest examples of the rug maker's art. Each rug has been selected individually by our resident buyers in the Orient. The purchase of an Oriental Rug from us is a guarantee of its genuineness.

Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street

Boericke & Runyon Co.

HOMEOPATHIC PHARMACY

NOW OPEN AT

1554-1556 Van Ness Avenue

NEAR CALIFORNIA STREET.

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

Stoves and Ranges

ADAPTED FOR BURNING: COAL, WOOD, GAS, GASOLINE AND OIL.

REFRIGERATORS

Complete Kitchen Outfits for Hotels, Restaurants, Clubs & Households

COR. POLK & TURK STS.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Edwin Steevens was one of the attractions in Keith and Proctor's Twenty-third Street vaudeville theatre. New York, last week.

Nance O'Neil is going to the Far East for all. Ira Jackson, who has signed for three years, has strong backing for the star, and will provide new scenery and new plays for her tour. She will play throughout the West next season, and at its close will sail from San Francisco for Australia and the Orient.

California's eminence as the birthplace of prominent actors and actresses gets a new boost when one looks at the list of "A Strenuous Life," the new Richard Walton Tully farce. William Morris, the star, is one of California's native sons, and so are Hugo Toland, Elliott Cooper, Jackson Carlyle and Wilson Carlyle, and there are two native daughters in Lillian Albertson and Charlotte Daudridge.

Melbourne MacDowell has been engaged by William A. Brady to play the role of Javert in Wilton Lackaye's dramatization of "Les Misérables."

"The Man from Now," the successful musical fantasy that introduced Harry Hargraves as a star on Broadway, has in its cast Gilbert Gregory and Phil Brandon, former members of the Tivoli opera company.

Honorable Henry Lyndhurst Brace, son of Lord Aberdare, lieutenant of a Hampshire regiment, and popular with many titled English women, in spite of his father's violent opposition, is determined to marry Camille Clifford, an American actress who has appeared in "Gibson" parts in musical comedies in London. This is the gossip of Mayfair circles, where it has been considered an "impossible" engagement.

Harrison Grey Fiske has returned to New York from his sojourn in California and a tour of the Northwest to begin preparations for the presentation of "Bertha Kalieh" in a play in English to New York. This play is "The Kreutzer Sonata," adapted by Langdon Mitchell, author of "Becky Sharp," from the Yiddish of Jacob Gordin. "The Kreutzer Sonata" was written by F. Gordin for Mme. Kalieh before she came to the American stage, and she acted in it for a number of seasons in New York with success. Wagenhals & Company brought out the play August 14th at the Manhattan Theatre with Blanche Walsh in the leading role, and legal contest has begun over the right to the drama.

Reginald De Koven's latest opera, "The Student King," will open in Boston at the Tremont Theatre on October 1st, remaining until "Madame Butterfly" arrives.

Ellen Terry's farewell American tour will consume four months. She will appear in George Bernard Shaw's "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," in which she plays Lady Cecily Wainfleet. Miss Terry will also be seen in "Nance O'Neil" and "The Good Hope."

It is not surprising that American actresses with personal charms are anxious to visit England. Social victories of the kind catalogued in the following paragraph from a London paper are never achieved in America: "Miss Maxine Elliott, the beautiful American actress, will pay a round of visits to country houses in Scotland before returning to London in September. After the Regatta Week she will be Mrs. Mabel's guest in Scotland; then Lord Rosebery's at Dalmeny, afterward the richness of Sutherland's at Duorochnish. She will come south for Doncaster Race Week and will be one of Mrs. Arthur Wilson's house party at Cranby for the St. Leger races. Then she goes to Somersetshire as guest of Lord and Lady Alington at Crieheil. Miss Elliott was greatly admired at Lord Rosebery's royal ball at Berkeley square last week. She was presented to the Princess of Wales, who was charming to her. The talented American is welcome to some of the most exclusive English houses, but, strangely enough,

although she knows the leading Americans here, she is not on intimate terms with them."

Nat C. Goodwin, the comedian, has bought a house at Beach City, near Los Angeles, and intends to make his home there when he is not on the road.

President Harry de Veaux of the Actors' National Protective Union announces that Madame Sembrich, the prima donna, had deposited with the union \$11,000, collected for chorus singers, actors and others, who lost their wardrobes during the San Francisco disaster. The money will be deposited as soon as demands are made.

William Joshua Patterson, who has married Fay Templeton, the actress, is the president of a contracting firm of Pittsburgh, and a widower, 42 years of age. His first wife was a Miss Boggs of Allegheny, a member of a wealthy family in that city.

Mme. Galski, who comes to this country for a brief tour in the fall, is automobiling with her husband in Germany, "trying out" a big purple touring car whose cost represented at least two arias and three or four lieder. Mme. Sembrich, likewise with her husband, is simultaneously resting and gardening at a country home near Dresden. Sembrich's American concert tour is scheduled for late in the winter.

It is understood that the Lambs have decided to relinquish their claim on the beautiful summer home of the late Charles H. Hoyt, in Charlestown, N. H. The will of the comedy playwright bequeathed his house to the Lambs' Club as long as that society kept it in repair and wished to retain possession. Otherwise it was to be handed over to the Actors' Fund as a summer home for retired players, to be run as "The Lambs' Pastime," and, in case this provision also failed, it was to become the property of the town. Though the estate itself is very beautiful, the town of Charlestown is an out-of-the-way locality, totally unfit to be a midsummer rendezvous for professional men. It is a village of perhaps a thousand inhabitants, lacking many of the essential qualifications for a popular resort.

Director Heinrich Conried of the Metropolitan Opera House is doing some great hustling in Europe this summer. To replace the scenery and properties of twenty-one operas, and the 1,024 trunks of theatrical costumes swept away by the great fire in San Francisco in April last is no easy task. Before he had been a day in Vienna scenic artists and costumers had begun the work. They saw before them orders aggregating nearly a million kronen, or \$200,000. Mr. Conried placed a few orders for ballet costumes in Paris, as the French understand those things better, but for everything else in the way of theatrical costumes Vienna was chosen. Mr. Conried arrived in Vienna May 17th; on the following day, according to the press agent, he was received in audience by Emperor Francis Joseph; the next day he was in Berlin, and the succeeding days, one each in Hamburg, Wiesbaden, Frankfurt, Paris, London, Paris, Munich, and Dresden, a good record for ten days.

Still another opera based on the story of Robin Hood will be produced in London next October. The British Museum and Nottingham Castle have been ransacked for their records and "pointers," and an attempt has been made in the play to rebuild the mediaeval time—the "Merrie England" of youthful imaginings. The love story of Maid Marian and the craft of Prince John are the elements of the play.

The Orpheum.

An engagement of more than ordinary interest to local playgoers is that of Margaret Wyehery, who will make her first vaudeville appearance in San Francisco at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon. In the riding act of Mlle. Therese Renz will be presented one of the New York Hippodrome features, with her snow-white stallion, Mazeppa. Mayme Remington and her "Black Buster Brownies" will also be new to this

city. The Oliveira trio will make their first appearance in America. May Boley and the "Polly Girls" will continue. Mary Norman, the delightfully artistic entertainer, will present another of her original monologues, Arthur Deming, the favorite minstrel, will change his songs and stories, and Terley, the man with the changeable face, and Orpheum motion pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete an excellent program. Attractions of every description are to be found on the grounds of the Chutes, where the Orpheum is located.

ORPHEUM.

Week Commencing SUNDAY MATINEE, August 26.
(Matinee Every Day Except Monday.)

Another Big Show!

Margaret Wyehery and Company; Mlle. Therese Renz; Mayme Remington and Her Black Buster Brownies; Oliveira Trio; May Boley and the Polly Girls; Terley; Arthur Deming; Orpheum Motion Pictures and last week of Mary Norman.

Prices: 10c, 25c and 50c. Down Town Box Office at Donlon's Drug Store, Fillmore and Sutter Sts. Phone West 6900.

CHUTES and ZOO—Open Daily from 10 A. M. till Midnight. Admission 10c; Children 5c.

Hotel
St. Francis

SAN FRANCISCO

America's Model
Hotel

St. Francis Annex

200 Outside Rooms

Famous Grill Room in Main Building
now running under same skilled chefJust the Place to Lunch
Everything Ready for You

Hotel Collingwood

35th St., between 5th Ave. and Broadway
NEW YORK CITY

New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district containing every modern device for comfort of guests.

Positively exclusive. Service à la carte.

OFFICE OF

TOBIN & TOBIN

Attorneys at Law

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

San Francisco, Aug. 17, 1906.

TO THE PUBLIC:

On August 8, 1906, in the performance of our duty to mortgagors of

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

we issued to them a letter which, among other things, contained certain statements concerning the unfair methods adopted by the

London & Lancashire, Orient, English-American Underwriters
and State of Liverpool Insurance Companies

to evade the payment of their honest debts to their policy-holders in San Francisco.

On August 17, 1906, those companies published an advertisement addressed to the public in which, under the pretence of answering the letter, they sought to divert attention from their dishonest methods by attacking us. Unable to accuse us of unfairness or lack of integrity, they have said in their usual indirect way that we are attorneys and as such we are retained by many people to collect debts from those who honestly owe and dishonestly refuse to pay our clients.

Their only answer to the six specific objections we made in our letter is as follows:

1. We stated: "The above named companies represent that they are well able to pay San Francisco losses in full."

They replied that they are able to pay their losses in full, but nowhere do they assert that they have done so; nowhere do they promise that they will do so. This alone is a complete refutation of their own answer. It is within the knowledge of their own adjusters and officers, as well as the public at large, that they have repeatedly refused to pay more than 90 per cent on numerous claims after every possible deduction has been made therefrom for damage by earthquake, depreciation, etc.

2. We stated: "Their local managers have resigned because of the practices adopted by their adjusters to evade the payment of liabilities of the companies."

They replied by a weak attempt to justify their practices and indirectly suggested that the men hitherto for many years trusted with their vast business were ignorant and unfit for such trust.

3. We stated: "The attorney for the adjusters has stated within the last week that they have NOT ADJUSTED a single loss."

They replied that they have adjusted and paid and therefore the attorney could not have made the statement. Mr. Reed, their attorney, has not denied that the statement was made, nor have the companies explained that what in their advertisement they call adjustments were really cut rate compromise settlements, and that Mr. Reed meant by adjustments, the legal determination of the amount of liabilities of the companies on which suit might be founded. Mr. Reed, their attorney, made this statement, and his statement is true.

4. We stated: "They have knowingly denied all liability for claims on which their liability was beyond question, and by persistently adhering to their fraudulent statements they have frightened policy-holders into accepting from 50 to 90 per cent of the amounts due them."

They replied that they denied liability absolutely only in half a dozen cases—that is to say, they have in only half a dozen cases out of about 3000 put their creditors in a position to sue them by absolute denial, but they have orally denied their liability and have told their creditors that they had better take 50 cents on the dollar or 60 cents on the dollar than run the risk of a suit. In this connection it is proper to state that the only reason they refused to deal with clients represented by Mr. Sanderson of our office, was because in the performance of his duty he advised his clients and ours not to compromise their claims because of such practices.

5. We stated: "By reason of their practices The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society regards their new policies of insurance as of doubtful value and will therefore refuse to accept the same as security for its loans."

They replied that other banks would accept their policies on future business, even though they had not honestly paid losses under policies of their past business and even though they now make no promise to honestly pay those losses. We doubt if property owners themselves will be so short-sighted, and we know that banks will not.

6. We stated: "As attorneys we cannot counsel the acceptance of less than the amounts legally due from these companies."

They have not replied that they would pay amounts legally due, and therefore we see no reason for changing our views.

In conclusion we beg to state that the present plight of these companies, and particularly The London and Lancashire, excites commiseration. Formerly one of the great insurance companies of the world, it now stands before the public in the guise of a disgraced and discredited character seeking to preserve by a policy of contemptible evasion and repudiation its reputation for honesty and fair dealing.

TOBIN & TOBIN

Attorneys for
The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Work of George Gissing.

Twenty-six years have elapsed since the appearance of George Gissing's first book in 1880, and in that time just twenty-six books have been issued bearing his signature. These highly finished novels, particularly his "New Grub Street," "Thyrza," "The Nether World," and "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," have won to him an admiring group of discriminating readers who acclaim him the brightest satellite of the mid-Victorian stars, Dickens, Thackeray and Eliot. Those to whom George Gissing is one of the truest artists of the generation he served, will read eagerly the reminiscential and intelligently critical survey of his work by Thomas Secombe, which is prefixed to "The House of Cobwebs and Other Stories."

The natural bent of Gissing's talent, Mr. Secombe observes, was toward poetry and classical antiquity. But the compulsion of the twin monsters, Bread and Cheese, forced him to write novels, the scene of which was laid in the one milieu he had thoroughly observed, that of either utterly hideous or shabby genteel squalor of London. His start in literature was made under pitiful conditions. He lived in cellars and garrets. He ate his meals in places that a road-worn tramp would have disdained. "His breakfast consisted often of a slice of bread and a drink of water; four and sixpence a week paid for his lodging. A meal that cost more than sixpence was a feast." Thus it was that this highly strung idealist produced much of his work. The image often recurred to him, in his later days, when he discussed champagne vintages with his publisher, or was consulted as to the management of butlers, by the wife of a popular prelate. But he trudged along undiscouraged, sustained by two ideals. One was his passionate idolatry of Dickens—Dickens, the writer, Dickens, the humorist, Dickens, the friend of the outcast. The other was a scarcely endurable longing to visit Greece and Italy. When for the anonymously published "Demos" he received fifty "jingling, tingling, golden, minted quid," Gissing tells us, he "chanced to hear some one speak of Naples—and only death would have held me back. I wanted to see the Tiber, the Clitumnus, the Aufidus, the Albani Hills, Lake Trasimene! The mere names in Roman history make my blood warm."

"By the Ionian Sea" is the result of his visit to the classic lands of his heart's desire. While in Italy, in 1901, he wrote the study of Charles Dickens. "It is an insufficient tribute to Gissing to say that his study of Dickens is by far the best extant. . . . Every syllable is precious, reasonable, thrice distilled and sweet to the palate as Hybla honey," comments Mr. Secombe, enthusiastically. Gissing believed Mrs. Gamp to be the quintessence of literary art. Try, he urges, "to imagine Sarah Gamp as a young girl."

The influence of Dickens is noticeable in many of Gissing's novels, notably "Thyrza." He is, however, more morose than the creator of "Pickwick," although his pessimism is rarely more than on the surface, and, as has been pointed out, his approximation at times to the confines of French realistic art is of the most accidental or incidental kind.

The stories in the present volume, "The House of Cobwebs," are the expansion of moods and the outcome of material indicated in his novels. They are written with his always scrupulous and artistic workmanship, and possess all his characteristic mannerisms. The title story, "A Poor Gentleman," and "Christopherson" are particularly delightful.

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., \$1.50.

London Fashionables in Fiction.

The dominant idea in Morley Roberts's novel, "The Idlers," is that man is the quarry, and the idle women in London's smart set are the pursuers and the seducers. The book is cleverly written, and contains the curious, engrossing quality of interest that attaches to a detailed recital of the underground doings of the English fashionables. Although Mr. Roberts does not assume the tone of a reformer, the inference is that he has a moral to convey. But while it is true that he may provide innocent young squireens like Jack with a weapon of wisdom with which to parry the attacks of such Messalinas as Renee, there is a lack of reticence in describing the liaison between Mrs. Buckingham and her degenerate captain which causes us to disagree with that reviewer who pronounced "The Idlers" to be a work of great ethical force. Detailed bestiality, in our opinion, can not advance the cause of morality.

Published by L. C. Page & Co.; price, \$1.50.

A Princely Romance.

Barring the fact that John Reed Scott's hero is a prince by legitimate birth, "The Colonel of the Red Hussars" is a lineal descendant of "The Prisoner of Zenda." Mr. Scott has, in lesser degree, some of Anthony Hope's qualities, aptness and wit in dialogue, an easy flow of narrative, readiness and ingenuity of invention. He has also contrived to invest his leading characters with something of the glamor appertaining to those of the Blood, which the hero, as by right divine, always spells with a capital letter. There is, of course, an imaginary kingdom in Europe, a wily and unscrupulous heir-presumptive, a beautiful adventuress, and a couple of goo-goo lovers who bill and coo with a tenderness that is rather too juvenile for the thirty-year-old hero.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Co.

New Publications.

A new edition of Wessely's French-English and English-French Dictionary has been issued. The work has been rewritten, improved, and greatly enlarged by Edward Latham, whose aim has been to steer clear of out-of-the-way words contained in larger volumes, and to avoid the meagreness of smaller. There are numerous helpful cross-references between words of similar, or opposite, meaning. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., \$1.25.

Washington's "Farewell Address" and Webster's Bunker Hill orations have been republished in a handy little volume for use in schools, by the Macmillan Company. William T. Peck, Sc.D., has supplied the introduction and notes.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Among the books announced for publication this fall are "John Sherman," by Congressman T. E. Burton; "Sophy of Kravonia," by Anthony Hope Hawkins; "The Americanism of Washington," by Dr. Henry Van Dyke; "Queen and Cardinal: A Sketch of the Life and

Companions of Anne of Austria," by Mrs. Colquhoun Grant; "The Call of the Blood," by Robert Hichens; and a practical novel, "The Leader," by Mary Dillon.

"The Long Day," a novel by an anonymous woman writer, has been an important factor in the working out of Trowmart Inn, the new hotel for working-women, soon to be opened in New York.

President Eliot of Harvard does not view the amassing of wealth by the "favored few" with alarm. His book on "Great Riches" is soon to be published.

It is interesting to see how a critic of novels will write when she herself produces one. Miss Mary Moss, whose reviews of fiction in the Atlantic have won the admiration of the discriminating, is the author of "Felix Gwynne," which Messrs. Henry Holt & Company will publish in September.

William Jennings Bryan has written an answer to "Letters from a Chinese Official," which attracted wide attention. Mr. Bryan's book, soon to appear, is said to be full of faith in American ideals and will be titled, "Letters to a Chinese Official."

"The Heart That Knows," by C. G. D. Roberts, soon to appear, is a novel dealing with the fisher and sailor folk of the Tantraman Marsh region about the head of the Bay of Fundy.

The Illustrated Catalogue of this year's Oxford exhibition of historical portraits will be issued from the Oxford University Press immediately. It contains more than fifty portraits of English historical personages who died between 1714 and 1837.

Death of Mrs. Craigie.

Mrs. Pearl Mary Teresa Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) died in her sleep some time during the night of August 12th, aged 40 years. Her death was totally unexpected, she having been perfectly well when she retired. Mrs. Craigie had just arrived in London after a fortnight at her home, Steephill Castle, Ventnor, Isle of Wight.

Mrs. Craigie was born in Boston, Mass., November 23, 1867, being the daughter of John Morgan Richards. She was educated under private tutors and in 1883 went to Paris to continue her studies, afterward becoming a student of University College, London, under Professor Goodwin. She began writing while yet a child, her first story, "Lost, a Dog," having been published in The Fountain when she was nine years old. Among her best-known books are "Some Emotions and a Moral," "A Bundle of Life," "The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham," "The Herb Moon," "The School for Saints," "Love and the Soul Hunters," and "The Flute of Pan." Miss Richards was married in 1887 to Reginald Walpole Craigie, from whom she obtained a divorce and the custody of her child in 1895. All her literary work was published under the name of John Oliver Hobbes.

ROBERTSON'S

NEW LOCATION

1539

Van Ness Ave., Near Pine

"Next to the White House"

Mr. Robertson calls attention to the above address, which is very centrally located.

Colonial Baths

NOW OPEN

1745 O'Farrell, bet. Fillmore and Steiner

TUBS AND SHOWER
LADIES DEPARTMENT

8 A. M. TO 12 NOON

Regular Prices

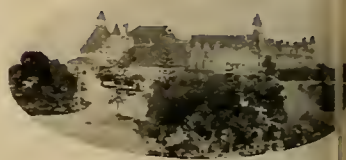
BEST ON COAST

Pears'

Pears' is essentially a toilet soap. A soap good for clothes won't benefit face and hands. Don't use laundry soap for toilet or bath. That is, if you value clear skin.

Pears' is pure soap and matchless for the complexion.

Sold in town and village



Hotel del Coronado

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Enjoy California's best climate at the largest all year seaside resort hotel in the world. All outside rooms. Guests will appreciate the new and important changes. Every modern convenience provided, including long distance telephone in rooms. Chef of national reputation. Choicest and widest cuisine of any hotel in the West. Interior court—a rare tropical garden. Fine winter fishing and hunting. Unexcelled golf links and tennis courts. For further information address

MORGAN ROSS, Manager

Coronado Beach, Cal.

H. F. NORCROSS, General Agent

334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles

HOTEL RAFAEL

SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

50 minutes from San Francisco. Complete

Change of Climate

TIBURON OR SAUSALITO FERRY

All Modern Conveniences.

R. V. HALTON

Proprietor

THE LATEST STYLES IN

Choice Woolens

H. S. Bridge & Co.

MERCHANT TAILORS

1176 O'FARRELL STREET

ROOSEBROS.
Everything for motorists except the car.
Fillmore at O'Farrell

REOPENING OF THE

Waldorf Hair Store

MISS D. HONIG, Prop.

1528-1530 Bush Street

Near Van Ness Ave.

Hair Goods Shell Ornaments
Toilet Articles

Our complete force of help, so well appreciated by our many patrons, are still with us.

BRANCH STORE

3461 Sacramento St., near Wall

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A pair of bushy whiskers shoved themselves into the money-order window and the voice behind the whiskers said: "Gif me a money orter."

The clerk shoved him out a blank ap-ecation. When it came back, filled out, the clerk said:

"Here, this isn't right. It's for Dres-en, Germany, and you've got it 'on a domestic blank. You want a foreign link."

"Vell!" said the voice behind the whiskers, "vy didn't you gif me a for-en blank?"

"Why didn't you ask for one?"

"Mein gootness," said the voice, be-hind the whiskers, "do I look like I vated a domestic blank?"

The little one chanced to sit near a te containing apple parings. After a g wait, during which no offer was ade of hospitality, the child finally orted out, "I smell apples."

"Yes," responded the lady of the use, "you smell those parings."

"No, ma'am," was the solemn reply the youngster, "I smell whole ales."

A woman hurried up to a policeman at the corner of Twenty-third street in New York City.

"Does this crosstown car take you n to the Bridge toward Brooklyn?" demanded.

Madam, returned the policeman, "do want to go to Brooklyn?"

No, I don't want to," the woman elied, "but I have to."

Two old friends on the street, locking as, strolled slowly along, discussing vious topics. Personal ones were ched upon at last, and, after exchang-ing family solicitudes for several mo-ments, the Judge asked the Major:

And dear old Mrs. —, your aunt? S must be rather feeble now. Tell me, b, is she?"

Buried her yesterday," said the Major.

Buried her? Dear me, dear me! Is t good old lady dead?"

Yes; that's why we buried her," said t Major.

A lady visitor, wishing to be polite to th little son of her host at table, said:

What a pretty dimple you have. B-ay!"

You think that's a pretty dimple?" s the boy. "Mamma, can I show the e the one on my stomach?"

New York Central train was rapidly p-oching New York with Mark Twain one of the passengers, when a lady sing in the seat across the aisle leaned forward and asked:

Excuse me, sir, but will you kindly e me if this train stops at the Grand eal Depot?"

Madam," replied the humorist, "I ay so; I hope to Heaven it does, for if doesn't there will be a devil of a w k."

See at breakfast at a friend's, Phil-ly Brooks noticed the diminutive but r-ingly dignified daughter of the he e baving constant trouble with the la e fork that she was vainly trying to helle properly with her tiny fingers. In a spirit of kindness, mingled with m hief, the Bishop said:

Why don't you give up the fork, my de, and use your fingers? You know, fir rs were made before forks."

ick as a flash came the crushing re- to "Mine weren't."

heu Governor Head was in office in Hampshire, Colonel Barrett of the r-mor's staff, died, and there was an emely seramble for the office even w: his body was awaiting burial with m ary honors. One candidate ventured to ll upon Governor Head.

governor," he asked, "do you think would have any objections if I was t into Colonel Barrett's place?"

e answer came promptly: "No, I

don't think I should have any objec-tions, if the undertaker is willing."

At a table d'hote in Baden was a young American couple, and oue lady was asked in conversation whether she liked Botticelli. The reply came some-what hesitatingly:

"No, I—that is—I'm afraid I've never tasted it. In fact," she added, "I know very little about foreign wines."

"My dear," exclaimed her husband, in a fever of expostulation, "Botticelli isn't a wine—it's a che-e-c-se!"

Later, amid other scenes, we repeated the story, to the great delight of a num-erous company. As the laughter sub-sided a voice was heard saying in accents of relief:

"Well! I'm glad to have that settled! I know I ought to be ashamed to confess it, but the truth is I've always vaguely supposed Botticelli was a sculptor!"

Charley Hands, of the London Daily Mail, went into a New York beanery for a quick breakfast. The eggs the waiter brought him appeared to be debilitated.

"Waitah," said Hands, in his best British voice, "these eggs carn't be fresh."

"Oh, yessir," said the waiter, "them's fresh laid—laid yistiddy."

"Very well," said Hands, as he moved back, "p'raps they are. But I will say this—the hen must have carried them about in her system a long time."

Mrs. Flint was a very stern woman, who demanded instant and unquestion-ing obedience from her children. One afternoon a storm came up and she sent her son John to close the trap leading to the flat roof of the house.

"But, mother—" said John.

"John, I told you to shut the trap."

"Yes, but mother—"

"John, sbut that trap!"

"All right, mother, if you say so, but—"

"John!"

John slowly climbed the stairs and shut the trap. The afternoon went by and the storm howled and raged. Two hours later the family gathered for tea, and when the meal was half over Aunt Mary, who was staying with Mrs. Flint, had not appeared. Mrs. Flint started an investigation. She did not have to ask many questions; John answered the first one.

"Please, mother, she is up on the roof."

General Carr, at the outbreak of the Civil War, left Troy to take the com-mand of a regiment. At Big Bethel his regiment had been halted for rest and refreshment and had not yet experienced the excitement of a skirmish. Confed-erates were in ambush, and from a safe hiding place they opened fire. Carr, so the story runs, instantly put spurs to his horse and dashed up to a group of offi-cers.

"They are firing upon my regiment!" he shouted. "My God! Now what is to be done?"

One day a colleague asked Uncle Joe Cannon what, in his opinion, was the main difference between the days of his youth and the present time.

"Well," answered Uncle Joe, reflect-ively, "when I was a youngster, a young man was satisfied to paddle his own canoe, but nowadays every one thinks he has a call to steer the ship of state."

A druggist, being in a hurry to get off to the ball game, made a mistake in com-pounding a prescription that contained arsenic, and in consequence of his error the patient died. When the druggist heard of the man's death, he struck his forehead with his clenched fist and groaned: "Wretch that I am—he was my best customer!"

The plans for what promises to be a most magnificent temple of art have practically been completed, and it is ex-pected that the idea of F. M. Smith and F. C. Havens to erect an art gallery on one of the most commanding points in the beautiful Piedmont hills, at a cost of \$1,000,000, will be speedily realized. Mr. Smith, the "Borax King," intends the building as a memorial to him.

Arroyo Al on Literature.

I have read a Western novel in a ten-cent magazine, And I guess there's lots in Western life that I ain't ever seen: It was all about a cowboy, whose gun was set with pearl, And who loved a downright stunnin' type of broncho-bustin' girl.

I know the book is Western 'cause it speaks of chaps and spurs. And, when the men are talkin', the word damn oft occurs. And there's frequent bloodshed in it, and the hero kills the mōst; And the villain's full of bullets when he yields his orn'ry ghost.

Now, I've punched for many outfits, clear from Texas to the line And I never seen such doin's as this writer tells so fine: But I guess truth can't be looked for, when the magazines, they say, Has their Western fiction ground out down in Hackensack, N. J.

—Denver Republican.

Owing to its loss by the fire and the great expense of rehabilitating its plant, the telephone company has passed the payment of its semi-annual dividend of 1½ per cent. It is known that the corporation figures its loss by the fire at \$1,500,000. It is rebuilding and modernizing its plant at an outlay of over \$2,000,000. Prior to April 18th the telephone company had 52,000 sub-scribers in San Francisco. Today, it has 14,000.

SHREVE & Company
will occupy, about Sep-tember first, their tem-porary building at **Van Ness Ave. and Sacramento St.** Complete stock of **DIAMOND and GOLD JEWELRY, WATCHES, SIL-VER WARE, GLASS WARE, STATIONERY, ETC.,** now on sale at **Post Street and Grant Avenue**

MEN MAY COME
AND MEN MAY GO
BUT

HUNTER WHISKEY

GOES ON
FOREVER



CHARLES M. REYNOLDS CO
San Francisco, Cal.

GAS HEAT

CLEANEST, CHEAPEST, HOTTEST

650,000 Heat Units for
85 CENTS

GASTEMP RADIATORS

Steam heat from Gas at a cost of 5-8 of 1 cent per hour to maintain an even temperature in a room 10 feet square. Ideal for stores and offices.

APPROVED BY UNDERWRITERS

Backus Grates and Logs
Appliance Salesrooms

THE GAS COMPANY
500 Haight Street 421 Presidio Avenue
1260 Ninth Avenue

Shore Line Limited

Drawing-room Parlor Cars
Buffet Smoking Car Dining Car
Large Protected Observation Rotunda

Daily by Daylight

To Coast Line Resorts
From San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Southern Pacific

PERSONAL

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Small, daughter of Mr. H. J. Small, to Lieutenant Arthur G. Fisher, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A. No date has been announced for the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kahn announce the engagement of their daughter, Florence, to Mr. Leon Voorsanger.

At a reception last Monday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George J. Stoll, on Benton street, Alameda, the engagement was announced of their daughter, Marie Louise Stoll, and Adam Brandes, son of Rev. and Mrs. William Brandes. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Margaret Tutt, daughter of Mrs. I. E. Tutt, of Los Angeles, to Captain Carroll Falconer Armistead, Twenty-first Infantry, U. S. A., took place at the Pro-Cathedral of St. Mary and St. John's in Manila, on June 10th. The ceremony was performed at eight o'clock in the evening by the Rev. Mercer G. Johnson. The bride was given away by her mother and Lieutenant Milton A. Elliott, Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., was the best man. After the ceremony a reception took place at the Army and Navy Club. Captain and Mrs. Armistead went immediately to his station at Camp Connell, Samar.

At the wedding of Miss Evelyn Clifford and Mr. Sylvanus Cobb Farnham, which will take place at Trinity Church on Wednesday evening, September 19th, Miss Elsie Clifford, the bride's sister, will be her maid of honor and only attendant, and Mr. Eugene Farnham, the groom's brother, will be the best man.

The date of the Ide-Cockran wedding has been fixed for early in November, but whether it is to take place in Santa Barbara or at Burlingame has not yet been determined.

Dr. Raffaele Lorini, house physician of Hotel del Coronado, and Miss Carolyn Louise Chase, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Carroll Chase, will be married Saturday, Aug. 25th, at Derry, N. H. The ceremony will be performed at 3 o'clock in the Central Congregational Church.

The marriage of Miss Nannie King, daughter of Mrs. W. S. Townsend, and Dr. Peder Sather Bruguiere will take place in Reno, Nev. Miss King is very talented musically. She has a large circle of friends in this city. Dr. Bruguiere and his bride will leave Reno for Southern California immediately after the ceremony and will later travel extensively abroad.

The Italian Consul-General to San Francisco, Count Naselli, and Countess Naselli entertained at a reception on last Sunday afternoon at the Hotel Rafael, in honor of the officers of the Italian cruiser Dogali.

Mrs. Frederick Funston entertained informally on Friday evening of last week at her home in the Cantonment of the Presidio San Francisco. Among her guests were Captain Nixon, U. S. A., and Mrs. Nixon, Captain Simpson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Simpson, Captain Kennedy, U. S. A., and Mrs. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Cullen, Mrs. C. A. Devo, Mrs. R. H. Fenner, Captain Wren, U. S. A., and Mr. Allen.

Mrs. Lawson Adams was the hostess at a launch party recently at Belvedere, where she is making her home during the summer. About forty guests were entertained.

Captain Charles Plummer Perkins, U. S. N., and Mrs. Perkins entertained at luncheon on Sunday last on board the Pensacola at Yerba Buena Island, in honor of Captain Capomazzo and his aide, Lieutenant Cappelli, of the Italian cruiser Dogali. The other guests were Mrs. Malcolm Henry, Miss Eleanor Phelps, Miss Kitty Kutz and Dr. Smith, U. S. N.

Miss Gertrude Mills will entertain at a tea tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon at her home on Sacramento and Devisadero streets in honor of Miss Edna Montgomery whose engagement to Lieutenant Edward A. Sturges, U. S. A., was recently announced.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resume of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, who have been living in Oakland since the

fire, have taken the George Sbreve bouse in San Mateo for six months and will go down on September 1st.

Miss Carrie Gwin and Miss Eva Maynard are spending a fortnight at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. L. L. Baker, Miss Kate Stone, Miss Helen Baker and Miss Dorothy Baker are at present in Lucerne, but will leave there shortly for Paris where they will spend a few weeks. There is a possibility that they may return to San Francisco late this fall but they may postpone their return until next spring.

Mrs. Samuel Knight left last week for a stay at Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker and their family have returned from a three months' trip to Japan and are at their town house.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Holbrook and Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton have recently been the guests of Mr. Charles Holbrook at his country place at Menlo Park for several days.

Miss Maud Bourn has recently been the guest of Mrs. Seward McNear in Ross Valley.

Mrs. William Alston Hayne has returned from a stay of a month's duration in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lansdale (formerly Miss Mary Nichols) have come from San Mateo and are spending this month in the city as the guest of Bishop and Mrs. Nichols.

Mrs. William L. Merry, Miss May Merry, Miss Mary Hill and Mrs. Samuel W. Bryant (formerly Miss Carrie Merry) who are spending the summer in Sausalito, will come to town in about six weeks to remain until December when Mrs. Merry and Miss Merry will leave for their home in Costa Rica.

Mrs. Adam Grant, who has been traveling abroad for a year past, was, when last heard from, in Lucerne and the date of her return to San Francisco is still indefinite.

Mrs. Milton Latham has returned from a visit to Mrs. William B. Collier at the latter's home in Lake country.

Miss Laura McKinstry who has been in the Philippines since the late winter, as a guest at the Ide home, returned to San Francisco on Saturday last on the transport Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Pringle have been at Del Monte recently for a brief stay.

Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin and Miss Grace Baldwin have returned to the city and are again at their home on Lyon street.

Mrs. E. J. McCutchen, who went abroad shortly after the fire, is spending this month in Switzerland.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones and their family went over last week to Ross Valley to spend a few months.

Mrs. Ernest S. Simpson and her daughter, Miss Fernanda Pratt, will leave in about a month for the East. Mrs. Simpson will return to San Francisco in the late fall, but Miss Pratt will remain in Boston during the winter studying music.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule will leave shortly for New York to make their home.

Mrs. Alfred Bjornstad has arrived from her home at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, and is visiting her mother, Mrs. John I. Sabin. A little later in the fall Mrs. Bjornstad

will return to Fort Snelling, accompanied by Mrs. Sabin and Miss Irene Sabin, who will spend most of the winter there.

Dr. and Mrs. Redmond Payne, who have spent the summer at Mountain View, expect to leave in about a week for New York, where Mrs. Payne will spend the fall, while Dr. Payne travels in Europe.

Dr. and Mrs. Philip King Brown have returned to town after spending several weeks in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. T. W. M. Draper, Miss Elsa Draper and Miss Dorothy Draper are spending this month at Green's Inn, Narragansett Pier. They will probably return to San Francisco late in October.

Col. and Mrs. C. Mason Kinne, after being burned out at the Occidental Hotel, found refuge in Berkeley. They have returned to the city and are located at the southwest corner of Jefferson and Broderick streets.

Miss Sara Drum has returned from a stay of several months with her sister, Mrs. William Gerr Hitchcock in New York.

Miss Kathleen Thompson and Miss Teresa Thompson have returned to their summer home in Mill Valley, after a visit to their cousin, Rear-Admiral Henry W. Lyon, U. S. N., and Mrs. Lyon at Mare Island.

Miss Lizzie Blanchard, who has been the guest of friends and relatives here, has returned to her home in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Herman Shainwald has returned from a six weeks' stay at Santa Barbara.

Mr. H. Morgan Hill of Santa Clara County is stopping at the Hotel Imperial on Eddy street.

Recent arrivals at Del Monte include: Gen. Arthur MacArthur, Mrs. MacArthur, Douglas MacArthur, Mrs. E. J. Ives, Miss Florence Ives, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Heller, Master Walter S. Heller, Mr. A. D. Shepard, Mr. and Mrs. J. Stern, Mrs. H. N. Gray, Mr. Andrew Carrigan, Dr. and Mrs. G. M. Freeman, Dr. G. M. Freeman, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Harry H. Dana, Mr. H. N. A. Miller and his son, Mr. C. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. B. Polhemus, Mr. Chas. B. Polhemus, Miss Ellis Moon, Miss Madeline Ayy, Mr. Leslie Moon, Mr. I. Spencer Black, Mr. L. D. White, Mr. R. P. Schwerin, Capt. H. H. Payson, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. W. Stanford, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. McCutchen, Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Marston, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Shiels, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Dimond, Mr. H. W. Dimond, Mr. and Mrs. Edw. H. Hamilton, Mr. Wm. Lawlor, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Boardman, Mr. Chas. E. Young, Miss Helen E. Young, Mr. C. P. Robinson, Mr. Samuel G. Buckbee.

The composers of the Bohemian Club are working hard in preparing their compositions for the annual Club concert, which will be given this year in the Greek Theatre. Messrs. Sabin, McCoy, Stewart, Redding and Vogt will all be represented on the programme. The performance will take place early in October.

Mr. and Mrs. James Steel Reid (formerly Miss Alberta Bancroft) are rejoicing over the advent of a little daughter in their home.

The members of the Philomath Club are urgently requested to send their September addresses to Mrs. Samuel Bissinger, 2129 Jackson St., at their earliest convenience. The first club meeting will take place at the home of Mrs. Sahlein, 1718 Jackson Street, September tenth, 1906.

The Japs Have Invaded the Western Addition

An object lesson of buying a residence where there are no restrictions is being exhibited daily. Chinese and Japanese are gaining foothold in the best parts of the Western Addition. Saloons are running full blast at the threshold of Churches and homes. Residence districts are being ruined as such because there is no protection the law affords. There is only one spot in San Francisco where only Caucasians are permitted to buy or lease real estate or where they may reside. Only one where stores and saloons and flats cannot be built. That place is Presidio Terrace. There you will obtain protection from the many nuisances that are now making life in many portions of San Francisco unbearable.

Lots average 50 feet front
Prices average \$120 per front foot
Terms 1-5 cash, balance as long
as you want at 5 per cent

BALDWIN & HOWELL
1692 Fillmore Street

THE OCULARIUM
Perfect Fitting
Eye Glasses
At Moderate Prices
Lenses Replaced 50c



Henry Kahn & Co
OPTICIANS
1309 Van Ness Avenue,
Between Bush and Sutter.

Del Monte Offers

During the reconstruction of San Francisco, Hotel Del Monte offers a welcome shelter to those desiring a home-like place for rest and recreation. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at the present. The entire hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families. Address Geo. P. Snell, Manager, Del Monte, California.

A Permanent Home

TO LEASE

For one year. \$200 per month, house of 6 rooms and two baths, beautifully furnished throughout with antique mahogany and rosewood furniture, Oriental rugs, etc. Every room sunny and commanding a magnificent view of the Presidio and San Francisco Bay. Apply between ten and twelve, 3236 Pacific Avenue.

TO LET

For one year from November 1st, 1906. "The Breaker" on Channel Drive, fronting Pacific ocean, near Country Club Montecito; grounds about three acres, beautifully laid out; 4 horses and carriages [will also let garage, with Packard Touring Car, if desired]; butler, cook, coachman, and laundryman to remain with tenants; for terms and particulars apply to L. C. DREYFUS, Santa Barbara, Cal.

Helping the Homeless The Continental Building and Loan Association

Has helped build up several interior towns and cities of California for the next few years its funds will be used to help rebuild the burned homes of San Francisco.

Dr. Washington Dodge, President.
Gavin McNab, Attorney.
Wm. Corbin, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr.
Office: Corner Market and Church Streets

ROMEIKE'S PRESS CUTTING BUREAU

Will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear on you, your friends, or any subject on which you want "up to date." A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines. In fact, every paper of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers, and through the European Bureaus, all the leading papers in civilized globe. Clippings found for subscribers' and pasted on slips giving name and date of paper, and are mailed day by day. Write for circular and terms.

HENRY ROMEIKE
33 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK
BRANCHES
LONDON. PARIS. BERLIN. SYDNEY.

WHAT PRESS CLIPPINGS MEAN TO YOU

Press clipping information is information you can obtain in other ways. As a business aid, Press Clippings will place before you every scrap of news printed in the country pertaining to your business. They will show you every possible market, big or little, for your goods, openings that you would never hear of in the ordinary way, and they give you this information as it is fresh and valuable. If you have a hobby or wish information upon any subject, press clippings will give you all the current information printed on subject.

The cost for any purpose is usually but a few cents a day.
THE INTERNATIONAL PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

the largest press clipping bureau in the world, reads and indexes 55,000 papers and other periodicals each month, and even if you are now a subscriber to some other clipping bureau, it will do you to investigate our superior service. Write for our book about Press Clippings and our Daily Press Reports, and ask about The International Infurna Bureau, which supplies complete manuscripts or material for addresses, essays, lectures and debates, and complete and reliable information upon any subject at a reasonable cost. Address INTERNATIONAL PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU Boyce Bldg., Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.

PERSONAL

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Major-General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A. and his aide, Captain Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., returned officially, last week, the captain of the Italian cruiser *Diavoli*, which has spent several days in the port.

Lieutenant-Colonel Hugh L. Scott, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., arrived on the transport *Thomas* from Manila on Saturday of last week. Colonel Scott was formerly aide to General Leonard Wood, U. S. A., and went with him to the Philippines several years since, where he was a time Governor of Sulu, and latterly Governor of Jolo. Colonel Scott is going to West Point, where he will relieve General Mills, U. S. A., as superintendent of the Military Academy, the latter having been ordered to the Philippines.

Lieutenant-Colonel Crittenden, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., who remained at the Presidio of Monterey on duty at the Division Small Arms Competition, has sent his regiment at the maneuvers at Camp Tacoma, Washington.

Major John Stafford, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., has been placed on the retired list of the Army after more than thirty years' active service. Major Stafford is on duty at the Presidio of Monterey.

Major Carroll A. Devoil, U. S. A., Superintendent of Army Transport Service and Post Quartermaster, moved his offices on Friday last from the Presidio Dock to his new offices in the building formerly known as Fontana's warehouse, situated on Port Mason, on the north side of Point Street, between Van Ness avenue and Polk street.

Captain Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., returned on Tuesday of this week from several days' stay at Hotel Del Monte, where he was accompanied by his daughter, Miss Del Winn.

Captain W. H. Oury, Signal Corps, U. S. A., and Mrs. Oury arrived from Manila on the transport *Thomas* last week, and will be stationed at Benicia Barracks.

Captain Marcellus G. Spinks, U. S. A., and Mrs. Spinks, who have many friends in San Francisco, returned from the Philippines last week on the *Thomas*.

Captain Edward F. Geddings, assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., has reported at Department headquarters here, and has been assigned for duty at the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco.

Lieutenant Thomas E. Selfridge, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who has been stationed at the Presidio of San Francisco for the last two years, and who is a member of a well-known family here, left on Thursday of last week for the Military Academy at West Point, where he is ordered as an instructor.

Lieutenant Frederick L. Dengler, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been detailed as Quartermaster and Commissary at Fort McPherson, San Diego, relieving Captain L. D. V. Hunt, Quartermaster, U. S. A., of those duties.

Lieutenant Solomon B. West, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., has had Yuma, Arizona, designated as his station, while he is on duty in connection with the Progressive Military Map of the United States.

Lieutenant John W. C. Abbott, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Guy B. G. Latta, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., are detailed as members of the general court-martial recently appointed at the Presidio of San Francisco.

Contract Dental Surgeon John A. McRae, Jr., U. S. A., has, upon recommendation of the chief surgeon of the department, been ordered to proceed from the Presidio of Monterey to Fort Rosecrans, San Diego, for temporary duty.

Miss Wren, the wife of Captain W. C. Winn, U. S. A., is at present at Ottawa Beach, Michigan, where she will spend the summer, probably returning to San Francisco in the late fall.

The following were appointed by Secretary Bonaparte, members of the court-martial which was convened at Mare Island to try Lieutenant Edward H. Dunn, U. S. N., on the charge of unbecoming conduct on board the training ship *Independence*: Rear Admiral Merrill Miller, U. S. N., Captain Charles P. Perkins, U. S. N., Captain Thomas S. Phelps, U. S. N., Captain Alexander McCrackin, U. S. N., Medical Inspector Frank Anderson, U. S. N., Commander Arthur W. Dudd, U. S. N., and Master David M. Potter, U. S. N. Captain Richard M. Cutts, U. S. M. C., is judge advocate of the court.

A general court-martial has been appointed to meet at camp near Three Rivers, Sequoia National Park, as soon as possible after August 22d, for the trial of cases as may come before it. The

court is composed of Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Garrard, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., Captain George B. Pond, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Lieutenant Oliver P. M. Hazzard, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., Lieutenant John S. McCleery, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Lieutenant William C. F. Nicholson, Seventh Cavalry, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Oscar A. Russell, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., judge advocate.

Among the articles in the July number of the *Journal of the U. S. Infantry* are "The Circum-Baikal Railroad," by Captain S. A. Cloman, General Staff, U. S. A., and "Mounting vs. Mounted Infantry," by Major William Lassiter, Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A., both of these officers being very well known here.

Golf at Del Monte.

Golfers from all over California have come together at Del Monte to compete in the annual tournament for the Del Monte cups. Monday was men's qualifying day to determine who should be allowed to participate in the week's contest. The course was over 36 holes. Twenty-six players entered, with the result that the following 16 qualified:

C. E. Maud, 146; H. Spensblack, 153; L. Y. Hayne, 153; H. H. Sherwood, 169; Douglas Grant, 170; M. Dore, 174; C. H. Byington, 178; E. E. Baker, 178; G. J. Kaine, 179; R. G. Hanford, 180; C. H. Wingate, 185; D. M. Crabtree, 185; C. F. Crocker, 188; G. Hazelton, 189; G. F. Dunham, 190; J. S. Oyster, 192.

On the whole the play was above the average of former years. The ladies who will compete include Miss Alice Hager, Miss Florence Ives, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. W. F. George, Miss Armsbery and others.

The "Family" Social Club has issued a call for the Midsummer Row, which is to be held at Rowdennan, in the Santa Cruz Mountains, September 1st. About 100 members are expected to attend. A special train will leave Third and Townsend streets at 1 p. m., September 1st.

Lewis Morrison died at St. John's hospital, New York City, August 12th, after undergoing an operation for a disease of the stomach. His daughters, Miss Isabel Morrison, Mrs. Richard Bennett, and his wife, Florence Roberts, were at his bedside. Mr. Morrison was sixty-one years of age, and was widely known as an actor, the associate of the famous members of the profession of his generation. For years he had headed a company every season, appearing in "Faust."

BOHM-BRISTOL CO.

JEWELERS

DIAMOND MERCHANTS

Formerly at 104-110 Geary Street announce their

NEW LOCATION

VAN NESS AVENUE AND SACRAMENTO STREET

WITH A COMPLETE LINE OF

DIAMONDS

WATCHES

JEWELRY

Hotel Imperial

951 Eddy St.,

One Block from Van Ness Avenue.

SAN FRANCISCO.

European Plan.

ELECTRIC LIGHTS TELEPHONES
ELEVATORS STEAM HEAT
GRILL

E. S. DE WOLFE, Proprietor.

Electric Cars Direct from Ferry.

BANKING

INTERNATIONAL BANKING CORPORATION

Has established its main Office at

415 MONTGOMERY STREET

Near California

Maintaining its Western Addition Branch at

2045 SUTTER STREET Near Fillmore

FRENCH AMERICAN BANK

Union Trust Building (Third Floor)

Ready to accommodate its customers and do a general banking business. We will collect on insurance policies for those wishing our services.

THE FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

occupies offices in the same building.

Officers—Charles Carpy, President; Arthur Legallet, Vice-President; Leon Bocqueraz, Vice-President.

Directors—J. E. Artigue, O. Bozio, J. A. Bergerot, E. J. DeSables, J. M. Dupas, J. S. Godreau, J. J. Mack, Geo. Belaney, Leon Kaufman.

Our Branch Bank is Now Open at

No. 810 Van Ness Avenue Near Eddy St

The White House

N. W. Cor. Van Ness Ave. and Pine St.

Genuine Scotch Plaids

All Wool 44 ins Wide

\$1.25 yd

Grey Panama Suits

Striped, Plaids, Checks 44 ins.

\$1.00 yd

Telephone Emergency 200

Raphael Weill & Co.

INC.

INSURANCE.

SPRINGFIELD

FIRE and MARINE

INSURANCE COMPANY

OF

Springfield, Mass.

Manager George D. Dornin advises that the City Department of the Springfield is now open in the Kohl Building. The General Department will occupy its old quarters on the California-street side, third floor, as soon as rooms are restored, and furniture, now ordered, made ready. Temporary Department headquarters will remain for the present at 1112 Broadway, Oakland.

The Springfield is among the companies which are adjusting and paying policy holders' claims in the San Francisco disaster involving \$1,600,000. The payment of this sum will leave the company's capital \$2,000,000, its reserve for reinsurance (or unearned) premiums \$3,132,531.00, as appears by its financial statement of December 31, 1905, intact, and a net surplus of over \$400,000. The assets of the Springfield at the close of 1905 were \$7,156,531.72.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD

ESTABLISHED 1850

Cash Capital	\$1,000,000.00
Cash Assets	\$3,340,136.94
Surplus to Policy-Holders	\$2,414,921.16

Colin M. Boyd. Benjamin J. Smith

Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific
2310 California St., San Francisco Department
525 Thirtieth St., Oakland

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS

Ready for business at 1165 O'FARRELL ST., bet. Franklin and Gough

Pianos Tuned, Repaired, Moved and Stored.

SOHMER-Cecilian Player Pianos

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Capital Fully Paid	\$2,000,000
Total Assets	\$10,000,000

A General Banking Business Conducted
Savings and Checking Accounts Received
Interest Paid on Deposits

MAIN OFFICE

CORNER CALIFORNIA AND MONTGOMERY STREETS

West End Branch, 1531 Devisadero St. Near Post.

Mission Branch: 927 Valencia Street Near Twenty-first

Uptown Branch: 1850 Geary Street, West of Fillmore.

DAVID F. WALKER, Pres.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Mgr.

Mutual Savings Bank

710 Market St., Opposite Third

SAN FRANCISCO.

Guarantee Capital	\$ 1,000,000
Paid-up Capital	300,000
Surplus	320,000
Assets	10,200,000

Interest paid on deposits. Loans on approved securities.

OFFICERS—President, James D. Phelan; First Vice-President, S. G. Murphy; Second Vice-President, John A. Hooper; Secretary and Cashier, Geo. A. Story; Asst. Secretary and Asst. Cashier, C. B. Hobson; Attorney, Frank J. Sullivan.

Directors—James D. Phelan, John A. Hooper, Frank J. Sullivan, Jas. M. McDonald, S. G. Murphy, James Moffitt, Robt. McElroy, Charles Holbrook, Rudolph Spreckels.

GERMAN SAVINGS & LOAN SOCIETY

482 California Street, San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus	\$ 2,552,719.61
Capital actually paid up in cash	1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1906	38,476,520.22

F. Tillman, Jr., President; Daniel Meyer, First Vice-President; Emil Rohle, Second Vice-President; A. H. R. Schmidt, Cashier; Wm. Hermann, Asst. Cashier; Geo. Toumy, Secretary; A. H. Muller, Asst. Secretary; W. S. Goodfellow, General Attorney.

Board of Directors:

F. Tillman, Jr., Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohle, Ign. Steinhart, L. N. Walter, N. Oldland, J. W. Van Bergen, E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

316 Montgomery Street

Established March, 1871

Authorized Capital	\$1,000,000.00
Paid-up Capital	500,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	285,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1906	4,934,818.50

Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

Banking by mail a specialty.

William Babcock - President
S. L. Abbot - Vice-President
Fred W. Ray - Secretary

Directors—William Babcock, S. L. Abbot, O. D. Baldwin, Joseph D. Grant, E. J. McCutchen, L. F. Montague, R. H. Pease, Warren D. Clark, Jas. L. Flood, J. A. Donohoe, John Parrott, Jacob Stern.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"What is a practical joke?" "One that you can sell for a dollar and buy bread with it."—Judge.

Mrs. Skinnum—"Why are you all hiding from Tommy?" Little Lizzie—"Tommy is the huteher come with his hill."—Philadelphia Record.

"That young widow says she is going to break her husband's will." "I thought she did that soon after they were married."—Baltimore American.

First Friend (on deck of ocean steamer to seasick companion): "Have you dined, old man?" Second Friend (faintly)—"On the contrary!"—Punch.

In New York—"Can't you think of some unusual thing to do to-night—something we haven't done before?" "We might spend the evening at home."—Life.

"That man never uses money in his campaigns." "No," answered Senator Sorghum, "he merely makes promises. He uses credit instead of cash."—Washington Star.

Hostetter—"Do you believe the automobile will eventually cause the horse to become extinct?" Bigger—"Yes, and every other living being."—Chicago Daily News.

The Parson—"When I became a minister, I gave up playing the piano." The Elder—"Then you became an expounder in a double sense of the word, didn't you?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Cholly—"I thought perhaps you had a preference for Bobby Jones?" Mildred—"Nonsense! You are just as welcome here as he is. Why, he is the most insufferable hore I know."—Judge.

"Why don't you get an automobile?" "My dear sir," was the answer, "I don't need it. I have a dog, three life insurance policies and a boil. I have trouble enough."—Washington Star.

Cieely—"Why don't you learn to swim?" Muriel—"There is no one to teach me." Cieely—"How about the boys?" Muriel—"Oh, they've all taught me before; different summers 'yon know."—Brooklyn Life.

Gladys (at the seashore)—Are you having as many proposals as you had last season?

Mayme (wearily)—Oh, yes, but they are all from the same men! He was engaged 'o last summer.—Detroit Free Press.

"But," protested the pert young housewife, "you ought to take off something for the holes in these doughnuts." "Very well, madam," replied the wise baker: "I'll allow you one cent each for the holes when you return them."—Chicago Daily News.

"What," asked the sweet girl graduate, "was the happiest moment of your life?"

"The happiest moment of my life," answered the old hachelor, "was when the jeweler took back the engagement ring and gave me collar buttons in exchange."—Chicago News.

Mrs. Windfall—Just imagine, Hiram! One of the sailors told me that this boat is now in communication with her sister ship! I wonder what the conversation is about?

Mr. Windfall—Humph! Most likely each is asking the other if her cargo is on straight.—Puck.

"Don't you object to your husband's poker playing?"

"Goodness, no! I like it. You see, he always plays with Mr. Jones, and Mrs. Jones and I are friends. If Mr. Jones wins she takes the money away from him and divides with me. If my husband wins I divide with her."—Cleveland Leader.

The two young men reached the door at the same time. "Is Miss Swellington in?" they asked. The maid, Norah, looked at them and shook her head disconsolately. "She's in to wan av ye an' out to th' other," she said at last; "but th' two av' ye coming together has got me so tangled Oi'm blest if Oi know

which is which. But come roight in both av ye, an' Oi'll ax her to come down an' pick ye out."—Judge.

"I presume, sir," began the young man timidly, "that you will consider it very presumptuous for a fifty-dollar railroad clerk to apply for your daughter's hand in marriage."

"Not at all, my hoy," responded Senator Slickguy kindly. "I dare say your side grafts are quite remunerative."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

"Fare Please."
The trolley car conductor
Needs not go to college;
He needs no sage instructor
For his take-nickel knowledge.
—Philadelphia Press.

To Study Up.

To some far wood I'll stray today
And squat beside a tree trunk,
And there I'll try to learn me of
The habits of the chipmunk.
—Concord Chronicle.

Speculating.

If I'd sow on my huttons
And give myself a shine,
And with henzie remove the sheen
From these old togs of mine;
If winter, spring and 'summer,
I'd let my skin go hare
Instead of blowing money in
For foolish underwear;
If I should cut the laundries
And leave off wearing sox,
And tote my lunch to work with me
In a cast-off pasteboard box—
I wonder if in methode
Like these I should engage.
I'd ever pile it up as high
As did old Russell Sage.
—Philadelphia Press.

Popular Poetry.

When the world seems cold and dreary,
Just you say, "Skiddoo!"
Say to Fate, when weak and weary,
"Twenty-t'ree fer you!"
—Puck.

Rondeau on Suffrage.

The Suffragette has come to stay.
To that event we may as well
Make up our minds, her strident yell
Is heard amongst us every day.
Poor Man at present is at bay.
Endeavoring in vain to quell
The Suffragette.

In time, no doubt, she'll get her way
(When that will be no man can tell),
But—pray divulge not where I dwell—
Woman does not deserve, I say,
The Suffrage Yet!
—London Punch.

Oakland real estate dealers furnish to inquirers statements of sales that show an advance in the price of realty in various parts of that city of from 100 to 300 per cent in the last four months. The demand continues active, though building is not nearly as extensive as two years ago.

Wherever the English language is spoken and babies are born, there Steedman's Soothing Powders are called for.

Land adjoining the Odd Fellows' Home on the Feather River, near Chico, and belonging to the river, is now believed to cover gold deposits and a dredging company offers \$30,000 for it. It cost the Odd Fellows \$8800 when purchased.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup for your children while teething.

—NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

J. C. MEUSSDORFFER SONS
HATTERS

Established 1849

Complete Assortment of the Latest Styles
NOW OPEN FOR BUSINESS
909 Fillmore Street - - - Between McAllister and Fulton

Locate Down Town
SUTTER-ST. STORES NOW READY
North Side, between Sansome and Montgomery
CENTRAL BUILDING OFFICES

Market, between First and Second Streets
Office any size. Electric Light, Janitor, Night Watchman

APPLY TO
Guy T. Wayman - - Central Building
519 Market Street

Steamship Lines

AMERICAN LINE
PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON.
St. Paul.....Aug. 18
New York.....Aug. 25
St. Louis.....Sept. 1
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool
Friesland.....Aug. 18 Merion.....Sept. 1
Westernland.....Aug. 25 Noordland.....Sept. 8

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.
NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.
Minneapolis.....Aug. 18
Minnehaha.....Aug. 25
Minnetonka.....Sept. 1

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.
NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.
Sailings Wednesdays as per sailing list.
Statendam.....Aug. 22, 10 a. m. Noordam.....Sept. 12, 10 a. m.
Ryndam.....Aug. 29, 10 a. m. N. Amsterd. Sept. 19, 5 a. m.
Potsdam.....Sept. 5, 6 a. m.

RED STAR LINE.
NEW YORK—DOVER, ANTWERP (LONDON—PARIS).
Kroonland.....Aug. 18
Vaderland.....Aug. 25
Finland.....Sept. 1

WHITE STAR LINE.
NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.
Baltic.....Aug. 29 Majestic.....Sept. 5
Teutonic.....Aug. 22 Celtic.....Sept. 7
Cedric.....Aug. 24

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Cymric.....Aug. 23
Arabic.....Aug. 30
Republic.....Sept. 13
C. D. TAYLOR, Pass. Agt., Pacific Coast.
Temporary Office, 534 14th St., Oakland.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

HONOLULU only—S. S. Alameda sails 11 a. m. Sept. 1st, Round-trip, first-class, \$125.
SYDNEY, AUCKLAND, SAMOA, HONOLULU—
S. S. Ventura sails 2 p. m. August 23.
TAHITI, SOUTH SEAS—S. S. Mariposa sails 11 a. m., Sept. 11. First-class round trip, \$125.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., General Agents, Pier 7, foot Pacific St., San Francisco. Phone West 1273. Oakland office, 1168 Broadway. Phone Oakland 8818.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

ORIENTAL S. S. Co. have opened their general offices at 217-221 Brannan Street, SAN FRANCISCO

S. S. Hong Kong Maru - - - Aug. 24, 1906
S. S. America Maru - - - Sept. 14, 1906
S. S. Nippon Maru - - - Oct. 12, 1906

Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and Brannan streets, 1 p. m., for Yokohama and Hongkong, calling at Honolulu, Kobe, (Higo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamer for Manila, India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Sts. W. H. AVERY, Assistant General Manager.

JOHN G. ILS & CO.
Manufacturers
High-Grade French Ranges
Kitchen and Bakery Outfits,
624 Washington Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

Railway Lines



CALIFORNIA LIMITED
TO
CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS
LEAVES DAILY AT 9:30 A. M.
WITH DINERS AND SLEEPERS

7:30 a. m. and 8:00 p. m. For Stockton, Merced, direct connection for Yosemite, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield and intermediate points.
9:30 a. m. California Limited, 3 days Chicago. Leaves every day. Direct connection to Grand Canyon.
9:30 a. m. Valley Limited for Stockton, Merced, direct connection for Yosemite, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield points on Sierra Railway.
10:55 a. m. For Stockton, Riverbank, and points on Sierra Railway.
4:00 p. m. For Stockton, Fresno and intermediate points.
8:00 p. m. Overland Express for Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and Grand Canyon.
NOTE. Yosemite V. R. R. trains leave Merced for Yosemite Valley at 5:30 a. m. and 2 p. m. every day.
Ticket Office, Ferry Building, San Francisco; Broadway, and Fortieth and San Pablo avenues, Oakland; University Ave and West street, Berkeley.

VACATION 190

ISSUED BY THE

CALIFORNIA NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY

THE PICTURESQUE ROUTE OF CALIFORNIA AND

NORTH SHORE RAILROAD

THE SCENIC ROUTE

IS NOW READY FOR DISTRIBUTION

GIVING FULL INFORMATION IN REGARD TO

Camping Spots, The Location Accommodations, Attractions, Etc. Of Mineral Spring Resorts And Country Homes And Farms Where Summer Boarders Are Taken, with Terms of Board, \$7.00 And Upwards per week.

To be had at Tiburon, Ferry, foot of Market Street, San Francisco. Inquiry by mail will bring an immediate reply.
JAS. AGLER, R. X. RYAN,
General Manager Gen'l Pass. A.

MT. TAMALPAIS RAILWAY

Via Sausalito Ferry—Foot of Market St.

Wk'day	Sun	Leave Tan	Arrive San
9:50A	7:15A	9:27A	11:12A
1:45P	10:15A	12:20P	1:40P
Saturday	11:15A	3:10P	4:40P
4:35P	12:45A	3:45P	6:40P

Legal Holidays, Sunday Time.
TICKET OFFICE AT SAUSALITO FERRY

HARTSHORN
SHADE ROLLERS
Bear the script name of Stewart
Hartshorn on label.
Wood Rollers Tin Rollers

Price Ten Cents

Across California street from Miss Flood's house is the property of G. A. Breton, who also expresses a most decided disinclination to giving up his land for public purposes. Mr. Breton, however, entertains the most generous views concerning the land belonging to the University of California, which is immediately across Mason street from his own. "That old Art Gallery,"

says Mr. Breton, "used to cut off all my eastern view. I think it would be a splendid thing for the city if the University of California land were made into a beautiful park with sloping lands, beautiful boulevards and winding roadways."

This alluring prospect does not at all commend itself to President Benjamin Ide Wheeler. When interviewed, he was thus reported: "The holdings of the University of California will never be converted into a park. It is held for a specific purpose, the maintenance of an Art Institute; failing that, the property reverts to the donor. Nob Hill could be terraced and made accessible by winding roads. As for the University's holdings, it would be a brilliant opportunity for some millionaire to come forward and place on the hill a monument to art and present it to the State through the University. It would be an everlasting testimony of his generosity and his love for the beautiful and ideal. But, of course, the trustees could never give away or sell our property."

As we remarked in the beginning of this article, the unanimity concerning Nob Hill's beautification is phenomenal, but it seems to prevail entirely off Nob Hill. As for the dwellers there, they are unanimous only in one thing, which is, that they are determined not to turn their property over to public uses.

Again we are regretfully forced to conclude that the proposed beautification of Nob Hill is only another exemplification of the unreason of The Other Fellow. We have had it already in The Other Fellow's Lot, The Other Fellow's Street, and The Other Fellow's Park. And now the dwellers on Russian Hill, Rincon Hill, Pacific Heights, Presidio Heights, University Mound, Twin Peaks and Strawberry Hill are unanimously in favor of improving Nob Hill. But the Nob Hill holders will not consent. They are quite willing to sacrifice all or any of these other hills, but not their own. In short, it is another case of freely and generously giving to public uses The Other Fellow's Hill.

Home Rule for the Transvaal.

The granting of self-government to the Transvaal—so bitterly opposed by Rudyard Kipling in his recent unpoetic outburst—has crystallized into a new constitution which was laid before the House of Commons on July 31st. It provides for a legislative assembly of 69 members elected by universal manhood suffrage for five years. An upper house of 15 members is to be appointed by the Crown for the first parliament, and will thereafter be elected by the people. The ratio of representation has been allotted according to voters rather than according to population. By population it would mean a Boer majority, as the Boers have large families. By voters it would mean a British majority, as the British bachelors have none. The British population is mainly made up of thousands of unmarried men working in connection with the mines. This Boer majority will disappear before very long, however, by the natural increase of population, then there will be a British majority in the House. The importation of Chinese labor must stop on November 15th next, and thereafter servile labor is prohibited by the constitution. So the Transvaal outranks our Panama Canal zone.

Race Suicide and Murder.

Within the last few days there have been arrested in San Francisco a quartet of young thugs, only one of whom is out of his teens. These precocious criminals have been holding up men and women in the darker portions of Golden Gate Park, which now contains many pedestrians nightly, owing to the presence there of the refugee camps. Several robberies have been traced to this quartet, and a week ago they were run down by the police after they had held up Fred Mulinix and Miss Plise, who were out for a stroll. The attack was most cowardly. Two of the thugs walked rapidly ahead of the young couple, the other two remaining in the rear. The two young bandits in front then suddenly turned, held pistols at the heads of the two promenaders, and bade Mulinix throw up his hands. He did not comply, but attempted to grapple with the robbers, whereupon one of them shot him. The unfortunate man fell dead. The four murderers took to flight, but were arrested after a couple of days and are now in jail. As three of them have confessed, it is

to be presumed that they will be speedily tried. As they are old enough to be murderers, it is to be hoped that a jury may consider them old enough to be hanged.

This is not an isolated instance of semi-juvenile crime. There have been several cases recently in San Francisco. Only a few months ago a similar band of precocious criminals held up a young workman across the bay. He also, as a result of the assault, was shot and killed. In this case the youth accused of having fired the fatal shot was tried twice and acquitted. It is to be hoped that no such thwarting of justice may take place in this case.

Of these four young murderers now behind the bars in San Francisco two are from orphan asylums and two are the children of respectable workmen. The mere fact that two of them are foundlings or orphans shows that their parents would not or could not provide for them. If the parents would not provide for them they were unfit to have children. As for the other two, the fact that they now stand in the criminals' dock charged with murder also shows that their parents were not fit to have charge of children. For men and women who become parents of criminals are largely responsible for the criminality of their children. Not entirely, for the murder taint may skip some generations, and a criminal great-grandfather may possibly be the seed of a criminal great-grandson. But no one can deny that training has much to do with the repression of crime. No more need be said than to point out what we do with criminals. We put them under restraint, partly as a punishment and partly to prevent the commission of further crime. Correspondingly the child imbued with an abnormal cruelty which may develop into the lust for murder could surely be so disciplined and restrained as to render it at least not harmful.

But waiving all academic discussion of the power of parents to make good or bad citizens of their children, the fact remains that they are held responsible for their children, and justly so.

Juries in will cases almost invariably hold that the children of the rich are entitled to their share of the property of their deceased parents. The jurors reason that the parents were responsible for the existence of the child, and therefore that the child is entitled to his share of the parents' property. Jurors in criminal cases, with equal justice, hold the parents morally responsible for the conduct of their children; they even go too far in this direction, and let the child-criminals go scot free while blaming the parents.

The career of young criminals, whether male or female, is generally due to the parents. Criminal parents invariably have criminal offspring. Unchaste mothers rarely bring forth virtuous daughters. And while decent parents sometimes breed criminals, young criminals almost invariably are the children of parents who neglected their training or abandoned them altogether. Correspondingly the ranks of loose women are largely recruited from homes where they were neglected or allowed to run loose; many such women also come from public institutions.

And this brings us to the question, How many people are fit to have children and to rear them? In our opinion the percentage is small. The average human mother is not so well fitted to take care of her offspring as a mare is of a colt, and in most cases the woman does not do it half so well. The average mother knows so little about her infant's body that she is unwise enough to give it in infancy foods which it can not digest because it has not yet developed the necessary glands for digesting them. The list of similar crimes and blunders which the average mother commits against her infant is long. But this is sufficient to show what we mean. When unusually sturdy infants have run the gauntlet of motherly blunders, croup, and other infantile dangers, they reach an age when they require careful coaching concerning the care of the body. Do they get it? As the average mother does not know how to take care of her own body, she can give little training to her child. For example, the teeth of the children of the poor are almost invariably neglected. It is often the case with the children of the rich also, but they have a better chance, as they see more of the dentist. As to the children of the poor, gross negligence prevails among

them concerning the care of the teeth, the mouth and the gums. It is innocent if deplorable negligence to their mothers' ignorance. We do not refer to the neglect of the tooth brush, but to other precautions which every dentist tells to his patients: adult dietary for young children—which is mothers give them—often leads to salivary calculus "tartar," to pyorea alveolaris, to diseased gums and teeth. One may see in the faces of thousands of girls who pour out of New York's downtown streets in the evening, great gaps in their teeth. Frequently, at the age of eighteen or twenty, many teeth are gone with the most rudimentary knowledge of the care of the mouth would have lasted until seventy. This may be ascribed to lack of a dentist's fee, for in all the cities there are free dental clinics.

The average mother knows so little about her child that she will poison it by putting into its stomach what its stomach can not digest for lack of certain juices. She will allow her child's set of permanent teeth to disappear almost as rapidly as its temporary teeth through her ignorance of the most simple hygiene. If this be true, what can she be expected to do concerning such matters as spiritual and moral training? Not very much, we fear. What right, then, has she to have a child at all? The large crop of criminals coming from the families where the mother is ignorant and weak and the father is ignorant and weak would tend to show that her right to have a child is more than questionable.

Our good President, Mr. Roosevelt, is very fond of talking about "race suicide." He recoils with horror at the idea of the birth rate falling off. He points with pride to our country's record for twins and triplets. He sends his autograph and his blessing to the latest lady who has just presented her husband with a pair of olive branches. But if what we have said is true, the average parent neglects not only the moral training of the child, but its most rudimentary care of the body. How many men and women are fit to become fathers and mothers? How many men and women are fit to have children after they have been born to them? The percentage is low.

It would be a better thing if Mr. Roosevelt and all the others who sit in high places would not encourage a mere increase of population so much as to encourage physical and moral improvement of that increase. They would not rejoice so greatly over the birth of a child but on the other hand to influence the people of this country to believe that 10 healthy children are better than 50 scrofulous ones, and that five healthy sane, normal and moral children are better than a hundred rickety, immoral, or criminal ones.

The State Election a Trading Fight

The last of the county Republican convention was held today, September 1, and next week the Republican Convention will decide who shall be the party hosts in California as candidate for Governor. The ante-convention fight is still triangular. Closer ination of the field commits observers to the belief that the Pardee and Gillett forces are nearly equal. 150 or more delegates who will turn to right or left in advance in line, obedient to the desires of A. F. Gillett, still uninstructed.

A single new development has marked the campaign. Mayor Schmitz has cast a shadow toward the Republican assembly which may assume obscuring proportions. Astronomically speaking, toward the other candidates he has projected a penumbra which may increase to totality. He is quoted as saying that he prefers an independent candidate rather than the choice of the party—this in the event that he should fully and finally relinquish his place as director of municipal affairs.

Newspaper comment and speculation continue to be local. This is from E. H. Hamilton, in the Examiner:

Ruef has said to some of his friends that he believes Schmitz would be the strongest candidate who could be nominated by the Republicans, and it is more than probable that the San Francisco boss would stick to his friend the Mayor, in case Schmitz should decide to run an independent canvass.

In this wise the Chronicle points out the difficulty of securing Ruef's votes for Gillett:

There is little doubt, if Gillett be nominated and elected, that Knight will bear in memory the

turned him down for delegate to the State Convention from this city, which added fuel to their previous animosities. That Schmitz will stand with Ruef in this case against Herrin, or any one else, is believed by his political associates and followers. While the two differ in matters of policy, they are very loyal to each other.

However, those who play politics seriously are looking forward to the convention and its nominations. The electors of California will choose this fall, besides a Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, and the heads of the eight State Departments, a large number of important official representatives. Three justices of the Supreme Court, nine Justices of the District Courts of Appeals, eight Representatives in Congress, twenty State senators—from the various numbered districts—and eighty members of the Assembly, are to be elected, and almost every township in the State will have a home interest in the result. In consequence, trading opportunities innumerable will be created, and the probability of great surprises in the result is not remote. California has elected a Democratic Governor and a Republican Lieutenant-Governor on the same day, and is capable of almost any political eccentricity. The nomination for Governor will be made with a full understanding of these conditions.

The Independence League, a movement fostered by the Examiner, if not inspired solely by the forces of the paper, and as yet not formidable in numbers or influence, is alleged to be in the field of State politics as well as on the municipal camping-ground. Mayor Schmitz says blandly that the chances for the Independence League of the Democracy would be better with a Republican party. It is easy to see that Mr. Schmitz's Independent League would be glad to take advantage of a victory with him. The Examiner has "let the cat out of the bag" during the past week. The value of Ruef's forces in the Republican contest is enhanced by the fact that the nomination and election of two Congressmen, three appellate judges, numerous members of the legislature, and other officials of less honor but great opportunity, are in the hands of the political manager who is loyal to Mayor Schmitz. The Ruef side of the triangle is not easily broken at this writing.

Low Business of Insurance Companies.

In an insurance trade journal, the Pacific Underwriter, appears a table giving the amounts received in premiums by the fire insurance companies in San Francisco during the six months ending June 30th, 1906. A comparison of these figures with the corresponding period of last year will show the opinion held by the public of the various companies. While there may be reasons other than the decline of business in some cases, it remains that those companies which are meeting their losses squarely are writing the most new business. Companies which are piling up "salvage" and other credits against the unfortunate policy holders are far off from their record of a year ago. Companies like the Aetna of Hartford, the Connecticut of Hartford, the Liverpool and London and Globe, the Springfield of Marine, the Queen of America, the Royal of England, and others set forth below, have largely read their new business. Some of them have doubled their business, and one at least has trebled its business for the same period last year. Here are figures in detail:

Companies—	Premiums to June 30, 1906.	Premiums to June 30, 1905.
Aetna of Hartford.....	\$ 47,896	\$26,207
Connecticut of Hartford.....	23,317	20,795
Liverpool and London.....	25,029	17,859
Queen of America.....	35,000	18,302
Royal of England.....	40,832	22,946
Springfield of Marine.....	108,350	30,525
Union Assurance.....	61,403	47,559
Western Assurance.....	26,003	18,714
York and Zeland.....	31,344	17,351
British and Mercantile.....	41,442	23,868
Ethiopia of London.....	54,211	28,496
Empire State.....	10,299	4,179
Phoenix of London.....	37,356	26,565
Union of America.....	23,632	14,153
Commercial Union.....	92,360	47,583
United States.....	30,390	15,357
Union and National.....	19,138	11,693
London.....	34,724	21,864

The next table shows a list of the companies whose receipts for the first six months of this year have fallen off when compared with a similar period in 1905. This diminishing table is deceptive in a way, for the greater part of the premiums shown here were paid in to the companies prior to the great fire of April. If the receipts of these companies were pro rated for the six months according to the amount they have received since

the fire, their receipts would be startlingly small. Here follows the detailed statement of a number of companies having diminished premium receipts:

Companies—	Premiums to June 30, 1906.	Premiums to June 30, 1905.
British America.....	\$ 6,533	\$ 8,304
Caledonian.....	19,522	27,888
Caledonian-American.....	4,329	5,412
Concordia.....	3,158	4,103
Delaware.....	4,627	6,271
Franklin of Philadelphia.....	7,363	10,790
German National.....	5,536	7,849
Germania of N. Y.....	15,035	25,830
German of Freeport.....	16,531	27,660
German of Peoria.....	1,998	4,037
Gilard of Philadelphia.....	4,213	7,722
Hanover.....	8,685	13,221
Nassau.....	2,330	4,328
National of Hartford.....	11,833	20,371
Northwestern National.....	1,169	4,862
North River.....	2,851	5,347
Royal Exchange.....	15,926	35,411
Security of New Haven.....	1,853	3,572
Teutonia.....	1,060	3,309
United Firemen's.....	1,930	5,255
Williamsburg City.....	3,058	9,860
Western of Toronto.....	6,907	10,343

Of these companies one of the heaviest drops is that noticed in the receipts of the Williamsburg City, which has taken in less than one-third of the amount it received a year ago. This is not extraordinary when it is remembered that this company is one of the most notorious welchers in the list of crooked companies, and that more suits have been brought against it by its policy holders than any other two or three companies put together. The German of Peoria has fallen off to less than one-half of its previous business. The German of Freeport has diminished nearly one-half. In both cases this may be ascribed to the attempt of these companies to force their policy holders to accept heavy cuts. The International of Hartford has fallen off to nearly one-half of its receipts a year ago; the Royal Exchange also has dropped to less than one-half. The Caledonian and a number of other British companies have also experienced a heavy drop.

It is only fair to state that some of the companies in this table are not accused of double dealings with their policy holders, but they carry earthquake clauses in their policies; so much litigation is apprehended from these earthquake clauses that persons seeking to insure naturally dread these complications, and seek other companies which do not carry these earthquake clauses.

Crabs, Lobster, and Watermelon.

A more or less veracious dispatch shocked the country the other day, giving the news that John D. Rockefeller was confined to his bed through "an overindulgence in watermelon." It is scarcely credible that a man worth one hundred millions should imperil his stomach with that seductive vegetable or fruit. For whether the watermelon is a vegetable or a fruit is a disputed point. It is like the tomato in that regard, for the classification of the canteloupe, the watermelon, and the tomato have led to much trouble at club dinners and have even separated husbands and wives. Watermelon trouble, however, is by no means linguistic alone; it is stomachic and intestinal as well, as Rockefeller has found. How alluring the watermelon must be in summer! The writer once knew an elderly lady, childless, widowed, rich, ever surrounded by adoring cousins, nephews, and nieces; this elderly lady possessed several millions of dollars, and yet she flew in the face of fate one midsummer day, in the broiling Atlantic latitudes near New York, by eating lobster, ice cream, and watermelon all at the same meal. We looked at her with startled eyes, for it seemed deliberately suicidal. But the millionaire widow only went to bed for a day or two, and soon recovered, to enjoy her meals and her millions. Still, why do these abnormally rich persons take such risks? Where a tramp or a poor seamstress is concerned it is comprehensible, but not so with a millionaire widow or a Rockefeller.

The Baltimore Sun the other day remarked in a mournfully reminiscent vein that in Baltimore it used to be considered suicidal mania to eat crabs and milk at the same meal. Now, however, the editor remarked, the practice was not at all uncommon and frequently was not fatal. Only a fortnight ago a professor of dietetics died suddenly in Atlantic City from eating boiled crabs. He is said to have boasted that his soft skin, good color, and clear eyes were due solely to his "primitive foods." He could scarcely get anything more primitive than a crab, for it is only one remove

from carrion. About the same time the editor of Printer's Ink, a newspaper trade journal, was hard at work in his office on Friday noon, felt badly Friday afternoon, and died Saturday forenoon. The doctor said it was "acute indigestion," but his friends say that it was a luncheon on Friday of lobster and brandy.

Here on the Pacific Coast we have not so many crustaceans as on the Atlantic, and the tempting lobster in particular is absent. We have the crawfish in exchange, but he does not amount to much. Most of our oysters are transplanted, and our clams, are so coarse that they are almost uneatable. True, a very fair article of clam comes from the neighborhood of Tomales Bay, but the natives there are too lazy to dig them. Consequently the Tomales clam remains largely undigged and uneaten. A favorite method of crustacean poisoning on this Coast is for people to eat mussels, which are freely found in San Francisco Bay and at many other points on the coast. While they are not nearly so deadly as the lobster, they develop, if taken with care and in sufficient quantities, cases of acute colic which leave little to be desired.

We might suggest to Mr. Rockefeller another way of taking watermelon. It is common in those Southern States where they distill in the mountains the moonshine whiskey that maketh glad the heart of man. They cut a plug out of a large watermelon, remove the works, fill the watermelon with whiskey, and reinsert the plug. After the melon has passed the vigilance of Uncle Sam's revenue officers the natives take out the plug, consume the whiskey, and throw away the watermelon. This, compared with Mr. Rockefeller's method, is certainly much safer and said to be more agreeable.

Labor Setting Toward San Francisco.

The Argonaut may not circulate widely among the working classes throughout the world, but it recently printed an editorial about the high wages paid in San Francisco which is being published in newspapers circulating among those classes. We are receiving a number of letters of which we print a couple of New York samples. Here is one:

New York City,
Aug. 12, 1906.

Sir
I have seen your add in the world, will you kindly inform me of the address of any Bricklayers Boss in San Francisco, I will like to communicate with them, hoping to hear from you early.

as truly
JAMES. J. GHENT Bricklayer.

We would be more than glad to give to James the address of a bricklayer's boss in San Francisco, but we can not because James has neglected to append his own. It is true he has carefully placed "New York City" at the top of his note, but that is a vague and indefinite address. However, if James should happen to see these few lines, we beg to assure him that he will make no mistake in packing his grip, saying good-bye to his girl, and taking the train for San Francisco. When he arrives here he will not have to search long for the address of a "bricklayer's boss in San Francisco." There is no lack of bricks, brickbats, or bricklayers' bosses in San Francisco, but there is a marked scarcity of bricklayers. If James will hasten hitherward he may begin laying bricks at once at \$8.00 per day, which is more than we pay most of our college professors, army officers, or clergymen.

To the next letter we cannot give so reassuring a reply. It runs as follows:

New York City, August 11, 1906.

To the Editor of the
San Francisco Argonaut.
Dear Sir, Observing an account of Labor question in the issue of to-day's world, I would be much obliged to you, if you kindly would give me some information.

I am a single man (38) of good habits and character. A Jack of all trades and master of none, with good references as a fireman. Being a little short of money I would be willing to sign a contract with a concern, who has confidence enough in a reliable man to advance his railroad ticket.

Any advice that you could give me will be greatly appreciated and hoping to hear from you I remain

Yours respectfully
LEON BOWENS.

334 E. 41 Str
c-o Mrs. Ropp.

P. S. Speaks and writes English, French, Italian.

Leon tells us that he is a "jack of all trades." That is a calling which we have observed to be usually underpaid. If Leon is a good fireman, however, as he says he is, he can easily get a job. There is a good demand for firemen, although they are not so highly paid as

bricklayers. We will be frank, however, with Leon and inform him that if he lands on the San Francisco waterfront and looks for a job as fireman, he can get it, but he will have the hottest time he ever had in his life. There is a little difference of opinion between the ship-owners and the seamen's union at present, and the mariners are engaged in "persuading" all seamen, stewards, cooks, and firemen not to accept jobs aboard ship until the strike is settled. The means of suasion which they seem to affect most is brickbats. There are millions of brickbats on and around the water front in San Francisco, and when the supply runs short the eight-dollar bricklayers will speedily make more brickbats for the four-dollar seamen.

If Leon, among the many trades of which he is a jack, can wield a hammer, can push a plane, can ply a saw, can fit gas and water pipes, can do any builders' work, and particularly if he can lay bricks, we would advise him to come to San Francisco. If he wishes to be a marine fireman we advise him to stay where he is.

The Situation in Iowa.

The recent row in Iowa at the Republican State Convention was followed by a reconciliation, but it was a purely perfunctory one. Much bitter feeling was left behind. The fact that Secretary Shaw was roundly hissed in the convention shows how bitter is the opposition to him, and it would seem to settle his presidential ambition. No man can claim to be a "favorite son" when he has been hissed in convention in his own State. The Iowa stand-patters are so infuriated over the renomination of Governor Cummins, and the very mild endorsement of tariff changes by the revision Republicans, that they are now threatening to bolt the Republican ticket and to support the Democratic nominee for governor. Senator Dolliver and the Republican Congressmen interfered in the fight in order to bring about harmony and incidentally to save their own seats. The stand-patters now talk about sending Senator Dolliver back to private life as a reward for his interference. His term expires next March. They also threaten to defeat all the Iowa Republican Congressmen except W. P. Hepburn, because they advocated the cause of the Cummins delegates as against the stand-patters' constituents. The Democrats in and out of Iowa are gazing on this family quarrel with unmixed joy. They hope to gain not only the Governorship but some of Iowa's eleven Republican congressional seats.

Inconveniences of Magazine Reading.

A machine for making magazines lie flat has been invented and installed—not in America, we regret to say, but in London. The process need not be described here. It is sufficient to say that the backs of the sheets are automatically so fastened together that they open much as a bound book does which has been sewed. The invention would be hailed with relief by the readers of American magazines. Most of our monthlies nowadays are turned out so cheaply, are made so uncomfortably and unreasonably thick, are so swollen and dropsical with "ads," and are so cheaply fastened together with wire staples as to render it difficult to open them flat enough to read them with ease.

We wish to say that our American magazine publishers should turn their attention to improving the mechanical features of their magazines in the way of careful typography and good binding. They display an inexcusable neglect of their reading matter. We do not speak here of its quality, but of its printing and of its arrangement. It is buried in masses of advertising, to which it is so frankly subordinated that the effect is disagreeable. If the publishers so plainly show their contempt for their reading matter, their readers are apt to share their feelings. In some of the most widely circulated periodicals, like Collier's, the Saturday Evening Post, and the Ladies' Home Journal, the dailies' detestable fashion is followed of beginning an article in the front of the magazine, and abruptly breaking it off to hide its ending in a labyrinth of advertisements. In the case of the dailies there is some excuse for this: they are made up late and hurriedly, and they must display their wares in bargain-counter style, or their purchasers will not buy. In the case of the

weeklies and monthlies there is no such excuse. Their sole motive is greed of gain—they want to catch advertisers by putting them "alongside of pure reading matter."

To return to the question of cheap binding by wire-staple stitching. This method is an excellent one for periodicals and pamphlets which are so thin that they may be "saddle-stitched," or even side-stitched without taking up too much of the back; but when the reverse is the case the printed product absolutely refuses to open flat, and is so annoying as to be almost beyond endurance.

Another thing which would greatly add to the convenience of the magazine reader would be to place the table of contents where he could easily find it. The best place of all is on the front cover. As many publishers prefer that for ornamental cover designs, it may be considered that this position is unavailable. It would be an ideal place, for in this busy age few of us can waste much time in looking up the articles we want to read. But if the first page may not be used for the contents, why not the second? The answer is simple—the magazine publishers are all of them very rich, and hence they can not afford to lose the price of the advertisements that usually fill that page. The next best place would be the first page facing the cover. Why not use that for the contents? The same answer as before. These three perfectly obvious pages being disposed of, it makes no difference where the table of contents is placed, and that is usually where the publishers place it. A reader trying to find out what is in a magazine will often spend five minutes trying to find the table of contents itself.

While on the subject of what we do not like in the magazines, we confess that we do not like the foolish colored pictures. We know of no printing process, whether lithographic, xylographic, or zincographic, by which the artist's work in color can be reproduced artistically. It can be reproduced, but that is all. It can be reproduced well enough to please the unthinking, but it makes the judicious grieve. The chromo craze of some years ago, inartistic as the output was, produced better work in many respects than that now seen in the magazines. In fact, high-grade color work, much more deliberately done than the magazine work, is (artistically speaking) a failure. Edinburgh has for centuries been famous for its excellent printing; the Edinburgh firm of A. & C. Black has now for some years been turning out costly illustrated books in color. These contain reproductions in oleogravure, aquarellogravure, and pastello-gravure. Carefully as they are done, one can only say of them, with a sigh, that the originals must have been very good indeed.

As for the colored pictures in the current magazines, many of them are atrocious. It would not be fair to say that they are in the same class with the labels on tomato tins and biscuit boxes. But it is not exaggeration to say they are on about the same level with the color-printing coming with costly goods, such as Havana cigars, French prunes, Spanish raisins, and the like.

We have said but little about the reading matter in the magazines. To paraphrase Lincoln, for those who like that kind of matter it is probably just about the kind of matter that they would like. We do not mean to say that there is nothing in the magazines worth reading—that statement would be absurd. But we do believe that nearly everything in them worth reading is reprinted in book form—serial stories, travel sketches, essays. The magazines have come to be used by authors and publishers as the rough drafts for their books. Nearly everything in them which is worth reading is reprinted. Therefore nearly everything in them which is not reprinted is not worth reading.

This outburst of criticism against the magazines is due to the fact that the writer, who swore off in 1900 and resolved never again to read the magazines, has had a forced relapse. Unlike stopping smoking, the cessation of magazine skimming produces little immediate effect. After the lapse of a month or two, however, the reformed magazine reader experiences a certain feeling of mental well-being, like the recovery of physical tone after an illness.

Years elapsed, and the writer read no magazines, thought of no magazines, and even noticed no magazines, for if he saw them they looked to him like the colored comic pages of the Sunday newspapers. And this recalls

the fact that when he was afflicted with the deplored magazine habit he used to feel after reading the zines very much the same as after reading the Sunday newspapers; to wit, like one who had endeavored to make a square meal of custard pie.

It is of course difficult to go through life without reading the daily newspaper, but it is quite possible to do so without reading the Sunday edition, and, word of a temporarily relapsed magazine reader notwithstanding, it is remarkable how much may be added to the pleasures of living by dropping both the magazine and the Sunday newspapers.

Loss of a Big Pacific Liner.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company's fine liner the Manchuria, went ashore on August 20th on the island of Oahu, on which island is situated Honolulu. She struck on the windward side of the island where the coast is unusually dangerous owing to almost continual on-shore wind and the heavy seas. The steamer went aground along nearly her full length and lies broadside to the mainland. She struck about 200 feet from the main shore, about half-past five in the morning, in the midst of a heavy rain storm. The passengers were landed without panic and without loss of life. The officers of the ship remained on board after landing the passengers. The Manchuria is a screw, steel steamer of nearly 14,000 tons, 600 feet long. She is one of the finest and largest ships in the Pacific. The Associated Press dispatch says that the captain "mistook another point of land for Makapuu Point." One of the officers is quoted in the dispatch as saying, "We saw land which we supposed was Makapuu Point and altered our course half a minute. Twenty-five minutes later we struck." The Associated Press goes on to say, "The Manchuria was driven considerably out of her course."

Condition of the Relief Fund.

The following facts and figures concerning the condition of the Relief Incorporation and the fund for its disposal will be found of interest:

The grand total subscribed for the relief of San Francisco throughout the world was approximately \$9,400,000. The exact figures, because of duplications and unreliable data, can not at present be obtained. The amount \$5,557,394.76 has been received. There is to be about \$2,500,000 on deposit in New York; \$1,000,000 in Washington; \$500,000 in Boston; and \$300,000 in Chicago.

The following committees have the direction of the relief funds: Finance and Publicity, D. Phelan, chairman; Bills and Demands, M. H. de la Cruz, chairman; Camps and Warehouses, Rudolph Sprague, chairman; Relief and Rehabilitation, F. W. Doherty, chairman; Lands and Buildings, Thomas Magee, chairman. Ernest P. Bicknell is the representative of the National Red Cross society.

Chairman F. W. Doherty considers that the work will not be complete for a year. On August 1st he said: "In addition to \$3,600,000 actually on hand there is about \$3,000,000 floating about the country in pledges and unpaid subscriptions. The fund for the purposes will thus require all the money actually on hand. Provision must be made for the work of relief and rehabilitation and the expense of conducting the work. The expenses of the camps will for three months be at least \$50,000 a month; for the Board of Relief \$25,000; for the care of sick in hospitals, \$15,000; for the sewing centers, \$5000; for rehabilitation and all at least \$250,000.

"There are, of course, many other items. For the three months these expenses will be from \$350,000 to \$400,000 a month. There are 10,000 families in the camps. At only \$100 each, \$1,000,000 will be required for them."

Then there are claims for goods confiscated or as the result of the fire, which will be paid for by the relief funds when additional money subscribed is collected. Of the 10,145 claims for confiscated articles, aggregating \$2,536,085.35, amounting to \$1,193,816.51, have been approved for payment; 1273 claims, amounting to \$591,307.97, are under investigation, while 446 claims, amounting to \$810,000, have either been rejected, reduced or donated. In addition to the 1273 claims under investigation there are 911 claims, amounting to \$127,896.75, that must also be considered. This brings the total number of claims passed on by the committee of five up to 2184, aggregating \$719,204.72.

The rehabilitation committee of the relief corporation has issued a statement showing that up to August 15th it had granted \$293,605.85 for relief of the average amount of \$80 to each applicant. The report in detail is as follows:

Total number of applications, 4466; individuals presented, 12,266; number of applications for relief, 333; for employment, 26; for tools, 679; for household reestablishment, 1774; for business enterprise for special relief, 1305; number of cases referred to others, 395; refused, 229; withdrawn, 171; not followed up, 3582; amount spent for tools, \$25,095.6; household re-establishment, \$166,632.35; for business enterprises, \$67,123.55; for special relief, \$37,694.30; total disbursement, \$293,605.85; amount to be repaid, \$166,632.35; cured, \$65,953.60; secured, \$928.85; amount repaid, \$3894.90; bank balance, \$8748.03.

Thomas H. Williams, president of the California Jockey Club, has offered to the refugees of San Francisco the use of the extensive grounds and all the buildings at Ingleside track. About 10,000 persons could comfortably be housed there.

It has been decided that a large building capable of accommodating 1000 persons, should be erected on the almshouse tract immediately, and that temporary barracks go up in various parts of the city, and that the barracks shall be occupied by refugees until permanent homes for the latter can be built. It had also been

that attractive homes of three or four rooms, costing 1,000 or less, would be built by the committee and the refugees on the installment plan. Apartment houses were also to be erected and rented for comparatively little money. But within the past week the committee was warned by Chairman Dohrmann that these plans were carried out the fund would disappear in ninety days, so these plans were abandoned. A recent editorial comment on the distribution of the fund has been kindly. The New York Post says: "It may fairly be stated that the thousands who gave to various relief funds may rest assured that their object was attained and that, broadly speaking, the people in the stricken city have not suffered for lack of food, shelter, or clothing; that there has been no waste; and that, as a result of generous assistance and the faithfulness of those in charge of a begging and thankless task, there is now available a sum—more than \$5,000,000—for substantial and really constructive relief work."

Insurance Companies Sued by Policy Holders.

Those who have been insured with these companies in the past, those who are insured with them now, and those who may have intended to insure with them in the future will be interested in the following list:

Hanburgh City Fire Ins. Co., F. R. Talcott vs., \$6,000.
 Hanburgh City Fire Ins. Co., H. M. Levy vs., \$3,000.
 Hanburgh City Fire Ins. Co., W. W. Montague & Co. vs., \$500.
 Hanburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Rosenthals Inc. vs.
 Hanburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Crown Distilleries Co. vs., \$500.
 Fire Ins. Co., Fireman's Fund Ins. Co. vs.
 Hanburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Lina Reuben vs., \$1,000.
 Hanburgh City Fire Ins. Co., C. A. Buckley vs., \$5,000.
 Fire & Marine Ins. Co. of Philadelphia, Luigi Digo vs.
 Hanburgh City Fire Ins. Co., I. Magnin & Co. vs.
 Hanburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Leon Willard vs.
 Hanburgh City Fire Ins. Co., S. L. Dinkelspiel et al. vs.
 Hanburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Compressed Air Machinery Co. vs.
 Hanburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Ed. Barron Estate vs., \$5,000.
 Hanburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Roos Bros. vs.
 Fire Ins. Co. of Hartford, Jane McKee vs.
 Insurance Society of London, Chas. H. Brown vs., \$9,980.
 Hanburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Ed. Schimmel et al. vs.
 Fire Ins. Co., Maggie Mahoney vs.
 Hanburgh City Fire Ins. Co., H. H. Lengstacken vs.
 Hanburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Schoenholz & Elsie vs., \$5,000.
 Hanburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Chas. E. Foye vs., \$2,500.
 Fire Insurance of London, M. Dal. Pogetto vs., \$1,300.
 Hanburgh City Fire Ins. Co., J. Kassel vs.
 Hanburgh City Fire Ins. Co., V. Travers vs., \$2,000.
 Hanburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Sarah A. Isaacs vs.
 Hanburgh City Fire Ins. Co., McNah & Smith vs., \$10.
 Phoenix Imperial Ins. Co., Fred Hector vs.
 Hanburgh City Fire Ins. Co., The Baird Estate vs.
 German Fire Ins. Co. of Hamburg, Mrs. R. A. Couer vs.
 Hanburgh City Fire Ins. Co., United Policy Holders vs.
 German Fire Ins. Co., W. Doell vs., \$500.
 German Fire Ins. Co., P. L. Manson vs., \$1,000.
 Fire Ins. Co., Ellis Rosenberg vs.
 Fire Ins. Co., Ellis Rosenberg vs.
 Fire Ins. Co., Meyer H. Levy vs.
 Phoenix Ins. Co., M. H. Levy vs.
 Hanburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Calif. Safe Deposit & Trust Co. vs., \$5,000.
 Hanburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Pacific Heating & Ventilating Co. vs., \$1,000.
 Fire Ins. Co., Ed. J. Laveaga vs., \$500.
 Hanburgh City Fire Ins. Co., H. W. Maugels vs.
 Hanburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Geo. W. Towle vs., \$4,500.
 Fire and Marine Ins. Co., G. H. Wichman vs., \$2,500.
 Fire Ins. Co., Geo. H. Wichman vs., \$2,500.
 Hanburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Samuel Dusenherg et al. vs., \$4,000.
 Fire Ins. Co., F. J. Corriea vs., \$1,000.
 Fire Ins. Co., M. S. Lemos vs., \$780.
 Hanburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Florence G. Perrins vs., \$7,476.
 Rutgers Fire Ins. Co., The John Breuner Co. vs., \$2,500.
 Hanburgh City Fire Ins. Co., United Policy Holders vs., \$40,550.
 Fire Ins. Co. of Hartford, Paul Reuben vs., \$500.
 Hanburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Mary Hoe vs., \$2,000.
 Hanburgh City Fire Ins. Co., J. W. Schonten & Co. vs., \$1,000.
 Fire Ins. Co., Jacob Stern vs., \$1,000.
 Fire Ins. Co., John E. Gardner vs., \$1,999.
 Phoenix Ins. Co., Benj. Curtaz & Son vs., \$2,500.
 Union Assurance Co. of London, Thomas I. Rein vs., \$6,500.

McKee vs. National of Hartford.

Last week we printed some correspondence between the agents of the National Insurance Company of Hartford and the editor of the Argonaut, in which the agents, on August 4th, said:

"We desire to advise you forcibly that the National of Hartford did not deny liability on the McKee claim, did not adjuster in the employ of the National of Hartford nor did the firm of McNear & Wayman, as alleged. If suit has been brought, this office has been advised by the court of such action, and we are doing nothing other than what appeared in the Argonaut week."

Without any solicitation on our part, we have now received from Partridge & Long, the McKee attorneys, the following communication:

"Law offices of Partridge & Long, 100 California Street, San Francisco, August 27, 1906.

"Jerome A. Hart, Editor of 'The Argonaut.' Sir:—The Argonaut of August 25th, you published correspondence between the agents of the National Insurance Company and yourself, concerning the claim

of the McKee estate against the company. We notice that the agents deny all knowledge of any suit against the National. They further claim that no one representing the company denied liability on the McKee claim.

The facts are as follows: After the fire, proof of loss was filed with the National by the McKees, and on May 9th, the loss was adjusted by Mr. E. P. Farnsworth, acting as adjuster under the direction of the then manager, Mr. George D. Dornin. Subsequently Mr. Dornin resigned the agency of the National, and Eastern representatives of the company took up the claim. We were advised by the McKees that the National repudiated the adjustment and claimed that the loss was due to back-firing. On July 11th, we wrote the National that unless the claim was paid on or before July 16th, suit would be brought against that company to recover the amount named in the policy. To this letter, the National made no reply, and on July 19th suit was brought by the McKees, as plaintiffs, against the National Fire Insurance Company, said suit being numbered 1310 in the Records of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco. Summons was issued in this action, and on or about August 1st, the National mailed to the McKees, a check for \$12,000, being the amount named in the policy. The action still stands of record against the National and is to this day, pending, no dismissal having been filed.

Very truly yours,
 Long & Partridge,
 Attorneys for McKees.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

"It must be confessed," says the Newark (N. J.) News, "that the Root boom doesn't respond as readily to absent treatment as the Bryan boom did."

Congressman S. C. Smith, of Bakersfield, has been nominated for re-election by the Republican Congressional Convention of the Eighth District of California.

Congressman James McLachlan, of the Seventh District of California, has been nominated for re-election by a unanimous vote of the Republican convention in Los Angeles.

The battleship Louisiana is undergoing alterations at the navy yard at Norfolk, Va., and will be fitted out for the special mission of conveying President Roosevelt to Panama.

Senator La Follette is reported as saying that Bryan will be the next President unless Roosevelt can be prevailed upon to run, and that he thinks the latter consummation may be brought about.

Congressman Littlefield of Maine, who is opposed by organized labor, will be aided in his campaign by Speaker Cannon, Secretary Taft, and others, and, if successful, will return to Congress a national figure.

Henry Gassaway Davis, of West Virginia, in 1904 candidate for Vice-President on the Democratic ticket, is now nearly 83 years old, but is being seriously considered for nomination as Representative in Congress.

President Roosevelt's personal influence is scarcely perceptible in Arizona. His letter advising the territory to come in with New Mexico has not affected the almost unanimous desire there for single rather than joint statehood.

Idaho is promised as spirited a campaign as Georgia has just passed through. Senator Dubois has been renominated by the Democrats and anti-Mormonism has been made the keynote of the campaign. Attack and counter-attack has already begun.

Attorney-General Norris, of Nebraska, has been nominated by the Republican State Convention for United States Senator, defeating the veteran Omaha editor, Editor Rosewater. The convention committed the party to the direct primary method of nominating officers.

William Jennings Bryan did not meet President Fallieres in Paris, but did receive a courteous note from the Foreign Office, saying that the president regretted the fact that Mr. Bryan's stay was so short that it did not give M. Fallieres time to return from Rambouillet in order to receive such a distinguished citizen.

In connection with the talk of nominating William Travers Jerome for Governor of New York, the Evening Mail says: "Mr. Jerome has lost much of his old 'foolish popularity,' but there is at least one thing that has not been lost—a wholesome fear on the part of his enemies for the man Jerome on the public platform."

Representative Nicholas Longworth, of Ohio, visited the headquarters of the National Republican Campaign Committee in New York and deposited one dollar as his contribution to the campaign fund. He said that he was a candidate for re-election and expected that he would win. It is reported that he will be opposed by organized labor.

Senator Thomas C. Platt was asked to write personal reminiscences of politics, and when, in answer to

his query if the stories were to be truthful, the solicitor replied with enthusiasm that they were, he said: "Come round about twenty-five years after I am dead. It might be safe and proper to do it then, but not now. By all means not now."

Hoke Smith, former Secretary of the Interior in the cabinet of President Cleveland, has won his fight for the nomination for Governor of Georgia. His opponents were Clark Howell, National Democratic Committeeman and editor of the Atlanta Constitution; Colonel J. H. Estill, editor and owner of the Savannah Morning News; Judge Richard B. Russell, formerly of the Superior Court, and Colonel James H. Smith, of Oglethorpe county, in north Georgia, about the only millionaire farmer in the state. The contest was a bitter one, the Atlanta Journal, supporting Smith, formerly its owner, and the Constitution, filling their columns with personal abuse of the opposing leader.

"The astute men who, for their own purposes, are pushing W. R. Hearst forward as a candidate for Governor of New York," says the New York Evening Post, "are enjoying their seeming success. The clever intriguers who first got hold of the rich young millionaire and induced him to make his plunge into journalism, had no idea of anything more than a local sensation. But presently they began to prick up their ears, as local success came. Having thrilled the slums of New York, why not move on to conquer a national notoriety? So the Hearst Trust flew at the highest game, and in 1904 actually attempted to buy in the presidency. It is really capitalizing a mere name, a myth. 'William Randolph Hearst'—it is only a sort of trademark. Concerning the real man, as little as possible is allowed to escape. His whereabouts no one seems to know. He glides in and out of the shadow like a stage conspirator. In Congress, he was scarcely seen; never spoke and seldom voted. His opinions are not known, nor the source of them. No one supposes that he even sees half the stuff that is published in his name. Yet it is this faint and elusive personality, this man who gives every sign of being a rich puppet in the hands of promoters using him for their own objects, who gives his name to the Trust."

William Pinckney Whyte, United States senator from Maryland, who has just passed his eighty-second milestone, has never been inside a saloon, never smoked and never rode in a cab. He framed the instrument on which the unique government of the District of Columbia is founded. Twice chosen United States senator, he has also been governor, mayor, state senator, state representative, city solicitor, attorney general and state comptroller. He was defeated for the United States senate by the late Arthur P. Gorman and then succeeded Gorman at the latter's death. He was a member of the Maryland legislature when Gorman was a lad in Howard county.

Prohibitionists of California held their State convention in Los Angeles last week and nominated the following ticket:

Governor, James H. Blanchard of Los Angeles; Lieutenant-Governor, C. N. Whitmore of Stanislaus county; Secretary of State, Alexander Beck of Watsonville; State Treasurer, Walter A. Vail, Palo Alto; Controller, A. B. Taynton; Attorney-General, J. B. McCaslin, Long Beach; Surveyor-General, J. H. Kendall, Modesto; Superintendent of Public Instruction, P. S. Meade, Oakland; State Printer, W. J. Phillips, Los Angeles; Clerk of the Supreme Court, W. P. Fassett; Representative in Congress, Seventh District, Levi D. Johnson. The platform declares for prohibition, suffrage for both sexes on equal terms, compulsory arbitration of labor disputes, government ownership, and election of President, Vice-President and United States Senators by direct vote of the people.

Bordentown, New Jersey, once kept distinguished company. The ex-King of Spain and Naples, Joseph Bonaparte, lived there for sixteen years upon a magnificent plantation called Pointe Breeze, now vanished from the world of real estate. Lake Villa is still standing, where Bonaparte's daughter dwelt with her husband, Prince Charles of Canino and Musignano, and Linden Hall is in good preservation, where another prince lived, Charles Lucian Murat, nephew of the Napoleons, whose wife taught boarding school in Bordentown.

The book-stalls of Paris are on the coping of the Seine embankment. Here is the place for odd volumes. Books in vellum covers dating back to Gutenberg's time abound, etchings of the Revolution and an olla podrida of the amazing literature of France.

The Bricklayers' Union of Los Angeles has just gained as a member Samuel M. Hendricks, 99 years old. Hendricks has been a contractor in that city for twenty years. One of his five children, a girl, was born only four years ago.

Iron ties are extensively used on the German railroads. They look successful. The roadbed is certainly excellent. They are hollow and the edges set well into the soil and ballast.

THE CURATE OF CUCUGNAN.

A Dreadful Tale of Purgatory and Paradise.

The Abbe Martin was Curate of Cucugnan. Kind hearted, good as gold, he had a father's love for his Cucugnans; if they had given him a little more satisfaction Cucugnan would have been a paradise on earth. But alas! spiders spun their webs in his confessional, and on Easter Sunday the holy bread remained untouched in the sacred vase. The good priest's heart was tortured, and he prayed God continually that he might not die before bringing back to the fold his whole flock.

Now you shall see that his prayers were heard. One Sunday, after reading the gospel, Monsieur Martin ascended the pulpit.

"My brethren," said he, "believe me if you will: the other night I found myself—I, a miserable sinner—at the gates of paradise. I knocked; Saint Peter opened the door.

"Ah! it is you, my good Monsieur Martin," said he; 'what can I do for you?'

"Good Saint Peter, you who keep the Book and the Key, tell me (if I am not too curious) how many Cucugnans you have in paradise?"

"I can refuse you nothing, Monsieur Martin; be seated—we will see."

"And Saint Peter took his big book, opened it, and put on his spectacles:

"Let us see: Cucugnan, did you say? Cu-Cu-Cucugnan. Here we are. Cucugnan. My dear Monsieur Martin, the page is quite white. Not a soul—No more Cucugnans here than there are fish-bones in a turkey."

"What! None here from Cucugnan? Not one? Impossible! Look again, please."

"Nobody, reverend sir. Look for yourself, if you think I am jesting."

"And I, miserable I! with clasped hands, cried for pardon. Then said St. Peter:

"My dear Monsieur Martin, don't put yourself in such a state; it may do you harm. After all, it is not your fault. Don't you see, your Cucugnans must doubtless endure their short quarantine in purgatory."

"Ah! for pity's sake, great Saint Peter! let me at least see them—see and console them."

"Willingly, my friend. Here quick, put on these sandals, for the roads are not good. There, that's right. Now go on straight before you, always straight ahead. Do you see way down there where the road turns? You will find a silver door at your right hand, ornamented with black crosses. Knock, and they will open to you. Adieu! Take care of yourself and keep a stout heart."

"And I went on and on. What a path! I tremble to think of it. A narrow way, full of brambles, shining black beetles, and hissing serpents, led me to the silver door.

"Who knocks?" said a hoarse voice.

"The Curate of Cucugnan."

"Of what?"

"Of Cucugnan."

"Ah! Come in."

"I entered. A tall, beautiful angel, with wings dark as night, with garments shining as the day, and with a diamond key hanging from his belt, was writing in a large book—larger than Saint Peter's.

"Well, what do you want and what do you ask for?" said the angel.

"Beautiful angel of God, I want to know—I am very curious, perhaps—but have you any Cucugnans here?"

"Any—"

"Any Cucugnans; any people from Cucugnan. I am their pastor."

"Ah! Father Martin, is it not?"

"At your service, Sir Angel."

"You say Cucugnan?"

"And the angel opens his big book, wetting his finger to turn the leaves.

"Cucugnan," said he, heaving a long sigh; 'Monsieur Martin, we've no one in purgatory from Cucugnan.'

"Heavens! no one here from Cucugnan? Great Heavens! Where are they then?"

"Ah! holy man, they are in paradise. Where the devil do you suppose they are?"

"But I've just come from paradise."

"You've just come from there! Well?"

"Well, they are not there! Ah! good mother of angels!"

"What could you expect, my dear sir? If they are neither in paradise nor in purgatory, there is no help for it, they are—"

"Holy cross! is it possible? Can it be that Saint Peter has told me a falsehood? However, I have not heard the cock crow! Ah! poor me! How can I go to paradise, if my Cucugnans are not there?"

"Listen, my poor Monsieur Martin, since you are determined, cost what it may, to be sure of all this and

to see with your own eyes, take this path, go straight ahead, running if you know how to run. Once there, you will know all. 'Tis the hand of God.'

"And the angel shut the door.

"It was a long path, strewn with red-hot coals. I reeled like a drunkard; stumbled at each step; I was dripping with perspiration, and panting with thirst. But, thanks to the sandals which good Saint Peter had lent me, I did not burn my feet. After much stumbling and tribulation, I saw at my left hand a door—no, a portal, an enormous portal, wide open, like the mouth of a great oven. Oh! my children, what a spectacle. No one asks your name there—no register—they go in just as you, my brethren, go into the tavern on Sundays.

"Great beads of perspiration stood on my brow, and yet I shivered with cold. My hair stood on end. The air had a burned smell, like roasted flesh—somewhat like the odor spread about in our Cucugnan, when Eloy, the blacksmith, burns the hoof of an old donkey, in order to shoe it. I lost my breath in the sickening, stifling atmosphere. I could hear a horrible clamor of sighs, howls, and groans.

"A horned demon called out: 'Are you coming in, you?' at the same time giving me a prick with his pitchfork.

"I? I am not coming in. I am one of God's people!"

"You are one of God's people? Then what do you want here?"

"I come—ah! don't speak to me, I can scarcely stand—I come—I come from a distance—humbly to ask you—if—if by chance—you might not have here—anybody—anybody from Cucugnan?"

"Ah! fire of God! why make yourself out such a fool, as if you did not know that all Cucugnan is here. Here, you blackbird, look and see how we treat your famous Cucugnans."

"And I saw in the midst of a frightful whirlpool of flames, Long Coq-Galine—you all knew him, my brethren—Coq-Galine, who got drunk so often, and beat his poor Clairon. I saw Catarinet—that little vagabond, with her nose in the air—you remember her well enough. But let that pass—I've said enough. I saw Pascal Doigh-de-Pois, who used to make his oil with the olives of M. Julien. I saw Babet the gleaner, who, in order to have her own sheaf made up quickly, took here and there a handful from other gleaners. I saw Maitre Crapasi, who oiled the wheel of his barrow so well; and Dauphine, who sold his well-water so dear; and Tortillard, who, when he met me carrying the host, went on his way, removing neither cap nor pipe, as though he had met a dog; and I saw Coulan, with his Zette, and Jacques, and Pierre, and Toni."

White with fear, the audience groaned, as they recognized—this one a father, that one a mother, brother, or sister.

"You see, my brethren," continued the curate, "you see, this can not continue. I have charge of your souls, and I must, I will save you from the abyss into which you are about to fall headlong. Tomorrow I shall begin the work, no later than tomorrow; and there'll be no lack of work. This is how I shall perform it. To be well done, all must be done in order. We'll proceed in rows, as they do at Jonquiere's when they dance. Tomorrow, Monday, I will confess the old men and women. That won't be much. Tuesday, the children. I shall soon get through with them. Wednesday, the young men and women. That may be a long affair. Thursday, the men. We will cut them short. Friday, the women. I'll say: 'No wandering from the subject.' Saturday, the miller—a whole day is not too much for him alone. And if by Sunday we have finished, we'll have reason to be thankful."

"You see, my children, when the wheat is ripe it must be cut; when the wine is drawn, it must be drunk. We've dirty linen enough—the question now is to wash it, and may it be well washed. Grace be with you. Amen."

What was said was done. They worked hard. Ever since that memorable Sunday the air is perfumed for ten leagues around by the virtues of Cucugnan.

And the good pastor, Monsieur Martin, dreamed the other night that he was climbing the starry way to the city of God, followed by his whole flock, in a splendid procession, surrounded by lighted candles, clouds of incense, and choir-boys chanting the Te Deum.

So ends the story of the Curate of Cucugnan.

—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Alphonse Daudet.

The cotton spinners of Lancashire, England, raised a commission of experts to visit all the cotton-growing lands of the world and investigate the industry. Their report has been made, and it is to the effect that the United States must continue the source of the main supply. Egypt is proving as much of a disappointment as India as a cotton country, and it is generally agreed that our Southern States will lead in this important industry for many years to come.

A ROYAL MOTOR-CAR COMMISSION

English Opinion of Reforms Necessary to Quiet Public Feeling.

What is declared by one of the London papers "one of the most sensible, judicial, and practical" comments ever issued by a Royal Commission," has been made public in England. It is a report covering a thorough inquiry into the various questions connected with the use and abuse of what Americans call "mobiles" and Europeans term "motor-cars," a commission, which worked under the auspices of the Government, included such eminent persons as Lord Selkirk, E. R. Henry, chief commissioner of police, and Mr. Munro of the Home Office. Comprehensive as this report is not bulky, covering only forty large pages. The London Daily Chronicle says of it:

The report of the Royal Commission on Motor-cars ought to have as large a circulation as a popular treatise. It costs only ninepence, and there is hardly any subject so important to the public as the relations between the motorist and the public, which it does not most ably discuss, or on which, in most cases, it does not present the essential facts. Its appendix on foreign regulations, by Captain Bigham, its secretary, is alone worth the price of the book.

There is in England a law making the speed of motor-cars twenty miles an hour, and the commission recommends that this be abolished, offering arguments which are inferred from this paragraph:

The enforcement of the twenty-mile limit instead of the present law, are not, in fact, endangering the public. The object of the law should be not to restrict speed, because it is speed, but because and where it is dangerous or otherwise injurious to the public.

It is simply proposed that motorists in future should be charged with driving "to the common danger." It is believed, will commend itself to the public. The law may be better protected than before, and also the motorists save those of the "road-hog" variety. Some of the lesser recommendations are:

A twelve-mile speed limit in towns, villages, and dangerous places.

Stopping in case of accident or damage to be severely enforced.

Smoke and excessive noise to be offenses.

Increased taxation of motor-cars on a graduated scale is recommended, with a maximum charge of eight pence a year, and this provision is criticised, one editor suggesting a guinea extra for each horse-power represented above ten. The use of the money raised by these taxes is discussed with notable fairness:

It is recommended that the sums be handed over to a central department to be appropriated by it in aid of local cost, not of ordinary road repair, but in the construction of more durable and less dusty roads, and in the improvement of the main arteries of traffic.

The proposed new law will be urged in Parliament next year and no little interest may be anticipated from the view of the prospects outlined by the Chronicle:

Mr. Burns, in whose hands this will be, will certainly attach great weight to such a report as this, and a government certainly act without either favor or fear, and without any owners (who have increased by 80 per cent. in the last months!) may reasonably hope to be placed before the law on the same footing as other citizens, and be liable to punishment when they offend, not a fancy disability, conceived in error and enforced with prejudice, but against the rights of their fellow-citizens.

Motor-car owners, however, share a public opinion which the Pall Mall Gazette shows has been expressed in another line of engine-driven vehicles:

The extent to which the motor-bus has multiplied in the London streets is shown with startling clearness in the new official returns. All the ordinary motor-cars and motor-cycles put together produced 1,141 accidents in May and June, of which 347 led to personal injury and eight proved fatal. The motor-bus caused 790 accidents, of which 142 involved personal injury, and five had fatal results. The motor-bus has thus made a huge addition to the number of casualties, and one which, in proportion to the number of vehicles, must be called simply intolerable. There were 1,141 heavy motor vehicles in London on June 1 (including motor-cars as well as motor-buses), and the numbers given show that every individual motor-bus is involved in an accident more than six times a year upon the average.

EARTHQUAKE LOSSES NOT GENERAL.

Damage Exaggerated in the East—Insurance Man on Adjustments.

Nearly three columns in a recent issue of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican are given up to an interview with the general agent of an English insurance company who came from the East to San Francisco, arriving on Apr. 26, and who has returned home. It may be said that the Republican is one of the most respected and most widely circulated of New England newspapers, and that add to the satisfaction with which Mr. Medlicott's statements will be received by those who are qualified to judge. The opinions of the insurance man and some of his striking descriptions are quoted from the interview:

"I have the greatest admiration for the spirit of the people of San Francisco, and the fullest confidence in the future of the city," remarks William B. Medlicott, of Longmeadow, general agent of the eastern United States department of the Atlas Assurance Company of London, fresh from the experiences of a three months' stay amidst the wreckage of the shattered city. Mr. Medlicott, as representative of a company whose losses in San Francisco total over \$5,000,000, and as member of a committee of five, the court of last resort when disputes against the "dollar for dollar" companies are concerned, was in a position to observe the situation in the ruined city, especially as regards fire insurance, and he has arrived at some very definite conclusions. One of these confirms the contention of President A. W. Dunn, of the Springfield Fire and Marine Insurance Company, who said that 10 years will have to pass before the stricken city recovers. Mr. Medlicott divides the 10 years into at least 15, and possibly 20. One assertion he makes, which will be news to many here, and that is that the reports of earthquake damage in the newspapers have been greatly overdrawn in almost every case. The officials of the better class of insurance companies, says he, believe that the earthquake was responsible for an actual loss of not over \$10,000,000, and are going ahead according to that belief. The misunderstandings that have arisen between the insured and the foreign insurance companies, he finds, are due to the fact that the English and German officials have formed faulty opinions from the newspapers, and are unable to realize that it was the fire that did practically all the damage.

"Lost of us," said he, "have kept steadily in view, when investigating at San Francisco, the desire to know the truth, no matter where it leads, and even if it is entirely to the disadvantage of our companies. Some of the companies, of course, are taking every advantage they can, but they are losing by it. Already the companies which are settling their losses in a spirit of honesty are overwhelmed with applications for insurance. The dishonest companies have cut off their noses to spite their faces and they are beginning to realize what they have done to harm their future prospects throughout California and the West." The reinsurance situation, says Mr. Medlicott, is badly tangled up, and, as a result of the quarrels and misunderstandings arising from this condition the future will see comparatively little reinsuring done in San Francisco. Mr. Medlicott's ideas concerning the "heavenly Chinese" have undergone a great change. "I found the Chinese so honest in their statements as to their losses that not a single dispute arose over one of the Chinese claim. Not even in a case where a Chinaman carried over \$200,000 insurance was there the slightest attempt to dispute the Chinaman's statements. On the contrary, he found that the Japanese are 'utterly unreliable' and full of trickery." In fact, he states that in San Francisco the Chinese are not so hated as eastern people believe, but that no Californian "has any use" for Jap.

In discussing the building situation at San Francisco, Mr. Medlicott said: "The most serious obstacle is the labor unions. San Francisco before the 'quake' was overruled by the labor people and is hampered by them now. The prices for labor of all kinds are simply awful, carpenters getting \$8 a day and other workmen in proportion. In fact, many wealthy men feel that they can not afford to build because of the prices of labor. Structural steel is coming in very slowly and stone is scarce. Brick can be obtained rather easily, but reinforced concrete is to be the material. Lots of it is being used and still greater quantities will be consumed in the future. Lumber is fairly plentiful, the forests of Oregon and upper California supplying abundance of redwood timber. There is yet practically no building going on, for the temporary one and two-story structures don't afford considerable repair work on the steel-frame buildings, which were only gutted by the flames, is going on, but hardly any absolutely new permanent buildings are being erected. The exodus has apparently ended.

"Probably to no other influence is so much of the confusion that has arisen due as to the incorrect and grossly misleading reports that were circulated by the press all over the world as to the damage directly caused by the earthquake. There is before me a collection made by a news bureau of cuttings from eastern papers. I am safe in saying that not one in ten of them has any foundation in fact. Bad as the earthquake was and startling as are the evidences of its work that still remain, it was directly accountable for but a very small percentage of the fearful loss that has fallen upon San Francisco. I have talked with many old and conservative men who are in a position to judge as clearly as any one can, and the maximum figure given for the direct earthquake damage to property is \$10,000,000 in the entire city. When we compare this with the fire waste that was probably fully 50 times as large, it shows why the San Francisco people so bitterly resent the placing of the earthquake before the fire in importance in the treatment of the losses. Of course if there had been no earthquake there might have been no fire; probably there would not have been. Certainly there is little likelihood that but for the seismic disturbance there would have been the 30 or more fires all at once. Nor would there have been the wreckage of the water supply system and consequent lack of fire-fighting facilities. Still, Chicago, Boston, Baltimore, all burned without an earthquake, and while we all believe the 'temblor' was the cause of the fire, we can not in any specific instance prove it. To a number of the stronger companies, therefore, it has appeared from the first that we must regard the earthquake effects as specific and not general in their relation to our fire insurance contracts. This last phrase can not be too strongly borne in mind in order to look at the situation justly.

"The difficulty for many of the insurance companies to regard it in this way is, as already mentioned, largely due to the erroneous impressions given home office officials by the early newspaper reports. One after another presidents and managers from the East and from England have visited the scene. I have talked with most of them, and all say the same thing. 'We understood the damage from earthquake was far greater than we now believe it to be.' We who have been on the ground from the first have realized this more and more. And one by one the companies are accepting it.

"On the other hand, there are still many companies that take the ground that the earthquake was the cause of all the loss; that conditions existed that no fire insurance policy was intended to protect against and that, in fact, to use a simple illustration, a part, at least, of each policy was shaken off by the 'quake.' To those of us first mentioned, this view appears wholly untenable and lacking in honor. Then there are others with a clause in their policies specially mentioning earthquakes and absolving the companies from any loss caused directly or indirectly from this cause. The burden of proof will be on them to show that any particular fire was caused by the 'quake.' Perhaps they can and perhaps they can not bring proof to connect the first and last conditions described. Again there are companies that are fighting for very existence, and, unfortunately, are ready to place salvages above honor. There are those, too, who regard the misfortune and need of the people as a just ground for advantageous trade and, like the 'three-ball' banking institutions, the greater the need the greater the discount.

"Our own scrap-book, or 'dope sheet,' as the boys call it, is beside me on my desk. It covers reports on 510 city blocks, and in some cases photographs accompany the reports. Some of these were taken during the period between the quake and the fire. Of course, valuable as such information is, the physical condition of most of the people during the three days of terror during the fire was such that much of the data is unreliable. There were, considering the conditions, a surprising number of photographs taken by the ever present camera fiends. As an illustration of the values that some of them put on their efforts, we were recently advised of a certain negative of a picture taken of a large plant where we were very heavily interested. A friend of the photographer called on us, told us what he had, described how the owner of the buildings in question was using every effort to get possession of the negative and all prints. Later he came in with what purported to be a small reproduction. His price, he stated, was \$15,000. We did not trade. Later a detective was put on his trail to find out who he was.

"Occasionally in this mad scramble to secure what they think is a saving, the so-called 'six-bit' or 75-per cent companies, overreach themselves. Only this week I have dealt with two cases where certain companies boasted of their having taken up their policies for 75 per cent and 90 per cent of their faces on a certain loss that was in the hands of a committee for adjustment. Had they waited for the final settlement they would be better off today. There is too much rush, too little adjusting, too hasty settling. In our own case we were one of the first to be in shape to take up adjustments, and now have

but few claims unadjusted aside from those which are in the hands of committees. The final winding up of them will be a long process.

"As to this stricken city there is so much in the papers that it must be an old story. I can only say that one who has not seen it and lived in it and been a part of its reconstructive conditions can never realize the immensity of the calamity. The first days of my sojourn there were days of no street cars, no lights other than tallow candles, no telephones, no water, of cooking done in the streets and soldiers patrolling with muskets on shoulders everywhere. I can say, though, that for quiet orderliness nothing more could be desired. The closing of the saloons doubtless contributed mainly to this. Every evening we have taken long walks, often for miles along the streets of the burned area, almost deserted, absolutely still. The weirdness of the scene, especially by moonlight, can never be forgotten. Everything that man had produced was utterly laid waste. Gradually the scene is changing. The one-story frame stores are rising everywhere among the ruins, the debris of brick and twisted iron is being removed and everywhere the confident, hopeful nature of the inhabitants is expressing itself."

Each in His Own Tongue.

Of poems published within the last fifteen years (says the Critic), three or four have at once become popular—none of them more so than "Each in His Own Tongue" by William Hubert Carruth, Professor of Germanic Languages in the University of Kansas. About this poem Mr. Carruth has received scores of letters from all parts of the world—some protesting, others lauding. With all its radicalism the poem seems to have found special favor with the Episcopalians. It has been quoted entire in a sermon in Westminster Abbey; also at Yale by Dr. Rainsford when addressing the undergraduates:

A fire mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell.
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And a cave where the cave-meu dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
A face turned from the clod—
Some call it Evolution
And others call it God.

A haze on the fair horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the corn-fields,
And the wild geese sailing high—
And all over upland and lowland
The sign of the golden-rod—
Some of us call it Autumn
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in—
Come from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim our foot has trod—
Some of us call it Louging
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway trod—
Some call it Consecration
And others call it God.

At Tallulah Falls, Georgia, Louis Borris Magid, a German by birth, an Italian by descent and an American by choice and adoption, owns 3,500 acres of land, on which he has planted more than 200,000 mulberry trees, which are now from three to five years old and which are designed for the feeding of millions of silk worms. Mr. Magid has proved that silk can be produced as cheaply in America as in any other country and that the \$100,000,000 or more expended annually for foreign silks might just as well be kept at home.

Many Filipino students, who come here at the expense of the Government to learn American ways for doing things, locate in New Orleans to give their attention chiefly to Louisiana, Mississippi and other Southern States where sugar, rice, tobacco, cotton and other crops suited to the Archipelago are grown extensively.

In Portland, Oregon, work is about to begin on tearing up the streets to put electric light and power, telegraph and telephone wires underground. The corporations interested will spend \$500,000 carrying out the plans.

The Swiss hotels serve the table d'hôte with military precision. When a course once passes it is gone forever.

SKETCHES OF CALIFORNIA SPORT.

J. Parker Whitney Tells of Early Days with Rod and Gun on the Pacific Coast.

Those who hunt or fish and find unmeasured joy in the fields, the woods and streams, as well as in the excitement of the chase, may read entertaining records of such experiences in "Reminiscences of a Sportsman," by J. Parker Whitney. The book is, in fact, a collection of sketches contributed at various times to a sportsman's review, but, when brought together, the papers have an added interest in successive glimpses of a long and busy life which has held much more than sport. Mr. Whitney came to California when a boy and is still a resident of the State; he gained much of his fortune here, and now, at the age of seventy, he writes at his ease of his adventures with rod and gun, and incidentally of his travels over all of North America and Europe.

Mr. Whitney arrived in San Francisco in 1852, coming from New England in a passage of 142 days around Cape Horn, and landed with only ten cents in his pocket, but the sportsman of seventeen had his double-barrelled shotgun, revolver and double-edged hunting-knife, and was not dismayed:

Penniless though I was, my heart was most courageous. Was not the world my oyster, as with ancient Pistol, and could I not open it with my sword blade? My three elder brothers had preceded me in 1848 and 1849 to California, and two were engaged in San Francisco in profitable business, and I had pressing invitations to join them, but I had no taste for it. Had I not my gun, and could I not have more fun to my liking in the country? Besides, I had visions of lumps of gold said to be lying about at the mines, and hearing that near Auburn, in Placer county, over one hundred and fifty miles north of San Francisco, miners were making great pay, I went up there. How I got to Sacramento, which was en route, up the bay one hundred miles distant, I can not remember, but I do vividly remember that I walked up the distance of forty miles to the mines, and back to Sacramento again. The game I killed gave me welcome for meals and lodgings; welcome with the miners was more hearty in those days, when the professional tramp was unknown.

The sportsman's eye must be keen, and on that walk to the mines Mr. Whitney saw and grasped possibilities that others may have seen but failed to take advantage of:

The country beyond Sacramento to the placer mines of Auburn was the most attractive I had ever or have since seen, comprising valleys and moderate hills grown over with groups of live and white oaks, inhabited by quantities of magpies, robins, larks and other small birds. Beneath the trees were many quails and hares, with antelopes to be seen in the distance. It was mid-winter, yet the weather was bright and warm, and the temperature seldom fell to freezing. How trivial are the incidents which oftentimes become important in our after lives! The casual observation of a fellow foot-traveler who walked on with me for a while, that it was an ideal sheep region, gave a color to my thoughts, which half a dozen years afterward matured in my mind to the commencement of an industry there in which I engaged.

Arrived at the mines, the youthful prospector soon learned that the anticipated discovery of nuggets in profusion was a dream not to be realized, and he returned to San Francisco:

Here I again declined opportunities for business, and frequenting the markets and game stalls more or less, which interested me more than anything else,

I saw that game and birds, though plentiful, were fetching large prices.

Obtaining particulars of the sources of supply, I concluded that the situation was very favorable for adventures to my liking. Small table birds, quail, larks, snipe, robins, etc., were selling at five and six dollars per dozen retail: venison, sixty and seventy-five cents per pound; turkeys, ten dollars; chickens, three dollars; eggs, three dollars per dozen; butter, one dollar per pound. Here was my opportunity. I learned that the Santa Clara Valley, at the south end of the bay of San Francisco, was one grand field of birds, and that I could obtain three dollars per dozen for any kind.

Before engaging in his cherished pursuit of game, however, he saw an opportunity in trade which he felt that he could not afford to miss:

One day I saw on a freshly arrived ship from China a lot of canary birds, several hundred in a large cage on the cabin deck, which interested me, and which I found belonged to the captain of the ship, who had brought them over on a personal speculation, and that he had a lot of nested cages of bamboo to fit them out with for selling. I thought this a favorable opportunity for some work on my part, which ended in my purchase of the lot, birds and cages, for a thousand dollars, which gave the captain a good profit. I did not have enough to pay down for the lot, but easily arranged with the rotund navigator to pay down what money I had and the balance in installments, as I should take the birds away.

I then set at work putting up the cages on the deck, with a bird in each, and, with some assistance, carried the cages with birds to different stores I had arranged with, where they were exposed for sale, and being the first lot of this character to arrive in that budding city, my expectations were fully realized by rapid sales at full prices, and, although I shared liberally with the shop sellers, I considerably increased my capital.

Next, he put in operation his plan of hunting for the market:

My eldest brother, who was much opposed to my absurd scheme, as he termed it, and annoyed at my refusal to engage with him in business, learning of my proposed departure, made his appearance at the wharf just about as the boat pulled out, and vainly besought me to desist, which I positively refused, and also the pecuniary aid he proffered. As the boat passed from the wharf I stepped upon it, and my brother, as a dernier, tossed a twenty-dollar gold piece at my feet, which I promptly threw back at his own, and bid him adieu.

At Alviso, where I arrived before dark, I had no difficulty in getting credit for a good lay-in of powder, shot and percussion caps, the latter then being in use for the muzzle-loaders in vogue, and in the latter respect I was equipped with my much-treasured double-barrelled companion, which that night I placed for safe-keeping under my pillow when I retired. I pushed on two or three miles from the village to a farmhouse, plentifully surrounded by wild-mustard fields, where birds seemed plentiful. Here I engaged board and lodgings at eight dollars per week.

The following morning at daylight I was in the fields, and early in the afternoon had about three dozen assorted birds which, tagged, went off that day to my market customer. This pastime I followed for several weeks, and although I did not average my first day's shooting, I rolled up a pretty fair profit over my expenses.

After the excitement and wearing exercise of the shooting trips, the young hunter had to walk two or three miles with his game to the boat and then return home, and the work became something more than pleasure. Then came an opportunity for an agreeable change:

One day a man came along bleeding from a broken head, leading a spirited

mustang stallion, which had thrown him, and offered to sell it, with the ordinary Mexican saddle and bridle, for \$25. I had in view the joining of a small party of hunters who were killing deer and elk in the neighboring mountains for the San Francisco market, so I purchased the horse, and in a few days joined the mountain party, which consisted of four, my interest being one-half that allowed to the other hunters, and took up my abode with them at an open encampment in the mountain hills back of the San Jose Mission.

This party consisted of a German, a well-educated young Englishman, and two Americans. The latter were both from the State of New Hampshire, and one of them, Bennet, was a remarkably good and successful shot, very muscular, and noted for his adventures with and killing of grizzly bears. The latter were quite plentiful then in mountain regions about the Santa Clara Valley, in a region now taken up wholly by settlements, from which the grizzlies have been pretty effectually eliminated.

In the early days grizzlies were very plentiful about the valleys of the State, and John Bidwell, an early settler in the Sacramento Valley, gives frequent mention of them in his diary, lately published, and of seeing often from eight to ten in a single day. It was not uncommon in those early days to see large bands of elk frequently, and deer were so plentiful as to occasion cessation at times from shooting by the party I accompanied, from inability to transport to Alviso, the shipping station to San Francisco.

Roping a grizzly was one of the exciting incidents of hunting or stock-raising life at that time:

It was quite common in the earlier days of California for the Mexican riders, fearless and expert in the casting of the lariat, to surround a grizzly bear found in the open, and to hold him secure by numerous lines kept taut. Despite the enraged and frantic efforts of the bear, he became powerless while held by so many lariats straining in various directions from the pomells of well-enchained saddles, directed by the intelligent mustangs and their riders. When exhausted, the bear was despatched with a few shots or dragged to some stockade for a future bull and bear fight—a sport common in early days.

Annual hare coursing meets are held in Waterloo, England, and Mr. Whitney declares, after attending one of the meetings, that the prize-winning greyhounds there do not excel those of California breeding. He gives this description of coursing on a country estate:

Having a large grain field of several thousand acres on my place, enclosed about by a fence twelve miles in extent, where the land is pretty level, but rising on two sides moderately toward the center, and where the opportunity of witnessing coursing is excellent, has led me to make many coursing excursions upon it, extending over a series of years. The plan followed is for the participators to pass in carriage or mounted along one of the roads, flanked upon each side, well at the head, by a man with a couple of greyhounds in leash. The dogs are alert and eager, with pricked-up ears and quick-turning heads, scanning about them for sight of hare. Their impetuosity is difficult to restrain, and no feeble or inexperienced hand should manage the slips, from which, collared, the dogs may break away together, or be too hastily freed.

A hare bounds suddenly at one side, from its form, and the nearest couple of dogs is instantly freed, and go off like arrows in pursuit. Perhaps the hare has a good start—five or six hundred feet—and goes off in that bounding manner usual when disturbed by shepherd or farmers' dogs, a common occurrence, not enough to cause alarm, or even to give a dropping of the ears, which ply with emotion. Interim those arrow-like forms are nearly approaching and are coming on with before-

unknown speed, and the hare, warned by its projecting eyes, like that of the frog, which turn to the rear, doubles its exertions with desperate efforts. But all in vain. The approach is faster than the running speed of man if the hare was still. When seizure is about to take place—for it seldom that one dog makes it on first run—the hare, nimble in the art of doubling, turns from his course, to right or left, while the leading pursuer, impelled by the impetus of his great speed, is carried on ahead, giving the hare a gain in distance. Herein comes the play of the second dog, one of which is likely to be in the rear, who takes the lead in pursuit. The first has gained a point in turning the hare, and may perhaps make the kill, or cure all the points from his superior and there may be a dozen of hare dolings before the kill.

In spite of his life-long experience with the gun in field and cover, from the moose runs of northern forests to the buffalo-feeding grounds once found on the great plains, Mr. Whitney acknowledges that he prefers fishing shooting. His account of Pacific Coast sport with rod and line is graphic, scientific as well, as it is conceded sporting authorities that he was first to the field to tell of the attractions sportsmen here, in mountain streams and in the open sea:

In 1892, in the month of June, while at Monterey on the California coast, about a hundred miles south of San Francisco, and visiting the hauls of the marine fishermen, as brought in principally by Italians and Portuguese, I was interested in observing more or less salt brought in, which had been taken with baited hooks on strong cotton lines. This interested me so much that I accompanied some of the boats which left at an early daylight hour, and a school of salmon had come into the bay, I saw a number of them taken, which was a revelation to me. The fishermen were on hand for any edible fish which might come along, sinking, trolling, as the case might be, for bluefish, barracuda, and flounders, for mackerel, sea bass, or salmon. The fishing was entirely with cotton lines, using small fresh fish for bait, which abounded in plentifulness.

I was strongly affected in contemplation of the field before me, and will give an account of my experiences in a remarkable arena, where the sportsman's king of fishes, the salmon, is taken in full vigor in the open, lustrous and eager in the pursuit of natural food, undiminished by the stinence and confinement incidental to river pool life, at the commencement of the long fast which ordinarily terminates its existence.

Aside from the sport in which Mr. Whitney has found such pleasure, he gives notes of his extensive travels, his mingling and acquaintance with many eminent men, his services as commissioner for Colorado at the Paris Exposition of 1867, and many unique experiences on land and sea.

Published by Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York; price, \$3.50.

What is said to be the largest amount of duty ever paid in a lump at the San Francisco Custom-house was paid a few days ago. The sum was \$1,000.80, and it was the duty on sugar brought from the Philippines by the Sutherland. There were 147,000 lbs of the sugar, consigned to the Western Sugar Refining Company.

Frank J. Baker, civil engineer and surveyor, has a complete set of duplicates of the records and diagrams which were destroyed in the City Engineer's office at the time of the great fire, and wishes to sell them to San Francisco for \$100,000. The records extend from 1822 to the present time.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Jack London is said to be one of a number of Socialists in Alameda who have incorporated a publishing company with a capital stock of \$10,000, half of which has been subscribed.

Edward M. Ellis, a grandson of Red Cloud, the famous Sioux chief, is one of the young Indians educated at the Carlisle Indian School in Pennsylvania who have become recruits for the navy.

Lord Charles Beresford has sent a telegram to the press saying that the rumor published in a London morning paper of his impending resignation of the command of the Mediterranean fleet is absolutely untrue.

The Pope is said to be much troubled by gout, in almost constant pain, and is very much depressed. He has not the iron will power of Leo XIII, and feels the matter of being compelled to remain in the Vatican very keenly.

Charles Dana Gibson is seeking a studio in Paris, after a tour of the great art galleries of Italy and Spain. He acknowledged being a sufferer from rheumatism and would have returned to America but for the persuasion of friends.

King Edward is said to be in ill health and is now due for his annual visit to Weymouth. The king seems to have had a strong constitution, and though he is not now living to his mother's age—he is 65 this fall—he is probably good for several years yet.

Miss May Sutton has returned from England and is at Newport. She says she had a good time abroad even if she did lose the international tennis championship to Miss Douglass, and would like to have another try next year against the new champion.

Paul Philipoteau is remembered as the artist who painted the panorama of the battle of Gettysburg, long on exhibition in several cities. A few days ago the famous picture turned up at Shoshone, Idaho, but not on exhibition. It had

been cut into strips and was used as a restaurant tent at the opening of the Shoshone reservation.

Miss Nadage Doree has sued William Loeb, Jr., secretary to the President, for false imprisonment. Loeb says it is a mistake; he had nothing to do with her unlawful incarceration. The St. Louis Post-Dispatch remarks that had Miss Doree been wise she would have taken the sure route to reach Loeb. She would have brought an action against the President himself. Then we should all have known that Loeb did it.

Lord Walsingham, who is not only an entomologist of renown and a member of many learned societies, but an enthusiastic sportsman, has just celebrated his sixty-third birthday. Merton Hall, Lord Walsingham's seat in Norfolk, is a well-known sporting property; but a quite different interest attaches to it as being the place where the babes in the wood were really done to death by a wicked uncle.

Sir Henry Hozier, who has just retired after thirty-two years' service as secretary of Lloyd's, said not long ago that the blackest day he could remember was in October, 1881, when 108 vessels were posted as lost in twelve hours. Colonel Hozier is a Scotchman and started his career in the artillery, subsequently exchanging into the life guards. He was a war correspondent throughout Prussia's campaigns with Austria and France, nearly losing his life in the former campaign by a spent bullet.

A cable to the Sun from Constantinople says the Sultan is suffering seriously from Bright's disease. The Sultan is usually succeeded by his eldest surviving brother. The nominal heir now is Mohammed Reschad, who is in his sixty-second year and is two years younger than the Sultan. He has lived obscurely, to which fact he probably owes his life. Other candidates supported by the palace clique include the Sultan's eldest son, Mohammed Selim, who is 36 years of age.

CURRENT VERSE.

A Prophecy Fulfilled.

(Verses on Dreyfus first published in 1898.)

Not in the cloudy mountain-top.
Majestic and alone,
Truth lifts her ponderous scepter up
And rears her awful throne;
But in the crowded market-place
And in the prison-pen—
Her judgment-seat is on the street
And in the haunts of men.

She hales the mighty to her bar.
She bids the low arise,
For craft and power are all in vain
To blind her piercing eyes.
Before her still and serious gaze
The haughty take affright;
Their lust and lore and golden store
Are ashes in her sight.

She watched them mass their frowning troops,
and fling their banners high;
She saw them brand the innocent
And cast him out to die.
They stripped the buttons from his coat.
They marched him round to view,
And swiftly broke with ringing stroke
His sword and spirit too.

And only she of all the throng
That watched his sore disgrace
Let fall a pitying tear to match
The anguish of his face.
From loneliness to loneliness
His barren pathway led,
And none may know the stifled woe
That shook the prisoner's bed.

Shall earthly pomp and earthly plot
Or yet the assassin's wrath,
Avail to check imperial Truth
Or turn her from her path?
Through all the army's tented fields
Her silent couriers run,
And soon or late, as sure as fate,
God's justice will be done.
—Henry Robinson Palmer in the Providence Journal.

A cable dispatch from Berlin last week reported that shares in the German fire insurance companies interested in Chile fell 4 per cent on receipt of the news from Valparaiso.

Belvedere, California,
HILLSIDE INN.

Tiburon Ferry, 40 minutes from San Francisco
Boating and bathing. Terms reasonable. Address

MRS M. J. WARREN.

ALAMO PINTADO INN
BALLARD, CAL.

A delightful resting place for automobilists traveling between San Francisco and Santa Barbara—30 miles north of Santa Barbara, 2 miles south of Los Olivos. Daily mail, long-distance telephone and 72-degree gasoline.

F. M. SHAW, Prop.

Bonestell, Richardson & Co.

Have Plenty of Every Kind of

PAPER

Phone Temporary 1273

473 to 475 SIXTH STREET,
San Francisco.

For YOUR

BREAKFAST

GERMEA

At All Grocers

THE JOHNSON-LOCKE MERCANTILE CO.

AGENTS

714 Broadway, Oakland

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Indispensable as a seasoning for Soups, Fish and Gravies

John Duncan's Sons, Agts., N. Y.

"The Secret of my
Success"



VANITY FAIR.

Interested observers of society affairs in San Francisco remark various changes of importance in the new era.

The comments of a number of social leaders, as given in a recent article in the Call, are generally of the same tenor and notably cheerful. It is predicted that the season will be one long remembered for its delights. Informality will be the keynote of all entertainments, and that, of course, means an increased number of occasions of merry-making.

Clubs are not quite the delightful places they were before. However luxurious may be the private houses in which they are domiciled the club atmosphere is said to be lacking, the old familiar furnishings and comforts are, many of them, of necessity absent, and there is a "strange garret" feeling which quite drives a poor man forth to pay the calls and accept the invitations he scorned before. Men had become selfish, it is said by the wise, and were unwilling to take the trouble to go out to dances, formal dinners and the like, and a man at a tea was sure to be considered a martyr to family influence, a "climber," or deeply enamoured of some fair tea-goer.

There is just as much entertainment now as before, but of a different type just at present. There is no Palace or St. Francis to go to for dinners or luncheons, and there are no theatres, but people do other things. Dinners are given and any other form of entertaining that was ever done here during the summer. There will be a few who will drop out, of course, but friendships, which are the real basis of entertaining, are not destroyed by earthquake or fire.

It is thought that simplicity will be the keynote of all social events, and it is predicted that this feature will have a serious influence upon bachelors.

There will be so many this year who must dress more inexpensively that it will not be considered very good taste to dress handsomely, even by those who can afford it. The subtle influence of home life, as seen thus, will begin to tell. The inexpensive comforts devised by the fertile feminine brain since the days of lessened expenses began will be observed, and men who have felt that their incomes were not sufficient for two at the rate people lived will find that clever wives could do marvels with them. Meeting on a more natural basis will bring about a better understanding between men and girls, too.

The prettiest belle of the season may prove to have most unexpected accomplishments, and the shy girl who never shone at dinners or dances will surprise a man by her fund of quiet wit, her musical or artistic ability or her gentle, sympathetic understanding, and the same rule applies to the men. A girl will find that some man whom she had esteemed heretofore only for his dancing or his Welsh rarebits has all kinds of manly qualities, and the dullest man of her acquaintance may prove an appreciative and intelligent listener with a comfortable income.

Royal favor in England and Norway bids fair to revive a diversion that had nearly lost attraction for the many.

Queen Maud, of Norway, has just ordered two new bicycles from London, on which she proposes to make a tour of her new kingdom. She thus exemplified the constancy of the British royal family in their tastes, in contrast with the fickleness of fashionable society.

Cycling was unanimously dropped by society several years ago, after a craze that had made Battersea Park, with its cycle track, a serious rival to Rotten Row. But the English princesses have never grown tired of cycling. The Princess Royal (Duchess of Fife) and Princess Victoria take regular spins on their wheels, and the pastime has been taken up with great enthusiasm by little Princess Victoria Mary of Wales.

Secrets of the lodge-room were in danger for a day in St. Paul during the

recent meeting of the national societies of Veterans and the allied organizations.

Confusion was created in the halls of the Women's Relief Corps and the Ladies of the G. A. R. by delegates being allowed to get into the wrong session. In some strange manner both organizations adopted the same password for this year's conventions. It was not discovered the first day and the delegates found themselves among some strange faces and listening to the discussion of matters of which they had not the slightest knowledge.

It was impossible for either of the organizations to change their passwords during the day, and they worked under the difficulty during the entire session. Finally the guards at the doors would not let anybody in unless the delegates told to which organization they belonged.

It is rumored in Washington that a new major-domo will shortly be in charge of social functions at the White House, Major McCawley to be replaced by Captain Frank McCoy of the Third Cavalry.

While Major Charles L. McCawley was at Providence Hospital, convalescent from typhoid fever, he married Mrs. John Davis, widow of Judge John Davis, of the Court of Claims. Mrs. Davis was Sallie Frelinghuysen, daughter of the former Secretary of State. She has an independent fortune and maintains an elaborate home here. She is several years the Major's senior and is not an intimate associate of the Roosevelts. The unconventional wedding of the Major and the widow occasioned much comment at the White House.

A humorist contributes to Puck this scrap of conversation concerning a fatal defect in socialism:

"I like socialism fine," said the honest and apparently unromantic mechanic, "but I don't want to give up my Sunday paper."

"Give up your Sunday paper," said the agitator. "I don't see how socialism is going to affect your reading matter."

"Maybe it won't yours," replied the victim of capital, "but I've got so accustomed to reading 'Snappy Doings in Smart Set: They Bump the Bumps in the Vandergould Dining-Room' and 'Mrs. Astor's Gems: She Has Enough to Fill a Wash Basin,' and 'Life Histories of the Eighty Peeresses Who Were Members of the Original Florodora Sextet' and all such like that I dunno what I'd do if you was to remove the pampered classes."

Prof. Bouchard recently read a paper before the French Academy of Sciences

setting forth that X-rays are an infallible agent for restoring color to whitened hair and beard and turning light blond hair to fast black.

He showed pictures of a professor of Montpellier, one side of whose beard was iron gray, the other, after treatment, glistening black. A later photo proved that the Italian richness of color was more than skin deep, for the new hairs grown were also black. While revealing this wonderful successor to the many dyes on the market, the professor was not altogether sanguine as to the great gain to the old who would be young or to the prematurely white, for he said it would be some time before he could make sure that the result might not be permanent harm which would more than compensate for this rejuvenation.

Franco-American society in Paris has just enjoyed a fete as delightful as it was original, given by Mme. Clarke.

The hostess probably is the only representative in Paris of that American type, "the business woman." She is in herself the whole firm of Cunliffe, Russell & Co., bankers. Literally, her financial operations range from New York to India, with France as her headquarters. Mme. Clarke is deeply interested in the state lotteries of various European countries. But all this does not prevent the most conservative of French aristocrats from accepting eagerly her frequent invitations. Mrs. Frank H. Mason, the American Consul-General's wife; Dr. Spaulding, with his wife; Countess Lafayette, Princess Abbatucci and the Duke of Pomar, a Spanish grandee, were among the hundred and more guests. The hostess engaged for the night the larger stand in the lower lake in the Bois de Boulogne. Electric lamps of every color were run like ribbons through the trees, so that the whole island gleamed in a soft radiance. Venetian gondolas, propelled by gayly costumed musicians, who sang to the tinkle of guitars and mandolins, bore the guests to the island, when they would consent to debark there, for most preferred to be rowed about the lake, long and dreamily, the better to enjoy the lovely sight; the varicolored lights reflected, dancing on the dark water, the gondolas furrowing their illuminated way, while strange music sounded. It was a festival of light. A little theatre had been hastily erected near the Swiss chalet, a theatre backed by trees and open to the warm, still air of the summer night. The ever-thoughtful hostess had pillaged the opera and the theatres for singers and reciters and the vaudeville stage for dancers who moved in Spanish and Japanese measures.

Wrong glasses are worse, sometimes, than none.

Don't neglect nature's warning. If your eyes tire, they call for help.

HIRSCH & KAISER,

1757 Fillmore St.

Opticians.

Children cutting teeth, and suffering from the various disorders incident thereto, need Steedman's Soothing Powders.

Hotel Collingwood

35th St., between 5th Ave. and Broadway
NEW YORK CITY

New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district containing every modern device for comfort of guests.

Positively exclusive. Service a la carte.

Educational.

MISS HAMLIN'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Formerly at 1849 Jackson St., is now at 2230 Pacific Ave. near Webster St. School reopens Tuesday, August 7, 1910. Accredited. Address

Miss S. D. Hamlin,
2230 Pacific Avenue. San Francisco

PORTLAND

OREGON

St. Helen's Hall

A girl's school of the highest class. Corp of teachers, location, building, equipment—the best.

Send for catalogue.

School Opens September 17, 1906.

MRS. J. E. TIPPETT

(CLARA BEUTLER)

Teacher of Singing
Coaching

Studio, Pierce Building, Copley Square,
Boston, Mass.

IRVING INSTITUTE

A day and home School of high standing for girls and young ladies. Accredited by the universities. Art, music under masters. Write for catalogue.

Mrs. Edward B. Church, Principal.

Mrs. Fay Chase Kellogg, Acting Principal.

2126 CALIFORNIA STREET,
San Francisco, California

Miss Harker's School.

Palo Alto, Cal. Home and Day School for Girls. Intermediate and Primary Departments. Certificate admits to Stanford, Vassar and Wellesley. Number limited. Reopen August 20th.

Ogontz School for Young Ladies

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia; two hours from New York. The late Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circular address MISS SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal, Ogontz School, P. O., Pa.

Miss Ransom's School for Girls

Will open on Wednesday, August 15, at 484 Presidio Avenue, Oakland. A limited number of boarders received. MARION RANSOM, EDITH BRIDGES, Principals.

OTTO FLEISSNER, Vocal, Piano, Organ and Harmony. Residence and Studio: 2560 Vallejo St. near Scott St., San Francisco. In Oakland on Tuesday care of Sherman, Clay & Company.

Del Monte Offers

During the reconstruction of San Francisco, Hotel Del Monte offers a welcome shelter to those desiring a home-like place for rest and recreation. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at the present. The entire hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families. Address Geo. P. Sells, Manager, Del Monte, California.

A Permanent Home

**SMITH'S
CASH STORE**
16 Stewart St. San Francisco.
"JUST AROUND THE CORNER"

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

Are showing an unusually complete assortment of

CARPETS

All grades are included. The patterns are the very latest for the season of Fall furnishing. This stock is the largest shown in San Francisco and is complete

Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

Stoves and Ranges

ADAPTED FOR BURNING: COAL, WOOD, GAS, GASOLINE AND OIL.

REFRIGERATORS

Complete Kitchen Outfits for Hotels, Restaurants, Clubs & Households

COR. POLK & TURK STS.

PHONE EMERGENCY 427

STAGE GOSSIP.

It is announced that the owners of the Orpheum circuit of vaudeville houses will erect an Orpheum in Oakland, to cost \$100,000.

Old theatre-goers will have pleasing memories recalled by the announcement that Mario Majeroni, the son of Majeroni, the Italian actor, will appear as the prince of India in the play made from Henry Law Wallace's novel. Twenty-five years ago his father and mother were well-known in the theatrical world. Mme. Julia Majeroni was a sister of history, and was a beautiful woman and effective on the stage, especially in Bartley Campbell's "Galley Slave." Both played many years subsequently in Australia, and died there.

The famous French opera in New Orleans, which has for several years been declining, is to be replaced next year by a 10-weeks season in Italian by the San Carlo company. This closes—for the present at least—a record of over 100 years. Lafayette went to the opera here in 1825.

George Ade has turned over to Charles Frohman a new play to be produced this fall. The name of it has not been chosen yet, but will probably be "The Honorable Dan." The scene will be laid in a small Indiana town. The actors who will present the play have not been selected.

Leoncavallo, who is to make a tour through the United States this year, has been spending the summer in Switzerland and finishing his new opera, "The Young Figaro," with words by Sardou. It will be initially produced in New York.

"Monk," the famous thoroughbred race horse that has always run as the "down stage horse" on Ben-Hur's chariot, is the only remaining member of the original cast of "Ben-Hur," the famous spectacle now entering on its eighth season.

A legitimate successor to the comic operas of Gilbert and Sullivan has been brought out at the New Theatre in London, England. The libretto is by Fredrick Fenn, and the music by P. M. Faraday. The music is somewhat amateurish, but the work achieved considerable success owing to the witty lines, a consistent plot, charming lyrics and attractive setting. The scene is laid in Egypt.

Arnold Daly is said to entertain the conviction that there is a fortune in the piece for any one producing it, but notwithstanding the court decision in his favor, he will neither produce "Mrs. Warren's Profession" himself nor permit any one else to do so. He is apparently still searching for sensations.

Among the new plays which he proposes to give during the winter are a version of "Apres l'Opera," one of the thrillers to be found at the Grand Guignol in Paris; "The Monkey's Paw," the version of W. W. Jacobs's story made by Louis N. Parker, and "The Flag Station." He is also the possessor of "Grandfather Coquesne," in which, it is said, Henry Irving would have appeared if his days had been less suddenly ended.

Winklemann, the noted tenor, has retired from the Vienna opera after singing twenty-three years, ten of them without a voice. Wagner chose him for the first Parsifal at Baireuth.

Saint-Saens, who has promised to visit the United States next season, declares that he will compose no more. His last large work was "L'Ancestre," produced last year. Some critics regard him as the greatest composer France has ever had.

Eddie Foy's new play is a musical piece called "The Wild and Woolly West." Mr. Foy will have the role of an editor who assumes a job left vacant by seven preceding editors, all suddenly deceased. John G. Gilbert is the author.

Paul M. Potter has finished his adaptation of Croisset's "Le Bonheur Meslames," which he has written for Lilian Russell, and which is to be called "Barbara's Millions." H. Reeves Smith and Herbert Standing will supply the principal male support. Miss Russell's experiment will be watched with some curiosity, as the instances in which pop-

ular singers have repeated their triumphs on the speaking stage have been comparatively rare. It is possible, of course, to point out the cases of Charlotte Cushman and Genevieve Ward, but their gifts differed somewhat materially from those of Miss Russell.

Justin Huntly McCarthy has a rival. Edward St. John Brenon announces that he also has written a drama having Caesar Borgia for its hero. It remains now to be seen which dramatist will succeed in getting his play first to the footlights.

Cyril Maude is likely to be the manager of his own theatre again before long. It will be remembered that his London playhouse was practically demolished some months ago by the collapse of part of the roof of the Charing Cross railroad station. The railway company has signified its willingness to pay \$100,000 without any legal contest, and the shattered theatre will soon be in good order again.

Italy's leading opera house, the Scala of Milan, is again facing a crisis. The expenses of a four months' season of opera amount to about \$200,000, while the receipts do not exceed \$120,000. This leaves \$80,000 to be supplied by the owners of the opera house—the city and the boxholders. The city is in a predicament. In 1901 the citizens of Milan decided, by a referendum, not to cover the annual deficit any longer. A syndicate succeeded in tiding over the difficulty, but only for a few years. The city is again asked to contribute its share, but the referendum decision stands in the way. The city fathers have offered the sum of \$12,000, to be expended in lowering the orchestra and changing the fifth tier to a gallery, which is to be accessible to persons who can not afford the high prices charged for tickets in other parts of the house. It is feared that the Scala will again have to be let year by year to some speculative manager, as formerly. The objection to this plan is that such a manager will allow the profit question to weigh much more heavily than artistic considerations.

W. H. Leahy, president of the San Francisco Board of Police Commissioners and formerly manager of the Tivoli Opera House, in a newspaper interview denies the charge said to have been made by Arthur Cunningham, the singer, that Leahy was "a contract breaker," and adds: "Cunningham would be mighty glad to go to work for me again if I gave him the chance."

After-theatre suppers in the restaurants of the so-called "theatre district" in New York City must end at 1 o'clock in the morning, or else be served without liquor, according to an order issued by Acting Police Commissioner Waldo which has become effective. It is declared that the police will continue a vigilant crusade until the public is educated to appreciate the necessity of eating and drinking before 1 o'clock.

"A few years ago," Thomas A. Edison said the other day to a representative of the Musical Age, "when the talking machine business was still a dubious proposition, a list of the new records was often handed me for approval. After hearing them, I would mark 'good,' 'fair' or 'rotten' against the compositions so as to class them for trade. The 'rotten' records always made a hit with the public. Now, all I have to do is to condemn a bit of music and the factory works overtime to supply the demand."

Henrietta Osborne Bert, wife of Frederick W. Bert, general manager of William A. Brady's enterprises, died in Brooklyn recently, after a protracted illness. Mrs. Bert, a popular and talented actress, especially in tragic roles, and well known to the theatre-goers twenty-five years ago under her stage name of Henrietta Osborne, was about sixty-five years of age. Her personality and her amazonian physique made her a striking figure in tragic impersonations, and she appeared in the support of such renowned players as the Booths, Forrest, Charlotte Cushman, E. L. Davenport, Joseph Jefferson and Lawrence Barrett. While her husband managed the old California Theatre in San Francisco she played a series of important roles, being associated with

all the famous theatrical persons of the Pacific Slope, among them being John McCullough, Helen and Lucille Western, Katherine Coehran, David Belasco and Joseph R. Grismer. Her repertoire was immense and varied.

The new play announced as to be written for Eleanor Robson by Edmond Restand, the noted French dramatist and academician, is not a new one, and it was not specially written for her. It is "La Princesse Lointaine," or a new version of it, specially devised, with the consent of M. Restand, by Louis N. Parker, for Miss Robson.

The Orpheum.

Ben Welch, the dialect comedian, will make his first appearance in San Francisco at the Orpheum Sunday afternoon, and his stories are said to be droll beyond description. The five Salvaggis, acrobatic and whirlwind dancers, will contribute an act that must be seen to be appreciated. The Dixon Brothers, musical grotesques, play upon all kinds of instruments. Max Hildebrandt, "The Crazy German Cavalry Band Leader," will complete the list of newcomers. Margaret Wycherly will continue her sketch, "In Self-Defense," and Mlle. Therese Renz, Europe's greatest horsewoman, will appear for the last time here. Mayme Remington and her "Black Buster Brownies," the Oliveira trio of musicians and Orpheum motion pictures will complete a varied and interesting program. On the grounds of the Chutes, where the Orpheum is located, are attractions of every description. There will be a special matinee at the Orpheum on Monday, Labor Day.

A. C. Barkhausen, the blind news dealer, formerly at Bush and Montgomery streets, is now located at the southwest corner of Devisadero and California streets. Subscriptions or orders for weekly deliveries will be promptly attended to. Address in care of Wakelee's, 2801 California street. Phone West 2907.

ORPHEUM.

Week Commencing SUNDAY MATINEE, Sept. 2.
Special Matinee Monday, Labor Day.
(Matinee Every Day.)

A Wondrous Show!

BEN WELCH; Five Salvaggis; Dixon Brothers; Max Hildebrandt; Mlle. Therese Renz; Mayme Remington and Her Black Buster Brownies; Oliveira Trio; Orpheum Motion Pictures and last week of MARGARET WYCHERLY and COMPANY.

Prices: 10c, 25c and 50c. Down Town Box Office at Donlon's Drug Store, Fillmore and Sutter Sts. Phone West 6000.

CHUTES and ZOO—Open Daily from 10 A. M. till Midnight. Admission 10c; Children 5c.

P. Centemeri & Co.

KID GLOVES

New Location

1551 Van Ness Ave.

Between Pine and California

San Francisco

SIEVERS FLORAL CO.

Respectfully announce the opening of their Elegant Establishment

1660 California Street, near Van Ness

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

Will open a BRANCH at southeast corner of Van Ness Avenue and Eddy Street on Tuesday, September 4th. A general banking business transacted.

A. KAINS, Manager

G. W. B. HEATHCOTE, Asst. Manager

HOTEL ST. FRANCIS

ANNEX
SAN FRANCISCO

IN UNION SQUARE
ON THE LAWN
AMID THE PALMS
EVERY ROOM OUTSIDE
ON THE GROUND FLOOR

FAMOUS GRILL ROOM
IN MAIN BUILDING
SAME SKILLED CHEF

THE LATEST STYLES IN

Choice Woolens

H. S. Bridge & Co.
MERCHANT TAILORS
1176 O'FARRELL STREET

HOTEL RAFAEL

SAN RAFAEL, CAL.
50 minutes from San Francisco. Complete
Change of Climate
TIBURON OR SAUSALITO FERRY
All Modern Conveniences.
R. V. HALTON Proprietor

HOTHER WISMER

VIOLINIST

Studied with Professor Karl Halir and at the Royal High School of Music at Berlin. Has resumed teaching at his studio and residence, 2945 Fillmore Street, between Green and Union Streets. Saturdays at Siles Hall, Berkeley.

Bohm Bristol Co.

JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS

A COMPLETE LINE OF
DIAMONDS, WATCHES,
JEWELRY AND
SILVERWARE

NEW LOCATION:

Van Ness Ave. and
Sacramento St.

FORMERLY AT 104-110 GEARY ST.

LITERARY NOTES.

From a Cornish Window.

He who would spend a casual hour or two in pleasant converse with a delightful companion is commended to "From a Cornish Window," by A. T. Quiller Couch. He has subdivided his musings on men and hooks and nature into twelve parts—headed by the names of the months—as many as his moods. The rather earnest dedication, wherein the author places himself in sullen solitude, because the philosophy of the times is out of joint, does not prepare us for the lightsome pages that follow.

With excellent wit and agreeable sentiment he discourses of Shakespeare and Kipling, of Plato and Stevenson, of children and Christmas, of village shop and hookstall, of old favorites in prose and verse that bring a sigh, of sea view and olive orchard. These intimate communings are very entertaining and, generally, in good taste, but his practice of illustrating his text by solecisms invariably committed by Americans, raises our patriotic ire. It was the young American lady who referred to "Virginis Puerihusque"; it is the American sculptor who depicts "Freedom Presenting a Pianola to the Fisheries and the Fine Arts."

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$1.50 net.

City Government.

A movement in educational circles that promises much is the growing interest in the study of city government. The illuminating comment of a school official that he "regarded our city government as too hard to be studied," furnishes an excellent reason for adding it to the already overburdened curriculum of high schools. "City Government for Young People," by Charles Dwight Willard, is a valuable text-book on the subject. In one century, Mr. Willard points out, the proportion of people living in cities has increased from one-thirtieth to one-third. For all these people the city is a sort of house-keeper, protecting their lives, educating their children, guarding their health. And yet the average citizen, beyond voting and paying his taxes, is little concerned with the management of affairs at the city hall.

When the school has fostered in the child an intelligent interest in and understanding of the science of municipal government, we may hope in time to approximate the enviable management of European cities. As no two American cities are governed alike, Mr. Willard has indicated the general system under which municipalities are governed, and wherein our own cities differ from others.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; 50 cents.

Airy Humor of College Life.

"The Count of Harvard," by Rupert Sargent Holland, is an amusing bit of undergraduate effervescence. While reading it one must be in the humor to surrender one's self to sheer airy nonsense. "The count" is the nickname of one kind of a typical student—so-called—at Harvard; the hutterfly kind to whom life is one long, never-ending frolic, and who regards the "grind" who actually goes to college for the sake of acquiring information, with amused, intolerant contempt.

The author has something of Lewis Carroll's talent for spinning a gay, glimmering web of nonsense out of the

ordinary coinage of conversation, and the gravely absurd doings of the count and his chums make up a sufficiently amusing volume.

Published by L. C. Page & Co.; price, \$1.50.

Sympathetic Suburban Annals.

Another collection of Mary Stewart Cutting's magazine stories, entitled "More Stories of American Life," attest the popularity of these entertaining recitals of the ups and downs of suburban domesticity. They are the epitomes in little of American family life, and the wise author who sees so clearly into the souls of the men and women of whom she writes, weaves between them and her readers that bond of kinship with their better selves which awakens a perennially quickened sympathy.

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co.; price, \$1.25.

New Publications.

"In Our Town," by William Allen White, sketches of life in a Kansas town as reported by a country editor, is enjoying a wide sale. Excerpts from the book were printed in the Argonaut for June 2d. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co.

"Monographs: Garrick, Macready, Rachel and Baron Stockman," by Sir Theodore Martin, K. C. B., K. C. V. O., is as pretentious as the author's signature, and is written in the best Quarterly Review manner. It would seem that lives as romantic and gossip-full as those of the three great actors named would connote a lighter and cheerier literary treatment. There are few new anecdotes in the "Monographs." Baron Stockman, the subject of the fourth sketch, was a German statesman of much talent and little fame. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., \$3.50 net.

The latest volume added to Laird & Lee's excellent series of Webster's New Standard Dictionaries is the Intermediate School Edition. The volume contains 30,000 vocabulary words and 5,000 synonyms. Published by Laird & Lee, Chicago; 50 cents.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Howard Chandler Christy has gone on a vacation to the Canada woods, having just completed his book for this year on "The American Girl."

John W. Munson's "Reminiscences of a Mosby Guerrilla," which have appeared in serial publication will soon be brought out in book form.

Among the annuals already announced is "A Cheerful Year Book," by F. M. Knowles and C. F. Lester, introduced and concluded by Carolyn Wells.

A historical edition of "Romola," in two volumes, with 160 engravings, is to

be edited, with an introduction and notes, by Dr. Guido Biagi, librarian of the Laurentian and the Riccardi libraries in Florence.

"The Cruise of the Violetta," by Arthur Colton, is to appear this month.

At the time of her death Mrs. Craigie was engaged in adapting her play, "A Time to Love" for publication as a novel. Her last novel, "The Dream and the Business," is ready for issue, the publishers awaiting a cable dispatch from America to say that the United States copyright has been secured.

Very rich and the wife of one of the most successful journalists in London, Mrs. Humphry Ward does not write for money, but for fame. Yet she is balked of her highest desire, which is to write a story that would be acknowledged as on a par with "Adam Bede" or "The Mill on the Floss." The success which will attend Mrs. Ward's visit to this country this fall or winter is a matter of speculation with literary photographers of the daily press.

"Reminiscences of Sir Henry Irving," in two substantial and richly illustrated volumes, by the late actor's manager and friend, Bram Stoker, is announced for early publication.

Lines to a Book Borrower.

Ask me no more; the moon may draw the sea;
The cloud may stoop from heaven, and you to me,
But O too fond! when I have answered thee,
Ask me no more!

Ask me no more; I once did lend thee books.
And what on earth's become of them, adzooks!
No man doth wot;
Ask me no more!

Ask me no more; the moon may draw the sea,
But you can draw no more books out of me!
—The Book Lover.

Hohart C. Chatfield-Taylor, who has written several plays and is prominently interested in Chicago's new theatre movement, has finished his new book on Moliere, which he has had in hand for several years. The book is to be published this fall.

The work of the Moravian Brotherhood on the coast of Labrador is the subject of an article by Gustav Kobbe in the September Century, with illustrations by M. J. Burns.

ROBERTSON'S

NEW LOCATION

1539

Van Ness Ave., Near Pine

"Next to the White House"

Mr. Robertson calls attention to the above address, which is very centrally located.

Take Advantage of this Special Introductory

Offer: Upon receipt of 50c in stamps, money-order or coin, we will send the September, October, November and December issues of

THE ARENA MAGAZINE

as a trial subscription. This great review of original opinion is again edited by B. O. Flower, and since it has been greatly enlarged and improved it is now everywhere recognized as having surpassed its old self. The Oakland (Cal.) Enquirer says:

"No one who desires to keep abreast of the best thought of the day in politics and every other department of human progress can afford to be without THE ARENA."

In addition to the regular contributions on the public questions of the day, THE ARENA also contains Short Stories, Editorial Comments, The Mirror of the Present, Book Studies and Reviews of New Books, as well as numerous finely executed illustrations.

ENTER YOUR SUBSCRIPTION

AT ONCE

25 Cents a Copy

\$2.50 a Year

ALBERT BRANDT, Publisher

154 Brandt Building, . . . Trenton, N. J.

Pears'

The ingredients in many soaps, require free alkali to saponify them.

The rich, cool lather of Pears' does not result from free alkali, fats or rosin.

Pears' and purity are synonymous.

Matchless for the complexion.

GAS HEAT

CLEANEST, CHEAPEST, HOTTEST

650,000 Heat Units for

85 CENTS

GASTEMP RADIATORS

Steam heat from Gas at a cost of 5-8 of cent per hour to maintain an even temperature in a room 10 feet square. Ideal for stores and offices.

APPROVED BY UNDERWRITERS

Backus Grates and Logs

Appliance Salesrooms

THE GAS COMPANY

500 Haight Street 421 Presidio Avenue
1260 Ninth Avenue

"How the Army Worked to Save San Francisco"

By HENRY ANDERSON LAFLER

Containing Some Observations on Gen. Funston
At all newsdealers. Price, ten cents.



Globe-Wernicke "ELASTIC" BOOKCASE

is the original and only perfect sectional bookcase made. The doors are non-binding, dust-proof, operate on roller bearings, and positively cannot get out of order. Bases furnished with or without drawers. Call and see them, or send for catalog with interior views showing them artistically arranged in library, parlor, den, hall, etc. No. 105 is the catalogue to ask for."

H. S. CROCKER COMPANY

225 MARKET STREET
SOLE AGENTS

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

In Paris, M. Clemenceau, Minister of the Interior, is famous for his caustic wit. The other day he was passing through one of the rooms at the home office, when he caught sight of a clerk asleep, with his head on his blotting pad. It will be remembered that M. Clemenceau recently insisted on the clerks of the home office working, at all times putting in an appearance at their desks, for seven hours every day, and the minister could not help smiling at the evident fatigue which his new law had caused. The chief clerk in the office was rushing to wake the young man up, when M. Clemenceau put out his hand to stop him. "Good gracious!" he said, "do not disturb him. If you wake him up he will go away!"

Archbishop Ryan had rebuked a priest for wearing a most disreputable-looking hat. "I would not give this hat for twenty new ones," said the priest. "It belonged to my father, who fell in the line of '48." "Ah," was Archbishop Ryan's retort, "evidently he fell on the hat!"

Mrs. Thomas Johnson Smith was being married for the fourth time in the little country church in which she had been raised. The ceremony was proceeding with all solemnity until the minister reached the point, "Who gives this woman to this man to be his wife?" and a voice away back in the congregation replied, "I generally do."

F. M. Beckford, of Laconia, New Hampshire, was once arguing a case in the Belknap county court, and he ended his argument as follows: "Your honor, and gentlemen of the jury: This case is one peculiar in circumstances as well as in fact. It came to me as a legacy from my late brother, Colonel T. J. Whipple, who was engaged in its preparation at the time of his death. The county attorney who bought the case into court has long since gone to his great reward. The justice who held the original hearing has long since passed away. Our Attorney-General Barnard, since he became interested in the case, has been called to that land where litigation is not known. Several of the leading witnesses, too, are dead—" "All of which," said the court, "reminds us of the uncertainty of human life. Proceed, or none of us will be able to see the case through."

Berzelius, the Swedish chemist, made most of his laboratory experiments in his kitchen with the cook, Anna, as his only assistant. "What is your master?" asked one of his neighbors. "Oh, he is a chemist." "What's that?" "Well, I will tell you. He has something in a big bottle, then he pours it into a smaller one, and then again into quite a tiny bottle." "Well, and what happens to it?" "Oh, then I throw it away."

In one of Hall Caine's visits to this country a banquet was given in his honor in a certain city, and Thomas Nelson Page was invited to introduce the guest of the evening. Just before the toasts began, Mr. Page's right-hand neighbor passed his menu around the table with the request that Caine should let the usual "autographing" with his signature. "Good idea," said Page; "I'll send my menu-card along, too. I've got to introduce Hall Caine in a few minutes, and I want to be able to say that I have read something he has written."

Marie Corelli's domestic quiet at Stafford-on-Avon seemed likely to be destroyed not long since by the opening of a girls' school in the house immediately adjoining her own. The famous novelist found that the recitations of

the pupils greatly interrupted her literary work. She stood it, however, as long as she possibly could, and finally wrote a letter of protest to the proprietor of the school. The reply she received from the elderly schoolmistress was prompt, and ran as follows:

"Dear Miss Corelli: Judging from the literary work of yours which it has been my privilege to see, I should say that it would be just as well if you were interrupted even more frequently."

During Lord Kitchener's recent visit to the Indian frontier defenses he inspected a new fort. He was astonished to find that it had been so placed as to be commanded by a nearby hill. The officer who had chosen the site was present with the party, and Kitchener called him forward. Instead of the outburst that the staff expected, Kitchener merely held out his hand and said: "I congratulate you, colonel. What a capital place for a fort! When do you begin to remove the hill?"

The late Alexander Muir, of Toronto, author of "The Maple Leaf," Canada's national anthem, was interested all his life in the divorce laws, which were too often, he claimed, unfair to women.

Mr. Muir frequently declared that men, not their wives, were in nine cases out of ten responsible for unhappy marriages.

"The trouble with too many husbands," he once said, "is that they treat their wives as a Toronto man used to do."

"This man, sitting in his drawing-room on a coolish evening, cried out fiercely:

"Shut that door, confound it! What's the matter with you, any way? Do you want to freeze me?"

"The cook appeared calmly in the open doorway.

"Do you know who you are speaking to, sir?" she said in a stern voice.

"The man, taken aback, stammered: "Oh, excuse me. I thought it was my wife."

At a banquet held in a room, the walls of which were adorned with many beautiful paintings, a well-known college president was called upon to respond to a toast. In the course of his remarks, wishing to pay a compliment to the ladies present, and designating the paintings with one of his characteristic gestures, he said: "What need is there of these painted beauties when we have so many with us at this table?"

Two Irish farmers who had not seen each other for a long time met at a fair. They had a lot of things to tell each other.

"Sure, it's married I am," said Murphy.

"You don't tell me so," said Moran.

"Faix, yes," said Murphy. "and I've got a fine healthy bhoys which the neighbors say is the very picture of me."

Moran looked for a moment at Murphy, who was not, to say the least, remarkable for his good looks, and then said: "Och, well, what is the harm so long as the child's healthy?"

Mark Twain once wrote to Andrew Carnegie as follows:

"My dear Mr. Carnegie: I see by the papers that you are very prosperous. I want to get a hymn book. It costs 6 shillings. I will bless you, God will bless you, and it will do a great deal of good. Yours truly."

Andrew Carnegie is famous for the excellent advice that he gives to poor young men.

"In considerable fear," said a New York millionaire, "I once consulted Mr. Carnegie about a new venture. The business looked as if it ought to be profitable. There seemed to be a public need of it. Still, there was some risk involved, and I was afraid."

"But Mr. Carnegie laughed at my fears."

"If it is a good thing, plunge in," he said. 'Fear is old-womanish. Fear is what keeps untold millions from mak-

ing fortunes. When Benjamin Franklin thought of starting a paper in Philadelphia, his mother, greatly alarmed, tried to dissuade him. She pointed out that there were already two newspapers in America.'"

Charles Butters, a California mining man, has been awarded a gold medal, the gift of the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa, by the London Council of the Institute of Mining and Metallurgy. The honor has been conferred on Butters on account of original research work in the metallurgy of gold in Africa.

SHREVE & Company

will occupy, about September first, their temporary building at Van Ness Ave. and Sacramento St. Complete stock of DIAMOND and GOLD JEWELRY, WATCHES, SILVER WARE, GLASS WARE, STATIONERY, ETC., now on sale at Post Street and Grant Avenue



Hotel del Coronado UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Enjoy California's best climate at the largest all-year seaside resort hotel in the world. All outside rooms. Guests will appreciate the new and important changes. Every modern convenience provided, including long distance telephone in rooms. Chef of national reputation. Choicest and widest cuisine of any hotel in the West. Interior court—a rare tropical garden. Fine winter fishing and hunting. Unexcelled golf links and tennis courts. For further information address

MORGAN ROSS, Manager Coronado Beach, Cal. H. F. NORCROSS, General Agent 334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles

"FOR A GREATER SAN FRANCISCO."

THE HICKS-JUDD COMPANY

Printers and Bookbinders Steel Die Embossing

LOOSE LEAF LEDGERS and SPECIALTIES

270-284 Valencia Street,

BETWEEN 13TH and 14TH, SAN FRANCISCO

Telephone Special 1405

Dr. Deimel (LINEN-MESH) Underwear

We Announce the OPENING OF OUR Retail Store AT

1107 Van Ness Avenue, Near Geary St.

Customers' measurements preserved. No change in prices. The best selected stock of underwear in San Francisco

The Deimel Linen-Mesh System Co.

Shore Line Limited

Drawing-room Parlor Cars Buffet Smoking Car Dining Car Large Protected Observation Rotunda

Daily by Daylight

To Coast Line Resorts From San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Southern Pacific

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Le Conte, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Le Conte of Berkeley, to Mr. John B. Hoffman of Oakland.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mabel Stockton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Stockton of San Diego to Lieutenant E. S. Eckhardt, U. S. N. The wedding will be celebrated in Washington, D. C., on September 19th. Lieutenant Eckhardt is at present stationed at Norfolk, Virginia.

The engagement is announced of Miss Abba Church, of Oakland, a niece of Mr. and Mrs. George McNear, and Mr. Edgar Rickard. No date is arranged as yet for the wedding. Mr. Rickard has recently come to Oakland from the north, where he has extensive interests.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Gertrude Gould of Oakland to Dr. Roderic O'Connor, U. S. A., will be celebrated at the home of the bride in Oakland on September 5th.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Helen Meiggs of Santa Barbara to Mr. Frederick Thompson of this city will be celebrated at the bride's home in October.

The wedding of Miss Marion Sterling, sister of Mr. George Sterling and a niece of Mr. Frank, C. Havens, to Mr. Clarence C. Cunha of Honolulu was very quietly celebrated on Saturday morning last at St. Francis de Sales church, in Oakland, Miss Ada Sterling, the bride's sister, was her only attendant, and Mr. Charles Benton was the best man. After their honeymoon Mr. and Mrs. Cunha will make their home in Grass Valley for the present.

Mrs. William H. Taylor and Mrs. Augustus Taylor entertained recently at a luncheon at their home at Menlo Park, in honor of Miss Ethyl Hager, whose marriage to Mr. Lansing Kellogg will take place early in September. Among the guests were: Miss Ethyl Hager, Miss Alice Hager, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. Laurance Scott, Mrs. Fred McNear and Mrs. Sherwood Hopkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark, who were at Del Monte for the golf tournament, entertained at a dinner there last week, at which their guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Miss Alice Hager, Mr. C. Templeton Crocker and others.

A party which went en automobile to Del Monte for the golf tournament consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hobart, Miss Anita Harvey, Miss Genevieve Harvey, Miss Jennie Crocker, Mr. Harry R. Simpkins, Mr. Harry Stetson, Mr. Oscar Cooper and Mr. Lawrence McCreery.

Mrs. Linda Bryan was the hostess at a luncheon on Wednesday of last week, at her home on Buchanan street, in honor of Miss Georgie Shepard, who is to be married this fall to Lieutenant Edwin C. Long, U. S. A. Those present were: Mrs. Ynez Shorb White, Mrs. Gaston Ashe, Mrs. Charles S. Fee, Mrs. Lester Herrick, Mrs. John Bradbury, Mrs. Thomas Benton Darragh, Miss Carrie Waters of San Bernardino, Miss Edna Montgomery, Miss Maye Colburn, Miss Meta Breckenfeld and Miss Mabelle Toy.

The Mansfield Club will give its seventh piano recital at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, 1919 California street, on Saturday afternoon, September 1st. A large number of invitations have been issued and an attractive program has been arranged.

The Italian Consul, Count Naselli and Countess Naselli gave a reception last week at the Hotel Rafael to sixty invited guests to meet the Commander and officers of the Italian man-of-war Dogali, now anchored in the harbor. The reception was held in the green room of the hotel and the bright uniform of the Commander and of the officers, mingled with the handsome gowns of the ladies, gave a semi-martial air to the function. The music by the orchestra in the palm room, or conservatory, added to the enjoyment of the occasion. Among those present were: Count and Countess Naselli, Col. Geo. M. Dunn, Mrs. Truxtun Beale, Mr. and Mrs. R. Girvin, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson, Mrs. William Babcock, Mr. and Mrs. George Mendall, Count and Countess Febbrini, Judge and Mrs. Morrow, Dr. and Mrs. Howett, Mr. and Mrs. George Monroe Pincham, Judge Angellotti, Mrs. John F. Boyd, Miss Boyd, Miss Helen Woolworth, Baron and Baroness Von Schroeder, Miss Von Schroeder, Miss Donohoe, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. W. P. Morgan, Mrs. I. L. Pool, and Mrs. George Gibbs. After the reception the Count and Countess Naselli entertained a dinner

party at the Hotel. Covers were laid for fourteen guests and appropriate hand-painted menu cards with Italy's colors and man-of-war emblems depicted thereon were carried away by the owners as fitting souvenirs.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resume of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians.

Mrs. Romualdo Pacbeco, who has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. William S. Tevis, at Tahoe since her return from Southern California, left on Saturday last for New York, where she will spend the winter.

Senator and Mrs. Francis G. Newlands are, while in San Francisco, the guests of Mrs. Bernard Peyton at her home on Sacramento street.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin will leave very shortly for the East.

Miss Ella Morgan has been the guest of Miss Flora Low at Del Monte.

Miss Ferris and Miss Henrietta Ferris are leaving their home, The Meadows, Ignacio, Marin County, this week for England, where they expect to make their home.

Miss Pansy Perkins and her cousin, Miss Alma Perkins, have returned from the East, Miss Pansy Perkins returning after a European tour, and her cousin coming home after a summer's vacation in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Butters and Miss Marguerite Butters have returned from Chico, and are planning a European tour for the coming winter. They will leave early in October. Miss Marie Butters is still at Fouts Springs with Secretary and Mrs. Metcalf.

Mrs. James Cunningham and Miss Sara Cunningham have been the guests of Mrs. Cunningham's sister, Miss Hale, at the latter's home on Sutter street, since their arrival in California. They will return shortly to Beloit, Wisconsin, where they are spending the summer, but they expect to return to San Francisco for a portion of the winter at least.

Mr. and Mrs. James Bishop returned on Wednesday of last week from Santa Barbara, where they have been for several months. On their arrival here they spent several days as the guests of Mrs. Thomas B. Bishop at her home on Washington street, before going to their own flat on Gough street.

The Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Edward A. Dodd left on Sunday last for their home in Boston.

Mrs. Francis Davis is spending a few weeks as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Porter Ashe, in San Rafael.

Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, who has recently returned from a trip to Portland, left this week for Tahoe, where she will be the guest of Mrs. William S. Tevis.

Mrs. Thomas C. Van Ness has returned to San Francisco after spending nearly a year in the East and Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Gwin have gone to Lake Tahoe for a brief stay.

Mrs. William Bowen, Sr., and Mrs. James Tucker have been in town for a week's stay from their country place at St. Helena.

Mrs. Philip Van Horn Lansdale, Miss Bertha Sidney Smith and Miss Helen Sidney Smith will arrive here shortly from six months' travel in the Orient.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge are in Ross Valley, where they have taken the home of the Albert Diblees for two months.

Mrs. Jessie Bowie-Detrick has returned from a stay with friends at Burlingame.

Mrs. A. D. Grimwood and Miss Emma Grimwood have come to the city from their home in Fruitvale, on account of Mrs. Grimwood's health and are at the Bryant Grimwood home on Jackson street.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway has been among the recent visitors at Del Monte.

Miss Grace Baldwin has recently been the guest of Miss Elizabeth Livermore at the Livermore home, Montesol, in Napa County.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman are spending several weeks at Paso Robles and on their return to town will occupy the William Alvord house for the winter, their own old home on Franklin street having been destroyed by the great fire.

Miss Violet Whitney of Oakland, who has been abroad all summer, sailed recently for Italy and will join her aunt, Mrs. Andrew McCreery, at the Lake of Como for an indefinite stay abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton and Mrs. Alfred Baker Spalding, who have been at Tahoe for a fortnight's stay, have returned to Sausalito.

Mrs. Thomas Findley returned last week from a visit of nearly a year in the East to her daughters, Mrs. George Gardner in Cleveland and Mrs. Harold Cloke at Fort Totten, New York. Mrs. Findley

is with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Findley in Sausalito.

Mrs. McClung and Miss Gladys McClung have returned from a lengthy stay in the East and are at their country place near Calistoga.

Miss Maude Younger who came to California from New York soon after the fire, on a business trip, has not yet returned to the East and will probably remain some time longer here as the guest of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Younger.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Greer, who have been at their cottage, The Hatch, in Sausalito, most of the summer, will come to town on September 1st to spend several months with Mrs. Greer's parents, Dr. and Mrs. C. N. Ellinwood.

Mrs. George H. Roe of Ross Valley has recently gone to Tahoe for a stay.

Mrs. J. Eugene Freeman and Miss Maude Payne are contemplating remaining abroad during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland are spending several weeks at Gilroy.

British Consul General Courtney Bennett and Mrs. Bennett have been in Berkeley since the fire, but contemplate returning shortly to San Francisco for a brief time before leaving for a trip to England.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick (formerly Miss Florence Cole) have returned from their honeymoon trip to Portland and are at their home in Berkeley.

Among well-known Californians at Carlsbad during August were: Mr. James W. Byrne, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Oxnard, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels, Mrs. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Butters and Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Wiltsee.

Among the list of arrivals at Byron Hot Springs during the past week were the following: Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Spivillo, Mrs. I. R. Shoemaker, Marshall C. Harris, Col. A. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Naylor, Dr. Chas. Westphal, Mr. and Mrs. William L. King, Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Bentley, Mrs. Amelia Frick, Mr. and Mrs. Nevills, Dr. and Mrs. Crosby, and Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Rodolph.

The baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels was christened yesterday, receiving the name Anna Claudine, in compliment to her grandmother, Mrs. Claus Spreckels. Mrs. John Ferris, formerly Emma Spreckels, is the little one's godmother. Mr. and Mrs. Spreckels have taken the Shreve house at San Mateo, and expect to occupy their new home about September 1st.

The reception announced by the Town and Country Club for last Tuesday afternoon has been indefinitely postponed.

The members of the Philomath Club are urgently requested to send their September addresses to Mrs. Samuel Bissinger, 2129 Jackson St., at their earliest convenience. The first club meeting will take place at the home of Mrs. Sahlein, 1718 Jackson Street, September tenth, 1906.

For Sale or To Let
HOUSE AT ROSS STATION

EIGHT ROOMS TWO BATH ROOMS
FURNACE ELECTRIC LIGHTS
LARGE GROUNDS: BARN
M. P. SHOTWELL

The Japs Have Invaded
the Western Addition

An object lesson of buying a residence where there are no restrictions is being exhibited daily. Chinese and Japanese are gaining foothold in the best parts of the Western Addition. Saloons are running full blast at the threshold of Churches and homes. Residence districts are being ruined as such because there is no protection the law affords. There is only one spot in San Francisco where only Caucasians are permitted to buy or lease real estate or where they may reside. Only one where stores and saloons and flats cannot be built. That place is Presidio Terrace. There you will obtain protection from the many nuisances that are now making life in many portions of San Francisco unbearable.

Lots average 50 feet front
Prices average \$120 per front foot
Terms 1-5 cash, balance as long
as you want at 5 per cent

BALDWIN & HOWELL
1692 Fillmore Street

THE OCULARIUM
Perfect Fitting
Eye Glasses

At Moderate Prices
Lenses Replaced 50c

Henry Kahn & Co
OPTICIANS

1309 Van Ness Avenue
Between Bush and Sutter.

TO LET

For one year from November 1st, 1906, "The Break" on Channel Drive, fronting Pacific ocean, near Country Club, Montecito; grounds about three acres, beautifully laid out; horses and carriages [will also let garage, with Packard Touring Car, if desired]; butler, cook, coachman, and laundryman to remain with tenants; for terms and particulars apply to

L. C. DREYFUS,
Santa Barbara, Cal.

ROOS
Everything for
motorists except
the car.
BROS.
Fillmore at O'Farrell

MENNER'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



A Positive Relief
For
PRICKLY HEAT,
CHAFING, and
SUNBURN,
and all affections
of the skin.
Removes all odor of perspiration. Use
thoroughly after Shaving. Sold everywhere.
Bottled on receipt of 25c per Menner's (the original) Sample Free.
GERHARD MENNER COMPANY, Newark, N. J.

CLUB DIRECTORY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

PACIFIC UNION, N. E. cor. Franklin and Washington Sts.
BOHEMIAN, 1925 Octavia St.
COSMOS, 1534 Sutter St.
OLYMPIC, 1050 Eddy St.
UNION LEAGUE, N. W. cor. Franklin and Sacramento Sts.
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, 2235 Washington St.
PRESS CLUB, 2016 Post St.
THE FAMILY CLUB, cor. Sacramento and Franklin Sts.
CONCORDIA, N. E. cor. Pacific Ave. and Fillmore St.
FRANCISCA, 1148 Ellis St., near Gough.
TOWN AND COUNTRY, Franklin St. near Sacramento.

PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Lieutenant-Colonel John A. Lundeen, U. S. A. Inspector-General of the Department of California, who will be promoted to be colonel on October 1st, will be relieved from duty in the Inspector-General's department and will proceed to Fort Washington, Maryland, to assume command of the Artillery District of the Potomac. It is rumored that he will be succeeded here by Colonel John P. Wisser, commanding officer at Fort Baker, but at present on duty at Camp Tacoma.

Lieutenant-Colonel George H. Torney, Deputy Surgeon-General, U. S. A., and commanding officer of the Army General Hospital at the Presidio, left on Saturday for Washington, D. C., in charge of a detachment of insane. Colonel Torney will be absent about two months and during that time will visit the principal hospitals of the East with a view to observing improvements to be applied here. He is accompanied by his son, Lieutenant W. Torney, U. S. A., who was a member of this year's class at West Point and who returns there to act as assistant coach for the military academy football team.

Lieutenant-Colonel Daniel Appel, deputy surgeon-general, U. S. A., has been detailed as a member of the examining board at the General Hospital during the absence of Colonel George H. Torney, U. S. A., in the East.

Major Carroll A. Devol, Quartermaster's department, U. S. A., who is stationed here as a depot quartermaster and superintendent of the army transport service, has been detailed as a member of the general staff corps and ordered to report to the chief of staff in Washington, D. C., where he will probably be assigned for duty. Major Devol will be relieved from his present duty before September 30th by Major John B. Bellinger, Quartermaster, U. S. A., who has been on duty in the Quartermaster-General's office in Washington, D. C.

Major Parker West, U. S. A., who was promoted to his present rank on August 24th, has recently transferred from the Eleventh to the Fifteenth Cavalry, but upon his promotion was assigned to the Fifteenth Cavalry, and will therefore return to California again to one or another of the stations of that regiment here. Major West is particularly well-known here, having been for some time General MacArthur's aide.

Major Henry H. Ludlow, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who was for some time stationed on this Coast at Fort Baker and Ft. Miles, has been ordered upon his relief from duty at the Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College, to proceed to Fort Hamilton, New York, for duty.

Captain Julius A. Penn, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., aide-de-camp to General H. A. Corbin, U. S. A., who is well known in California, has been detailed as a member of the General Staff Corps, to take effect upon the retirement of General Corbin, on September 15th, and Captain Penn will then report to the Chief of Staff at Washington, D. C., for assignment.

Captain Leonard D. Wildman, Signal Corps, U. S. A., is ordered relieved from duty as chief signal officer of the Department of California and as chief signal officer at Camp Tacoma and will proceed to Omaha, Nebraska, and report to the commanding general of the Department of Missouri as chief signal officer of that department and as commanding officer of Ft. Omaha, Nebraska, relieving Major Eugene O. Fechet, Signal Corps, U. S. A. Captain Hanson B. Black, Signal Corps, U. S. A., in addition to his duties as commanding officer of Benicia Barracks, will report to the commanding general of the Department of California for temporary duty as chief signal officer.

Captain W. H. Oury, Signal Corps, U. S. A., who arrived on the last transport from the Philippines, was upon reaching here ordered at once to attend the pistol competition at Fort Sheridan. On his return he will go at once to Benicia Barracks.

Captain Reginald M. Kirby Smith, assistant surgeon, who arrived recently on the S. S. Korea from the Philippines, has been assigned for duty at the General Hospital here.

Captain Chauncey B. Humphrey, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., who was recently taken seriously ill at the maneuvers at Camp Tacoma and ordered to the Army General Hospital at the Presidio of San Francisco, has been operated on for appendicitis and is improving.

Lieutenant Douglas MacArthur, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., is relieved from duty as aide-de-camp to General Arthur

MacArthur, U. S. A., to take effect about September 15th and will then proceed to Camp Tacoma and report to the commanding general for assignment to duty with the detachment of the First Battalion of Engineers of that camp. Upon the conclusion of the maneuvers, Lieutenant MacArthur will be relieved from that duty and will proceed to Washington Barracks, D. C., to report for duty with the Second Battalion of Engineers and at the Engineer School.

Lieutenant John Burke Murphy, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who has been spending a few weeks' leave with his parents, Major and Mrs. Murphy, in Portland, Oregon, since leaving Vancouver Barracks, has gone to Fort Monroe, Virginia, to take a year's course at the Artillery School. Mrs. Murphy has arrived here with her little daughter Virginia, and will remain about six weeks as the guest of her grandparents, Captain and Mrs. A. F. Rodgers.

Lieutenant Creed F. Cox, Eleventh Cavalry, U. S. A., who was here as General Moore's aide, has been compelled to take leave of absence on account of illness.

Lieutenant George O. Duncan, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been ordered to the Army General Hospital at the Presidio of San Francisco for observation and treatment.

Lieutenant Roderic O'Connor, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at the Army General Hospital and ordered to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, to relieve Captain Carroll D. Buck, assistant surgeon, U. S. A. Captain Buck, who was on duty here for some weeks on relief work, will come to San Francisco and be on duty at the Army General Hospital at the Presidio.

Lieutenant James F. Hall, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., will be relieved from duty at the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, by Lieutenant Clarence Connor, assistant surgeon, U. S. A. Upon the completion of his examination for advancement, Dr. Hall will report to the commanding general of the Department of Columbia for duty.

Golf at Del Monte.

Many of the most prominent society people of San Francisco and the vicinity have been at Del Monte for the golf tournament there, ending on August 25th. The final round for the Del Monte cup for men golf players was over 36 holes in match play. Eighteen holes were played in the forenoon and 18 in the afternoon. In the forenoon's play C. Templeton Crocker received 7 strokes; was 2 up. In the afternoon he increased this advantage, the match ending at the 36th hole with 3 up and 2 to play. Mr. Crocker was winner of the Del Monte cup for men. Many ladies followed the players and watched the games with enthusiasm and interest. Among the events there were mixed foursomes over 18 holes, medal play, with handicap. The playing continued Saturday, Sunday and Monday. There are fifteen prizes in all. The Pacific Improvement Company gives eight; two were given by Charles W. Clark of San Mateo; Henry T. Scott gave one; Miss Alice Hager gave two, and Mrs. C. E. Maud two. Sunday there was an open event for professionals and amateurs, men and women. Among those at the hotel were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Oyster, Mr. and Mrs. George Armsby, Mr. Horace Pillsbury, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Florence Whittell, Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Bowles, Mr. Geo. McNear Bowles, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Moore, Mr. E. E. Baker, Mr. Douglas Grant, Mr. C. R. Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Miss de Young, Miss Constance de Young, Miss Kathleen de Young, Miss Phyllis de Young, Mr. Chas. de Young, Capt. C. H. McKinstry, Mr. F. W. Van Sicklin, Miss Dorothy Van Sicklin, Miss Sophie Van Sicklin, Mr. Maurice Dorr, Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Gregg, Jr., Captain Frank Winn, U. S. A., the Rev. and Mrs. David M. Crabtree, Mrs. R. G. Hayne, Miss Emily Parrott, Mrs. Theodore F. Payne, Mr. Herbert Payne and Mr. Clarence Payne.

The Coast tennis championship tournaments will commence at the Hotel Rafael grounds on Saturday, September 1st. The 1st and 3d of September will be devoted to the men's singles which will be played to the finals. Much interest centers in the first annual junior championship class. The Sutton sisters will be on hand. Champion Miss May Sutton looks safe in her position. The women's events will commence Wednesday, September 5th, with singles in the morning and the doubles in the afternoon.

The home of Judge and Mrs. Walter Cope has been brightened by the advent of a son.

News has been received by cable from London of the death of Mrs. Daniels, who was well known in local society as Mamie Coghill, daughter of Mrs. John Hemphill, first wife of the Rev. Dr. John Hemphill of this city. Mrs. Daniels was first married to Robert Hastings, by whose death in about 1890 their two children, Elizabeth and Harry Hastings, became heirs under the Hastings trust of the large estate of their grandfather. In 1892 Mamie Coghill Hastings married Mr. Daniels in London. Her mother, Mrs. Hemphill, who died in April, 1905, left her large estate in trust for the Hastings children, and Mrs. Daniels brought suit in this city to have the will set aside. The contest was still pending at the time of Mrs. Daniels' death.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Allen Lewis (formerly Dottie Kettle) in Portland, Oregon, has been brightened by the advent of a little daughter.

The International Mercantile Marine Co., comprising the American, Atlantic Transport, Holland-America, Red Star and White Star Lines, occupies its new offices commencing September 1st, in Room 405, Monadnock Building, San Francisco, instead of its recent offices in the Women's Exchange Building, Oakland. Mr. C. D. Taylor, passenger agent of the Pacific Coast, who has been located in the home office in New York since the recent disaster, will again assume charge of the San Francisco office.

William J. Dingee, the Oakland capitalist, who recently sold his interest in the Contra Costa water company, which supplies the cities of Alameda county, has bought the palatial residence at 858 Fifth avenue, New York City, at a price said to be above a million. Mr. Dingee expects to occupy his new house this fall, but he will retain his summer home near Redwood City and his interests in the cement works at Napa and Santa Cruz, in California.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup for your children while teething."

BANKING

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Capital Fully Paid \$2,000,000
Total Assets \$10,000,000

A General Banking Business Conducted
Savings and Checking Accounts Received
Interest Paid on Deposits

MAIN OFFICE
CORNER CALIFORNIA AND MONTGOMERY STREETS

West End Branch, 1531 Devisadero St. Near Post.

Mission Branch: 927 Valencia Street Near Twenty-first

Uptown Branch: 1850 Geary Street, West of Fillmore.

DAVID F. WALKER, Pres.
J. DALZELL BROWN, Mgr.

FRENCH AMERICAN BANK

Union Trust Building (Third Floor)

Ready to accommodate its customers and do a general banking business. We will collect on insurance policies for those wishing our services.

THE FRENCH SAVINGS BANK
occupies offices in the same building.

Officers—Charles Carpy, President; Arthur Legallet, Vice-President; Leon Bocquetaz, Vice-President.

Directors—J. E. Artigues, O. Bozio, J. A. Bergerot, E. J. DeSablé, J. M. Dupas, J. S. Godeau, J. J. Mack, Geo. Belaney, Leon Kaufman.

Our Branch Bank is Now Open at
No. 810 Van Ness Avenue Near Eddy St

Mutual Savings Bank

710 Market St., Opposite Third

SAN FRANCISCO.

Guarantee Capital	\$ 1,000,000
Paid-up Capital	300,000
Surplus	320,000
Assets	10,200,000

Interest paid on deposits. Loans on approved securities.

OFFICERS—President, James D. Phelan; First Vice-President, S. G. Murphy; Second Vice-President, John A. Hooper; Secretary and Cashier, Geo. A. Story; Asst. Secretary and Asst. Cashier, C. B. Hobson; Attorney, Frank J. Sullivan.

Directors—James D. Phelan, John A. Hooper, Frank J. Sullivan, Jas. M. McDonald, S. G. Murphy, James Moffitt, Robt. McElroy, Charles Holbrook, Rudolph Spreckels.

GERMAN SAVINGS & LOAN SOCIETY

482 California Street, San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus	\$ 2,552,719.61
Capital actually paid up in cash	1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1906	38,476,520.22

F. Tillman, Jr., President; Daniel Meyer, First Vice-President; Emil Rohte, Second Vice-President; A. H. R. Schmidt, Cashier; Wm. Hermann, Asst. Cashier; Geo. Tourny, Secretary; A. H. Muller, Asst. Secretary; W. S. Goodfellow, General Attorney.

Board of Directors:
F. Tillman, Jr., Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohte; Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, N. Ohlandt, J. W. Van Bergen, E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

316 Montgomery Street
Established March, 1871

Authorized Capital	\$1,000,000.00
Paid-up Capital	500,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	285,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1906	4,934,818.50

Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.
Banking by mail a specialty.

William Babcock - President
S. L. Abbot - Vice-President
Fred W. Ray - Secretary

Directors—William Babcock, S. L. Abbot, O. D. Baldwin, Joseph D. Grant, E. J. McCutchen, L. F. Montreale, R. H. Pease, Warren D. Clark, Jas. L. Flood, J. A. Donohoe, John Parrott, Jacob Stern.

Geo. H. Kahn

OPTICIAN AND PHOTO SUPPLIES

Permanently Located at

1232 Van Ness Ave.

Between Sutter and Post Streets.

All Customers' Records Saved.

To Rent

In Santa Barbara, Cal., The Baxter Terrace—Furnished—Cottage system, consisting of four houses and attractive grounds. An old-established, select family hotel. Located in desirable residence neighborhood, on car line. Sanitary plumbing, gas and electricity. A rare business opportunity, also a delightful home for a gentleman and wife, or two ladies of experience. For terms and particulars, address

F. A. BAXTER, The Potter, Santa Barbara, Cal.

Helping the Homeless

The Continental Building and Loan Association

Has helped build up several interior towns and cities of California but for the next few years its funds will be used to help restore the burned homes of San Francisco.

Dr. Washington Dodge, President.
Gavin McNab, Attorney.
Wm. Corbin, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr.

Office: Corner Market and Church Streets

Thos. Cook & Son

NOW LOCATED

410 Fourteenth Street

OAKLAND

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS

Ready for business at 1165 O'FARRELL ST., bet. Franklin and Gough

Pianos Tuned, Repaired, Moved and Stored.

SOHMER-Cecilian Player Pianos

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Are you a follower of the faith cure school?" "Sure. I'm an undertaker."
—Cleveland Leader.

Stella—"Did you enjoy your European trip, my dear?" Bella—"Yes, indeed; we went to 117 souvenir post cards."
—Puck.

"I thought you were thinking seriously about getting married." "I was." "Then why didn't you?" "That's why."
—Cleveland Leader.

Gladys—"Mamma, what is a 'cursory glance'?" Mamma—"It is the kind of a look which your father gives when he wants to swear, but doesn't dare."

Small Boy—"Pa, what is an Optimist?" Pa—"An Optimist, my son, is a man who doesn't care a — what happens, so that it doesn't happen to him."
—Life.

"That man may seem to you somewhat uneducated, and yet he makes a fine living by his pen." "Why, I would never take him for a writer." "He isn't; he raises pigs."
—Baltimore American.

"My good man," said the kind old lady, stopping before cell 4114, "what are you in for?" "Robbin' de guests in a hotel, mum." "Were you the proprietor or head waiter?"
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Mr. Titewodd—"If I promised you a dollar, and your Uncle Joe promised you twenty-five cents, how much would you have?" Tommy Titewodd—"I'd have a pretty good chance at de quarter."
—Cleveland Leader.

Miss Jenks—"Have you really broken off your engagement to him?" Miss Flyte—"Oh, yes. I just had to. He was getting too sentimental—hegan to talk to me about matrimony."
—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Jimshy would have had that fat appointment of his yet, if he hadn't lost his head." "What did he do?" "Nothing." "Then how did he lose his head?" "The official axe cut it off."
—Baltimore American.

"Did your daughter take physical culture lessons while at college?" asked the visitor. "Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Goldrox proudly. "She's got so now she can elevate her little finger just lovely when she eats soup."
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Pedestrian—"Madam, a hoy who I am told is your son has just thrown a stone at me, causing a wound that is very painful. What are you going to do about it?" Mother—"I don't know. Have you tried arnica?"
—New Orleans Picayune.

"Don't you ever get any vacation?" pityingly asked the sleek thoroughbred. "Vacation!" exclaimed the work horse. "I can go out to the stable yard and roll over, any day in the week, and I'll bet that's more than you ever get to do."
—Chicago Tribune.

The minister was shocked when the young lady declined an introduction to some of his parishioners. "Why, my dear young lady, did you ever think that perhaps you will have to mingle with these good people when you get to heaven?" "Well," she exclaimed, "that will be soon enough."
—Life.

Markley—"Subbuhs may be induced to sell his house to me. He says it isn't far out of town, either." Wise—"No, only twelve miles from City Hall." Markley—"Why, he told me it was only ten miles by the railroad." Wise—"That's true; ten miles by the railroad and he walks the other two."
—Philadelphia Press.

"But, Mandy, if you can buy ribbon like that for forty-five cents a yard at the little store up here on the corner, what's the use of going all the way to town, and paying car fare both ways, to get it for forty-two cents? You don't save anything, do you?" "Goodness, yes. Papa always allows me money for car fare."
—Chicago Tribune.

Doctor—"Well, Matthew, did you take those pills I sent you yesterday?" Patient—"Yes, doctor; but couldn't 'e do 'em up in something different? They

little boxes be terrible hard to swallow!"
—Punch.

She—"Why did Professor Schincker stop playing at Mrs. Lard's musicale?" He—"He said he had to, because the conversation was not pitched in the same key as his music."
—Harper's Weekly.

"It's just flashed on me who that young man was that spoke to me just now." "Who is he?" "I forget his name, but I was engaged to him in the mountains before I went to the seashore."
—Baltimore American.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Cupid's Master.

Though Cupid gets the credit
For love affairs we see,
There's one match-maker greater,
And that's Cupidity.
—Puck.

Bucolic Woes.

Oh, pity the overworked farmer,
Whose life now with toil is replete,
Who is up with the sun,
And at dark is not done,
A-gathering in all his wheat.

And then, when the harvest is finished,
Not yet has he leisure—ah, woe!—
For still he must toil
And must drudge and must moil
All winter a-counting his dough.
—Indianapolis News.

A Bad Break.

Our temperance meeting did not prove
The big success it oughter.
The chairman tried to blow the froth
From off a glass of water.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

On the Way to the Front.

Full many a rose fades in the desert air,
Full many a genius lives and dies unknown;
Full many a man keeps daily getting there,
Although he is equipped with brass alone.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

The plague of caterpillars in the West End, remarks London Punch, has put an entire stop to the practice of old gentlemen going to sleep with their mouths open in Kensington Gardens.

—NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

There are few charming brevities to rival that of the small scholar who described Henry VIII as a "great widower."

Wherever the English language is spoken and babies are born, there, Steedman's Soothing Powders are called for.

NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

113th Semi-Annual Statement, June 30, 1906, as filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York:

ASSETS.		LIABILITIES.	
New York City Bonds.....	\$ 695,400.00	Reserve for Unpaid Losses.....	\$2,048,985.30
Railroad and other Bonds.....	320,500.00	Reinsurance Reserve.....	2,300,148.79
Railroad, Bank and other Stocks.....	3,078,756.25	Cash Capital.....	750,000.00
Loans on Bonds and Mortgage.....	240,000.00	Net Surplus.....	962,626.08
Premiums in course of collection.....	480,000.00		
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies.....	1,116,033.46		
Other Cash Items.....	61,000.00		
Interest due and accrued.....	50,070.46		
	\$6,061,760.17		\$6,061,760.17

Cash assets over and above reserve for unpaid losses (including San Francisco losses, dollar for dollar), \$4,012,774.08.

WM. J. LANDERS, Manager. F. W. TALLANT, Dept. Secretary.

San Francisco Office, 2321 Buchanan St., corner Washington
Oakland Office, - Corner Thirteenth and Harrison Streets

J. C. MEUSSDORFFER SONS
HATTERS

Established 1849

Complete Assortment of the Latest Styles
NOW OPEN FOR BUSINESS

909 Fillmore Street - - - Between McAllister and Fulton

OUR STANDARDS

Sperry's Best Family
Drifted Snow
Golden Gate Extra

Sperry Flour Company

MAIN OFFICE: 133 SPEAR ST.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

JOHN G. ILS & CO.

Manufacturers

High-Grade French Ranges
Kitchen and Bakery Outfits,
624 Washington Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

Insurance.

SPRINGFIELD

FIRE and MARINE

INSURANCE COMPANY

OF

Springfield, Mass.

Manager George D. Dornin advises that the City Department of the Springfield is now open in the Kohl Building. The General Department will occupy its old quarters on the California-street side, third floor, as soon as rooms are restored, and furniture, now ordered, made ready. Temporary Department headquarters will remain for the present at 1112 Broadway, Oakland. The Springfield is among the companies which are adjusting and paying policy holders' claims in the San Francisco disaster involving \$1,600,000. The payment of this sum will leave the company's capital \$2,000,000, its reserve for reinsurance (or unearned) premiums \$3,132,531.00, as appears by its financial statement of December 31, 1905, intact, and a net surplus of over \$400,000. The assets of the Springfield at the close of 1905 were \$7,156,531.72.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD

ESTABLISHED 1850

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000.00
Cash Assets.....\$5,340,136.94
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,414,921.16

Colin M. Boyd. Benjamin J. Smith

Agent for San Francisco.
2310 California St., San Francisco
525 Thirteenth St., Oakland

Manager Pacific
Department



**HARTSHORN
SHADE ROLLERS**
Bear the script name of Stewart
Hartshorn on label.
Wood Rollers Tin Rollers

Steamship Lines

AMERICAN LINE

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON.

Philadelphia.....Sept. 8 New York.....Sept.
St. Paul.....Sept. 15 St. Louis.....Sept.

Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool

Noordland.....Sept. 8 Friesland.....Sept.
Haverford.....Sept. 15 Westernland.....Sept.

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Messba.....Sept. 8 Minnehaha.....Sept.
Minneapolis.....Sept. 15 Minnetonka.....Sept.

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.

Sailings Wednesdays as per sailing list.

Noordam.....Sept. 12, 10 a. m. Ryndam.....Oct. 3, 6 a.
N. Amsterdam.....Sept. 19, 5 a. m. Potsdam.....Oct. 10, 10 a.
Statendam.....Sept. 26, 10 a. m. Noordam.....Oct. 17, 2 p.

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—DOVER, ANTWERP—LONDON—PARIS

Zeeland.....Sept. 8 Vaderland.....Sept.
Kronland.....Sept. 15 Finland.....Sept.

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.

Oceanic.....Sept. 12 Baltic.....Sept.
Teutonic.....Sept. 19 Majestic.....Oct.
Cedric.....Sept. 21 Celtic.....Oct.

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Republic.....Sept. 13 Arabic.....Sept.
Cymric.....Sept. 20 Cymric.....Oct.

C. D. TAYLOR, Pass. Agt., Pacific Coast.
Room 405 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco.

OCEANIC S. S. CO

HONOLULU only—S. S. Alameda sails 11 a. m. Sep.
1st, Round-trip, first-class, \$125.

TAHITI, SOUTH SEAS—S. S. Mariposa sails 11
a. m. Sept. 11. First-class round trip, \$125.

SYDNEY, AUCKLAND, SAMOA, HONOLULU—
S. S. Sierra sails 2 p. m. Sept. 13.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., General Agents, Pier
foot Pacific St., San Francisco. Phone West 1273. Cal
land office, 1166 Broadway. Phone Oakland 8818.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

ORIENTAL S. S. Co. have opened their general
offices at 217-221 Brannan Street.

SAN FRANCISCO

S. S. America Maru - - - Sept. 14, 190
S. S. Nippon Maru - - - Oct. 12, 190
S. S. Hong Kong Maru - - - Nov. 9, 190

Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and Brannan
streets, 1 p. m., for Yokohama and Hongkong, calling at
Honolulu, Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and con
necting at Hongkong with steamer for Manila, India, etc. N
cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage
apply at office, corner First and Brannan Sts. W. H.
AVERY, Assistant General Manager.

MT. TAMALPAIS RAILWAY

Via Sausalito Ferry—Foot of Market St.

Lv. San Francisco		Leave Tamalpais	
W'kday	Sun	Sun	W'kday
9:50A	8:25A		
9:50A	9:50A	10:40A	1:05P
1:45P	11:00A		
	1:45P	1:05P	
Saturday	2:30P	2:30P	4:30P
4:35P	3:15P	4:30P	Saturday
		5:45P	9:30P

Legal Holidays, Sunday Time.

TICKET OFFICE AT SAUSALITO FERRY.

The Argonaut.

V. LIX. No. 1539.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 8, 1906.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published weekly by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; single copies, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior of the United States may order by mail. The Argonaut is published by the San Francisco News Company, 1711 San Pablo avenue, Oakland. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The Argonaut is published by the San Francisco News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Jerome Hart, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." To insure consideration, manuscripts sent for publication must be typewritten. Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." We accept all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. In Chicago, Western News Company. In San Francisco, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear, J. J. Abernethy, and by the Denison News Company on its boats and trains. Published at San Francisco, California. Temporary Office, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, California.

THIRTIETH YEAR

PRINTED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EDMUND A. HART

Editor

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: The San Francisco Street Car Strike—Politics in New York State—Crooked Cockney Companies Losing Business—The Chile Disaster—Fire Cisterns in San Francisco—Chinese Labor at Panama—Supervisors and Library Site—The Bryan Reception—Loss of the Manzanita—Hoke Smith's Victory—Labor Setting Toward San Francisco...	49-51
FAVORITES: "John Brown of Osawatimie," by E. C. Stedman	52
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	52
THE A WOMAN? From the French of Charles Valois	53
THE PRESIDENT'S PHONETIC PLUNGE: Official Endorsement Spelling Reform—Rozycki's Funny Fonetik Koo day Taw...	54
THE CO-PERSONAL	54
THE LIMITS OF FIRE INSURANCE	55
THE BASSADOR AND EX-WRESTLER	55
THE RIZO DIAZ. MAKER OF MEXICO	56
THE IDUALITIES	57
THE ANY FAIR	58
THE GOSSIP	59
THE TARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip	60
THE FOIETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise	61
THE RNAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy	62-63
THE LLEGED HUMORISTS	64
THE UNEFUL LIAR	64

The San Francisco Street Car Strike.

Ever since the great fire San Francisco's street conditions have been very trying. To pedestrians, to those in vehicles, and to those in the street cars, they have been like disagreeable. Beyond doubt, the platform of the street cars have had more work to perform since the fire, and it has been of a most onerous kind. The motorman has had to drive his car through streets cluttered with debris and over a narrow footway in the middle of the street, crowded with men and vehicles. The conductor, struggling through serried masses of passengers, has been obliged to force his way like a football. That these conditions have entailed much discomfort and caused greater labor to the carmen no one can deny. That their increased labor was worthy of a wage few also would deny.

At a fortnight ago, the carmen's union addressed a communication to the United Railroads demanding higher hours and more pay—\$3.00 a day for eight hours work. The president, Patrick Calhoun, was in the East, and his assistant, T. Mullally, so informing the carmen that the president would arrive once, arriving in San Francisco four days later, on Sunday evening, August 26th. Mr. Mullally urged

them to wait four days until Mr. Calhoun's arrival, promising them a friendly reception and an equitable consideration of their demand. More he could not promise, not possessing the necessary powers.

Ever since the last strike a formal agreement has existed between the United Railroads and the Carmen's Union. By the terms of this agreement there were to be no strikes or lockouts, but all disagreements were to be referred to arbitration, the tribunal to consist of one arbitrator appointed by the company, another arbitrator appointed by the carmen, these two to select a third. Under the terms of this agreement the carmen were to receive certain wages and to work certain hours, the arrangement to remain in force up to May, 1907.

Will it be believed when we say that these union carmen, egged on by plotting politicians and selfish strike-leaders, ignored their pledge, violated their agreement, and even refused to wait a single day for the return of President Calhoun? They, themselves, set September 1st as the day when these changes should go into effect, and then refused to stand by the date they had themselves fixed; they struck five days before. They committed the ineffable folly—and it was almost a crime—of declaring a strike and tying up the cars on the morning of Sunday, August 26th, on the evening of which day President Calhoun was due to return, and did return.

What kind of conduct is this? Is it that of sensible and reasonable men? We all of us in this life have to make agreements. All of us do not like to keep them, but when formally made they are always binding, and those among us who are weak or dishonest enough to break them can be made to smart for it by the courts. The only persons we know of who are not obliged to keep their agreements are children. Even women, when they are in business, must keep their agreements. It would seem that to the children's class we now must add the class of union workmen. The carmen's union deliberately violated their formal agreement. They did it in so shameless a manner that it looked as if they were deliberately trying to bring about a strike. We do not think that the men, themselves, had this desire, but we do believe that it was the desire of their leaders. Their refusal to wait some ten or twelve hours until the arrival of the one man who was empowered to reply to them looks as if they feared that he would grant their request on his arrival and thus prevent a strike.

As a result of this unjust and dishonest action of the carmen, the entire community of San Francisco has been put to grave inconvenience. Business of all kinds has been practically at a standstill. The money loss to the entire community for a single week is measured up in the hundreds of thousands.

What did the men accomplish by their unreasonable and dishonest strike? Mr. Calhoun, on his arrival said that he was prepared to meet the men and grant any reasonable demands. But when he found that they had struck in this unheard-of manner, he refused to treat with their representatives. His attitude was a logical one. He said, "The men are either in my employ or not in my employ. If they are in my employ, they must operate the cars. If they are not in my employ, I will not allow them to dictate terms as to how I shall run my business." There was absolutely no reply to be made to this statement, except to urge Mr. Calhoun "for the good of the city" to recede from his stand. This he absolutely refused to do. He said that if the carmen went to work he would treat with them, but so long as they remained out he would have nothing to do with them. He added, "They have the right, as free American citizens, to come and go as they please. If they are not satisfied, they are free to leave. If they are satisfied,

they may come back. But when they are not in my employ they have no right to say how I shall run my cars."

Mr. Calhoun also said that he was not opposed to unions. He added, "I believe in unions. I like to deal with unions. I can get better results, as responsibility is fixed, but unions, like individuals, must keep their word. They must live up to their contracts."

The carmen's union has not done so. There is no getting away from the fact that, misled by strike-leaders and plotting politicians, the San Francisco carmen violated a legal contract; they demanded that a formal agreement be set aside; they demanded that it be set aside in three days when the only man who could give them an answer was four days distant; they went out on strike ten hours before this man reached San Francisco; they tied up the cars five days in advance of the date they themselves had set for their new wage to go into effect; they did not wait for a reply, but struck without a refusal to their demands; and they completely paralyzed the transportation of a city which was already sorely stricken and bleeding from her recent wounds.

This is what the strike-leaders and political advisers of the carmen's union did, and the people of San Francisco will not forget it and them.

The importation of strike-breakers by the United Railroads is now threatened. It causes grave apprehension. San Francisco is not prepared for the disorders which it will entail. Much of the city is in ruins, affording admirable opportunity to malefactors for concealment and flight; the streets are lined with brick-piles and debris heaps, furnishing convenient brickbats and gaspipe bludgeons for smashing windows and caving in the skulls of strike-breakers and passengers; the police force is diminished and disheartened. Furthermore, the authorities, State and municipal, may not be expected to be zealous in maintaining order, as the fall elections are near at hand. Therefore, the United Railroads will have a hard time in running its cars with strike-breakers, unless it succeeds in placing them under the protection of the Federal Government.

Politics in New York State.

The several varieties of Democrats in New York State are enthusiastic and politically active. They are not only in fighting mood, they are brandishing knives and bludgeons and chanting war songs in every key. No foe assails them, but that fact is not pertinent—they prefer to fight each other. This is no uncommon condition in the Empire State, it is merely the demonstration of normal Democratic vitality and disposition.

First in the field were the independent Democrats who look upon William Randolph Hearst as eminently designed for Mayor, Governor, or President. Early movements won for Hearst the endorsement of several county Democratic conventions. Where his forces were beaten the victory was a narrow one. The greater conventions at Buffalo and Albany were still to be held when the Democrats who hate and fear Hearst began to note the threatening aspect. They had thought that Hearst had no strength in the rural districts.

Leading in opposition to all Hearst ambitions are the Parker Democrats, headed by August Belmont, Thomas F. Ryan, William Sheehan, and Mayor McClellan of New York City. The mayor was away on a vacation in Europe, or there might have been earlier developments. It is proposed by this faction to take up District Attorney William Travers Jerome and force his nomination by the State Democratic Convention, though their influence is not an attractive display for a candidate. Jerome realizes this, and, while he has consented to

accept a nomination, declares he is even more willing to be an independent candidate.

Tammany Hall is in a quandary. The World says its leaders are not only demoralized, but that they "have hardly the courage of sheep left." Charles F. Murphy, the head of Tammany, declares that there is no Jerome sentiment in the organization, but plenty of Hearst feeling. In reply to this, Mr. Hearst's papers say that "Murphy may be for Hearst, but Hearst is not for Murphy." This should go without saying. Murphy has had to bear all kinds of accusations from that quarter for a year or more. Jerome once declared he would put Murphy in jail, and a week ago he dared Tammany to name a candidate. The only reply to this has been a plaintive statement by Julius Harburger, a Tammany chieftain, that Congressman William Sulzer would be the choice of his braves.

Mr. Hearst's Independent League Convention meets September 11th in Carnegie Hall and will give him the first nomination for Governor. He may get the party nomination, too, but he does not care. He is willing to be an independent candidate. Jerome prefers to be an independent candidate. Sulzer may be an independent candidate, with Tammany backing. And then there is Mayor James Noble Adam, of Buffalo, who is favored by Democrats who have no use for Hearst, Jerome, or Sulzer—he may be an independent candidate. There is yet time for other Richmonds to enter the field.

On the Republican side there is little activity, though the movement to induce Charles E. Hughes to accept the nomination for Governor slowly gathers strength. Mr. Hughes returned from Europe this week, and it is too early to record his decision in the matter. Governor Higgins is not anxious to run again, and it is thought that Hughes would speedily attract support throughout the State that the Governor could have won only by an early and determined effort.

The Chile Disaster.

About 8 o'clock on the evening of August 16th there was a tremendous earthquake at Valparaiso, Chile. As at San Francisco, the shock was followed by the starting of many fires. The first reports from the stricken district contained confused statements and greatly exaggerated reports of the losses of lives and property. There is little doubt, however, that the earthquake which befell Valparaiso was much more severe than the San Francisco disaster. The familiar stories of the shooting of hundreds of looters; of tidal waves that engulfed entire towns; of the sinking of islands into the sea, including "Robinson Crusoe's" island, were also like the San Francisco canards, and may be safely discredited.

Dispatches to the State Department at Washington place the fatalities at Valparaiso at 500. Property losses are under \$100,000,000. There were few casualties in Santiago, the capital city of Chile, while the amount of property destroyed is placed at \$2,000,000. Among the places reported to have been damaged or destroyed are Vina del Mar, a city of 12,000, three miles from Valparaiso; Quilque and Limache, a city of 4,000 persons, both in Valparaiso province; Quillota, six miles from Valparaiso; Illapel, 5,000 people, 130 miles northwest of Santiago; Vallemar, 5,000 persons, 300 miles north of Santiago, and other small towns.

The first days after the earthquake the populace abandoned their dwellings and fled to the hills and plazas, or sought refuge in the open country. Recurring quakes, heavy rain, and electric storms rendered their distress terrible. There has been a scarcity of drinking water and the lighting and fuel question has also been a serious one. From Valparaiso to Santiago, a distance of eighty miles, desolation prevails.

It is difficult to connect the Chilean with the California earthquake when we note that Valparaiso lies further eastward than New York and is 5,500 miles distant from San Francisco. But Sir Joseph Norman Lockyer, director of the Solar Physics Observatory, Kensington, says that it is a remarkable fact that the earthquakes at San Francisco and Valparaiso synchronized with a sun-spot maximum.

Relief for the Chileans was prompt, and San Francisco was the first to send aid. For her citizens to

gather in her ruins, and to contribute out of their meagre purses to a stricken sister city thousands of miles away, is indeed a fine and ennobling spectacle.

Valparaiso had a population of 150,000 and was the most flourishing port of Western South America. Viewed from the entrance to the bay on which it is situated, Valparaiso resembles a huge amphitheatre. What might be termed the arena of the amphitheatre would be the city, a narrow strip of ground averaging a distance of three-quarters of a mile from the water front to the base of the hills. This flat land is practically all made land. It is only slightly above the level of the bay and the Chilean government has felt the danger from a tidal wave; only recently it voted \$20,000,000 to build a protecting breakwater. Houses in Valparaiso and Santiago are built to withstand earthquakes. They are made of stone, with thick walls, and are seldom more than two stories high. They are therefore not very combustible.

Supervisors and Library Site.

The San Francisco Supervisors are making an attempt to seize the public library site on Van Ness avenue and cover it with a new city hall. An ordinance to that effect was passed unanimously, and the Board of Works has been instructed to proceed with the construction. Unavailing protests and objections were made before the board, the Public Library Trustees and public-spirited citizens denying the right of the supervisors to the land, and pointing out the unwisdom of such a seizure. The title to the land is vested in the Trustees of the Public Library, in trust for the people. After much difficulty and tedious negotiations the site in controversy was purchased with money secured by the sale of bonds; the bonds were authorized by a vote of the citizens, but for the specific purpose of investment in a library site; the Public Library Trustees are vested by the city's charter with the care and responsibility of all library property, and can not alienate its land.

With numerous other sites available for a city hall, all free from legal entanglements and public opposition to their use, it is hard to understand the action of the supervisors. The library trustees are right in their contention, and should vigorously protect the property of the library from encroachment. Beyond any question, the courts will confirm their title to the land, and public sentiment will approve their determined efforts to resist this attempt to seize and divert it. This Falstaffian army of supervisors evidently believes that it is "we the people." It thinks that with its petty powers of policing the city it can override the courts and the organic law. It will find out its error.

Crooked Cockney Companies Losing Business.

Already the crooked cockney companies are beginning to get their reward. They have sowed the wind, and we sincerely hope that they are going to reap the whirlwind. It is coming a little sooner than we expected, but all the better.

These remarks are based on the fact that the Commercial Union, Palatine, and Alliance Companies of London made application at the meeting of the Board of Fire Underwriters last week to be permitted to cut rates. Such an open avowal of their heavy falling-off in new business they never would have made were not this loss a most alarming one. Through their manager they asked the board to allow them to fix a rate twenty per cent below the regular fire insurance rate. This cut rate was to be restricted to companies having an "earthquake clause," their representative intimating that it was useless for them to try to get business at the same rates as the fair-dealing companies.

So the crooked cockney companies now want to offer bargain-counter insurance at cut rates. We doubt whether they would find the expedient a success. In a community which has not suffered from the tortuous methods of the crooked companies, it might go. But not here. Insurers in this city want insurance that insures. In New York or Philadelphia, where people have not been ruined by a great conflagration, they might be willing to buy cheap insurance, even at the risk of being bunkoed. But not here. We are willing to

pay our good money for good insurance, but when we are burned out we want our just due.

The members of the Board of Fire Underwriters were not disposed to yield to the appeal of the crooked companies. We do not see why they should. If crooked companies are allowed to welch on their liabilities, to do up their old policy holders, and to get the assistance of the honest underwriters in naming over new policy holders for their gold-brick insurance, we think the honest underwriters would be more foolish than we give them credit for being.

From this plaintive pass-up of the crooked cockney companies it is evident that they are being boycotted by the insuring public. We hope the boycott may continue until they are driven out of San Francisco, of California, and out of the United States.

Chinese Labor at Panama.

The announcement that the Panama canal commission is about to secure 2,500 Chinese laborers on the work as an experiment, has called forth a chorus of editorial comment. "Those editors who defend the employment of the Chinese," remarks the New York World, "will find their task easy on the practical side. On the political side the defense is hopeless. The Canal Zone is or it is not a part of the United States. If it is not, we have no sovereign rights in it, the importation of Chinese labor or of any other labor whatever is unlawful." The Chicago Chronicle believes the labor leaders will gain nothing by attacking the commission in the newspapers. "The American people wish to have the canal constructed and they are inclined to pay more for the work than they receive," says the Springfield Union. "It does not menace a single laboring man within the confines of the United States or its possessions. American labor does not work on the Isthmus. American labor could not work on the Isthmus." "Here at last," cries the Pittsburg Post, "is presented the sight of the United States of America working bonded slaves on the Isthmus canal." On the other hand, the Washington Statesman of the opinion that "there is nothing in the proposition at all violative of the spirit of the Chinese Exclusion law." The Pittsburg Dispatch can not see the difference between employing Jamaicans and employing Chinese, but the Springfield Republican asks if the proposition would not be a violation of the Chinese Exclusion act. To the latter objection Theodore Shonts replies: "I can only say that the Commission had secured the opinion of the highest legal authorities of the government. It has been held that the law does not apply to the canal zone." A Washington correspondent of the New York Evening Post says: "The government put in the attitude of repulsing Chinese laborers from the shores and at the same time asking them to come to the Isthmus and do work for us. Only 2,500 coolies asked for now. Fifteen thousand is the limit which the Commission has fixed." Then fifteen thousand more, the number ultimately coming from the Canal Zone of the United States, believes the Argonaut.

Fire Cisterns in San Francisco.

There are fifty-seven fire-protection cisterns in parts of San Francisco, many of which have been put up or in other ways put out of service. They have a combined capacity for 2,000,000 gallons of water. There are twenty-four of them now full and fit for use, ten are cracked and leaky, but could easily be repaired to service, and the remaining twelve are out of commission. During the great fire, the saving of property in the blocks in the Mission district was due in a large measure to the use made of the 100,000 gallons of water stored in the two cisterns located at Nineteenth and Folsom streets. Twenty-second and Shotwell streets. Less extensive use was also made of the 30,000-gallon cistern at Dupont and California and that containing 10,000 gallons at California and Mason streets. It is the duty of the light, water, railroad and telephone companies to be responsible for the filling up of the cisterns. The Supervisors' Fire Committee will endeavor to get the corporations to restore the cisterns to use. Chief Shaughnessy of the Fire Department urges

only should this be done at once, but also that many more cisterns be constructed at the earliest possible moment. He asks for one large enough to contain 10,000 gallons of water to be located under the sidewalk at every Market street gore, and that others of equal size be built every two blocks apart in the Mission. The material to be reinforced concrete.

The Bryan Reception.

Twenty thousand people crowded into Madison Square Garden on Thursday evening, August 30, to hear the addresses in welcome of William Jennings Bryan, just returned from a tour of the world, and to hear Mr. Bryan's extended political response. Governor Fair, of Missouri, was the first to speak on the platform, and he introduced Mayor Tom L. Johnson of Cleveland, Ohio, as chairman of the meeting. The entire affair was under the auspices of the Commercial Travelers' Anti-Trust League. Mr. Bryan appeared after the audience waited an hour or more, and was greeted with cheering cheers and applause that continued for several minutes. In this connection it is worthy of note that William R. Hearst had been cheered for two minutes when he entered the box that had been reserved for him. In expressing his opinion upon the various subjects presented, Mr. Bryan said that they were personal views and not an attempt to forecast the policy of his party. The election of United States senators by direct vote of the people; regulation of the trusts by the Government; universal eight-hour day; settlement of all international disputes by arbitration, rather than by resort to force, and revision of the tariff, were his chief points. Government ownership of trunk lines and State ownership of local railroads, and a graded income tax were also discussed. Mr. Bryan has announced that he will remain at home indefinitely from this time, as he is tired of travel. That he will be busily engaged in the Congressional campaigns being assured.

Loss of the Manchuria.

The Pacific Mail liner Manchuria ran upon a coral reef in the bay of Waimanalo, on the eastern coast of Oahu, Hawaiian Islands, at 4:20 o'clock on the morning of August 20th. Her commander, Captain J. W. Gardner, was ten miles off his course. In the blackness of night with the course ahead obscured by a mist which obliterated the shore line, the Manchuria came to a bad stop upon an almost even keel about 1500 feet from shore. The spot where the Manchuria grounded was a "sand patch" on the reef. The confusion had scarcely been enough to awake the cabin passengers. Beyond some excitement among the Chinese in the steerage there was no panic among the Manchuria's passengers. They were landed by the tugboat J. A. Cummins, and were then taken by flat cars, automobiles and tally-hos to Honolulu. Major-General James F. Smith was among those on board the liner when she struck. The 200 stranded passengers are being cared for in Honolulu until other liners can take them to their destination. The Hong Kong Maru of the Japanese line took on board eight on August 30th, and the Korea on September 10th can take forty-two.

The disaster is said to be the most serious financial in the history of the Pacific Mail. The Manchuria cost \$2,500,000. Since the Pacific Mail Company began business it has lost thirty-four steamers, mainly on the Panama run. Had there been a light on Makapuu Point the accident would probably not have occurred. Congress appropriated \$60,000 for a light there, but instructions were not received to prepare the light until the day after the Manchuria grounded.

Revenue from High License.

On April 17th there were 3500 saloons in San Francisco paying \$84 a year for licenses, netting the city \$294,000. There are now 1438 liquor dealers under the new law, \$125 a quarter. It is estimated that by the end of the quarter, September 30th, 60 licenses will have been paid which will bring yearly revenue of \$800,000. Thus, the city is receiving about three times the amount of revenue for less than one-half the number of saloons. The law

makes no distinction between one kind of liquor dealer and another. The restaurant keeper who formerly got off with \$5 a quarter or less, is now paying as much as the man with a bar.

Hoke Smith's Victory.

Hoke Smith's overwhelming victory at the recent primaries in Georgia to determine who should be the nominee for Governor came as a surprise to politicians. Smith is not a popular man in Georgia, nor even in his own city of Atlanta. His bitter fight against the railroads won him the victory. It is feared that Smith will press his plan of disfranchising the negro vote, which will make the relations between the whites and the blacks more strained. In Georgia the school funds are divided between the whites and the blacks, though the latter are able to contribute only a small portion of it. It is proposed to change this system and give the negroes only their proportionate share. This, of course, will result in closing many of the country schools now maintained for negro children. Smith's present success will mean a new political ascendancy in Georgia. Clark Howell, Smith's strongest antagonist in the fight for Governor, has been in politics ever since he has been entitled to a vote, and this is his first defeat. Smith's election is assured.

Workmen for San Francisco.

Recently the Argonaut printed an editorial paragraph concerning the scarcity of labor in San Francisco, and the unusually high wages paid at present to mechanics here. Judging from the number of letters of inquiry coming to this office, the paragraph is receiving a wide circulation. Last week we printed several letters, and this week an additional number is to hand. They come from all over the country, as the few we select for publication will show. The first is from a manufacturing town in Connecticut:

New Milford, Conn. Aug 12, 06.

Gentleman
Will you please send me a sample of the San Francisco Argonaut. A Sunday edition if you have one if not a weakly, and oblige
M. D. Miles
Engineer N. M. H. Co
do you know of any one who wants to hire a good stationary engineer or electrician

From another New York City letter it is apparent that the sobriquet "Frisco" is bidding fair to completely dispossess our original title in the minds of the uneducated. As may be seen by this epistle the writer thinks that San Francisco is properly called "San Frisco":

August 12, 06

No. 204

West 25 st

N. Y. City.

To The Editor of the
San Francisco Argonaut

Dr Sir
Pardon the liberty I take in writing to you. Having seen a clipping of your paper saying that labor is wanted in your city I would ask you to let me know if a man of several years experience as superintendent of all kinds of concrete construction and deep excavation could find a position in your city. I can give the best references from Eng and contractors. I could also get other mechanics to go that if needed such as carpenters hoisting engineers and iron workers. I would be pleased if you would give my address to some big contracting firm.
Yours truly

J. T. Curran & Friend.

The next letter to hand is from the Southwest:

The San Francisco Argonaut
San Francisco Cal

Having seen a clipping of your paper saying that labor is wanted in your city I would ask you to let me know if a man of several years experience as superintendent of all kinds of concrete construction and deep excavation could find a position in your city. I can give the best references from Eng and contractors. I could also get other mechanics to go that if needed such as carpenters hoisting engineers and iron workers. I would be pleased if you would give my address to some big contracting firm.
Yours truly

A. L. Lindholm
5004 St John ave
Kansas City Mo

Please send me a copy of your paper

Another man writes from Kansas City, who is also a worker in concrete:

Having seen your Add in your paper stating you wanted Hod carriers and Cement or other wise Concrete men I can get 2 hundred men and bring out if I can get transportation for them. So if you can give me any information and who wants men why please let me no. I also can bring your Street Railway Co good experienced men. So I await your reply and also information.
Yours

M. G. Gibson
1607 Lydia Ave
K. C. Mo.
U. S. A.

The Southern Pacific was looking for good section bosses a few weeks ago. One writes from "up State" New York:

W. C. Whitfield
Box 573,
69 Orange Ave.,
Walden N. Y.

Aug. 17, 06

Dear Sir:

Reading in a cutting from your valuable paper that men were scarce in your city, could you put me into communication with a Reliable firm who wants good smart men. I am wishing a position at about \$15.00 or \$16.00 per week as Section Boss or Labour Foreman. Hustler & good at Handling men 12 months Ref. from present Employer. Will come at once if you could place me with Reliable Firm. Would pay what you charge for trouble.
May be able to bring a few smart men with me if they would be sure of work.

Trusting that I may hear from you,
Faithfully yrs. W. C. Whitfield.

This letter is apparently from an agency which can supply laborers:

Enid, Oklahoma, Aug. 16, 1906.

San Francisco Argonaut,
Gentlemen:
Having noticed in a clipping from your paper. The labor Situation in your city.
If you can put us in communication with labor contractors we could induce a few hundred laborers to go to that city for employment.
Very truly yours,

M. V. Bryant.

The last letter which we shall print to-day is evidently from a workman of a much higher grade than any of the foregoing. We may remark that these letters are printed verbatim not with any desire to mock at illiterate men, but in order to show their status in point of mental as well as manual training. This letter is also printed verbatim, and it is much better written, spelled, and punctuated than the letters of many candidates for positions as "office men":

Raleigh, N. C. Aug. 16, 1906.

Editor Argonaut:

Dear Sir:

I lately noticed in a daily paper here, a quotation from your sheet, stating that there is a great demand in your city, and high wages paid, for skilled labor. I would like to have you place this letter in the hand of some firm who wishes to employ a good man in my line—sheet metal cornices, metal ceilings, ventilators, etc. I have been Supt. of a large shop for over two years, am thoroughly competent to take charge of any jobbing shop, command the highest wages paid in this part of the country. Being desirous of seeing the far west, and at the same time better my financial condition, would like to secure a position in San Francisco.
Yours truly, J. E. Stevick,
317 S. Dawson St. Raleigh N. C.

These are a few of the many letters reaching the Argonaut. These few have been selected more for oddity than anything else. If San Francisco's needs were printed in journals going among the working classes they would meet with a wide-spread response. The Argonaut is distinctly a journal of the well-to-do, and probably it is not much read by mechanics and laboring men. If its little editorial paragraph should have met with such marked attention, consider what would be the result of a call for mechanics in newspapers which fall under their observation. Such a concerted movement on the part of the merchants, employers, builders and contractors of San Francisco, using the cheap newspapers of the world's large cities, would speedily bring to San Francisco many thousands of workmen, skilled and unskilled.

It must be understood that the Argonaut, in its suggestions in the line of bringing workmen to San Francisco, is by no means inspired by unfriendly feelings toward those at present here. If they are honest and generous minded men, they should be willing to help their distressed city by urging other workmen to come here. Doubtless they are willing. They would also help other workmen in other cities by enabling them to secure employment at much higher wages than they are receiving now.

In the Kremlin at Moscow, among the treasures and trophies of the Romanoffs, are gold plate and jewels enough to support the entire Russian nation for some time, but who could turn them into bread and meat if the doors were broken down and the vaults were stripped of their contents? asks W. E. Curtis, in a recent letter to the Chicago Record-Herald. In the vaults of the national bank are said to be several hundred millions of rubles, which might be reached if the military squads were corrupted, but that would not satisfy a hungry child. Thus far in the cities the mobs of Russia have disturbed neither public nor private property, except in the attacks upon the Jews, but in the country hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of property has been destroyed, including plate, china, pictures, libraries. Even the breeding stallions belonging to Prince Orloff, on what is perhaps the most famous breeding farm in all the world, were hamstrung.

OLD FAVORITES.

[A semi-centennial celebration of the battle of Osawatimie was begun August 29th in that Kansas town, the one-time home of John Brown. While the battle of Osawatimie was but a skirmish when compared with the many conflicts that followed, it was there that the advocates of abolition made their first stand against slavery, and more than ordinary interest surrounds the place. Hundreds came from other places to attend the celebration, and Vice-President Fairbanks was one of the speakers.]

John Brown of Osawatimie.

John Brown in Kansas settled, like a steadfast Yankee farmer.
 Brave and godly, with four sons—all stalwart men of might.
 There he spoke aloud for Freedom, and the border-strife grew warmer.
 Till the Rangers fired his dwelling, in his absence, in the night.
 And Old Brown, Osawatimie Brown,
 Came homeward in the morning—to find his house burned down.
 Then he grasped his trusty rifle, and boldly fought for Freedom;
 Smote from border unto border the fierce, invading band;
 And he and his brave boys vowed—so might Heaven help and speed 'em!—
 They would save those grand old prairies from the curse that blights the land;
 And Old Brown, Osawatimie Brown,
 Said, "Boys, the Lord will aid us!" and he shoved his ramrod down.
 And the Lord did aid these men; and they labored day and even,
 Saving Kansas from its peril, and their very lives seemed charmed;
 Till the ruffians killed one son in the blessed light of Heaven—
 In cold blood the fellows slew him, as he journeyed all unarmed;
 Then Old Brown, Osawatimie Brown,
 Shed not a tear, but shut his teeth, and frowned a terrible frown!
 Then they seized another brave boy—not amid the heat of battle,
 But in peace, behind his ploughshare—and they loaded him with chains,
 And with pikes, before their horses, even as they goad their cattle,
 Drove him, cruelly, for their sport, and at last blew out his brains;
 Then Old Brown, Osawatimie Brown,
 Raised his right hand up to Heaven, calling Heaven's vengeance down.
 And he swore a fearful oath, by the name of the Almighty,
 He would hunt this ravaging evil that had scathed and torn him so;
 He would seize it by the vitals; he would crush it day and night; he
 Would so pursue its footsteps—so return it blow for blow—
 That Old Brown, Osawatimie Brown,
 Should be a name to swear by, in backwoods or in town!
 Then his beard became more grizzled, and his wild blue eye grew wilder,
 And more sharply curved his hawk's nose, snuffing battle from afar;
 And he and the two boys left, though the Kansas strife waxed milder,
 Grew more sullen, till was over the bloody Border War.
 And Old Brown, Osawatimie Brown,
 Had gone crazy, as they reckoned by his fearful glare and frown.
 So he left the plains of Kansas and their bitter woes behind him,
 Slipped off into Virginia, where the statesmen all are born,
 Hired a farm by Harper's Ferry, and no one knew where to find him,
 Or whether he'd turned parson, or was jacketed and shorn;
 For Old Brown, Osawatimie Brown,
 Mad as he was, knew texts enough to wear a parson's gown.
 He bought no ploughs and harrows, spades and shovels, or such trifles;
 But quietly to his rancho there came by every train, boxes full of pikes and pistols, and his well-beloved Sharp's rifles;
 And eighteen other madmen joined their leader there again.
 Says Old Brown, Osawatimie Brown,
 "Boys, we've got an army large enough to march and whip the town!"
 "Take the town, and seize the muskets, free the negroes, and then arm them;
 Carry the County and the State, ay, and all the potent South;
 On their own heads be the slaughter, if their victims rise to harm them—
 These Virginians! who believed not, nor would heed the warning mouth."
 Says Old Brown, Osawatimie Brown,
 "The world shall see a Republic, or my name is not John Brown!"
 'Twas the sixteenth of October, on the evening of a Sunday,
 "This good work," declared the captain, "shall be on a holy night!"
 It was on a Sunday evening, and, before the noon of Monday,
 With two sons, and Captain Stephens, fifteen privates—black and white,
 Captain Brown, Osawatimie Brown,
 Marched across the bridged Potomac and knocked the sentry down;
 Took the guarded armory-building, and the muskets and the cannon;
 Captured all the county majors and the colonels, one by one;
 Scared to death each gallant scion of Virginia they ran on,
 And before the noon of Monday, I say, the deed was done.
 Mad Old Brown, Osawatimie Brown,
 With his eighteen other crazy men went in and took the town.
 Very little noise and bluster, little smell of powder, made he;
 It was all done in the midnight, like the emperor's coup d'état;

"Cut the wires! Stop the rail-cars! Hold the streets and bridges!" said he.
 Then declared the new Republic, with himself for guiding star.

This Old Brown, Osawatimie Brown;
 And the bold two thousand citizens ran off and left the town.

Then was riding and railroading and expressing here and thither;
 And the Martinsburg Sharpshooters and the Charlestown Volunteers
 And the Shepherdstown and Winchester militia hastened whither
 Old Brown was said to muster his ten thousand grenadiers!

General Brown, Osawatimie Brown;
 Behind whose rampant banner all the North was pouring down.

But at last, 'tis said, some prisoners escaped from Old Brown's durand,
 And the effervescent valor of the Chivalry broke out.
 When they learned that nineteen madmen had the marvelous assurance—
 Only nineteen—thus to seize the place and drive them straight about;

And Old Brown, Osawatimie Brown,
 Found an army come to take him, encamped around the town.

But to storm with all the forces we have mentioned, was too risky;
 So they hurried off to Richmond for the government marines.

Tore them from their weeping matrons, fired their souls with Bourbon whisky,
 Till they battered down Brown's castle with their ladders and machines;
 And Old Brown, Osawatimie Brown,
 Received three bayonet stabs, and a cut on his brave old crown.

Tallyho! the old Virginia gentry gather to the baying!
 In they rushed and killed the game, shooting lustily away;
 And whenever they slew a rebel, those who came too late for slaying,
 Not to lose a share of glory, fixed their bullets in his clay;

And Old Brown, Osawatimie Brown,
 Saw his sons fall dead beside him, and between them laid him down.
 How the conquerors wore their laurels; how they hastened on the trial;
 How Old Brown was placed, half-dying, on the Charlestown courthouse floor;
 How he spoke his grand oration, in the scorn of all denial;
 What the brave old madman told them—these are known the country o'er.

"Hang Old Brown, Osawatimie Brown,"
 Said the judge, "and all such rebels!" with his most judicial frown.
 But, Virginians, don't do it! for I tell you that the flagon,
 Filled with blood of Old Brown's offspring, was first poured by Southern hands;

And each drop from Old Brown's life-veins, like the red gore of the dragon,
 May spring up a vengeful Fury, hissing through your slave-worn lands!
 And Old Brown, Osawatimie Brown,
 May trouble you more than ever, when you've nailed his coffin down!

November, 1859. —E. C. Stedman.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Aloha.

Honolulu, T. H., July 26, 1906.—Please find P. O. money order for one year's subscription. I regret that conditions do not warrant me in remitting for twenty years in advance. The Argonaut richly merits it.
 A protest, please, against your reported intention to remove from the Pacific Coast to New York. [An unfounded statement.—Ed.] As a reader of your journal for more than twenty-four years, I would remind you that California in the past has been a good enough place for the publication of even so excellent a paper as the Argonaut, and to the Golden State you must attribute whatever of fame and influence has been attained or been acquired by your publication. California, in spite of her heavy calamity, in the destruction of her queen city, is no less worthy today than formerly, of all that has contributed or can contribute to her reputation.
 Among the things that have so contributed, I feel that the Argonaut is by no means the least. Stay with the Golden State, and it will stay with you, as it has in the past. Such is the wish and hope of,
 Yours very cordially,
 C. W. Ashford.

From China.

Chefoo, July 26, 1906.—As an old subscriber it gives me great pleasure to forward case containing all the old copies of the Argonaut that I have saved from 1896 up to the great fire in April last. I hope that they will be of use to you for filling up incomplete volumes.
 Trusting that these copies may be of use to you, and wishing you renewed prosperity,
 Yours faithfully,
 L. H. Smith.

From Canada.

Ottawa, July 27, 1906.—Enclosed is an express order for the amount of my subscription. I have received every number since the fire, and after reading I send them promptly to my boy in South Africa, who greets them like an old friend. Long life to the Argonaut.
 Yours sincerely,
 Harma A. Baldwin.

An Advance Subscription.

Missoula, Montana, August 4, 1906.—I beg to hand you herewith my check for \$8.00, for which renew my subscription for a period of two years. For twenty years I have been a subscriber for your paper, and I anticipate that an advance subscription will not be unwelcome at the present time. I therefore subscribe for two years in advance.
 Very respectfully,
 John M. Evans.

His Paper Free.

Oakland, Cal., July 30, 1906.—Enclosed find check for four dollars, covering one year's subscription to the Argonaut. Last week's number was worth this amount, so I get the paper one year free. With best wishes, I am,
 Yours sincerely,
 M. M. Hoffman.

The Argonaut Stays West.

Cleveland August 18, 1906.—A California woman lives in Cleveland recently told me that she had in one of the magazines—I believe she said in *Munsey's* or the *American*—the statement that the editor of the San Francisco Argonaut was handling debris, and, being the situation impossible, had decided to remove offices of the Argonaut Publishing Company to New York permanently. As I did not read the announcement so early, I am not able to quote literally, but I was willing to believe that such a thorough-going California spirit as the Argonaut would desert San Francisco this time. I shall continue to feel that I am right in conclusion till I read its contradiction in your columns.
 Yours very truly,
 H. A.

Cleveland, Aug. 20, 1906.—Since my letter to the Argonaut of two days ago, the article from one of the magazines referring to the removal of the Argonaut to the East has come into my hands. I see a Mr. W. is referred to as the editor, a relationship that, not knowing he bore to the Argonaut.

I am sending you the clipping and hope to see denial of this statement in a future issue of your paper to which I wish naught but good, whether it be lished West or East.
 Very truly yours,
 H. A.

In Our Former Garb.

San Salvador, July 14, 1906.—I note with regret all your files and back numbers were destroyed in recent catastrophe. I am glad to be receiving the Argonaut again, and trust it will not be long before we see its well-known, handsome form, as of yore. Aftering the numbers, I forward them to my relation England, who express themselves as delighted as we with the perusal of their contents.
 Yours very truly,
 A. A. Field

From New South Wales.

Condobolin, N. S. W., June 19, 1906.—I enclose herewith £1 money order for my subscription. Permit me express my sincere sympathy for the loss you sust. in the disastrous visitation of April, and also my admiration for the manner in which you have faced situation. But that latter is not strange when on members that the individuals concerned are men of a nation famous for grit and determination. I wish Argonaut and its proprietor every kind of prosperity the future. We in this part of the world have not experienced such a calamity as has befallen Francisco; but droughts (we had one of eight years duration in this part of New South Wales) and fires are unfortunately not unknown, and have help prove that the dwellers in the "back blocks" of state have pluck and perseverance just as the American people have.
 Yours faithfully,
 G. C. Driffill

A Twenty-Year Subscriber.

Ashcroft, B. C., August 6, 1906.—I have notice wrapper that my subscription has expired, and thank you for not cutting me off at once. [We two weeks' grace.—Ed.] A sure way of receiving payment from careless subscribers would be to discontinue mailing copies as no one who has read Argonaut for twenty years (like myself) can afford to be without it or lose even one number. I don't care you anything for this advice. To make amends I enclose money order for two years' subscription, at the same time wish you every success, and in future perfect freedom from fires and earthquakes.
 Yours very truly,
 W. B. Baird

A Concise Subscriber.

P. O. order.
 Send it ahead.
 Money talks.
 Enough said.
 Chas. S. T.

15 Hollis street, San Francisco.

Annoying Postal Red Tape.

Otis, Mass., August 15, 1906.—I have not renewed subscription to your excellent paper, and would say my failure to renew the same is due to the fact I have not a settled address at present. I have changed residence four times within the last three months though I have conformed to all the rules of former periodicals when change of address demanded it. I failed to receive any of the publications for which we would like to have that magazine, and perhaps am unwilling to renew any subscriptions until I for the winter.
 I greatly miss your paper, having been a reader for many years. I hope soon to be numbered once more among your subscribers.
 Respectfully,
 Mrs. R. E. Carr

From the Bosphorus.

Constantinople, August 14, 1906.—I wish to thank for the prompt and regular manner in which I received the Argonaut since the great fire in San Francisco. It has been a source of comfort to my wife is from your city.
 In February last, through your clubbing list, we subscribed for the Overland Monthly, but have never received a single copy yet, and if they are "doing business" we would like to have that magazine, and perhaps can have it looked up for us.
 Enclosed is another year's subscription for the Argonaut.
 Sincerely yours,
 R. D. Buckner

Always Time to Read this Paper.

Tacoma, Washington, July 27, 1906.—I thank you calling my attention to the fact that my subscription to the Argonaut expires on the 28th proximo, and it is much pleasure that I enclose herewith draft of \$5.00 for \$4.00 for another year. I have been a subscriber for the past twenty-five years, and it is one paper that I can always find time to read. Long life to the Argonaut!
 S. M. Jackson,
 Manager The Bank of California

Watching the Dodging Companies.

Pueblo, Colorado, July 13, 1906.—The enclosed draft to renew my subscription to Argonaut—I think it expires next January.
 The business interests of the country endorse position upon the fire insurance question. The merchants and property owners of San Francisco have suffered enough without being spoiled by dodging and quibbling insurance companies. The insurer pays for indemnity and is entitled to it to the last dollar.
 We are waiting for the list of delinquent companies. All over the country there are thousands who, like ourselves, will give preference to the companies who stand to their contracts. Insurance companies will be gauged by the settlements made in San Francisco. In the end 100 cents on a dollar will prove cheaper 75 cents.
 Very truly,
 Alva Ad

WAS SHE A WOMAN?

Strange Being that a Gay Dragoon Met at Midnight, in the Fog.

Gabriel Deschamps, Captain of Dragoons, in garrison at Compiègne, was of a romantic nature. He easily persuaded himself that all the women adored him, and when he had imbibed a little too much absinthe, which happened quite often, no one was more tender. A perfect conqueror! Physically, he would be called a handsome man, having vivid coloring, thick moustache, red lips, well-shaped nose, and a bright eye. This is the story he told his messmates in the barracks at Compiègne:

"I have a charming friend, with whom I am quite passionately in love, I acknowledge. Three days ago, being at liberty and not knowing how to kill time, I left the barracks with one of my friends—the first lieutenant of my regiment—to take a walk along the river bank. Night commenced to fall, and a villainous fog which could have cut with a knife, rose over the Oise, and threatened quickly to spread over the city.

"I say, Gabriel," exclaimed my friend Dulaurier, "shut your eyes, and let the north wind which is blowing, 'are you so heated that an hour's walking along the river is necessary to cool you off? For my part, I don't enjoy it very much, and if you like, we will go to the Café Chapins and have a glass of punch."

"In faith, no," I replied; "I prefer to go and see you. (I need not tell you that is my friend's name.) You come with me?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Dulaurier; "an hour spent with a pretty woman is always agreeable."

"We proceeded toward the Faubourg Hurtebize, where my friend lives. The distance was quite long, but the expectation of warming ourselves at the blaze of a comfortable hearth was enough to abridge it. Unfortunately we were mistaken in our calculations. Julie was not at home. The servant told us that madame would probably be out, and that she intended to spend the evening at the theatre.

"By my faith," exclaimed Dulaurier, at this bad news, "we are not in luck, and I am going straight to the Café Chapins."

"Let's go by the avenues. It's as short as the Rue de Pierrefonds."

"That is what we did. Scarcely had we advanced a few steps in the cursed avenues, black as coal, thanks to the fog, which was thicker than ever, when I lost sight and sound of my friend Dulaurier. I don't know whether he turned to the right and I to the left, or the reverse, but it is certain that we were separated. I called him. No reply. Without thinking any more about him, and knowing that I would find him again at the Café, I continued my dangerous walk. All at once I felt my foot against something strange, which had no apparent form, and I stooped down to look at it closer. Was it a dog, a stone, or a human being? It moved. I examined it, opening my eyes wide. It was a woman. She was seated at the foot of a tree, covering like a beggar, seeming not to feel the cold, nor to fear the night, nor to notice my presence and scrutiny.

"What are you doing there, madame?" I said. "Are you ill?"

"No," she replied in a faint voice.

"This is not the weather for sleeping in the open air."

"Here or anywhere else, what does it matter?"

"Nevertheless, if you will permit me, madame," I said, "I will offer you my arm."

"Willingly," she said.

"I rose immediately. I offered her my arm, but she did not accept it, and walked by my side. This first part of the adventure already puzzled me somewhat. Impressed by the strange encounter, my mind was confused and unsettled. What was this woman? Would I enjoy an agreeable surprise when I should see her face?

"At the end of five minutes she stopped. 'This is my house,' she said. 'Will it please you to enter?'"

"Although I was far from expecting such a proposition, nevertheless I accepted with alacrity, determined not to leave her before I had seen her face.

"The stranger advanced toward her house. The ringing of a bell resounded within, and the doors flew open. On each side of the door stood a servant in mourning, holding a torch of lighted wax. Haughty as a queen she entered before me, and beckoned me to follow her. By the light of the torches I observed that she was completely clothed in black, and that a black veil covered her face.

"You know me, my friends, and you know that the devil himself could not frighten me. Well, I confess to you, with all due humility, that I felt a slight shudder run through me. But I took courage, and entered. The apartment into which I was introduced was magnificently furnished. Rugs covered the inlaid floor, and prevented

the sound of footsteps from being heard. Casting my eyes on the clock, I noticed that it was about to strike twelve. At a sign from their mistress the servants went out as quiet as ghosts, after having lighted several wax candles, as large as those of churches, the dull flame of which, however, sent forth only a faint light around us.

"I was alone with her. After motioning me to sit down beside her on the sofa, she raised her veil. I was dazzled at the sight of her face, and all my uneasiness and fears before that brilliant apparition, scattered in an instant. An angel, a demon, if you will, but a superb woman. I lost my senses. Now do you want me to tell you what passed between us? I know nothing about it, on my honor. I only remember that in pressing her hand in mine I felt the same sensation as in touching marble. I remember that her eyes, so soft, were fixed and motionless, and yet she looked at me with such an air of interest that I felt at her feet. All at once I heard the clock strike twelve. This sharp noise seemed funeral in the silence.

"I quickly rose, without knowing why. Turning my eyes toward the fireless chimney, I saw the mirrors becoming opaque as if covered with black cloth, the hangings being darkened like the mirrors, and the candles gradually going out. Dazed by this phantasmagoria, I looked for my unknown companion. Gone! The servants—gone! I sprang forward. The street door opened before me, and I rushed out of that diabolical den without being able to explain to myself how I entered it, nor why I had just left it.

"I was perspiring profusely, and wanted to wipe my forehead, but I could not find my handkerchief. The fresh air having restored me to my senses, and being anxious to investigate this affair, which was beyond my comprehension, I drew my sword, and cut a deep notch in the mysterious house, which is situated on the Rue de Pierrefonds, as I made sure.

"You can imagine how much I needed rest and quietness, after such an adventure, so I returned to my room. The next day, when I related this singular story to Dulaurier he shrugged his shoulders, and when I offered to show him the house he treated me as if I were crazy. However, he ended by agreeing to accompany me in my search. Nothing was easier than to find the house again, as I had marked it with an ineffaceable sign. We were greatly astonished at seeing the window-shutters fastened tight, the rusted hinges of the door, and all the appearances of a deserted house. I rang the bell. No answer. Impatient at this failure, I rang again so violently that a neighbor opened his window.

"What do you want?"

"The lady who lives in this house," I replied.

"She died two years ago," said the neighbor, "and since then the house has been empty."

"Impossible!"

"If you have come to buy it," continued the neighbor, "apply at No. 12. There is a gentleman there who will give you the information you want."

"I thanked the obliging neighbor, who shut his window again, and I went immediately to No. 12, with the hope that this person to whom I was directed could help me to unravel the affair, which seemed to become more puzzling since I had determined on solving it. My friend and I presented ourselves at No. 12, and M. Bourdon was wonderfully polite to us as soon as I told him I wanted to buy the property he had for sale.

"It's a good bargain," he said, "and when you have looked at the house—"

"I know the house," I replied.

"You know it?" said he, turning toward me the most astonished look in the world. "Impossible! It is more than six months since I myself have put foot in it, and as I have the keys of the house in my desk—Ah! I beg your pardon," he quickly added; "you were there before the owner's death?"

"I was there yesterday evening," I replied, "and I stayed there about two hours in the company of a charming young lady."

"M. Bourdon suddenly looked at my friend, as if to ask whether I was insane. I understood his meaning, and without being offended I continued, hoping to make him change his mind about me, and wishing to furnish him with the most ample details of my visit.

"I know," said I, in conclusion, "that you place little faith in my words, since I can not give you an exact account of the truth. But there is an unanswerable way of verifying my assertions. On leaving the house in question, I could not find my handkerchief, and I think I remember having left it on the sofa in the salon. Will you come with us and prove it? If we find my handkerchief, what will you say?"

"My dear captain," said M. Bourdon, "I shall say nothing, but I shall sell you the house at your own price."

"I would not have it at any price," I said in a low tone to Dulaurier.

"M. Bourdon did not hesitate to accept my proposition, and on reaching the door, triumphantly pointed out to me cobwebs in the lock.

"Do you give in?"
"Not yet."
"But this door has not been opened for six months."
"I tell you I crossed this threshold yesterday morning."

"We entered. Everything about the mournful house expressed desertion, neglect, solitude. The walls were mouldy, a thick dust covered the floor, the ceilings were cracked, and cobwebs overran the staircase. On entering the salon, the first object that struck my eye was my handkerchief lying on the sofa.

"He paused. After a time he spoke: 'There's my story, my dear friends; what do you think of it?'"

"There was the usual variety of comment from his friends, most of it bantering. Gabriel Deschamps shook his head.

Captain Deschamps was killed six months afterward in battle.

—Translated for the ARGONAUT from the French of Charles Valois.

There was in San Francisco an improvement in the general health of the people after the earthquake, notes the London Hospital. It is an undoubted fact that a great many men and women who were in a poor state of health before the shock, with bad appetites and defective digestion, are now eating all they can get and digesting it without trouble, while the mental condition which so often accompanies the dyspeptic state has equally improved. The explanation is as simple as it is rational. These people were fortunately deprived of their trams, alcohol and luxuries; they had nothing but simple food, and they were compelled to take exercise in the open air to get it. The men have found it possible to live without cigars or whiskey and the ladies without candy. They have cooked their simple meals in the streets, to the better ventilation of their houses; for lack of light they have gone to bed early, with the compensation that they have risen with the lark. They have had the enforced benefits of a sanitarium, and good health is the result.

Owing to so many of the Chicago traction employees rushing off with their cars after an accident, in order that they shall not be used as evidence against the Company, Dr. Maurice F. Doty, City Superintendent of Transportation, has ordered that hereafter police officers must take charge of them for the same reason that they now take charge of bloody instruments, revolvers, knives, or anything else that would tend to show how a person is killed.

There would be something amusing about the refusal of 200 starving laborers to go to work in London if it were not also pathetic, comments the New York Evening Post. When they found that they were to receive 13 cents an hour, they struck at once for 14 cents, and as this was refused, they resolutely walked away—to starve on. The incident shows once more the difficulty of aiding the English unemployed.

A European river forty feet wide handles as much freight as an ordinary American railroad, while the Rhine carries more business to a block than half the Hudson River. Splendid tug-boats, fine barges and handsome swift steamers do the work, with anchored chain boats to pull the big loads up the rapids.

The evidence before the British Army Stores Commissioners as to graft during the Boer War shows that there was only one regiment the contractors were unable to cheat. That proud distinction belongs to the Seventh Hussars. They weighed everything and checked the quality of everything supplied them.

A jeweler, no matter how dishonest, would not steal the jewels in a watch, for they are valueless; they cost only 10 cents apiece. In antique watches the jewels were often costly. In modern watches they are never worth more than \$15 a gross.

The Herr Lieutenants in Darmstadt, where our Revolutionary Hessians came from, are nice young fellows. For strut and insolence one must go to Prussia.

Big mastiffs help haul the street cars in Cologne. The man pulls between the shafts and the dog tugs at an auxiliary whiffletree.

Spain is the only country with a coinage having a baby's head on it. It is the coinage of King Alfonso, issued in 1888.

In a thousand miles of Europe a careful observer saw but one rubbish heap—some old metal cans at Carlsruhe.

THE PRESIDENT'S PHONETIC PLUNGE.

Official Endorsement of Spelling Reform---Rozyfelt's
Funny Fonetik Koo day Taw.

On Friday, August 24, President Roosevelt issued orders to Public Printer Stillings that hereafter all messages from the President and all other documents emanating from the White House shall be printed in accordance with the recommendation of the spelling-reform committee headed by Brander Matthews, professor of English in Columbia University. The committee has published a list of three hundred words in which the spelling is reformed. This list contains such words as "thru" and "tho" as the spelling for "through" and "though."

Washington was excited by the order, as every body in the city is affected, directly or indirectly, excepting justices of the supreme court, congressmen, and employees of the legislative branch of the government. The news dispatch announcing the new order goes on to say:

The question immediately arises, will the Public Printer follow the style ordered by the President or will he "follow copy" sent him by Congressmen and Justices of the Supreme Court? If he does he will be violating the style directed to be put into use by no less a person than the President himself. But as for ordinary Government clerks they must reform their orthography and do it with as good grace as possible.

Tho they be lasht to fury, the opponents of this simplified form must make acknowledgement of the logic of the order, address to them, apprising them of the clipt style prest into use to take the place of the accursed system now in such thoro use. They may not express surprise, and should a hiccup disturb the esophagus, no partizan of the old vogue may show himself vexed and no pretty stenographer manifest lacrimal symptoms, lest a subpoena duces tecum be issued for her and her books to show cause why she was not so fast in the new faith. The censor of official dispatches will hang over the heads of such, be they coquetts or otherwise.

The foregoing paragraph indicates in a general way the changes that have been ordered.

All the leading daily papers of the country devoted columns of their next issue to the new order, and almost without exception the President's plan was opposed. Many editors wrote dispassionately and at length, but some found sarcasm and ridicule the weapons most convenient. The New York Evening Mail says:

There is a partial precedent for this course. The executive authority, through the Postoffice Department, has long been simplifying the spelling of American communities, curtailing such cumbersome combinations as "New South East Liberty" and refusing the hospitality of official maps to town names that suggest carnion, mayhem and other offenses to the public nostrils or decorum. Perhaps it is only a logical development of this right for the President to attempt the reformation of names not spelled with capital letters. Anyway, as it can not be stooped, it must be winked at. There is nothing in the constitution to prevent Mr. Roosevelt from loading up his messages with French quotations, knocking the first "e" out of his own name, and somersaulting the "e" in Loeb's name to the hind side of the "b," where it belongs.

The New York World is more biting in its remarks:

So we are to have federal regulation of English spelling by executive decree! It was bound to come. Having regulated motherhood, the beef trust, railroad rates, football, the size of private fortunes, wife-beaters, South America, school teaching, race suicide, the labels on food cans, the Republican party, and muck-rakers, there absolutely was not another thing in sight for President Roosevelt to do. Time was hanging heavy on his hands, so he threw the dictionaries overboard. Artemus Ward lived before his time. Seriously, President Roosevelt is doing great harm to the cause of education and the working custom of uniformity by indulging his freakish impulse to set up new standards. More than that, he makes himself a laughing stock.

A more dignified criticism appears in the St. Paul Pioneer Press:

President Roosevelt does not often make himself ridiculous; but he goes far in doing so when he orders the adoption of the so-called "reformed" spelling in the printing of White House documents. Probably he will be one of the first to discover the fact, and will quietly revoke or modify the order when he has had a little experience in the embarrassments occasioned by the attempt to change the established usages of our language. It is altogether probable that this little action of President Roosevelt's will do more to lessen the thorough-going esteem with which the educated people of the country have regarded him than any number of honest political mistakes. Every time a White House document bearing the hated symbols of crankery in spelling is thrust upon them, they will be irritated and annoyed. Many of them may even refuse to read documents of his which now command a reading everywhere. And a number will be stirred to a spirit of hostile criticism.

Even in England the President's conversion to Carnegie's scheme of forcing changes in spelling is made a leading topic of comment. A cable dispatch gives this summary of the criticisms printed:

It is somewhat startling to find in the English press such epithets as "anarchist" applied to the President of the United States, in place of the unbridled eulogy with which he has been lauded for the past two years.

Every newspaper in London to-day turns its heaviest editorial guns upon Roosevelt, and all because he ventured to touch with profane pen the most sacred of Anglo-Saxon possessions, the English language. They are all in accord for once with George Bernard Shaw, who said recently: "It took the combined efforts of Peter the Great, Julius Caesar, and Pope Gregory to revise the calendar. How, therefore, can Carnegie, with all his millions, even possibly, with the assistance of Prime Minister Campbell-Bannerman, hope to revise the English language?" And Mr. Shaw now adds: "There has been nothing like it since Noah reformed the calendar by making the calendar consist of twelve lunar months. It serves us right."

Among the most progressive of educators in the United States, the President's effort for reform is not received with enthusiasm, though there are some tepid endorsements of the new scheme of spelling:

Dr. Charles W. Dibney, of the University of Cincinnati, said neither Carnegie's cash nor Roosevelt's command can make the English language over again. United States Commissioner of Education Ellsworth Brown, at Washington, says the change is inevitable and

not without precedent, since the German Government sanctioned a number of spelling reforms some fifteen or twenty years ago.

Professor Charles McMillan, of Princeton University, remarks that when we change our words and spell them phonetically we lose their origin. When we do that we will have to begin all over.

Prof. James Morgan Hart, head of the English department of Cornell University, said:

"We must first secure uniform pronunciation before we can hope to have a successful system of phonetic spelling. For that reason the proposed new spelling will not be phonetic, but will consist merely in the cutting off of unnecessary letters, as 'program' for 'programme.' Only between 200 and 300 words will be affected. I think that the change should be made very gradually. I can't say that I dislike the innovation, but the men at the head of it are not recognized leaders and do not command a very extensive following. I think President Roosevelt was a bit hasty in adopting the so-called phonetic system for his state documents."

A Boston dispatch declares that the publishing houses are visibly disturbed by the agitation:

It is not so funny to text-book printers centering here. They see ruin staring them in the face if the school boards should take up the matter throughout the country. "It would ruin all book publishers," said the representative of Ginn & Co. "All books now published as standard text-books would have to be changed. It would cost millions to make the changes."

The Boston Herald's special dispatch from Washington on the President's simplified spelling order was an immediate adoption of the new spelling. As an illustration the following paragraph is given:

Grate excitement was caused in Washington today by the circulation of a rumor from Oyster Bay that President Roosevelt had issued an edict changing the multiplicity of the word 'the' to 'th' four times nine should be 32, but a rumor somewhat alade by a later dispatch bearing the nuz that the proclamation at this time contemplates only a few hundred alterashuns in the English langwige.

Under date of September 2, when he had noted the wide-spread disturbance created by his order and the comments upon it, the President added a few words of explanation if not of deprecation. He says:

If the slight changes in the spelling of the 300 words proposed wholly or partially meet popular approval, then the changes will become permanent without any reference to what public officials or individual private citizens may feel; if they do not ultimately meet with popular approval they will be dropped, and that is all there is about it. . . . It is not an attempt to do anything far-reaching or sudden or violent, or, indeed, anything very great at all. It is merely an attempt to cast what slight weight that I can properly cast on the side of popular forces which are endeavoring to make our spelling a little less foolish and fantastic.

Tea has been grown in South Carolina for more than ten years, and from time to time reports have been published regarding the experiment. A recent article by Rodney H. True of the United States Department of Agriculture, printed in the American Monthly Review of Reviews, indicates that so far as the questions of climate and soil are concerned the problem is solved. Dr. Charles W. Shepard, who is the real pioneer in the business, and who has enjoyed the co-operation of the department for the last seven years, produces tea on his Summerville place that gives a good yield and that is praised for its delicacy of flavor. The labor question remains however, and it is of great importance, since tea-picking is by hand and tea is produced almost exclusively in the Orient, where labor is very cheap.

The greatest, as well as the commonest, of all cacti is the "soap weed," which grows wherever cacti grow, and which is man's only friend in the great southwestern deserts of the United States and in Mexico. It furnishes always a quantity of water when cut. As its name indicates, it can be manufactured into a soap, perhaps the least alkaline soap ever made, even though the weed itself may grow in the center of an alkali desert. Beer is brewed from it, the Indians make a hemp-like fiber from it, and horses and men can eat parts of it if the spines are cut away. Also, when it shoots up its one great arm skyward, it tops that arm with one of the most gorgeous flowers in the world.

In some of the reigning houses of the old world monarchy is a burden upon the taxpayer, as, for instance, in Belgium, Sweden, Roumania, Bulgaria, Serbia and Greece; but in England, Germany, Austria and Italy the income of the sovereign and of the members of his family is either derived directly from the crown lands, or is defrayed thereby indirectly; as, for instance, in Great Britain. In fact, neither King Edward nor the princes or princesses of his house cost the English taxpayer a single cent, and Professor Masterman was perfectly justified in declaring the other day at Cambridge that "John Bull got his monarchy below cost, and even made a profit on it."

The biggest telescope in the world is the Common telescope, five full feet in diameter, twenty inches wider than the Yerkes. It was constructed ten years ago by Dr. A. A. Common, a well-known astronomer of England, who wanted it for research work. He died soon afterwards and his fine telescope became idle. Two years ago it was purchased by the Harvard College Observatory, which proceeded at once to mount it on the observatory grounds at Cambridge. The work has been necessarily slow, for mounting a great telescope is not like building a house, but it approaches completion.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Edward Rosewater, the defeated candidate for Republican Senatorial nomination in Nebraska, died of the Omaha Bee, died suddenly August 31st.

William R. Hearst has returned to New York after a sojourn in the West, and with him comes the announcement that he has bought five automobiles at a cost of \$25,000 with which he will soon begin a flying campaign over New York State.

W. J. Bryan declined the proffer of President Mendenhall's private car on his trip from New York to New Haven, Conn. In his letter he said: "I do not think it would be wise to accept favors from the railroad. Let me pay my fare and ride as I usually do."

Henry F. Cochems of Milwaukee, candidate for Congress in the fifth Wisconsin district, has the reputation of being the best all-around student and athlete produced by the Badger State. He was the first who completed the three years' law course of Harvard in two years.

Through the President's son-in-law comes word that Mr. Roosevelt means just what he has said about other terms. Says Congressman Longworth, as reported: "No possible combination of circumstances could lead him to accept another term. His mind is settled and irrevocable on that matter."

Norris Brown, the choice of the Republican State Convention of Nebraska for United States Senator, to succeed Senator Millard, is the present attorney general of the State. He was born in Iowa. George Sheldon, the nominee for governor, is a State senator who is generally recognized as a Republican leader.

There is reported to be a feud between Chief Engineer Stevens and Governor Magoon of the Panama Canal zone. The new regime makes the chief engineer supreme authority on the zone. Heretofore Governor Magoon has been the superior to the man in actual charge of building the canal and he does not fancy yielding his primacy.

James Knox Taylor, supervising architect of the Treasury Department, is one of the busiest men in the country. Two hundred new public buildings were authorized in the closing days of the last congressional session, involving an expenditure of over \$20,000,000. Mr. Taylor has supervision of plans and specifications for all these structures and must make a preliminary visit to every proposed site.

James H. Blanchard, candidate for Governor of California on the Prohibitionist ticket, has practiced law for thirty-three years in Los Angeles, twenty-five of which he has been a staunch Prohibitionist. Mr. Blanchard was graduated from the University of Michigan from the literary and law departments in 1870 and 1872, respectively. For four years he was engaged in editing the California Voice.

Frank S. Butterworth, the former Yale football player and athlete, who graduated in 1895, and known as the greatest quarterback that ever played football at Yale, has decided to be a candidate for the nomination on the Republican ticket for State senator for the eighth district of Connecticut. Butterworth was born in Ohio, where his father, Benjamin Butterworth, was for years congressman. Since his graduation Butterworth has been in the brokerage business.

Curiously enough, the thirty vacancies to occur in the United States Senate in 1907 are evenly divided between the two parties. Among the fifteen Democrats there are three—Dubois of Idaho, Clark of Montana, and Gearin of Oregon—who have Republican colleagues. There are none of the retiring Republicans who have Democratic colleagues. Indeed, the 15 States in which the next legislatures will have to choose Senators is not over-encouraging to Democratic west-casters. It runs: Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Delaware, West Virginia, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas, South Dakota and Wyoming.

Anxiety rules in Massachusetts politics. It is declared that Attorney General Moody is to prepare the platform for the State convention, and that it will be approved by President Roosevelt. Governor Guild, who can be renominated if he desires, is quoted as saying that he will ignore the platform if it is a "stand-pat" and make his fight on his own platform. The Republicans have trouble on their hands, but it is as nothing compared to the position of the Democrats. It was presumed that Henry M. Whitney would be the candidate for governor and Congressman Sullivan the candidate for lieutenant governor. But ex-Governor Hughes got into the race somehow and Whitney became angry, threw up his prospective nomination and declared he was out of the game. It is now "up to" DeLoach, who has recently been tickled by a prospective nomination for vice-president on the ticket with Bryan in 1908, to be the candidate. He says he does not want it.

THE LIMITS OF FIRE INSURANCE.

Principles of General Application.

From an essay by F. Harcourt Kitchin, in the August number of *The Nineteenth Century*, an English magazine, the following extracts are taken, as of particular interest to American readers. While some portions of Mr. Kitchin's article are concerned especially with English law, the paragraphs quoted are applicable generally:

When the citizens of San Francisco were able to turn their thoughts from the present overwhelming disaster to the future rebuilding of their city, they probably for the first time discovered the necessary limitations of fire insurance. I say for the first time, because they must have been very different from the rest of the world if, until then, they had read their insurance policies at all. The perusal of these policies—those of them which are not burned or buried—must in many cases now give their possessors very little satisfaction.

Fire insurance in this country, and all over the world, is based on the common-law principle of pure indemnity—the principle that no one shall, if he can be prevented, make a profit out of a fire, that he shall recover only the amount of his actual material loss, and that the burden of establishing the fact and the extent of his loss shall be upon the person insured.

If I have a life policy for £5,000 and I die, my heirs can, on proof of death and their title, receive over the counter £5,000 at least, possibly more if there are any "bonuses." If I have a ship and I insure her at Lloyd's or with marine insurance companies for £5,000, I can recover the full £5,000 at once should my ship be totally lost. But if I insure my house against fire for £5,000 I cannot recover £5,000 unless it should happen that I can prove the house to be worth fully that sum. All that I am entitled to demand is the actual value of my house immediately before it was burned, and I must give every assistance to the insurance company in order that the actual value may be justly determined. By statute the insurance company has the power to institute that house (as far as the sum insured will go) instead of paying me anything, and third parties interested also have the right to call upon the insurance company to rebuild my house.

A fire insurance policy is not only a contract of indemnity, it is also a personal contract. It is not an insurance on a building or on goods, but an indemnity to the person who insures the building or goods, and then only to the extent of what is called his "insurable interest." The doctrine that no one can effect a valid insurance on any property except to the extent of his pecuniary interest in that property is common to all insurances, though marine underwriters and companies largely ignore it in practice.

Then, again, if I have contracted to sell my house, between the contract of sale and completion of the purchase there may be, and often is, a hiatus in the insurance protection unless the conditions in the insurance policy deal with the point or care is taken to secure protection. The contents of buildings are removable, and within the complete control of the persons insured. But it should be clearly understood that an insurance policy is an indemnity strictly limited by place. The goods to be covered must be in the premises described in the insurance policy—or allowed by subsequent changes in the contract—either in one building (an ordinary insurance) or in two or more specified buildings (a floating insurance). If goods are removed, even though it may be temporarily to an adjacent building, then they will not be covered unless the adjacent building has been specified and allowed by the policy, or by endorsement on the policy.

The limitations of fire insurance arise in two ways: (1) From the common-law principle of personal indemnity or actual direct loss on which the whole contract is based; and (2) from the clauses or conditions expressed in the policies themselves. The first includes, to a large extent, the second, and is much the more important. Hence, curiously enough, it is much more important to understand fully the nature of the contract than to study the policies in close verbal detail. If the principles are understood, then it will be seen that the greater part of the clauses and conditions in the policies merely give instructions to the insured, and provide machinery for carrying out in practice the principle of personal indemnity.

To some extent, of course, every fire insurance contract involves a sharing of loss, because, by the principle of indemnity, all indirect loss is thrown upon the person who suffers from the fire, and he has in addition to make up with much inconvenience for which no indemnity is offered. It is this undescribed and indefinite loss through a fire which tends to make people anxious not to have fires. But in addition to this

unexpressed, though implied, sharing of loss, there is, in mercantile contracts, a specific apportionment of loss between the person insured and the insurance office, and this apportionment is called the principle of "average." In essence the principle of average is most equitable, and there is little reason, except custom, why it should be confined, as it is, to certain classes of insurance. The principle of average is this: when a property is insured for less than its real value (at the time of the fire), then the person insured shall share in any loss or damage in proportion to the amount which he elects to leave uninsured. If I have goods in a warehouse, which, at the time of a fire, are worth £10,000, and my insurance amounts to £8,000 only, then I must pay (or lose) two-tenths of any fire damage, and the insurance company will be liable for eight-tenths only. The principle is a penalty on under-insurance, and leaves those who choose to under-insure to do so at their own risk. As the insurance office only receives premiums on the portion of the value insured, it declines to be liable for more than the *pro rata* portion of the damage done by a fire.

The loss caused by every fire is a dead loss; no recovery of that loss is possible. All that insurance companies do is to spread the loss over a wide area. As the community as a whole must lose by every fire, whoever pays for it, any institutions which by their system or by their rules make fires inconvenient and enforce precautions against them are doing a great, almost inestimable, public service. And there is no doubt at all that the fire insurance offices have, by their system of indemnity and by their collective efforts—call them a "ring," if you please—done more to keep down fires, and to preserve property from loss, than all the efforts, for generations, of legislatures and municipalities. The consistent, even remorseless, penalizing of bad risks, bad construction and equipment, and the concessions in respect of lower premiums to good risks, good construction and equipment, enforced year after year and generation after generation, have brought about an immense reduction in the fire risks and improvement in building.

Thumb marks, used for years in police circles as a means of identification, and a favorite agency of writers of detective stories in unraveling mysteries, may supplant the time-honored "his mark" in the signing of checks. The installation of the thumb-mark system of pay-checks is being considered by the paymasters in some of the largest industrial concerns and railroads in Chicago. According to the new system, a man can not sign his name. He places an impression of his right thumb upon the paper as his receipt. The Illinois Steel Company was the first large Chicago concern to study the new method. An incentive was furnished by the forgery of several thousand dollars' worth of their pay checks several months ago.

Enlisted men in the navy have instituted a movement to do away with tattoo marking, which was formerly so popular with sailors. Since the conviction of a Brooklyn man, through the efforts of officers of the Humane Society, for mutilating the arms of a young boy by decorating them with India ink designs, tattooers have shown unwillingness to embellish the bodies of men who are not known to be of age, and as few adults care to have their bodies decorated, the practice may become a thing of the past.

If the great Republic must have a flower, suggests the New Orleans Picayune, why not adopt the tobacco plant (*Nicotiana tabacum*)? It is a native of this country, and was first found in Virginia. There is nothing sectional or local about the plant, because to-day it is grown in most of the States from Florida and Louisiana to Connecticut, and is now used in every nation on the globe. The tobacco plant bears a very pretty pink blossom.

English people in New Zealand have a rough-and-ready method of anglicizing the Maori or native names. Kete Marae the English always refer to as "Kitty Maria." One of the most formidable Maori rebellions was headed by a chief named Honi Heki, but the British soldiers always called him "Johnny Hickey," and out of this grew the legend or tradition that he was really an Irishman paying off old scores in the guise of a Maori chief.

On Continental railways and the Rhine steamers there is no miscellaneous scrambling for meals. Instead a steward goes through the train or boat and lists the people who want to eat. Each gets a number, and this insures a seat without crowding or delay.

There are no bell-punches or indicators in European street cars. Instead the conductor gives each passenger a little paper receipt for his fare.

EX-AMBASSADOR AND EX-WRESTLER.

Joseph Choate Has a Busy Month at William Muldoon's Rest Cure.

A good many people in New York know that William Muldoon, the ex-wrestler, now conducts a health resort on his own plans and specifications. Ambassador Joseph Choate needed health and went to the resort. Those who have been there say that the rules are stringent, according to the *New York World*:

"Early to bed and early to rise" is the Muldoon motto, and at 9:30 Mr. Choate found himself, candle in hand, going up to bed. Everybody else went, so he went, too, though he wasn't a bit sleepy.

Next morning promptly at 6 o'clock a maid walked down the long hall on the second floor, knocking at most of the doors.

She passed by two doors; one was Mr. Choate's. But he was wide awake—Mr. Choate isn't used to retiring at 9:30 P. M. He had enjoyed all the sleep he felt he needed. So he arose, dressed and appeared downstairs with a cheery "Good morning."

There was no answering smile on the face of William Muldoon. "Did I knock on your door?" he demanded.

"Why, er—er, no," stammered Mr. Choate, "but I heard the knocking and I thought I'd get up. I was awake anyway."

"Well, you go right back upstairs and go to bed again. You stay there till I knock on your door."

"But, Mr. Muldoon, I—"

"Don't talk back. Go to bed till I call you!"

When he was allowed to rise, an hour later, Mr. Choate was put through some strenuous exercise with a big, heavy, "medicine ball," and then was given an unappreciated cold shower bath, with stern instructions accompanying. Then came a horseback ride and an enforced long walk up a hill in the hot sun. Mr. Choate was lame and stiff when he awoke after a long night of slumber that was not quite balmy enough:

Next morning Mr. Choate wasn't so anxious to rise. He made no answer to the knock of Muldoon.

"I think I'll sleep a little longer," he remarked.

"No you won't," roared Muldoon. "Get up and take your exercise."

Mr. Choate got up. He didn't want to work. But he had to work harder. He had to do more calisthenics and he had to toss the medicine ball longer. And the horseback ride was harder and the walk back further.

This describes a lesson in table etiquette under Muldoon's watchful eye:

He found that the meal consisted of a thick soup, rare roast beef, boiled potatoes, carrots, spinach and fresh peas. He was hungry—far hungrier than he had ever been at any state banquet at Guildhall or Buckingham Palace.

He ate everything on his plate except the potatoes. Then he turned to the black-garbed waitress who stood at his elbow.

"A little more of the beef, if you please," said Mr. Choate.

Now, the girl had her orders, but how dared she brook a man who had represented 80,000,000 sovereign people at the court of their Majesties, Queen Victoria and Edward VII? There was a prompt roar from Muldoon, the inexorable.

"Tell him to empty his plate before he asks for more!"

"But I don't like potatoes," protested Mr. Choate.

"Then no more beef!" was the fiat.

Mr. Choate meekly ate the potatoes, and was rewarded with a fresh slice of beef. After dinner he was told he could smoke one cigar if he wanted, but no more. But he asked instead if he might have just one glass of water, please.

"The rules here are one glass of water an hour before eating and another one an hour after eating," observed Muldoon. "When the hour's up you can go over to the well and help yourself, but, mind you, only one glass!"

The results are worthy of Mr. Muldoon's reputation: When a week had passed Mr. Choate began to forget that he was tired. He was no longer stiff and lame. He could eat anything, and didn't have to be told to eat everything on his plate. He was always ready for bed at the tap of the bell.

His cheeks began to grow hard. His eyes brightened and cleared. His face was sunburned. He got a heavier medicine ball and didn't mind it a bit. He found he could run up hill without exhaustion. He learned to like the hot water as a thirst quencher.

Several weeks passed. One morning he asked Mr. Muldoon if he thought he could go.

"Yes," said Muldoon; "you're in pretty good shape now."

"I ought to be," said Mr. Choate, grimly.

PORFIRIO DIAZ, MAKER OF MEXICO.

How He Won Peace, Success, and Wealth for His People, Told by Mrs. Tweedie.

At the head of an armed revolution, Porfirio Diaz assumed the office of Provisional President of the Republic of Mexico in November, 1876, yet he was the first ruler of that country to lead the Mexican nation along the path of constitutional progress. Seven times the people have given him at the polls an overwhelming assurance of their confidence, and for all except four years he has been supreme in power since he first grasped the reins of government. In "The Maker of Modern Mexico: Porfirio Diaz," a new volume by Mrs. Alec. Tweedie, is given a familiar yet instructive view of the president, and much of the history and record of progress of the country. Mrs. Tweedie had already written "Mexico as I Saw It," and knew her field. She admits the difficulty of avoiding what might be termed "hero worship," yet never fails to insist on the modesty, unselfishness, and patriotism of the real Dictator of Mexico.

Porfirio Diaz was born September 15, 1830, in Oaxaca, the capital of the state of that name in Southern Mexico, and was the son of an inn-keeper. His grandmother, of whose ability and character the president is proud, was an Indian woman of the Mixteco tribe, one of the finest of the aboriginal races:

The Indian race has produced some fine men. Mejia, perhaps the best of the Emperor Maximilian's fighting generals, was an Aztec of pure descent. That Juarez was a Zapotec-Indian has before been mentioned. Few people realize that there are over half a million of Aztecs left in Mexico at the dawn of the twentieth century. They were conquered by Cortez, but not exterminated. But the Indian, as he was in those days, untalented, untaught, without a leader, and with no ideas of government, might have been held down for centuries longer.

Young Porfirio was intended for the Church but refused to accede to the wishes of his mother and the bishop, and began the study of law after his school days were over, though his fondest dream from boyhood was to be a soldier and his highest ambition to become colonel of a regiment:

Good fortune brought him under notice of Don Marcos Perez, a judge of the district and professor at the Law Institute, who took great interest in his promising student. Perez was the means of introducing Porfirio Diaz to Benito Juarez, then Governor of the State of Oaxaca, to whose patronage he was indebted for a slender, but welcome, addition to his resources which came from his appointment as librarian at the college. Without Juarez and his overbrow of the Church, Diaz would never have succeeded in making Mexico what she is, and no one is more ready to acknowledge that fact than the President himself.

Early in life Diaz found himself in revolt against the corrupt administration, and his breaking away from the influences that surrounded him was a dramatic incident:

"The head of the division in which I lived, Don Serapio Maldonado, presented himself, saying that he voted on behalf of various individuals who were residents in his division for the continuance in power, as Supreme Dictator, of General Santa Anna. Then it was I who appealed to the President myself to discount my vote from the number, because I did not wish to exercise the right of voting.

"At that moment the academical body of the institute arrived, and all the professors voted in favor of Santa Anna, and gave their respective signatures to the roll.

"When this was done the Licentiate Don Francisco S. de Enciso, who was professor of civil law, asked me if I was fully determined not to vote. I answered in the same terms in which I had excused myself to General Martinez Pinillos, saying that voting was a right which I was free to exercise or not.

"Yes," answered Enciso, "and one does not vote when one is afraid!"

"The reproach burnt into me like fire, and made me seize the pen which was again proffered me. Pushing my way between the electors I passed up the room and recorded my vote, not for Santa Anna, but in favor of General Don Juan Alvarez, who figured as chief of the revolutionary movement of Aynsla."

This action was followed, through necessity, by instant flight, and he was soon fighting against the dictator. He distinguished himself at once in his military career, and after Santa Anna was driven from the country he continued as commander of troops and reorganized the national guard, being rewarded by Juarez, then Minister of Justice under President Alvarez:

And so he was made Colonel. He, the poor son of a widow, the little boy of Oaxaca, at the age of thirty had actually obtained the summit of his childhood's dream.

But was he satisfied? No; ambition had entered his soul; his horizon had extended; he had walked or ridden the length and breadth of the land—which is two thousand miles long, and in some parts nearly half as wide—he had seen destitution and misery, had lived amongst conflict and strife. Now began to dawn a new vista of hope, and he felt he could not stop; he must go on; he must do something great for his country—a country crying for help, a land of sunshine and wealth, now dreary and sad and penniless.

Before the French occupation he had reached a much higher position:

Now he returned to Oaxaca as Governor of the State and of those adjoining, and General-in-Chief of all the troops. He was quickly called upon to defend the city against a foreign invader who came down upon him in overwhelming strength. The unequal struggle ended with his captivity, and for seven months he was held a prisoner.

Marshal Bazaine, in the service of the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian, tried to buy the support of Diaz, but in vain. The young commander led the forces that besieged the capital, and even then demonstrated his ability in economic affairs:

"During the siege of Mexico City," he says, "I succeeded in paying punctually, not only what was due to the force under my orders, but all other public expenses of the area over which I exercised command; in fact, there was even a balance to the good. The money collected consisted of the ordinary taxes of the states, and some special fines or impositions which I made upon persons who resided in the capital of the state, and whose property was beyond the limits of the state; also upon those who had compromised themselves with Maximilian, and thereby incurred the penalty of confiscation of their property.

"I also raised two important loans, one of \$50,000 on my own personal credit, and another of \$200,000 on my occupying the capital, from various foreign merchants, mostly United States citizens, through the intermediary of the consul-general of that country, the loans being reimbursed before the arrival of President Juarez in the capital."

His next move surprised and disappointed even his friends, and these included all the officers under him, as well as the rank and file:

An immense sensation was experienced throughout the country when it became known that General Diaz, who had crowned his career by restoring the Republic to its former capital after years of incessant fighting, and was now the future hope of Mexico, had on the very day that he occupied the city sent in his resignation.

A short period of rest was well employed:

Those were quiet years for the most part with Diaz: years in which the general with a record of twenty battlefields contentedly retired to live the simple life of a sugar planter near the city of his birth, amid scenes which must repeatedly have recalled to his memory many stirring incidents in which he had figured. During these years he learnt much. He studied agriculture in quite a professional manner, saw the great possibilities of the soil, the necessity of irrigation, and other details, all of which he found of practical value when himself called upon to rule.

Exciting events brought him from his retirement. In this connection the constitutional provision violated by Juarez is a significant declaration:

The statesmen who drafted the Constitution of the Spanish-American Republics and sought to make impossible the re-election of the existing President for a second term, did not act without good reason. Nothing was easier than for a dictator, once he had secured his election constitutionally, to so manipulate the voting that, save by an armed rising, he could never be displaced.

In spite of this provision, Juarez sought and obtained a re-election, and Diaz broke with his old friend and patron:

Anticipating events, the Governor of Nuevo-Leon in September denounced the government and declared General Diaz President. Pronunciamientos followed in other parts, but all such attempts to restore rule by force were successfully repressed. On November 8th, 1871, Diaz issued from his homestead in Oaxaca the famous protest known as the "Plan of Noria," on behalf of the reforms promised under the Constitution of 1857, but never instituted. A manifesto was circulated proposing to convene an assembly of notables to reorganize the government with General Diaz to assume the powers of commander-in-chief of the army until such a government could be founded.

Diaz left the South, where the movement had its chief centre, in the early spring of the following year, and arrived at Chihuahua, in the North, only to be met with the news that Juarez was dead.

The President had expired after a day's illness, on July 18th, from an affection of the heart. Mexico lost in him a great patriot. Born in poverty, he lived and died poor, with means of enrichment at his hand from which others had not hesitated to profit.

The term of President Lerdo, succeeding, brought nothing of peace, and Diaz became the conquering leader of forces that overcame the government and entered the capital:

He was forty-six, just in the prime of life, health, and strength. Well-mounted, sitting erect, his head raised high, his dark face bronzed with the rigors of camp life, he made a fine figure as he rode in front of his staff, well in view of the populace. He was dressed in his general's uniform, and was followed by a large contingent of the revolutionary army.

People came out of the city and gathered along the roadside. The greeting was not unmixt with cries of dissent. The crowd cheered, the crowd hissed, for there were persons in Mexico City on that day who had no reason to congratulate themselves on the success of the victor. Hot spirits were roused, and the populace fought among themselves. General Diaz rode on, taking small heed either of the cheers or the dissentient cries which rent the air.

Reform and progress became at once watchwords of power with the new ruler:

For the first time in Mexico's troubled history he brought the most scrupulous honesty into every department of the public administration. Diaz was never a rich man himself, and today, after a long life spent in the service of his country, he possesses but a modest fortune. His methods were a revelation to politicians of the school of Santa Anna,

trained to regard the public funds a legitimate source of plunder.

Diplomacy was not a sealed book to the intrepid soldier:

Stern measures were called for were dealt out. Repression did its work and for the first time the public hands began to show some reason measure of safety; but still many hundreds of the bandits remained at large.

Undoubtedly their existence for one of the most serious questions I had to face. Nothing or nobody safe from their attentions. Even if leaders were shot their following remained, and Diaz saw it was impossible to restore law and order under circumstances. A brilliant thought struck him.

"What do you earn?" he asked.

"Average so many dollars a week."

"Then I will give you so many do more if you give up your present and become respectable citizens."

This was the line of his bargain them. He offered amnesty, with something they never had experienced before, namely, regular and well-paid employment. They would be drafted into rural police, and given pay at a higher rate than any other cavalrymen in the world. These men, the fomenters of disorder, revolution, theft, and were henceforward to devote their energies to subduing disorder.

The bandits accepted his proposal, thus was formed the force of Rural Police, one meets in Mexico, who are today pride and the pick of the Mexican army, and the admiration of the whole continent.

There were greater problems before Diaz, whose position had already been made secure by the sustaining vote of his people:

Mexico, however, had still to perform promises. The United States government had maintained relations with Juarez in the darkest days when the fugitive President, with little following save his escort, was literally being driven by French troops from pillar to post. The Washington cabinet, however, refused to recognize the government of Diaz had installed because of its revolutionary origin. Where so intimate neighbor stood aside, other nations whose sentiments toward the success of the Emperor Maximilian were friendly, naturally held aloof.

Europe had no interest in Mexico to ensure that her obligations were met, and the country was kept tranquil in order that trade might develop. The tragedy of Queretaro was still fresh in its memory. There was little confidence in the stability of anything Mexican. A certain glamour surrounded the name of Diaz because of his adventurous life and daring exploits, and something was hoped from him, but for the present Mexico remained suspect.

At this time came the romance which has brightened all the years of the President since:

Fate is stronger than wisdom. Two people were made for each other. Thus it was chance brought them together, and at the time when Porfirio Diaz was necessarily much alone, though constantly surrounded, and there is no such loneliness as the loneliness experienced in a multitude—himself, dainty, bright, cheery Carmen. There is no doubt he at once felt the superiority of the girl over all other women in Mexico City: superiority of looks, superiority of education, superiority of temperament, and he fell in love. Yet he fell madly, desperately, passionately in love with a young girl considerably less than half his age.

They were married, and the president's wife has been more than an affectionate companion and efficient under all circumstances. Both have been seen in the United States, on the occasion of a visit in the early 'eighties.

Although General Diaz was not President of Mexico, he had done so much good during his four years in office, and there was such a strong probability of his return to power, that he was treated in the United States as if he were a representative President.

the trip, though enjoyable, was not a lengthy one:

General Diaz and his young wife were met at New Orleans by a private train, and its cars and its drawing-rooms, were there by the courtesy of the President of the United States. Diaz still talks enthusiastically of that journey. We had a beautiful reception in Chicago," he said to me, "the warmest welcome, lovely flowers, and decorations with the Mexican flag. Then we went to Washington, where we spent the days, dining at the White House and seeing something of that very beautiful city. We visited New York, Niagara, and Boston, but unfortunately the trip was somewhat hurried, and I did not see as much of America as I should have liked."

President Diaz bears his honors and responsibilities easily, yet they are close to his heart in all hours:

Diaz was after an interregnum of four years re-elected to power in 1884.

In the night of his re-election one of the most intimate associates went to the palace to congratulate him.

Spare your congratulations, good friend," he replied; "were it not that I love for Mexico kept me buoyant I could sink beneath the weight of my responsibility."

The coffers are empty; they are more than empty—they are heavily laded with debt, and Heaven knows what matters will end. But—he lighted a cigar and paced the room excitedly—am going to try. Don't congratulate me tonight. Come back in four years' time, and then let me know if my work is worthy of your congratulations."

His work continues worthy, as the world knows.

Mrs. Tweedie's book is handsomely illustrated, copiously illustrated, and is provided with a complete index and a folded map of Modern Mexico.

Published by the John Lane Company, New York.

Trains now go in ten days from Liverpool to Hongkong, crossing America.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Gen. Mercier, who recently left Paris suddenly for London, was not enthusiastically received. He once delivered in the French senate an elaborate speech on the feasibility of invading England.

Delayed preparations and the waning season have induced the announcement that Walter Wellman, the chief of the Arctic expedition of a Chicago newspaper, has abandoned the project of hallooing to the North Pole this year.

Elihu Root, Secretary of State, used to be a golf player. He was one of the founders of the Nassau Club. He gave up playing golf when he came to Washington and began riding horseback. The President says golf is a "grandmother's game."

J. Q. A. Ward, dean of American sculptors and for more than half a century a leader in art, is being showered with congratulations on his recent marriage. The sculptor has just passed his seventy-sixth birthday, and has been married twice before. His wife was formerly Mrs. R. M. Ostrander Smith, the widow of an artist.

Sven Hedin, the Swedish explorer, has recently written to King Oscar, describing the desert region of Kevir, which is marked in English and Russian maps as a salt desert, but which Hedin found to be really a shallow inland sea. On his journey through Seistan to India, he heard reports of the ravages of the plague. At Nashretahad, a town of 2,500 inhabitants, nine-tenths had perished at the time of his arrival.

Mark Twain is responsible for bringing the secluded village of West Redding, Conn., into prominence. He has bought a house there and will reconstruct it, of stone, at a cost of \$30,000. The estate comprises 110 acres, and the house occupies an elevated site with fine views in all directions. Another old place in the village, purchased recently by Miss Jeanette L. Gilder, it is rumored will be taken by Miss Ann Morgan, daughter of J. Pierpont Morgan.

One of the members of the American colony in Berlin at the present time is Miss Elizabeth S. Colton of Easthampton, Mass., a student of orientalism and comparative religion and mistress of

some forty languages. In her girlhood she had a fine voice, which was trained in Paris by Manuel Garcia, but just as she had arranged for her debut in New York with Theodore Thomas she was stricken with a throat affection which put an end to her ambition for a concert career.

Gen. Luis Terrazas, whose wealth is conservatively estimated at \$200,000,000, celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of his birth at his home in Chihuahua, Mex., a few days ago. Terrazas is said to be the largest individual landowner in the world, his estates in western Mexico covering more than 15,000,000 acres. He owns several hundred thousand head of cattle, horses, sheep and goats. Some of the richest mines in Mexico belong to him. He and his son-in-law, Enrique Creel, control the banking business of a portion of Mexico.

Sir Robert Hart, who for forty-three years has held the high office of inspector general of the Chinese maritime customs, is reported to be preparing to return to England. He entered the British consular service in China when but nineteen years of age, and in 1863 was selected by the Chinese government to be head of its maritime customs. His mastery of the Chinese language, which he early learned, made him invaluable to the government. He has seen great rebellions in China and several foreign invasions.

The Queen of Naples has just started a dainty little store in the Rue St. Roch, Paris. It is called "Aux Ouvrages Calabrais," and is devoted entirely to the sale of needlework done by the Calabrian peasant women. Almost daily Queen Maria Sophia, who is also Queen of the two Sicilies and of Jerusalem, Duchess of Parma, of Plaisance and Castro, and Grand Duchess of Bavaria and Tuscany, comes to the little store and superintends the window dressing. The proceeds of the sales go to help the peasants rebuild the homes destroyed by the recent catastrophe.

Secretary Hitchcock has sent out an order that no liquor shall be sold henceforth in the Yosemite Valley, and the cozy little clubhouse is closed.

ELECTRO SILICON

Unequalled for
Cleaning and Polishing
SILVERWARE.

Send your address for a FREE SAMPLE,
or 15c. in stamps for a full sized box.
Grocers sell it.
THE ELECTRO SILICON CO., 30 Cliff St., New York.

Del Monte Offers

During the reconstruction of San Francisco, Hotel Del Monte offers a welcome shelter to those desiring a home-like place for rest and recreation. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at the present. The entire hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families. Address Geo. P. Snell, Manager, Del Monte, California.

A Permanent Home

For YOUR

BREAKFAST

GERMEA

At All Grocers

THE JOHNSON-LOCKE MERCANTILE CO.

AGENTS

714 Broadway, Oakland

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL
WORCESTERSHIRE
FOR STEAKS, CHOPS,
COLD MEATS,



FISH, SOUPS,
SALADS, GRAVIES, etc.

THE
PEERLESS
SEASONING.

VANITY FAIR.

The American is the Bedouin of civilization, at home and at ease everywhere, and the more you see of him the more congenial do you find him, observes a writer in the London News.

The season is in full swing, and our transatlantic cousin is overrunning the land. London appears to exercise a somewhat sobering influence on him, and it is at Stratford-on-Avon that one sees him at his best. There he is in a class apart. Everywhere in the little town notices refer to "Visitors and Americans," and at all show places the two inscribe their names in separate books. Through the streets the "visitors" march staidly, the Americans "do" the place thoroughly, in couples at least, one carrying a camera, the other a guide book. Arrived at any spot mentioned in the book, the camera is brought into play, while the other reads aloud the reference in the guide book.

But it is on the Continent that one must study the wandering American. There is more of him and his smartly dressed women kind in Paris than in London, and more for the size of the city in Berlin than in Paris. In the French capital an edition of one of his New York newspapers is published daily; in Berlin the so-called English weekly is devoted almost exclusively to his doings, and several clubs are run for his special benefit.

No matter where you go, you find him before you, amazingly cool, magnificently confident and sublimely unconscious—to all outward seeming, at any rate—of the attention he attracts. His ubiquity impresses you and compels your admiration. His sang-froid is in striking contrast to the manner of the average Englishman abroad. The true Englishman is never at home on the Continent—it is too full of "foreigners."

At all times the observer found his American cousins not only civil but genial:

"I climbed to the top of Notre Dame in Paris and found there a party from across the Atlantic enjoying lunch. The day was hot, and a young man in the group offered me a refreshing drink. At the top of the lace work in marble, which is the spire of Milan Cathedral, three English-speaking men met accidentally—an American, an English clergyman, and myself. He who hailed from the land of the Stars and Stripes offered me his field glass, the other did not even return our good-morning salutation. In a beer garden at Lucerne I followed the custom of the Continent and asked permission before sitting at a table of those already seated there. The only one who did not raise his hat and reply was an Englishman, and the only one to make excuses for him was a young man who prefixed his words with 'I guess.'

"At Ostend the usual crowd of camerists dodged about between the bathing machines. One of the bathers, with his kodak on his head, to keep it dry, watched the efforts of others for a while to snapshot a daintily attired French woman, then he coolly asked her to pose on the steps of her bathing machine for him. She did, with the remark: 'You droll Americans!'

In quiet Swiss villages and in the show places of Paris the same display of handsome costumes is noted.

Fair Americans in Venice, in the Piazza San Marco, were busy kodaking one another with half a dozen pigeons perched on their arms and shoulders. At night in the cosmopolitan crowd of promenaders around the bandstand in the famous square one beautiful woman wore evening dress. She came from the land of Edna May. American women wear evening dress everywhere—even in the mountain villages of Switzerland, where they find to their cost that the hottest days are followed by cold nights.

In the Latin Quarter crowd at the notorious Bal Bullier in Paris you are sure to see one or two American ladies in elaborate evening toilettes and they are seen so arrayed in the gawdies cabaret "Le Neant" in Montmartre,

where the waiters are dressed like undertakers' mutes and the tables are coffins.

Summer holidays are the ones in which fashion has some influence in England.

The King's tailors have been attending at Buckingham Palace with patterns for his Majesty's holiday suits. After choosing the cloth and giving orders for the cut of his clothes, King Edward is troubled no further about his suits, which are fitted on a dummy of his exact proportions, which dummy his tailors keep at their workrooms.

A deep blue, rather coarse serge is his Majesty's favorite cloth for holiday wear. But whenever possible he adopts the characteristic dress of the country where he is spending his holiday. At Marienbad he wears the picturesque green Tyrolean hat, and at Balmoral the kilt, which, by the way, he has no liking for.

Although he always keeps up with the prevailing modes and often sets the fashion himself, the King never adopts a new fashion unless he finds it suits him. He has never worn the frock overcoat, so fashionable last winter, but which only suits men of good stature and youthful figure.

The King of Spain, as well as the King of England, was recently entertained at Cowes by the American Consuelo Yzuaga, dowager duchess of Manchester.

At the second visit of King Alfonso, when young Queen Victoria accompanied him, the dowager duchess played a dozen or more popular airs for their majesties—among them several American negro melodies—and Alfonso was so much pleased with the latter that he begged the scores from his hostess, saying, "My little queen will learn to play 'There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight.'"

The duchess, a very clever pianist, amused him by showing him how this air could be played as a two-step, a serenade, a wedding march, a sacred hymn and a dirge.

At the banquet given by the dowager duchess in honor of Edward and Alfonso, their majesties advanced on opposite sides of the tables to their seats on the right and left of the hostess, bowed profoundly to her, then profoundly to one another, and seated themselves, the whole company following suit. Both were exceedingly attentive to the dowager duchess, and at an impressive pause in the general conversation, Alfonso, smiling at King Edward, and then turning to their hostess, conversed everybody with the quotation, "Here he two kings of Flanders gazing at one rose."

Lord Byron's aversion, "a dumpy woman," has been tabooed at Washington, if the report sent out by a press correspondent is well founded. He declares that the government has "figured out a standard figure for women."

No woman will have the top of her head sawed off for being too tall, or be stretched on a rack because she is not tall enough. If she is too fat or too thin, or too large in the hips, she will not be put on a forced diet. She will simply be barred out of a job in Uncle Sam's confidential bureau of engraving and printing, where the money is made.

They must be of good height, in no case under four feet ten and one-half

inches tall; women above medium height preferred.

No woman of more than sixteen inches width in the hips will be employed.

The bust must not exceed thirteen inches in depth.

What the bureau wants is a sylph-like person. The girl whom the novelists describe as "willowy" is the young person wanted at the money factory. If she gets fat she will soon be retired.

The Rubaiyat of Armour Khayyam.

Methinks the Lion and the Lawyer keep
The Courts where Ogden gloried in his
sheep.

And Teddy the great Hunter—that Wild
Ass
Stamps on his head, yet cannot break his
sleep.

Even Joe Cannon lifts a mild harangue
Against Bad Beef—condemns the whole
Sheehang.

His patriotic motives being thus:
To save his skin and stand in with the
Gang.

The Learned Pig who, hither hurried
hence
Drops in the Chute and goes from Whither
Whence.

Soon in his travels may learn how They
make
Pate de foie gras at a slight expense.

The Pig that can with logic absolute
The seven and twenty Scientists refute,
Whom certain Alchemists can in a trice
To Buttons, Glue and Chewing Gum trans-
mute.

But what of Those, the loveliest and the
best,
Who into Breakfast Sausages are pressed?
They squeal a moment ere the dim
Ferah
Strikes, and prepares them for another
Guest.

And many a Boarding House whose tender
Prune
Invites to Conversation opportune,
There may the Feaster how his head and
say
Grace before Meat, "Lord, render us Im-
mune!"

And as the simple Devotee to Steak
Reflects upon the Progress of the Rake,
Can he recall "The Jungle" and he calm—
What! did the hand then of the Boarder
shake?

And as I linger in some Gilt Hotel
(The Bill of Fare's in French, and it is
well),

I often wonder what the Packers huy
Half so suspicious as the Stuff they sell.

O my Dyspeptic, clear the Plate that
cheers
The indigestive Dreamer of his fears!
Eat hearty—and To-morrow you may be
Yourself with Yesterday's Seven Thousand
Years.

And when at last, through Sausages and
Fate,
You, too, may gather at the Pearly Gate
And in your heavenly voyaging speak of
What
Goes forth in Cans—turn down an empty
Plate.
Wallace Irwin, in New York Globe.

By a decision of the Supreme Court just handed down, Ethel W. Crocker, as owner of 5096 shares of the capital stock of the Crocker-Woolworth National Bank, estimated to be worth \$300 per share, will be compelled to pay something like \$150,000 in taxes on her shares, and the right of the State to national bank stock is confirmed. Superior Judge Cook had granted an injunction restraining the tax collector, and the Supreme Court reversed Judge Cook's decision.

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

Are showing an unusually complete assortment of

CARPETS

All grades are included. The patterns are the very latest for the season of Fall furnishing. This stock is the largest shown in San Francisco and is complete

Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street

They who make the glasses we sell are skilled workmen of the highest grade.

A lens that we produce is perfect—you are invited to visit our factory.

HIRSCH & KAISER,

1757 Fillmore St.

Optician

HOTEL RAFAEL

SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

50 minutes from San Francisco. Complete

Change of Climate

TIBURON OR SAUSALITO FERRY

All Modern Conveniences.

R. V. HALTON Proprietor

Belvedere, California, HILLSIDE INN.

Tiburon Ferry, 40 minutes from San Francisco. Boating and bathing. Terms reasonable. A dress

MRS. M. J. WARREN.

Educational.

MRS. J. E. TIPPET

(CLARA BEUTLER)

Teacher of Singing Coaching

Studio, Pierce Building, Copley Square, Boston, Mass.

IRVING INSTITUTE

A day and home School of high standing for young ladies. Accredited by the universities. Music under masters. Write for catalogue.

Mrs. Edward B. Church, Principal.
Mrs. Fay Chase Kellogg, Acting Principal.

2126 CALIFORNIA STREET, San Francisco, Cal.

Miss Harker's School.

Palo Alto, Cal. Home and Day School for Girls. Intermediate and Primary Departments. Certificate admits to Stanford, Vassar and Wellesley. Number limited. August 20th.

Ogontz School for Young Ladies.

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia; two hours from New York. The late Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For catalogue, address Miss SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal, Ogontz, P. O., Pa.

Helping the Homeless

The Continental Building and Loan Association

Has helped build up several interior towns and cities of California for the next few years its funds will be used to help the burned homes of San Francisco.

Dr. Washington Dodge, President.
Gavin McNab, Attorney.

Wm. Corbin, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr.

Office: Corner Market and Church Streets

EUGENE KORN

The Hatter

946 Van Ness Avenue

Formerly 746 Market St.

WHAT PRESS CLIPPINGS WANT TO YOU

Press clipping information is information you can obtain in no other way. As a business aid, Press Clippings will place before you every scrap of news printed in the country pertaining to your business. They will show you every possible market for your goods, opening that you would never be able to find in the ordinary way, and they give you this information in a fresh and valuable.

If you have a hobby or wish information upon any special topic, press clippings will give you any subject or topic you desire. They will give you all the current information upon any subject.

The cost for any purpose is usually but a few cents a week.

THE INTERNATIONAL PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

The largest press clipping bureau in the world, ready to supply 55,000 papers and other periodicals each month, and every day are now a subscriber to some other clipping bureau, it is to you to investigate our superior service.

Write for our book about Press Clippings and our Daily News Reports, and ask about The International Press Clipping Bureau, which supplies complete manuscripts or material for books, essays, lectures and debates, and complete and valuable information upon any subject at a reasonable cost. Address

INTERNATIONAL PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

Boycce Bldg., Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.

STAGE GOSSIP.

era Michelena, a San Francisco girl, in the cast of "The Tourist," which opened the Majestic Theatre, New York, Labor Day.

The new play of "Sam Houston" is in four acts and shows Houston as governor of Tennessee and Texas, as commander-in-chief of Texas and governor of Santa Anna and in the closing dramatic crisis of his life in conflict with the State legislature.

The "Kreutzer Sonata" was presented the first time in English in New York City at the Manhattan Theatre last week, with Blanche Bates in the principal part. A legal effort had been made by Mr. Fiske, who also has the play, to stop the production, but there was no attempt made to stop the performance. Frank Bacon, the comedian, has been spending several weeks in New York staging plays and players for the Social Theatre, which is to be opened in San Francisco at an early date with a strong stock company.

Miss Lillian Corbin, favorite niece of J. Corbin, and prominent in Washington social circles, made her professional debut at the Academy of Music, New York, last week, as Mrs. Ogden, the young matron in "The Virginian." "The Light Eternal," Martin V. Mele's religious drama, which had such a successful run at the Majestic Theatre last season, is to be produced in Chicago by Edward A. Braden.

Rose Stahl made her debut as a star at the Savoy Theatre, London, last week, in James Forbes's comedy, "The Chorus."

George Bernard Shaw is conducting in London the rehearsals of "Caesar and Cleopatra," in which Forbes Robertson and Gertrude Elliott are to appear.

Anna Held has sailed from France to begin rehearsals of her new play, "A Persian Model." She brings with her twenty-four girls, representing three nationalities.

Edie Martinot has been engaged by Walter N. Lawrence of "Mrs. Temple's Gram."

Daniel Frawley has secured a year's lease of the Lyceum Theatre in Minneapolis where he will install his stock company.

Charles Frohman has secured new plays by Augustus Thomas, George Ade, Clyde Fitch, the De Mille brothers, George H. Broadhurst, C. T. Dazey, J. M. Kie, Robert Marshall, H. V. Esmond, Iri Lavedan, Pierre Berton, Pierre V. Frederic De Crosse, Anthony M.; musical plays by Charles McLellan and Ivan Caryll, Tristan Bernard, Honour Hicks, Paul Potter, Harry B. Smith and Ludwig Englander, besides numerous musical successes now running in London.

My Standing's debut as a star will be made in a comedy-drama entitled "A Society Policeman." The play will be produced under the stage supervision of Percy Miller.

Mrs. Langtry, who had two wins in London at the Folkestone races also had an unpleasant experience in the evening. She had been advised to give a dramatic performance in the pavilion at Folkestone. The audience was incensed because the play presented was only a trivial South African episode lasting but twenty minutes, and a hostile crowd followed Mrs. Langtry off the pier vociferously hissing.

Clyde Fitch has completed the manuscript of his new play, "The Truth," which is to be presented in New York in October. He also has collaborated with Edith Wharton in the dramatization of "The House of Mirth," the production of which is scheduled for next month.

Shakespeare will be fairly well represented upon the London stage this season. Arthur Bourchier now announces his intention of producing "Much Ado About Nothing." Mr. Tree is to give "The Winter's Tale," with Ellen Terry as Hermione, and, later on, is to undertake Macbeth.

Unie Dupree is the first Thespian to escape the San Francisco disaster for vaudeville purposes. Miss Dupree is appearing in the East in a sketch called "The Earthquake Came."

Itton Lackaye will use on tour this season "Roger Le Honte," the French drama, in which he acted in 1889,

in Niblo's, New York, in support of Jessie Millward and the late William Terriss. Melbourne Maedowell has been engaged for Javert, the detective, in "The Law and the Man," Mr. Lackaye's dramatization of "Les Misérables."

Isadora Duncan, who caused a furore in Europe and America with her startling dances, is the bride of Ellen Terry's son, Gordon Craig. She is a daughter of the late Manager Duncan, of the defunct Pioueer Savings Bank of San Francisco.

In the Greek theatre of the University of California at Berkeley last Saturday evening, Sept. 1, Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was produced by Miss Constance Crawley and a company augmented by members of the student body. The representation was on a grand yet artistic scale, with appropriate orchestral accompaniment, and troops of fairies and singers. The Musical and Dramatic Union of the University netted \$3500 by the event.

There is no lack of news in real estate circles of San Francisco, as even casual notice of the columns of the daily papers will show. The Mission as a residence quarter is reported to be gaining attention. Property which before the fire was held at \$100 per front foot is now up to \$150, and still soaring. As a retail section Golden Gate avenue is steadily advancing, which is regarded as another indication that the retail stores will slowly come eastward. There promise to be many new hotels. Billieke, the hotel man of Los Angeles, it is said, will soon put into execution his long-cherished plan of building a hotel on the site of the old Windsor, corner of Fifth and Market streets. James B. Lankershim, the Los Angeles millionaire, who owns the site where Metropolitan Hall once stood, entertained at one time the idea of having a hotel on that lot. He may now carry out his plans. Since the fire large acreages of country property have been sold to residents in the city. This has not been confined to any particular locality, but is general throughout the State.

A Los Angeles party, numbering 140, is now on its way to the Orient for pleasure, health, and study. Gen. Harrison Gray Otis, proprietor of the Los Angeles Times, is one of the leaders of the band of excursionists, and during its brief stay in San Francisco, en route to Seattle, announced that the tour would include the Philippines, Japan, and Shanghai and Hongkong. The party will board the Northern Company's steamer Dakota at Seattle.

The Orpheum.

Chinko, the youngest of English jugglers, will make his first appearance in this city at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon. O. T. Fiske and Nellie McDonough, character sketch artists, will present a little one-act play, entitled "Good News." Minnie Kaufmann is a member of the celebrated Kaufmann family of bicyclists. The Italian trio are male vocalists of international reputation. Ben Welch, the Dixon brothers, the five Salvaggis, Max Hilderbrandt, and Orpheum motion pictures will complete a varied program. There is always amusement to be found on the grounds of the Chutes, where the Orpheum is located. There will be a special matinee at the Orpheum on Monday, Admission Day.

The annual concert of the Bohemian Club will take place at the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, on Tuesday afternoon, October 2. There will be a large orchestra and chorus. The details of the program are not yet to hand, but it is to be presumed that some of the music of the mid-summer jinks will as usual be produced.

The motor vehicle department of the State of California has collected \$20,146.50, with expenses aggregating \$6,419.81, during the past twelve months.

The members of the Philomath Club are urgently requested to send their September addresses to Mrs. Samuel Bissinger, 2129 Jackson St., at their earliest convenience. The first club meeting will take place at the home of Mrs. Sahlein, 1718 Jackson Street, September tenth, 1906.

President Roosevelt reviewed last Monday at Oyster Bay the largest war-fleet ever assembled in American waters. Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, commander of the fleet, with the battleship Maine, held a central position at the head of the three great columns, two miles in length, while the President's naval yacht, the Mayflower, passed down the line between and around the ships. There were 51 naval vessels in the display, manned by 854 officers and 15,841 men, and carrying 1220 guns.

Jay Eye See, the famous old world's champion trotter, who fifteen years ago made his mark of 2:10 1/4 there, is to be placed on exhibition at the State fair grounds in Providence, R. I., this fall on a spot overlooking the Narragansett Park track, where he distanced all records so long ago.

Bohm Bristol Co.

JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS

A COMPLETE LINE OF
DIAMONDS, WATCHES,
JEWELRY AND
SILVERWARE

NEW LOCATION:

Van Ness Ave. and
Sacramento St.

FORMERLY AT 104-110 GEARY ST.

HOTEL ST. FRANCIS
ANNEX
SAN FRANCISCO

IN UNION SQUARE
ON THE LAWN
AMID THE PALMS
EVERY ROOM OUTSIDE
ON THE GROUND FLOOR

FAMOUS GRILL ROOM
IN MAIN BUILDING
SAME SKILLED CHEF

ORPHEUM.

Week Commencing SUNDAY MATINEE, Sept. 9.
Special Matinee Monday, Admission Day.
(Matinee Every Day.)

VAUDEVILLE OPULENCE

CHINKO; Fiske and McDonough; Minnie Kaufmann; Italian Trio; Five Salvaggis; Dixon Brothers; Max Hilderbrandt; Orpheum Motion Pictures and last week of BEN WELCH.

Prices: 10c, 25c and 50c. Down Town Box Office at Donlon's Drug Store, Fillmore and Sutter Sts. Phone West 6000.

CHUTES and ZOO—Open Daily from 10 A. M. till Midnight. Admission 10c; Children 5c.

BOHEMIAN CLUB

Annual Concert

GREEK THEATRE, BERKELEY

Tuesday Afternoon, Oct. 2

LARGE ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS

Reserved Seats - - One Dollar.

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

Stoves and Ranges

ADAPTED FOR BURNING: COAL, WOOD, GAS, GASOLINE AND OIL.

REFRIGERATORS

Complete Kitchen Outfits for Hotels, Restaurants, Clubs & Households

COR. POLK & TURK STS.

PHONE EMERGENCY 427

You Will Obtain
Absolute Protection
in Presidio Terrace

From saloons, stores,
flats, laundries,
spite fences and
other nuisances.

Streets, sidewalks, trees, grass, flowers, maintained
and electric lighting done under the management of the
Presidio Terrace Association at a monthly cost of
Four (\$4) Dollars per lot.
Lots average 50 feet front.
Prices average \$120 per foot.
Terms, one-fifth cash; balance
to suit, at 5 per cent. per annum.

BALDWIN & HOWELL,
1692 FILLMORE STREET

LITERARY NOTES.

A Tracer of Lost Persons.

We expect to meet the Tracer of Lost Persons, the title character in Robert W. Chambers' novel of that name, quite often in subsequent volumes. Mr. Chambers has happened on a rich vein of literary ore. And it is easy milling, too, under his process. Mr. Chambers is more than human, and less than serial writer, if he does not exploit Keen as long as the public's patience lasts. One fancies the rage of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle when he learns that Chambers has strayed into his favorite field.

"The Tracer of Lost Persons," at once suggests Sherlock Holmes, but the resemblance does not last, as one continues with the story. Keen, the amiable sleuth of the novel, is a solver of seemingly impossible problems, but he does not find it necessary to employ the chemical knowledge, the strategical skill, the analytical powers, the finesse, the surgical and medical lore of Doyle's hero. Not he. The blase clubman wants to find his ideal a beautiful, but abstract, girl. Nothing is easier. Mr. Keen does not have to go out of his office in the search: the ideal is discovered in the person of one of his stenographers. Albeit, the book answers the supreme test of light literature; it is interesting.

Several excellent illustrations by Edmund Frederick help the story along.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York: \$1.50.

Romance and a Fiddler in Westphalia.

The Egerton Castles have added to their harvest of romances another one of the pretty, fanciful love-tales that have given them their vogue. "If Youth But Knew" is picturesquely set in the kingdom of Westphalia during Jerome's temporary occupancy of the Westphalian throne. The little whippersnapper of a king appears, and figures in some gallant adventures smelling of patchouly and the boudoir. And there is a fantastic fiddler—something of a character—who fiddles magic tunes that whisper daring into the doubting hearts of youth. Withal gracefully told, yet, like all the Castles' stories, too artificial and improbable to move to more than a passing interest.

Published by the Macmillan Co., New York; price \$1.50.

An Artistic Italian Story.

Readers who have learned to dread the novel of historic flavor need not avoid Bernard Capes's "Bembo: A Tale of Italy," in the preface of which it is frankly declared that the beautiful tradition of which it is built is unfounded on fact. The story is set in the middle ages, at a time when Italy was under the heel of profligate dukes, and in an age when intellectuality and grossness held strange carnival; and the dialogue reflects the metaphysical quibbling and wit-crossing characteristic of the times.

The figure of Bembo, a beautiful strippling who is the innocent propagandist of a pure, selfless, sexless love for mankind, stands against the background of cruelty, crime, and lust like a lily growing in the mire. The book contains scholarship, poetry, and wit, and in spite of its exaggerations of sentiment, and overstrained note of emotionalism, it has the literary quality to an uncommon degree.

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; price \$1.50.

An Educator's Worthy Effort.

"The School and Its Life," by Charles B. Gilbert, an educator who wars against the evils of machine teaching, discusses educational themes with such intelligence, broad-mindedness, and sympathy, that it is worthy the earnest attention of both teachers and those who supervise them.

Published by Silver, Burdett & Co., New York; price \$1.25.

A Novel and a Symposium.

Those proselytes who are hovering on the verge of Christian Science will read with curiosity and interest a new

novel from the pen of Lilian Bell, long identified as an earnest apostle of the religion of optimism. "Carolina Lee," a novel of southern life, is a romantically improbable but tolerably human story, written in sprightly vein, and in pleasant, readable style. The story includes many discussions on Christian Science, and the author is broad-minded enough to allow her characters to voice the arguments of those who scoff at Mrs. Eddy, and her self-spoiled powers.

Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price \$1.50.

O. Henry's Second Book.

In twenty-four short stories, full of rattle and slang, and vivid reality, O. Henry, author of "Cabbages and Kings," has set the life of the East side of New York upon the printed page. Mr. Henry has the art of the short story writer, telling in crisp, graphic style incidents that include humor and sympathy, and that reach climaxes which leave the fancy, whether amused by drollery, or moved by pathos, still alert for an untold sequel.

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price \$1.50.

New Publications.

"The Philosophy of Rest," by Ella Avelia Fletcher, contains sixty pages of counsel after the manner of Marcus Aurelius. "Don't worry," is its lesson. Published by the Dodge Publishing Company, New York; 75 cents.

"The Master-Man" is a dully written novel of little power and no charm. The sentiment is supplied by the use of innumerable "boneys" and "dears," and the author, who is not named, is lacking in inventiveness. There is no excuse for the story. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$1.50.

The seventh edition of "Hygiene of the Nursery," by Louis Starr, M. D., is a little volume that will appeal to mothers. It includes the general regimen and feeding of infants and children; massage, and the domestic management of the ordinary emergencies of early life. Published by P. Blakiston's Son & Co., Philadelphia; \$1.00 net.

"The Man and the Master," by James E. Freeman, rector of St. Andrew's Church, Yonkers, New York, is a series of essays, dealing with different phases of the life of Christ, in which the writer has emphasized His humanness. Published by Thomas Whittaker, New York; 75 cents net.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

In the new edition of his book, "Polo," recently brought out, Capt. T. B. Drybrough has added descriptions of American play seen at the Burlingame Country Club near San Francisco, at Riverside, Santa Barbara, and in the East.

Gen. A. W. Greely, arctic explorer, for many years Chief Signal Officer of the United States Army and recently in charge of the Pacific Division, with headquarters at San Francisco, has prepared a "Handbook of Polar Discoveries" which will be issued soon.

Books of travel announced for early publication include: "Highways and Byways of the Mississippi Valley," by Clifton Johnson; "The Fair Hills of Ireland," by Stephen Gwynne; "Tarry at Home Travels," by E. E. Hale; "Persia, Past and Present," by A. V. W. Jackson; "A Wanderer in London," by E. V. Lucas.

Discussions of public men and matters, written by the American statesman, during his later years, will soon be published under the title of "Addresses of John Hay."

Leon Rutledge Whipple, of the University of Virginia, writes to the New York Times Saturday Review, suggesting the need of a new magazine. "The contents should consist entirely of original poetry in English, of any kind, on any theme, as long as it was good." It is possible that Mr. Whipple intended in the concluding phrase of his sentence to intimate that most contributions would be short. A "Magazine of Poetry" was published in New York State some years ago, but it did not thrive.

London has a new penny humorous weekly, named Puck, printed in colors.

JUAN FERNANDEZ.

[A Santiago dispatch says that it is reported the island of Juan Fernandez has sunk since the great earthquake. This was the island inhabited by Alexander Selkirk. He was born at Largo, Fifeshire, in 1676; died on the ship Weymouth, 1723. This Scottish sailor was the supposed original of Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe." He was engaged in buccaneering exploits in the South Seas, and in 1703 was sailing master of a Cinque Ports galley. In 1704 he was at his own request put ashore on the island of Juan Fernandez, and remained there alone four years. His "Life and Adventures" were published by Howell in 1829, and he is the subject of this poem by Cowper:]

Verses.

Supposed to have been written by Alexander Selkirk during his solitary abode in the Island of Juan Fernandez:

I am monarch of all I survey;

My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude! Where are thy charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach;
I must finish my journey alone;
Never hear the sweet music of speech—
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, Friendship, and Love,
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard;
Never sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a Sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more:
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is the glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But, alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The heast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place,
And mercy—encouraging thought!—
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

—William Cowper.

The Secret of Fiona Macleod.

Very few knew before his death that William Sharp was Fiona Macleod, but it appears that Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Janvier, of New York, held the poet's secret. At a recent meeting of the Aberdeen Franco-Scottish Society a paper by Mrs. Janvier was read, which told that something in "Pharais" made her suspect the authorship, and on writing to Sharp her discovery was confirmed. These are expressions quoted from the poet's letter to Mrs. Janvier:

"I hope to send you a letter soon from the beautiful place by the sea where we are going. It will be a letter from Fiona Macleod. Yes, 'Pharais' is mine. It is a book out of my heart, out of the core of my heart. I wrote it with the pen dipped in the very ichor of my life. It has reached people even more than I dreamed of as likely. . . . I can write out of my heart in a way that I could not do as William Sharp, and, indeed, that I could not do if I were the woman whom Fiona Macleod is supposed to be, unless veiled in scrupulous anonymity."

ROBERTSON'S

NEW LOCATION

1539

Van Ness Ave., Near Pine

"Next to the White House"

Mr. Robertson calls attention to the above address, which is very centrally located.

Pears'

Most soaps clog the skin pores by the fats and free alkali in their composition.

Pears' is quickly rinsed off, leaves the pores open and the skin soft and cool.

Established in 1789.



HARTSHORN

SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.
Wood Rollers Tin Rollers

Heat Values

Perfect Baking Rapid Water Heat
Comforting Warmth

Depend on the heating value of your fuel

85 Cent Gas

650,000 Heat Units in a thousand cubic feet, double the heating value of any other manufactured gas

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

The S. F. Gas & Electric Co.

925 Franklin St. 500 Haight St.
421 Presidio Ave. 1260 Ninth Ave.

THE LATEST STYLES IN

Choice Woolens

H. S. Bridge & Co.

MERCHANT TAILORS

1176 O'FARRELL STREET

Clubbing List for 1906

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in new subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistake.

American Magazine and Argonaut	\$3.50
Argosy and Argonaut	2.50
Atlantic Monthly and Argonaut	4.00
Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut	4.00
Century and Argonaut	4.00
Commoner and Argonaut	2.50
Cosmopolitan and Argonaut	2.50
Criterion and Argonaut	2.50
Critic and Argonaut	2.50
Current Literature and Argonaut	2.50
English Illustrated Magazine and Argonaut	2.50
Forum and Argonaut	2.50
Harper's Bazaar and Argonaut	2.50
Harper's Magazine and Argonaut	2.50
Harper's Weekly and Argonaut	2.50
International Magazine and Argonaut	2.50
Judge and Argonaut	2.50
Leslie's Weekly and Argonaut	2.50
Life and Argonaut	2.50
Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut	2.50
Littell's Living Age and Argonaut	2.50
Mexican Herald and Argonaut	2.50
Mansey's Magazine and Argonaut	2.50
Nineteenth Century and Argonaut	2.50
North American Review and Argonaut	2.50
Ont West and Argonaut	2.50
Overland Monthly and Argonaut	2.50
Political Science Quarterly and Argonaut	2.50
Puck and Argonaut	2.50
Review of Reviews and Argonaut	2.50
Scriven's Magazine and Argonaut	2.50
Smart Set and Argonaut	2.50
St. Nicholas and Argonaut	2.50
Sunset and Argonaut	2.50
Theatre Magazine and Argonaut	2.50
Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut	2.50
Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) and Argonaut	2.50
Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) and Argonaut	2.50
Weekly New York World, and Argonaut	2.50

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

One day as John W. Mugridge, the lawyer, and Judge Minot were walking along the street in Concord, New Hampshire, together, Mr. Mugridge, in his cheerful voice, said: "Judge, let's go into partnership. You furnish the capital and I'll furnish the brains."

The judge quickly pulled a two-cent piece from his pocket, and, holding it in the palm of his hand, said to Mugridge: "Very well; cover that, John! Cover that!"

The feast was fast degenerating into orgy. Damocles arrived, howed politely to the King, took the seat indicated to him, and at the same time placed at his feet a parcel wrapped in newspapers which he had carried under his arm. The feast continued. Every possible delicacy was served to Damocles, from his brains to ants' livers, not to speak of many wonderful beverages. Then dancing girls came in. Damocles was being them closely when Denys, the servant, tapped him on the shoulder and pointed to the roof. Over Damocles' head hung a sharp sword, attached by a slender thread. Damocles looked at the sword, shrugged his shoulders, and picked up the parcel at his feet. Carefully removing the newspaper, he drew out a fireman's helmet in phosphor-bronze, with steel chain mail to protect the neck. He put it on his head and quietly asked for more roast camel. The servant was much annoyed.

At a Fourth of July celebration in a Canadian town, where both English and American guests were assembled, the fife of the two countries were used in alternations. A frivolous young Englishman, loyal to the queen, but with no love for the Stars and Stripes, exclaimed, "What a silly-looking thing the American flag is. It suggests nothing but checker-herry candy." "Yes," replied Senator Hoar, "the kind of candy that made everybody sick who tried to eat it."

New Yorker and his wife were recently traveling in England. In London the wife bought a shawl in the Quadrant, and insisted on wearing it to her hotel across her shoulders. The price label had been accidentally left on the garment, and as she walked along the sales-ladies read the following somewhat pathetic announcement: "Very Chaste—Five Guineas!"

There are times when differences of opinion do not count, and an Irish soldier was said to have chanced upon one of them during the late war in Cuba. He was discovered by the sergeant of his company in a hole, well out of the way of a stray shot, when he should have been engaged in active service. "Get out of that hole!" commanded the sergeant, sternly. "Get out of it this minute!" The broad Irish face looked at him, with stubborn resistance even on every feature. "You may be a superior officer," he said boldly, "but all the same Oi'm the wan that dug this hole fir-rst!"

At a banquet," said an editor, "I heard Jerome K. Jerome make a speech on snoring. I remember that it ended with these words: "To cure snoring it is advised that a bit of soap be dropped into the mouth of the snorer. The oil in the soap will lubricate the pharynx and other Latin parts of the throat. This remedy must be applied with caution; otherwise the snorer will arise and lubricate the floor with the person who dropped in the soap."

A farmer wrote to the editor of the Farmers' Friend this letter: "Sir, I have a horse that has been afflicted for the past year with medical fits of dizziness. Please send through your valuable paper, and let me know what I should do with him, for he seems to get worse instead of better;

I am afraid he will be unfit for work if something is not done soon."

The editor replied in the next issue as follows: "Our honest advice, based on a careful perusal of that excellent work, 'Every Man His Own Horse Doctor,' would be to take this horse some time when he is not dizzy and sell him to a stranger."

Caruso, the great tenor, is a great ventriloquist as well, and in New York, before he sailed for home, he told, at a little farewell dinner, a story of his ventriloquial skill.

"I was one of a house party at a millionaire's great, new castle overlooking the Hudson," he said. "Tea had been served in the garden, and after tea I sang. Then I consented to essay a little ventriloquism, and the fifty or sixty guests grew very still.

"Behind me rose a superb tree. Looking up into the thick foliage, I shouted in a loud and angry voice: "Hello! What are you doing up there?"

"To my amazement a thin young voice replied: "I ain't doin' no harm, mister. I'm just a-watchin' the big-hugs."

"The guests glanced at one another, smiling appreciatively. Pulling myself together, I went on: "Did any one give you permission to climb up into that tree?"

"Yes, sir. The second groom, sir. He's my cousin."

"Well," said I, 'so far there's no harm done. But be careful not to fall, and don't let any one see you."

"All right, mister," said the humble voice.

"I turned to my audience, and smiled and bowed triumphantly. They broke into thunderous applause. They said that they had never listened to ventriloquism so superb. And they were quite right, too."

A doctor who had saved the life of a woman, a personal friend, was asked his charge. He said he generally allowed his patient friends to remunerate him as they thought befitting.

"But don't you often get disappointed on these terms?" she inquired.

"I may say, never."

"As you are so easily pleased, here," and she playfully gave him her empty hand, while in the other was concealed a check for a handsome sum. "How easily I could have taken you in!" she added, producing the check.

"But you have only succeeded in drawing me out," he said, declining to relinquish her hand. "Don't insult me with a check; I am most generously rewarded."

Perhaps she understood the doctor's difficulty and wished to help him out of it. At any rate, the giving of her hand led him to offer his heart.

Secretary Shaw, searching for the hidden things in the lives of his hundreds of clerks, had blanks sent around the Treasury asking each clerk to give his vital statistics. One line requested an answer to the question, "Are you suffering from any disease?"

When the blanks came in it was found that one man said he had tuberculosis. Secretary Shaw sent for him. He came in, a big, broad-shouldered negro messenger, who looked healthy enough to live for fifty years.

"Why," said the Secretary, "you haven't got tuberculosis!"

"Ain't I?" asked the negro.

"No, you haven't. You are perfectly healthy. Why did you write on this blank that you have tuberculosis?"

"Well," said the messenger, "I dunno; 'ceptin' if there's anythin' fashionable goin' 'round I want it."

A well known New York physician, while recently attending a banquet, indulged rather freely in various liquors. Not being accustomed to drinking, the effects soon became apparent. Before the banquet was over, he was summoned to one of his most aristocratic patients, and was soon speeding up Fifth Avenue in his automobile. Arriving at a certain brown-stone mansion, the doctor with

superhuman efforts managed to walk straight, and was ushered into his patient's boudoir. He drew out his watch and proceeded to feel the pulse, but try as he would it was impossible for him to find it. Disgusted with himself he muttered: "Positively drunk!" when to his amazement the lady exclaimed: "Oh, doctor, I implore you not to tell on me!"

How many property-owners, asks the Boston Traveler, are keeping track of the companies that are "welching" on the San Francisco losses?

SHREVE & Company will occupy, about September first, their temporary building at Van Ness Ave. and Sacramento St. Complete stock of DIAMOND and GOLD JEWELRY, WATCHES, SILVERWARE, GLASSWARE, STATIONERY, ETC., now on sale at Post Street and Grant Avenue

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

YEARS

ARE REQUIRED TO DEVELOP THE MATURITY AND FINE FLAVOR OF

HUNTER RYE RYE



CHARLES N. REYNOLDS CO. San Francisco, Cal.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

OTTO FLEISSNER, Vocal, Piano, Organ and Harmony, Residence and Studio: 2560 Vallejo St., near Scott St., San Francisco. In Oakland on Tuesday, care of Sherman, Clay & Company.

Dr. Deimel Underwear (LINEN-MESH)

We Announce the OPENING OF OUR Retail Store AT 1107 Van Ness Avenue, Near Geary St.

Customers' measurements preserved. No change in prices. The best selected stock of underwear in San Francisco

The Deimel Linen-Mesh System Co

Shore Line Limited

Drawing-room Parlor Cars Buffet Smoking Car Dining Car Large Protected Observation Rotunda

Daily by Daylight

To Coast Line Resorts From San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Southern Pacific

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Mrs. Mary E. Pond, of New York (formerly Miss Mary Klink, of this city), to Paymaster Arthur Franklin Huntington, U. S. N.

The wedding of Miss Ethyl Hager, daughter of the late Judge and Mrs. Hager, to Mr. Lansing O. Kellogg took place on Wednesday afternoon at the home of the bride on Gough and Sacramento streets. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Frieden, Superior of the Jesuits on this Coast. Miss Alice Hager, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor and Miss Anita Harvey and Miss Helen de Young were bridesmaids. Mr. Horace Blanchard Chase was the best man. About 125 guests were present. Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg have gone on their wedding journey and on their return will live at 2109 Baker street.

The wedding of Miss Kathleen Bull, daughter of the late Alpheus Bull, to Mr. E. Covington Pringle took place on Monday afternoon at the Swedenborgian Church. The ceremony was performed at two o'clock by the Rev. Joseph Worcester. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Alpheus Bull, was unattended and Mr. Sidney Pringle was the best man. Only relatives and a few intimate friends were present. After a wedding journey Mr. and Mrs. Pringle will live at Menlo Park.

The wedding of Miss Ruth Merrill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill, to Mr. Leonard Hammond took place on Saturday of last week at the home of the bride's parents at Clay and Lyon streets. The ceremony was performed at 5:30 p. m. by the Rev. George C. Adams, of the first Congregational Church. The bride was unattended and Mr. Frank Preston was the best man. Only members of the immediate families were present. Mr. and Mrs. Hammond left the same evening for Seattle and will sail from there very shortly for Australia, where they will make their home for the next year or two.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Gould, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Gould, to Dr. Roderic O'Connor, U. S. A., took place on Saturday of last week at the bride's home in Oakland. The ceremony was performed at 2:30 p. m. by the Rev. Alexander Allen, of St. Paul's Episcopal Church. Miss Lillian Isaacs was the maid of honor and Dr. Hall, U. S. A., the best man. Only relatives and intimate friends were present. Dr. O'Connor and his bride left on a three days' motoring trip, and after a brief stay here will leave for Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where Dr. O'Connor will be stationed.

The marriage of Miss Grace Reynolds to Mr. Edgar Algernon Collins will take place at the home of the bride's mother, at Ben Lomond, September 12th.

Lieutenant Commander Barnes, U. S. N., executive officer of the Pensacola, stationed at Yerba Buena Island, gave a dinner in honor of Mrs. Malcolm Henry, in the ward room of the Pensacola on Thursday evening of last week. Those present were: Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Alfred Hunter Voorhies, Dr. and Mrs. Reginald Smith, Captain and Mrs. Charles Plummer Perkins, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Laura Doe, Dr. Monger, U. S. N., and Dr. W. Smith, U. S. N.

Captain Capomazzo, of the Italian cruiser Dogali, entertained at breakfast on board his ship recently in honor of Captain Charles Plummer Perkins, U. S. N., and Mrs. Perkins. His guests were Consul General Count Naselli and Countess Naselli, Miss Eleanor Phelps, Miss Kitty Kutz, Marquis Capelli, Mr. Julian Graves Perkins, and Dr. Smith, U. S. N.

Mrs. Seward McNear was the hostess at a bridge party on Thursday of last week, at her home in Ross Valley.

Mrs. Edward B. Young entertained at an informal four o'clock tea on Friday of last week at her home on Vallejo street in honor of Mrs. Carroll A. Devol, wife of Major Devol, U. S. A., who will leave this month for Washington, D. C. Among the guests were: Mrs. Charles R. Krauthoff, Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mrs. Lester Herrick, Mrs. L. L. Dunbar, Mrs. William J. Landers, Mrs. A. Wenzelburger, Mrs. William Eckart, Miss Fanny Bancroft, and Mrs. Susan Looney.

Captain Richard M. Cutts, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Cutts entertained at a dinner at their home at Mare Island last week, their guests being Commander and Mrs. Clarence A. Carr, Naval Constructor and Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Cutts, Sr., Civil Engineer Harry A. Rousseau, and Assistant Naval Constructor Sydney Henry.

Rear Admiral Henry W. Lyon, U. S. N., and Mrs. Lyon entertained at their home

at Mare Island recently at a dinner which was one of a series they are giving. Their guests were: Commander and Mrs. Lyon, Naval Constructor and Mrs. Holden A. Evans, Paymaster and Mrs. William T. Wallace, Mrs. Gatewood and Assistant Naval Constructor Richard D. Gatewood.

Mrs. Harvey Toy entertained five tables of guests at a bridge party at her home in Alameda on Thursday of last week, in honor of Mrs. Paul Bancroft. Among those present were Mrs. George D. Toy, Mrs. Charles K. Harley, Mrs. Ernest Street, Mrs. William Penn Humphreys, Mrs. Thomas Benton Darragh, Mrs. Poin-dexter, Mrs. Black, Miss Ardella Mills, Miss Catharine Powers, Miss Georgie Spieker, Miss Mabel Toy, Miss Amy Gunn, and Miss Stella Austin.

Mrs. William Lynham Shiels was the hostess at a luncheon at her home in Oakland on Friday of last week in honor of Mrs. Edwin Bentley, of Louisville, Kentucky. Among the guests were Mrs. Frank Griffiths, Mrs. Thomas Mein, Mrs. Henry A. Butters, Mrs. Frederick Fenwick, Mrs. Stanley H. Jackson, Mrs. C. A. Bennet, and Miss Berenice Macdonald.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resume of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians.

Mr. S. G. Murphy and his daughter, Mrs. John M. Biddle, have been motoring through Switzerland recently.

Mrs. Margaret Irvine and her son, Mr. James W. Byrne, were in Paris when last heard from.

Mrs. A. S. Lilley went down last week to remain a fortnight with her sister, Mrs. Walter Hobart, at San Mateo, while Mr. Lilley is absent on an Eastern trip.

Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt and her daughter, Miss Rebecca Kruttschnitt, went down to Del Monte in their private car last week.

Mrs. Edward Pringle, Miss Nina Pringle and Miss Hess Pringle, who have been in Europe for the past year, have recently returned to the United States, but will visit friends and relatives in the East until the late fall.

Mrs. Lucy Otis, who has been for several months at the home of her son, Mr. James Otis, on Broadway, has gone to the Knickerbocker for the winter.

Mrs. Henry F. Allen and Mrs. Spencer Browne are spending several weeks at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin, accompanied by her grand daughter, Miss Genevieve Harvey, and Miss Janette von Schroeder, has been staying at Del Monte.

Miss Helen Wheeler left on Thursday for Boston, and will go directly to Gloucester, Massachusetts, to spend some time as the guest of Miss Bettie Hammond, going later with her to the Hammond home at Lakewood, New Jersey. Mr. and Mrs. John Hayes Hammond will leave shortly for Europe and will go to Nauheim for the baths.

Miss Elizabeth Ames has returned from a stay of several months in the East, and is with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Pelham Ames, at their home on Lyon street.

Miss Stella McCalla has returned to her home in Santa Barbara after spending several months in Europe with her sister, Mrs. W. G. Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bryant Grimwood left on Sunday last for a three weeks' stay at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle and her son, Mr. Paige Monteagle, who have been traveling in Europe since Christmas, returned to this country last month. Mr. Monteagle coming here and returning to the State University, but Mrs. Monteagle will remain in the East as the guest of friends until late in October. She will be joined shortly in the East by her husband, who is here at present.

Miss Frances McKinstry has returned from a visit to Del Monte.

Mrs. Russell Wilson, Miss Emily Wilson, and Miss Charlotte Wilson, who are living at Burlingame, spent a few days last week in the city.

Miss Maude O'Connor has sailed from Europe and will come directly to San Francisco.

Mrs. C. O. Alexander has returned from a visit to Mrs. Bidwell at Chico, and is at the home of Miss Boss on Devisadero street.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze and Miss Louisa Breeze, who have been at San Mateo during the summer, have returned from a brief visit to St. Helena and are at an uptown hotel for the winter.

Miss Lullie Collier is spending six weeks in Santa Barbara as the guest of Mrs. Richter.

Mrs. Sidney M. Van Wyck and Miss Nannie Van Wyck have returned to town after a month's stay in Mill Valley.

Mrs. Edgar B. Carroll has returned to New York after a brief stay in California, having come out to attend the funeral of

her sister-in-law, Mrs. Laura B. Hanchette.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ferris (formerly Mrs. Emma Spreckels Watson) left recently for their home in Reigate, England, for an indefinite stay.

Miss Linda Cadwallader has returned from a stay at Del Monte as the guest of Mrs. Henry T. Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis L. Bosqui expect to occupy their new house at Piedmont about October 1st.

Mr. Harry Stetson and Mr. Oscar Cooper have returned from a trip to Santa Cruz.

Mr. James D. Phelan and Mr. Thomas Magee took a trip to Santa Cruz during the week in the latter's motor car.

Mrs. Edgar J. Bowen, who has been taking the cure at Nauheim, will sail for New York the last of September, returning to San Francisco late in October.

General and Mrs. Charles A. Coolidge, having sub-let their flat at 2800 Van Ness avenue, have gone East for a year or so. They are now located on Jefferson avenue, Detroit, Mich., after having spent a couple of months at Salt Lake City, Colorado Springs and Denver.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Crux are now settled in their new home, 2262 Green street. Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs for the past week are Dr. and Mrs. G. A. Courvosier, Dr. Alice Hurst, Mr. J. W. Hamm, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney P. Robertson, Mr. John H. Hammersmith, Mr. John C. Klein, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Arnung, Miss Arnung, Mrs. P. C. Rockwell, Dr. Geo. M. Derrick and Rev. E. R. Dille. Mr. and Mrs. James R. Burnham, Miss Burnham and Mr. Charles D. Bates came in a motor car.

The organ recital by Marshall W. Giselman which was announced for Thursday evening, September 8th, at Calvary Presbyterian Church, corner Fillmore and Jackson streets, has been postponed on account of the car strike.

A
GRAND
FINALE
TO A
CHAPTER
OF
COURSES



A
GRAND
FINALE
TO A
CHAPTER
OF
COURSES

Liqueur Peres Chartreux Green and Yellow

This famous Cordial, now made at Tarragona, Spain, was for centuries distilled by the Carthusian monks (Peres Chartreux) at the monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, France, and known throughout the world as Chartreuse. The above cut represents the bottle and label employed in the putting up of the article since the monks' expulsion from France, and it is now known as LIQUEUR PERES CHARTREUX (the monks, however, still retain the right to use the old bottle and label as well), distilled by the same order of monks who have securely guarded the secret of its manufacture for hundreds of years and who alone possess a knowledge of the elements of this delicious nectar.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafes, Batjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Sole Agents for United States.

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS

Ready for business at 1165 O'FARRELL ST., bet. Franklin and Gough

Pianos Tuned, Repaired, Moved and Stored.

SOHMER-Cecilian Player Pianos

SIEVERS FLORAL CO.

Respectfully announce the opening of their Elegant Establishments

1660 California Street, near Van Ness

THE OCULARIUM Perfect Fitting Eye Glasses

At Moderate Prices
Lenses Replaced 50c

Henry Kahn & Co.
OPTICIANS

1309 Van Ness Avenue
Between Bush and Sutter.

TO LET

For one year from November 1st, 1906, "The Breaker" on Channel Drive, fronting Pacific ocean, near Country Montecito; grounds about three acres, beautifully laid out horses and carriages (will also let garage, with Packard T. Car, if desired); butler, cook, coachman, and laundryman to remain with tenants; for terms and particulars apply to

L. G. DREYFUS,
Santa Barbara, Cal.



Hotel del Coronado

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Enjoy California's best climate at the largest all-year seaside resort hotel in the world. All outside rooms. Guests will appreciate the new and important changes. Every modern convenience provided, including long distance telephone in rooms. Chief of national reputation. Choicest and widest cuisine of any hotel in the West. Interior courts—a rare tropical garden. Fine winter fishing and hunting. Unexcelled golf links and tennis courts. For further information address

MORGAN ROSS, Manager
Coronado Beach, Cal.
H. F. NORCROSS, General Agent
334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles

Geo. H. Kahn

OPTICIAN AND PHOTO SUPPLIES

Permanently Located at

1232 Van Ness Ave.

Between Sutter and Post Streets

All Customers' Records Saved

Everything for
R
O
O
S
motorists except
the car.
BROS.
Fillmore at O'Farrell

SMITH'S
CASH STORE
16 Stewart St. San Francisco.
"JUST AROUND THE CORNER"

PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points: General Charles F. Humphrey, Quartermaster General, U. S. A., arrived in San Francisco on Thursday of last week from Washington, D. C., on a tour of inspection, and left this week. During his stay General Humphrey inspected the site for the new warehouse and transport dock to be constructed at Fort Mason.

Colonel William H. Comegys, U. S. A., chief paymaster of the Department of California, left on Saturday of last week for Los Angeles, where he was called by the serious illness of his brother, Lieutenant Colonel E. T. Comegys, Medical Department, U. S. A., retired.

Major Charles B. Hardin, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., stationed at the Presidio of Monterey, has been placed on the retired list on account of disability incurred in the line of duty. He has been major of the Twentieth Infantry since August, 1903.

Major George W. McIver, U. S. A., has been transferred, at his own request, from the Fourth Infantry to the Twentieth Infantry, the latter being stationed at the Presidio of Monterey. Major McIver will remain on duty at the camp of instruction, Ft. Benjamin Harrison, Indianapolis, until the close of the camp on October 1st, when he will join his regiment. Mrs. McIver and her family are spending the summer in San Rafael with her parents, Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg.

Major Warren P. Newcomb, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is relieved from duty in the office of the inspector general, Washington, D. C., to take effect September 1st, and will proceed to San Francisco to report to the commanding general, Pacific Division, for duty as assistant to the inspector general.

Major James S. Rogers, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Twentieth Infantry to the Fourth Infantry, and will join the latter regiment upon the expiration of his present leave.

Major Charles W. Foster, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to Burlington to procure certain evidence necessary to complete the trial of an enlisted man now before a court-martial at the Presidio.

Captain William Chamberlaine, General Staff, U. S. A., has been ordered, upon the expiration of his present leave, to proceed to San Francisco and report to the commanding officer, Pacific division, for duty as assistant to the chief of staff of that division.

Captain George A. Nugent, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who has been post quartermaster at the Presidio of San Francisco, sailed on the army transport which left San Francisco on Wednesday, for the Philippines, where he has been ordered temporary duty. He was accompanied by Mrs. Nugent.

Captain Marcellus G. Spinks, pay department, U. S. A., who arrived recently from the Philippines, has gone to Omaha to report to the commanding officer of the Department of Missouri for duty in that department, with station at Omaha.

Lieutenant Commander W. G. Miller, U. S. N., has been detached from duty as inspector of equipment at the works of the Viam Cramp and Sons Ship and Engine Building Company, Philadelphia, and ordered to duty in connection with the Mesota, at the works of the Newport Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company, Newport News, Virginia, and to act as executive of the Minnesota when the vessel is placed in commission. Lieutenant Commander Miller is well known on the Pacific Coast, and Mrs. Miller was formerly Miss Bessie McCalla, daughter of the late Admiral Bowman H. McCalla, U. S. N., retired.

Lieutenant R. S. Douglas, U. S. N., has been ordered home and granted one month's sick leave, to take effect upon his being discharged from treatment at the Naval Hospital, Mare Island.

Lieutenant George Winterburn, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., who was on special duty for some time after the fire, has gone to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where he attends the Staff College for a year's course. Mrs. Winterburn will remain here some time longer as the guest of her mother, Mrs. Deal.

Lieutenant Arthur G. Fisher, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., returned on Friday of last week from the Army Rifle Competition at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, and last week joined his troop in Yosemite National Park.

Lieutenant Arthur MacArthur, Jr., U. S. N., and Mrs. MacArthur arrived in San Francisco yesterday (Friday) from Santa Barbara, where they have been visiting Mrs. MacArthur's parents, Admiral Bowman H. McCalla, U. S. N., retired, and Mrs. McCalla. They will remain here until to-

morrow as the guests of General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., and Mrs. MacArthur, at Fort Mason, and will then leave for Annapolis, Lieutenant MacArthur having been ordered to the Naval Academy for duty.

Lieutenant William E. De Sombre, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., and Lieutenant John O'Neil, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., have been detailed as members of the general court-martial convened at the Presidio of San Francisco.

Lieutenant Howard A. Reed, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., has been relieved from temporary duty in the Department of California and reported to the medical superintendent of the Army transport service here for duty, relieving Lieutenant Lloyd L. Smith, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., who was ordered to proceed to West Point and report to the superintendent of the United States Military Academy for duty.

The transport Sherman sailed from Manila, August 31st, for this port with 20 sick, 3 insane and 41 casualties.

A Loving Cup to Raphael Weill.

In appreciation of the loyalty of Mr. Raphael Weill to the city during the late calamity, a subscription is being raised for a testimonial to be presented to him by the ladies of San Francisco and vicinity. It is proposed to give a loving cup. The list of subscribers will be presented with the cup.

Mrs. James Otis is treasurer, and the following ladies are on the committee: Mrs. W. E. Dean, Mrs. John F. Boyd, Mrs. G. W. Gibbs, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall and Mrs. I. Lawrence Pool.

Mrs. P. N. Lilienthal, who has been ill for some weeks past in New York, died last Saturday in that city. She was the daughter of the late J. Seligman, founder of the banking house of J. and W. Seligman & Co., of New York, London, and Paris. Her husband is manager of the Anglo-Californian Bank of this city.

A concert is to be given at San Mateo on Saturday evening at Froebel Hall, in which a number of talented amateur musicians take part. Among others, Mr. Edgar F. Miles will render several vocal selections, and Miss Elizabeth Ames will give two solos on the 'cello.

Hermann Oelrichs died suddenly Saturday evening, September 1, on board the steamer Wilhelm der Grosse, on the way home from Europe. Mrs. Oelrichs, who had preceded her husband to America only two weeks, learned of his death through a wireless message before the steamer arrived in New York. Mr. Oelrichs was 56 years old, and well known in the East as in the West. He married in 1890 Miss Theresa Alice Fair, daughter of Senator Fair, who survives him. In 1895 he took up his residence permanently in San Francisco. Shortly after the great fire he went to Europe and to several of the noted medicinal springs, though his health was not thought to be seriously affected. He was an athlete in his earlier years, and a prominent and popular figure in the leading clubs all his life. Among his varied talents was that of literary facility, and his occasional rhymes were noted even outside the wide circle of his friends.

The Springfield Fire and Marine Insurance Company, through Geo. D. Domin, manager of the Pacific department, thanks its friends for their splendid endorsement of the action taken by President Damon and his Directors in the handling of the claims of the hundreds of policy holders in San Francisco, and says: "Since June 1st one hundred and fifty-seven new commissions have been issued to new agents in this department. The premium income has increased by leaps and bounds, and without apparent congestion. In the near future we plan to put into the hands of our friends a full review of the record of the Springfield in the San Francisco conflagration." In the meantime the company has issued a brief digest from the semi-annual statement of June 30, 1906, which says:

Assets	\$7,337,875.48
Liabilities	
Capital paid in	\$2,000,000.00
Losses unpaid	1,617,115.03
Reinsurance reserve	2,985,133.64
Net Surplus	\$735,626.81
Surplus to policy holders	\$2,735,626.81

On August 15 practically all claims in the San Francisco conflagration in which the Springfield was alone interested, or with less than six companies, had been paid, as have been a large number of those adjusted by committees. The aggregate claims will not differ materially from the figures originally given out. A full analysis will follow.

BANKING.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

Have opened a BRANCH at southeast corner of Van Ness Avenue and Eddy Street.

A General Banking Business Transacted

A. KAINS,
MANAGER

G. W. B. HEATHCOTE,
Asst. Manager

FRENCH AMERICAN BANK

Union Trust Building (Third Floor)
Ready to accommodate its customers and do a general banking business. We will collect on insurance policies for those wishing our services.

THE FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

occupies offices in the same building.

Officers—Charles Carpy, President; Arthur Legallet, Vice-President; Leon Bocqueraz, Vice-President.

Directors—J. E. Artigues, O. Bozio, J. A. Bergerot, E. J. DeSable, J. M. Dupas, J. S. Godeau, J. J. Mack, Geo. Belaney, Leon Kaufman.

Our Branch Bank is Now Open at
No. 810 Van Ness Avenue Near Eddy St

Mutual Savings Bank

710 Market St., Opposite Third

SAN FRANCISCO.

Guarantee Capital	\$ 1,000,000
Paid-up Capital	300,000
Surplus	320,000
Assets	10,200,000

Interest paid on deposits. Loans on approved securities.

OFFICERS—President, James D. Phelan; First Vice-President, S. G. Murphy; Second Vice-President, John A. Hooper; Secretary and Cashier, Geo. A. Story; Asst. Secretary and Asst. Cashier, C. B. Hobson; Attorney, Frank J. Sullivan.

Directors—James D. Phelan, John A. Hooper, Frank J. Sullivan, Jas. M. McDonald, S. G. Murphy, James Moffitt, Robt. McElroy, Charles Holbrook, Rudolph Spreckels.

GERMAN SAVINGS & LOAN SOCIETY

482 California Street, San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus	\$ 2,552,719.61
Capital actually paid up in cash	1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1906	38,476,520.22

F. Tillman, Jr., President; Daniel Meyer, First Vice-President; Emil Rohde, Second Vice-President; A. H. R. Schmidt, Cashier; Wm. Hermann, Asst. Cashier; Geo. Fourmy, Secretary; A. H. Muller, Asst. Secretary; W. S. Goodfellow, General Attorney.

Board of Directors:

F. Tillman, Jr., Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohde, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walcott, N. Ohlndt, J. W. Van Bergen, E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

Thos. Cook & Son

NOW LOCATED

410 Fourteenth Street

OAKLAND

Hotel Collingwood

35th St., between 5th Ave. and Broadway
NEW YORK CITY

New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district containing every modern device for comfort of guests.

Positively exclusive. Service a la carte.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Capital Fully Paid \$2,000,000
Total Assets \$10,000,000

A General Banking Business Conducted
Savings and Checking Accounts Received
Interest Paid on Deposits

MAIN OFFICE
CORNER CALIFORNIA AND MONTGOMERY
STREETS

West End Branch, 1531 Devisadero St.
Near Post.

Mission Branch: 927 Valencia Street
Near Twenty-first

Uptown Branch: 1850 Geary Street,
West of Fillmore.

DAVID F. WALKER, Pres.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Mgr.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

316 Montgomery Street

Established March, 1871

Authorized Capital	\$1,000,000.00
Paid-up Capital	500,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	285,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1906	4,934,818.50

Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

Banking by mail a specialty.

William Babcock - President
S. L. Abbot - Vice-President
Fred W. Ray - Secretary

Directors—William Babcock, S. L. Abbot, O. D. Baldwin, Joseph D. Grant, E. J. McCutchen, L. F. Montague, R. H. Pease, Warren D. Clark, Jas. L. Flood, J. A. Dohohoe, John Parrott, Jacob Stern.

P. Centemeri & Co.

KID GLOVES

New Location

1551 Van Ness Ave.

Between Pine and California

San Francisco

Our New and Elegant Store

Van Ness Ave. and
California Street

IS NOW OPEN WITH
A FULL LINE OF

KNIT GOODS

Gantner & Mattern Co.

Main and Branch Store:
Laguna and Grove Streets.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Wigg—"Bjones was after a political job for a long time. What's he doing now?" Wagg—"Nothing. He got it."—Philadelphia Record.

"Your son is studying art, I believe. Has he made much progress?" "Oh, yes. He is able to talk the language quite fluently."—Judge.

She—"Did you notice the beautiful palms in the new restaurant?" He—"The only palms I saw were the waiters'."—Boston Transcript.

"Do you think it pays country people to take in city boarders?" Certainly, as long as the boarders don't find it out."—Baltimore American.

Country Minister—"My parishioners gave me a donation party last week." Sympathetic Friend—"How much did you lose?"—Somerville Journal.

Employer—"What, then, are your demands?" Committee of Union—"We want more money and shorter hours so's we can have time to spend it."—Puck.

Lady—"Did the natives like the perfumed soap I sent them?" Returned Missionary—"No, madam, they hit it, and threw it away."—Detroit Free Press.

Visitor—"Are there any fish in the river?" Native—"Fish! I should rather think there was. Why, the water's simply saturated with 'em!"—Punch.

Church—"What do you think of your wife's voice since she took music lessons?" Gotham—"It's no better; but there seems to be more of it."—Yonkers Statesman.

Kind Lady—"How many servants does your mother keep, dear?" Small Girl—"She doesn't keep any; they're always coming and going."—Boston Transcript.

"Who were the chief beneficiaries under your uncle's will?" "The automobile manufacturers. Each legatee bought two as soon as they got their money."—Judge.

Mother to Tommy, who has just said his prayers—"Tommy, you forgot to ask the Lord to take care of your baby sister." Tommy—"No, I didn't, ma. I'll take care of her myself."—Life.

"A great many people do things they are sorry for." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "The trouble is that they often fail to realize that they are sorry till they get into the newspapers."—Washington Star.

"And best of all," said the boastful American, "we have no titled aristocracy to support over here." "No," replied the foreigner, "but you have a good many titled sons-in-law to snop over here."—Judge.

"Do you believe that Samson lost his strength by having his hair cut?" asked the nonbeliever. "I have no reason to doubt it," replied the practical man. "A talkative barber always makes me tired."—Chicago Daily News.

"Does your chauffeur have any perquisites?" asked Mrs. Van Uppson. "He had one the first week he was with us," replied Mrs. Neurieh, "but I induced him to sign the pledge, and he hasn't had any since."—Chicago Daily News.

Mr. Verycareful (to his new man)—"William, do you smoke?" William (with large expectations of a perfecto)—"Yes, indeed, sir!" Mr. Verycareful—"Well; here is a box of safety-matches. I allow no other sort on the premises."—Judge.

"Alas!" confessed the penitent man, "in a moment of weakness I stole a earload of brass fittings." "In a moment of weakness?" exclaimed the judge. "Goodness, man! what would you have taken if you had yielded in a moment when you felt strong?"—Judge.

Dumley—"I met a fellow today who was simply nutty about a buried treasure; couldn't talk of anything else." Peckham—"That reminds me of my wife." Dumley—"Oh, does she talk about one?" Peckham—"Yes; her first

husband. I'm her second, you know."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"No, Tommy," said his mother, "you can't have any more cake. You've had enough." "What a fine little fellow he is," replied the guest; "and when you're a man, Tommy, what are you going to do?" "I'm goin' ter buy too much of everything I like to eat," replied Tommy, sulkily.—Philadelphia Press.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Obey the President.

Put away the old-time spelling
That our children used to spell;
Reformers now are so compelling
That we wish they were in—
Paterson, New Jersey.
—Baltimore Sun.

When Roosevelt Rites.

When Roosevelt's annual message is given
lite 'of day,
What interesting reding his spelling will
betray;
He'll show us how prosperity with all the
peepul rests,
And our industrial gratenes and our ex-
pansive chests.
—Los Angeles News.

Anticipatory Quatrain.

i wunder if she kood uv hurd i got
a dollar fur mi dog, ann that is wott
maiks her so swete to me wenn she
goze bi
with such a funny twinkle in hur eye.
—J. W. Foley in N. Y. Sun.

Ballade de Muque Raïque.

No more for the Author his good, old
Graft!
He changes his style and his pen-and-
ink, too!
'Tis not, however, because folks laughed,
That he sees it is time for another cue,
Nor because he didn't know what to do,
Nor because he was going too fast a
pace;
But because of a President's precept
new—
The White Wash Brush takes the
Muck Rake's place!
—American Spectator

Back from Vacation.

The boys are back to town, we find
They've squandered all their plunks.
And some have left their hearts behind
And some have left their trunks.
—Pittsburg Index.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S
Soothing Syrup for your children while teething.

An old lady on the witness stand at
Bellinzona, Switzerland, gave her age as
102. But it was ascertained on cross-
examination, that she was 106. She ex-
plained that she was "ashamed of being
so old."

Children cutting teeth, and suffering from
the various disorders incident thereto, need
Steedman's Soothing Powders.

—NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS.
You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday
morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Mon-
day morning. Two days at the springs, and
the entire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This
includes the railway fare, transportation from
railway station to hotel and return, a delightful
ride of two and a half miles, accommodations
at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and
use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for
\$7.50. Try it.

CROCKER'S
NEW STORE

LADIES' CORRESPONDENCE PAPERS,
FINE POCKETBOOKS, PURSES, CARD
CASES, SUIT CASES AND BAGS. ALSO,

Commercial Stationery

All of

"CROCKER QUALITY"

1244-1266 SUTTER ST.,

BELOW VAN NESS

Locate Down Town
SUTTER-ST. STORES NOW READY

North Side, between Sansome and Montgomery

CENTRAL BUILDING OFFICES

Market, between First and Second Streets

Office any size. Electric Light, Janitor, Night Watchman

APPLY TO

Guy T. Wayman - - Central Building

519 Market Street

Insurance.

SPRINGFIELD

FIRE and MARINE

INSURANCE COMPANY

OF

Springfield, Mass.

Manager George D. Dornin advises that
the City Department of the Springfield is
now open in the Kohl Building. The
General Department will occupy its old
quarters on the California-street side, third
floor, as soon as rooms are restored, and
furniture, now ordered, made ready. Tem-
porary Department headquarters will remain
for the present at 1112 Broadway, Oakland.
The Springfield is among the companies
which are adjusting and paying policy
holders' claims in the San Francisco disaster
involving \$1,600,000. The payment of this
sum will leave the company's capital \$2,000-
000, its reserve for reinsurance (or unearned)
premiums \$3,132,531.00, as appears by its
financial statement of December 31, 1905,
intact, and a net surplus of over \$400,000.
The assets of the Springfield at the close of
1905 were \$7,156,531.72.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.
OF HARTFORD

ESTABLISHED 1850

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000.00
Cash Assets.....5,340,136.94
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,414,921.16

Colin M. Boyd. Benjamin J. Smith

Agent for San Francisco. Manager Pacific
2310 California St., San Francisco Department
525 Thirteenth St., Oakland

ALAMO PINTADO INN
BALLARD, CAL.

A delightful resting place for automobilists
traveling between San Francisco and Santa Barbara
—50 miles north of Santa Barbara, 2 miles south
of Los Olivos. Daily mail, long-distance telephone
and 72-degree gasoline.

F. M. SHAW, Prop.

Bonestell, Richardson & Co.

Have Plenty of Every Kind of

PAPER

Phone Temporary 1273

473 to 475 SIXTH STREET,
San Francisco.

Steamship Lines

AMERICAN LINE

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON

Philadelphia.....Sept. 8 | New York.....Sept. 15
St. Paul.....Sept. 15 | St. Louis.....Sept. 22

Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool

Noordland.....Sept. 8 | Friesland.....Sept. 15
Haverford.....Sept. 15 | Westernland.....Sept. 22

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Messba.....Sept. 8 | Minnehaha.....Sept. 15
Minneapolis.....Sept. 15 | Minnetonka.....Sept. 22

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE

Sailings Wednesdays as per sailing list.

Noordam.....Sept. 12, 10 a. m. | Ryndam.....Oct. 3, 10 a. m.
N. Amsterdam.....Sept. 19, 5 a. m. | Potsdam.....Oct. 10, 10 a. m.
Statendam.....Sept. 26, 10 a. m. | Noordam.....Oct. 17, 2 a. m.

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—DOVER, ANTWERP—LONDON—PARIS

Zeeland.....Sept. 8 | Vaderland.....Sept. 15
Kronland.....Sept. 15 | Finland.....Sept. 22

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL

Oceanic.....Sept. 12 | Baltic.....Sept. 19
Teutonic.....Sept. 19 | Majestic.....Sept. 26
Cedric.....Sept. 21 | Celtic.....Sept. 28

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Republic.....Sept. 13 | Atlantic.....Sept. 20
Cymric.....Sept. 20 | Cymric.....Sept. 27

C. D. TAYLOR, Pass. Agt. Pacific Coast.
Room 405 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

HONOLULU only—S. S. Alameda sails 11 a. m. 1st, Round-trip, first-class, \$125.

TAHITI, SOUTH SEAS—S. S. Mariposa sails 11 a. m. 1st, Round-trip, first-class, \$125.

SYDNEY, AUCLAND, SAMOA, HONOLULU—S. S. Sierra sails 2 p. m. Sept. 13.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., General Agents, foot Pacific St., San Francisco. Phone West 1273. Land office, 1168 Broadway. Phone Oakland 8818.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

ORIENTAL S. S. Co. have opened their offices at 217-221 Brannan Street.

SAN FRANCISCO

S. S. America Maru.....Sept. 14 9:00 a.
S. S. Nippon Maru.....Oct. 12 9:00 a.
S. S. Hong Kong Maru.....Nov. 9 9:00 a.

Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and
streets, 1 p. m., for Yokohama and Hongkong,
Honolulu, Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai,
arriving at Hongkong with steamer for Manila, India, etc.
cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and
apply at office, corner First and Brannan Sts.
AVERY, Assistant General Manager.

MT. TAMALPAIS RAILWAY

Via Sausalito Ferry—Foot of Market St.

Lv. San Francisco	W'kday	Sun	Leave Tamalpais	Return
9:50A	8:25A	10:40A	1:05P	2:30P
1:45P	9:50A	4:30P	1:45P	5:45P
Saturday	4:35P	3:15P		

Legal Holidays, Sunday Time.

TICKET OFFICE AT SAUSALITO FERRY

JOHN G. ILS & CO.

Manufacturers

High-Grade French Range

Kitchen and Bakery Outfits,

624 Washington Street,

San Francisco, Cal.

The Argonaut.

LIX. No. 1540. SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 15, 1906. Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published weekly by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; in advance—postage prepaid. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior of the United States may order from the San Francisco News Company, 1711 San Pablo avenue, Oakland, Cal. Those wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The Argonaut is published for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States. Special advertising rates to publishers. All communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Jerome A. Hart, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." To insure consideration, manuscripts for publication must be typewritten. All communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." All checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., 5 Breams Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, Western News Company. In London, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear, 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, and by the Denison News Company on its boats and trains. Published at San Francisco, California. Temporary Office, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, California.

THIRTIETH YEAR

PRINTED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

JEROME A. HART Editor

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

TRIAL: Sons of the Pioneers—The President's Spelling Reform—California Republican Convention—Helping the Cuban Cause—Settlement of the Street Car Strike—The "Inside" of the Convention—Bryan Scores Sullivan—California Republican Platform—Defeat of Compers.	65-68
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	68
WORKERS WORKED WITH LOVE: San Francisco Hospitality Had Them Grateful and Willing	69
GO-PERSONAL	69
RICK'S PERIL: A Story of Adventure	70
MOCKONITIS, by Wallace Irwin	71
NAME FOR BAD LUCK: Pretty Parisiennes Refuse to Pronounce It, and Say "Cherries"	71
PICTURES IN RHYME: Work of the Late James Stanley	72
QUALITIES	73
FAIR	74
GOSSIP	75
NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip	76
TTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise	77
AL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy	78-79
LEGED HUMORISTS	80
NEFUL LIAR	80

Sons of the Pioneers.

The aristocrats of America are the sons and grandsons of the pioneers. It does not matter whether they were burghers from Holland or round-cropped farmers from England, or whether the pioneers traded furs or navigated hay scows. The descendants of the families of Virginia are no more exclusive than the families of Boston and Manhattan and Philadelphia and New Orleans who can look back to the time when their ancestors were pioneers in new settlements. There was adventure and romance in the days of the pioneers. Long ago the men and women of those stirring times passed to their reward. Historian and novelist are busier with the records and traditions of their ancestors than with any of the concerns of later days. As their period recedes, imagination glorifies the obscure its details. In the newer empire of the Pacific Coast there still remain many of the pioneers. There are still survivors of the first American investment, spectators of the unimpeachable yet momentous acts of Fremont and Sloat.

There are men who brought their houses in sailing vessels around the Horn, who saw the first washing of golden sands in the Sacramento Valley, and later built high hopes on the opening of the first quartz mine in the lower reaches of the Sierras. Earliest essays in other fields no less important have still their witnesses. Men who first sent oranges to New York and apples to London from California orchards are still vigorous in action and exact in recollection.

History is quick in the making, now. The sons of the pioneers already have done things. One was United States Senator; others have been Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and Judge. The grandsons of the pioneers are in evidence. On the rolls of universities and colleges their names are thick. The aristocracy of the Western States is forming, and not slowly.

The exclusive order is justified. It is the crown of lands worth fighting for. There are inhospitable shores and isles of the sea that will never know the dominion of sons of pioneers. Adventurous spirits have conquered them, but only to search, to exploit, to strip of furs, or gold, or tropic fruits, and to abandon. Sons and grandsons of the pioneers may in themselves be unworthy, but they are proofs of conquest, of settlement, of clinging regard for the soil that historians of the next and succeeding centuries must reckon with. It is the golden age of the last division in the order of American aristocrats.

The President's Spelling Reform.

Rarely has President Roosevelt experienced such a disheartening rebuff as that administered to his endorsement of the spelling reform scheme. The President is so popular that, usually, it makes little difference what course he may advocate. He is generally certain of the support of about half the people, and occasionally of nearly all of them. Generally he has his own party at his back, and a large quota of the Democrats. It was so when he began his crusade against the Northern Securities Company, his attacks on the Trusts, and his advocacy of the Railway Rate Bill. In his onslaught on the meat-packing industry—allied as it was with the cattle industry of his friends, the cattlemen of the West—he had the people behind him. Even in some of his jingo outbreaks, like the Venezuela and San Domingo schemes, while the people were not exactly cheering behind him, they at least were silent, and did not actively express their disapproval. But now, in the matter of the "improved spelling" proposition, the President for the first time finds himself alone. We use "alone" advisedly, for the presence of the more or less distinguished gentlemen who inveigled him into this orthographical morass can scarcely be considered as giving aid, comfort, or even company.

When it comes to spelling, the American people are conservative. Noah Webster tried to "reform" the nation's spelling a century ago. He touched every chord which vibrates in the American heart, including dislike of Great Britain, which then was rampant. But even Noah Webster was two centuries ahead of his time. So far-fetched were many of the "improved spellings" of Webster that his editors, a generation later, were forced to modify them. Strange as it may appear, his more recent editors, two generations later, were forced completely to expunge some of his "reformed spellings." In fact, the "International American Dictionary" (the latest edition of Webster printed some few years ago), approaches more nearly to the spelling of the British lexicographers than did the first edition, edited by Noah Webster himself. This shows how conservative English-

speaking people are in spelling, even when our patriotism is appealed to, and our desire to build up an "American spelling." For Noah Webster called his volume "An American Dictionary of the English Language."

If President Roosevelt had stopped to think, it might have occurred to him that a phonetic system of spelling in the United States is impossible until there is a uniform system of pronunciation. Before spelling phonetically it is indispensable that people should agree on the pronunciation of their words. Waiving all question of common nouns (such as "suit," "tube," "news," etc.), many of our proper nouns in the United States are variously pronounced. Take, for example, the name of our largest city. This is pronounced by the Gothamites themselves "N'Yawk." It is almost a monosyllable, and the "r," as indicated, is pronounced soft. In the New England States the name is pronounced in two syllables. "New Yawk," with the long sound of the "u" in the first syllable, and with the soft sound of the "r" in the second syllable. This we here try to indicate as nearly as it may be done in English letters. For one of the chief drawbacks to following phonetic spelling in English is that our letters have absolutely no sound-values at all. When you see a single letter staring at you in English you are forced to admit that you can not tell how it is pronounced unless you see it in a syllable; when you see the same letter in a syllable you are forced to admit again that you do not know how either the letter or the syllable is pronounced unless you see it in a word. Not long ago a very eminent man used the word "ay" (meaning "ever") and rhymed it with "sky." He had been using the English language for half a century, yet did not know how those two vowels were pronounced. These facts may give some idea of the difficulties in the way of making English a phonetic language. But probably President Roosevelt did not think, when he advocated spelling reform, that we should first need a new alphabet as well as a new way of spelling.

To resume our parallels: West of the Alleghenies the name of our chief city is generally pronounced thus: "Noo Yo-r-r-k." Here again we will attempt to indicate the harsh Western burr of the "r," produced by croaking with the uvula. This sound is unknown in New England, in the Middle States, and in the South. It differs from the pronunciation of "New York," as heard in the South, as night differs from day. South of Mason and Dixon's Line the long "u" sound in the word "New" is pronounced with even greater stress than in New England, while the "r" is even softer in the South than in the Middle States. Parenthetically, we may remark that the long "u" is always sounded in the South, but never in the West. True, in the South it varies. The "u" in the Gulf States is different from the "u" in Virginia and Kentucky, but still it is the long "u." In the West, on the other hand, the long "u" sound becomes "oo." Compare "suit," "tube," "lure," "dupe"—generally pronounced in the West, "soot," "toob," "loor," and "doop."

Given, then, the existence of these varying sound-values, how, may we ask, would it be possible to spell "New York" phonetically with these various pronunciations? The only way would be for each part of the country to spell it the way it was pronounced there. But even that would not be feasible, for, as the English letters have no settled sound-values, the resulting spelling might not give the sound sought by the speller when reproduced by the pronouncer.

Let us take the name of another large city, that of the metropolis of the West. The name of the great

city on Lake Michigan is pronounced in at least a dozen different manners, as thus:

Sheecahgo	Shichahgo	Cheecahgo	Chicahgo
Sheecawgo	Shicawgo	Cheecawgo	Chicawgo
Sheecago	Shicago	Cheecago	Chicago

The pronunciations are crudely indicated above. It is difficult to indicate, without diacritical accents, shades of sound-values in English. In fact, it is almost impossible. In happier days the Argonaut had the habit of using accents in its pages. While its diacritical accents doubtless gratified the critical, they caused trouble at times in the composing room. Not infrequently some linotype Adonis, breathing cigarette perfume from his curly locks, would with his lily fingers tap our keys, and take our sesterces for an "extra shift." Sometimes such a young man, gazing at his "copy" in mingled terror and indignation, would cry to the foreman: "Get on to the left-handed fly-speck e's! Do them things go?" When assured that they did, such a stranger would frequently, without further words, put on his coat and depart instant.

Since the 18th of April, however, the Argonaut has not offended either linotype operators or proof-readers by the use of accents. They were all shaken out of us at that time. Now we have no accents concealed about us, diacritical or otherwise. Therefore, we are reduced to attempting to indicate the various ways in which the American people pronounce "Chicago" by the foregoing crude collocations of letters. We may add in explanation that the "sh" in the first lot means the soft sound of "ch"; that the "ch" is to be sounded as in "church" and "cherry" in the second lot; and that the sounds of "a" and "i" are the long and short sounds, which would be indicated by breve accents if we had them.

How would President Roosevelt spell "Chicago" by his reform system of spelling? If he spelled it as he pronounces it, would that mean that all the people who pronounce it differently would then proceed to pronounce it as the President does? Or would they follow his phonetic spelling merely, and claim that they, too, like him, had the right to spell "Chicago" the way they pronounced it?

There are many other varying pronunciations of American names which will occur to the reader. The chief city of the South is variously pronounced. It is called "Noo Orleans" in many parts of the Middle West, but in other parts of the country it is called "New Orleans." So with the chief city of Missouri—it is pronounced "Sen Looey" and "Saint Lewis." The chief city of Kentucky is called "Lewsville" and "Loeeyville." The capital of New York is called "Awlbany" and "Albany" with the short sound of the *a*.

In California there are so many peculiarities of pronunciation evolved in struggling with our Spanish and Indian names that a whole board of spelling reformers could scarcely cope with them. For example, the City of the Angels is usually pronounced by old Californians thus, "Lohse Angayless," which in their opinion is the Spanish pronunciation. They are in error, for the Spanish "jota" sound before "e" or "i" is a strong guttural, and the hard *g* sound which they give to "Angeles" resembles it but little. The citizens of a later generation—humorously dubbed, in the North, the "one-lungers"—usually call the name of their town, on first arriving, "Lawss-Annjeeles." After they get acclimated they change it to "Lawss Angeless." When they reach this stage of pronunciation they call themselves "Angeleenose," and talk glibly of Early California, Fray Jewneepairo Serra, and the Cameyeno Reeawl.

Thus it will be seen that there are difficulties for the ardent orthographical reformer in California. Even in San Francisco there are many such difficulties. For example, one of the principal streets is called by San Franciscans "Mungumree," although it is spelled "Montgomery" street, and by strangers is always pronounced "Mont-gom-er-y." This pronunciation, for some reason, produces a disagreeable impression on the native ear.

It would take too much space to discuss common as well as proper nouns. Probably the most common noun in America is "girl." Let us not be misunderstood. By this we do not mean to underrate the American girl, or

to imply that she is of the common or garden variety, but rather to insinuate delicately that she is of the rosebud garden of girls; hence, being ever in the mind and frequently on the lips of the youth of America, she is the most common noun. Yet she is pronounced "gairl" on the stage, "goil" by Chimmie Fadden, "guh" by people who cannot sound the "r," and "gu-r-r-l" in the vigorous and bounding West, where people have the courage of their "r." How would President Roosevelt spell "girl" under his reformed spelling ideas, when this marked difference of opinion about girls exists among the people?

To reform any language is a work of time. Something like a century ago Spain attempted to make her spelling phonetic. The Spanish Academy prepared elaborate rules and issued a dictionary changing completely the spelling of the language. In the course of three generations it has had its effect. Spanish is probably more nearly phonetic than any modern tongue. Yet note this experience. Spanish-America is an enormous country, Mexico, Central America and South America including many millions of people. They pay only a sentimental allegiance to the Crown of Spain. This allegiance does not extend to the modifying of their spelling. As a result they have modified such parts of the language as pleased them and have allowed the rest to remain. In some respects they have gone farther than the Spanish Academy. For example, throughout most of South America the Greek "i" has been entirely abolished. In Spain it was largely abolished; in certain words, however, like "and" (*y*) it was left by reason of its frequency and familiarity. This Spanish America would not stand. The result is that you see the letter "i" used for "y" throughout the Spanish-American newspapers and books. The effect is peculiar, not to say unpleasant to a stranger. What must it be to a Spaniard?

If the sometime Spanish Colonies could not agree with Spain on spelling, is there any chance that we could ever agree with England? And is there any chance that England's colonies could ever agree with us? or would they agree with her if she agreed with us? And if we agreed with her and she disagreed with New Zealand, say, would our own colonies agree with us? Or would they agree with New Zealand, which is a pattern for new countries?

In short, as the Constitution does not follow the flag in the Philippines, does Mr. Roosevelt think that the spelling book would?

Helping the Cuban Insurgents.

A few years ago vessels were continually leaving ports on the Atlantic Coast loaded with arms and other munitions of war for the Cuban insurgents. Our government benevolently turned its blind eye toward these filibusters, and when one was arrested, which was rarely, he was usually allowed to go with an admonition. How about it now? Suppose shipments of men and munitions of war should secretly sail from American ports to aid the present lot of Cuban insurgents? Would our government discourage them? If so, why? What is the reason that insurgents should not be aided, whether they insurge against a Palma or against a Weyler? Yet we fear that our government would put a stop to any such attempt. But again we ask, why? Did not our government wink at the revolution which tore Panama by a Cesarean operation from the flanks of the Republic of Colombia? That was a revolution against a republic and not against a monarchy. But that, we are told, is a very different matter. But why?

California Republican Convention.

The Republican State Convention of California met in Santa Cruz last week. There was little delay in organizing. The candidates for Governor were reduced to three—George C. Pardee, the present incumbent; James N. Gillett, at present a Congressman from California, and J. O. Hayes, of Santa Clara County.

Before the nomination for Governor came to a vote J. O. Hayes withdrew, leaving in the field Pardee and Gillett. On the first ballot Congressman Gillett was elected, receiving 591 1-2 to Governor Pardee's 233 1-2 votes. The nomination was well received, and,

although Governor Pardee and his friends were naturally much disappointed, they accepted their defeat philosophically. The platform is elsewhere discussed. ticket is as follows:

Governor—JAMES N. GILLETT, Humboldt.
Lieutenant-Governor—WARREN PORTER, Santa Clara.
Secretary of State—CHARLES F. CURRY, San Francisco.
Treasurer—W. R. WILLIAMS, Fresno.
Controller—E. P. COLGAN, Sacramento.
Attorney-General—U. S. WEBB, Plumas.
Surveyor-General—W. S. KINGSBURY, Los Angeles.
Superintendent of Public Instruction—EDWARD HYATT, Riverside.
Public Printer—W. W. SHANNON, San Francisco.
Clerk of Supreme Court—FRANK L. CAUGHEY, Modocino.

Supreme Court of California.
Long Term—FREDERICK W. HENSHAW, San Mateo.
Long Term—WILLIAM G. LORIGAN, Santa Clara.
Short Term—MAX C. SLOSS, San Francisco.

State Court of Appeals.
First District—
CARROLL COOK, San Francisco (presiding).
FRANK H. KERRIGAN, San Francisco.
SAMUEL P. HALL, Alameda.

Second District—
MATTHEW T. ALLEN, Los Angeles (presiding).
J. W. TAGGART, Santa Barbara.
VICTOR E. SHAW, San Diego.

Third District—
N. F. CHAPMAN, Tehama (presiding).
E. C. HART, Sacramento.
ALBERT G. BURNETT, Sonoma.

Board of Equalization.
ALEXANDER BROWN, Calaveras.
RICHARD E. COLLINS, Shasta.
W. J. MELVAINE, San Bernardino.
Railroad Commission.
THEODORE SUMMERLAND, Los Angeles.
A. C. IRWIN, Yuba.

Already there are mutterings that Mr. Gillett would be solidly opposed by the Union Labor vote acting under the orders of Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor. We see no honest reason for this opposition. Mr. Gillett has come up from the ranks of the toilers, and himself once labored as a logger and a lumberman. We think that such a man is more of a laboring man than some of the jaw-breakers who occupy soft seats in the luxurious Washington headquarters of "Labor headquarters." But whether he is or is not is neither here nor there. The only allegation which Gompers makes against Gillett which is worthy of a moment's thought is that Gillett did not vote for the eight-hour law for the Panama Canal came up against that he worked against the Anti-Injunction Labor bill. Therefore, Gompers, as head of the Federation of Labor, has ordered the Union Labor men in California to vote against Gillett. Those of us who are Republicans and free American citizens and who will not take orders from a naturalized foreign immigrant, boosted by luck into the position of a labor leader, will vote for Gillett. But those who are not free American citizens, but serfs, helots, slaves, and cowards—for short, let us say Union Labor men—will take orders from Gompers; such men can vote against Gillett. Let us see which are the more numerous in California. If the free American citizens are in a majority—and the Argonaut believes they are—Gillett will be elected. If the other kind are in a majority—and the Argonaut hopes they are not—then Gillett will be defeated. But if there is in California a majority made up of ignorant, vicious, lawless, naturalized foreigners, bossing a cowardly and degraded Americans, then Gillett need not repine over his defeat, for to preside over such a commonwealth would be no honor.

Sauerkrautiana!

Two German lawyers have recently arrived in San Francisco, to investigate the insurance situation. It is probable they came with the intention of taking action against the crooked sauerkraut companies for San Francisco policy holders. Therefore, their optimistic statements may be looked upon with a certain degree of reserve. But both are emphatic in stating that the Transatlantic and Moselle, the Hamburg-Bremen, the Transatlantic, the Austrian Phoenix, and other crooked companies condemned in strong terms in Germany. They add that the German courts will not uphold the companies. It is to be hoped that these German lawyers are in their belief that the so-called "earthquake clause" will not stand the scrutiny of the German courts, and that they will not uphold it. By the way, it is not unamusing to note that one of the chief malcontents among the crooked sauerkraut companies is the old long name, "the Austrian Phoenix Imperial Privileged Insurance Company of Vienna, Austria." This company has no "earthquake clause" in its policies, but has issued a proclamation that "Ail policies company became null and void by the earthquake of 1901."

April 18, 1906." A good deal has been ascribed to the famous earthquake, but we think it is overworking even a lively seismic spasm when it is held responsible for voiding a policy without any earthquake clause in it. From this it seems that some of the sauerkraut companies are as humorous as well as crooked.

Is the Street Car Strike Settled?

When last week's Argonaut went to press the carmen were still on strike in San Francisco and the company was steadfast in its determination to operate its cars. In order to do this, they had a large number of strike-breakers on the way. These men came by the northern and southern transcontinental railways, and at various points they were assailed by union workmen. At a junction in Nevada a number of union miners had collected, who threatened the strike-breakers with violence if they did not desert, following up their threats by hurling stones through the car windows. The upshot of this was not unamusing: Instead of the Nevada bad men driving the strike-breakers back to their train, the Eastern tenderfeet poured out from the cars, pulled their revolvers, and the Nevada bad men fled in a stamp of revolver bullets.

While this sort of thing may be amusing at a distance, it is not at all amusing at home. The idea of men workmen and imported strike-breakers armed with guns and fighting over the possession of San Francisco does not commend itself to our citizens. Therefore, when President Calhoun succeeded in outwitting the carmen's pickets and got his strike-breakers into his cars without a battle in the streets, it made everybody breathe more freely. Calhoun did it by bringing his men from Vallejo junction down the bay by boat, instead of up the peninsula, or across the bay by the regular ferries. Thus he succeeded in placing some 100 men in the various car-barns of the street car company. The striking carmen at once set afloat the rumor that these men were "imprisoned" there against their will. Police Captain Duke therefore visited the car-barns and addressed the occupants, informing them that, if they desired to leave, the police would escort them safely to any point they desired to go. They replied that they desired to stay and go to work.

It was quite evident that they would all have gone to work had not the strike been settled. On the eleventh night of the strike the citizens of San Francisco were surprised and gratified to see the street cars again rolling along the streets.

What led to the settlement? It was this—the carmen gave way, and—for the time—the strike collapsed. That is the only way to express it. Calhoun refused to have anything to do with the striking carmen until they went back to work. His statement and his standpoint were logical and reasonable; he said: "If the men are in my employ they must operate the cars. If the men are not in my employ they shall have nothing to say about operating the cars."

The persistent attempts of the strike-leaders and their attorney to make Mr. Calhoun waver from this stand were futile. At the same time he freely stated that he would increase the men's pay and would leave the question of shortening their hours to arbitration, but that arbitration should begin after they had gone back to work. In addition to Calhoun's firm stand on these matters, there was also the attitude of the public, which sympathized with the carmen's demand for higher wages, but not with their headstrong, unjust and unreasonable attitude of the cars. Another factor was the attitude of the press, even, which is usually so cowardly and time-serving in labor disputes, but which, by its silence in condemning the carmen, showed that the press believed they were right; the attitude of the Building Trades Council, representing some scores of thousands of union workmen, who condemned the action of the carmen; the reported action of President W. D. Mahon of the National Association of Carmen, in condemning the men for violating their agreement and ordering them to return to work on penalty of being deprived of their charter; the action of the merchants of San Francisco, who sent a committee to urge a settlement on the company and the carmen, and likewise to "confer" with the press—all of these in varying ways led to the settlement of the strike.

The men went back to work without conditions. This was right, for while the Argonaut believes the men were and are entitled to better wages under the new conditions since the fire, they forfeited all claims to consideration because: (1) They set aside a formal agreement; (2) they demanded an answer in three days, when President Calhoun was four days distant; (3) they went on strike on August 26th when the concessions they demanded were not to be operative until September 1st; (4) they walked out only a few hours before the arrival of the president, the only man who could answer them; (5) they made certain demands and then struck before these demands were refused; (6) they not only ignored their solemn agreement, but they trampled on it contemptuously by refusing to heed its provision that all disputes should be arbitrated; (7) they tied up the entire street car system by extending their strike from the United Railroads to the Geary street and California street systems, which roads had nothing to do with the controversy, which were crippled from the fire, and which had barely begun running their cars a few days before to accommodate the public.

Some would condemn us for speaking in what they would call this harsh manner of the striking carmen. But we think they deserve no consideration. Nobody objected to their demand for an increase of pay. Practically everybody favored it. The company practically conceded it before the strike and did concede it as soon as the men struck. But what we condemn the men for is their dishonorable and dishonest action. It is dishonorable to break a contract, and it is dishonest to treat a friendly community as the carmen treated the citizens of San Francisco. Furthermore, the conduct of the men since the strike has not been such as to impel fair-minded men to criticize them other than harshly. Their strike leaders and political attorneys have been advising them to make all the trouble that they can. President Calhoun at once offered them an increase in pay and a decrease in hours in lieu of arbitrating the matter. This the unions promptly refused. They demanded that the matter be referred to arbitration. The unions which were out include the platform men, the electric linemen, the stationary firemen, and the track workers (the laborers who were recently organized into a union). The strike leaders made the claims of each of these a separate matter and demanded a tribunal of arbitration for each union. This was acceded to. Thereupon the striking unions appointed Cornelius, the carmen's strike leader, as their arbitrator. The railroad company, which had hoped to have a board of three impartial men, was thus forced to appoint their own man, Mr. Mullally, assistant to the president. Therefore the tribunal will consist of two advocates, and the third man to be appointed will practically have the entire burden of deciding everything thrown upon him. This is scarcely the right spirit in which to enter on the settlement of an industrial dispute.

The unions further attempted to complicate the situation. They demanded on their return to work that President Calhoun should discharge all of the men he had brought to run the cars during the strike. He promptly refused to do so. Thereupon, the union leaders put on a surprised and injured air, and doubted whether they would be able to induce their men to "work alongside of scabs." To this President Calhoun promptly replied that all of the former employees would be put to work if they applied, but that if any of them did not desire to work they would not be urged. In short, the union tried to inject the question of the "closed shop" into the controversy, a factor which did not exist before. President Calhoun has always refused to recognize the "closed shop." He said to the strike leaders: "I do not believe in the 'closed shop.' I recognize the right of the American citizen to seek employment where he pleases and at what price he can get. I shall certainly make no distinction between my employees, whether they are members of a union or not, although I am always glad to accord full recognition to the unions."

To sum up, the results of this strike have been about as follows: The carmen went out for ten days; they tied up the cars; they tied up the town; they inflicted a vast amount of injury on a community struggling to

recover from a great disaster; they half ruined numerous small dealers; they inflicted great losses on larger ones; they caused the population of a sorely-stricken city, which had been more than friendly to the carmen, to suffer a vast deal of physical discomfort; they semi-paralyzed the business and social life of the city. And what did they accomplish? They got three dollars a day, but that was offered to them without a strike. They will get an adjustment of their hours of labor, but that also was offered to them without a strike. And they got nothing else except the dislike and contempt of the people whom they have outraged. As for the officers of the company, with which they broke a solemn agreement, they may pretend to be appeased, but they will have to keep a large number of strike-breakers on hand, and they ought to. For men who will break one contract will break another, and men who are dishonest once may be expected to be dishonest twice.

Thus the carmen have accomplished most in leading employers to justifiable suspicion of labor unions when they make a contract; thus they have brought a stigma on union labor; and they have, by their unsuccessful attempt to inject the "closed shop" into the United Railroads system, probably ensured the complete killing off of that iniquitous and un-American scheme in San Francisco. It may lead some day to this union-ridden city arriving at such a stage as Los Angeles, where both employers and workmen are free, where any free American citizen may employ any other free American citizen without some bad-smelling foreigner coming between them and telling them what the one should pay and the other should receive.

Further to prove the dishonesty of the strikers, they at once broke their agreement to "settle" the strike. After their union officials had signed promises to that effect with the United Railroads, the strikers began assaulting the repair cars, because they were manned with non-union linemen. Even the attempt of the company to march the strike-breakers out of the city led to a riotous assault, in which many were injured on both sides.

The "Inside" of the Convention.

Readers who have been puzzled by the Delphic utterances of the dailies concerning the probable outcome of the Republican nominating convention may have thought that their perplexity would cease with the convention. Not so. The reports of the San Francisco dailies on the morning following the nomination of Governor Gillett are even more amazing than their predictions.

It has been said that truth may be found at the bottom of a well. If so, the well in which the lightly clad lady conceals herself never could be located on newspaper premises. There is probably some truthful explanation of the inside workings before and during the Republican convention. But if there is, it is yet to be found in any of the San Francisco dailies, for the number of fairy tales, roorbacks and grapevine telegrams which they print is little less than amazing. Let us summarize briefly some of the remarkable statements made about the Republican convention in these dailies:

The Republican convention "by grace of Mr. Herrin and Mr. Ruef" placed in nomination James N. Gillett for Governor, says the Examiner.

The San Francisco delegation was voted for Gillett because Schmitz ordered them to turn down Ruef and go to Herrin, says the Chronicle.

The alliance between Herrin and Ruef is solid and the Republican machine is working perfectly, says the Examiner.

Ruef and Herrin quarreled and Ruef refused to let the San Francisco delegates vote the machine ticket, owing to his hatred of Herrin, says the Chronicle.

Ruef threw down Hayes in order to make a secret deal with Herrin about the San Francisco water front patronage.

The Herrin-Ruef deal gave to Herrin the entire State ticket, while Ruef was given complete supremacy in San Francisco and the control of all State patronage in San Francisco.

Walter Parker utterly failed to "make good" on his plans, and was forced to appeal to Ruef for assistance.

Ruef refused to go back on his friend Hayes.

Hayes withdrew from the fight in order to relieve Ruef of embarrassment.

Hayes believed to the last that Ruef was loyal to him and was overcome with surprise and disgust when he learned at the eleventh hour that Ruef had thrown him down.

Ruef did not throw Hayes down; it was Schmitz.

The only way for Ruef out of his dilemma was to call on Schmitz for help.

Schmitz suddenly appeared on the ground and took away the leadership of the San Francisco delegates from Ruef. Schmitz and Ruef quarreled in consequence.

Ruef told Hayes that Schmitz was secretly working against them, and had corrupted certain of the San Francisco delegates.

Thus Ruef succeeded in giving Hayes the double cross by passing it up to Schmitz.

Schmitz and Ruef have quarreled bitterly.

Schmitz and Ruef are firm friends.

Schmitz and Ruef are only pretending to quarrel.

Schmitz and Ruef are still political allies, but the events in the convention have cooled their friendship.

Schmitz and Gillett had a conference, and the Mayor promised that he would not be an independent candidate.

This compact led to the turning over of the San Francisco delegation to Gillett.

Schmitz in return was promised absolute control of San Francisco.

Herrin promised Ruef absolute control in San Francisco.

Ruef succeeded in getting the promise of his candidates on the equalization and railroad commissioner boards by arrangement with Herrin.

Herrin has nominated the whole ticket and turned down Ruef, who has not a single office.

Mayor Schmitz is responsible for the election of Gillett. He came down, took away the San Francisco delegation from Ruef, and voted it for Gillett.

Gillett could have been nominated easily without any votes from San Francisco.

If the San Francisco bunch of votes had not been thrown to Gillett, he would have been defeated.

Ruef called the San Francisco delegation together and informed them that several State nominations and the entire harbor front patronage would go to "the boys" if they would vote for Gillett.

This move and the turning over of the San Francisco votes was what nominated Gillett on the first ballot.

Parker tried to ally the Pardee and Gillett forces, thereby shutting out Ruef.

Pardee alleges treachery and is very sore over his defeat. He and his friends will sulk in their tents.

Pardee is not soured by his defeat, but will work hard for the success of the ticket.

Charley Spear wanted to get Ruef's help for Pardee, but the Governor would not have it.

Ruef then determined to do up Pardee and to nominate Gillett.

Ruef nominated Gillett because he thinks he is a weak man.

This is a prearranged scheme between Schmitz and Ruef.

Schmitz intends to run either as an Independent or as the Labor Union candidate, with Ruef for his manager.

Schmitz and Ruef believe that Gompers' attack on Gillett makes him a weak candidate from a Union Labor standpoint.

They believe that both Hayes and Pardee were stronger in this fight than Gillett.

Therefore they threw the San Francisco delegation to Gillett in order that Schmitz might have a weak man to run against.

Frank Schmitz, the Mayor's brother, announced "Gillett will be nominated and he is an easy man to beat."

Spear wanted to make himself solid with Ruef in order to hold his job as Harbor Commissioner.

Ruef's deal with Herrin and Walter Parker was a trade of the votes of the San Francisco delegation for the water-front patronage.

This means Ruef will control about 800 positions on the water front and that Spear will lose his official head.

Ruef insisted on the nomination of Carroll Cook for the Circuit Court.

As Ruef is not on friendly terms with Judge Carroll Cook, he attempted to defeat that judge, but failed.

Herrin controlled the convention absolutely.

Ruef controlled the convention absolutely.

Schmitz controlled the convention absolutely.

Walter Parker controlled the convention absolutely.

From this amazing mess of contradictions the curious reader may perhaps pick out the truth.

Bryan Scores Sullivan.

William J. Bryan's speech at the banquet of the Jefferson Club, Chicago, last week, was devoted to an unmerciful "roast" of National Committeeman Roger C.

Sullivan of Illinois. Although Bryan had demanded Sullivan's resignation from the National Committee, because of his corporate connections, he was indorsed by the State convention, which also declared in favor of Bryan as the next Democratic nominee for President. Bryan informed the Illinois Democrats that if they persisted in their indorsement of Sullivan, he repudiated their indorsement of himself. He thus went on:

"If you say I have no right to interfere in the politics of this State, I reply that I am simply applying to Illinois a principle which I believe ought to be applied universally. I do not regard it as a compliment to be indorsed for the Presidency by a convention which indorsed Mr. Sullivan. I told them in advance that I did not want an indorsement under such circumstances and I repudiate it. If my nomination for any office depended upon that indorsement, I should not accept it."

California Republican Platform.

The platform adopted by the Republican State Convention, assembled at Santa Cruz, may be briefly summarized as follows:

Allegiance to the principles of the Republican party, as set forth in the national platform of 1904, is reaffirmed. Republican control of the Government has resulted in widespread prosperity, and the first session of the fifty-ninth Congress "will go down to history as one of the most remarkable meetings of that body." While all credit is given the members of Congress, their efforts were encouraged and sustained by that "greatest living exponent of American manhood and American statesmanship, Theodore Roosevelt." Congress and the President are commended for the passage of the rate bill. The President and his cabinet advisers are further commended for their efforts to bring to punishment law-evasion trusts. The efforts of the California Senators and Representatives to secure proper legislation for the State is heartily acknowledged. Without naming Governor Pardee, the convention endorses "the conservative, economical and prudent management of State affairs by the present Republican administration of California."

Heartfelt thanks are extended to the officials and private citizens of the nation, for their sympathy and substantial support to San Francisco in its hour of distress. An increase in deposits, and the sustained credit of its banking institutions show that San Francisco, notwithstanding the great calamity, is sound financially. The enactment by Congress of an amendment to the existing tariff law, providing, as a measure of relief in San Francisco, that for the period of three years all building material may be admitted into the port of San Francisco free of all duty is favored. Republican members of the Legislature are pledged to pass such legislation as may be necessary for the further relief of San Francisco.

Senators and Representatives are urged to secure the passage of a law providing for the exclusion of Japanese; to insist on the rigid enforcement of the Chinese Exclusion law; and to prevent the Asiatic population of our insular possessions from coming into the United States proper.

A tenement house law securing light, air and sanitary conveniences is favored. The Legislature is asked to pass laws that will bring about arbitration whenever differences arise between employer and employee.

The necessity of the revision of the present insurance laws is thus stated: "We favor the passage by the Legislature of California of an act requiring that foreign insurance companies shall have a substantial and sufficient deposit within the State of California, as a condition precedent to the issuance of a license to them for the transaction of business within the State, and that an act shall be passed prescribing a standard form of fire insurance policy which shall be requisite to the validity of an insurance contract, and which shall fully protect all rights of the insured." That many insurance cases now pending may be determined within a reasonable time, Congress is asked to appoint an additional Federal Judge.

The passage by the Legislature of a direct primary election law, providing for the nomination of all public officers by the people at a primary election is favored.

The necessity of protecting fruit growers and shippers against exorbitant freight rates and inefficient service is urged; and also an amendment to the Interstate Commerce Act permitting shippers to select the route for their shipments.

It is insisted that California Representatives secure adequate appropriation for the enlargement of the Mare Island shipyards, and that more constructive work of the Navy be performed there.

Sympathy is expressed with the efforts of organized labor to obtain an eight-hour law on Government work. Efforts to improve the hygienic and sanitary conditions of dairies and factories are advocated.

The improvement of the navigability of the navigable rivers and streams of the State is favored.

First Defeat for Gompers.

Mr. Gompers has been beaten in his first fight against the Congressmen whose course has displeased him. Representative Charles E. Littlefield, of the Second Maine District, was re-elected Monday, though by a plurality of only about 1000, where formerly he had been given more than 5000. The campaign was a bitter one. Gompers and his associates being aided by complications over the question of a continuance of the State prohibition law. Governor Cobb, re-elected by 8000 plurality, stood for the present law and against re-submission.

The first State convention of the Independent League of California, held last week in Oakland, nominated William H. Langdon, district attorney of San Francisco, for Governor. Its platform is long and comprehensive, ranging from the election of United States Senators by the people to a standard fire insurance policy.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The National of Hartford.

The Harry Unna Co., 214 Spruce Street, San Francisco, Cal., August 29th, 1906

Editor Argonaut—Your recent criticism of the National Insurance Co. of Hartford and its methods was read with much interest. Its agents, McNear & Wayne have evidently also read it, and, judging by their letter to you, with some anxiety as to the influence upon Argonaut readers.

As they may be able to "explain" their action in the "McKee" case, we would like to relate to you our experience with The National Insurance Co. of Hartford.

This company carried a risk of \$2500 on our stock of merchandise destroyed in the recent fire. Our loss was total and was adjusted by a committee appointed by the Underwriters' Adjustment Bureau. After making the usual deductions for depreciation, etc., our loss found by the committee to be still quite a bit more than the total insurance.

When the undersigned called a few weeks ago at the Oakland office of The National of Hartford "to collect" he was informed by their adjuster, who had been given him a copy of the committee's report, that the adjustment was satisfactory to him but that his company was paying no claim unless at a discount of at least 7½ per cent. He stated that this was not asked account of their inability to pay in full, but because of the unusual origin of the fire, the cutting off of water supply, and, in fact, he advanced the usual "stock" arguments used by the "welders." Now, this was a far better proposition than the "Six B" companies were making, from a financial point of view, still there exists between the two about the same distinction as between petty larceny and grand larceny. We do not think it possible that McNear & Wayne can be ignorant of the methods employed by the adjusters for the company they represent, and for reason their maudlin letter assuring you that they "with the dear old town heart and soul," and sincere, is to us almost nauseating.

Yours very truly,

The Harry Unna Co. of S. F.
Harry Unna, President

One Policy Holder's Experience.

Unsophisticated Policy Holder (entering the so-called adjusting offices of the Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford, located in Oakland, and accosting a clerk) have a—

Clerk—"Go to room at the end of the hall."

U. P. H. (entering said room)—"I have a policy call for payment—"

Another Clerk—"Go to room—"

U. P. H. (arriving at the room)—"I have a policy call for payment by this company—"

Clerk—"Go to room at the head of the stairs."

U. P. H., arriving at a very small room, stands in doorway, subjected to prolonged stares from two other persons. No invitation to go in or state business, and extra chairs. After waiting a considerable time, and being stared at occasionally, a person from another room finally deigns to inquire the occasion of the visit. Policy is shown, and, taking the number, the person obtains from files the proofs of loss which had been filed over two months previously and no objection during the intervening time. This person, whose stature and breadth suggest the Jack of Spades, indicates other room into which the U. P. H. is taken and allowed to be seated.

The Jack (after examining the proofs of loss, taking a printed slip from a drawer)—"Sign this."

U. P. H.—"What is it?"

J.—"A waiver."

The waiver among other things binds the one signing it to accept whatever the adjuster decides shall be paid.

U. P. H.—"Why should I sign this at this time?"

The J.—"The company's rules require it."

U. P. H.—"I don't like to sign this without consulting an attorney."

The J.—"You can't do any business with us until you do."

U. P. H.—"The building in which I was located was not damaged except by fire, was occupied by tenants for some hours, and did not take fire for several hours after the earthquake, proof of which I can furnish."

The J.—"You will have to sign that paper before your case can be considered."

U. P. H.—"I do not think I should be required to sign that at this late date."

The J.—"Have you ever had any experience in insurance?"

U. P. H.—"Not of this character."

The J.—"These are our rules."

U. P. H.—"I am sorry that you put me and yourself to so much further trouble."

The J.—"We need no sympathy Mr. P."

Exit U. P. H., uncertain whether he has any right at all.

Stanford White.

New York, August 24, 1906.—I have read your article on the murder of Stanford White, and was glad to find a few kind remarks as well as the exaggerated ones that are published here in the World. Decent people do not consult that paper, but we who knew and admired Mr. White for his goodness of heart, as well as his genius for detecting such scandalous articles, I take an especial interest in this case as I was most kindly assisted by Mr. White. Very truly yours, R. T.

Always Time for the Argonaut.

Oakland, Cal., August 21, 1906.—I have much pleasure in renewing my subscription for two years. Since the 18th I have had little time for more than the daily paper, but always find an hour for the Argonaut—a habit of many years. Its visits are like those of an old friend. Keep up the good fight for insurance that pays as it collects. Yours, very truly, Geo. Vine

From the Green Mountain State.

Bethel, Vermont, July 11, 1906.—In a recent issue see that you published a request for back numbers. I have, I think, a complete file of the copies from 1831, 1905, to April 7, 1906, which I will gladly send if you wish for them.

Wishing you renewed success and prosperity, I am Yours respectfully, Flora C. Kend

SOLDIERS WORKED WITH LOVE.

San Francisco Hospitality Had Made them Grateful and Willing.

Editor Argonaut: Permit me to offer you a few lines bringing upon a matter of general interest to the friends I have left behind me in a city towards which my heart has turned and from which I have been forced to leave after a delightful sojourn of the winter months. I will not say never to return, because if you do all that you can there will be opportunity still for many of us, retired veterans of the civil war, to find a home within the precincts of the City of the Argonauts.

J. P. FARLEY, U. S. A.
Hotel Shirley, Denver, Col., Aug. 6, 1906.]

There are those who remember now having laughed at the ridiculous sight of San Francisco's buildings swaying crazily on their foundations. But that was before the fire had taken its fearful hold upon the city, before it had swept away ninety per cent of San Francisco's wealth, and driven three hundred thousand people from their homes. The terror of the fire changed all the natural mirth to madness, and every one realizes what a providential thing it was that the troops were so quickly called on guard throughout the city. They did much, indeed, to bring the people to their senses; that is, to curb their senses as remained. And those who were mercilessly paid the maximum price for it. It had been made terribly clear to every one that there would be no mitigation of crime in any of its aspects, and it is known now that several persons have been shot or killed for disobeying the orders which it was imperative should be obeyed.

But this is not all. We have but to recall the instant occasion when Lieut. Charles C. Pulis of the Artillery Corps narrowly escaped with his life. This officer was in jeopardy more than once on the day which will be long recorded in the annals of history. In the early morning at the Presidio he narrowly escaped from the falling wall of the wrecked building as he was passing through its portals, and then again, later in the day, when he was carried to the General Hospital of that post with a fractured skull due to a premature blast of dynamite. Yet it was the engineer, the artilleryist and the officer of the mines, with their zealous and well disciplined soldiers who in their co-operation with the civil authorities, aided materially in saving the residence portion of San Francisco from utter destruction. (Note: Reference to these officers and soldiers has only to do with demolitions, and does not refer to the highly efficient work of the Infantry and Cavalry.)

It has been said by the Mining and Scientific Press, of San Francisco, that there was no system in the method of mining during the conflagration in that city on the 18 and 19th of April; but the editor of the journal mentioned, however, credits the officers of the navy from Midway Island with having taken hold towards the last and directed the blasting in a scientific manner. But it is to the article "How the Army Worked to Save San Francisco," by General Funston, which appears in the July number of the Cosmopolitan, that we must turn for a clear and concise statement. Here he says:

"The amount of dynamite in the early hours of the day (April 18th) was too small to accomplish much. When it was obtained it was by the tug from the California Powder works at Pinole. I doubt if any one will ever know the amount of dynamite and gun cotton used in blowing up buildings, but it must have been tremendous as there were times when the explosions were so continuous as to resemble a bombardment.

"Most of the work was done under the instructions of Captains Coleman and Biggs, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who, however, ascertained the wishes of the fire and police officials as to the buildings to be destroyed. The work Lieut. Pulis of the Artillery Corps was very seriously injured by a premature explosion. While the old brick buildings were reduced to piles of rubble by these explosions, the modern steel and concrete structures remained as impervious to the heavier shells as they had been to the earthquake.

"In the succeeding two days, block by block and street by street, and hour after hour, the firemen, police, and soldiers fought the conflagration, in the hope of possible success. Scores of buildings were blown down by dynamite and gun cotton, and others were set on fire in order to check the conflagration by backfiring."

I myself incline to believe that, as the Scientific Press stated in its issue of May 5th, 1906, it was to the force of the wind and the persistent application of the plants and sacking, soaked in waters found in kitchen sinks, by heroic firemen that eventually saved the northern section of San Francisco.

Until that I have heard or read respecting the conduct of the officers and soldiers of the regular army in San Francisco, nothing has so impressed me as a conversation had with Major G. W. Ruthers, U. S. A., who, during a service of fourteen years in the Eighth Infantry, and also for some years in the Submarine Department, had four successive terms of duty around San Francisco. At my request he has stated his views, and, from my way of thinking, what he says should find its echo in the heart of every

officer and soldier of our Army. Here are his exact words:—

"I do not think the regular troops that went to the assistance of San Francisco, at a time of greatest need, expect or deserve commendation, any more than a friend and neighbor who tries to save the life and property of another.

"During more than fifty years, the people of San Francisco have had the army among them, and nowhere on this earth, have officers and men received as warm and sincere welcome.

"The enlisted men have been always treated kindly and considerately by the citizens and the municipal authorities; indeed the latter have gone far out of the way in the direction of patience and leniency.

"The officers felt as much at home in the households of the city as in their own quarters. They were welcomed and always made a part of the social and official functions of the city. The people considered them a part of them; and in turn officers and men felt for San Francisco and its people a love and affection which no other city or people have ever won from such a body of men. So, when the beautiful and beloved city was threatened with destruction, the heart of every officer and man was filled with deepest personal interest and sympathy; and though called into action in obedience to orders, every one of them felt he was being given the opportunity to assist in saving the lives and property of friends and rendering aid to the homeless.

"The American regular soldier is ever sublime in face of danger or calamity. His training teaches coolness and intelligent individuality, willing and unquestioned obedience to those under whom he serves. Those of us who know him best, take off our hats to him.

"Had the troops not been ordered into the city as organizations, they would have been there as individuals, with or without permission, trying to save life and property.

"The rations stored at the Presidio and other posts were at once turned over to the homeless people, and I am sure there is not an officer or soldier who knew San Francisco who would not have shared his last ration with the people without thought where the next would come from.

"San Francisco was not a city which boasted of hospitality, but there was more real hospitality there than any other place in the world."

It is clear that Major Ruthers is disposed to rest the obligation where it rightfully belongs—with the army—and not with the good people of the stricken community.

Of course our soldiers ever have rendered a good account of themselves in cases of this kind, as may be instanced when the cities of Chicago, Boston, and Baltimore were threatened with extinction by the fire fiend.

But there is another story to tell in this connection. It was in the year 1832, the trying days of nullification, when in Charleston harbor the red-hot-shot batteries were prepared preliminary to shelling the city. Orders were received from Andrew Jackson countermarching his previous instructions, and the day was postponed when the State of South Carolina should seek to withdraw herself from the Union.

During the so-called nullification period, as I have it from my father, who commanded Castle Pinckney with Company C, First Artillery, at the time, the alarm bells were rung and the soldiers, ever ready to obey the mandates of humanity, sprang to the relief of the citizens of the city, which but a few days before they were under orders to destroy. The question may be asked: Did Beauregard think, with grateful remembrance, of that dark night, far back in the early "thirties," when Charleston's storehouses were aflame, while he dictated the message to Robert Anderson, permitting him to march out of Fort Sumter, on the eventful evening of April 13th, 1861, with colors flying and drums beating, to bring away his company property, and saluting his flag with fifty guns?

Will San Francisco ever forget the days succeeding the fatal hour, five fifteen A. M., April 18th, 1906, when that hospitality and bounty, which the officers, soldiers, and sailors, of our Army and Navy had enjoyed for so many years, was in kind and degree reciprocated by actions which bespoke the gratitude of men who were only ready to sacrifice life itself in response to the call of duty?

A. M. Garland succeeded Alexander Center in the Pacific Mail Company, September 1st, with the title of freight traffic manager. For several years Garland was in charge of Pacific Mail business in Central America, and a few months ago, when Alexander Center signified his intention to resign, he was selected to take his place.

Walter E. Dennison writes to the Argonaut to suggest that Frisco for San Francisco is not altogether void of pleasing suggestions as "Frisco was the god of peace and pleasure among the ancient Saxons."

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Congressman J. C. Needham, of the Sixth California District, has been nominated for re-election. He is now serving his fourth term.

It is noted that the Cannon buttons are out, and that they carry the words attributed to Mr. Roosevelt: "Mr. Speaker, you will be the next President."

"Mr. Gompers may find," says the Portland Oregonian (Rep.), "that when he puts his 'O. K.' brand on a candidate it is equivalent to an invitation to some people to 'kick me here.'"

John A. Johnson, the Democratic Governor of Minnesota, has been nominated for re-election and also named as a "logical running mate" for W. J. Bryan on the national ticket in 1908, the latest addition to a list that is growing rapidly.

For United States Senator, John T. Morgan and Edmund W. Pettus had no opposition in the primary election of Alabama. For alternate United States Senator, Joseph F. Johnston, John H. Bankhead and John B. Knox led the poll.

At the Republican primaries in Tucson and other Arizona towns last week the voters went on record as opposed to joint Statehood. In Tucson the anti-jointure ticket received 402 votes against 243 cast for jointure. In outside precincts the result was similar. A feature of the voting was that Mexican electors voted almost solidly in favor of jointure.

Joseph Pulitzer, proprietor of the New York World, who is at Bar Harbor, received a visit a few days ago from District Attorney William Travers Jerome of New York. Mr. Jerome is practically the only rival of William Randolph Hearst for the Democratic nomination for Governor of New York.

Mr. Addicks, of Delaware, is still active. His latest exploit has a certain tragic aspect for his former lieutenants in State politics, for he has sent autograph letters to them all demanding an accounting of the money furnished by him to the party in the campaign of 1904. Addicks pretends to have "consulted counsel" and to be prepared to push the matter in the courts, if necessary.

"John Sharp Williams also came home from abroad yesterday, on the steamship Majestic, which fact has not been proclaimed at all noisily," says the New York Evening Post. "This lesser leader greatly overestimated the appetites of the interviewers and the nimbleness of the photographers when he planned to sail in a vessel that would cross the bar on the same day with the ship bearing a greater one."

Senator Tillman met with a reverse in the South Carolina primary election. He supported Richard L. Manning for Governor and was opposed to M. F. Ansel, who stood on a local option platform. Nearly every county gave Ansel a working majority. A majority of the dispensary advocates, for whom Tillman made twenty speeches, were elected, but the head of the ticket is opposed to the State dispensary system.

The Attorney-General of the State of Texas has rendered an opinion nullifying the nomination of E. H. R. Green, son of Mrs. Hetty Green, of New York, as the gubernatorial nominee of the Republican party. Because of a split in the party, separate conventions were held, one faction being known as the reorganized Republican party and the other as the Regulars. Mr. Green was nominated by the reorganized faction.

Independent papers say that Senator Penrose's organization and his political future are in danger. Louis Emery, Jr., the fusion candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, has begun a speaking tour of the State. For forty days and forty nights he will assail the Penrose machine. He is said to be a born fighter and to be imbued with the idea that he will win. Mayor Weaver of Philadelphia will join the Emery campaign and will also speak from the stump.

The New York Evening Post remarks that the "points played up" in the account of the Bryan meeting printed in Mr. Hearst's American, were the arrival of Mr. Hearst, his reception, his enthusiastic greeting, his receiving of guests in his box, his neighbors in the boxes, his departure, his difficulty in gaining his cab, and his visit to Mr. Bryan at the hotel of the latter. And the Post concludes: "Among those present, besides Mr. Hearst, was one William J. Bryan of Nebraska."

One day last week President Roosevelt had seven guests at luncheon. They included Francis E. Leupp, Commissioner of Indian Affairs; Lyman Abbott, editor of Outlook; Silas McBee, editor of the Churchman; Count Gleichen, British military attache; Leigh Hunt, Brander Matthews, and Representative Herbert Parsons, chairman of the New York County Republican Committee. Before taking his carriage for Sagamore Hill, Mr. Parsons predicted the end of the Odell rule in New York on September 25, the date of the Republican State convention.

PETHERICK'S PERIL.

A Story of Adventure.

[In a short story competition the author of "Petherick's Peril" received a prize of five hundred dollars for the story of adventure which is here printed. It is the first purely literary work of its author, Mr. E. W. Thomson, who, by the way, has had quite a checkered career. In 1864, at fifteen, in search of adventure, he joined a cavalry regiment at Philadelphia, and served before Petersburg until the end of the war. In 1866 he was with the Queen's Own against the Fenians in Canada. For several years he was surveyor and civil engineer, camping constantly in the backwoods. He then joined the staff of the Toronto Globe, where he remained four years. This story was done in a single night.

It was printed in the Argonaut some years ago, and is not forgotten, for every now and then we receive a request to reprint it. The copyright is now vested in the American Baptist Publication Society, by whose permission it is republished here.]

Each story of the Shelton Cotton Factory is fifteen feet between floors; there are seven such over the basement, and this rises six feet above the ground. The brick walls narrow to eight inches as they ascend, and form a parapet rising above the roof. One of the time-keepers of the factory, Jack Hardy, a young man about my own age, often runs along the brick wall, the practice giving him a singular delight that seemed to increase with his proficiency in it. Having been a clerk in the works from the beginning, I have frequently used the parapet for a foot path and although there was a sheer fall of one hundred feet to the ground, have done it with ease and without dizziness. Occasionally Hardy and I have run races, on the opposite walls, an exercise in which I was invariably beaten, because I became timid with increase of pace.

Hopelessly distanced last Wednesday, while the men were off at noon, I gave up midway, and looking down, observed the upturned face of an old man, gazing at me with parted lips, wide eyes, and an expression of horror so startling that I involuntarily stepped down to the brick-layer's platform inside. I then saw that the apparently frightened spectator was Mr. Petherick, who has been for some weeks paymaster and factotum for the contractors.

"What's the matter, Petherick?" I called down. He made no answer, but walking off rapidly, disappeared round the mill. Curious about his demeanor, and after some little seeking, found him smoking alone.

"You quite frightened me just now, Petherick," said I. "Did you think I was a ghost?"

"Not just that," he replied, sententiously.

"Did you expect me to fall, then?" I inquired.

"Not just that either," said he. The old man was clearly disinclined to talk, and apparently much agitated. I began to joke him about his lugubrious expression, when the one o'clock bell rang, and he shuffled off hastily to another quarter.

Though I puzzled awhile over the incident, it soon passed so entirely from my mind that I was surprised when, passing Petherick in the afternoon, intending to go aloft, he said as I went by:

"Don't do it again, Mr. Fraser!"

"What?" I stopped.

"That!" he retorted.

"Oh! You mean running on the wall," said I.

"I mean going on it at all!" he exclaimed. His earnestness was so marked that I conceived a strong interest in its cause.

"I'll make a bargain with you, Mr. Petherick. If you'll tell me why you advise me I'll give the thing up!"

"Done!" said he. "Come to my cottage this evening, and I'll tell you a strange adventure of my own, though perhaps you'll only laugh that it's the reason why it sickens me to see you fooling up there."

Petherick was ready to talk when Jack and I sat down on his doorstep that evening, and immediately launched into the following narrative:

"I was born and grew to manhood near the high cliffs on the coast of Cornwall. Millions of sea-fowl make their nests along the face of those wave-worn precipices. My companions and I used to get much excitement, and sometimes a good deal of pocket money, by taking their eggs. One of us, placing his feet in a loop at the end of a rope and taking a good grip with his hands, would be lowered by the others to the nest.

"When he had his basket full, they'd haul him up, and another would go down. Well, one afternoon, I thus went dangling off. They paid out about a hundred feet of rope before I touched the ledge and let go."

"What ledge?" asked Jack.

"Oh," said Petherick, after a pause. "I see it will be troublesome to make you understand the situation." Then, after reflecting for some moments:

"You must know that most of the cliffs along that coast overhang the sea. At many points one could drop six hundred feet into the sea, and then be forty or fifty feet from the base of the rock he left. The coast is scooped under by the waves. But in some places the cliff wall is as though it had been eaten away by seas once running on higher levels. There will be an overhanging coping; then, some hundred feet down, a ledge

sticking out farther than that of the top; under that ledge all will be scooped away. In places there are three or four such ledges, each projecting further than those above. These ledges used to fall away occasionally, as they do yet, I am told, for the ocean is gradually devouring that coast. Where they did not project farther than the upper coping, one lad would swing like a pendulum on the rope, and get on the rock, if not too far in, then put a rock on the loop to hold it till his return. When a ledge did project so that one could drop on it, he hauled down some slack, and left the rope hanging."

"Did the wind ever blow it off?" asked Jack.

"Seldom, and never out of reach," said the old man. "Well, the ledge I reached was like this" (illustrating with his hands): "It was some ten feet wide; it stuck out maybe some six feet farther than the cliff top; the rock wall went up pretty near perpendicular, till near the coping at the ground, but below the ledge the cliff's face was so scooped away that the sea, five hundred feet below, run in under it nigh fifty feet.

"As I went down, thousands of birds rose from the jagged places of the precipice, circling around me with harsh screams. Soon, touching the ledge, I stepped from the loop, and, drawing down a little slack, walked off briskly. For fully a quarter of a mile the ledge ran along the cliff's face almost as level and even in width as that sidewalk. I remember fancying that it sloped outward more than usual, but instantly dismissed the notion, though Gaffer Pentreath, the oldest man in that country side, used to tell us that we would not get the use of that ledge always. It had been as steady in our time as in his grandfather's, and we only laughed at his prophecies. Yet the place of an old filled fissure was marked by a line of grass, by tufts of weeds and small bushes, stretching along as far as the ledge itself, and within a foot or so of the cliff's face.

"Eggs were not so many as usual, and I went a long piece from my rope before turning back. Then I noticed the very strange conduct of the hosts of sea-fowls below. Usually there were hundreds, but now there were thousands on the wing, and instead of darting forth in playful motions, they seemed to be wildly excited, screaming shrilly, rushing out in terror, and returning in masses as though to alight, only to wheel in dread, and keep the air in vast clouds.

"The weather was beautiful, the sea like glass. At no great distance two large brigs, and nearer a small yacht lay becalmed, heaving on the long billows. I could look down her cabin stairway almost, and it seemed scarcely more than a long leap to her deck.

"Puzzled by the singular conduct of the sea-birds, I soon stopped, and set my back against the cliff to rest while watching them. The day was deadly still and very warm.

"I remember taking off my cap and wiping the sweat from my face and forehead with my sleeve. While doing this, I looked down involuntarily at the fissure at my feet. Instantly my blood almost froze with horror! There was a distinct crack between the inner edge of the fissure and the hard-packed, root-threaded soil with which it was filled. Forcibly I pressed back, and in a flash looked along the ledge. The fissure was widening before my eyes, the rock before me seemed sinking outward, and with a shudder, and a groan, and a roar, the whole long platform fell crashing into the sea below! I stood on a margin of rock scarce a foot wide, at my back a perpendicular cliff, and five hundred feet below the ocean, now almost hidden by the vast concourse of wheeling and affrighted birds.

"Can you believe that my first sensation was one of relief? I stood safe! Even a feeling of interest held me for some moments. Almost coolly I observed a long and mighty wave roll out from beneath. It went forth a high, curling crest—a solid wall of water. It struck the yacht stern on, plunged down on her deck, smashed through her swell of sail, and swept her out of sight forever.

"Not till then did my thought dwell entirely on my own position; not till then did I comprehend its hopelessness! Now my eyes closed convulsively; to shut out the abyss down which my glance had fallen; shuddering, I pressed hard against the solid wall at my back; an appalling cold slowly crept through me! My reason struggled against a wild desire to leap; all the demons of despair whispered to me to make an instant end. In imagination I had leaped! I felt the swooning helplessness of falling, and the cold, upward rush of air.

"Still I pressed hard back against the wall of rock, and, though nearly faint from terror, never forgot for an instant the death at my feet, nor the utter danger of the slightest motion. How long this weakness lasted I know not; I only know that the unspeakable horror of that first period has come to me in waking dreams many and many a day since; that I have long nights of that deadly fear; that to think of the past is to stand again on that narrow foothold, and to look around on the earth is often to cry out with joy that it widens away from my feet."

The old man paused long. Glancing sideways at Jack, I saw that his face was pallid. I myself had shud-

dered and grown cold—so strongly had my imagination realized the awful experience that Petherick described.

"Suddenly," said the old man, "these words flashed to my brain: 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. Fear not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows.' My faculties so strained I seemed to hear the words. Indeed, often yet I think that I truly hear a voice utter them very near me.

"Instantly hope arose, consciously desperate indeed, but I became calm, resourceful, capable, and free unaccountably aided. Careful not to look down, I opened my eyes and gazed far away over the bright sea. The rippled billows told that a light outward breeze had sprung up. Slowly and somewhat more distant, two brigs moved toward the horizon. Turning my head, I could trace the narrow stone of my footing to where my rope dangled, perhaps three hundred yards distant.

"It seemed to hang within easy reach of the cliff face, and instantly I resolved and as instantly proceeded to work toward it. No time remained for hesitation. Night was coming on. I reasoned that my comrades thought me killed. They had probably gone to view new condition of the precipice from a lower station, on their return would haul up and carry off the rope, made a move toward it. Try to think of that journey.

I nodded to him silently.

"Shuffling sideways very carefully, I had not more than five yards before I knew that I could not continue to look out over that abyss without glancing down, and I could not glance down without losing my senses. I have the brick line to keep eyes on as you walk along factory wall: do you think you could move along it without looking down as you would have to? Yet it is only a hundred feet high. Imagine five more such walls on top of that, and you trying to move sideways—incapable of closing your eyes, forced to look down, from end to end, yes, three times farther! Imagine you've got to go or jump off! Would you not, in an ecstasy of nervous agitation, get down face-first at full length, clutching your hands, and with shut eyes feel your way? I forced to lie down and bawl, but of course that was impossible."

"Still there was a wall at your back," observed Jack.

"That made it worse. The cliff seemed to press inward against me. It did, in fact, incline very slightly outward. It seemed to be thrusting me off. Oh, the horror of that sensation. Your toes on the edge of a precipice, and the implacable, calm mountain apparently weighing you slowly forward."

Beads of sweat broke out over his white face at the horror he had called before him. Wiping his lips restlessly with the back of his hand, and looking askance at the narrow pathway, he paused long. I saw its edge and the dark gleams of its abysmal water.

"I knew," he resumed, "that with my back to the wall I could never reach the rope. I could not step toward it and step forward, so narrow was the ledge. Motion was perhaps barely possible that way, but the breadth of my shoulders would have forced me to move somewhat more outward, and this I dared not and could not do. Also, to see a solid surface before me became an irresistible desire. I resolved to try to turn around before resuming the desperate journey. To do this I had to nerve myself for one steady look at my footing."

"In the depth below the myriad sea-fowl then rising on the black water, which, though swelling more and more the rising wind, had yet an unbroken surface at the little distance from the precipice, while further out it began to jump to white-caps, and in beneath me, where I could not see it, it dashed and churned with a far-pervading roar that I could barely distinguish. Before the descending sun a heavy bank of cloud had appeared. The ocean's surface bore that appearance of intense angry gloom that often heralds a storm, but, save the deep murmur going out from below my perch, all my hearing was deadly still.

"Cautiously I swung my right foot before the ledge and carefully edged around. For an instant, as my shoulder rubbed against the rock, I felt that I must fall. I did stagger in fact, but the next moment stood on the face to the beetling cliff, my heels on the very edge, and the new sensation of the abyss behind me no less horrible than that from which I had with such difficulty escaped. I stood quaking. A delirious horror thrilled every nerve. The skin about my ears and neck, suddenly cold, shrank convulsively.

"Wild with fear, I thrust forward my head against the rock and rested in agony. A whirl and wind of sudden wings made me conscious of outward things again. Then a mad eagerness to climb swept away other feelings, and my hands attempted in vain to clutch the cliff. Not daring to cast my head backward, I drew it to the side, like between my raised shoulders and chin against the precipice, and gazed upward with straining of vision on under my eyebrows.

Far above the dead wall stretched. Sideways glances gave me glimpses of the projecting summit coping. There was no fear in that direction. But the distraction of scanning the cliff side had given my strained nerves

lief: to my memory again returned the promise of the Almighty and the consciousness of His regard. Once more my muscles became firm-strung.

"A cautious step sidewise made me know how much I had gained in ease and security of motion by the change front. I made progress that seemed almost rapid for me rods, and even had exultation in my quick approach of the rope. Hence came freedom to think how I should get on reaching it and speculation as to how soon my comrades would haul me up.

"Then the idea rushed through me that they might even yet draw it away too soon; that while in my clutch might rise from my hands. Instantly all the terrors of my position returned with tenfold force; an outward rust of the precipice seemed to grow distinct, my trembling hands told me that it moved bodily toward me, the scent behind me took an unspeakable remoteness, and from the utmost depth of that sheer air seemed to descend suddenly a deadly and a chilling wind. But I think I did not stop for an instant. Instead a delirium to move faster possessed me, and with quick, sidelong steps—my flowing foot striking hard against that before—someones on the point of stumbling, stretched out like the sacrificed, I pressed with mortal terror along.

"Every possible accident and delay was presented to my excited brain. What if the ledge should narrow suddenly to nothing? Now I believed that my heels were supported in air, and I moved along on tip-toe. Now I was convinced that the narrow pathway sloped outward, that this slope had become so distinct, so increasingly distinct, that I might at any moment slip off into the void. But dominating every consideration of possible disaster was still that of the need for speed, and distinct amid all other terrors was that sensation of the dead wall pressing silently and inexorably pressing me outward.

"My mouth and throat were choked with dryness, my convulsive lips parched and arid; much I longed to press them against the cold, moist stone. But I never stopped. Faster, faster—more wildly I stepped—in a delirium I rushed along. Then suddenly before my staring eyes was a well-remembered edge of mossy stone, and I knew that the rope should be directly behind me. Was it?

"I glanced over my left shoulder. The rope was not to be seen! Wildly I looked over the other. No rope! mighty God!

"But what! Yes, it moves!—it sways in sight—it appears—to return again to view! There was the rope directly at my back swinging in the now strong breeze, with a motion that had carried it away from the hurried glances. With the relief tears pressed to my eyes, and—face bowed to the precipice, almost thankful for a little time of the hungry air beneath—I uttered deep thanks to my God for the delivery that seemed so near."

The old man's lips continued to move, but no sound came from them. We waited silent, while with closed eyes and bent head, he remained absorbed in the recollection of that strange minute of devoutness.

"I stood there," he said at last, "for what now seems a space of hours, perhaps half a minute in reality. Then the chances still to be run crowded upon me. To turn around had been an attempt almost desperate before, and certainly, most certainly, the ledge was no wider where I now stood. Was the rope within reach? I feared not. Could it sway toward me? I could hope for that.

"But could I grasp it should I be saved? Would it yield to my hand—coming slowly down as I pulled, trailing from a coil above, trailing over the ground at the top, running fast as its end approached the edge, falling suddenly at last? Or was it fastened to the accustomed stake? Was any comrade near who would summon aid at my signal? If not, and if I grasped it, and if it held, how long should I swing in the wind that now bore the freshness and tremors of an imminent gale?

"Now again fear took hold on me, and, as a desperate man, I prepared to turn my face once more to the vast expanse of water and nothing beyond that awful cliff. Closing my eyes, I writhed, with I know not what motions, easily around, till again my back pressed against the precipice. That was a restful sensation. And now I made the decision of my fate. I looked at the rope. Not for a moment could I fancy it within my reach! Its sayings were not, as I had expected, even slightly varied; but when falling back against the wind, it fell outward, as though the air was eddying from the wall.

"Now I gazed down steadily. Would a leap be certain death? The water was of immense depth below. What chance of striking it feet or head first? What chance of preserving consciousness in the descent? No, the leap would be death; that at least was clear.

"Again I turned to the rope. I was now perfectly operate, but steady, nerved beyond the best moments of my life, good for an effort surpassing the human. Still the rope swayed as before, and its motion was very peculiar. I saw that I could touch it at any point of its vibrations by a strong leap.

"But could I grasp it? What use if it were not firmly secured above? But all this time for hesitation had gone

by. I knew too well that strength was mine but for a moment, and that in the next reaction of it I should drop from the wall like a dead fly. Bracing myself, I watched the rope steadily for one round, and as it returned against the wind, jumped straight out over the heaving Atlantic.

"By God's aid I reached, touched, clutched, held the strong line. And it held! Not absolutely. Once, twice, and again it gave—gave with jerks that tried my arms. I knew these indicated but tightening. Then it held firm and I swung turning in the air, secure above the waves that beat below.

"To slide down and place my feet in the loop was the instinctive work of a moment. Fortunately it was of dimensions to admit my body barely. I slipped it over my thighs up to my armpits just as the dreaded reaction of weakness came. Then I lost consciousness.

"When I awakened my dear mother's face was beside my pillow and she told me that I had been tossing for a fortnight in brain fever. Many weeks I lay there, and when I got strong I found that I had left my nerve on that awful cliff side. Never since have I been able to look from a height or see any other human being on one, without shuddering.

"So now you know the story, Mr. Frazer, and have had your last walk on the factory wall."

He spoke truer than he knew. His story has given me such horrible nightmares ever since that I could no more walk on the high brickwork than along that narrow ledge in distant Cornwall.

COMSTOCKONITIS.

Venus de Milo she stood on her rockery.
"Goodness!" she said, "I feel rather Comstockery!
Here without underwear, corsets, or sockery!

Goodness me, what would St. Anthony say?
Art can't go walking in clothes that are rational;
Sculpture cut decollete, as a fashion 'll
Make Mr. Comstock become Carrie National—
No lady's safe in museums to-day."

Then spake Apollo in marble pallidity,
Stretching his limbs to a classic rigidity.
"Venus, my dear, in the name of stupidity,
Where are my trousers?—that tailor is late!

How can I stand in my godlike placidity?
Tempting the young in these days of humidity—
Gee! I'm ashamed of my shameless solidity—
(Isn't that Anthony out by the gate?)"

So spoke the Classics, a stony procession of
Arms, legs and figures whom Fear had possession of—
What if the Syndicate for the Suppression of
Vice should attack them with chisels and hammers?
They were poor pagans, and death seemed so hideous!
All of the Classics from Borglum to Phidias
Murmured "Our hearts are as pure as St. Lydia's—
Pardon our nighties—we've ordered pajamas!"
—Wallace Irwin in New York Globe.

The European press is repeating a curious little story—which may or may not have a basis of fact—concerning the recent visit which the ex-Empress Eugenie paid to the Emperor of Austria at Ischl. It had nothing to do, so the tale goes, with either politics or matrimony. In reality the ex-Empress wished to return to Franz Josef a letter written by him in the latter sixties to the Emperor Louis Napoleon. The Emperor of Austria was then full of anger against the Germans, because of Sadowa, and in this letter he is said to have promised the full help of the Austrian army for France if Prussia attacked or provoked her. Napoleon III, knowing that the Emperor was a constitutional, not an absolute, monarch, never regarded the letter as anything more than a generous expression of sympathy, but as such he prized it highly. Many a time, it is said, he showed the letter to intimate friends at Chislehurst, and asked, What would have happened if the Austrian Emperor had been an absolute monarch? At his death the letter could not be found. According to the gossip, the Empress Eugenie had it, and at Ischl returned it to its writer. The impotent pledge, if it ever existed, must have stirred some bitter memories in the minds of both the giver and the recipient.

Tolstoi said recently to Henry Nevinston, the English writer on Russia: "You are young and I am old, but as you grow older you will find, as I have found, that day follows day, and there does not seem much change in you, till suddenly you hear people speaking of you as an old man. It is the same with an age in history; day follows day, and there does not seem to be much change, till suddenly it is found that the age is become old. It is finished; it is out of date. The present movement in Russia is not a riot, it is not even a revolution; it is the end of an age."

Miss Elizabeth Bolt started a factory at Wakefield, Mass., on a small scale a few years ago and now employs more than four hundred men and women, who turn out about 600 dozen pairs of stockings daily. Miss Bolt understands her work thoroughly, having been a mill girl herself.

It takes 3,000 silkworms to spin enough silk for one lady's dress.

FRENCH NAME FOR BAD LUCK.

The Pretty Parisiennes will not Pronounce It, but Say "Cherries."

As saucy as they are beautiful, it is said that the fair ones of Paris whose favorite promenade is the famous Allee des Acacias, fear but one thing on earth. This is "the guigne." If you ask what it means, you will be told it means "bad luck"; but it is more, explains the Paris correspondent of the Portland Oregonian. In one sense it means the hoodoo. In another, you may call it the "aura" of bad luck, or the "microbe" of bad luck—and it is catching. In still another sense it is viewed as an intelligent entity, that can be offended and placated.

The lovely Dorgere, of The Varieties, was recently given a mandolin that had belonged originally to Josephine, the unhappy wife of the Great Napoleon, and subsequently to the ex-Empress Eugenie. As she touched it reverently, she brought from it a sad, little air.

"What is it?" asked the happy giver. "I don't know," she answered. "Oh, you were improvising?" he said. "No, it must be a reminiscence," she said. It was sad and pretty. She found herself humming it.

But the Guigne set in at once! Her bull-pup sickened; her sable stole was stolen; she quarreled with two good friends; her auto broke down daily, and she got a pimple on her nose. Finally, when an incapacitating sore throat declared itself, she sought the advice of specialists.

"Get rid of the mandolin," advised Wiehe. And two days after she had presented it to the Josephine Museum at Malmaison, the sore throat left her, the pimple disappeared, the pup recovered, the stole was found, her friends became reconciled, the auto began running perfectly—and M. Samuel gave her a fine new role!

There are specialists of the Guigne. The lovely sibyl-faced Robinne is one, so is Pena Conchita, so is Chavita—both these latter are of Andalusian gypsy blood.

There are certain things that Pena Conchita can not be persuaded to do. She would rather break an engagement than dance on a Friday, but that is nothing. She will not set foot on the stage if a red-headed man be there. "Judas was red-haired," she explains.

All this is, nevertheless, but the outer edge of the great mystery of the Guigne—pardon, the Cerises. It is the one word of the French language that must never be pronounced. The essence of the Cerises lies in this fact: Originally it was merely a Parisian theatrical superstition, applying particularly to the first representation of pieces. To pronounce the word was found to be particularly fatal. Bizet laughed at the superstition during the rehearsals of "Carmen," and, at the end of the second act, during its last rehearsal, he walked to the center of the stage and laughingly exclaimed: "Zut for the Guigne?" Every one knows the otherwise unaccountable frost the great opera received during its early representations—and how Bizet committed suicide, imagining it to be a failure.

The French have several names for cherries. What we call ox-hearts they call "bigarre"; what we call pie-cherries they call "cerises"—and "cerises" is the general loose name for the fruit; while a big, black, juicy variety is named "guigne," spelled and pronounced the same as the word for persistent bad luck. Therefore, instead of saying "guigne," they always say "cerises."

Harduin, the Table Talk man of a great Paris daily, wrote a witty editorial railing at these omens. The celebrated Liane de Pougy answered him with an experience in point. "It is certain," wrote Liane, "that the boast of good luck will tend to make good luck cease; and if one fears a bad thing may happen, nothing is so sure to bring it about as to talk of it. Dorgere related her experiences of the mandolin. 'I have had convincing proofs that there are lucky and unlucky inanimate objects,' she wrote. 'If the object brings you bad luck, get rid of it at once! If a person brings you bad luck avoid that person!'"

The dashing Madeleine Thierry told how, after several years, she rediscovered a girl friend in great distress. She took her in and treated her like a sister. As a result the bad luck attached itself to Madeleine!

"I had a run of—cherries—that lasted me three months," she affirms, "and I got rid of it only when my girl friend suddenly married a wealthy man and went off with him. He has since lost half his money, and if I should ever see her coming down the street again I'd turn and run the other way."

Three of these noted beauties—de Villiers, Robinne and de Mernand—confessed to the belief in unlucky persons to the extent of keeping tab on every new acquaintance. "I keep a little notebook," wrote Robinne, "and I see no harm in jotting down the date I make any new acquaintance. In parallel columns I note the good and bad things happening to me—with the dates. When I find the dates getting to correspond—why, I find it prudent to act in consequence."

PANAMA PICTURES IN RHYME.

Work of the Late James Stanley Gilbert,
American Poet of the Isthmus.

[Editor Argonaut: I take the liberty of handing you the inclosed clipping with the request that you let the many friends of Mr. Gilbert on the Pacific Coast learn of his untimely death through the columns of your valued paper.

At the same time I am presuming, as a close friend of the author, to send you personally a copy of the latest edition of "Panama Patchwork," in the hope that in its perusal you may learn to know and love our Gilbert as we knew and loved him. Faithfully yours,

Herman B. Mohr.
Cristobal, Isthmian Canal Zone.
August 20, 1906.]

For more than twenty years Mr. Gilbert was a resident of what is now the Canal Zone. He was a native of Middletown, Conn., and thirty years of age when he accepted a position with the Panama Railroad. As commissary for the company he continued in its service until five years ago, when he took a partnership in a business house of Colou. During his life on the Isthmus Mr. Gilbert made friends of the many who came to know his gifts, and to respect his integrity. He died August 15, 1906.

One of Mr. Gilbert's diversions was to set down in familiar rhymes the chief events and moving influences of his home surroundings. His observation was keen, and his reflections were always kindly, even when humorously cynical. His verses are unusual in locale, color, and treatment. From his volume, "Panama Patchwork," a more informing view of the country and its picturesque phases of life may be drawn than from many more formal descriptive works.

The poet had few illusions concerning his surroundings, and in "The Isthmian Way" he shows his contempt for tendencies that are not all native:

To how and scrape and shake your hand,
To greet you with a smile so bland,
That you will think no other friend
Can toward you half the good intend;
But still to cherish in one's heart,
Enough rank hate to fill a cart—
This is the Isthmian way.

To huy for gold and silver pay,
To answer yea while thinking nay,
To horrow some one's little wealth,
And leave the country for one's health;
To plot and scheme and slyly seek
To make some decent man a sneak—
This is the Isthmian way.

To kiss the man who wins success,
And kick the man whose luck is less;
To make of vice heatitude,
And virtue of ingratitude!
Accept all favors, but omit
To e'er return the benefit—
This is the Isthmian way.

To curry favor with the great,
And pander to one's meanest trait;
To smash the Decalogue to bits,
But give your neighbor's weakness fits!
Oppress the weak, uphold the strong—
In short, do everything that's wrong—
This is the Isthmian way.

To wage a miasmatic strife,
And suffer all the ills of life;
To eat and drink one's self to death,
And curse God with one's latest breath;
And then a "heavenly mansion" fill
Prepared for one on Monkey Hill—
This is the Isthmian way.

God grant that haply some of us
Escape the general animus,
And travel, though but falteringly,
The nobler path of eharity;
Tho' stumbling often, still to find
More cleanly records left behind
Than by the Isthmian way.

Here is a glimpse of one of the native beauties, described as "A Frijoles Washer-Girl":

A dream in living bronze she,
A dusky goddess full revealed;

Clad hut in Nature's modesty—
Her wondrous beauty unconcealed.

Half to her knee the rushing stream
An instant pauses on its way;
The ripples in the sunshine gleam,
And tiny rainbows round her play.

Lithe as the bamboo growing near
Within the tangled, tropic glade;
As graceful as the startled deer
Half hidden in the distant shade.

The limbs, the hips, the swelling bust
Of famed Olympus, fairest queen;
Ne'er modelled yet on lines more just
Was ever sculptured marble seen!

Her curl-fringed eyes, now black, now brown,
Are depths of passion unexplored;
Her teeth, a glistening, pearly crown
A rajah would delight to hoard.

A dream, a dream in bronze she,
A dusky goddess full revealed!
Clad hut in Nature's modesty—
Her wondrous beauty unconcealed!

When a new-comer begins life in Panama his first inquiries and his first instructions are concerning the healthful aspects of his surroundings, and the reverse. In "Yellow Eyes" the poet tells of the experiences soon to be undergone:

You are going to have the fever,
Yellow eyes!
In about ten days from now
Iron hands will clamp your brow;
Your tongue resemble curdled cream,
A rusty streak the centre seam;
Your mouth will taste of untold things,
With claws and horns and fins and wings;
Your head will weigh a ton or more,
And forty gales within it roar!

In about ten days from now
You will feebly wonder how
All your bones can break in twain
And so quickly knit again!
You will feel a score of Jaels
In your temples driving nails!
You will wonder if you're shot
Through the liver-case or what!
You will wonder if such heat
Is 'nt Hades—and repeat!
Then you'll sweat until, at length,
You—won't—have—a—kitten's—
strength!

In about ten days from now
Make to health a parting bow;
For you're going to have the fever,
Yellow eyes!

In spite of all the curses that rest on Isthmian soil, the country has a fascination for many who know of fairer lands. The feelings of those who can not or will not resist the tropical languor are described in "The Paradise of Fools":

Nineteen hundred miles from home
We have crossed the ocean's foam;
Left our kin and comrades dear,
Shed the customary tear;
Left whatever life is worth
For the rumpest place on earth—
For the Paradise of Fools.

All good things to eat and drink,
Left for what? You'd never think!
Tough old bull-heef, mud-fed swine,
Store-made liquors, logwood wine!
Every blessed day the same;
Change is nothing but a name
In the Paradise of Fools.

Recreation? There is none;
If there were, 'twould weary one!
Innocence and sportiveness?
Bitter foes and nothing less!
Cards and cocktails? Yes, galore!
Only these, and nothing more
In the Paradise of Fools.

Hold! There's one thing I forget;
Scandal peddling's left us yet!
God knows, there's enough of that
To make a shrunken mummy fat!
Be the subject low or high,
We must gossip—or we die
In the Paradise of Fools.

Yet we're happy, lithe, and gay;
Else we'd go away and stay!

How we kick and squirm and shout
O'er attempts to drive us out!
We are all content to dwell
In this suburb of—ah well!
In the Paradise of Fools.

The picture presented in "La Canti-nera—A Memory of June, 1902," is a sunburned photograph of army life, hideous but real:

As she scrambled down from the transport's deck,
Her figure parodied grace;
Eighteen at the most and a physical wreck,
Yet she had an angel's face!

From head to foot
Clung dirt like soot—
There was dirt on her angel's face,
—Yes, dirt on her angel's face!

Her hair in inky loops hung low,
O'er a soldier's canvas coat,
And a tattered shift yawned wide to show
A short and sunburned throat!

No lingerie—
We all could see
Her short and sunburned throat!
—Yes, more than her sunburned throat!

Her dress—her what? She had no dress;
Call it skirt for lack of a name—
('Tis a guess, the wildest kind of a guess)

Put shamelessness to shame!
So scanty and torn,
And carelessly worn,
It put shamelessness to shame!
—Yes, shamelessness to shame!

She gathered her kit and passed us by,
Foul bedding and pots and hags;
A babe on her hip—another one nigh—
Nakedness, filth and rags!
On the endless tramp
From camp to camp,
In nakedness, filth and rags!
—Yes, nakedness, filth and rags!

A drab and a drudge—a regiment's Thing
To abuse, dehauch, dehase;
And yet—as tho' guarded by Beauty's wing—
Her face was an angel's face!
Tho' sadly hedimmed,
'Twas Beauty who limned
The lines of her angel's face!
—Yes, modelled her angel's face!

What of it, you ask? Oh, nothing but this:
I think it not often the case
That one clearly beholds in ignorance, bliss,
And 'tis proved by an angel's face!
For ignorance
Of innocence,
Shone from her angel's face!
—Yes, gave her an angel's face!

Another singer, not in "poverty" as Tom Hood's suffering seamstress sang, is pictured in these stanzas. They are the "Song of the Prickly Heat," an affliction not indigenous there, but probably as intense as anywhere on earth:

With face drawn into a scowl,
With teeth well into his tongue,
Perspiring, like any old leaky pump,
Squirmed a man no longer young.
Scratch, scratch, scratch,
From forehead down to feet!
And still though his voice with anger rang,
'Mid grunts and curses he hoarsely sang
This song of the prickly heat!

Itch, itch, itch,
Till night drives the day away!
Itch, itch, itch,
Till day drives the night away!
Arms and stomach and legs,
Neck and ankles and back,
Digging them all till they scorch and bleed,
From one to the other with lightning speed,
Like a demented jumping-jack!

Oh, 'tis off with your coat and vest!
'Tis off with your shoes and pants!
Till, naked and bare, your skin you tear

In a wild St. Vitus dance!
Scratch, scratch, scratch,
With ever waxing ire!
While into each pore a needle darts,
And the cuticle hurus and shrivels a smarts
Like hlisters of hell's own fire!

Itch, itch, itch,
While the months a-whirling go!
Itch, itch, itch,
As the years to decades grow!
Oh, God, for a moment's rest!
Or, if I can't be granted that,
In one spot quench the teasing flame,
Or blot that spot from my tortur frame—
The spot that I can't get at.

With face drawn into a scowl,
With teeth well into his tongue,
Perspiring, like any old leaky pump,
Squirmed a man no longer young.
Scratch, scratch, scratch,
From forehead down to feet!
And still tho' his voice with anger rang
(I wonder himself he doesn't hang)
'Mid grunts and curses he hoarsely sang
This song of the prickly heat!

In this poem, "On Roncador," noted the end of one of the famous ventures of the American navy:
No more the boatswain's pipe shall call
To quarters on her deck!
On Roncador, on Roncador
She lies—a lonely wreck!
No more shall bugler colors sound,
Nor tuneful taps shall play!
On Roncador, on Roncador,
In silence ends the day!

No more shall curious visitor
Be shown her famous gun!
On Roncador, on Roncador,
Her guerdon she hath won!
Haul down the flag left flying there—
No record let there be
Of how we lost on Roncador
Our veteran of the sea!

'Tis better thus to lay away
A memory of the past,
Whose strife hath ended in a peace
Forevermore to last!
Rest on, thou brave old Kearsarge, rest
The waves that round thee surge
Shall on the shore of Roncador
For ages chant thy dirge!

A spot of melancholy yet impelling interest is described in "On the Brow of the Hill," with its accompanying note:

[The cemetery of Monkey Hill, Mount Hope—by which latter name is more euphoniously though less widely known—is situated about two miles the southward of Colon, and overlooks a wide expanse of diversified tropic country. At its base lies the extensive plant of the Panama Canal Company, and, beyond, the straggling little city and broad Caribbean Sea. The spot was first used as a burial-place about the year 1853, shortly after the beginning of the work on the Panama Railroad.

Although of such recent origin, the is probably no more populous Necropolis in the New World; and while many of the tales that are told of it are considerably exaggerated, they all, unfortunately, have a foundation in fact. Should Macanlay's Traveler in his lonely wanderings visit this tragic mount, visions, perhaps not so extensive but certainly as melancholy as those which could appear to him on the ruins of London Bridge, would materially assist in his speculations upon the littleness of man and the barrenness of life.

You rotting cross that marks the place
Of ended quest in stranger land
The canceling months will soon efface,
Nor leave a vestige of it stand.

Yet hear the tale those ruins tell,
Ere he who knows the story falls;
And tarrying on this hill of hell,
Oheys the last, most dread of calls.

These are verses that the poet has inscribed for his epitaph:

When I am dead no graven stone
Thou need'st erect to make it known
That one lies there of whom 'twas said

faults were not of heart, but head,
And such as all men should condone.
My sins are mine and mine alone!
I, no man's thoughts be once misled,
O tastes for eulogy be fed
When I am dead!

Pity, tell the truth: that may atone
For a life of folly like my own,
By warning others not to tread
The path o'er which my feet have bled.
I have no "mantles" round me
thrown
When I am dead!

The selections are from the third
edition of "Panama Patchwork," a
careful and well-bound volume of
nearly 200 pages. The book is dedicated
to President Roosevelt "in honor of his
sole determination that the great Pan-
ama Canal shall be built for the glory
of America and for the benefit of all
nations." The frontispiece is an en-
graving of the famous bronze, "Colum-
bus and Indian Girl," presented by
Empress Eugenie to Colombia and trans-
ferred to M. de Lesseps, and now set at
the Atlantic entrance to the Panama
Canal.

Published by the Star and Herald
Company, New York and Panama

The will of Herman Oelrichs was filed
in New York September 10. His estate
was given to his brother and sister. His
will receives only some pieces of jewelry,
and other personal effects. The will
contains the following: "As my wife
has an ample fortune of her own I make
no request to her. As my son, Herman
Oelrichs, Jr., is the heir and next of kin
of my wife, and will doubtless be amply
provided for by his mother in her last
will and testament, or by the law in the
event of her intestacy, I make no be-
quest or devise to him other than the
piffling bequest contained in this will."

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Rt. Rev. William H. Hare of Sioux
Falls, Episcopal bishop of South Dakota,
has sent out notices printed in the Sioux
language, informing the Sioux members
of the church, several thousand in num-
ber, that the annual convocation will be
held this month at Santee Indian agency.

Signor Caruso, the Italian tenor, is
reported to have won \$10,000 in six
nights' play at Ostend, and then to have
lost it all in one sitting. In spite of the
anti-gambling law passed three years
ago betting is rampant there. Many
well-known French, Russian and Amer-
ican plungers are present at the gaming
tables.

President Roosevelt is emphatic in his
refusals to have a life mask made. The
President has no especial objection to
being preserved otherwise; he sits for
his photo at reasonable short intervals,
and has given sittings which look to the
preservation of his likeness in the
dignity of oil. But he has a horror of
being spattered over with clay and
breathing through quills.

For the first time in the history of
Mississippi as a State a woman is a
full-fledged member of the Governor's
staff, the appointment having been made
by Governor Vardaman of Miss Hen-
rietta Mitchell as aide-de-camp, with
rank of colonel. The young lady has
been a leader in society at the Missis-
sippi capital for some time and is an
accomplished horsewoman.

General Baden-Powell, the hero of
Mafeking, is a sculptor of no mean
ability. A bust of Captain John Smith,
which he made and presented to the
State of Virginia, has just arrived in
Richmond, where it will be placed per-
manently in the State capitol. The bust
comes to Virginia as an interesting and
appropriate gift just at this time, when
preparations are in progress for the
Jamestown Tercentennial Exposition of
1907, which will commemorate the first
permanent English settlement in Amer-
ica, brought about through the courage

and abilities of John Smith as a colon-
izer. General Baden-Powell comes from
the same stock, his family being the
direct descendants of a brother of the
captain.

Thomas Bent, the premier of Victoria,
introduces songs in his speeches. A
word or a phrase strikes a chord of
memory, recalls some half-forgotten
melody and then the premier breaks
forth into song. Replying to criticism,
Mr. Bent says he never introduces songs
of the present day, of which he has a
very poor opinion.

Mrs. Carrie R. Sparklin, who was
elected president of the National
Woman's Relief Corps at its annual
convention in Minneapolis, is a past de-
partment president of Missonri and an
active member of Ransom Corps of St.
Louis. Mrs. Sparklin was prominently
identified with the work of the World's
Fair in St. Louis and was chairman of
the committee that raised funds for the
Fraternity building.

Baron Jularo Komura, one of the
most remarkable of the young statesmen
of Japan, is now Japanese Ambassador
to Great Britain, and was recently re-
ceived at his new post with honor. He
had just relinquished the Ministry of
Foreign Affairs, a position which he
had filled with dignity and success since
1900. The Ambassador belongs to none
of the four great feudal clans, but is of
Sammrai caste, and thus, though he is
essentially a self-made man, belongs to
the aristocracy. Komura was one of the
young men chosen to acquire a modern
education at Harvard University. There
he remained for five years, and was the
first Japanese student to receive a degree
from the university. After diplomatic
service in China, he went as Minister
first to Washington and then to St.
Petersburg. At the Portsmouth Confer-
ence none had more influence than Baron
Komura. His countrymen had entire
confidence in him, and probably their
faith in his patriotism and astuteness
led them to accept the bargain he made
as quietly as they did.

85 cent GAS

is the cheapest when you consider it has
double the heating value of any other
manufactured GAS and gives

23 Candle Power

insuring a brilliant steady light

Gas Thrift

is simple. Get the most heat and the
brightest light for your money.

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

The S. F. Gas and Electric Co.

925 FRANKLIN ST. 500 HAIGHT ST.
1260 NINTH AVE. 421 PRESIDIO AVE.

Del Monte Offers

During the reconstruction of San Francisco, Hotel Del
Monte offers a welcome shelter to those desiring a home-
like place for rest and recreation. The park-like grounds,
the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives
were never more attractive than at the present. The en-
tire hotel has recently been renovated and improved,
with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, tele-
phones in every room. Why not make this attractive
resort near San Francisco your permanent home?
Special terms for families. Address Geo. P. Snell,
Manager, Del Monte, California.

A Permanent Home

P. Centemeri & Co.

KID GLOVES

New Location

1551 Van Ness Ave.

Between Pine and California

San Francisco



See that Lea & Perrins'
signature is on wrapper
and label.



Beware of inferior sauces
put up in bottles similar
to the above.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

is invaluable to the fastidious cook. It adds zest to her Gravies and
spice to her Salads, and improves the flavor of Fish, Game and Soups.
Its rare rich flavor makes it the most useful of all sauces.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce is in every well-equipped kitchen

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York

VANITY FAIR.

Nearly a million dollars' worth of precious stones and jewelry will be put upon the market by the trustees of Leland Stanford Junior University.

The collection belonging to the late Mrs. Jane Stanford is world famous. The jewels were gifts from the late Senator Stanford to his wife, made at various times during their lives, and comprise some of the largest ropes of diamonds in existence. Some of the rubies in the collection are said to be the most valuable in the world. The emeralds and pearls have also been for many years the envy and admiration of lovers of precious stones in all parts of the United States.

In 1899 Mrs. Stanford deeded these jewels to the trustees of the University. Just prior to her fatal journey to Hawaii Mrs. Stanford executed a document providing that upon her death these jewels should be sold and the proceeds of the sale used to form a library fund. Her wishes in this respect are now about to be carried out.

English society continues to honor the charming American actress who has been prominent through the gay summer there.

At Lord Roseberry's hall—the great event which wound up the season—every one said that Maxine Elliot (Mrs. Nat Goodwin) was the handsomest woman in the room. The host himself took her straight to the Princess of Wales, to whom she was introduced for the first time, and although, as every one knows, that lady is far from keen on American women, she made quite a fuss over the actress and then and there invited her to come and have tea with her at Frogmore House, Windsor. Lord Roseberry danced twice with Mrs. Goodwin, and Lord Dalmeny and his brother, Neil Primrose, were also on her programme. If it was for the sake of effect she decided not to wear a single jewel, she certainly succeeded, the more so because on the occasion every woman in the room had on all her best jewels. Mrs. Goodwin's frock was a Doucet creation of rose pink tulle, simple in itself, yet stamped with the indelible cachet of its designer. Deep red roses rested in her corsage and there was a berthe of wonderful old lace. Wherever she moved people asked who she was.

Admiration for the smart costumes affected by Americans is not general in fashionable London unless the wearer is already an established favorite.

Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, is remarkably consistent in the matter of her frocks. During the season just passed, she wore various tones of purple and mauve all day long as well as at night. Although she exhibits wondrous draperies, one thing is to be said for her, she never dresses too young for her age. Like all American women, she has a great penchant for the floating veil to which the British have never really taken. Her headgear invariably boasts it, and like all her garments, it too, is purple or mauve. The story goes that the King once said to her, "Duchess, what is the idea of these rags you tie round your hats?" She replied she always wore one because she wanted to make quite sure that no one would take her for any nationality except that of an American, and all American women wore "rags" on their hats when they came over here!

There are indications that even the students at theological seminaries are considered not proof against some temptations.

Word comes by way of Trenton, New Jersey, that the Princeton Lodge of the Women's Christian Temperance Union is about to become actively mindful of the morals of Princeton University, and to exert itself to wean the Princeton students, including those of the theological seminary, from drinking, smoking, and playing cards, says Harper's Weekly. There is another awful thing the members should pay some attention

to. College boys spend hours and lifetimes of valuable time in looking at the girls. Is there a more distracting practice or one less favorable to study? It would be a great feat for the W. C. T. U. to reform the Princeton youth in this particular, putting blinders on them if necessary, but preferably by persuasion.

Are we in danger of spoiling our golf? asks William Inglis, an authority on the game, in a recent magazine article.

The question invariably arises when one considers the remarkable record made a few days ago by the professional player, Willie Anderson, on the Onweutsia links, one of the longest courses in the country. He did the eighteen holes in sixty-seven strokes in the morning and sixty-eight in the afternoon. It is no disparagement of Anderson's skill to say that the accomplishment of this wonderfully low score was made possible by the latest improvements in clubs and balls.

The average man plays golf for exercise and amusement. Naturally we all hate to do anything that is recommended because it will do us good. It can not be denied that the greatest amount of exercise in golf consists in the tee shots and the strokes through the green. In the earliest days of the game, what with rough courses, balls not too well balanced, and crude clubs, the number of strokes needed to play eighteen holes was far greater than the number today. Even so recently as in the early days of Horace Hutchinson, at Oxford, his tutor in logic inexorably defined golf as "putting little balls into little holes with instruments very ill adapted to the purpose."

How we have changed all that! From the moment, not so remote, that golf crossed the Atlantic, the fertile American mind has busied itself in devising schemes to enable the player to lessen the number of strokes. What folly!

The good player could drive the old hard gutta-percha ball 180 or perhaps 200 yards. Presto! An American makes a ball whose core is a mass of rubber hands tightly wound around one another, and the new ball is so much more springy than the old that the driver sends it commonly enough from 230 to 260 yards, and the giants of the game have several times driven more than 300 yards.

Today one manufacturer gives us a pneumatic ball, another uses inner wrappings of silk, still another includes a drop of mercury in the heart of the ball, so that it will run more truly on the putting-green.

And all to what purpose? Why, to lengthen the stroke and so cut down the

number of strokes. But, some one asks, don't we play golf as a most pleasant exercise, and therefore wouldn't it be better to increase rather than diminish the number of strokes? No, no. We really play golf for the noble purpose of cutting down records.

Some directions that are more easily remembered than the usual examples are given from a recent volume, "The Cynic's Rules of Conduct."

"When in the street with a lady, a gentleman should not light a cigarette unless the lady does."

"When you step on a lady's toes, make some off-hand remark about her feet being too small to be seen. This is older than the cave-dwellers, but it still works."

"Don't forget to tell her that she's not like other girls. It always works, whether you spring it on the belle of the village, the girl with a hare lip, or the bearded lady at the circus."

"If you use the same solitaire for the second engagement, don't refer to it as killing two birds with one stone."

"At week end bridge parties no really nice girl will cheat on the Sabbath day."

"Don't marry for money, but never let money stand between a girl and her happiness."

"It is not good form to congratulate a girl friend upon her engagement. Simply remark: 'So you lauded him at last.'"

Another batch of the same rules is taken from the department given up to society events.

"When at a wedding breakfast try to remember that you will probably have other opportunities of drinking champagne."

"The chief duty of the best man is to prevent the groom from escaping before the ceremony."

"Remember, too, that perhaps you are not the sort of husband that father used to make."

"In taking soup try not to give others the impression that the plumbing is out of order."

"On returning from the altar be careful not to step on the bride's train. There's trouble enough ahead without that."

"At afternoon funerals wear a frock coat and top hat. Should the funeral be your own, the hat may be dispensed with."

"Those who live in glass houses should be polite to reporters."

"The father gives the bride away, but the small brother would like to."

They who make the glasses we sell are skilled workmen of the highest grade.

A lens that we produce perfect—you are invited to visit our factory.

HIRSCH & KAISER,

1757 Fillmore St.

Optics

BOHEMIAN CLUB

Annual Concert

GREEK THEATRE, BERKELEY

Tuesday Afternoon, Oct. 2

LARGE ORCHESTRA AND CHOIR

Reserved Seats - - One Dollar

Educational.

MISS HAMLIN'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Formerly at 1849 Jackson St., is now at 2230 Pacific Ave. near Webster St. School reopens Tuesday, August 14, 1906. Accredited. Address

Miss S. D. Hamlin, San Francisco, 2230 Pacific Avenue.

PORTLAND OREGON

St. Helen's Hall

A girl's school of the highest class. Careful of teachers, location, building, equipment—the best.

School Opens September 17, 1906.

Miss Harker's School.

Palo Alto, Cal. Home and Day School for Girls. Intermediate and Primary Departments. Certificate admitted. Ford, Vassar and Wellesley. Number limited. August 20th.

Ogontz School for Young Ladies.

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia; two hours from New York. The late Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For address MISS SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal, Ogontz P. O., Pa.

Dr. H. J. Stewart

Organist of St. Dominic's Church and the Temple Shalom Israel

Teacher of Vocal Music

PIANOFORTE, ORGAN, HARMONY AND COMPOSITION

New Studio: 2117 California St.

Hours: 10 to 12 and 2 to 4 daily, except Saturdays

Clubbing List for 1906

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers increasing subscriptions to Eastern editions will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

American Magazine and Argonaut	75
Argosy and Argonaut	75
Atlantic Monthly and Argonaut	75
Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut	75
Century and Argonaut	75
Commoner and Argonaut	75
Cosmopolitan and Argonaut	75
Criterion and Argonaut	75
Critic and Argonaut	75
Current Literature and Argonaut	75
English Illustrated Magazine and Argonaut	75
Forum and Argonaut	75
Harper's Bazaar and Argonaut	75
Harper's Magazine and Argonaut	75
Harper's Weekly and Argonaut	75
International Magazine and Argonaut	75
Judge and Argonaut	75
Leslie's Weekly and Argonaut	75
Life and Argonaut	75

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

are showing an unusually complete assortment of

CARPETS

All grades are included. The patterns are the very latest for the season of Fall furnishing. This stock is the largest shown in San Francisco and is complete

Van Ness Ave. and Sutter Street

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

Stoves and Ranges

ADAPTED FOR BURNING: COAL, WOOD, GAS, GASOLINE AND OIL.

REFRIGERATORS

Complete Kitchen Outfits for Hotels, Restaurants, Clubs & Households

COR. POLK & TURK STS.

PHONE EMERGENCY 427

SMITH'S CASH STORE
16 Stewart St. San Francisco
JUST AROUND THE CORNER

STAGE GOSSIP.

Mary Van Buren is appearing at Morco's Burbank Theatre, Los Angeles, in "Madame San Gene."

Robert Mantell will play six weeks in Dominion of Canada before going to New York. His season began September 3 at Sydney, Cape Breton. He will act Sylock for the first time in Montreal, where his Iago, also, will be made known.

The San Francisco earthquake has brought to light several plays claiming originality in mechanical effect. It may be of interest to note that, many moons ago, Bartley Campbell had a similar effect in "Clio," while a few years later Wilson Barrett used the same idea in "The Land of the Living." The "sensation" was, however, first introduced four centuries ago by the Italians (1480). They had intricate machinery for the simulation of such phenomena as thunderbolts and earthquakes. In 1692 the first attempt in England to mimic an earthquake was made at Southwark, London. Another proof of "nothing new under the sun."

William Pruette is a member of the supporting Richard Golden in "The Truants," which has scored a success at the Majestic Theatre in New York. Julia Sanderson and Vera Michel were engaged for the piece has been ended, and later press reports praise the work of the latter.

New York dramatic critic follows a piece of Richard Golden in "The Tourist" with a paragraph about Henry E. Jones in "The Man on the Box," and says that "while the front legs of the 'Tourist' in 'Evangeline' of years ago were entertaining a houseful of people at the Majestic Theatre the hind legs—were charming another houseful at the Lyric Theatre." The critic's authority is at fault. Golden played Le Bon, the notary, when Dixey was owner of the dancing heifer.

The success of "The Hypocrites" is due to make certain that in the future of Henry Arthur Jones's plays will be represented initially in New York.

After Conreid's heavy losses last season in San Francisco, which included disappearance of \$80,000 in prospective profits, the manager declared he would never again make a road tour to the Metropolitan Opera Company. He has changed his mind, however, and is in the Northwest will, for the first time, hear grand opera as it is given at the Metropolitan. As far away as Seattle, Portland, and Spokane the stars will travel. Only the Italian wing of the company will go farther than St. Paul and Minneapolis, according to the present plan. As many Northwesterners as are able to put up sufficient guarantee will probably be visited; consequently Butte, Helena, Boise and Walla Walla may hear grand opera for the first time.

David Bispham is devoting his time to the selection of a cast for the production of La Lehmann's opera on the subject of "The Vicar of Wakefield." Another English woman-composer of operas, M. Ethel Smyth, has finished a new score (her third). It is entitled "Les Frangeurs," and will be heard in the autumn at Prague and Leipsic.

The stock company at the Belasco Theatre, Los Angeles, is to appear in "The School for Scandal," with Amelia Gurner as Lady Teazle, Hohart Bosworth as Charles Surface, William Yerkes as Sir Peter Teazle, Richard Van as Careless, Marie Howe as Mrs. Clor, Adele Farrington as Lady Sowerell, Margaret Langham as Maria, Marie Cahill has opened her season in a new musical play, "Marrying My," by Edwin Milton Royle, with music by Silvio Hein and lyrics by Benjamin Hapgood Burt. William Courtland, Eugene Cowles, Ray Atwell, Charles Dickson, H. Guy Woodward, Mark Smith, Annie Buckley and Virginia Stanton are members of the company.

William A. Brady has induced Maud Henson to return to the stage and join the company that is to support Grace George at the Manhattan Theatre, New York. She has made a long record of successes in important roles since she

took the parts of the boy, Shakespeare Jarvis, in "The Lights of London," and of Rose Guerin, the danseuse, in "A Parisian Romance." Probably her greatest triumph was as Henriette in the famous Palmer revival of "The Two Orphans."

Lotta Crahtree, who gave \$1,000 for a programme at the benefit for the San Francisco sufferers, is said to be the richest actress in the country, and her fortune has been estimated at sums varying from \$800,000 to \$1,000,000.

E. A. Fischer, who formerly conducted a vaudeville theatre in San Francisco, has established a playhouse in Los Angeles.

The American press agent seems to be neglecting his opportunities; at least, one of his British brethren is pointing the way for him. Miss Godwynne Earle, who is appearing at the London Coliseum, has been advised to make a halloo ascent every now and then to counteract the effect of hard work upon her nerves. So, with Mr. Spencer, the aeronaut, she has been taking the rest-cure and air-cure combined, floating over London in the car of his halloo. This innocent little advertising scheme has benefited the health of the actress and the receipts at the theatre box office.

Jerome K. Jerome's new play, "Sylvia of the Letters," a comedy written especially for Annie Russell, will be produced this season.

Grace George, Wright Lorimer, Robert B. Mantell and Wilton Lackey will appear in Ibsen plays this season. Boston will see Wright Lorimer first as Hjalmer Ekdal in "The Wild Duck."

In "The Illusion of Beatrice," in which Maude Fealy will star, the ingenious stage manager has introduced the novelty of an elevator as an entrance for the characters to a bachelor's apartment.

A young San Francisco playwright, Charles Kenyon, has been vindicated in his claim to the authorship of "The Flag Station," a one-act drama which Arnold Daly will include in his repertoire next season. Kenyon is the son of Dr. C. G. Kenyon of San Francisco and the brother of Albert Gilman Kenyon. He has been playing the piece in question under the title of "The Operator" in vaudeville.

The Orpheum.

R. G. Knowles, who is said to be the first American to make an Englishman laugh, will make his first vaudeville appearance in San Francisco this Sunday afternoon. McMahon's Minstrel Maids and "Watermelon Girls," nine in number, in an old-fashioned black face exhibition, indulge in songs and witticisms. Tim McMahon and Flora Chappelle will present their original conceit, "Twenty Minutes From Train Time," abounding in comedy. The Arihos, European novelty acrobats, will appear for the first time. Chinko, the juggler; Fiske and McDonough, the comedy duo; Minnie Kaufmann, the trick cyclist; the Italian trio of operatic vocalists, and Orpheum moving pictures will complete a varied program. Every kind of amusement is to be found on the grounds of the Chutes, where the Orpheum is located, and rare animals are to be gazed at in the Zoo.

The Masonic Temple site at the northwest corner of Montgomery and Post streets has been sold, and the transfer to the purchaser will be made within a few days. The price is \$750,000, and the purchaser is Rudolph Spreckels for the First National Bank. A Class A building will be erected on the site, to be the home of the bank.

The formal opening of the new Hillside Clubhouse was held September 8 in the new quarters of the club at Berkeley. The building was designed by Prof. Bernard Mayheek, contains an auditorium that will seat 400, and is surrounded by grounds tastefully decorated.

A ten-story building, to be called the History block, will be erected on the site of the old History building, on the south side of Market street between Third and Fourth streets, by the Bancroft estate.

The University of California announces six Symphony Concerts, to be given in the Greek Theatre by the University Orchestra, with Dr. J. Fred Wolfe, Professor of Music in the University, as conductor, at half past 3 o'clock on the Thursday afternoons of September 13 and 27, October 11 and 25, and November 8 and 22, 1906. The University Orchestra will be made up of the best professional musicians of San Francisco and its vicinity. Season tickets, reserved, will be \$5, and for the unreserved section \$3. Season or single tickets may be obtained by mail, also at the Greek Theatre on the day of each concert, or at the music stores in San Francisco and Oakland. In undertaking an annual series of Symphony Concerts, the University seeks to serve the highest interests of the community. Except for the musicians and the conductor, no individual receives any remuneration.

Adolph Cassier of Dedham, Mass., and Helena Cassier Hellman of Boston, brother and sister of Louis P. Cassier, the magazine publisher, who was killed last July in the railroad wreck at Salisbury, England, have joined issue with Gertrude Spooner Cassier of Scituate, Mass., who claims she is the real widow of the late publisher, and that Agnes Nichols Cassier of Trumbull, Conn., was not his wife, to prevent a division of the estate, estimated at \$500,000.

The Mechanics' Mercantile Library has reopened at the new library building, 99 Grove street, corner of Polk. A large number of volumes of technical and scientific works, as well as of the latest fiction, is already on the shelves and the library will be restored to its former position within a very short time.

Bohm Bristol Co.

JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS

A COMPLETE LINE OF DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE

NEW LOCATION:

Van Ness Ave. and Sacramento St.

FORMERLY AT 104-110 GEARY ST.

You Will Obtain Absolute Protection in Presidio Terrace

From saloons, stores, flats, laundries, spite fences and other nuisances.

Streets, sidewalks, trees, grass, flowers, maintained and electric lighting done under the management of the Presidio Terrace Association at a monthly cost of Four (\$4) Dollars per lot. Lots average 50 feet front. Prices average \$120 per foot. Terms, one-fifth cash; balance to suit, at 5 per cent. per annum.

BALDWIN & HOWELL, 1692 FILLMORE STREET

HOTEL ST. FRANCIS ANNEX SAN FRANCISCO

IN UNION SQUARE ON THE LAWN AMID THE PALMS EVERY ROOM OUTSIDE ON THE GROUND FLOOR

FAMOUS GRILL ROOM IN MAIN BUILDING SAME SKILLED CHEF

ORPHEUM.

Week Commencing SUNDAY MATINEE, Sept. 16. (Matinee Every Day.)

A VAUDEVILLE ECSTASY!

R. G. KNOWLES; McMahon's Minstrels, Maids and Watermelon Girls; The Arihos; McMahon and Chappelle; Fiske and McDonough; Minnie Kaufmann; The Italian Trio; Orpheum Motion Pictures and last week of CHINKO.

Prices: 10c, 25c and 50c. Down Town Box Office at Donlon's Drug Store, Fillmore and Sutter Sts. Phone West 6000.

CHUTES and ZOO—Open Daily from 10 A. M. till Midnight. Admission 10c; Children 5c.

Geo. H. Kahn

OPTICIAN AND PHOTO SUPPLIES

Permanently Located at

1232 Van Ness Ave.

Between Sutter and Post Streets.

All Customers' Records Saved.

ROOS BROS. Everything for motorists except the car. Fillmore at O'Farrell

ALAMO PINTADO INN BALLARD, CAL.

A delightful resting place for automobilists traveling between San Francisco and Santa Barbara—50 miles north of Santa Barbara, 2 miles south of Los Olivos. Daily mail, long-distance telephone and 72-degree gasoline.

F. M. SHAW, Prop.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Study of Contemporary Society.

Blemishes of style, defects of construction, the failure of the author to work out the process by which the soul of the erring wife is cured, do not materially detract from the importance of "In Cure of Her Soul," by Frederic Jesup Stimson—a sane, strong and solid novel. Like "The House of Mirth," to which it may well be compared, the story is, largely, a study of the appalling corruption of some circles of contemporary American society, although greater verisimilitude is lent to the picture in the present volume by the author's sympathetic limning of wholesome types. The central theme is the defecation of the dollar, with its pregnant possibilities in this country for "position" and vacuous pleasure. "In Cure of Her Soul" is a sermon on the low ideals of smart society.

The outline of the story is simple enough. The hero, Austiu Pineknev, leaves the Harvard Law School with old-fashioned ideas, which he is successful in holding. All about him others are making fortunes by shady means, but he achieves a dignified success honestly, and identifies himself with the cause of labor, but without becoming a socialist. He is prominent in a series of episodes—a strike in New Hampshire, a railroad conspiracy in Baltimore, miners' troubles in West Virginia. The author's knowledge of law and politics adds to the effectiveness of these descriptions.

Pineknev, from pure chivalry, marries a pretty girl to enable her to escape from her engagement to an odious millionaire. But the social life of New York and Newport and the Berkshires proves disastrous to her selfish nature, and the marriage seems a hopeless wreck. But a noble Southern girl comes into his life, and helps him to keep his ideals alive. The author introduces her as a type of the better sort of rich people. The wife, however, has a change of heart, and there is a happy and conventional ending.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

In Defense of Divorce.

There are 377 pages on marriage, giving in marriage, and getting out of marriage, in "Whom God Hath (Not) Joined Together," by Orr Kenyon. The author holds a brief for divorce, and his narrative is almost a tract in defense of the practice. The principal character of the story is Judge Koons, of the David Harum type, who is forever delivering homilies to his office boy, if no more appreciative listener be near, on the reasonableness of divorce. The judge has searched the Scriptures and the early Fathers, and woe betide the luckless domineer who says there should be no divorce, except for adultery. His favorite argument in favor of remarriage for the deserted is St. Paul's "But if the unbelieving depart, let him depart. A brother or sister is not under bondage in such case." The author enlists our sympathy for Ernest Sterling, whose wife neglects children and home in pursuit of the "higher truth." She finally deserts him, and, although a minister, he divorces her, and justifies his action at a meeting of the church conference. Sterling meets Marian Gordon, a charming young woman, who, also, has had matrimonial troubles, and is likewise a divorcee, and they are married, to live, let us hope, far from the hum of the divorce mill. We are introduced to several happily mated pairs, to relieve our minds from the miseries of the unfortunate ones. If the reader has not had enough of the discussion on divorce in the story, he will find an essay, at the end of the book, on the history of the dissolution of the marriage bond.

Published by the Dodge Publishing Company, New York; \$1.50.

New Publications.

"The Voyage of the Arrow," by T. Jenkins Hains, is a sea yarn of the old-fashioned sort. The Arrow is captured on the high seas by a gang of convicts who have seized and burned the English ship on which they were being transported. There is storm and shipwreck,

murder and piracy, love and romance enough to satisfy the most ardent lover of sea tales of adventure. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

Three years ago a little volume, "Letters from a Chinese Official," was enthusiastically and highly extolled. Its anonymous author purported to give an Eastern view of Western civilization. It is now said that G. Lowes Dickinson, the English essayist, was the author. The arguments, sophistries, and paradoxes, however, might have (and have) been used by Chinese writers. William Jennings Bryan has just published a reply in "Letters to a Chinese Official." It is a brilliant and effective defense and criticism, written in clear and direct English. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

The geography of Holland, the outlines of its history, and its quaint customs, are interestingly taught children in "Our Little Dutch Cousin," by Blanche McManus. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; 60 cents.

Southern California has a poet who is almost without honor in his own country. He is Robert Cameron Rogers, a Santa Barbara newspaper man, author of the recently published volume, "The Rosary and Other Poems." "The Rosary" is the well-known verse of Nevin's popular song. Mr. Rogers does not people his muse with symbolism, impressionism, or abstract subtleties; he is content to sing wholesome songs on sane themes. This is the author's third volume of verse. Published by The John Lane Company, New York; \$1.50 net.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Thoreau's journal, occupying thirty-nine volumes of closely written blank-books, containing the record of the observations and meditations of a lifetime, and completed forty-four years ago, has just been published for the first time.

Mrs. Bash, the wife of Captain Bash of the United States army, sailed on the transport Thomas a few days ago for the Orient. Mrs. Bash was formerly Miss Bertha Ruukle, and is well known as author of the "Helmet of Navarre" and other novels.

An inside record of the voyage of Admiral Rozhdestvensky's fleet to the Far East, and its destruction at the Battle of Tsushima, has appeared in an English translation. It is the diary of M. Politovsky, the chief engineer of the fleet, who was killed in the fight. Its contents show that Admiral Rozhdestvensky's command was in no state to meet Togo's fine squadron.

Mark Twain will appear before the public presently with his new volume, "The \$30,000 Bequest," which will include some established favorites.

A movement has been started by the American and British literary men in Rome to purchase by popular subscription the house on the Piazza di Spagna in which John Keats died and to establish therein a permanent memorial of Keats and Shelley, consisting of their works in various editions, together with portraits and manuscripts connected with them.

Moncure D. Conway's latest book is called "My Pilgrimage to the Wise Men of the East," because it contains his memories of and conversations with leading Buddhists, Brahmins, Parsees, Moslems, and others in India, his impressions of the country, and follows his saunterings among ancient shrines.

Prof. Lamprecht, the eminent German scholar, has published an account of his visit to America and a survey of the intellectual development. His meeting with his countryman, Carl Schurz, in New York, is thus described: "I was asked in a company: 'What should be the chief characteristic of a biographer?' and as I answered, 'Love for his hero,' some one stepped forward and presented the question: 'What should be the attitude, then, of an autobiographer?' It was Carl Schurz, who was just then writing the story of his own life."

Mary Cholmondeley's novel, "The Prisoners," which she has been writing for three years, is out.

There is hardly any more offensive cant in the world than that which pre-

tends that real literature is not produced for money, declares a writer in a London weekly. Much of the greatest would have been left undone if there had been no money to be got out of it. The sharp tooth of necessity gnaws the man of genius until it drives him to his desk. He would often be well content to let his great thoughts escape in talk, or to dream his dreams in silence. But he has Abbotsford to make into a feudal mansion, and we get the Waverley novels; or he has his old mother to bury, and he turns out "Rasselas." Does anybody suppose lazy Goldsmith would have given us "The Vicar of Wakefield" if he had seen no potential coats and ruffles and howls of punch in quills and ink and paper? Thackeray wrote "Vanity Fair" as Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet"—in the way of business.

Walter A. Johnson, formerly of Doubleday, Page & Co., and others, have purchased The Four-Track News from George H. Daniels, and beginning with the October issue the new publishers will change the name to The Travel Magazine.

Thomas Hood lacks such a biography as his merits deserve, and "Literary Bypaths in Old England," by Henry C. Shelley, soon to appear, will somewhat amend this deficiency.

Theocritus on Agradina.

The spacious cities hummed with toil;
The monarch reared his towers to the skies;
Men dived the fruitful soil
And studied to be wise.
Along the highway's rocky coil
The mailed legions rang;
Smiling unheeded mid the moil
The Poet sang.

The glittering cities long are heaps;
The stately towers lie level with the plain;
The desert serpent sleeps
Where soared the marble fane.
The stealthy, bead-eyed lizard creeps
Where gleamed the Tyrant's throne;
That grandeur dark Oblivion steep,
The song sings on.
—Thomas Nelson Page in The Atlantic Monthly.

Jack London will sail from San Francisco in a few weeks with his wife and his wife's uncle in a boat forty-five feet long; he intends to go around the world, touching at the Hawaiian Islands, Samoa, Tasmania, New Zealand, Australia, the Philippines, and Japan. Korea, China, India, the Red Sea, the Mediterranean, and bordering lands, will be visited and described for an American magazine. Mr. London believes his voyage will be unique as well as enjoyable, and prides himself on the fact that he will have no crew except his one friend, a man of sixty years. His boat will be "ketch-rigged" and carry an auxiliary engine and propeller for emergencies.

ROBERTSON'S

NEW LOCATION

1539

Van Ness Ave., Near Pine

"Next to the White House"

Mr. Robertson calls attention to the above address, which is very centrally located.

CROCKER'S
NEW STORE

LADIES' CORRESPONDENCE PAPERS,
FINE POCKETBOOKS, PURSES, CARD
CASES, SUIT CASES AND BAGS. ALSO,

Commercial Stationery

—All of—

"CROCKER QUALITY"

1244-1246 SUTTER ST.,

BELOW VAN NESS

Pears

My grandmother
used Pears' Soap;
perhaps yours did
too. We owe them
gratitude for that.

Use Pears' for
the children; they
soon acquire the
habit.

Established in 1789.



Hotel del Coronado

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Enjoy California's best climate at the largest all-year seaside resort hotel in the world. All outside rooms. Guests will appreciate the new and important changes. Every modern convenience provided, including long distance telephone in rooms. Chief of national reputation. Choicest and widest cuisine of any hotel in the West. Interior courts—a rare tropical garden. Fine winter fishing and hunting. Unexcelled golf links and tennis courts. For further information address

MORGAN ROSS, Manager

Coronado Beach, Cal.

H. F. NORCROSS, General Agent
334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles

OTTO FLEISSNER, Vocal, Piano, Organ and Harmony, Residence and Studio; 2560 Vallejo St., near Scott St., San Francisco. In Oakland on Tuesday care of Sherman, Clay & Company.

WHAT PRESS CLIPPINGS MEAN
TO YOU

Press clipping information is information you can obtain in no other way. As a business aid, Press Clippings will place before you every scrap of news printed in the country pertaining to your business. They will show you every possible market, big or little, for your goods, openings that you would never hear of in the ordinary way, and they give you this information in a fresh and valuable form.

If you have a hobby or wish information upon any subject, press clippings will give you any subject or topic. Press clippings will give you all the current information printed on any subject.

The cost for any purpose is usually but a few cents a day.

THE INTERNATIONAL PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

the largest press clipping bureau in the world, reads and indexes 55,000 papers and other periodicals each month, and even if you are now a subscriber to some other clipping bureau, it will be to you to investigate our superior service.

Write for our book about Press Clippings and our Daily News Reports, and ask about The International Information Bureau, which supplies complete manuscripts or material for addresses, essays, lectures and debates, and complete and correct information upon any subject at a reasonable cost. Address

INTERNATIONAL PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

Boyce Bldg., Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

occasionally they manufacture a good story in London. One of the latest tells of a family passionately devoted to a large whist which was plunged into mourning by the loss of the father. A discussion arose as to whether the deceased would have chosen to be hurried or cremated. The decision was left to the eldest son, who, looking at his mother, said, "I will leave it to you." To which the lady replied: "I make it uples."

There was a "stub" railroad that ran from Anaconda, Daly's winter home, to the main line of the Northern Pacific at Garrison, where it connected with the splendidly equipped trains, serene voyagers upon the prairie-sea, to leave St. Paul and swing across the continent through canyon, forest, and lake, dropping headlong down the west side of the Cascade Range into Seattle the third day out. These trains went the by way of Missoula, near Daly's winter home. In winter, storms in the mountains delayed these fliers; in spring, the creeks; in summer, heavy passenger loads; and in the fall, the cumbersome equipment of the harvests. It was once on the witness-stand under cross-examining fire by a representative of the Northern Pacific Railroad. "Where do you live?" the first question was sharply asked. "I have a residence at Anaconda and one at Hamilton," replied Daly. "Well," immediately queried the lawyer, "where do you spend most of your time?" Quick as the flash of a quail's eye came the answer: "At Garrison, waiting for Northern Pacific trains."

Professor Wiley, the chemist of the Department of Agriculture, recently went to a Washington store for the purpose of purchasing a fountain pen. The young man at the counter furnished the professor with a sheet of paper, a bottle of ink and several of the fountain pens, so that he might try each one. In doing so the professor soon moved the sheet with the words "tempus fugit" the clerk looking on the while with kindly interest.

"If you should buy one and it doesn't suit you, Mr. Fugit," said he, "you can take it back and take another."

I was at an afternoon party. The hostess, anxious for a sensation and desiring something other than the orthodox to hit reader and the fraudulent palm-reading, engaged a troupe of performing artists for the entertainment of her guests. The party was a great success. When it came up a loud wail rent the air. It was the voice of the impresario frantically in distress.

"What is it? Tell me, I implore you," said the hostess.

"Oh, madame, I have lost one of my artists. Where has it gone?"

"At that moment a lady wearing a gray dress brushed past him."

"Oh, madam, pardon," said the artist, "I am greatly relieved, lightly picking something from her shoulder; 'vun of my artists.'"

An old-time English barrister was John Williams, a sarcastic wit and a factor with an intense prejudice against marriage. His clerk one day asked him for a holiday to get married, and some months afterward, on entering his chambers, Williams found his dead body suspended from the door. He engaged another clerk, and asked him he was married. "No," the clerk replied; but thinking Williams would regard marriage as a guarantee of steadiness, he added, "but I am going to be." "Very well," replied Williams, "but understand this—when you hang yourself, don't do it here!"

"The easiest money I ever made," said a Philadelphia shipping man the other day, "was handed to me in New York not long ago. I was visiting there and had a little time to myself, so I bought a paper and went down to the river front. I saw an advertisement in

the paper saying that a tug was to be auctioned off that day, so I went to the place and stood around examining the tug. After a while a man who had been watching me came over and began asking questions. I told him I was interested in boats and was from Philadelphia. Then he asked: 'What are you doing down here?' 'I came down to this auction sale,' I said. 'Well,' said the man, 'if you want to keep on the right side of the boy you'll do something for me. Here's \$100; do not bid on the tug.' I took the money and departed. I had not the slightest intention of bidding."

A certain college professor having ordered from a music publishing house a copy of a "Valse Impromptu" by a certain French composer, received an "Impromptu Waltz" by another man. The publishers, when called to account for their mistake, replied rather insolently that they had been in the music publishing business a long time, and had yet to discover the difference between a "Valse Impromptu" and an "Impromptu Waltz." Would Dr. Smith kindly state to them that difference?

"Gentlemen," wrote the genial professor in answer. "I have not like yourselves, been in the music publishing business, and am therefore not fully qualified to inform you; but since, in your extremity, you have appealed to me, I would venture to suggest that the difference between a 'Valse Impromptu' and an 'Impromptu Waltz' may be similar to the difference between a blind Venetian and a Venetian blind."

An unpopular man, who was refused membership in a West End club, had the audacity to write to the club secretary, demanding the name of the man who had blackballed him. The secretary could not resist the chance of sending the following reply: "Sir: I have received your letter demanding the name of the man who blackballed you. His name is Legion."

Henry Skerrett, of Oswego, ran away from his family a year after his marriage. That was about 1880, and a few months ago, taking up a local paper in Chicago, the deserter read in the "personal" column:

"If Henry Skerrett, who, twenty-three years ago, deserted his poor wife and babe, will return home, said babe will be glad to knock the stuffing out of him."

A farmer who went to a large city to see the sights engaged a room at a hotel, and before retiring asked the clerk about the hours for dining.

"We have breakfast from six to eleven, dinner from eleven to three, and supper from three to eight," explained the clerk.

"Wa-al, say," inquired the farmer in surprise, "what time air I goin' ter git ter see the town?"

Gen. Fred D. Grant has a favorite story illustrating his famous father's aptness in summarizing a situation in a few words. He says that Mrs. Grant once asked her husband to discharge their old coachman, who had again made a hotch of some simple errand. "Well, mother," replied the hero of Appomattox, "if John could do everything you wanted him to do and do it right he would not have to be our coachman."

A certain well known lawyer excelled in cross-examination. His gift of humor often served him where other methods were unsuccessful. For instance, a young woman in the witness box was asked her age. She hesitated to reply.

"Don't hesitate," said the lawyer. "The longer you hesitate the older you are."

The witness took the hint.

It is one of the traditions of the Senate of the United States that no new Senator shall make a set speech till he has served a year or longer. Old Senators are very impatient of new comers. Edmunds of Vermont once allowed it to be understood that he would soon retire. Idaho had just been admitted as a

State. Senator McConnell of Idaho, the day after he had been sworn in, took up a position in the middle aisle and in a foghorn voice made a speech.

While he was holding the fort, Edmunds entered the chamber. He stopped short and gazed at the speaker with the utmost astonishment. Leaning over to the Senator next to him, he asked: "Who is that person?"

"A Senator from Idaho."

"You don't say so! When did he come?"

"He was sworn in yesterday."

"Sworn in yesterday and making a speech to-day," mused Edmunds. "Well, well, if that doesn't heat all! It looks like it's time for me to quit." And in a few days he resigned.

Senator Ingalls, during his early life, was unable to restrain his propensity to indulge in sarcasm. This habit eventually lost him his place and his popularity. On one occasion an intimate friend wrote to him urging the appointment of another friend to a position under the Government. To this letter the Senator returned a very sarcastic answer, and received the following reply: "My Dear Senator: I think it would be well for you to reserve your sarcasm for the rapidly increasing number of your enemies, instead of offering it to the decreasing number of your friends, of whom I am one." It is said Mr. Ingalls never forgot the rebuke, but it was too late.

Mrs. Maud Miller Hipple, advocate of a course in "motherhood" for young matrons, tells this:

"A young mother was walking with her husband on the Atlantic City board walk. Suddenly she gave a little cry of pleasure.

"Oh," she said, "there is nurse—nurse wheeling baby."

"And she ran lightly to the luxurious coach of leather, with its swan-shaped carriage and its rubber-tired wheels, and she pushed back the parasol that shaded the occupant from the sun."

"Then she gave a great start.

"Why, nurse," she cried, "where's the baby?"

"The nurse gasped. 'Goodness gracious, ma'am! I forgot to put him in!'"

The servant-girl problem has attracted the attention of the California Promotion Committee, which has sent instructions to its Eastern bureaus at New York to visit Ellis Island and have the incoming women from European countries told of the advantages of California. They will be given an idea of the wages paid out here, the class of work and other necessary information.



HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

FINEST
PRODUCT OF THE STILL
THE AMERICAN GENTLEMAN'S
WHISKEY



CHARLES M. REYNOLDS CO.
San Francisco, Cal.

"La Questa"

A Luscious Old Red Wine,
Highly Commended by
Connoisseurs

PRODUCED BY

E. H. RIXFORD
Kohl Building, San Francisco

Thos. Cook & Son

NOW LOCATED

410 Fourteenth Street

OAKLAND

Shore Line Limited

Drawing-room Parlor Cars

Buffet Smoking Car

Dining Car

Large Protected Observation Rotunda

Daily by Daylight

To Coast Line Resorts

From San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Southern Pacific

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Mrs. Elue Gardner Hodgson, daughter of Major and Mrs. John Bigelow of Minneapolis, and niece of Mrs. Henry L. Dodge of this city, to Mr. Walter Remington Quick of San Francisco. The wedding will take place in about six weeks at the bride's home in the East.

The engagement is announced of Miss Martha S. Spencer, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. John C. Spencer of Palo Alto, to Mr. Otto Wedemeyer, formerly of California, but now of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. James Benjamin Clifford have sent out invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Evelyn, to Mr. Sylvanus Cobb Farnham, on Wednesday evening, September 19th, at half after eight o'clock, at Trinity Episcopal Church. There will be a reception after the ceremony in the Guild room.

A pretty family wedding took place on Monday, September 10th, at the home of Mrs. Rebecca D. Benjamin, when her daughter, Miss Florence Edith, became the wife of Mr. Walter Scott Levin of New York city. After two weeks of travel in Southern California, Mr. and Mrs. Levin will return to San Francisco and will reside at 2712 Pine street.

Cards have been received from Mr. and Mrs. John Carroll Chase of Derry, New Hampshire, announcing the marriage of their daughter, Carolyn Louise, to Dr. Raffaele Lorini, on Saturday, August 25th, at their home. Dr. and Mrs. Lorini will make their home at Hotel Del Coronado.

Lieutenant-Commander Barnes, U. S. N., was the host at a luncheon on board the U. S. S. Pensacola, at Yerba Buena Island, on Wednesday of last week, in honor of Miss Martha Calhoun. Those present were Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mrs. Malcolm Henry, Miss Calhoun, Miss Laura Doe, Paymaster Knowles, U. S. N., Paymaster Perkins, U. S. N., Dr. Monger, U. S. N., and Dr. W. Smith, U. S. N.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Hooper Jackson entertained at a dinner at the Claremont Country Club on Saturday evening of last week. Their guests were: Mr. and Mrs. William Lynham Shiels, Mr. and Mrs. Harry East Miller, Miss Bernice Macdonald, Miss Elizabeth McNear, Benedict Taylor, and William Benedict.

Mr. Almer Newhall was the host at a yachting party last week in honor of Miss Edna Montgomery, who is soon to be married to Lieutenant Edward A. Sturges, U. S. A. About twenty-five guests were present.

Commander and Mrs. Henry C. Gearing entertained at a large card party at their quarters at the Mare Island Navy Yard on Friday night of last week, about eighty guests being present. Five hundred was played and the prizes were won by Mrs. Samuel L. Graham, Miss Susan Persons and Civil Engineer H. H. Rousseau.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resume of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians.

Mrs. Peter Martin is at present the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Oelrichs, at Newport, where she will be joined a little later by Mr. Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase have been in town for a stay of several days from their home, Stag's Leap, in the Napa Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels are at their home near Aptos, in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mrs. George Page and Miss Leslie Page, who have been abroad for the past year, visited Bayreuth for the Wagner festival this summer, and have recently gone to Interlaken.

Mrs. Edward Moore Robinson of Philadelphia, who was formerly Miss Aileen Ivers, has returned from a trip abroad and is at Atlantic City for the summer.

Mrs. Mountford Wilson has returned to Burlingame, after having visited Mrs. William S. Tavis at Tahoe for a few weeks.

Mrs. Charles K. McIntosh has returned to her home at Woodside, after a fortnight's stay in Santa Barbara.

Miss Ella Morgan is spending the summer at Del Monte with Mrs. Low and Miss Flora Low.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus S. Macdonald of Oakland will spend the winter at Del Monte.

Miss Laura Bates has returned from a visit to Miss Hooker at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Maillaird, who are spending the summer at their house in

Belvedere, expect to return to town about November 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker returned this week from a trip to the McCloud River.

Mrs. William J. Younger, who is the guest of Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, expects to return to her home in Paris, late this month.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Brockway Metcalf and Miss Marian Huntington are on an automobile tour of the Sierras, and expect to be absent a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Wiltsee, who have been abroad some time, have been staying at Carlsbad recently.

Miss Lily McCalla spent several days in San Francisco recently, but has returned to her home in Santa Barbara. Miss McCalla expects to come north a little later in the year for a lengthy stay.

Miss Bessie Bowie, who arrived from Europe in May and who has spent the summer at Belvedere as the guest of her aunts, the Misses Friedlander, left on Sunday last for Paris for an indefinite stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Ansel M. Easton and their family sailed on the Korea last week for a tour of Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Miller of Oakland left last week for a month's Eastern trip.

Mrs. Sallie Maynard has been spending a fortnight at Del Monte as the guest of Miss Flood.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Marriner, Miss Mary Marriner, and their guest, Miss Roberta Deal, who have been at the Yuba mine, near Grass Valley, for the past six weeks, are expected to return very shortly. Mr. and Mrs. Marriner have recently purchased a handsome home on Dwight Way, Berkeley, and will live there.

Mrs. William Borrowe and Miss Constance Borrowe have gone to Pacific Grove for two months' stay.

Mrs. Malcolm Henry spent several days last week at Del Monte.

Mrs. Blanca W. Paulsen has returned to town and is located at 1833 Buchanan street.

Mr. John Carrigan, who has been spending a month at Tahoe as the guest of Mrs. C. B. Brigham and Miss Kate Brigham, has

returned to town and will leave shortly for the Philippines.

Mr. and Mrs. Danforth Boardman are spending a month at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Dohrmann will remain at Ross Valley during the winter, guests of Dr. and Mrs. K. Pischel.

Mrs. J. Eugene Freeman and Miss Maude Payne have returned from a six months' sojourn in Europe.

Mrs. John Johnson of Los Angeles is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Landers, at their country place near San Jose.

Mrs. Butler and her daughter, Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden, have returned from Santa Barbara, where they have been spending the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Dohrmann will be the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Kaspar Pischel in Ross Valley during the winter.

Miss Ardella Mills has returned from a visit to friends in Portland, and is again in Berkeley.

Mrs. Gaston Ashe left recently for a trip to Alaska, and will be gone about a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick E. Magee have returned from Lake Tahoe, and are occupying the residence of Mrs. Van Winkle on Broadway, for the winter, having temporarily given up their Piedmont home.

Mr. W. O'B. Macdonough and Mr. Adolph Spreckels, who have been attending the race meeting at Saratoga, are back in New York. Each will hold a sale of yearlings there that have been brought across the continent from their horse-breeding farms in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell will winter in town, their residence on Steiner and Washington streets having been put in order for their occupancy during their summer's absence in Ross Valley.

Col. John A. Darling and Mrs. Darling have sailed from Boston with the expectation of spending the winter on the Continent. They will make a short stay in Paris before winter sets in.

Recent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado from San Francisco include: Mr. G. T. Marsh, Mr. J. D. Hodge, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Briggs, Mr. Wm. Eagle, Mr. G. S. Garritt, Miss N. Sheehan, Miss N. Murphy, Mrs. C. A. Hutchins, Miss Hutchins, Mr. J. L. Frothingham and Mr. and Mrs. L. Abrahams.

SIEVERS FLORAL CO.

Respectfully announce the opening of their Elegant Establishment
1660 California Street, near Van Ness

STATEMENT

of the condition of the

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Under date September 4, 1906

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$ 9,310,845.61
U. S. 2 per cent Bonds of 1930	1,974,000.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	30,000.00
Other Bonds and Securities	327,968.08
Banking Premises	230,000.00
Cash and Sight Exchange	5,467,867.42

\$17,340,681.11

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$ 1,500,000.00
Surplus and Profits	1,613,016.62
Circulation	1,500,000.00
Deposits	12,727,664.49

\$17,340,681.11

The above statement shows an increase in deposits of over \$1,600,000 since our statement of June 18, 1906, and an increase of over \$2,400,000 since April 18, 1906.

Safe Deposit Department

Our Safe Deposit Vaults offer a convenient and absolutely safe place for the care of jewelry, papers and valuable personal property.

BUSH AND SANSOME STS.

THE OCULARIUM

Perfect Fitting

Eye Glasses

At Moderate Prices

Lenses Replaced 50c

Henry Kahn & Co
OPTICIANS

1309 Van Ness Avenue
Between Bush and Sutter.

TO LET

For one year from November 1st, 1906, "The Bre" on Channel Drive, fronting Pacific ocean, near Country Montecito; grounds about three acres, beautifully laid out horses and carriages (will also let garage, with Packard Car, if desired); butler, cook, coachman, and laundrymen to remain with tenants; for terms and particulars apply to

L. C. DREYFUS,
Santa Barbara, Cal.

HOTEL RAFAEL

SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

50 minutes from San Francisco. Complete Change of Climate

TIBURON OR SAUSALITO FERRY
All Modern Conveniences.

R. V. HALTON

Proprietor

Belvedere, California,

HILLSIDE INN.

Tiburon Ferry, 40 minutes from San Francisco. Boating and bathing. Terms reasonable. A dress

MRS M. J. WARREN.

Hotel Collingwood

35th St., between 5th Ave. and Broadway
NEW YORK CITY

New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and business district, containing every modern device for comfort of guests.

Positively exclusive. Service a la carte.

THE LATEST STYLES IN

Choice Woolens

H. S. Bridge & Co.

MERCHANT TAILORS

1176 O'FARRELL STREET

MENNEN'S BORATE TALCUM
TOILET POWDER

For Positive Relief
PRICKLY HEAT,
CHAFING, and
SUNBURN, and all ailments
of the skin
Removes all odor of perspiration
Lightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere
on receipt of 25c Get Mennen's (the original) Sample
GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, New York, N. Y.

EUGENE KORN

The Hatter

946 Van Ness Avenue

Formerly 746 Market St.

CLUB DIRECTORY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

PACIFIC UNION, N. E. cor. Franklin and Washington Sts.
BOHEMIAN, 1925 Octavia St.
COSMOS, 1534 Sutter St.
OLYMPIC, 1050 Eddy St.
UNION LEAGUE, N. W. cor. Franklin and Sacramento Sts.
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, 2235 Washington St.
PRESS CLUB, 2016 Post St.
THE FAMILY CLUB, cor. Sacramento and Franklin Sts.
CONCORDIA, N. E. cor. Pacific and Fillmore St.
FRANCISCA, 1148 Ellis St., near Gough.
TOWN AND COUNTRY, Franklin St. near Sacramento.

PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Lieutenant-General Charles F. Humphrey, quartermaster-general, U. S. A., who left on Sunday morning last for the South, to inspect Fort Rosecrans, San Diego, will upon his return here, spend a few days before returning to Washington, D. C.

Colonel E. E. Dravo, chief commissary, Department of California, U. S. A., left for the East on Sunday evening last with the remains of his wife, who died at their home at the Presidio. Services were held there on Sunday afternoon, but the interment will take place at Arlington, upon the arrival of her daughter, Mrs. Woodruff, from Paris. Colonel Dravo has been granted one month's leave of absence, with permission to apply for an extension of leave.

Major William R. Purnell, U. S. A., recently, is relieved at his own request from duty at St. Matthew's School, Burlingame, and will proceed to his own home. By direction of the President, Captain Edward C. C. Ord, U. S. A., retired, is designated as professor of military science and tactics at the school.

Captain Richardson Clover, U. S. N., M. Clover and the Misses Dora and Beatrice Clover, who have spent the summer at their country place, Lavergne, in the Santa Valley, expect to return to their home in Washington, D. C., about October 1st.

Captain Henry T. Fergusson, U. S. A., commissary of the Presidio Post will, in addition to his other duties, assume charge of the office of the chief commissary of the Department of California during the absence of Colonel Dravo in the East.

Lieutenant F. L. Pinney, U. S. A., who commanded the gunboat Villa Lobos on the Yangtze River, returned last week on the America Maru, having completed his duty on the Asiatic station.

Lieutenant E. H. Campbell, U. S. N., is ordered detached from duty at Washington, D. C., and to the Union Iron Works, San Francisco, for duty in connection with the Milwaukee, with a view to being ordered as a navigator of that vessel when completed.

Lieutenant E. B. Fenner, U. S. N., is detached from the Naval Academy at Annapolis and ordered to the Independence at Mare Island and thence to the Milwaukee when placed in commission.

Lieutenant C. F. Nicholson, Seventh Cavalry, U. S. A., having been discharged from the General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, returned to his position in the Philippines on the transport Tamas last week.

Lieutenant Hugh S. Johnson, First Cavalry, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty here, in connection with the relief of the 10th, and has rejoined his regiment in Texas.

Lieutenant Tilman Campbell, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., judge advocate, general court-martial Presidio of San Francisco, has been ordered to proceed to Benicia Arsenal for the purpose of securing certain evidence necessary in the trial of an arrested man, now pending at the Presidio.

Lieutenant Casam J. Bartlett, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., has been upon the recommendation of the chief surgeon of that department, relieved from duty at Ft. Miley and ordered to proceed to the Det. of Recruits and Casuals, Angel Island, for duty.

Lieutenant Carl L. Stone, Philippine Scouts, U. S. A., who arrived in San Francisco on September 4th, too late to secure transportation on the transport Thomas, which sailed September 5th, is detailed on special duty at department headquarters in this city until the sailing of the next transport for Manila.

Veterinarian Richard B. Corcoran, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, is ordered to proceed on or about October 1st, to Camp Tacoma, Washington, for duty with the First Battalion, Field Artillery.

Captain Daniel W. Ketcham, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Lieutenant Graham Parker, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Lieutenant G. B. G. Hanna, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., have been appointed in pursuance of instructions from the War Department, a board to meet at the Presidio of San Francisco to examine into and report upon the qualifications of First Sergeant Richard H. Harris, 38th company, Coast Artillery, for the position of sergeant-major, Artillery Corps, junior grade.

A board consisting of Captain Harry L. Thorne, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Captain Sterling P. Adams, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., Captain Mathew C. Smith, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., and Veterinarian Richard B. Corcoran, Artillery

Corps, U. S. A., have been appointed to meet at the Presidio of San Francisco and at Madeline, California, at the call of the senior member of the board for the purpose of inspecting horses to be purchased for the army.

A board consisting of Captain Alonzo Gray, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., Captain Herbert B. Crosby, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., Captain Dwight E. Aultman, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., and Veterinarian H. W. Peter, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., is appointed to meet at Condon, Oregon, at the call of the senior member of the board, to inspect horses to be purchased for the army.

A general court-martial has been appointed to meet at the Presidio of Monterey, with the following detail: Captain William H. H. Chapman, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Captain George B. Pond, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Lieutenant Aubrey Lippincott, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., Lieutenant James M. Petty, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Lieutenant John Randolph, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Lieutenant William B. Wallace, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Lieutenant Burt W. Phillips, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Lieutenant Oscar A. Russell, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Lieutenant Robert J. Binford, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., judge advocate.

Mrs. W. G. Miller, whose husband, Lieutenant-Commander Miller, U. S. N., has been ordered to sea duty, has arrived in California, and is the guest of her parents, Rear-Admiral Bowman H. McCalla, U. S. N., retired, and Mrs. McCalla, at their home in Santa Barbara.

A general court-martial was appointed which met at the Presidio of San Francisco on September 4th, consisting of the following officers: Captain Elisha S. Benton, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Captain Arthur T. Balentine, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Captain Ernest A. Greenough, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Captain Charles C. Pullis, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Lieutenant Samuel D. McAllister, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Lieutenant Graham Parker, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Lieutenant James B. Taylor, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Lieutenant Tilman Campbell, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., judge advocate.

The marriage of Mrs. Isabel Fallon Brittan, the divorced wife of Colonel Nat Brittan, wealthy citizen and clubman of San Francisco, to District Attorney J. J. Bullock of San Mateo County, at Redwood City, took place last week. As Miss Fallon of San Jose, the bride was one of the belles of twenty-five years ago, when she became the wife of Colonel Brittan. Her father was one of the pioneers of California. The couple lived in the groom's handsome home until suit for divorce was filed in the courts here some years ago. Attorney Bullock attended to the legal affairs of Mrs. Brittan and recently represented her in an action brought by her former husband to reduce the alimony of \$200 a month to \$50 a month because of his great loss of income bearing property in the San Francisco fire. The matter was finally settled out of court by the payment of a lump sum to Mrs. Brittan.

The contest begun to set aside the will of Edgar F. Preston has been settled. Col. Preston, who was a well-known San Francisco attorney, died a year ago, leaving his entire estate to his wife. The property included the home at Portola, near Redwood City. Randolph Preston, son of the testator by his first wife, moved to set the will aside, alleging the existence of a subsequent will, also unsound mind on the part of his father, and undue influence over him.

A dollar subscription fund for the purchase and preservation of the house in New York where President Roosevelt was born, says the Springfield Republican, is the only alternative, it may be, to the sale of the property into irreverent hands. The Roosevelt Home Club has gone under for some reason, and the courts will permit the sale of the house for \$60,000. It would be a shame to have the place turned into a saloon.

The mayoralty contest in Los Angeles next fall promises to be a warm one. The Los Angeles News says that there will be at least five tickets in the field—the Republican, Democrat, Municipal Ownership, (Labor) Socialist, and Prohibition.

Helping the Homeless

The Continental Building and Loan Association

Has helped build up several interior towns and cities of California but for the next few years its funds will be used to help restore the burned homes of San Francisco.

Dr. Washington Dodge, President.
Gavin McNab, Attorney.
Wm. Corbin, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr.

Office: Corner Market and Church Streets

FOR RENT AT MILL VALLEY

Comfortably furnished sunny house of nine rooms, two baths, electric lights, large grounds, stable, two horses and carriage. Ten minutes walk from station. Address

P. O. BOX 8, Mill Valley, Marin Co., Cal.

BANKING.

FRENCH AMERICAN BANK

Union Trust Building (Third Floor)
Ready to accommodate its customers and do a general banking business. We will collect on insurance policies for those wishing our services.

THE FRENCH SAVINGS BANK
occupies offices in the same building.

Officers—Charles Carpy, President; Arthur Legallet, Vice-President; Leon Bocqueraz, Vice-President.

Directors—J. E. Arizgues, O. Bozio, J. A. Bergerot, E. J. DeSabra, J. M. Dupas, J. S. Godeau, J. J. Mack, Geo. Belaney, Leon Kaufman.

Our Branch Bank is Now Open at
No. 816 Van Ness Avenue Near Eddy St.

Mutual Savings Bank

710 Market St., Opposite Third
SAN FRANCISCO.

Guarantee Capital	- - - -	\$ 1,000,000
Paid-up Capital	- - - -	300,000
Surplus	- - - -	320,000
Assets	- - - -	10,200,000

Interest paid on deposits. Loans on approved securities.

OFFICERS—President, James D. Phelan; First Vice-President, S. G. Murphy; Second Vice-President, John A. Hooper; Secretary and Cashier, Geo. A. Story; Asst. Secretary and Asst. Cashier, C. B. Hobson; Attorney, Frank J. Sullivan.

Directors—James D. Phelan, John A. Hooper, Frank J. Sullivan, Jas. M. McDonald, S. G. Murphy, James Moffitt, Robt. McElroy, Charles Holbrook, Rudolph Spreckels.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus	\$ 2,552,719.61
Capital actually paid up in cash	1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1906	38,476,520.22

F. Tillmann, Jr., President; Daniel Meyer, First Vice-President; Emil Rohde, Second Vice-President; A. H. R. Schmidt, Cashier; Wm. Hermann, Asst. Cashier; Geo. Tourny, Secretary; A. H. Muller, Asst. Secretary; Goodfellow & Ellis, General Attorneys.

Board of Directors:
F. Tillmann, Jr., Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohde, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, N. Ohlandt, J. W. Van Bergen, E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

VAN NESS AVENUE BRANCH
THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK, LTD.

1020 Van Ness Avenue
NOW OPEN FOR BUSINESS

Conducts a general Banking Business, Drafts drawn and Letters of Credit issued on all parts of the world.
Interest paid on Term Deposits.
THE SAFE DEPOSIT DEPARTMENT is equipped with boxes from \$4.00 per annum upward and special storage spaces for banks, both being placed in an absolutely fire and burglar proof vault.
Hours for Safe Deposit Department 8 a. m. to 6 p. m. Saturdays, 8 a. m. to 9 p. m.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

Have opened a BRANCH at southeast corner of Van Ness Avenue and Eddy Street.

A General Banking Business Transacted

A. KAINS,
MANAGER

G. W. B. HEATHCOTE,
Asst. Manager

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS

Ready for business at 1165 O'FARRELL ST., bet. Franklin and Gough

Pianos Tuned, Repaired, Moved and Stored

SOHMER-Cedilian Player Pianos

California
Safe Deposit and
Trust Company

Capital Fully Paid	\$2,000,000
Total Assets	\$10,000,000

A General Banking Business Conducted
Savings and Checking Accounts Received
Interest Paid on Deposits

MAIN OFFICE
CORNER CALIFORNIA AND MONTGOMERY
STREETS

West End Branch, 1531 Devisadero St.
Near Post.

Mission Branch: 927 Valencia Street
Near Twenty-first

Uptown Branch: 1850 Geary Street,
West of Fillmore.

DAVID F. WALKER, Pres.
J. DALZELL BROWN, Mgr.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

316 Montgomery Street
Established March, 1871

Authorized Capital	- - -	\$1,000,000.00
Paid-up Capital	- - -	500,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	- - -	285,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1906	- - -	4,934,818.50

Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

Banking by mail a specialty.

William Babcock	- - - -	President
S. L. Abbot	- - - -	Vice-President
Fred W. Ray	- - - -	Secretary

Directors—William Babcock, S. L. Abbot, O. D. Baldwin, Joseph D. Grant, E. J. McCutchen, L. F. Montague, R. H. Pease, Warren D. Clark, Jas. L. Flood, J. A. Donohoe, John Parrott, Jacob Stern.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The cause of hay fever in men is the kissing of grass widows—Kansas City Journal.

Somebody will have to crawl under the Russian revolution and see what ails the blamed machinery.—Chicago Tribune.

"Soakski takes more interest in his business than any one I know." "What's his business?" "He runs a pawnshop."—Cleveland Leader.

"The suppression of the automobile would be a great damage to trade." "Do you sell benzine?" "Oh, no, wooden legs."—Umoristico.

Clerk—"What kind of a hammock do you want, miss?" Summer Girl—"Oh, a little one. Just about big enough for one—but—er—strong enough for two."—Life.

"Hey, there, it is forbidden to walk on the railway tracks." "Do not be afraid, my good man, we have come here to escape the automobiles."—Umoristico.

First Barnstormer—"Yes, my old daddy used to implore me not to become an actor." Second Barnstormer—"It was noble of you to accede to his wishes."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

For a little while they were between the devil and the deep sea. Then the woman got her some dresses made, and went down to the latter. But the man, after some hesitation, went to the former.—Puck.

"Pa," said Johnny, "that poem Sister Jane wrote is no good." "How do you know?" queried father. "Because," said Johnny, "I tried to feed it to the goat and he wouldn't eat it."—Detroit Free Press.

"Carlo, you do not love me any more!" "My treasure, why do you say such a foolish thing?" "Because it is impossible for you to love a woman who has worn a dress as long as I have this one!"—Per Ridere.

"Senator, do you believe every man has his price?" "Certainly," replied Senator Badger. "But that's no sign he will get it. Very often I have been given twice what I had the nerve to ask for."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

"What is reform?" asked the argumentative man. "Reform," answered the world-weary one, "usually consists in merely compelling a man to stop doing things his way and making him do them yours."—Washington Star.

"Yes, sir; I'm the publisher of this paper. Is there anything I can do for you?" "I am looking for a job as a proofreader." "We don't need proofreaders any more. We have adopted the reformed spelling."—Chicago Tribune.

Jack—"I knew a man who stole a kiss from a pretty girl. He paid the penalty for larceny." Katharine—"Ah, indeed! And what was the penalty?" Jack—"Hard labor for life. He married the girl."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"See that man there?" "Yes; what about him?" "One of our great millionaires, but he's lost his appetite. The poor devil lives on milk and crackers. Pass the corned beef and cabbage, please, and praise the Lord."—Atlanta Constitution.

"I wonder now," mused the dog, "what fool thing it is that my master wants me to do with that hoop he is holding out before me. Maybe he wants me to jump through it. I'll do it, and see." How little it takes to make a man happy!—Chicago Tribune.

"Habiliments for Infants" is a sign in a clothing store in Boston. A Western visitor, seeing it, stopped in amazement. "What does that mean?" he asked his better-acquainted fellow Westerner. "That?" said the other. "Oh, that is Boston dialect for kids' duds."—Youth's Companion.

The wife of the Pittsburgh millionaire reached her breakfast-table in fear and trepidation. The waiting-maid offered her the morning papers. "No, Marie; never give me those when John is out of town on business. I can't bear to think

what they might contain." And she sipped her coffee with heavy eyes.—Judge.

"Mother," says the doubting wife, "I do not believe Henry is all that he should be." "What is wrong with him now, Agnes? A short time ago you were complaining that he stayed out too late of nights. Is he staying out later than ever?" "No. He spends every evening at home now, and really that looks to me as though he had something on his conscience."—Life.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Standard Magic.

Little drops of kerosene.
A little sleight-of-hand.
Make the mighty bank roll—
The largest in the land.
—Portland Oregonian.

Fruit from the Jungle.

Of vegetables nutritious
The vegetarian rants.
Still he may be suspicious
Just now of potted plants.
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Nothing to Show for It.

He paid ten thou. for a motor-cart
And then threw an awful fit.
For he found when he tried on the road to start
He'd nothing to Chauffeur it.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Patent on Naming the Place.

Full oft in the turmoil and fret of the town
The mists on my eyes gather thick.
With fond recollections of days when we fished
On beautiful Thingumbob Crick.
And always in fancy my mind wanders back
To dwell on a picture revered—
The farmhouse that nestled among the green hills
Which Whatyoumaycallit upreared.

And so I remark with a break in my voice
And maybe a tear on my face,
There isn't a spot, though you search the whole earth,
Compares with dear Anyoldplace.
—McLanburgh Wilson in Brooklyn Life.

The disappearance of the American flag from the China seas seems certain. A cable to the New York Times from Yokohama, says: The competition for the trade of the Pacific between the various steamship companies is exciting lively interest in Japan and China. Shipping men here are positive in their belief that the Japanese companies will force their rivals out of business. It is definitely understood that since the failure of the shipping subsidy bill in America, the Toyo Yusen Kaisha Company will buy out the Pacific Mail Company. Its fleet consists of the Mongolia, Korea, Siharia and China, all fine steamers, 10,000 to 15,000 tons burden. The lost Manchuria belonged to this fleet.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup for your children while teething.

"There's a man at the door, ma'am," began the maid. "I told you I was not at home to any more callers," said Mrs. McBluff, who was entertaining several society women upon whom she desired to make an impression. "But," the maid persisted, "this man says he ain't no caller; he's a bill collector, an' he won't go away."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Children cutting teeth, and suffering from the various disorders incident thereto, need Steedman's Soothing Powders.

Baltimore began on Sunday with praise services the jubilee celebration and homecoming week in commemoration of the recovery of Baltimore from the big fire of February, 1904.

—NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

OUR STANDARDS

Sperry's Best Family
Drifted Snow
Golden Gate Extra

Sperry Flour Company

MAIN OFFICE: 133 SPEAR ST.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Insurance.

SPRINGFIELD

FIRE and MARINE

INSURANCE COMPANY

OF

Springfield, Mass.

Manager George D. Dornin advises that the City Department of the Springfield is now open in the Kohl Building. The General Department will occupy its old quarters on the California-street side, third floor, as soon as rooms are restored, and furniture, now ordered, made ready. Temporary Department headquarters will remain for the present at 1112 Broadway, Oakland. The Springfield is among the companies which are adjusting and paying policy holders' claims in the San Francisco disaster involving \$1,600,000. The payment of this sum will leave the company's capital \$2,000,000, its reserve for reinsurance (or unearned) premiums \$3,132,531.00, as appears by its financial statement of December 31, 1905, intact, and a net surplus of over \$400,000. The assets of the Springfield at the close of 1905 were \$7,156,531.72.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.
OF HARTFORD

ESTABLISHED 1850

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000.00
Cash Assets.....5,340,136.94
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,414,921.16

Colin M. Boyd. Benjamin J. Smith
Agent for San Francisco. Manager Pacific
2310 California St., San Francisco. Department
525 Thirteenth St., Oakland



HARTSHORN
SHADE ROLLERS
Bear the script name of Stewart
Hartshorn on label.
Wood Rollers Tin Rollers

Bonestell, Richardson & Co.

Have Plenty of Every Kind of

PAPER

Phone Temporary 1273
473 to 475 SIXTH STREET,
San Francisco.

For YOUR

BREAKFAST

GERMEA

At All Grocers

THE JOHNSON-LOCKE MERCANTILE CO.

AGENTS

714 Broadway, Oakland

Steamship Lines

AMERICAN LINE

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON

Philadelphia.....Sept. 8 New York.....S
St. Paul.....Sept. 15 St. Louis.....S

Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool

Noordland.....Sept. 8 Friesland.....S
Haverford.....Sept. 15 Westernland.....S

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Messba.....Sept. 8 Minnehaha.....S
Minneapolis.....Sept. 15 Minnetonka.....S

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM. VIA BOULOGNE

Sailings Wednesdays as per sailing list.

Noordam.....Sept. 12, 10 a. m. Ryndam.....Oct. 3, 10 a. m.
N. Amsterdam.....Sept. 19, 5 a. m. Potsdam.....Oct. 10, 10 a. m.
Statendam.....Sept. 26, 10 a. m. Noordam.....Oct. 17, 2 p. m.

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—DOVER. ANTWERP—LONDON—PARIS

Zeeland.....Sept. 8 Vaderland.....S
Kronland.....Sept. 15 Finland.....S

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.

Oceanic.....Sept. 12 Baltic.....S
Teutonic.....Sept. 19 Majestic.....S
Cedric.....Sept. 21 Celtic.....S

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Republic.....Sept. 13 Arabic.....S
Cymric.....Sept. 20 Cymric.....S

C. D. TAYLOR, Pass. Agt. Pacific Coast.
Room 405 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

HONOLULU only—S. S. Alameda sails 11 a. m. 1st, Round-trip, first-class, \$125.

TAHITI, SOUTH SEAS—S. S. Mariposa sails 11 a. m. 1st, Round-trip, first-class, \$125.

SYDNEY, AUCKLAND, SAMOA, HONOLULU—S. S. Sierra sails 2 p. m. Sept. 13.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co. General Agents, Foot Pacific St., San Francisco. Phone West 1273. Land office, 1168 Broadway. Phone Oakland 8818.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

ORIENTAL S. S. Co. have opened their general offices at 217-221 Brannan Street, SAN FRANCISCO

S. S. America Maru - - - Sept. 14, '16

S. S. Nippon Maru - - - Oct. 12, '16

S. S. Hong Kong Maru - - - Nov. 9, '16

Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and Brannan streets, 1 p. m., for Yokohama and Hongkong, call at Honolulu, Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamer for Manila, India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passenger apply at office, corner First and Brannan Sts. W. H. AVERY, Assistant General Manager.

MT. TAMALPAIS RAILWAY

Via Sausalito Ferry—Foot of Market St.

Leave San Francisco	Leave Sausalito
W'kday Sun	W'kday Sun
9:50A 8:25A	10:40A
9:50A 9:50A	1:05 P
1:45P 11:00A	2:30 P
Saturday 1:45P	4:30 P
4:35P 3:15P	5:45 P

Legal Holidays, Sunday Time.

TICKET OFFICE AT SAUSALITO FERRY

JOHN G. ILS & CO.

Manufacturers

High-Grade French Range

Kitchen and Bakery Outfits,

624 Washington Street,

San Francisco, Cal.

The Argonaut.

V. LIX. No. 1541.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 22, 1906.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published weekly by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; single copies, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 1711 San Pablo avenue, Oakland. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States except. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Jerome A. Hart, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." To insure consideration, manuscripts should for publication must be typewritten. Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." All checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear, W. L. Abernethy, and by the Denison News Company on its boats and trains. Published at San Francisco, California. Temporary Office, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, California.

THIRTIETH YEAR

PRINTED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

JEROME A. HART - - - Editor

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: The Cuban Tangle—Governor Pardee and the Book Trust—Trade-Unions in the Campaign—First Insurance Case in Court—The Eastern Summer—Eight Dollars per Day—Selecting Your Own Candidate—A Savings Bank Run	61-84
CHATTOWN BALLAD: "Young Mr. Yan," by Wallace Irwin	85
QUICO—PERSONAL	85
THE WIDOW'S DECISION: A Vision of Paradise. From the French by Ludovic Halevy	86
THEAT PLAYS OF JONES AND PINERO: "Flaneur" Describes Features of the New Theatrical Season in New York	87
LEFD BEIT, DIAMOND MAGNATE	87
DISM AND WORK: Philosophers, Poets, and Historians Who Have Triumphed over Illness	88
QUALITIES	89
FAVORITES: "The Swallow Song," by Alfred Tennyson	89
ANY FAIR	90
AG GOSSIP	91
TEARY NOTES: Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip	92
OFFETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise	93
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy	94-95
SMILE LEGGED HUMORISTS	96
THE JNEFUL LIAR	96

The Cuban Tangle.

The protracted insurrectionary movement in Cuba has led President Roosevelt to take action. Without order from Washington the commander of the American cruiser, Denver, had landed sailors in Havana at the request of President Palma. Thereupon President Roosevelt recalled this landing party, but at once took dispatch to Havana Secretary of War Taft and Acting Secretary of State Bacon to endeavor to settle matters. At the same time he addressed a long letter to Mr. Tiesada, Cuban Minister to the United States, in strong terms, urging the Cubans "to band together, to settle differences, and to remember that the only way to preserve the independence of their Republic is to prevent the necessity of outside interference." Later in the letter President Roosevelt adds: "It is, in my judgment, for the sake of Cuba, imperative that there be an immediate cessation of hostilities." Under the Platt amendment to our treaty with Cuba there is no question as to President Roosevelt's right to interfere. It is a regrettable duty, but it is inevitable. We destroyed the former government of Cuba, which, however great may have been its troubles

with its Cuban subjects, was at least responsible to foreign governments for any outrages on their citizens. Now that we have destroyed that government and placed the reins of power in Cuba in the hands of a weak oligarchy, we are responsible to foreign governments for any violence to the persons or property of the citizens of other governments. The Liberal party declare that the last election was fraudulent, and that Palma and his henchmen are usurpers. They also declare that the mass of the people are on the side of the insurrection. As the so-called Cuban "government" is beyond question unable to repress the insurrection, the United States must intervene in order to protect the persons and property of all foreigners, including its own citizens. If we do not intervene, European governments will do so. We very much fear that this Cuban insurrection will result in our government becoming permanently embroiled in the Pearl of the Antilles, and then we shall have another tropical entanglement to add to our already existing tropical troubles.

Governor Pardee and the Book Trust.

We have received a letter from Mr. F. A. Binney of San Diego, in which he says: "Have you read what the Los Angeles Times has said about Governor Pardee's connection with the Book Trust? Why have you not exposed it? I thought Pardee was an honest man, but the Los Angeles Times shows him to be a common grafter."

The reason that we have not "exposed" this matter is because we believe Governor Pardee to be an honest man, and the opinion of the Los Angeles Times about him would not change ours. The school-book question has been a burning one in this State ever since it was a State. It will doubtless so continue. It makes little difference what course the State officials may follow in the matter of school books. If they confine themselves to home-made school books they will be accused of patronizing an inferior product. If they place in the schools text books manufactured elsewhere, they will be accused of dishonest collusion with the Book Trust.

The Los Angeles Times is in most respects one of the best daily newspapers in California. Perhaps it is the best. We often think so. The only thing that makes us doubtful as to its excellence every other newspaper is its intemperate and unscrupulous assaults on its enemies, political and other. So unscrupulous and intemperate are these assaults that they defeat their own ends. On the minds of fair and intelligent men such attacks make absolutely no impression. Even if the Argonaut did not believe and know Governor Pardee's character to be of the highest—even if it knew nothing at all about him—the fact that the Los Angeles Times was assailing him for personal or political reasons would suffice to leave our opinion concerning him absolutely unchanged.

We have not investigated the "Governor's connection with the Book Trust," nor have we the time or inclination to do so. In past years we have compared the books produced by the State of California, by individual publishers, and by the Book Trust. We know very little about oil, beef, leather, whiskey, or other necessities controlled by trusts, but we do know a good deal about books. Our judgment in the past has been that the school books produced by the Book Trust are infinitely superior to any of the text books produced by other publishers, including the State of California. If the books produced today by the Book Trust are as good as those produced some years ago by the Book Trust, the writer, were he a State official, would not hesitate for a moment in ordering the text books of the

Book Trust for the children of California. Then he would submit with what resignation he could to being roundly abused by the press of the State for his "connection with the Book Trust." But he is not a State official, and he thanks God that he can say so.

Trade-Unions in the Campaign.

Last March one hundred trade-union men, headed by Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, were in Washington attempting by petition to bring about legislative action affecting labor interests. Their bill of grievances was presented to President Roosevelt, Speaker Cannon, and Senator Frye, acting President of the Senate. The President answered courageously, saying that the delegates' fear of an influx of Chinese labor was groundless, and commenting freely on the other points presented. Speaker Cannon replied hotly, in effect telling them that the Nation's lawmakers could be depended upon, without interference, to manage the affairs of state; and Senator Frye did not reply at all.

The labor leaders then announced that all candidates for re-election this fall to Congress would be asked to state, over their signatures, their attitude toward labor. One hundred and twenty-three letters, in answer to queries sent by Mr. Gompers, were received from Representatives in different sections of the country, and many of them are printed in the September issue of the official organ of the American Federation.

The chief points in the bill of grievances filed by the officers of the Federation are: Violation of the spirit and the letter of the law forbidding more than eight hours' work on Government projects; protesting against convict labor; demanding the enforcement of the Chinese Exclusion bill; petitioning for laws protecting seamen's rights; urging a bill restricting immigration; asking measures to secure a higher standard of ability on the part of those manning vessels; remedy for the invasion of the personal liberty of workmen under the anti-trust and interstate commerce laws; an anti-injunction bill, curtailing the power of judges in labor disputes; demanding the right of petition.

Of the 123 letters published, 64 are printed without comment, 55 are accompanied by adverse criticism from Mr. Gompers, and only four receive favorable comment. Letters are printed from five California Congressmen, Representatives Kahn, Hayes, Smith, Needham and Knowland.

Representative Hayes, in his categorical reply, agrees that the grievances call for redress. Representative Kahn says, briefly, he favors the measures and will support them; "and yet," comments Mr. Gompers, "Mr. Kahn voted to annul the eight-hour law on the Panama Canal construction." Representative Needham is in favor of an eight-hour schedule, but believes there may be exceptions, such as the Panama Canal, when it would be unwise to make the schedule mandatory. He believes the issuance of injunctions, to which exceptions may be taken, are rare.

Gompers replies at length to these statements. "If Mr. Needham," he says in part, "were a workman and had an injunction issued against him, restraining him from exercising his lawful rights, he would realize that the abuses of the issuance of injunctions are not so rare as he imagines. Labor insists on the enforcement of the eight-hour law except in great emergencies, yet if exceptions should ever be made they ought to certainly not apply in such a torrid zone as the Panama Canal."

Representative Smith writes, "My attitude toward the interests you represent is doubtless known to your representatives on the coast—to Furuseth, Macarthur, and

McCarthy. Of course you have kept tab on my votes here." "Yes," replies Gompers, "we have kept tab on Mr. Smith's record and he voted for the annulment of the eight-hour law in the Panama Canal construction."

Representative Knowland takes up but three of the points of grievance, and says he agrees on them with the Federation. He also is reminded that he voted to annul the eight-hour law.

The officials of the American Federation now propose to fight the re-election of those members of the House who refused or failed to give satisfactory answers to the questions framed from the bill of grievances. The Republican leaders, who say that the Democrats answered glibly because the responsibility of legislation is not on their shoulders, propose to meet the issue squarely.

When it was announced that Mr. Gompers intended to make an active fight against the re-election of Representative Littlefield of Maine, as a test case, Secretary Taft and Speaker Cannon at once entered into the campaign in support of Littlefield. Scores of addresses were made by both sides in Littlefield's district. The labor leaders made much of the decision of the Panama Canal commission to employ Chinese. In replying to the attacks of Gompers and his associates, Cannon and Taft asserted that Congress has not been unfriendly to labor, and they justify the employment of Chinese by showing that the Federation cannot supply men to work on the canal. Referring to the anti-injunction bill, Speaker Cannon said:

"Mr. Gompers has blacklisted us because Congress failed to pass that law. He has read us out of civilization, but, speaking for myself, I had rather quit public life now and at the age of 70 quit forever, true to the civilization we have developed, true to the distribution of powers to the legislative, executive and judicial which we check on each other, than to retain public office at such a sacrifice to my own self-respect and such a terrible cost to the country."

Representative Dalzell, who is regarded in the House as the spokesman for the Pennsylvania Railroad and the United States Steel Corporation and other steel interests not at war with the big trust; Representative Lorimer, who showed himself friendly to the meat packers during the inspection-bill fight; Parker of New Jersey, one of the avowed aristocrats of the House; Jenkins of Wisconsin, chairman of the Committee on Judiciary; Longworth of Ohio; Sherman of New York, and Speaker Cannon will also have all the energy of the Federation directed against them. A campaign fund of \$2,000,000 is being collected by the Federation of Labor.

The New York Evening Post considers Mr. Gompers's queries "essentially impudent," and continues:

That the average Congressman still has a lurking fear of the hurt that he considers may be done to his political career by that almost demonstrated myth, the "labor vote," is shown by the success Samuel Gompers has had in demanding categorical replies of all the candidates for election to the House as to their attitude towards union legislation. The cool effrontery of Gompers in holding up candidates from every State in the Union and demanding that they give him satisfactory assurances before he would extend to them his approval is something to be marveled at.

Nor does the Chicago Chronicle credit the voting strength claimed by the trade-unionists. It asks:

Will not this talk (of legislating for special interests) be stimulated when the labor organizations and their women and children, aggregating, at a liberal estimate, 10,000,000 people, undertake to control the Congress of the United States against the best interests of the other 70,000,000 people?

The New York World believes the movement to be one of vast importance:

"If the union men of the country follow the Federation there will be the greatest revolution this country has ever known. There are approximately 2,000,000 votes in the bodies that compose the Federation. They constitute one-seventh of the voting population. With their sympathizers they probably constitute a fifth. There are at least 250 of the 386 Congressional districts where one-tenth of the voters going from one party to the other would change the political complexion. A change of 56 votes would turn the Republican majority into a Democratic one. In nearly every one of the fifty-one districts the Republican majority two years ago was not more than 3,000. In many it was less than 1,000, and in a number less than 500."

There is no encouragement for Mr. Gompers in the result of the Maine election. Littlefield's plurality is reduced, it is true, from 5,400 to 1,200, but his three colleagues, who were not fought by Gompers, have reduced majorities in nearly the same ratio. Vinal Haven, the principal labor town in Knox County, gave Littlefield a plurality, while two years ago it was carried by his opponent. It is acknowledged by Democrats and Republicans alike that the prohibition question, dissatisfaction

with the liquor law for which the Republicans stood, occasioned the numerous unexpected upheavals. Sixteen out of the twenty municipalities in the State went Democratic; two years ago, eighteen gave Republican majorities. The Republican vote was larger than four years ago, but the Democratic vote shows an increase of nearly 60 per cent.

First Insurance Case in Court.

Although nearly two hundred suits have been filed against the defaulting fire insurance companies doing business in San Francisco, it was only last week that there was a joinder of parties in a decisive case. This was the suit of the Strauss Realty Company against the Transatlantic Fire Insurance Company of Hamburg, to recover \$10,000 on two policies, one for a building on Battery street (which is in San Francisco's former downtown business district), and the other on Kearny Street and Union Square Avenue (which is in San Francisco's former uptown retail district). We mention this because some of the crooked insurance companies have been working with maps having what they call "earthquake zones," inside of which zones they claim that the earthquake destruction was complete. These insurance zones, we may remark, are very crooked and usually take in the whole city.

The Transatlantic Company alleged that the fire was caused by "the hand of God" in the shape of an earthquake, followed by governmental and municipal chaos, including the usurpation of authority by the Federal troops and the militia. The plaintiff's witnesses testified that no such conditions prevailed.

The welching insurance companies have laid great stress on the fact that a fair trial of these insurance cases could not be had in San Francisco "by reason of the intense prejudice prevailing there among judges and juries." They have, therefore, struggled to transfer all such cases from the State to the Federal courts. This case was set for trial in the United States Circuit Court. Justice W. W. Morrow, the judge of this court, is and has been for many years a San Franciscan. Although he is beyond question an upright and impartial judge, he doubtless felt that he would be accused of sympathizing with the unfortunates who had been wrecked by earthquake and fire and then ruined by defaulting insurance companies. Therefore he absented himself from the bench, and his place was occupied by Judge Whitson, of Washington. Coming from so distant a point, this gentleman could scarcely be accused of local prejudice, even by crooked insurance companies.

In view of the possible accusation, by the insurance company's attorneys, that the jurors might be prejudiced, the venire was made from several hundred talesmen coming from various counties in California where the earthquake was felt very slightly or not at all, and where there was no fire. As showing the impartial character of these jurymen, the foreman was Timothy Hopkins, a millionaire domiciled in San Mateo county, but having large property interests in San Francisco; oddly enough, he testified that he had no insurance on any of the buildings he had lost by the fire, and that he had "no prejudice against insurance companies." When cross-examined he admitted that he had "a prejudice against people who failed to keep their contracts." But the court decided that a juror who believed in keeping contracts was not thereby disqualified.

It would take too much space to recapitulate the evidence. Many witnesses were called. Among others Mayor Schmitz testified that the municipal government was in working order during and succeeding the catastrophe; that martial law was never in force; that the Federal troops reported to him and were under his control; that he had no knowledge for four or five days of the presence of the militia in San Francisco; that all of the municipal officials were transacting such business as was brought to them. M. H. De Young testified that his new Chronicle building (which was across the street from one of the buildings involved in the case) was uninjured before the fire, as also was the case with the Palace Hotel and other buildings in that vicinity. Various municipal officials testified that they performed official acts on that day. Many witnesses testified that there

was no rioting and no disturbance, other than the from the fire.

It did not take long to decide the case. We part of Judge Whitson's decision verbatim. He said:

"Section 1511 of the Civil Code provides that when an prevented or delayed by an irresistible superhuman cause, the act of God—the par whom is cast the duty to perform it is excused therefrom.

"I hold that this does not apply to a case involving the of money only, where the acts have all been done from wh payment would naturally result as a matter of law.

"Loss by earthquake or other overwhelming disaster is cepted. Applying the rule that the courts ought to adhere letter and spirit of a contract as the parties have made it, be held that the insurance company undertook to guarantee loss by fire from whatever cause, unless expressly excepted policy itself.

"I am not in sympathy with those decisions which bri and incorporate into insurance policies, on one pretext and a condition or provision which the parties did not see fit to when the contract was made. Invoking in this case the o rules which govern in the construction of contracts, the co must be that those exceptions which were inserted in this constitute all the exemptions from liability upon which the de can rely.

"It follows from these views that there is no evidence be jury which could bring the case within the exceptions conta the policy, and, accordingly, there must be a verdict for the tif.

"Gentlemen of the Jury, there can be but one verdict case. If you should return a verdict for the defendant th would be compelled to immediately set it aside. On the puted facts and admissions here the plaintiff is entitle verdict for the full amount of its claim, which is \$10,000, with \$58.33, interest, makes a total of \$10,058.33. Ther will be your duty, under the instructions of the Court to this verdict."

How entirely admirable is this clear-cut prese of the law and the facts. How it brushes aw, th contentions of crooked companies and the sophist of superserviceable attorneys. The insurance com undertake to indemnify against loss by fire from wh cause unless expressly excepted by the policy. / The claim for exemption made by this company w incorporated in the policy, therefore, its claim o liability falls to the ground. Of course this d covers only those policies containing no eartha clause. But we are convinced that even those, hec construed in the clear light of the cour pom before a fair-minded judge and an impartial jury most of them fail to hold. As the Argonaut has fore remarked, we have seen no earthquake clause rich intrinsically means that the insuring company ex easily excepted itself from liability by fire due to eartha. Their earthquake clauses all evidently mean non-liability for earthquake damage and not non-liability fr damage due to earthquake, and we believe the cou will so construe.

The jury in this case did not leave their seats. they gave the verdict as instructed by the court, in acco nce with the law and the facts.

This decision is an auspicious augury for future ses Let us hope that all of the cold-feet companie the crooked companies, and the welching companies n be made to settle up.

The Eastern Summer.

Out here in California we have thought ther was a good deal to kick about, and perhaps there wa the East, however, they have been drenched in w through the now expiring summer. Harper's Veky remarked acridly the other day that many thousa of people were returning from the mountains who in ded to spend next summer at the seashore, while many ousd were returning from the seashore firmly dete ned to spend next summer in the mountains. Probabl both are right, and probably both groups, at the end next summer, will think that they are wrong. Jestingside, there are not enough swear words fitly to characize the summer which has just been experienced in the East. It has rained almost incessantly. During the mo of August there fell in the city of Washington 15 ches of rain. And lest it be thought that this is li our cool, refreshing rain showers we hasten to expla that with this Eastern rain there went the awfullest, test, muggiest weather that they have had in Washing du the whole summer, and that is saying a grea deal. In California we have none of the humid heat at is experienced in the East and that is so trying. With high humidity and a temperature of eighty, life re is almost unbearable. So with the heat, the mu ness, the humidity, the mosquitoes, and the almost ir ssant rain of the past summer, the dwellers in the East

year have been in hard luck. Perhaps they pity us for living in an earthquake country, but on the whole living in California is not so bad after all, even with an earthquake every forty years or so.

Eight Dollars per Day.

We have received the following from an Argonaut reader who does not understand why bricklayers should get \$8.00 per day while a carpenter gets only \$4.00.

Editor Argonaut:—I notice in your article "Labor Selling in San Francisco," that bricklayers get \$8.00 per day. Why? A bricklayer's time worth so much more than other skilled mechanics—carpenters, machinists, etc.? While a carpenter has to supply himself with about a hundred dollars' worth of tools, the bricklayer only has to have a trowel, level, and plumb, costing only \$10.00 to \$15.00. A carpenter has to use considerable brain in fitting, joining, mitring etc., while the bricklayer only has to lay his wall in plumb and level, the bricks and mortar being right to his feet on the scaffold. The small business men having from \$2,000 to \$5,000 invested in their business, nine-tenths of them scarcely make \$3.00 per day, and many of them have to put in 12 to 15 hours at that, besides considerable risk and competition. I don't blame any men for asking all they can, but I can't see why there should be so much difference.

H. A. J.

either do we. In fact, the reason for "so much difference" between the pay of bricklayers and editors, painters and painters (we do not mean house-painters, but picture-painters, the kind that paint "hand-colored" pictures), plasterers and parsons—these assailing differences have greatly perplexed and pained us. Only the other day there was a bitter complaint in some Omaha paper touching the hard-heartedness of Mr. Bitter. It seems that, in order to shame the United States, he wired from New York to add a dollar a day to the pay of all his men "in the mechanical department." But not a word was said, commented the Bitter Critic, about the men in the editorial room and the local room. Did Mr. Hearst raise the editors' wages or the reporters' wages? asked this Bitter Critic. He not only did not raise them, went on the Bitter Critic, but more than once he has lowered them in consequence of the high wages he pays in the mechanical department. Warming up to his work, the Bitter Critic went on to point out that once upon a time the writers of the San Francisco press determined to band themselves together into a union—a genuine, hard and fast union, which should have strikes, walk-outs, tie-ups, walking delegates to call out the fair men and to rebuke the "scab" editors, conference committees which would graciously accept continual increases of salary and thus permit the low, base publishers to get out their papers. Who was it put the kibosh on this writers' union? According to the Bitter Critic it was Mr. Hearst. While he loudly encouraged his men (in his mechanical departments) in unionizing, he silently scared them (in his writing departments) from organizing by underhand but brutal intimidation that any man who was unionizing in his editorial or local rooms would get his walking papers pretty quick. Were it not for this, the Bitter Critic, there would be today a well-organized, compact and homogeneous writers' union in San Francisco with a charter from the Amalgamated Association of Newspaper Men, News Boys and Newspaper Janitors' Union of North America. Anticipating objections which might be made to the writers' lack of loyalty to one another, the Bitter Critic added that they had intended to come under the wing of the Typographical Union and become a kind of annex, which he added ingeniously would have "forced the boys to stick together."

From this it is apparent that nearly all of the writers of the modern daily newspapers—the men who sit on editorial tripods, the star space-writers, and so on down to the cub reporters—are classed lower than the men in the mechanical department. Why then can our correspondent object when a bricklayer gets \$8.00 a day and a small tradesman about \$3.00? True, as the small tradesman has from two to five thousand dollars invested in his business, while the bricklayer has but ten dollars' worth of trowel and plumb. As he says, the small tradesman puts in from ten to fifteen hours a day, while the bricklayer works eight hours and is prevented by his "secret maximum" from laying too many bricks.

What is the reason for this? What is the remedy? The reason is "lack of organization." The remedy is "organization." Had Mr. Hearst's writers organized, the

workmen in his local room would today be receiving the same consideration as the gentlemen in his mechanical departments. Were the small tradesmen to organize and stand fast, they would do as well financially as the bricklayers. We ought all of us to organize. Lawyers, doctors, dentists, midwives, clergymen, burglars, merchants, shop-keepers, editors, reporters, chauffeurs, professors, teachers, stenographers, policemen, firemen, street-sweepers, sewer-cleaners, lamp-lighters—in short, the vast mass of unorganized labor ought to be organized. If this were done, the inequitable conditions of which our correspondent complains would speedily be remedied. Merchants and shop-keepers could set a union price on their goods, and any one selling below the minimum would be declared "unfair." A reporter asked by a newspaper proprietor to report a strike truthfully would be justified in refusing, in appealing to the walking delegate, and in calling out all hands. In a non-union quarter of the city—say the residential section of the rich—union policemen would not be permitted to lay a hand on union burglars. In case of a fire in such a "scab" section the union firemen would be forbidden to squirt fair water on unfair houses. Union postal carriers in such unfair districts would drop the mail in the sewer traps. Dentists could refuse to relieve the pain of a sufferer with non-union teeth. When a non-union lady in an interesting condition called in the doctor, he could refuse to deliver her of an unfair baby. A clergyman in good standing would be perfectly justified by union rules in refusing to marry a young woman without her union card. So would a priest be justified in refusing spiritual consolation to the moribund or even to shrive a dying strike-breaker.

It would not be long, as our correspondent must see, before this rigid organizing would bring about an amelioration of the ills of which he complains. Then we would all of us have our wages raised. Even editors, special writers, and reporters might, like the bricklayers, get as much as eight dollars per day.

That is, nearly all of us might. There are weak spots in this scheme. We greatly fear the clergymen. Probably some sickly clergyman, with eight or nine children, would take a job during a clerical strike on the puerile plea that his family needed bread. In that case there would be only one thing to do—the "union sympathizers" would have to cave in his skull with a brick and then drown the children.

But that would be all right. These little matters would adjust themselves. Organize! Let that be the watchword. Put none but union men on guard.

Select Your Own Nominees.

The conventions of the two great political parties in California have met, nominated, and adjourned. Both of them have declared for the direct primary. Judging from the comment concerning the "programming" of both conventions, it is high time. We do not believe all the tales told of the inside workings of these conventions. Nobody could believe them all, for they are contradictory in the extreme. Still, while all of them are not true, some of them may be, and it is certain that many of them will be believed. But the stories of graft and bribery which have sprung up like mushrooms since the Republican convention we utterly disbelieve.

Leaving these campaign fairy tales, the fact remains that both political conventions have declared for the direct primary. Their legislative nominees have only to put into shape the machinery for the direct primary. But we advise the people and the press throughout the State to demand explicit pledges of their legislative nominees, Republican and Democratic, in order that they may not fail to carry out the undoubted desire of the people for the direct primary.

Probably the citizens of California consider that our State is more progressive than the Southern States. California exceeds many of them in population and probably all of them in resources. California is richer than two or three of them put together. Yet by yesterday's legislation the people of these Southern States are now enabled to express distinctly their choice of men to represent them. In this regard California is far behind the States of the South, retrograde as many of them are.

For a score of years many States in the Union have

been clamoring for the election of United States Senators by popular vote. As it requires the approval of both Senate and House and an amendment to the Constitution, this change in the organic law has been deemed impossible, and many men do not consider it possible even in the distant future. Yet in no less than eleven Southern States the people, by primary vote, this year have chosen their United States Senators. These eleven States are Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, and Virginia. The people have chosen the men, and the legislators will elect the men chosen by the people. In Alabama, both of the Federal Senators, Morgan and Pettus, are past eighty years of age; the people of Alabama have by direct vote indicated their preference for the continuance of both in office. But they have also gone so far as to choose three men as alternates to succeed the aged incumbents in case of disability or death. Think what intrigues to thwart the people's will would convulse California if we had two Senators of nearly ninety!

Illinois indicated its choice for Senator at the recent primary election there. In Iowa the conventions of both parties have declared in favor of the direct primary. So has Wisconsin. Even the conservative old States of Vermont and New Hampshire are agitating in this direction. In the recent Oregon election the candidates were voted for in the party primaries, and then at the regular election the nominees for United States Senator were put on the ticket. Thus the legislature is bound to elect the people's choice.

Not only the office of United States Senator, but any office may be placed at the disposal of the people by a wise law like that of Wisconsin. Under such a law any citizen may aspire to any office. But the boss-ruled methods by which political nominations are secured at present do not commend themselves to sensitive, high-minded, honorable men. This does not mean that all the candidates who secure the nominations are low-minded and dishonorable. But it does mean that the methods to which they must stoop almost demand a coarse, callous mind.

In this great State of California we have a population of nearly two millions. Yet out of the hundreds of thousands of voters how many ever dream of aspiring to political office? The number is so small that in the whole State it might be counted by a few hundreds. True, the sneer at "office-seekers" is perennial. But the ambition to serve one's country and one's State is surely an honorable one. Were more honorable men to seek such service the government of both country and State would be better. Under the action of a wise primary law any ambitious young man would find it easy to secure a nomination for public office if his neighbors thought that he was worthy. And who can tell better regarding the worth of a man than his neighbors? As it is now, nine-tenths of the nominees for political offices get them at the behest of some political boss. And the boss generally chooses not the most honorable, or the most worthy, but the most "useful." The term "usefulness" in politics has a very sinister meaning.

Since the last election there have come of age in California several thousand young men. They will cast their first vote for Governor and State officers next November. If matters continue as they have been in the past, these native sons of the State, no matter how ambitious, will find themselves as completely debarred from any chance to hold public office as if they were Chinese. They will find in every county of the State that there is a "court-house ring." They will find in every city of the State that there is a boss. When the State election comes, they will find that there is a State boss to whom the municipal and county bosses report. If these young men desire to have a fair show in the governing of their own State, where many of them were born, we advise them to see that their nominees for the legislature are pledged at once to pass a direct primary law. Do not let them try to foist on you vague generalities and trivial promises. Make them sign a pledge. *Let every legislative nominee, Republican or Democratic, be made by the voters in his district to sign a pledge promising that he will not only vote for*

but work for the enactment of a law giving to the people of California a direct primary vote for all political offices. If he refuses to sign such a pledge, elect him—to stay at home.

A Savings Bank Run.

Strangers sojourning in San Francisco during the past few months have been in the habit of remarking that the people of this city are in a highly nervous, semi-hysterical, not to say panicky, condition. Various events would seem to confirm the truth of this belief. One of the latest has been the run on the Hibernia Savings Bank. It is hardly possible to discover the cause of the run. It is attributed by many people to false reports set afloat by certain insurance companies, whose policies the bank had refused to accept for its clients by reason of the bad faith of those companies in scaling down or repudiating their just liabilities. Whatever the cause, on Tuesday, September 11, a well-defined run began on the bank, with several hundred people in line early in the morning, which number had increased to a thousand by noon. Savings banks have the right under the law to demand notice of from ten to sixty days before paying out the amounts due their depositors. In times of financial stress and strain they are apt to invoke this assistance of the law. The Hibernia Bank, however, did not do this. At once they brought from their vaults hundreds of thousands in piles of gold and stacks of currency, and detailed a number of clerks to assist the paying teller. All day long and for some hours after the closing time the bank paid all of its depositors all that they asked for. A curious phenomenon was the presence of two long lines in the bank, the one of people withdrawing their money, the other of people depositing.

Some of the leading bankers and financiers of the city and State, when interviewed concerning this run, expressed unqualified surprise. I. F. Moulton, cashier of the Bank of California, said: "The Hibernia Bank is absolutely sound. If the run were to continue for months, the money in sight would not then be exhausted." I. W. Hellman, Jr., of the Wells-Fargo Nevada National Bank, said: "I can see no reason for this run. The Hibernia Bank is one of the safest savings banks in the United States. It always carries millions in government bonds and heavy cash balances." William H. Crocker, president of the Crocker National Bank, said: "The Hibernia Bank has been managed with extraordinary caution. It is as strong as any financial institution can possibly be." Rudolph Spreckels, president of the First National Bank, said: "The Hibernia Bank is well intrenched and perfectly solvent, and can without difficulty meet all demands. It holds from \$16,000,000 to \$18,000,000 in government bonds." James K. Lynch, vice-president of the First National Bank, said: "The Hibernia Savings Bank is absolutely stable." Ignatz Steinhart, manager of the Anglo-Californian Bank, said: "The Hibernia Bank is conservatively managed and is amply provided with cash and securities to meet all demands." Sig. Greenbaum, manager of the London, Paris and American Bank, said: "The Hibernia Bank is as good as any bank in this country. It has ample assets in United States bonds and other valuable securities to meet all demands." Daniel Meyer, the veteran private banker, said: "The Hibernia Bank has had more coin on hand in recent months than ever before in its history." L. G. Burpee, vice-president of the First National Bank of Oakland, said: "We consider the Hibernia Bank safe in every respect." Thomas Prather, president of the Union National Bank of Oakland, said: "This run will not amount to anything, because the Hibernia Bank can meet every call that is made upon it." W. W. Garthwaite, vice-president of the Oakland Bank of Savings, said: "The Hibernia is one of the strongest and soundest banks in the United States." W. G. Palmer, vice-president of the Central Bank of Oakland, said: "The Hibernia Bank can pay every depositor dollar for dollar." C. T. Rodolph, vice-president of the Union Savings Bank of Oakland, said: "The bank is in the hands of safe and shrewd men who will see that its depositors are protected in every way."

Anything that the Argonaut could add to these statements by leading bankers and prominent financiers would be unnecessary. We may add, however, that the last

statement made to the State Bank Commissioners shows that the bank has nearly thirteen million dollars in United States bonds, which can be turned into coin in an hour by depositing them in the San Francisco Sub-Treasury of the United States. In other negotiable cash bonds the bank carries over eleven millions of dollars. As for its loans, it has always been one of the most conservative banks in California and has confined its loans strictly to lands which are outside of "boom" districts, and confined them also strictly to percentages which are well within the limits of conservative banking.

The Argonaut has no special interest in the Hibernia Bank other than this—that bank is one of the financial towers of San Francisco. As the Bank of California stands with the financial and mercantile classes, so stands the Hibernia Bank with the constructing, producing, and laboring classes. Were either bank to show signs of weakness it would threaten the stability of the entire financial structure of San Francisco. Therefore it is that the Argonaut departs from its usual rule, and assures its readers that, in its belief, any rumors touching the financial solidity of the Hibernia Bank are utterly unfounded.

California Democrats in Convention.

The State Democratic Convention at Sacramento September 12 nominated Theodore A. Bell by acclamation for Governor and passed a resolution reading William Randolph Hearst out of the party. Marshall Diggs and Thomas J. Geary would not allow their names to come before the convention, and James D. Phelan telegraphed to say that he would be obliged to decline the nomination should it be tendered to him.

There was no lack of enthusiasm for Bell, and it was noted that several prominent labor leaders of San Francisco were in close communication with the meeting, all working for the Napa ex-Congressman. For other places on the ticket there were few contests of interest, and the platform was adopted as reported from the committee.

Following is the ticket as named at the convention:

Governor—Theodore A. Bell, Napa.
Lieutenant-Governor—Thomas A. Toland, Ventura.
Secretary of State—Arthur L. Nichols, Butte.
Controller—John Markley, Sutter.
Treasurer—S. S. Bailey, San Francisco.
Attorney-General—W. Ona Morton, Los Angeles.
Surveyor-General—John C. Lane, Mendocino.
Clerk of the Supreme Court—J. E. Rainey, Santa Barbara.
Superintendent of Public Instruction—Miss Anna Williams, Modoc.
Superintendent of State Printing—E. I. Woodman, Sacramento.
Supreme Court.
Frank J. Murasky, San Francisco, long term; Jackson Hatch, Santa Clara, long term; J. Early Craig, San Francisco, short term.
Courts of Appeal.
First District—J. A. Cooper, San Francisco, presiding; John Garber, Alameda; M. T. Dooling, San Benito.
Second District—M. T. Allen, Los Angeles, presiding; M. L. Short, Kings; George H. Smith, Los Angeles.
Third District—Joseph W. Hughes, Sacramento, presiding; C. E. McLaughlin, Plumas; J. L. Prewett, Placer.
Railroad Commissioners.
First District—F. R. Peters, El Dorado.
Second District—James H. Wilkins, Marin.
Third District—R. Frank Going, Los Angeles.
Board of Equalization.
Second District—J. C. Downey, Alameda.
Third District—Richard H. Beamer, Yolo.
Fourth District—John Kastle, Ventura.
For Congress.
First District—F. W. Tafi, Del Norte.
Second District—W. A. Beard, Sacramento.
Third District—H. W. Brunk, Alameda.
Sixth District—Harry A. Greene, Monterey.
Seventh District—Convention meets in Los Angeles, September 20.
Eighth District—C. A. Barlow, Bakersfield.

First among the declarations of the platform adopted is an endorsement of William Jennings Bryan. Nominations for all offices at a direct primary and the election of United States Senators by the votes of the people are demanded. The Australian ballot is favored and the use of voting machines opposed. Ownership of public utilities by the people is demanded. The Republican members of Congress from California are scored for refusing to favor legislation relieving San Francisco of duties on material for rebuilding the city. The labor bills before Congress for restriction in the issuing of writs of injunction and the more complete enforcement of the eight-hour law were favored.

This is the resolution concerning the Hearst movement:

Resolved, That in the so-called Independence League we recognize a political machine created by W. R. Hearst for his own political preferment, and which he is the undisputed boss, and an

ingenious endeavor to forestall and prevent the nomination of President and to encompass the defeat of America's greatest, William J. Bryan.

We therefore denounce such purposes and call upon a Democrats to oppose such ends.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Welch Within a Welch.

Place: A little tongued-and-grooved redwood carved out of room 19, Canning Block, Oakland, California.

Time: 11 o'clock a. m., Friday, September 7th, 1906.
An adjuster of the Trader's Insurance Company, Chicago, Illinois, sits in front of and facing a Victim on a low, bright-red settee.

Adjuster—"How much was the policy for?"

Victim—"550."

"What did it cover?"

"Law books and office furniture."

"What were they worth?"

"They cost \$6000; they were worth at least \$3000 the time of the fire."

"Any other insurance?"

"Yes; \$550 in the Atlas; they adjusted it at the amount more than three months ago, and paid it."

"Then you had only \$1,100 on what cost you \$6,000? What did you have so little for?"

"I did not think the building could burn."

"What building was it?"

"The 'Cail Building.'"

"Did the 'Cail Building' fall down?"

"It had not up to a quarter before ten this morning."

"Did the military destroy the 'Cail Building'?"

"They had not when I just passed it."

"Did the floors fall in?"

"Go look at them. They are there yet. We are to be back in the building next March."

"What kind of foundations did the 'Cail Building' have?"

"They are concrete now, and I don't know of having been changed lately."

"Now, I have written down these answers here. You please take this paper into room 26 and sign your name to it before a notary you will find there?"

The Victim locates a fifty-cent piece in his right pants-pocket, takes in his left hand the paper of the 'Cail Building' has concrete foundation and did not fall down, gropes his way westward through dark and narrow hall-ways, no signs on the walls around several corners, until he finds "26"—"no sign else—on a door in a sort of a blind alley. He enters No. 26 is the inner room of a suite, the outer room which has windows on Thirteenth street.

With her back to a stationary wash-stand in the corner, stands a lady in white, holding up her two forearms as she wipes her hands on a soiled towel. She greets the Victim with a look of bored but to an inquiry. "Yes; there's a notary in the outer room and she inclines her head that way and calls him."

The notary pauses in the discussion of a list of figures he holds before him, looks the Victim over and he will be there in a minute, in a tone which says, "when I get ready," tilts his chair back a little farther and resumes the discussion of his list of figures, leaving the Victim standing in the middle of Number 26, with a lot of male and female clerks in the outer room looking at him with increasing curiosity, suspicion, and hostility.

A minute or so, of this, and the Victim suddenly threads his way back through the labyrinthian alleys, gets down the steep stairs, crosses Broadway to real estate office, finds an open-shop notary, pays him fifty cents and swears.

Back in Room 19.

Adjuster—"Well, I suppose you know what was done?"

Victim—"I know you have failed and are in the hands of a receiver and that I will probably get from 10 per cent down to 50 per cent, or less, of the face of my policy."

"Oh! I do not mean that. I refer to the adjuster's report."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Well, we are scaling all the policies regarding the amount of the loss."

"You can't scale mine."

The Adjuster laid down his pen and pushed his chair back from the table.

"Oh! all right. You are the doctor. That will then."

"You had better tell me just what you mean."

"I am only authorized to adjust your claim at 10 per cent of its face."

"You mean by that that you will cut my claim from \$550 to \$440, and then when the assets are paid out say 50 per cent, I will get only 50 per cent of \$440, or 40 per cent of the face of my claim, that is \$220 for \$550?"

"That is just what I mean."

"But my property cost twelve times the amount of your policy, and six times the total insurance."

"I don't doubt it. That has nothing to do with it. If your loss were ten times greater it would make no difference. Those are my orders and I can not do otherwise from them one cent."

"That is a steal within a steal, and I won't consent to such an outrage."

"Very well; that is for you to say."

"Who gave you such orders?"

"Those are my instructions."

"Did the court in Chicago make such an order?"

"I don't know."

"Did the receiver make such an order?"

"I don't know."

The Victim rises and goes to the door.

Adjuster—"Say, come back. I might make it 20 per cent."

The Victim—"Good-day."

From Central America.

San Salvador, July 29, 1906.—I beg to enclose herewith check for renewal of my subscription for one year, which I believe becomes due some time in August.

I also beg to congratulate you on having been able to continue publishing your valuable paper, notwithstanding the terrible catastrophe of 18th April last, your first number after that event was the earliest of all the news and best account of same received here.

Yours very truly, W. E. Coldwell.

A BALLAD OF CHINATOWN.

Young Mr. Yan.

From Wallace Irwin's new volume of verse, its contents all redolent or suggestive of that San Francisco quarter, once famous but now obliterated, the following is taken. It is what most of the Chinese are not—true to the transplanted Oriental life.]

Yu can take a Chink away from 'is hop,
'Is lanterns an' gals an' pigs an' chop,
Yu can dress 'im up in yer Christian clo'es,
Put text in 'is head an' hymns in 'is nose,
But yu'll find when he's actin' a dead straight part,
He's a Chinaman still in 'is yeller heart.

Lend me a dime, boss—thank yu kind.
Not for opium, d'yu mind,
But a man must eat. Yes, young Mr. Yan
Was raised by hand on the mission plan—
'Merican talk an' 'Merican dress.
Wore 'em proper? I should say yes.

Yan got anxious to be a toff,
So he took 'is blouse an' 'is pigtail off,
Wore pink cuffs an' purple ties,
English overcoats, gentlemen's size,
Ready-shine shoes like the 'ristocrats,
Auburn gloves an' Panama hats.

Wasn't a dude on the Frisco line
Had pants more creased or a coat more fine.
Often I seen him—whole she-bang—
Struttin' at night through the coolie gang
Where the punk smoke blew from the joss-house nigh
An' the little Chink fiddles squeaked long an' high.

Yan's old man was a Canton Chink;
Stuck to 'is joss like meat an' drink.
Long silk skirt an' little black queue,
He prayed to 'is father—believed it, too—
So he didn't take stock in the mission school
An' spoke of 'is son as a "hip big fool."

Old man Yan kept a lottery-shack—
Restaurant front an' game out back,
Sat at 'is desk an' glared through 'is specs
At the guides an' the tourist rubbernecks,
As proud as a god an' rich as a Jew
(For reasons that him an' the sargent knew.)

The Chiny gals of the felt-shoe sort
Wasn't for young Mr. Yan, the sport.
He ran with a gal named Miss Ah Ti;
Shirt-waist lady with hair fluffed high
An' French-heeled shoes on 'er little feet—
Lived with white folks on Washington Street.

Civilized pair they was an' grand.
She played the pianna to beat the band
While Yan sang "Vilets" an' "Promus Me"
In a chop-suey tenor that reached high Z.
They spoke good English an' grammar, too,
'Most as proper as me an' yu.

Old man Yan when he heard the news,
He jumped plum out of 'is gunboat shoes,
For he'd bought Yan a wife in Chinytown—
Eight hundred dollars—fifty down—
An' a hundred more for a marriage-feast.
It was disappointin' to say the least.

So he sent for 'is offspring after a while
An' yippi-ki-yi-ed in high old style,
But the boy got sassy an' said that they
Would skip an' git married in San Jose.
That was the night that the Yups broke out
For the highbinder killin' you read about.

It's a long tale, boss, how the row began
That set 'em to gunnin' for old man Yan.
They'd given the job to a moon-faced boy,
A genius for killin', named Ng Ah Poy,
Who went to the Clay Street lottery-shop
An' found the old gentleman smokin' 'is hop.

'Twas an easy job—jest a single shot
That tumbled the smoker out of 'is cot,
Where dead as a pig on the floor he lay—
Murderer, whisked by 'is friends away,
Sank like the ghost of a pipe-dream, down
Into the cellars of Chinytown.

Young Mr. Yan? When they come an' said
That the shake was up an' 'is dad was dead,
It was easy to see he had clean fergot
'Is ancestor worship an' all that rot—
Sey, how can a Christian un'erstand
When a Chinaman smuggles a gun in 'is hand?

* * * * *
'Twas Waverly Place on a Sunday night.
As I talked with Kelley by yonder light
A bunch of coolies tumbled pellmell
Out of the Wong Fook fan-tan hell,
An' right in their midst came a short-haired swell
With a Christian hat an' a Christian shell.

Somp'n was doin'. The crowd closed thick
As the grip o' death. Then there barked out quick
The forty-eight calibre bang-bang-bang!
And a dead man tumbled out of the gang.
He was a innocent moon-faced boy,
The genius for killin', named Ng Ah Poy.

The watchman's whistle piped over the square—
The cops come lopin' from everywhere;
Chinks began to scatter an' climb
Forty directions at a time,
Into the basements, into doors,
Into the stairways over stores.

Young Mr. Yan with 'is smokin' gun
Led the crowd in the general run.
See that joss-house. Turned up short

Into yon little, black, greasy court,
Where he sunk like the ghost of a pipe-dream, down
Into the cellars of Chinytown.

What has become of young Mr. Yan?
Yu can take a Chink away from 'is fan,
Away from 'is lotteries, fiddles, an' joss,
Yu can give 'is queue to the barber, boss;
But you can't git down to the roots that start
From the yeller base of 'is yeller heart.
—Wallace Irwin in Chinatown Ballads.

A number of subscribers have commented on this paragraph which appeared in the issue of September 8th: "Mails now go in ten days (less) from Liverpool to Hongkong crossing America." By a typographical error the word in parenthesis was omitted. To amplify the information in the two lines, we give the substance of the mail contract just completed, by which ten days are saved in carrying the mails from London to Japan and China via Canada. Under a mail contract just completed with the British Post-office, mails will be carried to Japan and China via Canada in much less time than hitherto, says the Manchester (Eng.) Guardian. As a result of adding two fast new steamers—the Empress of Britain and the Empress of Ireland—to its Atlantic service, the Canadian Pacific Railway will, for the first time, carry mails in its own steamers and trains all the way from Great Britain to Hongkong. The time occupied from London to Hongkong will be 29 1-2 days, to Shanghai 27 1-2 days, and to Yokohama 22 1-2 days. Compared with the company's previous contract, this means a saving of 9 1-2 days to Hongkong, 8 1-2 days to Shanghai, and 8 1-2 days to Yokohama.

Damascus, whose pedigree is the longest of living cities, is losing its character. An enterprising Belgian company is cutting through it with an electric tramway, and is sprinkling electric lights in its ancient streets. What is more, the motive power for these installations is derived from the harnessing of the river falls twenty-two miles off, so that no feature of the modern invasion is spared the place whence the Jew of Tarsus escaped in a basket over the wall. The British acting-consul reports that three and a half miles of the tram-line are already being laid. Meanwhile traffic on the Hejaz railway, which some day may reach Mecca, finds a convenient entrepot in the old-time emporium of the slow-moving caravan.

King Edward's kitchen is finished completely in black oak, which was fitted up by George III at a cost of \$50,000. There is also a confectionery room, pastry room and bakehouse besides the kitchen proper. The chef of the royal kitchen receives \$3,500 a year, while under him are four master cooks, who in turn have a bevy of servants under them. The strictest economy is observed in the king's kitchen, and what food remains unconsumed is given to the poor, who apply daily at the castle gates.

Paris honors famous literary men by naming streets after them. The death of Henrik Ibsen has started talk of thus commemorating the great Norwegian. A dramatist of the lighter sort declared his readiness to vote for a Rue Henrik Ibsen on condition that there should also be a Rue Bjornstjerne-Bjornson. This, he explained, would not only be homage to the author of "Beyond Human Power," but would be productive of amusing results in the case of cabmen, as no doubt it would.

Public meetings are being held at Manila in keeping with the movement to secure an agricultural bank for the Philippines. A prominent Manila firm state that they hope to secure a minimum capitalization of 20,000,000 pesos. They state that the shortage in the hemp production, upon which the islands are dependent, will create a bad financial condition which a Government agricultural bank would greatly mitigate.

The number of male teachers in the United States is steadily decreasing. Statistics show that while in 1870 the percentage of male teachers was 41 and in 1872 it had increased to 42.8, in 1889-90 it had fallen to 34.5, in 1899-1900 it dropped to 29.9 and in 1903 it reached 25. Of the total number of teachers 113,744 were men and 341,498 women.

Recent experiments by medical experts in Rome have disclosed the fact that the increase in consumption and contagious diseases of a similar character is due to flies, just as the spread of malaria is due to certain kinds of mosquitoes. It is planned to kill flies by means of inoculated diseases, and it has also been suggested that money prizes be given for destroying a certain quantity.

Malaria used to kill 15,000 persons a year in Italy. In 1902 State quinine was introduced, and last year the mortality fell to 7,835.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Representative Joseph R. Knowland, of Alameda, has been nominated for re-election to Congress from the Third California District.

This new enthusiasm over Mr. Bryan is just the same as he has always excited—except on election day, remarks the Detroit Free Press.

The Connecticut State Democratic convention nominated Mayor Charles F. Thayer, of Norwich, for Governor, on a platform that made no mention of William J. Bryan.

The Maine election makes certain the continuance of a safe working majority in both branches of the Legislature for the Republicans, and the return of William P. Frye to the United States Senate.

After a warm contest in the Ohio State Republican Convention with Congressman Burton, the leadership of the party remains with Senator Dick. Dick and Foraker in the United States Senate had not entirely agreed with the policy of President Roosevelt on national legislation.

The Democrats of Colorado, after three days of struggle in convention, finally agreed on minor questions and renominated Alva Adams for Governor, a majority claiming that he should be vindicated in his claim that he was robbed of the Governorship two years ago in the Peabody-Adams contest before the State Legislature.

Congressman Theobald Otjen, of Milwaukee, who has held his seat since 1894, has been defeated for re-nomination at the primaries by William J. Cary, a member of the Commercial Telegraphers' Union. It is the first victory for the organized labor movement against objectionable legislators, and it is yet to be ratified at the polls.

Congressman John S. Little, Democratic nominee for Governor of Arkansas, received a majority of 50,000 over John I. Worthington, Republican, at the election September 4. Of the 135 members of the State Senate and House at least 125 will be Democrats. The Democratic State nominees other than for Governor had no opposition.

Senator Joseph W. Bailey, of Texas, thinks it would be unwise at this time, when the Congressional campaign is approaching, to inject into the situation anything which would tend to disrupt the party and endanger its success, though at first he was inclined to issue a statement opposing Mr. Bryan's views of government ownership of the railroads. Democratic leaders, however, reserve the right to "trim" Mr. Bryan at a later date.

In Wisconsin Governor James O. Davidson has been nominated to head the Republican State ticket, having defeated Speaker Irvin L. Lenroot, of the last Assembly, his only opponent, by a majority that approaches 20,000. Davidson won the nomination in spite of the fact that United States Senator La Follette canvassed the State for Lenroot. It was the direct primary. Yet La Follette was believed to be an invincible boss.

Mr. Bryan claims that President Roosevelt has appropriated his political clothes, while some newspapers say that Mr. Bryan has taken Mr. Hearst's clothes by advocating Government ownership of railroads, observes a correspondent of the New York World. Recently Mr. Jerome insisted that Mr. Hearst had stolen his political clothes from him. Theoretically then Mr. Roosevelt has one political suit too much and Mr. Jerome has none at all.

The offer of W. R. Hearst to supply the New York election officials with new ballot boxes, in order to preserve those containing the ballots voted at the last election in New York City, has been rejected by the Corporation Counsel, acting for Mayor McClellan, and the Board of Elections. Instead, the Corporation Counsel has informed Mr. Hearst's counsel that an appeal would be taken to the Appellate Division from Justice Maclean's decision, refusing to permit the destruction of the ballots.

In his fight against the Republican railroad machine in New Hampshire, Winston Churchill, the novelist, has really started a formidable revolt, says the New York World. In the caucuses at Concord, the State capital, to elect delegates to the State convention which will nominate a candidate for Governor, his supporters in one city ward defeated United States Senator Gallinger, Chairman of the Republican State Committee; Samuel C. Eastman, who was slated to preside at the State Convention; James O. Lyford, naval officer at the port of Boston, slated to be Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions; Frank S. Streeter, counsel for the Boston and Maine Railroad and member of the Republican National Committee, and other prominent State politicians. It was a big killing for a beginner. Senator Gallinger's scalp alone would have been a big prize.

THE WIDOW'S DECISION.

A Vision of Paradise.

I was in Paradise, at the railway station. Trains were going in and out; the cars started empty, and came back more or less well filled.

St. Thomas was the station-master. I chatted with him, and he very civilly explained the working of the system.

"The trains," said he, "start from the Earth, touch at Hell, touch at Purgatory, and have their terminus in Paradise. We are very crowded just at present. For the last few months there has been a constant increase in the number of passengers for Paradise; every day there is a demand for more cars. Smallpox has something to do with it, but the revival of faith has more. You can judge for yourself. Ah, seventeen. The express is due. Yes, we have a fast express that comes right through from the earth. Do you hear the whistle? I want you to observe the incoming train. You see we have three classes of cars, first, second, and third; a baggage car and a compartment for dogs. The passengers are alighting; watch them. Not many people in the second-class cars; we don't recruit much from the lower middle-class—they are restless, voltairean and free-thinking, the lower middle-class. In the third-class cars we get crowds. The populace is wholly bad or wholly good; but, generally speaking, good. The first-class cars are crowded, too. Rich people are admirably facilitated for achieving salvation. Their time is their own, and even admitting that they give Satan the best part of their existence, they always find an hour here and there, from time to time, to make up their religious negligences. God is not so severe as He is supposed to be. He is satisfied with very little, do you know? Only stay here two or three days, you will see half a hundred trains come in, and there can not fail to be people that you knew in some of them. You'll see how easy it is to win Heaven."

St. Thomas is a communicative saint. He chattered away, but for the last few moments of his discourse I was not listening. I had seen the face of that twice widowed little beauty, Jeanne, Countess de Charmelieu, first my friend Gaston's wife, then my friend Armand's wife. I had seen her united to Armand at St. Clotilde's Church, and I remembered hearing the priest say: "Therefore be united on earth until you are eternally united in heaven." And here I saw her at the window of a parlor car; then, light and dashing, she sprang out of the car, showing her ankles a little, but then they were very trim ankles. She ran about in every direction, chirping, "Where's Paradise? Where is it? I have my ticket."

St. Peter went to her, and said:

"Your ticket, madame? Will you be kind enough to show me your ticket?"

"Here it is, sir."

"Perfectly correct; you may go in. Here are the gates of Paradise."

My little friend bowed prettily, and went in. An intense desire possessed me to follow her into Paradise. Who could tell? Perhaps Armand was dead, and my widow would find herself confronted by two husbands. I asked St. Thomas if he could manage it so that I might go in.

"Easily," he replied.

"Only for an hour, you know," I hastened to add. "But—shall I be able to go away again? For you know, however delightful Paradise may be, if I have a few more good years to spend on earth I don't care to miss them. Life is only for a time, and Paradise is for all eternity."

"Don't be afraid. They'll let you out. Come with me." And he led me to St. Peter. "Make a note of this gentleman," he said to him. "He is a visitor—he only wishes to go in and look about and come out again."

"Pass in, sir; pass in. I shall know you again."

There I was in Paradise, and in the nick of time. Armand and Gaston, who had been scanning the passengers as they arrived, had already rushed to their wife. Gaston had taken her right hand, and drew her on that side, saying:

"Jeanne, my dear Jeanne!"

Armand had taken her left hand, and drew her on that side, saying:

"Maud, my dear Maud!"

She had two Christian names, and it had seemed in better taste to her, in the intimacy of married life with her second husband, not to be called by the same name the first had made use of. She was an adorable being, replete with delicacy of feeling. Armand and Gaston meantime showed no intention of giving up.

"Jeanne!"

"Maud!"

"I am your first husband!"

"I am your second husband!"

"My rights are incontestable!"

"Sir, release this lady!"

"I have nothing to say to you, sir. I do not know you!"

He didn't know him! Why, they were intimate friends on earth, when they were alive, called each other by their first names, couldn't live without each other. Armand, the second husband, almost lived at Gaston's house, so much that gossip said—but where should we all be if what gossips say were believed!

The quarrel, meantime, was waxing hot between Armand and Gaston. Their voices rose. Existence is sweet in Heaven, but slightly monotonous; so the smallest event attracts as much attention as a runaway in a country town. The blessed came trooping up from every direction. Some took sides with the first husband, some with the second. Jeanne remained passive; she had freed her hands, and said nothing to either Armand or Gaston.

St. Thomas had come within the gates of Paradise when I did.

"This must often occur," I said to him. "A great many women on earth have two husbands."

"Very true, the novelty is that the husbands should claim their wife. Generally, under these circumstances, each husband tries to shove her off on the other."

"How is it when things are reversed, and there are two wives to a husband?"

"Oh, then it's very different; the women always quarrel as to which shall keep the husband. Women are wild to be married, even in Heaven."

Right here St. Thomas was interrupted by a loud cry that arose from the ranks of the blessed:

"St. Joseph! St. Joseph!"

It was in fact St. Joseph. He had been attracted by the noise and came that way.

St. Joseph was entirely the St. Joseph of the Italian school—brown drapery, gray hair and beard, a staff in his hand, and sandals on his feet, plus a very imposing aureole, and an air of prosperous, upper middle-class benevolence.

He paused, asked what was the matter, and was told how things stood.

"Well," said St. Joseph, "it seems simple enough. The lady is here as a recompense for her religious conduct and Christian feeling. She has a right to happiness of the most peaceful character and largest scope. Let her pronounce, and choose between these gentlemen."

"But," said Gaston, "what is reserved for the one who comes in a bad second?"

Gaston ran a racing stable during his earthly pilgrimage, and his abominable slang slipped out even in the presence of St. Joseph.

"Never fear," said St. Joseph, "I will give to him who is not chosen one of the unclaimed ladies who literally swarm in Paradise. Do not let us lose time, madame. Make your decision. Choose, if you please."

Silent and motionless, Jeanne stood between her two husbands, and both Gaston and Armand alternated like characters in a Greek play, seeking the words that might touch their wife's heart.

"I was so proud of your beauty, Jeanne," said Gaston, "and of the sensation it made in society. Luxury for you was what I lived for. Your diamonds and lace, your carriages, your horses, your liveries. And then your room, Jeanne, your cherry satin room! And then boxes, boxes for all the first nights. Three hundred francs I paid for one first night."

"Boxes!" broke in Armand. "He talks of boxes! Even before I was the husband I always paid for the boxes. The first night of the 'Petit Faust' cost me four hundred francs, and I gave five hundred for Patti's benefit."

"You pay!" cried Gaston. "Why, you dined at my table, sir, five days in the week, and you were always loafing in our box at the opera, you who make such an ado about three or four wretched theatre boxes sent to my wife."

"Two or three! Upon my word, such details are too petty."

"I quite agree with you," said St. Joseph, looking bored, and rearranging his aureole. "Be as brief as possible, if you please, gentlemen. Kindly express yourself in favor of one or the other, madame."

Jeanne would not speak, and the two husbands raved on.

"Remember, I gave up my career for you," said Gaston. "I resigned from the army because you didn't like living in a garrison."

"And I joined the Imperialists for you!" cried Armand.

"No politics!" said St. Joseph firmly. "Above all, nothing derogatory to sovereigns!"

"I shall obey you," said Gaston. "I have stronger claims than mere political affiliations. Our love, Jeanne! Remember! I was the first, the first! Our walks on your father's estate. Those shady little paths, when your head sometimes lay on my shoulder; our wedding day, when we came to my home, our home,

at midnight, that bitter cold weather. The ground white with snow, do you remember? What a big fire there was at the chateau to welcome us! still the room was, how frightened we both were!"

"Sir," interrupted Armand, "your reminiscence in execrable taste."

"Very possibly, sir, but I may certainly be allowed to recall my confidence. My confidence was unbounded. How many of my friends came to perfidiously to say: 'Keep an eye on Armand,' me this gentleman. 'He is very fond of you, we all that, but there's somebody he's fonder of, and your wife.' I disdained their gossip."

"I have my own record on the ground of confidence," said Armand, proudly. "Later, sir, when my turn I was the husband, little calumnies were but about. It was Monsieur de Sericourt, that they to to watch, Sericourt, my best friend—how ridiculous!"

I observed that Jeanne could not control a little when she heard the name of Monsieur de Sericourt observed it, but Armand observed nothing, and

And when Sericourt was killed in Mexico, and my dear wife, permitted the unchecked outburst of natural grief, I received an odious anonymous 'Your wife,' it said, 'sheds more tears for the than she will ever give the husband.' I never

than she will ever give the husband. I never

than she will ever give the husband. I never

than she will ever give the husband. I never

than she will ever give the husband. I never

than she will ever give the husband. I never

than she will ever give the husband. I never

than she will ever give the husband. I never

than she will ever give the husband. I never

than she will ever give the husband. I never

than she will ever give the husband. I never

than she will ever give the husband. I never

than she will ever give the husband. I never

than she will ever give the husband. I never

than she will ever give the husband. I never

than she will ever give the husband. I never

than she will ever give the husband. I never

than she will ever give the husband. I never

than she will ever give the husband. I never

than she will ever give the husband. I never

than she will ever give the husband. I never

than she will ever give the husband. I never

than she will ever give the husband. I never

than she will ever give the husband. I never

than she will ever give the husband. I never

TEST PLAYS OF JONES AND PINERO.

Flaneur Describes Features of the New Theatrical Season in New York.

Comparison of the ability and the limitations, the merits and the demerits, of two great English playwrights is inevitable at this time. Henry Arthur Jones had first opportunity to gain the ear of the New York public, but it may not have been an advantage. The "Hypocrites" was produced at the Hudson Theatre at the opening of the season and "His House in Order" at the Empire Theatre only five days later. Pinero's play was, perhaps, more loudly heralded, and had a more personal interest in the fact that it presented in a leading role that distinctive, finished, and always popular if not great American actor, John Drew. Since both plays have been seen and discussed, it is easy to be discerned that the later offering has the greater share of attention, especially of those who talk of theatrical attractions.

The "Hypocrites," is, notwithstanding, the greatest of Henry Arthur Jones's serious dramatic efforts. It is a strong meat play. It bares for ridicule and contempt the weaknesses, the vulgarity, the pretense of good morals, the hidden enjoyment of dubious practices openly denounced, that the author ascribes to middle-class English respectability. There is some force in the suggestion that the dramatist brought his play to America for its initial production simply because he thought it would be better received out of England. Human nature enjoys the spectacle of punishment, or bear-baiting, when the punishment is for another class, the bear-baiting in another's garden with unfamiliar bears. The story of the "Hypocrites" is a purposeful one, its motive is clear, its conclusion is enforced. Leslie Faber and Doris Keane are the favorites in a thoroughly capable cast.

"His House in Order" has all of Arthur Wing Pinero's best qualities, though it is not above criticism. Its technique and literary finish it far surpasses the work of its brother author. Its characters are more universal, its plot so real or consistent. Its situations are theatrically strong, but not so logical. In fact, Pinero wins by daring and force, where less showy methods would permit cool consideration to expose a false conclusion.

The story of this latest, and undoubtedly one of the greatest of the Pinero plays, is not a nice one, but it is cleverly managed. The second wife of a curious specimen of Parliamentary English mediocrity is shown surrounded by the surviving members—father, mother, sister and brother—of the family of the first wife, still inmates of her husband's house. The family-in-law are all that can be imagined in the way of petty, jealous, nagging traits. The husband, still strangely wrapped up in the memory of the departed, in spite of his second matrimonial choice, fails to resent or even to realize the torture inflicted on his wife. An accident places in his wife's hands incontestable proofs of a scandal involving her predecessor, a scandal so grave, in fact, that the supposed son of her husband is shown to belong to another man. With these weapons in her hands the suffering woman proposes to drive away her enemies, but is rebuffed out of her purpose by her husband's brother, a boasting talker but an inconsistent performer. At the last, however, he produces the letters, confounds the husband, and blows up the nest of the merciless parasites.

When the play was produced in London last season, George Alexander and Irene Vanbrugh had the leading parts—the husband's brother and the wife—and here John Drew and Margaret Illington assume the roles. It is a disparagement of John Drew's art to say that Miss Illington is the central figure; the situations place the compelling interest in her, but Mr. Drew proves his ability to make the most of his opportunities, which are not good until the play has nearly reached its first real climax. The first two acts are comparatively passionless, but the third and fourth make amends. There are strong scenes then, for the thrills begin with the wife's discovery and her sudden command to the boy—"Let me have a look at you!" Throughout, the cast is worthy of the principals.

Both the English plays are already established successes. More than that, the season has opened with more successful plays by far than any previous autumn for a decade has known. Rose Stahl, whom you have seen in San Francisco in a playlet on the vaudeville stage, has won star honors on Broadway in a play, "The Chorus Lady," built on the lines of her former sketch. Her first great success was in London in the playlet, although she has done serious work in this country, following Mary Mannering in the title-role of "Janice Meredith." William H. Crane is doing only fairly well in Mr. Sutro's "The Price of Money." Helen Healy, a winsome singer and dancer, is the chief attraction of "The Man from Now," the musical farce written by John Kendrick Bangs, with songs by Vincent Brown, in which Harry Bulger is the star. Mr. Bulger's comedies are still familiar. "The Judge and the Jury,"

advertised in advance as "The American Play," and written by Harry D. Cottrell and Oliver Morosco, though produced at Wallack's Theatre was a cheap melodrama. But Belasco's two record-breaking attractions continue as in former seasons—Blanche Bates in "The Girl of the Golden West," and, at the Bijou, David Warfield in "The Music Master." The latter is nearing his six-hundredth performance and its departure for other cities.

New York, September 11, 1906.

Since more and more American tourists visit Spain each year, the news that the Alhambra, the Mecca of all pilgrims to that country, is in greater danger of total destruction than ever before will arouse interest. The Government contributes \$10,000 a year for its preservation, but that sum has proved quite inadequate for present urgent needs. That the Alhambra has survived to this day is in itself a marvel. During its five centuries of existence it has been subjected to severe trials. Shattered, at one time, by an explosion, and shaken by earthquakes, it has at other times sunk so low as to be a habitation of smugglers, and even a stable for French army horses. The present danger lies in the fact that the foundations are being undermined by water from the old ruined conduits. The Government appropriations are insufficient to meet this condition, and a quarrel among the directors has resulted in the resignation, after thirty-five years of service of that eminent expert in Oriental architecture, Senor Contreras. He has restored many of the tiles, as well as the figures and colors and the other mural decorations, thus giving a fair idea of what the Moorish palace was in the days of its glory.

Mr. Asquith estimated Great Britain's revenue from death duties this year at \$68,500,000. But millionaires have died one after the other, and although only one-third of the fiscal year has passed, Mr. Asquith is already over \$10,000 ahead of his schedule. One of the millionaires who died recently was Sir Charles Tennant. Mr. Asquith married his daughter, and so the curious spectacle is afforded of the chancellor's death harvest including over \$1,500,000 taken from his father-in-law to help along his budget. The death duties on Alfred Beit's estate were \$5,000,000. The estate of George Smith of Chicago and Scotland, who died some years ago, yielded in duties \$4,500,000. Other estates which have paid huge sums within the last few weeks are those of the Earl of Ilchester, Lord Masham, the inventor of textile processes and machinery; John Goddard, a retired provision dealer; Mr. Steinkopf, founder of a table water and owner of the old St. James Gazette.

Excavations of the ancient city of Gezer, mentioned in early sacred history, carried on by members of the Palestine Exploration Fund for the past three years, have developed numerous "finds," according to advices from Jerusalem published in the Biblical World. Eight cities have been found, superimposed upon each other, on the site of the old defense to the western road to Jerusalem from the foundations. The culture, history, religion and customs from as far back as 500 B. C. have been revealed by architecture, jugs, weapons, masonry, etc. Dr. E. W. G. Masterman, a member of the excavating party, writes as follows: "The earliest inhabitants lived in caves and made all their weapons and instruments of flint. In the middle period bronze is the only metal known, while at a time roughly synchronous with the coming of Israel iron appears and gradually replaces bronze."

Because the postal administration has imposed a duty of five pfennigs instead of two on postal cards intended for urban delivery, the citizens of Hanover have inaugurated a singular strike against the postal authorities. Instead of writing postal cards, they all write letters, and, not satisfied with sending their effusions in an envelope, they fill it with newspaper so as to bring the weight of the letter to the maximum of 250 grammes. As the envelopes they now use are of the maximum size tolerated of 15 by 25 centimetres, it is easy to obstruct a letter-box with only a dozen of such missives. The postal authorities are alarmed at this obstruction of the postal service, and it is probable that the former tariff of two pfennigs on postal cards will have to be re-established.

Parisian life seems to agree with Parisians. The latest figures show in the city 10,509 octogenarians, and 620 nonagenarians, of whom 89 are nearly 100. Six are over 102 years of age.

The largest topaz in the world, now in the Vatican at Rome, weighs seven pounds, and has carvings upon it that occupied three Neapolitan lapidaries 61 years.

Leadene tobacco boxes are apt to cause lead colic and paralysis, the metal impregnating the tobacco with acetate of lead.

ALFRED BEIT, DIAMOND MAGNATE.

Many-Sided as the Polished Gems from the Mines He Controlled.

London continues to tell good stories illustrating the many-sidedness of the late Alfred Beit, the South African diamond magnate. He was as generous as Russell Sage was penurious, and the extent of his charities will never be known. His hand was ever in his pocket. It is said that his gifts averaged more than \$1,500,000 yearly. A leading writer remarks that only his personal friends knew the man.

His tastes were scientific, antiquarian, and artistic. In his Park-lane house in London he had several very fine old masters, notably Murillos, Rembrandts, and Rubens. He was a discriminating buyer, not prone to be deceived, but prompt to conclude a purchase if he were really bent upon it. As an instance in point, he went to stay with an Australian financier in Hertfordshire for the week-end. The house and grounds pleased him. After dinner he asked his host whether he cared to sell. "Yes," he was told, "at a price." "I want the place as it stands—furniture, servants, horses, and all," said Mr. Beit. A bargain was struck on the spot, the host only insisting on taking away his wife's portrait. Two days later Mr. Beit entered into possession.

Mr. Beit was at least once fascinated by the trooper's life. It was during Lord Randolph Churchill's visit to South Africa in 1891, when the camp fires were lit, and every one made merry with song and dance and champagne suppers. Mr. Beit was there, and resolved one night to enlist as a trooper on the morrow!

"What's the use of being a millionaire?" he exclaimed. "Nothing! A trooper's life for me! No cares, no troubles! All the world before you, and no worry from morning till night! A millionaire—suspect all the day long! I shall enlist to-morrow." But morning brought other reflections, and Mr. Beit did not become a trooper.

Now and then Mr. Beit did something to amaze the diamond trade—but not the public—an example being the occasion on which he had a pure white 428 1-2 carat rough diamond cut to a 228 1-2 finished stone and exhibited in a little shop window in the Rue de la Paix, Paris, the luxury capital of the world, as "a sample of our goods."

A story which Mr. Rhodes used to tell illustrates the financier's marvellous memory. Late one night in Kimberley, Mr. Rhodes, Mr. Beit, and some others had an important business transaction together, and an agreement was signed, of which Mr. Rhodes took possession. The next morning Mr. Rhodes failed to remember where he had put the document. Active search was made without its being discovered.

"Go and ask Alfred," said Mr. Rhodes, "he'll remember where I put it."

Mr. Beit was duly awakened. Turning round sleepily in his bed, he said: "It is in his left-hand waistcoat pocket. He took his waistcoat off because he felt too hot, and threw it under the sofa." The waistcoat was found; there, in the left-hand pocket, was the missing document.

His devotion to his old mother was a noteworthy trait. "You can't offer Jameson anything," Cecil Rhodes used to say, "and as for Beit, all he wants in this world is a thousand a year for his mother."

Mr. Beit had the highest regard for the business and technical genius of the American nation, and wherever he acquired new interests he passed by men of his own and his adopted nation, German and English, and obtained Americans. Wherever Mr. Beit's enterprises were found, in South Africa, South America, Australia, Korea, Siberia or elsewhere, the man in charge of the work was an American engineer.

In manner Mr. Beit was quiet, courteous and unassuming. No hint of the financial genius which he possessed was obtainable from a casual contact with him, and his personality was extremely deceptive. A summary of the way Billionaire Beit impressed those who met him casually for the first time is contained in a letter a military authority who came across him in South Africa a few years ago wrote home. "That he is a millionaire and a great financier I am informed on good authority and take for granted," wrote the army man. "Had I been in ignorance of his identity I should have taken him for a nonentity, and certainly not have given him the credit for being either millionaire or financier. He is a most unassuming and unostentatious man of wealth and as kindly, quiet and courteous as it is possible to be. Very ordinary and meagre in his ideas and commonplace in his conversation, he is one of the last men I should have picked out of a crowd as able and capable."

Persons bearing the same surname are forbidden to marry in China.

INVALIDISM AND WORK.

Philosophers, Poets, and Historians who Triumphed over Illness.

Dr. Johnson averred that every sick man is a rascal—a master of subterfuge, a cunning seeker for sympathy, a self-centered egotist, too lazy to call to his aid that determination and will-power that is often seen to have a healing influence as great as that of the ablest physician. It has been estimated that not less than one-tenth of the total population is afflicted by ills which greatly hamper the work of life, and many of these delicate men and women by refusing extreme submission to their ailments have to their credit astonishing tasks successfully performed.

Sophia P. Shaler, in "The Masters of Fate," has chronicled the achievements of scores of noted persons who have contributed to the world's poetry, art, philosophy, and science, in spite of grievous physical difficulties. Mrs. Shaler's book is an inspiring record of the magnificent courage of invalid heroes like Green, the English historian, who could with reason sign himself, "Faithfully (feebly, weakly, dizzily, mopily, faintly, dreamily, dully), J. R. Green," or that amiable sick man, Robert Louis Stevenson, who wrote, "I am about knocked out of time now; a miserable, snuffling, shivering, fever-stricken, nightmare-ridden, knee-jottering, hoast-hoast-hoasting shadow and remains of a man." "But," continues Stevenson, "the medicine bottles on my chimney and the blood on my handkerchief are accidents. They do not color my view of life."

It was an octogenarian United States Senator who, when asked for rules for longevity, replied: "Acquire a chronic ailment in youth, and nurse yourself through life—and work." Kant furnishes a lesson of this kind; although the great metaphysician was never entirely well, he performed a prodigious amount of intellectual work, and lived to be eighty years of age:

He obtained such control over his discomfort that when suffering from a pain in his head he could concentrate his mind so perfectly on a chosen subject that the pain was treated as if it did not exist. By sheer force of will he would also overcome sleeplessness caused by rheumatic attacks. "That these," he says, "were not imaginary pains was proved by the glowing redness which was seen the next morning on the toes of my left foot."

The pitiful account which Johnson gives of Pope's physical condition rests upon the authority of an old servant of Lord Oxford's who knew him after middle age:

"He was then so weak as to stand in perpetual need of attendance; he was extremely sensitive to cold, so that he wore a kind of fur doublet under a shirt of coarse, warm linen with fine sleeves. When he arose he was invested in bodices made of stiff canvass, being scarcely able to hold himself erect till they were laced, and then he put on a flannel waistcoat. One side of his body was contracted; his legs were so slender that he enlarged their bulk with two pairs of stockings."

All the testimony goes to show that he was a deformed and a hopeless invalid, that his mind was brilliant, his energy inexhaustible, and his will strong. Never, perhaps, was there united in one person talents so great and a capacity for drudgery so enormous. The Catholic religion which Pope professed deprived him of the public school and university training; it also cut him off from politics, from the bar and the pulpit. To the calling of literature, the only one left to him, he brought talent, ambition, and untiring industry. These powers, marshaled by the valiant spirit which animated his poor little frame, enabled him to become, while still a young man, the acknowledged head of English literature.

The author of the great "Principia" was diminutive and delicate if not an invalid:

Sir Isaac Newton once told Mr. Conduitt that he had often heard his mother say that when he was born he was so little that they might have put him in a quart cup. No one believed it possible for him to live. "But," says his biographer, "the frail tenement which seemed scarcely able to imprison its immortal mind was destined to enjoy a vigorous maturity." Newton lived to be eighty-five years of age.

Great soldiers have been accompanied by threatening afflictions they could neither overcome nor avoid:

Some of the world's foremost commanders—Julius Caesar, Napoleon, the Duke of Wellington, and Archduke Charles of Austria—appear to have been epileptics. At the battle of Wagram the archduke, it is said, had a seizure, which lasted about an hour; it was then that Napoleon gained the ascendancy. At the critical moment the fate of two great armies was in the hands of two epileptics. Cambyes, the

conqueror of Egypt, Alfred the Great, and two of the greatest poets of Europe—Tasso and Byron—were subject to this disease, as was also the prophet Mahomet.

Pasteur, discoverer of the microbes of disease and corruption, was in the midst of his investigations which were to result so beneficially for mankind, when he was stricken with apoplexy:

After the stroke which threatened to leave the experimenter forever outside the door of his workshop, for twenty-seven years, under the discouragement of uncertain powers, Pasteur had labored, and during that time achieved perhaps his most important contributions to science.

In the case of Gray, the poet, the element of heroic fight, so conspicuous in the lives of other great invalids, was apparently wanting:

Although the author of the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," "The Pindaric Odes," "The Progress of Poetry," "The Bard," etc., only lived to be fifty-five years of age, the span of his life was longer than might have been expected from his delicate constitution. His frequent illnesses, which interrupted his work and compelled him to seek diversion in travel, were due to hereditary gout; this disease finally reached the digestive organs and produced what might be called nervous dyspepsia, ending in violent convulsions.

But whatever may have been the obstacle to Gray's productiveness, there was none to his power of acquisition:

It was conceded that he was, perhaps, the most learned man in Europe. He knew every branch of history, both natural and civil. Criticism, metaphysics, morals, and politics were his studies, voyages and travels of all sorts his amusements; he had a fine taste in painting, prints, architecture, and gardening; was a good botanist, entomologist, and zoologist; made researches in heraldry; was a fair musician; and was among "the first to discover the beauties of Nature in England, marking out the course of every picturesque journey that can be made in it."

Whatever defects may be laid at the door of Heine, the German poet, he can not be accused of self-repression or of encouraging low spirits in himself or others:

When it came to the worst, and the uninterrupted attacks of illness were prolonged to a twelve years' martyrdom, during eight of which he lay with spinal paralysis a prisoner to his bed, he showed heroic qualities, often those of the stoic, who, lacking faith in the gods and without enthusiasm, played his part as an artist. Heine was gifted with an indestructible delight in life. In one of his letters he says: "I am as sick as a dog and fight against sorrow and death like a cat; cats, however, have a tough life of it." At first he traveled in pursuit of health and consulted many doctors, hoping to find the skill which should loose him from the cold, valetudinarian role so repugnant to him. In his house of martyrdom, or rather it were better to say his house of discipline, he exhibited an almost preternatural activity of spirit—no degree of bodily suffering could quench his creative power; he jested and wrote to the last. During the time of his greatest affliction he published "New Poems," "Germany," "Atta Troll," three volumes of "Miscellaneous Writings," which contained his confessions, and also the "Romances." "These, composed in the terrible conditions to which he was reduced, must be reckoned," says his biographer, "among the greatest spiritual marvels of literary history."

Surely the immortal mind was never stronger in him than when from his "mattress grave," where he lay half-blind and paralyzed, his unconquered spirit sent forth this message, matchless in its pathos and irony:

"What avails it me that enthusiastic youths and maidens crown my marble bust with marble laurel, when the withered hands of an aged nurse are pressing a poultice of Spanish flies behind my ears? What avails it me that all the roses of Shiraz glow and waft incense for me? Alas! Shiraz is two thousand miles from the Rue de l'Amsterdam, where in the wearisome loneliness of my sick room I get no scent, except it be perhaps, the perfume of warmed towels. Alas! God's satire weighs heavy on me. The Great Author of the Universe, the Aristophanes of Heaven, was bent on demonstrating with crushing force to me, the little, earthly German Aristophanes, how my wittiest sarcasms were only pitiful attempts at jesting in comparison with his and how miserably I am beneath him in humor, in colossal mockery!"

A shining example of the power of an obdurate will to triumph over distressing sensation is found in the life of Charles Darwin:

For nearly forty years, the naturalist, characterized by Huxley as one of the most exact of observers, most cautious of reasoners, and most candid of expositors of this or any other age, never knew one day of the health of ordinary men, and thus his life was a long struggle against the weariness and strain of sickness. Yet he bore his ill health with such uncomplaining patience that even his children hardly realized the extent of his suffering; his wife,

perhaps, was the only person who had any adequate conception of what he endured. It was owing to her constant care in shielding him from annoyance, and in leaving nothing undone that might alleviate the discomforts of his ill health, that it was possible for him to produce, besides his other great works, the "Origin of Species," designated by one of authority as "the most potent instrument for the extension of the realm of natural knowledge since the publication of Newton's 'Principia.'"

Robert Louis Stevenson, even from his boyhood, never knew the joy of a body free of ailments:

The life of a chronic invalid that Stevenson was compelled to lead was irksome to him above other men, for action was the breath of his nostrils. "Action over every obstacle," was a favorite maxim of his. A great part of his time he spent in bed, and for whole weeks together he was obliged to carry on conversation with his family and friends in whispers, as well as with the help of pencil and paper. Yet there is ample testimony that even under these circumstances his patience and sweetness were invincible, and his industry such that he seized and made the most of every day and hour of respite, contriving in this fashion to produce work surprisingly uniform in quality and quantity. During the three years he spent at Bournemouth, although so far as his health was concerned the worst and most trying of his life, in point of work they were the most active and successful.

It is not often that the sick man himself, except by example, is able to supply courage to others; but even this Stevenson succeeded in doing. He writes: My doctor took a desponding fit about me and scared Fanny into blue fits, but I have talked her over again." One of the most dismal pictures of his condition is contained in the following extract: "I am too blind to read, hence no reading; I am too weak to walk, hence no walking; I am not allowed to speak, hence no talking; but the great simplification has yet to be named; for if this goes on, I shall soon have nothing to eat—and hence—O hallelujah! hence no eating." Again he writes: "I had a very violent and dangerous hemorrhage last spring. I am almost glad to have seen death so close with all my wits about me, and not in the customary lassitude and disenchantment of disease. Even thus clearly beheld I find him not so terrible as we suppose."

The charming ease and vivacity of John Richard Green's style cloaks the research and indefatigable industry of the laborious student. His story is that of a brave man's struggle to do his work to the last, carried on with unsurpassed gallantry against agonizing difficulties:

Towards the end Green's work was done with great effort. For many weeks he could not sit up or take solid food. He was unable to hold a pen, or even to make pencil corrections on a proof. At intervals he could dictate for a short time, or go through references with his wife's help. Much of "The Making of England" was wholly rewritten four times. This extraordinary achievement tried his strength to the utmost; but it was no sooner published than he began to work upon the "Conquest of England." The historian's idea of a good literary style was the same as David's idea of a procession: "The singers go before, the minstrels follow after; in the midst are the damsels playing on the timbrels."

It is asserted that Green's force of will and enthusiasm for his work kept him alive for two years longer than any doctor would have thought possible. He told his wife that what kept him alive was dread of separation from her.

The last chapter of Mrs. Shaler's book is as interesting as those that precede it, and even more pathetic. When the work was planned, its cheering purpose first outlined, Nathaniel S. Shaler, for forty-three years lecturer on geology at Harvard, was a notable example of invalidism and energy. Before the volume came from the press Mr. Shaler's life-work was finished. Mrs. Shaler then added a brief tribute to her husband's memory and his life-long triumph over physical ills.

"The Masters of Fate" will commend itself to all who have an admiration for true courage, and especially to those who fight real ills and morbid influences.

Published by Duffield & Co., New York; price \$1.50.

All classes are affected by the new interstate commerce law, which provides that no railroad may give free transportation or reduced rates. While the law does not apply directly to travel within a State, it applies to local movements in the Territories as well as to journeys across State lines, and Arizona and New Mexico are noted as divisions in which the new rule will be enforced without distinction. Ministers' wives and families, colony promoters, United States army officers and their families, theatrical people, professors and school teachers are alike cut off from privileges formerly enjoyed. Heavy penalties are prescribed for violations of the law.

THE LIQUEUR OF POLITE SOCIETY



LIQUEUR

Peres Chartreux

GREEN AND YELLOW

Known as Chartreuse

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafes, Barter & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Sole Agents for United States.

Geo. H. Kahr

OPTICIAN AND PHOTO SUPPLIES

Permanently Located at

1232 Van Ness Ave

Between Sutter and Post Streets.

All Customers' Records Safe

Golden Pheasant

1222-1224 Sutter Street,

Between Van Ness and Polk

In addition to our usual service of Breakfast, Lunch and Tea, We are serving

First Class

DINNER

Open Evenings

For YOUR

BREAKFAST

GERMEA

At All Grocers

THE JOHNSON-LOCKE MERCANTILE CO.

AGENTS

714 Broadway, Oakland

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston, has abandoned business completely since the death of his wife, and has remained in strict seclusion at his country home, Dreamwold, in Scituate, more than a month.

Raphael Merry Del Val, secretary of state of the Vatican, was a distinguished theologian, student and linguist when that position was conferred upon him at the age of 38. His father was a Spanish diplomat.

Pope Pius X has appointed John J. McGrane, who is a diamond merchant in Maiden Lane, New York City, a knight of St. Gregory in acknowledgment of his services as conductor of the American pilgrimage to Rome. The conferring of this order of knighthood upon Mr. McGrane by the Pope is regarded as a mark of the most signal honor that can be granted a layman of the Roman Catholic Church.

Lord Curzon's loss of health, the result of his long and arduous labors in India, and the shock of the recent death of his wife, has induced his physicians to urge him to travel in order to obtain change of scene. It is understood that he will go to Canada for a long stay. He also intends to visit the headquarters of the American missions that did good work during the holague and famine in India and Arabia.

The new commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, General Robert B. Brown, is a native of Ohio, and is sixty-one years old. He remained in the service for more than four years and received a medal of honor for distinguished and meritorious service. General Brown was the founder of the Ohio Soldiers' and Sailors' Home at Sandusky. For twenty years he has been the managing editor of the Zanesville Courier.

Jameson, who led the famous raid into the Transvaal, receives \$125,000 from the estate of the late Alfred Beit, the South African millionaire. While those with whom he was associated were piling up huge fortunes he made practically nothing. Perhaps it was this absolute contempt for money which earned for him the devotion and confidence of Cecil Rhodes. It has just been brought to light that Jameson for years carried in his pocket Mr. Rhodes' power of attorney.

It has been widely reported that Andrew Carnegie's little daughter, Margaret, is suffering from dislocation of the hip from which she may never recover. A correspondent of the New York World recently visited the family and cables

from Durnoch, Scotland, a denial of the report. He says that the child had "suffered from a sprained ankle, but now walks about the gardens." Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie are happy over her recovery. There is no disease of any kind and her ankle is improving steadily.

Francis Xavier Wernz, a German, on September 8, in Rome, was elected general of the Society of the Congregation of the Company of Jesus (the long and not generally used name of the Jesuit order), in succession to the late Father Martin, who died last May. Father Wernz was born at Rothwell, Wurtemberg, in 1842, and at the age of fifteen years entered the society of which he is now the chosen head. He was appointed professor in the Gregorian University in 1883, and has been rector of the University since 1894.

The great land holdings of Gen. Louis Terrazas, of Chihuahua, were mentioned in this column two weeks ago, but his 17,000,000 acres, though the largest, is not the only vast possession of Mexican soil. Among the Americans who have large ranches are Fleming & Ross, the Riverside Cattle Company, with 2,000,000 acres and a fine herd of Herefords. Phoebe Hearst, of California, has a magnificent place west of Minaca; the Millers and the three Mormon colonies control many thousand acres. Gordon, Ironsides & Ferriss, a Canadian company, have 1,000,000 acres; Lord Beresford, a relative of the Admiral, has a large ranch where he raises fine horses.

Two conspicuous men, one in England and the other in the United States—bear the same name—Winston Churchill. The Englishman is the most striking and picturesque figure in the Liberal party and a potential premier. In age the two are almost on an equality—the American Winston being thirty-five, his English namesake thirty-two. Both were war correspondents in Cuba, on opposite sides, in the Spanish war. Both were educated for the profession of warfare, the one at Sandhurst and the other at Annapolis. The Englishman's full name is Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill. In spite of their bearing the same Christian name and surname, the two Churchills are not related.

Major Carroll A. Devol, who has been in charge of the army transport service at San Francisco for nearly five years, has been ordered to Washington, and says: "I am very sorry to leave this coast. I like the detail here—I like the people of San Francisco, and I like the Coast in every way. I think this is the greatest army post in the Union. I am deeply attached to it."

OLD FAVORITES.

The Swallow Song.

"O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her what I tell to thee.

"O tell her, Swallow, that thou knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North.

"O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow and
light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

"O were I thou that she might take me in,
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died.

"Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?

"O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood has flown;
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,
But in the North long since my nest is made.

"O tell her, brief is life, but love is long,
And brief the sun of Summer in the North,
And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

"O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,
Fly to her, and pine and woo her, and make her
mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee."
—A. Tennyson.

The Pacific Mail steamship Mongolia, a sister ship of the Manchuria, went aground on Midway Island, 1200 miles northeast of Honolulu, September 16th. The passengers, including 200 in the cabin and 300 Asiatics in the steerage, were safely landed. The Mongolia is a sister ship of the Manchuria, which went ashore near Honolulu August 20th, and which was successfully floated after nearly a month's effort.

John D. Hooker, of Los Angeles, through Director George E. Hale of the solar observatory on Mount Wilson, has placed at the disposal of the Carnegie Institute the sum of \$50,000 to be used for the construction of a gigantic disk for a reflecting telescope. The disk will be 100 inches in diameter and 13 inches thick and will weigh four and one-half tons, making the largest reflecting mirror in the world.

ELECTRO SILICON

Unequalled for
Cleaning and Polishing
SILVERWARE.

Send your address for a FREE SAMPLE,
or 15c. in stamps for a full sized box.

Grocers sell it.
THE ELECTRO SILICON CO., 30 CHIEF ST., NEW YORK.

Del Monte Offers

During the reconstruction of San Francisco, Hotel Del Monte offers a welcome shelter to those desiring a home-like place for rest and recreation. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at the present. The entire hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families. Address Geo. P. Snell, Manager, Del Monte, California.

A Permanent Home

P. Centemeri & Co.

KID GLOVES

New Location

1551 Van Ness Ave.

Between Pine and California

San Francisco

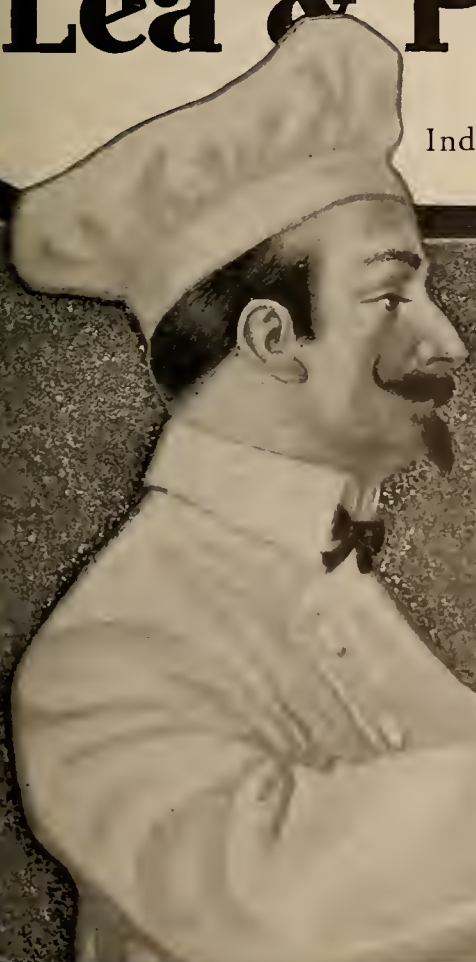
Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Indispensable as a seasoning for Soups, Fish and Gravies

John Duncan's Sons, Agts., N. Y.

"The Secret of my
Success"



VANITY FAIR.

Society hears by way of seemingly veracious reports from India that another Anglo-American marriage will take place, more interesting than any which has yet been celebrated.

At the time of the great Indian durbar Lord Kitchener had a large and splendid tent, where he lived and entertained during such time as he could spare from his duties as chief military participant in the various ceremonies. Among the American visitors was Mrs. Adair, a sprightly, white-haired matron, possessed of the wit, vivacity and slimmness of figure which Americans preserve better than any other women. Mrs. Adair helped to organize the social festivities in Lord Kitchener's tent. Mrs. Chauncey, another American, was her friend. Mrs. Adair introduced Mrs. Chauncey to Lord Kitchener, and she was invited to dinners and luncheons in the tent.

The Chauncey image was impressed ineffaceably on the general's heart before she departed for her distant home. He wrote long and interesting letters to the beautiful widow and was overjoyed when he found that she liked India well enough to pay a second visit to it. As a result of that visit it is said that the warrior has renounced his unfaith in wedded happiness.

There is good reason why women should feel an interest in Lord Kitchener. He is a rare combination of qualities. He is six feet two inches high, extremely handsome and as powerfully built as any prize fighter. At the same time he is a man of great intellect. No living general has had so much fighting as he.

He drove the Mahdi and his hordes from the borders of Egypt into the Soudan, following them up for 2,000 miles and finally catching them and slaughtering them almost to a man. After all British generals had made a mess of the Boer war, Kitchener was the one who finished it. He is now commander-in-chief in India and his next promotion will be to the supreme command in England. He is the only general whom the English regard as certain to succeed in anything he undertakes.

Why should such a man be a hater of women? For one thing, he considered it absolutely fatal to the highest military success to be tied to a woman or to be swayed by female influences in any way. As a horrible example, he had the venerable Lord Roberts, who has been made ridiculous by his wife's interference with his staff appointments and other military arrangements.

But now, if it be true that Lord Kitchener has found the ideal woman of perfect sense and judgment, all his objections must vanish.

He has a great deal to offer a bride. He will certainly be raised higher in the peerage. As a bachelor he has saved most of his large pay and has received special grants from the government. He owns a fine estate in England. Aspull Hall, and Elephantine island in the Nile, which is laid out with exquisite Oriental gardens, and is probably the most delightful winter residence that could be found.

Mrs. Chauncey is the daughter of Colonel J. H. Carr of Louisville. After her father's death she came East and married Samuel Sloan Chauncey, a New York millionaire. He died within a year or two, and his widow went to Europe, where she immediately made a splendid social success. Her engagement has successively been reported to James J. Van Alen, brother-in-law of Colonel John Jacob Astor; to James Henry Smith, the taciturn possessor of \$50,000,000, and to the Earl of Rosebery, formerly Prime Minister of England. Probably they were only hopeless devotees.

Some of the difficulties that beset the wife of a brilliant husband are noted with sympathy by Mary Stewart Cutting in a recent article in Harper's Bazar:

It is no doubt a most bewildering thing to a woman if she does see that her husband is distancing her. There are so many kinds of being clever that a man is expected to be, that it isn't especially daunting to find him cleverer than she expected. But when his brains and his efforts raise him into a society where she had no foothold, where not only the men are on this different plane, but the women also, then she becomes conscious that there is a new condition of things.

She can let him move in this orbit entirely without her and drop down to the home level when he comes back there. She can try to take her place with him, defiantly, with the feeling, "I guess I'm as good as they are, anyway!" or humbly and sensitively feeling every mistake, every lapse self-consciously. That is the trouble, the terrible self-consciousness that will not let her sit, or smile, or speak, or hold her hands naturally, in the presence of people who know so well how to do these things. She can only answer questions and that badly; she can't converse with them. If by chance she forgets herself and does talk naturally she suddenly feels as if she has said the wrong thing, and that her husband is ashamed of her. She knows that he looks and talks like the other people, and she doesn't, and she knows that he knows it.

No one can be fitted either mentally or socially for another sphere of life by precept,

but one's mind can learn a wider range even by reading novels and magazines of the day and talking about what is read. A very slight article may sometimes call out a real interchange of thought if one talks about it.

There was much criticism of the invitation to an English tailor, for the purpose of improving the uniforms in the American army, but the New York World shows that something may be said for British styles.

Broadly speaking, modern clothes date from the French Revolution. But it was England that took the pantaloon it received from France and transformed them into trousers, and gave to the long-tailed coat of the Empire the dignity of the double-breasted frock. England indeed has given us our entire outfit of coats—the covert, the paddock, the mackintosh, the invernness, and the ulster which it adapted from the Irish.

It has given us our outing wardrobe, from tennis cloths, for which the "flannelled fools at the wicket" were responsible, to golf coats and riding clothes. Only our baseball suits are native. England borrowed the bloomers of our Dutch ancestors and transformed them into knickerbockers, adding the Norfolk jacket to complete the costume. It gave us the jockey's cap and his riding tights. It provided tweeds and homespuns to relieve the sombre monotony of black, and taught us the comfort of the sack coat or "lounge" suit. From the "first gentleman of Europe" of two generations ago we get our Prince Alberts.

Before the tailor came to inspect American army wear the authorities had adopted a British choice of fabric.

England gave our army khaki, originally from India. And from India also by way of London came pajamas, puttees and the puggaree, not to mention the discarded cummerbund. In the matter of headgear England gave us the cloth cap. We have returned the compliment with the Panama and the developed straw hat. From the Mexican sombrero we have evolved the cowboy or Rough Rider felt.

But these are minor contributions. The source of the derby hat shows forth in its name, and the silk hat is as British an institution as Parliament. Although we are the world's shoe-makers, it is from England that we derive the special forms of footwear required by the sportsman and the athlete. Altogether our obligations to England as civilization's tailor and outfitter are many.

A change of fashion in faces, and men's faces at that, is noted by a New York correspondent of one of the leading journals of the national capital.

The tiny moustache is in again. The smooth-faced man has had his day and the chap with the drooping moustache must chop the droop off and curl up the ends if he wants to be considered smart.

Robert Walton Goelet has a model moustache for the fall and winter of 1906, as also have Dr. Leonard Stuart and Alfred G. Vanderbilt, De Lancey Kane, I. Townsend Burden, Paul Andrews, George W. Brooke, Jr., Marion Wright, W. S. K. Wetmore, Larry Waterbury, Center Hitchcock, E. J. Berwind, Charles B. Hillhouse, Reggie C. M. Oslrichs, Elisha Dyer, Jr., Pembroke Jones, Willie K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and Sidney Smith.

They may be said to be promoters of the new movement and leaders in the new style.

It is a sad discouragement for the American traveler in Europe to be told that it is hazardous to be affable with strangers, but the fact is emphasized by official announcement.

A Paris paper notes that American tourists have been more than ever victimized by thieves in Switzerland this summer. Continual complaints are being lodged by Americans, especially women, who have been swindled and robbed in the trains and at hotels. The authorities declare they are powerless to control the evil unless Americans will be more reserved in their manner. They say that the facility which American women pick up acquaintances when traveling makes them an easy prey.

It is not in America alone that there are steel kings and iron barons; nor is the press of this country the only one which heralds their goings and comings with infinite detail.

In Germany they have an "Iron Maiden," Fraulein Bertha Krupp, the richest woman in the empire, who is shortly to be married. Many American heiresses may, a Paris journalist reports, be richer than Bertha Krupp, but no other young woman rules over such a little world or such an army of subjects. Essen seemed to him like a small German State with Bertha Krupp as the princess. Her husband is merely to be the prince consort. She has a bodyguard of three thousand men to keep order in her great dominions. She has also her own ministry, consisting of the directors of the Krupp Company.

The heiress gave the reporter a few minutes, telling him, among other things how,

like her father, she wished to live far from the madding crowd, and that she had never said all the stupid things American newspapers have put into her mouth. After her marriage, she explained, the management of the business will still remain in the hands of the board of directors, while she and her husband will devote themselves to the welfare works established by the company for the benefit of their army of employees.

As Good as Real Estate

High grade securities, paying liberal interest—half yearly. No depreciation in values, no repairs to pay for, no personal attention required. No taxes. Call or address

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

California and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

\$40.00. Ross Valley

Furnished Cottage six rooms and bath, electric lights, servant's room, garden. Three minutes from Ross Station. Address W. H., Box 74, Ross.

They who make the glasses we sell are skilled workmen of the highest grade.

A lens that we produce is perfect—you are invited to visit our factory.

HIRSCH & KAISER,

1757 Fillmore St

Opticians.

Educational.

Dr. H. J. Stewart

Organist of St. Dominic's Church and the Temple Shenth Israel

Teacher of Vocal Music

PIANOFORTE, ORGAN, HARMONY AND COMPOSITION

New Studio: 2117 California St.

Hours: 10 to 12 and 2 to 4 daily, except Saturday

MRS. J. E. TIPPETT

(CLARA BEUTLER)

Teacher of Singing Coaching

Studio, Pierce Building, Copley Square, Boston, Mass.

OTTO FLEISSNER, Vocal, Piano, Organ and Harmony, Residence and Studio: 2560 Vallejo St. near Scott St., San Francisco. In Oakland on Tuesdays care of Sherman, Clay & Company.

Miss Harker's School.

Palo Alto, Cal. Home and Day School for Girls. Immediate and Primary Departments. Certificate admits to Stanford, Vassar and Wellesley. Number limited. Reopens August 20th.

Ogontz School for Young Ladies

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia; two hours from New York. The late Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circular address MISS SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal, Ogontz School, P. O., Pa.

Established 1858.

W. K. Vanderslice Company

GOLD and SILVER SMITHS,

Will Open Their New Store,

1616 VAN NESS AVENUE

Near California Street,

With Complete Lines in All Departments

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 24th



Paris Tea Garden

IS NOW OPEN

Music 12 to 2 and 3:30 to 5:30

Entrance Through

City of Paris Dry Goods Company, and Washington at Van Ness

STAGE GOSSIP.

James Neil and his wife, Edythe Chapman, have made a New York hit in their new sketch, "The Lady Across the Hall."

Harry Corson Clark is playing New England with a playlet called "Strategy."

The receipts for the six performances of the circus in San Francisco last week are said by the managers to be the largest ever known for the same period in the history of the American circus business. Not less than 60,000 people paid the price of admission to the shows, and many hundreds of people who could not obtain seats stood up.

Nance O'Neil played Lady Macbeth and Queen Elizabeth in Springfield, Mass., last week.

Laura Hope Crews has left "Brown of Harvard" and will be the ingenue with Margaret Anglin in "The Great Divide." Lolita Robinson, a young actress from San Francisco, will take her place. Miss Robinson made her start at the Alcazar Stock Company.

Ferd Michelena, a well known vocal teacher San Francisco, has arrived in New York, where he will establish himself permanently. Mr. Michelena's daughter, Vera, is in the cast of the musical comedy, "The Tourists," now playing at the Majestic Theatre in that city.

Florence Roberts hopes to have found a play that will serve as her principal new offering of the current season in "Maria Rosa," from the pen of Angel Guimera, who also wrote "Marta de los Lowlands." The play will be produced in New York next January, when Miss Roberts will have the title role, that of a young Catalan peasant woman. Heretofore the only presentations of the piece have been made in Barcelona and the City of Mexico, solely for copyright purposes.

Margaret Anglin and Henry Miller gave at many last week the first performance of William Vaughn Moody's "The Great Divide," the play in which they will open the Princess Theatre, New York, on October 1. Miss Anglin plays an Eastern woman who has a unique and mysterious love affair with a man typical of the Southwestern mines.

Frank Worthing shares the honors with Grace George in the New York success of "Clothes," a comedy by Channing Pollock and Avery Hopwood.

Manager Conried is enthusiastic over the singing engaged for the coming Metropolitan opera season, and especially concerning Miss Geraldine Farrar, who will make her debut in "Medora," a new production here. Miss Farrar is not only one of the most beautiful women on the operatic stage, but she has a glorious voice and great dramatic power, says Herr Conried. She is a California girl who sang for a while with the Savage Opera Company. Conried was attracted by her voice, and sent her to study with Jean De Reszke.

It is announced by the London Telegraph that Melina Patti has decided to close her professional career and that she will sing a farewell concert in London in December and will give a series of provincial farewells in the autumn of 1907.

A minor actress at one of the Oakland theatres has been telling a reporter how much she prefers dwelling amid the ruins across the street to living in Oakland," remarks the Oakland Tribune, and it resents the reflection in the following: "She gets her bread and butter in this city, which she derides, but makes a virtue of begging them in San Francisco. She appears to think she is doing something heroic in refusing to eat and sleep among the people who give her employment and afford her a means of livelihood. Nobody will dispute her right to spend her money where and with whom she chooses, but she advertises her ingratitude and bad taste by 'knocking' the city which has given her a profitable welcome and the opportunity to profit by pursuing her profession. This actress belongs to a type with which Oaklanders have become so familiar since the great fire in San Francisco. They are gaining their livelihood in Oakland, but heap unstinted abuse on this city and its inhabitants. It is a singular fact that many of the persons who do this were mere rounders or hangers-on in San Francisco, and are doing better in Oakland than they ever did across the bay, and their lamentations are largely in the nature of boasts of a prosperity which they never enjoyed. The only things they carry in their memory regarding San Francisco are the gash features and flash life that characterized it before the fire. They resent order, quiet and society, and hence mock Oakland and the people who constitute its stable population. Like the silly actress, they are carried away with the notion that abusing the people who have given them welcome, shelter and employment is a fine thing to engage in. Down in Los Angeles persons who abuse the city and its inhabitants are driven away as public enemies. Their presence is not tolerated by a public opinion which is aggressive in resenting vulgar and false imputations on the community. Public opinion in Oakland should apply the same sort of discipline here. Members of the theatrical profession who gratuitously indulge in the kicking habit while drawing their salaries in

Oakland can easily be made to feel that they have outraged the laws of hospitality and affronted their audiences by disparaging this city and its inhabitants. An expression of rebuke would have a wholesome effect."

The Bohemian Club Concert.

After the "jinks of the owl" in the redwoods of Bohemian Grove, the Bohemian Club members have been accustomed to prepare for a club concert. There will be no deviation this year from the club's set plans. The club is making ready to give its annual concert in the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, October 2d, in the afternoon. All the selections are to be from music written at various times for club jinks, and the composers are personally to direct the rendering of the notes. This year for the first time in the annals of the club the concert will be given with the idea of allowing a much greater audience than has been accustomed to attend. Musical director H. J. Stewart says that the great theatre is marvelous for its acoustic excellence, and that no better place for the rendering of the splendid programme could have been chosen. J. C. Wilson is chairman of the committee of management, which committee is composed of the chairman and Messrs. T. S. Wilson and Rudolph Tausig.

The Orpheum.

Clifton Crawford, author of the favorite song, "Nancy Brown," will make his first appearance in San Francisco at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon, and tell clever stories. Eleanor Borel will present a dainty song cycle "The Quarrel." Nat LeRoy and Minnie Woodford are rapid-fire talkers with a package of fun. Tom Fortune and Josephine Davis will make their initial appearance here in their original sketch, "My Sweetheart." R. G. Knowles, for his second and last week, will make a complete change of songs and stories. McMahon's Minstrel Maids and Watermelon Girls will also offer a new act. The Aribos, European strong men, and the Orpheum motion pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete a varied program. On the grounds of the Chutes, where the Orpheum is located, are to be found all kinds of attractions. There is a matinee at the Orpheum every day except Monday.

University Boat Club Show.

Boating enthusiasts of the University of California expect to make the show in the Greek Theatre Tuesday evening, September 25th, the social affair of the season. To raise funds for the purpose of equipping the Amador, the clubhouse of the Association, the show has been arranged. "The Wreck of the Amador" is the name of the piece to be presented. The scene is laid on Robinson Crusoe's lonely isle. Needless to say the victims of the well-fated Amador are in the list of entertainers familiar to the college public and include Henry Morse Stephens and Emil Kruschke. A quartet from the DeKoven Club will render selections. In addition, there will be a number of other members of the crew, all of whom will add to the program.

That telephone and charcoal paper are the simple means used by "The Marvelous Fays" to give a so-called occult performance that has been bewildering New Yorkers all summer at a popular theatre was alleged in the Supreme Court. Two former employees of the Fays quit and at a rival playhouse started to expose the Fays performance. An injunction suit by the Fays brought all concerned into court. The defendants declared pads were distributed for the audience to use in writing queries. When the sheet was written on it was torn off by the questioner and the pad handed back to the attendant. The paper was of such a sort that by rubbing charcoal on the next sheet lines of writing would appear. These slips were sent down to a confederate in the basement. He telephoned them to Mrs. Fay, who sat upon the stage.

During the first four or five days after the San Francisco fire when many people could get no money from the banks, a great number went to the railroad officials for tickets to points North, East, South and West, and both in and out of the State. They insisted upon paying eventually, but had nothing to give at that time but their written promises to pay as soon as they could reach their destination. The officials took these promises to pay to an amount aggregating \$60,000 from nearly 1,000 persons. It is remarkable that within five months of the disaster no less than \$53,000, or nine-tenths of the full amount, has been paid by remittances from the refugees to whom credit had been extended. Much of this came from grateful sufferers who had not even been asked to sign a promise to pay.

"The Pastoral Symphony" by Beethoven will be the chief feature of the second symphony concert of this year's series by the University Orchestra in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley at 3:30 o'clock next Thursday afternoon, September 27. An audience of 2223 people assembled in the Greek Theatre to hear Dr. J. Fred. Wollé, Professor of Music in the University, and the sixty professional musicians who make up the orchestra, in the opening concert of the series on September 13th.

Dr. Jordan on the Lesson of the Disaster.

The long delayed 1906 senior commencement exercises of Stanford University were held September 15th. President Jordan bade his official farewell to the graduating class, taking as his theme, "Life's Enthusiasm." In closing, Dr. Jordan said:

"This I was prepared to say to you on the twenty-third day of last May. But many things have happened since then and many words have been left unsaid. The time for action has come and swept it all away. These last paragraphs I wrote on a spring morning within a huge hotel of steel and stone in the heart of a bustling city in the most gracious of lands and under the bluest of skies. A great commercial city it was, a wondrous city, full of all manner of men—eager, impulsive, loving, enthusiastic men; men cunning and grasping, given over to all 'hard fierce lust and cruel greed,' the most cosmopolitan of all American towns, the one fullest of the joy of living, the one less fearful of future disaster, 'serene, indifferent to fate,' thus her own poets have styled her, and on no other city since the world began has fate, unmalicious, mechanical and elemental, wrought such a terrible havoc.

"In a day this city has vanished; the shock of a mighty earthquake, forgotten in an hour in the hopeless horror of fire; homes, hotels, hospitals, hovels, libraries, museums, sky-scrapers, factories, shops, banks and gambling dens, all blotted out of existence almost in a twinkling of an eye; millionaires, beggars, dancers and workers, men great and small, foolish and courageous, with their women and children of like natures; with the fleeing together by the thousands and hundreds of thousands to the hills and sand dunes, and on the grass and the shifting sands they all slept or were awake together in the old primeval equality of life. Never since men began to plan to create has there been such a destruction of the results of human effort."

Mr. Takahashi, Vice Governor of the Bank of Japan, landed at Victoria last week on his way to New York and London to negotiate another foreign loan for the Japanese Government, which owes already in domestic and foreign debts one billion and eleven and a half millions of dollars, the total foreign debt being over

HOTEL ST. FRANCIS
ANNEX
SAN FRANCISCO

IN UNION SQUARE
ON THE LAWNS
AMID THE PALMS
EVERY ROOM OUTSIDE
ON THE GROUND FLOOR

FAMOUS GRILL ROOM
IN MAIN BUILDING
SAME SKILLED CHEF

BOHEMIAN CLUB
Annual Concert

GREEK THEATRE, BERKELEY

Tuesday Afternoon, Oct. 2

LARGE ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS

Reserved Seats - - One Dollar.

ORPHEUM.

Week Commencing SUNDAY MATINEE, Sept. 23
(Matinee Every Day.)

BRITE VOWDVIL!

CLIFTON CRAWFORD; Eleanor Dorel; Le Roy and Woodford; Fortune and Drvis; McMahon's Minstrel Maids and Watermelon Girls; The Aribos; McMahon and Chappelle; Orpheum Motion Pictures and last week of R. G. KNOWLES.

Prices: 10c, 25c and 50c. Down Town Box Office at Donlon's Drug Store, Fillmore and Sutter Sts.

CHUTES and ZOO—Open Daily from 10 A. M. till Midnight. Admission 10c; Children 5c.

Bonestell, Richardson & Co.

Have Plenty of Every Kind of

PAPER

Phone Temporary 1273

473 to 475 SIXTH STREET,
San Francisco.

Hotel Collingwood

35th St., between 5th Ave. and Broadway
NEW YORK CITY

New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district containing every modern device for comfort of guests.

Positively exclusive. Service a la carte.

Bohm Bristol Co.

JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS

A COMPLETE LINE OF
DIAMONDS, WATCHES,
JEWELRY AND
SILVERWARE

NEW LOCATION:

Van Ness Ave. and
Sacramento St.

FORMERLY AT 104-110 GEARY ST.

You Will Obtain
Absolute Protection
in Presidio Terrace

From saloons, stores,
flats, laundries,
spite fences and
other nuisances.

Streets, sidewalks, trees, grass, flowers, maintained
and electric lighting done under the management of the
Presidio Terrace Association at a monthly cost of
Four (\$4) Dollars per lot.
Lots average 50 feet front.
Prices average \$120 per foot.
Terms, one-fifth cash; balance
to suit, at 5 per cent. per annum.

BALDWIN & HOWELL,
1692 FILLMORE STREET

LITERARY NOTES.

Empires and Emperors.

"Empires and Emperors of Russia, China, Korea and Japan," by Count Vay de Vaya, is a notable contribution to the literature on the Far East. Additional interest attaches to this narrative of travel from St. Petersburg to Tokio by the fact that it was written in 1902, many months before the Japanese-Russian War. Count Vay de Vaya's position gave him exceptional opportunities of describing the rulers and people and institutions of the mysterious East. He met and interviewed the emperors and leading statesmen, but was no less interested with Oriental life in its everyday occupations. The book might have been written by a Chinese author, so sympathetic is it in its impressions of the Dowager Empress's land and people. He says the Chinaman is more industrious and more temperate than the European, and there is scarcely an instance on record in which a Chinese tradesman has broken his word; and who shall say that Chinese art, music and general culture, centuries old, are inferior, because differing from the European? Although a prelate of the Roman Catholic Church, Count Vay de Vaya frankly says that there is no enthusiasm in the Orient for the Christian religion, and that adult conversions very seldom occur. The author notes the gradual advancement of Western ideas, some of them of dubious utility. Poor Korea, by way of compliment to the West, has a new palace that is furnished like "housekeeping apartments." Many artistic photographs and drawings from water-colors by the author illustrate the volume.

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$4.00 net.

An Idyl of Arcady.

Meditations under the serene light of sunrises and sunsets, day-long strolls over breezy moors, the sweet, wholesome loves of a newly-wedded pair of idealists, the tried and trusted companionship of a leal old servitor who is a philosopher, and of an affectionate young puppy who is a worshipper—these are the pleasant elements in the life of Halliwell Sutcliffe's "Bachelor in Arcady" that make the book redolent with woodland fragrance.

The only bit of bleak weather in the book is the pessimism of the cook, and that is so pithily expressed as to be enjoyable. It may be remarked, by the by, that the benedict and 's bride are in receipt of a comfortable income; otherwise, we fancy, they would not have a freehold in Arcady.

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

Devotees of the "great American game" will enjoy "Stand Pat, Poker Stories of the Mississippi," by David A. Curtis. Mr. Curtis is the poker expert of the New York Sun, and most of these cleverly told short stories originally appeared in the Sunday Sun. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

"The Treasure Trail," by Frank L. Pollock, is one of the best of the host of novels that depend for their interest on adventures in search of lost treasures. The hidden gold, in this story, was originally stolen from the Boer government, and stored in a steamer sunk somewhere in the Mozambique Channel. The tale is well-planned, realistic and incidental. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; \$1.25.

"Wayside Talks," by Charles Wagner, author of "The Simple Life," is a

series of sympathetic little tales for children. Were it not for President Roosevelt's strong endorsement of Dr. Wagner's books, however, this volume would receive scant attention from either publisher or reader. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; price, \$1.00 net.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Miriam Michelson, author of the San Francisco newspaper story, "Anthony Overman," has been invited to deliver a course of lectures on journalism at the University of Missouri. She has been a journalist in San Francisco and Philadelphia for several years.

The autumn announcements include novels by Jack London, Marion Crawford, Charles Egbert Craddock, Pierre Loti, E. V. Lucas, and R. Lawrence Donne. They also include the first volume of "A History of Rome in the Middle Ages," by F. Marion Crawford and Prof. Giuseppe Tomassetti.

A party of Washington correspondents have been viewing San Francisco during the past week. They will syndicate letters to about 100 Eastern newspapers on the situation. The party consists of Gilson Gardner, Newspaper Enterprise Association; H. B. Nesbitt, Pittsburg Press and Kansas City Star; R. W. Pullman, Washington Post; J. Hay, Jr., Washington Times; Charles S. Smith, Associated Press; H. J. Brown, Portland Oregonian; H. W. Schulz, Little Rock Gazette; M. H. Thorpe, Forestry and Irrigation, and Ira E. Bennett, San Francisco Chronicle.

"Edinburgh Under Walter Scott" is the title of a new book by W. T. Fyfe, which pictures the remarkable social life of Edinburgh of that time.

Mrs. Ballentine, wife of Captain Arthur T. Ballentine, and only daughter of the late Speaker Thomas B. Reed, has decided to publish a monthly paper called the Yellow Ribbon, devoted to woman's suffrage. She will publish her journal in Monterey.

Alexander Belford, who for many years was a prominent book and magazine publisher of Chicago, died in Los Angeles September 7. He had been ill for several months. He married a daughter of Andrew McNally, of the Rand-McNally Publishing Company of Chicago.

Of a recent "Life of Oscar Wilde" a reviewer remarks: "What can be told about the man, is already pretty well known, and there is little enough of it at best; whereas what is generally unknown, cannot be told at all," and, continuing, says of the biographer's difficulty: "As an apologist he is always in a frightful dilemma. He has to save his author's wits at the expense of his character, or his character at the expense of his wits."

The new management of the American Magazine will not lack force and methods of the times. It includes Miss Tarbell, David Graham Phillips, Lincoln Steffens, William Allen White, and Finley Peter Dunne.

In a recent issue of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican appears this kindly note of San Francisco's progress: "The San Francisco publishers are fast finding their feet. The newspapers, as all the world was told, made amid the smoke a record for quick recovery, and now the monthly magazines are reappearing. The first issue of the Sunset Magazine after the fire was a combined June-July number. The theme, handled by a number of representative Pacific coast writers, was San Francisco. It is announced that Massachusetts, Maine and Connecticut are three of the States from which the Sunset subscribers are asked to send their receipts or part of a mailing wrapper in the interests of a new mailing list to replace the one partially burned."

"That exceptionally able and original weekly, the Argonaut, has found itself whole, and has resumed its old form and measure, while the keen and strong utterances of its editorial page have lost nothing of that peculiar pungency due to Jerome Hart, one of the newspaper geniuses of the country, without regard to degree of longitude."

Argonauts for Our Files.

In response to the Argonaut's request for loose and unconnected copies of the Argonaut which we would be glad to have in order to build up complete files, we have received packages of papers from a number of readers. Among the many who have very kindly sent us papers and to whom we extend our thanks are the following:

Mrs. Ernest Luehning, Suisun, Cal.
Mr. O. P. Clark, 2115 Thompson street, Los Angeles.
Mrs. M. Elsassner, Apartado 863, City of Mexico, Mexico D. F.
Mr. Jos. Oleovich, San Salvador, C. A.
Madame L. Hastings de Onativia, Bucksport, Maine.
Mr. W. Grutzmacher, 229 Clay street, San Francisco.
Mr. Seth Bohmanson, Department of Agriculture, Manila, P. I.
E. G. S., Ross, Marin Co., Cal.
Mrs. Whitney, San Francisco.
Mr. Lee Clark, Kansas City, Mo.
Mr. L. H. Smith, Chefoo, China.
Mr. W. E. Bunker, Pacific Mail SS. Dock, San Francisco.
Mr. A. Jacquemart, 2109 Steiner street, San Francisco.
Mr. W. E. Coldwell, San Salvador, C. A.
Mr. Wm. J. Seroth, Kobe, Japan.
Mr. C. N. Perkins, Main Postoffice, San Francisco.
Miss B. S. Reid, 809 N. El Dorado St., Stockton, Cal.
Dr. P. De Vecchi, Asti, Italy.
Mr. S. Silverstone, Hongkong, China.
Mr. D. Driscoll, San Francisco.
Dr. H. Vetterling, San Jose, Cal.
Miss Anne M. Wingfield, Petersburg, Va.

A French journalist recently complained to Tolstoi, that the American people were devoid of ideals and devoted only to the passion of money-getting. Professor Brander Matthews, in an address given before two colleges, set himself to answer these and other sweeping charges made by foreign critics. His address is now being brought out in permanent form under the title of "American Character."

ROBERTSON'S

NEW LOCATION

1539

Van Ness Ave., Near Pine

"Next to the White House"

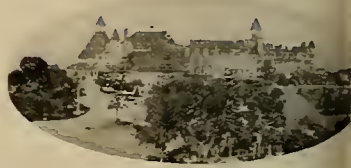
Mr. Robertson calls attention to the above address, which is very centrally located.

Pears'

Pears' Soap furnishes all the skin needs, except water.

Just how it cleanses, softens and freshens the delicate skin-fabric, takes longer to expound than to experience. Use a cake.

Sold in every quarter of the globe



Hotel del Coronado

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Enjoy California's best climate at the largest all-year seaside resort hotel in the world. All outside rooms. Guests will appreciate the new and important changes. Every modern convenience provided, including long distance telephone in rooms. Chef of national reputation. Choicest and widest cuisine of any hotel in the West. Interior court—a rare tropical garden. Fine winter fishing and hunting. Unexcelled golf links and tennis courts. For further information address

MORGAN ROSS, Manager
Coronado Beach, Cal.
H. F. NORCROSS, General Agent
334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles



HARTSHORN

SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.
Wood Rollers Tin Rollers

To Lease
A Nob Hill Fifty Va

Apply to
MADISON & BURKE
Fillmore and Sacramento Streets.

Shore
Line Limited

Drawing-room Parlor Cars
Buffet Smoking Car Dining Car
Large Protected Observation Rotunda

Daily by Daylight

To Coast Line Resorts
From San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Southern
Pacific

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A New York wine agent is compiling volume of anecdotes of the famous wine dealers of the past.

Of the late Baron Roederer he said one day:

"Roederer once received a letter that said:

"Sir: I have not a centime to my name, but I adore champagne. Be good enough to send me a case of delicious betar. With its help I hope to forget my wretched poverty."

"Roederer replied by return mail:

"Sir: The means wherewith you propose to forget your poverty will not fail. The incessant and persistent representation of my account would remind you every moment of your sad condition."

A well-known member of the New York bar, a man of most patronizing manner, one day met John G. Carlisle, whom he observed loftily:

"I see, Carlisle, that the Supreme Court has overruled you in the case of Julius vs. Jenkinson. But," he added, "his grand way, 'you, Carlisle, need el no concern about your reputation.'" Carlisle chuckled. "Quite so," he agreed. "I'm only concerned for the reputation of the Supreme Court."

A Frenchman challenged an American fight. The American, a husky six-footer from Yale, who had pitched on a baseball team and stroked the crew, as loth to accept, and took the matter something of a joke. The count pressed his desire for satisfaction, and last the son of "Old Eli" consented meet him, stipulating that he should choose his own weapons. Seconds were read upon, and the mode of combat chosen by the American was baseballs twenty paces. It was dangerously close range for a man who has spent three years twirling inshoots and out-pitches over a twelve-inch plate and bely to be a pretty accurate shot with baseball; but the Frenchman was game, and they met on the outskirts of the city at daybreak.

Each was to have three shots, and the first won the toss and thereby the privilege of leading off. Perhaps he had never seen a baseball before, and at any rate the man from Yale had no difficulty dodging the adamant spheres which the son of Belle France sent scaling in his direction.

Then the American opened fire. The first ball grazed the Frenchman's shoulder; the second lodged in the pit of his stomach, and the third, an in-sport, caught him full on the point of the chin. He went down and out, and never challenged another American again.

A poor lady whose husband had just died was bemoaning the fact.

"At any rate," she said, as she wiped tears from her eyes, "the Brown Hure was worse than ours."

"How so?" said one who knew that the husband's smash-up had been terrible.

"Why," she said, "we only failed five cents on the dollar, whereas Brown failed for fifty-five."

Upton Sinclair, author of "The Jungle," told at a dinner in New York, a propos of the pure-food laws, a story of four flies.

"Four flies, four brother flies," he said, "set out into the world, one summer day, to seek their fortunes.

"Up and down they flew, and finally, a window being open, they found themselves in a large, delightful room. There was a great white table in the middle of the room, and on it many tempting viands were spread.

"The first fly, with a huzz of delight, settled upon a dish of lovely, amber-colored jam. He ate his fill. Then, with a low cry of agony, he expired.

"The jam, alas, was adulterated with oparas.

"The second fly saw in his comrade's death a moral. Luxuries, he reasoned, are deadly. He would stick, therefore

to the plainest, simplest things. And so he fell to upon a crust of bread, and in another moment breathed his last. The bread was adulterated with alum.

"The third fly was so grieved over the fate of his two comrades that he resolved to drown his sorrows in drink. There was a glass of heer bandy. He settled into it greedily. But the beer was adulterated with cocculus indicus, and in less than a minute the fly, quite dead, floated with limp wings on the surface of the amber fluid.

"In despair the fourth fly hid himself in a corner. Sorrow overpowered him. Large tears rolled from his compound eyes. And unfortunately, in this mood, his glance fell upon a large dish of fly poison.

"What is life," he muttered, "without my three dear brothers? I'll kill myself."

"And he sipped a little of the poison. It was palatable, even appetizing. Resolved to make a good job of it, he drank greedily, and, still drinking awaited the end.

"But the end did not come. The fly poison, like everything else in the room, was adulterated. The little insect found it harmless. Indeed, it cheered, exhilarated, strengthened him, so that he no longer desired death."

The weary tramp with the red beak halted in front of the wayside cottage.

"I called, mum," he announced, "because I found dis sample package of dyspepsia tablets down the road."

"Dyspepsia tablets?" snapped the woman with the broom. "What have I to do with dyspepsia tablets?" "Why, er—I thought maybe you might give me something to eat dat would gib me de dyspepsia so I could test dem."

JOHN G. ILS & CO.
Manufacturers
High-Grade French Ranges
Kitchen and Bakery Outfits,
624 Washington Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

HOTEL RAFAEL
SAN RAFAEL, CAL.
50 minutes from San Francisco. Complete
Change of Climate
TIBURON OR SAUSALITO FERRY
All Modern Conveniences.
R. V. HALTON Proprietor

Belvedere, California,
HILLSIDE INN.
Tiburon Ferry, 40 minutes from San Francisco
Boating and bathing. Terms reasonable. Address
MRS M. J. WARREN.

To Lease
Lot in the residence quarter in the Marine View District. Short 50-Vara.
MADISON & BURKE
Fillmore and Sacramento Sts.

85 cent GAS
is the cheapest when you consider it has double the heating value of any other manufactured GAS and gives

23 Candle Power
insuring a brilliant steady light
Gas Thrift
is simple. Get the most heat and the brightest light for your money.
"AT YOUR SERVICE"

The S. F. Gas and Electric Co.
925 FRANKLIN ST. 500 HAIGHT ST.
1260 NINTH AVE. 421 PRESIDIO AVE.

SMITH'S
CASH STORE
16 Stewart St. San Francisco.
"JUST AROUND THE CORNER"

STATEMENT
OF THE CONDITION AND VALUE OF THE ASSETS AND LIABILITIES OF
THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY
(A CORPORATION)
AND WHERE SAID ASSETS ARE SITUATED
DATED JUNE 30, 1906

ASSETS.
1—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is \$35,428,893.99
The condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated at the corner of Market, McAllister and Jones streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State. Said Promissory Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said office, which is its principal place of business, and said Notes and debts are there situated.
2—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is 330,040.00
The condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated as aforesaid, and the payment thereof is secured by "Northern Railway Company of California First Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds," "San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railroad Company 5 per cent Bonds," "Southern Pacific Railroad Company of Arizona 6 per cent Bonds," "Southern Pacific Railroad Company of California Series 'F' and 'G' 6 per cent Bonds," "Park and Cliff House Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds," "Pacific Gas Improvement Company First Mortgage 4 per cent Bonds," "Edison Electric Railway Company First Refunded Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds," "Pacific Electric Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds," "The Imperial Japanese Government 6 per cent Bonds," "United States 3 per cent Bonds," "Spring Valley Water Works First Mortgage 6 per cent Bonds," "Spring Valley Water Works Second Mortgage 4 per cent Bonds," "Forty-two Shares of the Capital Stock of the Bank of California" and "One hundred and thirty Shares of the Capital Stock of the California Street Cable Railway Company," the market value of all said Bonds and Stocks being \$462,846.21. Said Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said office, and said Notes, Bonds and Stocks are there situated.
3—Bonds of the United States, the actual value of which is 12,990,454.39
The condition of said Bonds is as follows: They belong to the said Corporation, and are kept and held by it in its own Vaults and are there situated. They are: "Registered 4 per cent of 1917 (\$7,150,000.00) and 4 per cent of 1925 (\$4,520,000.00) United States Bonds," and are payable only to the order of said Corporation.
4—Miscellaneous Bonds, the actual value of which is 10,618,511.14
The condition of said Bonds is as follows: They belong to the said Corporation, and are kept and held by it in its own Vaults and are there situated. They are: "Market Street Cable Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" \$1,126,000.00 "Market Street Cable Railway Company First Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds" 433,000.00 "Sutter Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" 150,000.00 "Powell Street Cable Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" 158,000.00 "The Omnibus Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds" 89,000.00 "Presidio and Ferries Railroad Company 6 per cent Bonds" 24,000.00 "Ferries and Cliff House Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" 6,000.00 "Los Angeles Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" 145,000.00 "Northern Railway Company of California 6 per cent Bonds" 584,000.00 "Northern Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" 24,000.00 "San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" 390,000.00 "Southern Pacific Railroad Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" 655,000.00 "San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" 111,000.00 "West Shore Railroad Company of New York 4 per cent Bonds" 500,000.00 "Spring Valley Water Works First Mortgage 6 per cent Bonds" 123,000.00 "Spring Valley Water Works Second Mortgage 4 per cent Bonds" 516,000.00 "Spring Valley Water Works Third Mortgage 4 per cent Bonds" 1,020,000.00 "The Merchants' Exchange 7 per cent Bonds" 1,500,000.00 "San Francisco Gas and Electric Company 4 1/2 per cent Bonds" 495,000.00 "City and County of San Francisco 3 1/2 per cent Bonds" 2,102,000.00 "City of Vallejo 5 per cent Bonds" 62,000.00 "City of San Luis Obispo 5 per cent Bonds" 11,250.15
5—Interest on Miscellaneous Bonds accrued to July 1st 1906 269,755.10
6—(a) Real Estate situated in the City and County of San Francisco (\$129,264.05) and in the Counties of Santa Clara (\$80,496.31), Alameda (\$64,722.84), and San Mateo (\$12,701.42). In this State, the actual value of which is 268,174.62
(b) The Land and Building in which said Corporation keeps its said office, the actual value of which is 588,661.35
The condition of said Real Estate is that it belongs to said Corporation, and part of it is productive.
7—Cash in United States Gold and Silver Coin, belonging to said Corporation and in its possession, and situated at its said office, actual value 2,723,073.14
Total Assets \$63,217,563.73
LIABILITIES.
1—Said Corporation owes Deposits amounting to and the actual value of which is \$59,671,701.35
The condition of said deposits is that they are payable only out of said Assets and are fully secured thereby.
2—Reserve Fund, Actual Value 3,545,862.38
Total Liabilities \$63,217,563.73
THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By JAMES R. KELLY, President.
THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.
STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco, ss.
JAMES R. KELLY, being duly sworn says: That said JAMES R. KELLY is President of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the Corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.
JAMES R. KELLY, President.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2nd day of July, 1906.
GEO. T. KNOX, Notary Public.
In and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
County of San Mateo, ss.
ROBERT J. TOBIN, being duly sworn says: That said ROBERT J. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the Corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.
ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2nd day of July, 1906.
CHARLES N. KIRKBRIDE, Notary Public.
In and for the County of San Mateo, State of California.

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Inez Strauch to Mr. James H. Graham. Their wedding will be an event of the near future.

The marriage of Miss Evelyn Clifford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James B. Clifford, to Mr. Sylvanus Cobb Farnham took place on Wednesday evening, September 19th, at Trinity Church. The ceremony was performed at 8:30 o'clock by Bishop Nichols, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Clappett and the Rev. Burr M. Wreden. Miss Elsie Clifford, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor and Mr. Eugene M. Farnham, the groom's brother, was the best man. The ushers were: Mr. William T. Goldsborough, Mr. John de Peyster Teller, Mr. Robert McMullen and Mr. Paul McMullen. A reception was held in the guild room after the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Farnham have gone on their wedding journey and on their return they will live in Oakland.

Last Sunday in the presence of a few relatives and friends Dr. Arthur L. Fisher and Miss Eugenia Samuels were united in marriage at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Samuels, on Octavia Street. Dr. Fisher is a recent graduate of Johns Hopkins Medical School, while his bride is known through her philanthropic work in San Francisco. After a short trip Dr. and Mrs. Fisher will take up their residence at 3034 Jackson Street.

Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Hunter Voorhies entertained at a dinner and reception at their California street home on Thursday evening of last week in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun. Those present at the dinner were, besides the host and hostess and guests of honor: President and Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. E. Morey Winship, Captain and Mrs. Charles Plummer Perkins, Mrs. Malcolm Henry, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. W. W. Dixon of Butte, Montana, Thorne Mullally, Charles M. Holbrook and Mr. Shingle of Honolulu.

Miss Laura Doe was the hostess at a dinner on last Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Martha Calhoun. Those present besides the guest of honor were Mrs. Doe, Captain and Mrs. Charles Plummer Perkins, Mrs. Malcolm Henry, Miss Bessie Bates, Lieutenant Barnes, U. S. N., Dr. Smith, U. S. N., Dr. James Pressley, Mr. George Sessions and Mr. Robert Shingle.

Miss Mabelle Toy was the hostess at a bridge party at her home in Alameda last week. Among the guests were Mrs. Harvey Toy, Mrs. Paul Bancroft, Mrs. Ernest Stent, Mrs. Harry Bates, Mrs. William Penn Humphreys, Miss Georgia Spicker and Miss Lalla Wenzelburger.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resume of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon are domiciled in the Mountford Wilson house, 2324 Pacific avenue and will there spend the winter.

Miss Jennie Crocker left on Thursday of this week for New York, where she will spend some weeks, returning later to California for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin are again in Paris after a stay of several weeks at Carlsbad.

Mrs. A. S. Lilley has returned to her home in San Rafael, from San Mateo, where she was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Walter Hobart.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Chesebrough, Miss Edith Chesebrough, Miss Helen Chesebrough and Miss Kate Dillon have returned to their home on Clay

street after a stay of several months in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. William Peyton have taken apartments at the Lafayette on Sacramento street for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Athearn Folger will go to their new house near Redwood next month and will there spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown, who have been at the Preston home at Woodside during the summer, have come to town and are living on Clay street for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lansdale are spending the month of September at Pacific Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Given left for the East last week on account of the serious illness of their son, Mr. Stanford Given, who had appendicitis, but is now recovering.

Mrs. John B. Casserly, with her children, is at present staying at the summer home of her father, Mr. Michael Cudahy, at Lake Mackinac, Michigan.

Mrs. Pelham Ames and Miss Elizabeth Ames will leave in October for Baltimore where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl returned to her summer home at Tahoe last week after a stay of several days in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk have taken a house at San Mateo for the winter.

Miss Laura McKinstry has returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hooker at Del Monte.

Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith has returned to San Mateo after a week's stay in town as the guest of Miss Maizie Langhorne.

Miss Carrie Given and Miss Eva Maynard have returned from a fortnight's stay at Tahoe.

Mrs. Casserly and Miss Margaret Casserly, who have spent the summer at San Mateo, will return to their home on Buchanan and Sacramento streets very shortly.

Mrs. James Carolan and her daughter, Mrs. Timlow, who are spending the summer here, have returned to Burlingame from a visit to Del Monte.

Mrs. Henry C. Campbell and Miss Frances Reed, who have been at Soda Springs, near Shasta, since earlier in the summer, have returned to their home in Sausalito.

Mr. Raphael Weill has been spending a few days at Del Monte after having returned from a visit in Southern California.

Mr. James W. Byrne, who has been stopping at the Hotel Ritz in London, left there last week for Scotland, for a season of golf before sailing for home the end of September.

Mr. Hallock Wright, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Francis Lynde Stetson, has sailed on the steamer Minnetonka for an extended tour of Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman have returned from a visit to Monterey and are domiciled in the William Alvord house for the winter.

Mrs. William Young and Miss Edith Young, who have been living in Berkeley since the fire, will return to town on October 1st and stay at the Hotel Jefferson.

Mrs. H. Sebree, wife of Captain Sebree, U. S. A., of Washington, D. C., well known in San Francisco, is making a visit to her father, Colonel F. Bridgman, who now makes his home at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. M. P. Huntington and her daughter, Mrs. Gilbert Brooke Perkins, who have been abroad for several weeks, were, when last heard from, at Franzenbad.

Mrs. de Noon, Mrs. Emma de Noon Lewis and Miss Mabel de Noon, who are at present in Sausalito, will leave next month for an indefinite stay in Europe.

Mrs. Antoine Borel and the Misses Borel, who have been staying in Paris, have returned to their home in Switzerland.

Registered at the Hotel del Coronado for the current week is John E. Bennett, formerly on the staff of the San Francisco Chronicle, now their Washington correspondent.

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs for the past week are State Printer W. W. Shannon and Mrs. Shannon, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur G. Fisk, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Hancock, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Williams and Mr. M. Bird, from Honolulu.

Among the arrivals at Hotel Del Coronado for the past week are: Mr. John R. Aitkens, Mr. J. C. Cullen, Mr. W. H. Morrison, Mr. E. H. Fowle, Mr. J. J. Pfister, Mr. W. D. K. Gibson, Mr. Wm. H. Seaver, Mr. Toney Prior, Mr. E. L. Schultz, Mrs. R. B. Cornwall, Mr. Norman H. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. David Neustadter and Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Guggenheim.

A benefit concert will be given by Mrs. Benjamin G. Lathrop, soprano, and Miss Elizabeth Ames, cellist, assisted by Mr. Edgar Mills, tenor, with Mrs. Huldah Andersen Maxwell as accompanist, on the evening of October 28th at Christian Science Hall, Sacramento and Scott streets. A number of the leading society women of the city will act as patronesses.

Mr. and Mrs. John Howell (formerly Miss Rebecca Richardson) of Berkeley, are rejoicing in the recent advent of a little son.

The many friends of Dr. H. J. Stewart will be glad to note that he has opened a studio at 2117 California street. The popular maestro is organist of St. Dominics and the Temple Sherith Israel, and takes pupils in piano, organ, harp and composition at his new studio.

In an order issued by Judge Seawell the Board of Public Works is temporarily restrained from proceeding with the work of erecting a temporary city hall on the site recently purchased by the Board of Library Trustees for a public library and reading room. The Trustees filed a suit against the Board of Public Works, praying for an injunction against that body which will prevent the library site being used for any purpose except that which was originally contemplated, and on Monday, September 24th, the Board of Public Works must show cause why the injunction should not be made permanent.

The Master Builders and the Builders' Exchange of Los Angeles, whose membership comprise practically all of the prominent contractors and builders, have signed an agreement to maintain an open shop throughout the city; that a week's work shall consist of six days of eight hours each, and that the same wages for carpenters be paid as heretofore. This is the climax of the recent strike of carpenters and plumbers. Only a few hundred union men went out, and no contract was at any time delayed. Most of the strikers have since returned to work.

The San Francisco Odd Fellows have decided to rebuild on the southwest corner of Market and Seventh streets, and erect at once a steel, brick and terra cotta structure covering the entire site, fronting 150 feet on Market street and 165 feet on Seventh street, through to Stevenson. Several offers have been made to purchase the site, but the directors would not sell for less than \$800,000. The order has nearly 40,000 members in California, of whom fully 6,000 reside in the city's ruins.

The Jolly Tars, three hundred men prominent in San Francisco shipping business circles, who have maintained a private club on the steamer H. J. Corcoran, tied up at the Clay street wharf since May 10th, have received sailing orders, and are anxiously scanning the charts for new and convenient anchorage. The arrival of the salmon fleet and the unusual crush of foreign shipping makes every berth along the water front valuable, and the Clay street wharf can no longer be spared.

The steamer Oregon, on the Seattle-Alaska run, went on the rocks fifty feet from shore, where the bank is perpendicular, on Hinchinbrook Island, at the entrance to Prince William Sound, at midnight, September 15th. She was trying to find the entrance in the darkness when the headland loomed up. The wreck occurred seventy miles from Valdez and thirty-five miles from Nuchek. The passengers were saved by the lighthouse tender. The vessel will be a total loss.

Mrs. Blanche L. Boardman, the young wife of an aged millionaire, Joseph Boardman, has brought suit against Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard, one of Oakland's society leaders, to compel the latter to sell her the Howard home. Furthermore, Mrs. Boardman asks \$30,000 damages from Mrs. Howard for having failed to live up to her agreement to sell the property. The Howard home is in the fashionable Lakeside district of Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Barry Watson (formerly Miss Maylita Pease) are enjoying the advent of a little son in their home a fortnight since.

THE OCULARIUM

Perfect Fitting Eye Glasses

At Moderate Prices
Lenses Replaced 50c

Henry Kahnt & Co
OPTICIANS

1309 Van Ness Avenue
Between Bush and Sutter.

TO LET

For one year from November 1st, 1906, "The Breaker" on Channel Drive, fronting Pacific ocean, near Country Club, Montecito; grounds about three acres, beautifully laid out; horses and carriages (will also let garage, with Packard Touring Car, if desired); butler, cook, coachman, and laundryman to remain with tenants; for terms and particulars apply to
L. G. DREYFUS,
Santa Barbara, Cal.

"La Questa"

A Luscious Old Red Wine,
Highly Commended by
Connoisseurs

PRODUCER:

E. H. RIXFORD
Kohl Building, San Francisco

Helping the Homeless

The Continental Building and Loan Association

Has helped build up several interior towns and cities of California for the next few years its funds will be used to help rebuild the burned homes of San Francisco.

Dr. Washington Dodge, President.

Gavin McNab, Attorney.

Wm. Corbin, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr.

Office: Corner Market and Church Streets

EUGENE KORN

The Hatter

946 Van Ness Avenue

Formerly 746 Market St.

While Attorney E. B. Flynn, of Springfield, Mass., was on his way to the Supreme Court one day, he carried under his arm several law books. A friend remarked to him, pointing to the books, "Why, I thought you carried that stuff in your head." "I do," quickly replied Flynn, with a knowing wink, "these are for the judges."

Shreve & Company

announce their

OPENING

at

Van Ness Avenue and
Sacramento Street

MONDAY
September 24th

SIEVERS FLORAL CO.

Respectfully announce the opening of their Elegant Establishment

660 California Street, near Van Ness

A MATTER OF HEALTH



ROYAL
BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure
Cream of Tartar Powder,
free from alum or phosphatic acid

HAS NO SUBSTITUTE

PERSONAL.
Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Major-General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., commander of the Pacific Division, has received commission from the President as Lieutenant-General of the Army, succeeding Major-General Henry C. Corbin, who was retired on September 15th. General MacArthur will remain in command of the Pacific Division and will continue to make his home at Fort Mason.

Rear-Admiral Bowman H. McCalla, U. S. N., retired, and Mrs. McCalla spent several days last week in San Francisco, returning then to their home in Santa Barbara.

Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, commander of the department of California, received orders on Friday of last week to proceed once from Camp Tacoma to Washington, D. C. General Funston was accompanied by his wife, Lieutenant Burton J. Mitchell, U. S. A. Colonel John L. Clem, U. S. A., Chief Quartermaster of the department of California, arrived at the Presidio of San Francisco a week ago from Camp Tacoma where he has been. Colonel Clem was ordered home in advance of the breaking up of the camp, as his services were considered more necessary here than there.

Colonel Sedgwick Pratt, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Pratt, who have been in Ross Valley for several weeks, have come to town and are at El Cerrito for the winter.

Colonel John P. Wisser, Artillery Corps U. S. A., commanding officer of Fort Baker, returned last week from Camp Tacoma and went at once to his post. He will be relieved shortly and will go to Berlin as military attache.

Colonel Enoch H. Crowder, General Staff U. S. A., who was ordered here some months since as Chief of Staff of the Pacific Division, but has never reported here, having been on duty as acting judge advocate general, is ordered to report to the commanding general of the Atlantic Division for duty as Chief of Staff of that Division.

Major Adam Slaker, Artillery Corps U. S. A., is relieved of the command of Fort Morgan, Mobile, Alabama, and ordered to Fort Baker as commanding officer of that post.

Major George L. Anderson, U. S. A., is ordered here to succeed Colonel John A. Lunden, U. S. A., Inspector-General of the Pacific Division, who will go East on October 1st.

Major Joseph A. A. Gaston, First Cavalry U. S. A., and Mrs. Gaston will leave on October 1st for Fort Brown, Texas, where Major Gaston's regiment is stationed, he having resigned from his position in connection with the relief committee here.

Major William Lassiter, Fifteenth Infantry U. S. A., is by order of the President detailed for service in the military secretary's department and will report to the commanding general of the Philippine Division for duty.

Major William W. Harts, U. S. A., Chief Engineer officer Pacific Division, was promoted to his present rank last week.

Captain William C. Wrenn, Quartermaster, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty as assistant to the Chief Quartermaster of the department of California and has assumed charge of construction work in and about San Francisco with station here.

Captain Eugene T. Wilson, Artillery Corps U. S. A., is detailed as assistant to the Chief of Artillery and will be stationed in Washington, D. C.

Captain Ira A. Haynes, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to Vancouver Barracks, Washington, to assume command of the Eleventh Battalion of Field Artillery (Mountain).

Captain J. C. Cantwell, U. S. R. C. S., commanding the revenue cutter McCulloch, has been ordered to convey Governor Hoggatt of Alaska aboard on official business.

Lieutenant J. J. Raby, U. S. N., has been ordered to the Union Iron Works, San Francisco, for duty in connection with the South Dakota, in a view to being ordered to duty as senior

engineer officer of that vessel when placed in commission.

Lieutenant Clarence H. Connor, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., has been assigned to duty at the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco.

Lieutenant Douglas C. McDougal, U. S. M. C., has been ordered detached from duty in Washington, D. C., and is ordered to the Colorado.

Lieutenant J. W. McClaskey, U. S. M. C., has been ordered to close the recruiting offices in the district of California and to report to Mare Island barracks.

Lieutenant Arthur Stokes, U. S. M. C., is ordered from Mare Island for duty on the Raleigh.

Surgeon C. P. Kindleberger, U. S. N., has been detached from the naval station at Olongapo, P. I., and ordered to the U. S. S. Baltimore.

Lieutenant Matthew H. Thomlinson, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., having been appointed quartermaster and commissary of the Second battalion of that regiment, has been ordered to proceed to Alcatraz Island for duty. He will, in addition to his other duties, assume charge of construction work at Alcatraz, relieving Lieutenant Gilbert A. McElroy, Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A.

Passed Assistant Surgeon A. J. Geiger, U. S. N., is assigned to the United States Naval Hospital at Mare Island.

Assistant Surgeon A. E. Lee, U. S. N., is ordered detached from the Naval Hospital at Mare Island and to proceed to the United States Medical School at Washington, D. C.

Veterinarian Robert C. Musser, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed on October 1st to the Presidio of San Francisco for duty.

The offices of the Pacific Division will be moved in a few days from the barracks in the Infantry Cantonment, near the Filbert street entrance to the Presidio, where they have been since the fire, to the I. B. Owens house on Pacific avenue and Steiner street, which is leased for a year.

From Printers' Ink, July 11, 1906.
A CHALLENGE.
Broad Exchange Building,
New York, July 3, 1906.

Editor of Printers' Ink: Comparatively few private business concerns consider it wise to take the public into their confidence as to the volume of their business, but when one does—as a prominent Chicago advertising agency has done recently—and intimates that no other agency has ever shown more than a third the number of accounts that it carries upon its books, it seems proper that this erroneous statement should not go unchallenged. In your issue of April 18, 1906, you state that the firm referred to "now claims the distinction of being the largest general advertising agency in the United States" and that "they claim leadership, not only in the gross amount of advertising cleared through their organization, but also in the number of individual accounts on their books, these numbering 685 in February. It is said that no other agency has ever shown more than 200." We believe that a number of agencies have as large a number of accounts as the one you mention, and with the view of enlightening advertisers, who possibly are impressed by the volume of business transacted by various agencies, others may see fit to give the number of accounts they handle. We certainly have no objection to doing so; and, at the same time, call your attention to the fact that this agency is the second oldest in the United States, having been established in 1872.

At the present time we have 649 active accounts on our books and in addition 250 clients who favor us with their business occasionally—that is, whenever they have any. Over 50 per cent of the active accounts have been handled for a period of ten years or longer, while a considerable number of corporations and concerns with world-wide reputations have entrusted their business to us for periods of more than twenty-five years.

As to the volume of our business in dollars, we do not care to speak; at the same time, we may be pardoned for expressing surprise that the volume placed by our Chicago friends is not larger than they claim. Yours very truly,
Albert Frank & Company.
By C. Armstrong, Treasurer.

The troops which have been at the maneuvers at Camp Tacoma, Washington, for the past six weeks, have all returned this week to their proper stations, orders having been issued bringing the maneuvers to a close just one month sooner than was anticipated. All troops returned by train, the Twenty-second Infantry and four troops of the Fourteenth Cavalry being the first to depart, and reaching here on Monday. Troop I remained at the Presidio of San Francisco, and Troops E, G and H proceeded to the Presidio of Monterey.

Rev. Hobart Chetwood, formerly rector of Trinity Church, San Francisco, died September 11th, in Pacific Grove. He was widely known in the State, having held charges at San Diego, Santa Barbara, San Bernardino, and Pacific Grove. He was actively engaged in the work of the Episcopal Church for fifty-two years.

The War Department recently ordered the troops at American Lake, Wash., to close their maneuvers and leave for the Presidio, San Francisco.

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

are now showing complete lines of

Carpets, Rugs, Furniture, Office Desks, Upholstery,
Draperies, Linoleums, Window Shades, Etc.

at their new store at the corner of

Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street

BANKING.

FRENCH AMERICAN BANK

Union Trust Building (Third Floor)
Ready to accommodate its customers and do a general banking business. We will collect on insurance policies for those wishing our services.

THE FRENCH SAVINGS BANK
occupies offices in the same building.

Officers—Charles Carpy, President; Arthur Legallet, Vice-President; Leon Bocqueraz, Vice-President.

Directors—J. E. Artigues, O. Bozio, J. A. Bergerot, E. J. DeSablé, J. M. Dupas, J. S. Godeau, J. J. Mack, Geo. Belaney, Leon Kaufman.

Our Branch Bank is Now Open at
No. 810 Van Ness Avenue Near Eddy St.

Mutual Savings Bank

710 Market St., Opposite Third
SAN FRANCISCO.

Guarantee Capital	- - - - -	\$ 1,000,000
Paid-up Capital	- - - - -	300,000
Surplus	- - - - -	320,000
Assets	- - - - -	10,200,000

Interest paid on deposits. Loans on approved securities.

OFFICERS—President, James D. Phelan; First Vice-President, S. G. Murphy; Second Vice-President, John A. Hooper; Secretary and Cashier, Geo. A. Story; Asst. Secretary and Asst. Cashier, C. B. Hobson; Attorney, Frank J. Sullivan.

Directors—James D. Phelan, John A. Hooper, Frank J. Sullivan, Jas. M. McDonald, S. G. Murphy, James Moffitt, Robt. McElroy, Charles Holbrook, Rudolph Spreckels.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS
'AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus	\$ 2,582,719.61
Capital actually paid up in cash	1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1906	38,476,520.22

F. Tillmann, Jr., President; Daniel Meyer, First Vice-President; Emil Rohde, Second Vice-President; A. H. R. Schmidt, Cashier; Wm. Hermann, Asst. Cashier; Geo. Tourny, Secretary; A. H. Muller, Asst. Secretary; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.

Board of Directors:
F. Tillmann, Jr., Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohde, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walzer, N. Ohlndt, J. W. Van Bergen, E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

California
Safe Deposit and
Trust Company

Capital Fully Paid \$2,000,000
Total Assets \$10,000,000

A General Banking Business Conducted
Savings and Checking Accounts Received
Interest Paid on Deposits

MAIN OFFICE
CORNER CALIFORNIA AND MONTGOMERY
STREETS

West End Branch, 1531 Devisadero St.
Near Post.

Mission Branch: 927 Valencia Street
Near Twenty-first

Uptown Branch: 1850 Geary Street,
West of Fillmore.

DAVID F. WALKER, Pres.
J. DALZELL BROWN, Mgr.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

316 Montgomery Street
Established March, 1871

Authorized Capital	- - - - -	\$1,000,000.00
Paid-up Capital	- - - - -	500,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	- - - - -	285,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1906	- - - - -	4,934,818.50

Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.
Banking by mail a specialty.

William Babcock - - - - - President
S. L. Abbot - - - - - Vice-President
Fred W. Ray - - - - - Secretary

Directors—William Babcock, S. L. Abbot, O. D. Baldwin, Joseph D. Grant, E. J. McCutchen, L. F. Montague, R. H. Pease, Warren D. Clark, Jas. L. Flood, J. A. Donohoe, John Parrott, Jacob Stern.

Gruenhagen Bros.

The Oldest Candy Store in
San Francisco

ESTABLISHED IN 1856

NO. 20 KEARNY STREET

Will Reopen 1610 Van Ness Ave.
at California Street
Monday, September 24th.

VAN NESS AVENUE BRANCH
THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK, LTD.

1020 Van Ness Avenue
NOW OPEN FOR BUSINESS

Conducts a general Banking Business. Drafts drawn and Letters of Credit issued on all parts of the world.
Interest paid on Term Deposits.

THE SAFE DEPOSIT DEPARTMENT is equipped with boxes from \$4.00 per annum upward and special storage spaces for books, both being placed in an absolutely fire and burglar proof vault.

Hours for Safe Deposit Department 8 a. m. to 6 p. m. Saturdays, 8 a. m. to 9 p. m.

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS

Ready for business at 1165 O'FARRELL ST., bet. Franklin and Gough

Pianos Tuned, Repaired, Moved and Stored.

SOHMER-Cecilian Player Pianos

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

He—"I think modern dress reveals the vanity of the human heart." She—"Oh, I never saw one so décolleté as that.—London Tartar.

The police, we are told in a local item, engaged in a running battle with thieves. Which way were the police running?—Indianapolis Star.

She—I understand that young Jenkins is quite a tennis player. He—Yes, but aside from that, he is perfectly harmless.—New Orleans Picayune.

"Did he really tell you I had a case of stage-fright?" asked the amateur actress. "No," replied the dearest friend, "he said you were."—Philadelphia Record.

Lady (entering a kitchen and noting policeman)—So you are the brother of my cook. Are you an only brother? Officer—I hope so, madame.—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

Lady—Do you think this medicine would do my husband any good? Druggist—I'm sure of it, madam. Lady—Hum! What other kinds have you got.—Rehoboth Herald.

The Stranger—"My friend, do you drink?" Blobs (haughtily) "That's my business, sir." The Stranger—"No doubt. But haven't you any other business?"—Pick-Me-Up.

Mrs. Knagg—You talked about coming home early to-night, but I thought it would all end in talk. Mr. Knagg (wearily)—So did I, my dear. (It did!)—The London Sketch.

Mrs. Rurale—"Did you ever find a man under the bed?" Mrs. Outsirts—"Yes, the night we thought burglars were in the house I found my husband there!"—Troy Budget.

Telegraph Operator—Thirty words, that will be \$1.85, madam. Madam—Oh, you're mistaken. The message is only ten words, the rest is simply a postscript.—Boston Transcript.

Inebriated Customer (fondly embracing a telegraph post)—"Don't talk to me of new inventions! Whatever will become of me when they have wireless telegraphy?"—Il Riso.

Yes, the man with \$1 may be a better man than the one with \$20, but let's agree to let the \$20 man live a few years longer. We may want to borrow his \$20.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Is your horse afraid of automobiles?" asked the tourist who was mending a tire. "No," answered Farmer Cornstossel, "he's hauled too many of them home for that."—Washington Star.

"Poor Man!" exclaimed the good-hearted old lady, "to what do you attribute your craving for drink? Is it hereditary?" "No, ma'am," replied Weary Willie; "it's thirst."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Premier Safetypin says he intends to inaugurate an iron rule for the purpose of putting down the revolution. Meanwhile the terrorists are understood to have formulated plans for putting more iron into his system.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Softleigh—Good evening, Mrs. Moran. I came to see if your daughter, Miss Mabel, would go for a walk with me. Miss Mabel—How do you do, Mr. Softleigh? I shall be delighted. Mamma, do I look fit to go to a restaurant?—Life.

A young thing of some fifty summers was playing the piano before the open window, and said to her maid, "Maria, do you think the Signor Stuzzini opposite hears me?" "Yes, Senorita, I am sure, as he is shutting his window."—Il Diavolo.

"My husband and I had an awful quarrel yesterday." "How sad! What was it about?" "I found a letter in his pocket written by a woman." "Mercy! I don't wonder you were angry." "I should say so. It was one I'd given him to mail a week ago."—Cleveland News.

Lady—I want some collars for my husband, but I am afraid I've forgotten the size. Shopman—Thirteen and a half, mum? Lady—That's it. How did you guess? Shopman—Gentlemen who let their wives buy their collars for them are always about that size, mum.—Ally Sloper.

The Breakfast table is Laid. We have Hay, Raw Wheat, Oats, Bran, Sawdust and Grits of various kinds. Is the Horse coming to Breakfast? No, Children, the Horse has Breakfast in the Stable. What does he have to Eat? He has Just What you have, but he Cannot come because he will Put his Hoofs on the Table and Switch his Tail. It is Bad Manners to Switch the Tail in the House. Do not Eat too Much Healthy Breakfast Food; or you may be Like the Hen who ate Sawdust and Had Chickens with Wooden Legs.—What to Eat.

"Let me have thirty dollars," said a prospector one day to a lawyer friend. "I must have powder and grub. I'll pay you back within a week. I've struck it rich. I'm within three feet of a million dollars." Two weeks later the lawyer, who had accommodated his friend, met him on the street. The prospector seemed anxious to avoid his

creditor. "The last time I saw you, you were within three feet of a million dollars," remarked the lawyer. "What's the news now?" "Oh, h—," said the prospector, "I'm not within a million feet of three dollars."—Washoe Times.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Sartor Resartus.

The merry little spelling bee
We knew when we were young
Is, as it were, quite up a tree,
And, so to speak, is stung
—New York Evening Mail.

The Daring One.

He stole a kiss. So quick 'twas done
She did not know what he was at;
He never stole another one—
She gave them to him after that.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

It Would Not Rise.

"Money has wings and flies away,
I've heard," said the man with a scar;
"But I've put lots of dough in a flying machine.
Yet it never has flown very far."
—Yonkers Statesman.

Telepathy.

No word is spoken, neither need there be,
Across the board a message comes to me;
I catch its meaning—there is no mistake—
My wife informs me we've run out of cake!
—Puck.

The Gnu Wooing.

There was a lovely lady gnu
Who browsed beneath a spreading yew.
Its stately height was her delight;
A truly cooling shade it threw!
Upon its little tendrils grew
Which gave her gentle joy to chew.
Yet oft she sighed, a-gazing wide,
And wished she knew another gnu
(Some never gnu beneath the yew
To tell her tiny troubles to).
—Harper's Magazine.

The Average Man.

Yet who's seen a trace of him.
Seen the real face of him.
Since his career on this planet began?
Though all talk about the chap,
Who can point out the chap?
Nobody knows him, so nobody can.
Our friends rank much higher than he does, you know,
Our enemies rank, on the whole, far below,
And, as for ourselves—let us say what is true,
What man doesn't hope—I will leave it to you—
That he is not in the mysterious clan
Of "Homo Ignotus" the Average Man?
—New York Times.

Miss Cora Jane Flood has leased to the Pacific Company, a syndicate made up of Garret W. McEnerney, John D. Drum, Alfred L. Meyerstein and Frank G. Drum, her property on the southwest corner of Market and Fourth streets, 30,000 square feet, for fifty years. The rentals are \$40,000 a year for five years, then increasing to \$87,500 a year for the last five year period. The syndicate will build an eight-story Class A structure. On the Flood property directly opposite, on the Market and Ellis streets gore, a ten-story edifice is to go up soon.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup for your children while teething.

Alva Udell, formerly an attorney of Los Angeles and later of San Francisco, has filed suit in the Superior Court of Los Angeles County on behalf of himself and, as he alleges, ten thousand others, against F. Q. Story and other members of the Citizens' Relief Committee of Los Angeles, asking for an accounting of all money and goods contributed by the people of Los Angeles for the San Francisco earthquake and fire sufferers. There is still a large sum of money in the relief fund, said to be about \$60,000.

Children cutting teeth, and suffering from the various disorders incident thereto, need Steedman's Soothing Powders.

"Sir," wrote a lawyer to a debtor, "I am requested to apply to you for one hundred dollars, due my client, Mr. Williams. If you will send me that amount by next Saturday, you will oblige me; if not, I will oblige you."

—NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

Locate Down Town
SUTTER-ST. STORES NOW READY
North Side, between Sansome and Montgomery
CENTRAL BUILDING OFFICES
Market, between First and Second Streets
Office any size. Electric Light, Janitor, Night Watchman
APPLY TO
Guy T. Wayman - - Central Building
519 Market Street

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.
OF HARTFORD
ESTABLISHED 1850
Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000.00
Cash Assets.....5,340,136.94
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,414,921.16
Benjamin J. Smith
Manager Pacific Department:
525 THIRTEENTH ST., OAKLAND
San Francisco Office:
2310 CALIFORNIA STREET

R O O S Everything for
motorists except
the car.
BROS.
Fillmore at O'Farrell

To Lease.
Large Lot in the Western Addition suited for Apartment House. Frontage on three streets. Fine view.
MADISON & BURKE
Fillmore and Sacramento Streets.

Press Clippings
Are money-makers for Contractors, Supply-houses, Business Men and Corporations.
The Press Clipping Bureau
1321 4th Avenue, Oakland, Cal.

THE LATEST STYLES IN
Choice Woolens
H. S. Bridge & Co.
MERCHANT TAILORS
1176 O'FARRELL STREET

MT. TAMALPAIS RAILWAY
Via Sausalito Ferry—Foot of Market St.
Lv. San Francisco W'kday Sun
8:25A 9:50A
9:50A 11:00A
1:45P 1:45P
Saturday 4:35P 3:15P
Leave Tamalpais Sun. W'kday
10:40A 1:05P
1:05P 2:30P
2:30P 4:30P
4:30P 5:45P 9:30P
Legal Holidays, Sunday Time.
TICKET OFFICE AT SAUSALITO FERRY.

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.
Stoves and Ranges
ADAPTED FOR BURNING: COAL, WOOD, GAS, GASOLINE AND OIL.
REFRIGERATORS
Complete Kitchen Outfits for Hotels, Restaurants, Clubs & Household.
COR. POLK & TURK STS.
PHONE EMERGENCY 427

Steamship Lines
AMERICAN LINE
PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON
New York.....Sept. 22 Philadelphia.....
St. Louis.....Sept. 29 St. Paul.....
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool
Friesland.....Sept. 22 Merion.....
Westernland.....Sept. 29 Noordland.....
ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.
NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.
Minnebaba.....Sept. 22 Mesaba.....
Minnetonka.....Sept. 29 Minneapolis.....
HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.
NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE
Sailings Wednesdays as per sailing list.
Statendam.....Sept. 26 10 a. m. Noordam.....Oct. 17, 2
Ryndam.....Oct. 3, 6 a. m. N. Amsterdam.....Oct. 24, 16
Potsdam.....Oct. 10, 10 a. m. Statendam.....Oct. 31, 19
RED STAR LINE.
NEW YORK—DOVER, ANTWERP—LONDON—PA
Vaderland.....Sept. 22 Zeeland.....
Finland.....Sept. 29 Kroonland.....
WHITE STAR LINE.
NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.
Baltic.....Sept. 26 Oceanic.....
Majestic.....Oct. 3 Teutonic.....
Celtic.....Oct. 5 Celtic.....
Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Ambic.....Sept. 27 Cymric.....
C. D. TAYLOR, Pass. Agt. Pacific Coast.
Room 405 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco

OCEANIC S. S. CO.
HONOLULU only—S. S. Alameda sails 11 a. m. 22nd, Round-trip, first-class, \$125.
SYDNEY, AUCLAND, SAMOA, HONOLULU
S. S. Sierra sails 2 p. m. Oct. 4th.
TAHITI, SOUTH SEAS—S. S. Mariposa sails m., Oct. 18th. First-class round trip, \$125.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., General Agents, P. O. Box 1168, San Francisco, Phone West 1273. Land office, 1168 Broadway. Phone Oakland 8818.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha
ORIENTAL S. S. Co. have opened their general offices at 217-221 Brannan Street, SAN FRANCISCO
S. S. Nippon Maru - - - Oct. 12, 1915
S. S. Hong Kong Maru - - - Nov. 9, 1915
S. S. America Maru - - - Nov. 30, 1915
Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and Brannan streets, 1 p. m., for Yokohama and Hongkong, calling at Honolulu, Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamer for Manila, India, etc. Cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passenger apply at office, corner First and Brannan Sts. W. L. AVERY, Assistant General Manager.

Thos. Cook & Son
NOW LOCATED
410 Fourteenth Street, Oakland
And North Nave Ferry Building
San Francisco

The Argonaut.

LIX. No. 1542.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 29, 1906.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published weekly by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; single copies, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Orders to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior of the United States may be ordered from the San Francisco News Company, 1711 San Pablo avenue, Oakland. Agents wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States. Special advertising rates to publishers. All communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Jerome A. Hart, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." To insure consideration, manuscripts for publication must be typewritten. All communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." All checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., 5 Beams Street, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, Western News Company. In London, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear, and by the Denison News Company on its boats and trains. Published at San Francisco, California. Temporary Office, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, California.

THIRTIETH YEAR

PRINTED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

JEROME A. HART

Editor

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: The Campaign in Maine—The Missing "r" in "Temblor"—Gillett and Pardee—A New Cure for Sleeplessness—Fireman's Fund Makes First Payment—The Union Labor Vote—San Francisco Property Owners—Direct Primaries and Bosses—Disaffected Union—The Chances of Nominee Bell—Traders Insurance Company—San Francisco's Registered Voters—New Lines of the Labor Union—Labor Union Vote in California—Inside History of Gillett's Nomination—List of Law Suits Against Insurance Companies	97-102
PERSONAL	103
EDITORIAL: "The High Tide at Gettysburg," by Will Thompson	103
EDITORIAL: SANE SURGEON: A Terrible Experience that Blighted a Woman's Hair	104
EDITORIAL: LONDON SMART SET: "Piccadilly" Says They Are Not Black as Painted by Father Vaughan	105
EDITORIAL: HIN IDE WHEELER ON SPELLING	106
EDITORIAL: MEYL, HUNGARIAN VIOLINIST	107
EDITORIAL: IVUALITIES	107
EDITORIAL: NI' FAIR	108
EDITORIAL: AC GOSSIP	109
EDITORIAL: GERRY NOTES: New Publications—Personal and Miscellaneous	110-111
EDITORIAL: SPECIAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy	112-113
EDITORIAL: FAMILY ALBUM	114
EDITORIAL: RATTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise	115
EDITORIAL: LEGED HUMORISTS	116
EDITORIAL: NEFUL LIAR	116

The Campaign in Maine.

Last week we gave a careful resume of the facts leading up to the organized labor union fight in Maine. It began with the insolent address of the American Federation of Labor when their Executive Counsel personally greeted President Roosevelt, President Frye of the Senate and Speaker Cannon of the House with discipline, the hands of the labor unions. We told of the demands made by these organized labor unionists, and of the replies of the President, the Speaker, and President of the Senate. We also told of the insulting letters written by Gompers to Congressmen demanding that they explain their votes to him and apologize therefor. President Roosevelt replied frankly and boldly; he refused to be his stubborn American knees to "labor." As a result of these happenings, Gompers and his labor union declared war on certain Congressmen, among them Speaker Cannon, threatening to defeat them at the polls. As Charles E. Littlefield, of the second Maine

district, came up first for election, he was selected for the slaughter.

The election took place on September 10th. The Republicans won by a plurality of less than 9000. Representative Littlefield, who was elected by 5419 votes in 1904, was elected this year by 1259 votes. But the other candidates for Congress, against whom Gompers and his gang made no fight, were also elected by largely reduced pluralities. It was therefore evident that the Republican loss in votes was due to other causes than the labor union opposition. The principal one of these causes was what is known as the Sturgis Enforcement Act. Maine is a prohibition State, but the people had demanded that the prohibition constitutional amendment be resubmitted to them for vote. This the Republican leaders refused to do. Instead they passed an enforcement act which rendered it possible for the State authorities to enforce prohibition over the heads of the local authorities, even if the people in certain towns had voted for local option. The same attempt to ram prohibition down the people's throats nearly cost the Vermont Republicans the State. As it was, their majority there fell from over 30,000 to about three, and they made haste to give the Vermonters a little more freedom. But in Maine the Republicans remained obdurate and they have had their lesson. Governor Cobb, who polled nearly 30,000 votes two years ago, received only 9000 this year. The Republicans carried only four out of twenty cities, and these the smallest. Two years ago 18 out of the 20 went Republican. All of these divergences from preceding elections did not follow the lines of the labor unions in the mill and factory districts, but rather followed the cities as against the rural districts. In short, the cities and the large towns are against prohibition, for the "closed shop," and for a "wide open" town. The villages and rural districts are for a "dry town" and the "open shop." This is the case in Maine and it is very largely the case—bar prohibition—in other States. It is certainly the case in California as regards the strength of the labor union element—it is strong in the towns and weak in the agricultural districts. Gompers and his following failed to defeat Littlefield at the polls. We are convinced that Gompers and his crowd here in California will fail to defeat Gillett.

The Missing "r" in Temblor.

An Eastern reader of the Argonaut asks the following question: "I have observed that you, in common with other Pacific Coast papers, use the word 'temblor' for earthquake. You will kindly tell me whether the 'r' in temblor is left out by mistake, or is the word correctly printed so? If it is correctly printed, will you let your readers know the derivation? I have been unable to find it."

The word "temblor" is not English, but Spanish. It comes from the verb "temblar," meaning "to tremble, to shake with fear, to move with violent agitation, to quake." Specifically, the Spanish phrase for earthquake is "temblor de tierra," but people are in the habit of using the word "temblor" for short. When a "temblor de tierra" comes, there is rarely time to pronounce the whole of the phrase, so they content themselves with the first word. The Spanish language, which is extremely rich in augmentatives and diminutives, possesses many such phrases for earthquakes. For example, the Spanish have an augmented verb "temblequear," which means "to tremble violently, to shake with fear, to move with violent agitation." Thus when you experience a "temblor de tierra," you skip at once without time to use the latter part of the phrase. Then,

when you get outside, instead of using the ordinary verb "temblar," to tremble, you use the augmented verb, "temblequear," and tremble with violent agitation, and shake with fear.

Contrariwise, the Spanish-speaking peoples have numerous diminutives. Their earthquake diminutive is "temblochillo," which means "a slight shivering."

"Terremoto" might be called the generic Spanish term for our word, "earthquake," and included within this generic term are numbers of specialized quakes, beginning with the "temblor" and running through the "vibracion," the "tremor," the "golpe," and the "rasago" to the "rasgada." There are, of course, additional and paroxysmal earthquakes, such as the "golpe de fuera;" this is a shock which comes "from over yonder," or "from the next county," or "from the other side of the mountains." Such was the shock which Los Angeles and San Diego experienced, and which they described as coming from the "awful cataclysmic earthquake zone of San Francisco." Then there is the "golpe traversal," which is a shock running crossways instead of cornerways, as when you live in a narrow valley and the earthquake shock cuts across lots, so to speak, or transversely to your own particular line of fracture or line of fault. That is to say, when you are living over a north-and-south fault line, and a previously unsuspected east-and-west fault line lies underneath it, and slips, this in Spanish would be called a "golpe traversal."

The foregoing facts regarding earthquakes and their names are submitted to our Eastern friend apologetically, for we in California have had comparatively little experience in earthquakes. We have only had two "golpes" in forty years.

Gillett and Pardee.

The Democrats, Labor Unionists, and Independence Leaguers are all chortling with glee that "Pardee will knife Gillett." The rumor is ridiculous. No doubt the Governor feels sore that he did not get the renomination. The way the anti-Pardee men in Alameda County and elsewhere have been ghost-dancing since the convention is also not soothing. But he is too frank and honest a man to vote the ticket and repudiate his obligations. He went into the convention prepared to accept its support if he were nominated. Likewise he went into the convention prepared to support its nominee if he were not nominated. This we are convinced he will do. He is a good Republican and a straight, square man. As for the talk of Spear and the rest of the Governor's close friends who are in office "sulking in their tents," that is also unadulterated nonsense. Even putting their conduct on the lowest possible plane, what would they have to gain by open or concealed treachery to Gillett? Nothing at all. On the other hand every motive, including that of self interest, impels them to support the ticket, and that is what they will do.

A New Cure for Sleeplessness.

One of our readers writes enclosing a clipping from a recent number of the Argonaut, and adds:

Dear Argonaut:—In your department of "Individualities" last week you printed a paragraph stating that Mrs. John W. Mackay was "about to go to Germany for a new cure for sleeplessness." Do you know anything about this new cure? If so, pray publish it in your invaluable paper for the sake of suffering humanity.

No, we know nothing of this "cure" for sleeplessness. If Mrs. Mackay is suffering from insomnia, we hope that she has found a new cure in Germany, but

we very much doubt it. We do not think there is any new cure for this old malady.

Why should the woman of wealth, the woman of fashion, the "society woman," suffer from insomnia? They are the favored ones of the world; they have everything that money can give. Such is the popular belief. Yet it is erroneous. The woman of great wealth, the woman of fashion, the society woman, lead a strenuous life. The life of the great cities like New York, Paris, and London, is wearing. Those who live in them feel the strain. Probably there are many who desire to essay the "new German cure."

But can there be a cure? We do not think so. There is no cure. Drugs? They are poisons. Trional? Sulphonal? The new alkaloids of opium? Take none of them. The best is merely the least poisonous. If your doctor gives them to you, beg him to do so "unknownst" to you, as the Irishman asked his wife to give him whiskey, for if you get in the way of taking these deadly poisons from your doctor, you will ultimately get in the way of taking them by yourself. And that way madness lies.

For insomnia there is no cure. Insomnia is not an illness, but a condition, and a condition can not be "cured." Still, it can be modified or changed.

The victims of insomnia are legion. The overworked business man is the most common type. Perhaps his ambitious young clerk works as hard as "the old man," but the clerk's work stops when he leaves the office, while the old man's brain keeps working.

The society woman, apparently so idle, is often in reality overworked. Neurasthenia and insomnia are common among the weary women who are devotees of society life in the great cities. They are most commonly the ones who take the rest cure. But women are not the only sufferers. Doctors suffer from insomnia. So do lawyers. So do officers of ships. So do mechanics.

Once in Italy the writer was looking around a book shop; to his surprise, he saw a window piled high with a book entitled "Neurasthenia in the Army." It was written by an army surgeon. Glancing over the contents it was seen that one of the first symptoms was chronic insomnia. Yet on looking out of the windows of the book shop, one noted gorgeous warriors in pot-metal helmets, in high jackboots, in glittering epaulettes, twirling glossy mustaches, casting killing glances at the passing feminines. They looked as if the last thing in the world that could afflict them would be neurasthenia. Some were loafing on corners, some were loafing at cafes, but all of them were loafing. In short, they were the very apotheosis of idleness. Yet it seemed that there was enough insomnia and neurasthenia in the Italian army for an army surgeon to write a book about it.

Not only people in the cities suffer. Sleeplessness also attacks women other than society women—farmer's wives—women who dwell in dull country places. Much insanity develops among farmers' wives. This probably comes from monotony as well as overwork.

Yet even rich people in the country suffer. The writer once knew a young woman of large wealth, who spent her days flying from Paris to London, from London to Paris, back to New York, and thence to her home, which was on an enormous stock ranch in the far West. When at home she spent her days in the saddle, galloping over this enormous ranch. Yet she was a martyr to insomnia.

A sufferer from insomnia may work hard at physical and mental labor, yet the night cometh when no man can work. The insomniac, utterly fatigued, falls into a slumber—not a sound, refreshing, dreamless slumber, but a coma, a lethargy, a torpor, born of fatigue. In a few hours the demon says "Awake!" and the insomniac starts instantly into waking, with bright, staring, winkless, sleepless eyes.

Is there no cure? None. Insomnia comes with age. You cannot cure your years. You used to sleep yesterday, when you were young. "Not poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the world, can medicine thee to that sweet sleep which yesterday thou hadst."

Children are rarely or never insomniacs. Very young

people rarely are (unless they have some latent malady of which insomnia is the effect, not the cause). By the way, we do not mean that insomnia is found only in the aged, but it generally comes with increasing years—and cares.

And there is the crux—care. Care is the demon who sits behind the saddle of the young girl galloping over the lofty Nevada table lands. Ride she never so recklessly, care still sits at her saddle bow. Care follows the doctor on his rounds. Care sits at the mechanic's bench, and mocks and grins as he whispers that men nearing fifty lose their jobs. Care goes home with the merchant from his office, and babbles to him of large invoices to be met. Care drops poison into the manufacturer's ear as he sleeps, murmuring of unpaid insurance policies. Care plucks at the rich woman's gown and tells her that she is losing her figure; that white hairs are coming; that her husband is absorbed in business and neglects her; that he leads a double life; that her son is a drunkard; that her daughter has fallen in love with the stable boy. Care cries into the startled ear of the steamship captain that his vessel's prow points for the jagged rocks, and he starts out of his troubled slumber and goes back to the lofty bridge which he left an hour before.

Is it then really true that for insomnia there is no cure? No, but there may be palliatives. One palliative is to give up your pet poisons—wine, or brandy, or whiskey, or tobacco, or tea, or coffee. At first you will suffer more than ever, but when the poison works out of your tissues and your nerves become semi-normal you may sleep soundly again—that is, if you have no other factors playing havoc with your nerves.

Another thing—perhaps you think too much about yourself. Think more about other people. Help the people that are hard up; there are lots of them who are not beggars. You need not go to ladies' relief societies and the like to carry out this suggestion. There is no need of invoking "scientific charity" to help you. Right within the circle of your own knowledge there are plenty of people who need assistance and who are too proud to ask for it. Suppose you try and think more about other people, if you are thinking too much about yourself.

This is not moral advice, and it is not recommending sweet charity for charity's sake, or that charity which droppeth like the gentle dew from Heaven upon the place beneath. Make no mistake—this is pure, cold, calm advice about insomnia. This advice about thinking of others is purely intended as a palliative for sleeplessness. Use human suffering as a mental alternative, as the doctors do liver pills as a chologogue.

On the other hand, if you are well-to-do, doubtless you have continual drains upon your purse. Perhaps you have pensioners and other poor people whom you are helping all the time. In that case, stop giving. Pay no heed to any demand. Abuse the petitioners. Be as brutal with them as you can. Reflect how useless most people are, particularly poor ones. If they are crippled or decrepit or ill, consider how much better it would be if they were dead. In this way you will save a lot of money. Thus you will tone yourself up wonderfully. This course may bring about a palliation or alteration in your condition which will cause you to sleep better.

But is it really true that there is no remedy? Yes, there is, but it is so difficult as to be almost impossible of attainment. The remedy is to kill care. Stop worrying. We are all of us here so short a time that this earthly life is really not worth worrying about so much. Besides you do not know what is going to happen to you. So why worry about it? It is useless to worry about the things that have happened—you cannot help them. It is more useless to worry about the things that will happen—you don't know what they are.

Suppose we all had known a year ago that San Francisco was to be destroyed at thirteen minutes past five o'clock on the morning of the 18th of April, 1906. How we all would have worried! Worry, care, and insomnia would have driven thousands to insanity and suicide. Yet now it is all over. Thousands of us are ruined; other thousands are half-ruined; other thousands

have lost heavily. Not one has escaped scot free. Is it not better so than if we had all known in advance what was going to happen to us on that fatal morning?

Don't worry, by daylight or dark.
Let your brain work in the day time.
Don't think in bed.
Then you will sleep well.

Fireman's Fund First Payments.

A plan has been formulated by which the Fire Fund and Home Fire and Marine Insurance Companies are to begin paying off their fire losses by a conflagration of last April. This plan went into last week. In brief, it involves assessing the holders of both companies \$300 per share; liquidating such securities as could be turned into cash without great loss; paying the policy-holders 50 per cent of the remaining 50 per cent to be paid in stock of the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company at a valuation of \$500 for every \$100 share issued. This stock is to be delivered to the policy-holders fully paid up without liability for the San Francisco conflagration losses. The proposed assessment applies only to the present share-holders, and has no reference to the holders who become future share-holders.

This plan was approved by the Policy-Holders' League. On September 18th payments began with the first installment to the policy-holders of 20 per cent of their losses. On the first day there was quite a commotion. Thereafter, strangely enough, it fell off, and on the third day only a corporal's guard of policy-holders appeared. In fact, the officers were somewhat embarrassed, for they had raised nearly two millions of dollars to meet these claims. But out of five millions of policy-holders to whom they sent notices, only one-third called for their money during the first three days.

About one-half of the creditors of the Fire Fund and kindred companies have signed an agreement pledging themselves to accept 50 per cent in cash and the remainder in stock. But the officers of these corporations say that apparently an impression exists that sufficient signatures have been obtained, a mere majority being enough. They add that this is a false impression, as practically all of the policy-holders must sign in order to make the plan a success.

It is to be hoped that the remaining policy-holders will sign this agreement. If it be not signed, it is inevitable that these companies will be forced into insolvency. The legal expenses will then be so great as to swallow up much of the money that otherwise would go to the policy-holders. Furthermore, the policy-holders sign promptly and if the stockholders pay their assessments promptly, the new corporation will start in with so much strength from its new shareholders and so much prestige from having surmounted difficulties which seemed practically irresistible, that it will look forward to writing as much, if not more, business than any fire insurance company on the Pacific coast.

The Union Labor Vote.

It is a very difficult matter to get at the strength of the Union Labor men. On Labor Day when the parade—into which, by the way, the members are whipped by a heavy fine—they make the strongest showing they possibly can. In San Francisco it is impossible ever to get any truthful account of a Labor parade, a labor strike, or any labor manifestation whatever from the dailies. These journals are so cowardly when it comes to criticising labor unions that they dare not call their souls their own. Therefore, figures which they give as to the number in line in a Labor Day parade vary by tens of thousands. One could imagine that they would agree on some lie—any lie—and not differ so much, but they all lie and lie differently.

Los Angeles does not cringe before the Labor Union whip. In that town on Labor Day the estimates do not vary so widely. On last Labor Day the Los Angeles Examiner gave the number of men in line at 100,000, but most of the other papers gave it at somewhere between 3,000 and 3,500, which was probably the

Let us make a slight calculation. Say the population of Los Angeles was 150,000 yesterday. (We do not know what it is to-day, for we have not yet received the Los Angeles daily papers.) But we will let it go at that. (Even say that it is 160,000, giving Los Angeles 1,000. To be correspondingly generous, let us add 50 to the labor parade number, and say they had 400 men in line. Thus the ratio between the Labor Ly parade and the Los Angeles population would be 1 to 40. Taking the population of the United States as 80,000,000, with the same ratio of 1 to 40, the labor union men in this country would total up 2,000,000. But they claim 4,000,000; therefore let us be generous and say they have a total of 2,500,000. Have the swelled-head gentry the presumption to think that a half million men can dictate to eighty millions? That they can order the President of the United States to carry out their behests?—that they can give orders to State and House? Well, if they think so they are going to get kicked so hard they will know they are mistaken.

Here in California a couple of score thousand of them are presuming to dictate to nearly two millions of people; to arrogate to themselves the right to say that the nominee of the stalwart old Republican party shall not be elected because he refused to obey the commands of a foreign labor leader, one Samuel Gompers. The local foreign labor leaders seem to think that because they have had control of San Francisco for a few years they are going to control the whole State of California. Are they? Well, we rather think not. That it is a genuine workingman, a son of the soil, who showed his way up from the logging-camp—a plain American with the bark on. If these windy foreign labor leaders can defeat him, then we hope the next earthquake will so shake up California that the Pacific Ocean will wipe it off the map.

San Francisco Property Owners.

The Downtown Property Owners' Association of San Francisco held a meeting on September 20th, to discuss the high prices for labor and materials. It is some weeks since the association met. At its last meeting it discussed rentals, and endeavored to bring about a lowering with no apparent success.

The recent meeting was addressed by Patrick Calhoun, President of the United Railroads, who, as reported, said: "Try and have hearty co-operation between union labor and property-owners. Endeavor to have such a sentiment that any workingman can come and find employment."

That is eminently sound advice. Property-owners now have no time for fighting labor unions. They had better devote their energies to erecting buildings on their vacant lots. The second sentence quoted above is particularly good advice. If property-owners make it possible for mechanics and other laboring men to come to San Francisco in large numbers, the price of labor will adjust itself.

Another gentleman who addressed the meeting was W. Bartlett, Chief Counsel of the Western Pacific Railroad. He, as reported, said: "Since the fire you downtown property-owners and merchants have done nothing; but appoint committees and adopt resolutions. Do you want to create fire barriers, widening streets? Find out the cost and raise the money. Do you want a salt-water system for fire protection? Find out the cost and raise the money. Let us stop talking and spend money for actual improvement."

That is also excellent advice. Among the many instances of the arguments advanced by the crooked companies is that San Francisco was "deprived of water," and hence of all fire protection, when the Valley water-mains broke. This is not only false, but ridiculous. As a matter of fact, San Francisco has water cisterns, some of which were full. The fact that the cisterns were empty was not due to "an act of God," but to the earthquake, but because somebody was lazy. Of course the creation of ignorant, stupid, or inefficient men is an "act of God," but their acts are too common for them to be called "acts of God." Therefore we must hold the Fire Under-

writers, the Fire Commissioners, and other municipal authorities responsible for the empty water cisterns.

But how about the crooked companies' claim that San Francisco was left "destitute of all fire protection?" San Francisco lies on a peninsula washed by the waters of the Pacific Ocean and one of the largest bays in the world. The United States Navy succeeded in saving most of the property on the water-front belonging to the City of San Francisco, to the State of California, and to numerous private citizens, by taking water out of the bay and using it on the flames. True, the Navy had no legal right to do this—it is not one of the obligations set down for it in the Articles of War. Furthermore, the United States Government or its minions has no right to use water belonging to the municipality of San Francisco, or to run hose across the water-front strip of land belonging to the State of California, title to which is temporarily vested in the Board of Harbor Commissioners. None the less, the Navy used this water and did these unlawful acts and thereby put out much fire. This suggests that the city of San Francisco could also profitably have used the waters of the bay; if the bay waters were all used up, they could have had resort to the Pacific Ocean, and thereby put out the fire. That the city did not do this does not prove that it was "destitute of all fire protection." Hence the absurdity of this contention of the crooked insurance companies.

But we digress. As Mr. Burnett says, if we want a salt-water system for fire protection, the way to get it is to stop talking, find out what it costs, and raise the money.

Another gentleman who addressed the Association was Thomas Magee, capitalist and real estate agent. Mr. Magee, as reported, said: "You downtown property-owners do not act together. You are all at loggerheads. You have resolutions calling on dealers in building materials and labor unions to reduce prices and wages. It is futile to ask for such reductions. You can not get the unions to reduce their wages, and ought not to ask them. I think these high wages are the biggest advertisement San Francisco has over the world to-day."

In this also there is sound sense. The Argonaut is not in sympathy with the very general condemnation of the workmen for getting all the wages they can. We have said or printed nothing whatever against them in that regard and shall not do so. We object strenuously, however, to their keeping other workmen away. Every man is entitled to get for his services, whether with hand or brain, whatever they are worth. This means what they will bring in the open market. So with commodities. So with ground rent and house rent. If one hundred men want a house and there is only one house, the owner may charge a high rental. If one hundred landlords want to let one hundred houses and there is only one tenant, he will get the house at a low rental. To ask a carpenter, plasterer, or bricklayer to accept lower wages than many men are willing to pay him is preposterous. To expect a landlord to accept lower rental than hundreds of men stand ready to pay him is nonsense. Passing resolutions asking men—whether mechanics, laborers, or landlords—to do such things is childish. If there is any man among the downtown property-owners who will lease his land for fifty per cent below going rates, his family would get out a writ "de lunatico inquiring" and put him in the asylum.

None the less, after all these addresses we observe that the Downtown Property Owners' Association duly passed in good set form a resolution requesting the Building Trades labor-unions to agree to "the normal wage rate existing before the fire." They also asked the building material tradesmen to "agree to an assurance of some fixed price for building material during the coming year." If any dealer in building materials agrees to sell anything for a fixed price during the coming year in San Francisco, his relatives need not get out any writ for him. They can have him shut up in the asylum at once.

We assure the Downtown Property Owners' Association that the only remedy for their dilemma is to readjust economic and social conditions. There are now too many landlords and too many vacant lots. There are not enough laborers and not enough building material. If they decrease the number of vacant lots and landlords,

or if they increase the number of laborers and the amount of building material, their difficulties will all disappear like snow before a summer sun.

But resolutions will not do it.

Direct Primaries and Bosses.

In urging the passage of a direct primary law the Argonaut has stated that it would take away the selection of nominees from the bosses and give it to the people. A striking instance of this developed in the recent election in Wisconsin. Senator La Follette began to climb as an anti-boss statesman. He fought hard against Senator Spooner and the machine. He found the task of defeating Spooner and smashing the machine so great that he began educating the people in favor of a direct primary law. It took some years before he succeeded with this measure. It had to run the gauntlet of several indifferent legislatures and finally, after some years of struggle, La Follette turned it over to the people of Wisconsin as a law in 1905.

In the meantime La Follette had been Governor and wanted to be United States Senator. His wish was granted, and the State of Wisconsin sent him to the Federal Senate. But while he was away his political fences kept getting out of repair, so in the recent election he put up his man Lenroot as candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor. To his surprise and horror, he found a vigorous opposition to Lenroot. So Senator La Follette took off his coat and began stumping the State for Lenroot. But Lenroot was beaten out of sight at the direct primary. So Senator La Follette mourns and refuses to be comforted.

Perhaps the solution is that the Senator had got to be a good deal of a boss himself.

Dissatisfaction in the Militia.

Continual statements appear in the daily press to the effect that great dissatisfaction exists in the California National Guard. So pronounced is this feeling that it is feared the entire Second Brigade will disintegrate. All of the officers in the First Coast Artillery have petitioned their commander, asking that the battalion be mustered out. The dissatisfaction has been accentuated by the testimony of Mayor Schmitz in the Transatlantic Insurance Company law suit. On the stand the Mayor, as reported, said that he "did not call out the militia, and did not know the militia was in the city until four or five days after the fire." Some of the militia officers speak bitterly of the "calumnious assertions and scandalous charges made against the National Guard by the citizens of San Francisco." Concerning these, Major Francis Keesling, N. G. C., says: "I have come to the conclusion, as a result of the criticism during the recent calamity, that there must be some foundation in fact for the aspersions cast on the National Guard. The undesirable element certainly must be blamed for any criticism which has fallen on good and bad without discrimination during the last few months."

Why would it not be a good idea for Major Keesling to ask for a court of inquiry? If it were said that the community would not heed the judgment of such a court, if made up of the officers of the organization to be investigated, why not ask retired officers of the United States Army to constitute such a tribunal? There is General Shafter for one. He was an excellent soldier and a rigid disciplinarian. He is now a citizen of California and has the good of the State at heart. Why not ask him to preside over a court of inquiry to be made up of retired army officers, their duty being to investigate the charges made against the California National Guard? If, as Major Keesling hints, there are some black sheep in an organization otherwise made up overwhelmingly of white ones, why not demonstrate that fact, and muster out the black sheep?

The Traders Insurance Company.

The Chicago attorneys for the Traders Policy-Holders' Company were notified lately by the attorney representing the receiver of the Traders Insurance Company that the "Receiver is dissatisfied because of the small number of adjustments." If the receiver would make

his adjusters act decently perhaps there would be a larger number of adjustments. It is bad enough to hold policies in a company which is insolvent, and which most of its policy-holders believe to be fraudulently insolvent. But when, in addition, the unfortunate policy-holder finds that the receiver's adjuster is trying to bulldoze him into submitting to a horizontal cut of 25 to 30 per cent, he loses interest in adjustment. He is tolerably certain, he believes, to receive only a moiety of his just claim by reason of the welching of the crooked stock-holders in Chicago; why, then, he asks, should he hasten to have his claim partially cut by a crooked adjuster, before it is completely cut by the crooked company's bankruptcy?

Unreasonable, perhaps, but natural.

The Chances of Nominee Bell.

The Democratic and Labor Union leaders are now trying to make voters believe that Theodore A. Bell is going to be elected Governor of California. One of the moves in the game was to "endorse" Mr. Bell in the so-called Labor Union State Convention. It may be remarked in the first place that there never was any Union Labor State Ticket filed in the office of the Secretary of State of California. As a party which has no State ticket is not a State party, it may be considered that there is no Union Labor State Party. As such a party has no existence under the laws of California, it could scarcely have held a State convention. Therefore the gathering which "endorsed" Mr. Bell was not a convention. The persons present may call it what they choose. When two or three girls get together they sometimes send a paragraph to the Society Editors saying they have "held a tea." Correspondingly, the persons at this recent talk-feast may have sent word to the political editors that they "held a convention," but we assure them that they were mistaken. They only thought they did.

At all events they held something, and as soon as it convened it adjourned. Immediately after the adjournment, a Swedish gentleman with a queer name called himself together, while a few of the bystanders gathered round in a circle and looked at him. The Swedish gentleman then called himself to order, and proceeded to elect himself Chairman and Sergeant-at-Arms. After this, he put the question to himself, seconded it himself, declared his vote carried, and endorsed Mr. Bell unanimously as a candidate for Governor of the Union Labor State Party. Thereupon the gentleman with the queer Swedish name adjourned himself.

What is Mr. Bell going to do? Is he going to accept the nomination of this convention, if it was a convention that passed it, and if what they passed was a nomination? If he accepts it, will the Democrats support him? Now that the labor leaders, the Examiner, and the Independence League have split the party into fragments, about all that is left of the straight Democracy is the Bourbon Southern element and the Northern conservative element. Both of them hate the labor union element as the devil hates holy water. If, then, Mr. Bell accepts the Union Labor nomination and platform, the old-line Democrats will refuse to vote for him, and many of them will vote for Gillett. If, on the other hand, in his letter of acceptance he endorses the Democratic platform, most of the Union Labor men will repudiate him. The Union Labor men are more bitter against the Democratic leaders than they are against the Republican bosses. If Mr. Bell should succeed in coping with the difficulties of his two platforms, what will he do about the nominees? With the exception of Governor, the two tickets will be entirely different. Will he support the other nominees on the Democratic ticket? Then the other Union Labor nominees will knife him. Will he, on the other hand, support the other nominees on the Union Labor ticket? Then, not only the nominees of the Democratic ticket, but the entire Democratic party will knife him. Mr. Bell seems to be in a dilemma.

San Francisco's Registered Voters.

What figure is San Francisco going to cut in this campaign? Is she going to be an appreciable factor? Up to date the registration has been so light as to cause surprise. When President Roosevelt was elected 98,000

voters were on the register. The day we are writing only 30,000 have registered. And even of these 30,000 many will fail to vote and others may not be permitted to do so.

The status of the San Francisco voters is very uncertain. Chief Justice Beatty entertains different views from those expressed of late in the press and by the politicians. The general belief has been that a man who lived in the burned district could register from the place where he had lived, for the reason that he had been deprived of his residence by no act of his; that it was temporarily impossible for him to live where his house had been; therefore, that he was theoretically a resident and still a voter because he had the intention to return to his old domicile. It has therefore been the belief of most San Francisco voters that they could vote there at the coming election, wherever they were domiciled. Such has been the belief also of the election officials. This belief has been entertained by the thousands of San Francisco voters who are scattered in the cities all around the bay. Many such have registered in San Francisco.

But Chief Justice Beatty—not speaking on the bench, but in an interview—stated that in his opinion the law was plain. In substance the Chief Justice, as reported, said: "A man's residence is where he lives. The law requires that a man shall vote in the district where he lives. If, by circumstances entirely beyond his control, he is forced to leave the district where he has formerly lived, I do not think that he can register and vote there. It is my opinion that he should register in the district where he is living, and that he should vote in that district."

This would deprive many thousands of voters of the right to register and the right to vote. Therefore, the already pitifully small registration in San Francisco will probably be still further reduced at the polls by the election officers refusing to receive the votes of men who are living away from the districts where they registered.

This fact can not fail to have a marked influence on the coming election. San Francisco has always cast a heavy workingman's vote, and of recent years has cast an overwhelming labor union vote. But, as the working men have nearly all of them been forced to move around as much as the rest of us, and as there are many thousands of workmen attracted to the city by the high wages who have as yet gained no residence there, it would seem as if the vote of San Francisco in the coming election would be comparatively negligible. And as the State is and nearly always has been a Republican State—even when San Francisco was a Democratic sore in her side—may it not be believed that the State is distinctly and unqualifiedly Republican, now that the city has been temporarily cauterized by fire?

New Lines of the New San Francisco.

Immediately after the disaster of last April the Argonaut pointed out that one of the results would be marked changes in the business districts of San Francisco. We said at once that the retail business would go where it could most quickly be provided for; we added that the wholesale business, being less mobile, would also seek for the most readily available quarters, but would not find them so soon; and we closed by saying that the permanent uptown and the permanent downtown districts might differ radically from those which existed prior to the disaster.

Scarcely had we printed these lines when the forecast began to come true. In an entirely unsuspected quarter of the city—in Fillmore street, far to the west, in the heart of the residence quarter—there sprang up like magic a retail business district which has since remained there. But so speedily was this short and unwise street crowded, and to such a height did rents there soar, that the merchants and business men seeking quarters there found themselves forced to go elsewhere. A concerted movement, therefore, resulted in the establishment of a handsome retail quarter on Van Ness avenue from Market to Washington streets, and there that quarter has also since remained.

For a time the wholesalers wavered. Many of them

went to Oakland. Others established themselves at the Southern Pacific Railway yards and tracks in southern part of the city.

Although these facts followed so closely the Argonaut's forecasts, it was peculiar to see how bitter these forecasts were resented. Many property owners in the old burned districts seemed to resent these remarks as if they were personal attacks. No city landlord is to see business going away from where his own lies. But when great disasters bring about great sweeping movements denunciation accomplishes little, and in this case it accomplished nothing.

Are the changes which have already taken place in San Francisco's business boundaries all the changes that we may expect? Are there not other and greater changes that may follow? There is a vast stretch of territory in the city which is still a desolate waste. Hundreds of blocks are still covered with ruins; miles of streets still encumbered with debris. The downtown business district has been cleared away but little. In those parts of the city where the buildings were combustible, little remains save standing chimneys. In the solid business district, where the buildings constructed of brick and stone, veritable mountain ruins still remain.

Every day one may read in the official records figures of contracts for removing debris—figures which run far up in the thousands. Only last week there was recorded a contract for removing the debris from the Ede lot on Market street, where the Majestic Theatre stood; the contract price for this was nearly \$12,000. Think of all the lots there are in 400 burned blocks. Think how many millions must be spent merely in removing debris before the work can begin of excavating and preparing for new buildings.

Within the legal limits of San Francisco there is a large extent of territory which was not built upon and which therefore bears no superincumbent ruins. This land lies to the north, to the west, and to the south of the burned district. Will the new buildings of the New San Francisco build on land which is covered with mountains of ruins and debris? Or will they build on land which is open and ready to the hand of the workman? If this question were left to be answered solely by the old citizens of San Francisco, sentiment would impel them to build where they had built before. But is this question going to be answered by them? Is the new San Francisco going to be built by the old San Franciscans? Or is it going to be built by other men—by strangers—by men who come from other cities—men from distant lands—by corporations?

Great railway corporations will soon be contending for the control of San Francisco. Some are already established here; others are on the way. They have no sentiment whatever. They have no emotional loyalty to the old San Francisco. They are intent only on building up a new one. Where will they strive to build? Will they try to have it build where it was most difficult? Or where it is easiest? Will they build on the level lands that lie on tide-water to the north? Or will they build on the lands that lie on tide-water to the south? Or will they wait before they build—wait and clear away the heaps of debris and mountains of ruins on the level lands that lie to the east, and then once more cover them with the buildings of the old San Francisco?

It is going to be a gigantic gamble. He will be a lucky gambler who calls the turn. The stake is millions.

Labor Union Vote in the State.

We in California are apt to be over-impressed by the strength of the Labor Union vote here. All we read the daily papers, and the daily papers are in the fear of the labor unions. Yet these associations are only strong politically in the cities and large towns. In the agricultural districts they are practically non-existent. California is distinctly a State with few large cities. When San Francisco, Oakland and Los Angeles are mentioned, the list is closed. Of these three, the labor unions are admittedly strong in the first two. Los Angeles

Andes they decidedly are not strong. It is an "open town. In places like Sacramento, San Jose, Stockton, Fresno, and San Diego, the labor unions are, of course, stronger than they are in the sparsely settled rural districts, but not nearly so strong as in the large cities we have mentioned. Outside of them, with the exception of some organized miners' unions in the mountain districts, it might be said that the labor unions have no power in the rest of the State. Thus we have a population of something like 600,000 in which labor unionism is freely or strongly represented out of a total population in the State of nearly two millions. Thus there is only one-third of the population in which this element is represented at all. Out of this third of the population only an insignificant fraction represents the actual tale of the labor union men. How can we then attribute to such an insignificant numerical element of the population so great a political power.

Inside History of Gillett's Nomination.

It is strange truly that in a State notable for the number and the almost fierce competition of its journals devoted to the gathering and printing of current news, we have yet given us a truthful account of the circumstances leading up to the nomination of James N. Gillett for Governorship of California. It is a story full of interest—even of that "human interest" which is so cultivated by sensational newspapers. Mr. Gillett's name, so far as we can learn, was not mentioned or even thought of in connection with the Governorship until about the beginning of the current year. He has not been a man to rush into political or social limelight, and therefore not likely to be called a conspicuous State figure, although his public service in State and even in National affairs has been notable and long sustained. His home is removed from the center of political interests, and he has, when not engaged in his public duties, distinctly a retiring man. His character is as far removed as possible from that of the political self-seeker, and thoughts of ambition, in his mind, appear to have been subordinated to thoughts of service. A more characteristic and interesting "story"—to use a reporter's phrase—of the politics could not be conceived than that which will describe in detail how Mr. Gillett was drawn from his partly fixed relationships to which he has been devoted, and brought into his present position for the people of California.

The beginning of this story lies back in the political history of 1902, when the Republican State Convention of California met at the State Capital. In that Convention then governor, Henry T. Gage, was the "prominent man"—that is to say, he was slated by the "organization" for renomination, and was backed up by all the forces that the "organization" could command. Thomas J. Ryan of San Benito County, was the anti-organization candidate, and had behind him a very considerable body of devoted friends. Dr. George Pardee of Alameda County and J. O. Hayes of Santa Clara were what may be called the minor candidates, each with a firmly organized support from the county in which he lived. It did not take very long to determine that the nomination of Gage was an impossibility. Then it became a question as to which of the other three candidates, Flint, Pardee or Hayes, should get the votes of the baffled supporters of Gage. Pardee and Hayes especially sought to obtain an understanding by negotiation and treaty, and after a few strenuous efforts the votes went to Pardee, thus giving him the nomination.

The campaign that followed was one of hard fighting along the line. Dr. Pardee was not a popular candidate. He lacked the magnetic quality that made Gage, with all his faults of temperament, an effective party man, and there had been developed somewhere back in his political history a fixed antagonism between him and organized labor. In the end he was elected, scratchingly, by a plurality of 2459 votes, nearly 3000 less than the votes for the Lieutenant Governor (Hon. J. D. Anderson, then of Solano County and now of Contra Costa County), whose larger plurality may be taken as representing the normal party strength as developed in the election of 1902. San Francisco, nominally a Republican stronghold, left Pardee 9556 votes behind

Lane; and in Sacramento County, which time out of mind has been reckoned as dependably Republican, he was beaten by 493 votes. In his own county of Alameda his vote was 13,915, while that of Congressman Metcalf was 15,122. His failure in the northern and middle sections of the State was all but disastrous, for in the final count with a majority of 14,218 for the seven Republican counties south of Tehachapi, he got in by a bare plurality, as already stated, of 2549.

At all the larger points of public responsibility Governor Pardee's administration has been highly satisfactory. In many years California has not had an administration of her executive office which has so commended itself to the judgment of the people. Upon taking office Governor Pardee abandoned his professional work at San Francisco and Oakland, and established his home at the State Capital, and since the day of his inauguration he has given himself devotedly to his public duties. His immediate executive assistants were judiciously selected, and the routine business of his office has at all times been kept well in hand. There has been no scandal in connection with affairs under Governor Pardee. His conduct of public affairs has won for Governor Pardee a wide popular approval, and it is probable that a majority of the citizens of California would have been glad to see him nominated by his party for a second term. But he was not so named; in truth his candidacy made rather a sorry showing in the recent convention at Santa Cruz.

How came it so? Not only has Governor Pardee been an effective manager of the business interests of the State, but he has, on the whole, been a distinctly gracious personality. The door of his private office stands wide open at all times. Any man, woman, or child, high or humble, can easily gain access to him. He has taken upon himself an immensely irksome labor in traveling about the State, in visiting local communities upon their invitation, and in lending the dignities of his official character to popular and ceremonial occasions. And yet when it came to name his successor only a lean minority of the Republicans of the party stood for him. By overwhelming voice the nomination was not given to Pardee but to Gillett.

The theories of different observers and writers upon this outcome are, as readers of the Argonaut know, many and diverse. If we may judge from the expressions of the newspapers—particularly of Democratic newspapers—the "railroad influence" is in many quarters thought to have been paramount. There appears indeed to be a studied effort to discredit Mr. Gillett as a candidate on the theory that he was selected and groomed by these same "railroad influences" to defeat the man in whose selection four years ago it was presumed to have joined as against Flint and Hayes.

By way of examining this theory perhaps we cannot do better than consider the adverse side of Pardee's career in the governorship. Governor Pardee's home is in Alameda County, where he has long been the leader of a faction in the Republican party more or less bitterly opposed to another faction headed by Secretary Metcalf of President Roosevelt's cabinet. It has been no small part of Governor Pardee's personal policy to sustain his individual power in his own county, and to this end he has appointed to public positions disposable at the hands of the Governor an undue proportion of Alameda County men. Early in Governor Pardee's official career his partiality for Alameda County men—and for members of his own faction—became a popular joke, and like many popular political jokes it has had a serious basis. Aspiring persons all over the State who have failed to receive certain gubernatorial appointments they desired have believed themselves unfairly dealt with, and have charged it up against Pardee as a private use of his public powers in the interest of his own friends and political supporters of Alameda County. The number of persons having some reasonable pretension to party preferment thus brought into individual antagonism to Governor Pardee has been very considerable, and they have tended to create local centers of adverse feeling in every county.

Again, Governor Pardee, while in the main working with the State "organization" and at all times willing to have its support, has not been kindly disposed to

party organizations in the several counties. He has co-operated with them sufficiently to give them hopes of his friendship, and has at the same time sufficiently disregarded them to excite their resentment. As a native of California, educated at our State University, and having a wide acquaintance throughout the State, he has had in nearly every county some personal friend whose judgment has been with him of greater weight and authority than the recommendations of the political and official county leaders. There is probably not a county in the State in which he has not in one way or another given offence by making appointments to office outside the lines and over the protest of those most active in local political affairs. It is largely due to this perhaps conscientious but certainly indiscreet political practice that there came into existence throughout the State many groups of disappointed and disgruntled persons.

Again, while in most respects an effective administrator, Governor Pardee has been curiously dilatory in the disposal of important public offices which are filled by executive appointment. Today there is scarcely one of the many commissions which make so important a feature in our executive system that is not largely filled with "hold-over" members—with men whose specific terms have expired but whose successors have not been named and who therefore hold their places under sufferance. This dilatory practice, regarded politically, has been an unfortunate one all round. It has tended to encourage a multitude of aspirants the greater number of whom have necessarily to be disappointed, and at the same time it has not given to the man finally appointed the full and natural measure of satisfaction, since political vanities easily wither under a policy of delay.

Take for instance the case of the appointments to the Appellate Bench last year in the San Francisco district. When the law creating this court was enacted it was understood that two men of the highest professional standing and of ideal qualifications for the post to be filled would gladly have accepted the appointments if they had been made properly. After a few weeks' delay neither was willing that his name should be considered. What under prompt practice would have been a gracious and acceptable compliment was felt to be almost an affront when tendered after many weeks of consideration. Here in the matter of official dilatoriness as related to appointments Governor Pardee made a fatal political mistake.

Still again Governor Pardee has not been happy in his attitude toward the members of his party in the State legislature, and particularly with the members of the Senate, who, whether rightly or wrongly, regard themselves as entitled to special consideration when appointments are to be made in their several districts. He has not been disposed to regard this claim seriously, and has commonly gone about the business of making appointments upon his own information and with small heed to the recommendations of members of the legislature.

Whoever has been, even in a casual way, an observer of practical politics can not fail to understand how these matters—however petty and trivial they may seem—have tended in political circles to create a feeling adverse to Governor Pardee. While no one has ever questioned the integrity of his administration or its general efficiency, there have been many to assert their dissatisfaction and dislike upon the basis of personal and other forms of neglect, and all this has made a situation exceedingly favorable to the prospects of some other candidate for the Governorship.

Finally, in reckoning up the influences adverse to Governor Pardee, we must recall events connected with the recent special legislative session. The purpose of that session, it will be remembered, was so to readjust certain laws as to facilitate the rehabilitation of San Francisco. But under the call issued by the Governor there was left the possibility of other legislation. After the session was under way there came up from Southern California a series of demands for legislation in promotion of the Owens River water project. Los Angeles City wished to take in certain neighboring communities in order to create a financial basis for this great project. Sentiment in the South was intense on both sides, and appeals pro and con were made to the Governor. In the end he declined to permit consideration of the question as one

not properly belonging to the purposes of the session; but in doing so it was his misfortune to create bitter anger and resentment on the part of many people in Southern California, and particularly of those political forces which dominate Los Angeles City and County.

When the Convention met at Santa Cruz, early this month, there was found in attendance there, and hostile to Governor Pardee's hopes of renomination, an extraordinary assemblage of political forces. It was plainly to be seen that the "organization" was not for him, and it was quite as plainly to be seen that the greater number of those who have hitherto formed the backbone of the anti-organization forces were likewise against him. There was Dr. Rowell of Fresno; there were those who represented ex-Senator Bard of Ventura; there were, in addition to the official representatives of Los Angeles County, those who personally represented General Otis of the Los Angeles Times; there was Congressman Needham, whose attachment for Mr. Gillett is the product of their mutual services at Washington; actively in the forefront of the Gillett movement stood the united representation of the counties forming his congressional district under the highly effective leadership of George Knight. The only organized party group of votes not attached either to one candidate or the other was the Ruef element of San Francisco, which went to Gillett when voting time came, although a sufficient strength had been developed to win the nomination without them.

Now there is no question as to where the "organization" stood—it was against Pardee and it was for Gillett; but it is presumptuous to say, as many have said, that it was the dominating force in Gillett's convention campaign. It has long been one of the commonplaces of political philosophy that those who apparently lead political parties are quite as likely to be party servants as party masters. Leadership under democratic systems is not so often won by antagonism as by concession. Party leadership in American States is commonly the prize, if it be a prize, of him who brings into operation the several county or local organizations. In these considerations are to be found the secret of Gillett's success. His "discovery" was undoubtedly at the hands of his personal friend George Knight, whose activity was stimulated by resentment against Pardee, this feeling originating in the Senatorial contest of 1905.

When Gillett was first suggested for the Governorship he was only one among many receptive candidates; but the movement in his favor—backed by the personal urgency of Mr. Knight and supported by his enthusiastically devoted congressional district—gained momentum more rapidly than any other, and as a growing force soon attracted to itself all the elements of opposition to Pardee save that alone of San Francisco and Santa Clara Counties. The "organization," if the truth be told, found its own course prescribed for it by the strength of a movement which it had no serious reason to protest against, but which it probably could not have beaten if it had tried. Possibly the "organization" might have joined with Alameda and Sacramento and a few other counties in forcing the nomination of Pardee, but it could only have been done, if at all, under the whip and spur of an "organization" programme, with the certainty of meeting at the polls a solid opposition from organized labor.

Roosevelt and Gompers.

The week after the Republican State Convention, when the Union Labor leaders began threatening to defeat James Gillett because he had refused to obey the orders of Samuel Gompers, the Argonaut remarked: "Those of us who are Republicans and free American citizens, and who will not take orders from a naturalized foreign labor leader, will vote for Gillett." The Sacramento Bee replies: "Samuel Gompers is standing for those principles to which all Americans can subscribe—be they labor union men or not." Gompers is standing for the principle of the boycott. He menaces with his labor union boycott those American Congressmen who do not vote the way he wants them to. This man Gompers even had the insolence to threaten President Roosevelt with the revenge of the labor unions if he disobeyed the Gompers mandates. The Gompers delegation said this to his face. The President replied in a ringing Amer-

ican speech, in which he said that all men in this country are equal before the law. Gompers wants to make them unequal before the law. He wants to make one kind of law for the union labor man, another kind of law for the farmer or merchant. The President will not stand for that, and so he told Gompers and his henchmen. Thus there is one American who does not "subscribe to the Gompers principles," and his name is Roosevelt. When it comes to choosing Americans, the Argonaut will choose Theodore Roosevelt and the Bee can choose Samuel Gompers.

Insurance Companies Sued by Policy-Holders.

Those who have been insured with these companies in the past, those who are insured with them now, and those who may have intended to insure with them in the future, will be interested in the following list:

Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., E. R. Talcott vs., \$6,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., H. M. Levy vs., \$3,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., W. W. Montague & Co. vs.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Rosenthals Inc. vs.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Crown Distilleries Co. vs., \$500.
Merchants Ins. Co., Fireman's Fund Ins. Co. vs.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Lina Reuben vs., \$1,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., C. A. Buckley vs., \$5,000.
Girard Fire & Marine Ins. Co. of Philadelphia, Luigi Drago vs.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., I. Magnin & Co. vs.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Leon Willard vs.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., S. L. Dinkelspiel et al vs.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Compressed Air Machinery Co. vs.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Ed. Barron Estate Co. vs., \$5,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Roos Bros. vs.
National Fire Ins. Co. of Hartford, Jane McKee vs.
Union Assurance Society of London, Chas. H. Brown vs., \$9,980.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Ed. Schimmel et al vs.
Pennsylvania Fire Ins. Co., Maggie Mahoney vs.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., H. H. Lengstacken vs.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Schoenholz & Elsbach vs., \$5,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Chas. E. Foxe vs., \$2,500.
Royal Ex. Assurance of London, M. Dal. Pogetto vs., \$1,300.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., J. Kashel vs.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., V. Travers vs., \$2,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Sarah A. Isaacs vs.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., McNab & Smith vs., \$1,000.
Austrian Phoenix Imperial Ins. Co., Fred Hector vs.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., The Balrd Estate vs.
North German Fire Ins. Co. of Hamburg, Mrs. R. A. Feubner vs.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., United Policy Holders Co. vs.
North German Fire Ins. Co., W. Doell vs., \$500.
North German Fire Ins. Co., E. L. Manson vs., \$1,000.
Transatlantic Fire Ins. Co., Ellis Rosenberg vs.
Spring Garden Ins. Co., Ellis Rosenberg vs.
Dutchess Ins. Co., Ellis Rosenberg vs.
German Ins. Co. of Freeport, Meyer H. Levy vs.
Austrian Phoenix Ins. Co., M. H. Levy vs.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Calif. Safe Deposit & Trust Co. vs., \$5,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Pacific Heating & Ventilating Co. vs., \$1,000.
Phoenix Ins. Co., Ed. J. Laveaga vs., \$500.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., H. W. Maugels vs.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., E. W. Towle vs., \$4,500.
Girard Fire & Marine Ins. Co., G. H. Wichman vs., \$2,500.
Dutchess Ins. Co., Geo. H. Wichman vs., \$2,500.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Samuel Dusenber et al vs., \$4,000.
Palatine Ins. Co., F. J. Corriea Co. vs., \$1,000.
Palatine Ins. Co., M. S. Lemos vs., \$780.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Florence G. Perrins vs., \$7,476.
Globe & Rutgers Fire Ins. Co., The John Breuner Co. vs., \$2,500.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., United Policy Holders vs., \$40,550.
National Fire Ins. Co. of Hartford, Paul Reuben vs., \$500.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Mary Hoe vs., \$2,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., J. W. Schonten & Co. vs., \$1,000.
Transatlantic Fire Ins. Co., Jacob Stern vs., \$1,000.
Transatlantic Fire Ins. Co., John E. Gardner vs., \$1,999.
Austrian Phoenix Ins. Co., Benj. Curtaz & Son vs., \$2,500.
Commercial Union Assurance Co. of London, Thomas I. Bergin vs., \$6,500.
Aachen & Munich Fire Ins. Co., Harry Gutzert vs., \$10,000.
National Union Fire Ins. Co., Margaret Kelly vs., \$2,500.
German American Ins. Co., Francis W. Smith vs., \$2,000.
North German Fire Ins. Co., Buckingham & Hecht vs., \$5,000.
London & Lancashire Fire Ins. Co., Minerva D. Kellogg vs., \$2,000.
Prussian Fire Ins. Co., Alphonsine Davis vs., \$1,000.
Girard Fire & Marine Ins. Co., C. Schilling & Co. vs., \$10,000.
North River Ins. Co. of New York, C. Schilling & Co. vs., \$10,000.
Queen City Fire Ins. Co. of South Dakota, C. Schilling & Co. vs., \$5,000.
New Brunswick Fire Ins. Co., C. Schilling & Co. vs., \$5,000.
Eagle Fire Ins. Co. of New York, C. Schilling & Co. vs., \$7,500.
North German Fire Ins. Co., Associated Property Owners vs., \$5,000.
North German Fire Ins. Co., L. Scatena Co. vs., \$5,000.
North German Fire Ins. Co., Washington Realty Co. vs., \$25,000.
Rhine & Moselle Fire Ins. Co., Del Monte Milling Co. vs., \$1,000.
German Ins. Co. of Illinois, George K. Frink vs., \$8,300.
Hamburg-Bremen Fire Ins. Co., Basch Auction Co. vs., \$8,500.
Alliance Ins. Co., Ltd., Basch Auction Co. vs., \$8,500.

Recent examinations at the Paris Conservatory of Music show that good tenors are steadily getting scarcer and that hardly any of the applicants has been able to reach the high C or even the B flat of the scale. Physicians think the deficiency of tenors is due to violent exercises young men indulge in under the guise of sport, which ruins the vocal chords.

More than one-fifth of the land surface of the globe is under English rule.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Good Wishes from New York.

New York, August 30, 1906.—Please extend my affection to the Argonaut. I enclose my cheque. Permit me to mention you in the admirable manner in which you continue publication of your paper in spite of the dire catastrophe which overwhelmed your region in the spring. A hiatus in its appearance, under such trying conditions, would have been excusable. Believe me,
Truly yours,
Wm. King F.

A Five Years' Subscription.

Butte, Montana, Sept. 6, 1906.—Enclosed find my check \$20.00 in payment for five additional years' subscription valuable paper.

I have just returned home, and take my first opportunity sending you this as a token of sympathy with you in the grief you have sustained in the terrible catastrophe in your city.

I have been a reader of your publication for over a quarter of a century. It has afforded me great pleasure and instruction. I reiterate I consider it the best periodical published in the I wish you continued success.

Yours truly,
H. L. F.

The Argonaut in Yucatan.

San Francisco, Aug. 30, '06.—Your article in last week relative to the world-wide circulation of the Argonaut, back to my mind a little episode of my last winter's trip to Yucatan.

One scorching Sunday afternoon I was sitting in the yard of the Gran Hotel in far-away Merida, trying to get of air by manipulating a rocking-chair, on the principle Dutchman who nearly killed his horse one hot day trying to "vindi." Presently a stranger took the remaining rocker, he looked like one of us we soon entered into a conversational learning that I was from California, he inquired with a gleam of animation if I knew a paper called the Argonaut published in San Francisco. Being informed that everybody in California was proud of the Argonaut, he said that he had never before, but had been a subscriber to the Argonaut for five years and would not be without it. He stated further that he was read by everybody in the mahogany camps of California who could read English, and when all had read it he would take it to his folks in New York State. He was so enthusiastic about the Argonaut that soon I began to expand with just pride in a "paisano," as it were, of the Argonaut.

Sincerely yours,

J. B. H.

Conditions in Northern Mexico.

Monterey, Mexico, Aug. 31, 1906.—The Argonaut is a truth, fair play and honor in journalism, as I know from acquaintance of twenty-two years, so I ask that you turn to Harper's Weekly of Aug. 25th, and read the wild yarn printed about conditions in Northern Mexico; then I want to state a few facts.

A little over a month ago the people of this city, particularly the Americans resident here, were astounded in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat of July 21st that for the city of Monterey had been a seething hot-bed of revolutionary spiracy and the bitterest open hostility to foreigners, particularly Americans. This was the first news we had of a pitiable condition of helpless terror. After this, one by one came under our astonished gaze papers from Chicago, New York, telling us all about it—how the wicked and General Reyes was conspiring against the Government President and how we were all to be run out of the country September 16th.

Now, all this, while outrageous and exasperating, is only with the ordinary methods of the saffron brotherhood, fortunately, Harper's Weekly, once so cautious, so reserved and so conservative, is still taken seriously by an immense number of readers. The article I have referred to is sly, mendacious, most vicious in its innuendo. It is a carefully misleading unwarranted attack, not alone upon two great men—President Diaz and General Bernardo Reyes—but upon the people as a whole.

Although I have lived and had my headquarters in San Francisco for many years, I have lived also in Mexico and on, for the last sixteen. I have dealt with the people of the country in business, have directed the labors of hundreds in mining and construction work, speak their language, recognize their virtues. I have resided in Monterey since the beginning of the year, and the nature of my business here has brought me into contact with all classes, and I have yet to see an indication of political unrest, industrial disturbance, or animosity to Americans. And I mention industrial disturbance advisedly during the recent strike of the railway employees here I saw of it, even when I went to the freight yards or stations. The strike, as you probably know now, is over, having occasioned but inconvenience and absolutely no violence of even the most trivial character.

I have the honor to be well acquainted personally with Reyes, and knowing him as I do, feel strongly the wanton injury he has suffered through the vicious article I have alluded to. General Reyes is a man of the greatest personal strength of character, courteous, keen of intellect, quick of decision and full of much for his rugged honesty as for his frank love of war, soldier, born, as he has said, to the sounds of battle, has been in policy, uniformly friendly to Americans and tireless in his efforts for industrial development in Mexico. So that we who know Mexico and its people, feel the proper fair-minded men who see a wanton and cowardly injustice and I for one hope the Argonaut will, for the sake of our credit, and ordinary fair play, do what it can to counteract the injury already done. We are doing our modest best under the present circumstances the Argonaut's pen will be more effective than ours, or even the sword of the general Reyes himself.

Yours very truly
Geo. S. Bider

The Lake of Gennesaret in Palestine, called the Sea of Galilee and the Sea of Tiberias, famed for the miracles Christ performed there, has just been visited by the appearance of a modern steamer, which is conveying passengers to the little villages on its shores.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Fletcher D. Proctor, of Proctor, son of United States Senator Redfield Proctor, was elected Governor of Vermont last week by about two-thirds the usual Republican majority.

The Illinois newspaper which comes out with a title that Speaker 'Joe' Cannon is famous for his 'fat' knows how to make a subtle attack on a man, is the New York Evening Mail.

Senator Morgan G. Bulkeley, of Connecticut, was defeated in his effort to carry the primaries for candidates before the State convention. His successor in leadership was Samuel Fessenden, whom Bulkeley defeated for his present place.

President Roosevelt has extended the eight-hour law to all public work under the supervision of any department of the government. This order affects more than 100,000 men working on river and harbor improvements. It is said that contractors have decided to respect scrupulously the new order.

Congressman E. A. Hayes, of San Jose, representing the Fourth California District, has been nominated for re-election by the Republicans, and endorsed by the Unionists. His opponent will be H. S. Davis, member of the San Francisco Iroquois Club, who has been nominated by the Democrats and endorsed by the Independence League.

The Fourth California District, which is wholly within the limits of the city of San Francisco, Congressman Julius Kahn has been nominated for re-election by the Republicans, and endorsed by the Labor Unionists. Hirschberg has been nominated by the Democrats and will make prominent in his campaign his pledge to do duty-free rebuilding materials for the city.

Colorado Republicans were impolitic enough to nominate for re-election to the Supreme Court of the State William Gabbert, who was and may still be a Democrat. As a consequence, Philip B. Stewart, nominated for Governor, now declines to run on the ticket with Gabbert, and the latter refuses to withdraw. Other candidates are uneasy, and another convention is being predicted.

It is predicted that the next change in the Cabinet will be the retirement of Victor H. Metcalf, Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor, and that R. Garfield will succeed Metcalf, giving up his present place as Commissioner of Corporations. President Roosevelt gives Mr. Garfield credit for furnishing Secretary-General Moody with valuable aid in the suits against the packers and the Standard Oil Company.

Now, an overwhelmingly Republican State, a United States Senator is making a school house campaign in some county in order to assure himself that his district for the Legislature may be elected. So bitter the Cummins and anti-Cummins fight become that Dolliver's friends are fearful of the Legislature not to be elected in November, and before which he is a candidate for re-election in January. In his county it was only by the utmost exertion that his district was nominated for the Legislature.

Senator Foraker's declaration in favor of the nomination of United States senators by popular vote at the primaries is of large importance, says the Springfield (Mass.) Republican. Foraker has been a conservative of the strictest sect. His present position therefore is a recognition of the growing strength of the demand for the direct election of senators by the people, and a possible surrender on the part of other senators whose long service, like Foraker's, has tended to make them jealous of any change in the present system.

The Nevada State Republican Convention nominated for Governor; for Congressman, Oscar Mitchell; for Lieutenant Governor, George T. Mills; for Judge, E. R. Dodge; for Secretary of State, William Douglass; for Treasurer, Edward Cutts; for Attorney General, Jacob Eggers; for Superintendent of Schools, Orvis S. Smyer; for Printer, J. G. McCarthy; for Regents of the University, long terms, H. S. Sterret, H. C. Cutts, and short terms, Dr. Homer J. Hanson, J. W. Phillips.

President Fairbanks at Columbus, O., last week was to be interviewed on politics or about Mr. Bryan. But he spoke freely. "The President alone decides when it is time for the United States to intervene in the Cuban trouble, if that time arrives," he said. On the negro question: "The settlement of the so-called race question or race problem rests with colored people themselves. I believe these people make up 10 per cent of our population, have improved wonderfully, and they are taking advantage of opportunities placed at their disposal."

The result of the New York primary elections was a mixture of good and bad. The influence of President

Roosevelt was strong enough to defeat decisively the Platt-Odell-Quigg combination, and the Republican nominee for Governor will be satisfactory to the President. Charles F. Murphy won in New York, but Timothy D. Sullivan holds the balance of power. McClellan is much stronger than was supposed. Hearst was whipped unmercifully by McCareen in Brooklyn, which was the stronghold of the former last year, and in the other counties he did not make the showing expected.

Senator Bacon, who called Bryan's federal railway policy an advanced type of socialism, represents the State of Georgia in the United States Senate and is recognized as a Democratic leader of national reputation. "Conditions would be national under governmental ownership of railroads," said Senator Bacon, in discussing the Nebraska's doctrine. "By the use of the power of such a political machine any party controlling it would perpetuate itself in office and practically destroy the freedom of popular government. In its practical operation it would be the most extreme and radical measure of paternalistic socialism."

That judges should be named by lawyers, instead of by popular vote, has for centuries been a pet theory in a large part of the legal world. The bar of New York City has taken a step toward making this theory practical. The lawyers have named a ticket for the thirteen judicial vacancies to be filled in November, and, defying the regular parties, have gone before the people asking votes for their candidates. The party bosses have paid no attention to the lawyers, and in the regular way, have selected candidates of the regular kind. The issue in New York, therefore, will be squarely between lawyer-named candidates and boss-named candidates.

"Evidently Mr. Jerome considers it good politics to speak with contempt of his rival, Mr. Hearst, as a man lacking both brains and ideas. But is it?" questions the New York World. "It was the advice of Napoleon to his field marshals never to despise the enemy. Certainly it is easier to be flippant and sharp-tongued than convincing. As a matter of truth, Mr. Hearst is probably the cleverest politician in the State today, always excepting Theodore Roosevelt. He is extraordinarily able, and those of his opponents who minimize his ability and pooh-pooh his influence, like Mr. Jerome, are only deceiving themselves. Mr. Jerome needs to take warning against despising his adversary."

One of the interesting features of the New York campaign is the probability that ex-Congressman Francis Burton Harrison will be Tammany's candidate in the Eleventh District, now represented by William Randolph Hearst. It is expected that Hearst will put up his own candidate in opposition and supply him plentifully with ammunition. Harrison is himself a millionaire. He retired from Congress to run for Lieutenant-Governor of New York on the ticket headed by D. Cady Herrick, who is a son of Mrs. Burton Harrison, the novelist, and is a young man of promising ability. His lately deceased wife was Mary Crocker, daughter of the late C. Fred Crocker, of San Francisco.

The Union Labor party of San Francisco met in convention September 19, and, after adjourning as a convention and immediately reorganizing as a political club, endorsed Theodore Bell's nomination by the Democrats for Governor. On September 21 the same party held conventions in the Fourth and Fifth Congressional Districts and ratified and endorsed the action of the earlier gathering, which was denominated "The State Labor Convention" in the resolutions passed. In the Fourth District Andrew M. Wilson was nominated for railway commissioner and Joseph H. Scott was chosen candidate for the State Board of Equalization. These were endorsements of former Republican nominations.

Congressman Robert R. Hitt, of Illinois, died at his summer home at Narragansett Pier, L. I., September 20, aged 72. His wife and his two sons were with him. Robert R. Hitt was born in Ohio, but since his third year had been a resident of Illinois. In 1874-81 he was first United States secretary of legation and then Charge d'Affaires ad interim at Paris. For a short time in 1881 he was Assistant Secretary of State, but he has been a member of Congress ever since that year. In the summer of 1898 he was appointed by President McKinley a member of the commission to establish the Government of Hawaii on the annexation of the islands to the United States. In the fifty-sixth and fifty-eighth Congresses he was chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

For eleven hours without rest or refreshment the delegates in the New Hampshire Republican State Convention battled over the nomination for Governor. On the ninth ballot, Charles M. Floyd, a Manchester merchant and the second choice of the organization, won the prize with 408 votes to 335 for Winston Churchill. The most spectacular scenes ever witnessed in a New Hampshire convention were noted, one being the withdrawal of an alleged reform candidate and his plea to his followers to vote for the machine candidate. There is said to be

no basis for the report that Mr. Churchill would effect fusion with the Democrats. He and the men with him are Republicans of the old hard-shell New Hampshire variety, and say they will fight their way in their own party councils and not call in nor ally themselves with the Democrats.

In addition to the nomination of William H. Langdon of San Francisco for Governor, the State Convention of the Independence League named the following candidates:

Secretary of State, O. E. Swain, Alameda.
State Treasurer, Edward Tedford, Santa Ana.
Attorney General, Gessner Williams, Los Angeles.
Surveyor General, I. N. Chapman, Alameda.
State Controller, George W. Hack, Sacramento.
State Printer, John Collins, San Francisco.
Supreme Court Clerk, Edward Rainey, Santa Barbara.
Railroad Commissioner, A. C. Black, Orange.

The Socialist Labor party of California held its convention in Oakland last week and nominated the following ticket:

Austin Lewis of Oakland, Governor; Frank J. Wheat of Los Angeles, Lieutenant Governor; Walter V. Holloway of Berkeley, Secretary of State; O. H. Philbrick, State Comptroller; John M. Reynolds of San Francisco, Treasurer; George W. Downing of Los Angeles, Attorney General; L. B. Matthews, Surveyor General; J. H. Wilde of Sutter County, Clerk of the Supreme Court; Mrs. Anne Ferry Smith of San Diego, Superintendent of Public Instruction; George A. Garrett of San Diego, Superintendent of State Printing; James Andrew of Berkeley, Hiram E. Fletcher of San Diego and Emil Leese of San Francisco, Associate Justices of the Supreme Court. A full Congressional ticket will be named.

It has been a busy summer for the old. Mrs. Elizabeth Hunt, of Brooklyn, celebrated her 106th birthday. At a Vermont county fair Charles Taylor, of Middlebury, aged 100, drove his pacer Robert B. an exhibition half mile in 1.08. Mrs. Sarah Hall Doremus, of Parsippany, N. J., reached 103 in full possession of her faculties, with only her sight slightly impaired. David Hill, colored, of Providence, 104, was arraigned in court. Mrs. Elvira J. Sheeter, of Williamsburg, Mass., took a motor-car ride on attaining centenarian honors. In Vine-land nineteen persons more than eighty years old attended the services at the First Presbyterian Church. The summer's death list of centenarians is interesting. Mrs. Eliza Fairchild Wheeler died at Groton, Conn., and former State Senator Pierson at Swedesboro, N. J., each at the age of 101. Mrs. Lavinia Lovett, who died at North Tarrytown, aged 102, left twenty-five living grandchildren. The oldest man in London, James McNally, died at the age of 110, and the oldest Canadian, Mrs. Ferdinand Reese, at 113. Mrs. Reese saw Napoleon in 1812.

The great height of modern skyscrapers makes it indispensable that they should be actually fireproof—that is, unburnable. Architects are agreed that this can be most effectively done by building the floors and partitions of hollow tile bricks so that in the event of fire it is confined to the area in which it starts. The remarkable showing made by the steel and tile skyscrapers in San Francisco, and the fact that many of them are ready for occupancy again, proves the skyscrapers of this type of construction are safe from any fire, remarks the Springfield (Mass.) Union in this connection. Electric installation in big buildings is now so carefully done that the danger of electrolysis is very remote. In fact as engineers and scientists point out, unless some unknown danger arises the skyscraper of the modern day will stand as solid and as enduring as the pyramids of the ancients.

The new Vreeland law, soon to go into effect, requires that manufactures of gold and silver be truthfully stamped, and provides for imposing penalties in case false stamps are used. As a result of the United States having had no Federal stamping law, the products of American factories lack standing in foreign countries. After the Vreeland law becomes operative, it is expected that American manufacturers will be better able to invade foreign markets. The leading manufacturing jewelers endorse the law.

The Czar of Russia is said to be contemplating resigning the throne because of the efforts on his life. The present house of Romanoff came into existence in 1613, since when there have been 18 assassinations. One of these (Ivan) was an idiot; three have been murdered by their relatives (not including Alixeff, son of Peter the Great, who was poisoned by his father), one was assassinated by his subjects and 12 have died more or less natural deaths.

Some persons think that President Roosevelt's spelling reform should be applied to music also, says the Musical Courier. Then we would have this simplified code: Sim-fonee, Skertzo, Nokturn, Rapsodee, Fewg, Obo, Cord, Baytoyn, Shopan, Tchykufskkee, Greeg, Strous, Shoobert, Shooman, Berlio, Goono, Dandy, St. Sang, Putsheeny, Mascanyee, Hydn, List, Vogner, Glook, etc.

THE INSANE SURGEON.

A Terrible Experience that Blanched a Woman's Hair.

"I have heard of persons whose hair was whitened through excessive fear, but I never saw any one so affected." So I spoke to Dr. Maynard, as we sat on the piazza of his pretty villa, discussing the different effects of terror on dissimilar temperaments. Without replying to me, the doctor turned to his wife and said:

"Helen, will you please relate to my old friend the incident within your own experience? It is the most convincing argument I can advance."

I looked at Mrs. Maynard in surprise. I had observed that her hair, which was very luxuriant, was white, but it only heightened the brilliancy of her fine dark eyes.

The doctor and I had been fellow-students, but, after leaving college, we had drifted apart. I was now on a visit to him for the first time since his marriage.

Mrs. Maynard smiled as she saw my eyes fixed on her snowy hair over her shoulders, and, seating herself by her husband's side, related the following story:

It is nearly two years since my husband was called on one evening to visit a patient several miles away. Our servants had all gone to a wake in the vicinity, the dead man being a relative of one of our serving maids. Thus I was left alone. But I felt no fear, for we had never heard of burglars or any sort of desperadoes in our quiet village, then consisting of a few scattered houses. The windows leading out on the piazza were open as now, but I secured the blinds before my husband's departure, and locked the outside doors, all except the front one; this I left for the doctor to lock after going out, so that, if I should fall asleep before his return, he could enter without arousing me. I heard the doctor's rapid footsteps on the gravel, quickened by the urgent tones of a messenger who awaited him; and, after the sharp rattle of the carriage wheels had become but an echo, I seated myself and soon became absorbed in the book I had been reading before being disturbed by the summons.

But after a time my interest succumbed to drowsiness, and I thought of retiring. Then the clock in the doctor's study struck twelve, so I determined to wait a few moments more, feeling that he would be home very soon. I closed my book, put on a dressing gown, let down my hair, and then returned to my seat to patiently wait and listen. Not the faintest sound disturbed the stillness of the night. Not a breath of air stirred the leaves. The silence was so profound that it became oppressive. I longed for the sharp click of the gate-latch and the well-known step on the gravel walk. I did not dare to break the silence myself by moving or singing. I was so oppressed with the deep stillness. The human mind is a strange torturer of itself. I began to conjure up vivid fancies of ghostly visitants, in the midst of which there occurred to me the stories I had heard from superstitious people about the troubled spirits of those who had died suddenly, like the man whom my servants had gone to "wake," who had been killed by an accident at the sawmill.

In the midst of these terrifying reflections, I was startled by a stealthy footfall on the piazza. I listened between fear and hope. It might be the doctor. But no, he would not tread like that; the step was too soft and cautious for anything less wily than a cat. As I listened again, my eyes fixed on the window blind, I saw the slats move slowly, and then the rays of the moon disclosed a thin, cadaverous face, and bright, glittering eyes, peering at me. O horror! Who was it? or what was it? I felt the cold perspiration start at every pore. I seemed to be frozen in my chair. I could not move; I could not cry out; my tongue seemed glued to the roof of my mouth, while the deathly white face pressed closer, and the great sunken eyes wandered in their gaze about the room. In a few moments the cautious footsteps came toward the door. "Merciful Heavens!" I cried, in a horror-stricken whisper, as I heard the sound of the latch, "the doctor in his haste must have forgotten to turn the key."

I heard the front door open, the step in the hall, and, helpless as a statue, I sat riveted to my chair. The parlor door was open and in it stood a tall, thin man, whom I never before beheld. He was dressed in a long, loose robe, a sort of gabardine, and a black velvet skull-cap partially concealed a broad forehead, under which gleamed black eyes, bright as living coals, and placed so near together that their gaze was preternatural in their distinctness; heavy, grizzled eyebrows hung over them like the tangled mane of a lion; the nose was sharp and prominent; the chin was overgrown with white hair, which hung down in locks as weird as the Ancient Mariner's. He politely doffed his cap, bowed, replaced it, and then said, in a slightly foreign accent:

"Madam, it is not necessary for me to stand on any further ceremony; as your husband, Doctor Maynard,"

here he again bowed profoundly, "has already acquainted you with the nature of my business here tonight. I perceive," he added, glancing at my negligee robe, "that you were expecting me."

"No," I found voice to stammer; "the doctor has said nothing to me about a visitor at this hour of the night."

"Ah, he wished to spare you, no doubt, a disagreeable apprehension," he returned, advancing and taking a seat on the sofa opposite me, where for a few moments he sat and eyed me from head to foot, with a strange glittering light in his eyes that mysteriously impressed me. "You have a remarkably fine physique, madam," he observed, quietly, "one that might deceive the eyes of the most skilled and practiced physician. Do you suffer much pain?"

Unable to speak, I shook my head. A terrible suspicion was creeping over me. I was alone, miles away from aid or rescue, with a madman.

"Ah," he continued reflectively, "your husband may have mistaken a tumor for a cancer. Allow me to feel your pulse," he said, rising and bending over me.

I thought it best to humor him, remembering it was unwise for a helpless woman to oppose the as yet harmless freak of a lunatic. He took out his watch, shook his head gravely, laid my hand down gently, then went toward the study, where on the table was an open case of surgical instruments.

"Do not be alarmed, madam," he said to me, as I was about to rise and flee, and in another instant he was by my side, with the case in his possession.

Involuntarily I raised my head, and cried: "Spare me! Oh, spare me, I beseech you!"

"Madam," he said, sternly, clasping my wrist with his long, sinewy fingers with a grip of steel, "you behave like a child. I have no time to parley, for I have received a letter from the German emperor, stating that he is desirous of my attendance. I must start for Europe immediately after performing the operation on your breast," and, before I could make the slightest resistance, he had me in his arms and was carrying me into the study, where was a long surgical table covered with green baize. On this he laid me, and, holding me down with one hand, with the strength of a maniac, he brought forth several long leather straps, which bore evidence of having been recently cut, and with which he secured me to the table with the skill of an expert. It was but the work of a moment to unloose my robe, and bare my bosom. Then, after carefully examining my left breast, he said:

"Madam, your husband has made a mistake. I find no necessity for my intended operation."

At this I gave a long-drawn sigh of relief and prepared to rise.

"But," he continued, "I have made the discovery that your heart is as large as that of an ox! I will remove it so that you can see for yourself; reduce it to its natural size by a curious process of my own, unknown to medical science, and of which I am sole discoverer, and then replace it again."

He began to examine the edge of the cruel knife, on which I closed my eyes, while every nerve was in perceptible tremor.

"The mechanism of the heart is like a watch," he resumed; "if it goes too fast the great blood vessel that supplies the force must be stopped, like the lever of a watch, and the works must be cleaned, and repaired, and regulated. It may interest you to know that I was present at the post-mortem examination held over the remains of the beautiful Louisa of Prussia. Had I been consulted before her death, I would have saved her by taking out her heart, and removing the polypi, between which it was wedged as in a vise, but I was called too late. The king and I had a little difference; he was German, I am French. I trust that is sufficient explanation."

He now bent over me, his long white beard brushing my face. I opened my eyes beseechingly, trying to think of some way to save myself. "Oh, sir, give me an anesthetic, that I may not feel the pain," I pleaded.

"Indeed, indeed, madam, I would comply with your wish were you not the wife of a physician—of a skillful surgeon. I wish you to note with what ease I perform this difficult operation, so that you may tell your husband of the great savant whose services he secured, fortunately in season."

As he said this he made the final test of the knife on his thumb. How precious were the moments now! They were fleeting all too fast, and yet an eternity seemed compressed in every one. I never fainted in my life, and I never felt less like swooning than now, as I summoned all my presence of mind to delay the fearful moment, fervently praying in the meantime for my husband's return.

"Doctor," said I, with assumed composure, "I have the utmost confidence in your skill; I would not trust my life to another; but, doctor, you have forgotten to bring a napkin to stanch the blood. If you will have

the goodness to ascend to my sleeping chamber, a right of the hall, you will find everything you need that purpose in the bureau."

"Ah, madam," he said, shaking his head sagaciously, "I never draw blood during a surgical operation; is another one of my secrets unknown to the faculty?"

Then, placing his hand on my bosom, he added, horrible playfulness:

"I'll scarcely mark that skin, whiter than snow smooth as monumental alabaster."

"O God!" I cried, as I felt the cold steel my breast; but with the same breath came deliverance.

Quick as thought a heavy woollen piano-cover thrown over the head and person of the madman, bound tightly around him. As quickly was I released and the thoughts that bound me soon held me free. My husband held me in his arms. He had noiselessly approached, and, taking in the horror of my situation at a glance, had, by the only means at hand, set the madman, who was the very patient he had summoned to attend, but who had escaped the vigil of his keeper soon after the departure of the messenger who had now returned with the doctor in pursuit.

As the poor wretch was being hurried away, he turned to me and said: "Madam, this is a plot to rob my reputation. Your husband is envious of my skill as a surgeon. Adieu!"

I afterward learned that the man was once an eminent surgeon in Europe, but much learning had made him mad. When he bound me to the table my skin was black as a raven; when I left it, it was as white as snow.

An amusing story deals with an encounter Mr. Beit had with the grandfather of the present Duke of Westminster. When Mr. Beit approached the head of the Grosvenor family for the land on which his magnificent Park-lane house was built, the duke insisted on so many conditions that the great financier very nearly broke the negotiations to an abrupt close. Eventually, however, an agreement was drawn up, and it was on the eve of signature when Mr. Beit received the following urgent note from the duke's agent: "The duke expects Mr. Beit to spend a minimum sum of £100,000 on the house to be erected on the ground." This was the reply: "Mr. Beit begs leave to inform his grace that he intends to spend the sum mentioned on the stables."

Remarkable figures, showing the extent of betting in France and how the state benefits thereby are published in the statistics of the French race courses for the 1892-1903. All betting on horses in France is done through the government institution known as the Paris-Mutuel, which has booths on all race tracks. The business is thus reduced to a system and many abuses avoided. During the period dealt with, the sum passing through the Paris-Mutuel was \$433,699,755, of which the state took its share, amounting to \$13,020,087. Most of the profit is devoted to the support of hospitals, monts-de-piété (state pawnshops) and other charitable institutions. Year by year the sums hazarded by Frenchmen on the progress of horse and jockey have increased.

Pinkey, one of the two famous cats of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., to whom Benjamin Dillel bequeathed \$40,000 and a home, developed a tumor in her throat, and she was chloroformed with the consent of the executors of the estate. Pinkey and Blackie were the pets of the late Benjamin F. Dillel, who died eighteen months ago and had been for the last thirteen years of his life. His will contained a provision for the care of the cats, and provided a nurse for them at \$75 a month. Every door in the house had a hole in it for the cats to pass through.

Forrest F. Dryden, a son of the president of the Prudential Insurance Company, stated under oath that one of the owners of that company who, in the seventies, paid in, in cash, \$2200, had made a profit, twenty-five years later, of \$327,163.60. The rate of profit in this case is 14,800 per cent—a rate which seems colossal to the policy-holder who has taken advantage of the savings feature of that company and bought an endowment policy—he has never received as much as 4 per cent.

A cable to the New York Herald from Panama says that Chinese residents have cabled to the Imperial Government, making vigorous protest against allowing Chinese labor to be brought to the canal. They represent the climatic conditions are such that a heavy death rate is sure to follow.

A letter has been delivered by the postal authorities at Clacton, an English seaside resort, which bore the address: "Corner house, two stone dogs in front." The writer had forgotten the correct name and address.

SINS OF LONDON'S SMART SET.

Not so Black as Painted in Father
Vaughan's Philippics.

It seems, at the present time, extremely doubtful that the volume of sermons promised us by Rev. Father Vaughan will renew the interest that was taken in his philippics when they were delivered. Some will buy the book to learn whether his attacks upon the "man-eating gress in society" were reported accurately, or to determine if his convictions remain steadfast and his denunciations persist in the enduring garb of print. The greater number, however, even of those who were stirred by his other sensational utterances with regard to the prevalence of gambling among the women of the smart set, have dismissed the topic from consideration and will not again take it up willingly. For a time his weekly assault on what he pronounced the distinguishing vice of the period agitated all Mayfair, but when the worst was said—and was bad enough—the waves of indignation and contradiction began to subside. Then Father Vaughan gave over his efforts to correct and warn his hearers and went way to Harrogate to rest.

Father Vaughan, if not an eminent prelate, as was his brother, the late Cardinal Vaughan, is an earnest and greatly esteemed priest. His services in the West End have been attended by the fashionable and socially secure, and only the most thorough conviction of evil conditions could have urged him to such radical declarations. The daily press, of course, took them up, made capital out of them, and even endeavored to augment their force, which was unnecessary. Striking phrases were repeated in newspaper headings, and expressions of assent and dissent alike were encouraged and printed at length. There were many forcible sentences ready to their hands in Father Vaughan's sermons. He had said:

"Any man who ventures into the society of the fast, smart set with any money will come out of it without any." "They go for him, they pluck at him, and when he chance offers they seize upon him, and they devour his substance." "What chance has a man with the woman who will cheat and swear and lie and steal, hield by the name of woman?" "How can I dare to hold my peace when I know of the girl ruin that is actually being wrought in the midst of this fashionable quarter of our mammoth city?" "Many innocent and beautiful English girls have been drawn into this vortex, have been ruined over the card-table." "It is this cursed gambling which is the millstone about society's neck, dragging it down into the depths of this sewer of putrid filthiness."

To those of Father Vaughan's hearers and critics who ventured to deny and remonstrate, he answered that only those who led secluded lives were ignorant of the facts that he declared. In this rests the crux of the matter. There is a society that is no longer secluded. It is a growth of later years, and is famous for its extravagances. Entrance into its circles may be bought; in fact, is bought without difficulty. It is not made up altogether of the newly rich, whether of our own people or of those who have come to us from other lands. The most active ones in its inner knowledge are those who live by its ambitions and excesses. They sell introductions, they tutor and direct, they fasten upon and bleed the novitiates who feel no compunction in submitting to extortions petty or gross if they are allowed to win what they consider to be social victories.

Subtle changes have taken place in English society generally during the life of the present generation, although the changes affect women more than men. There is less of drawing-room and teacups and more of the club and golf links. Women are more nearly on equal terms of companionship with men. They are no longer delicate and hysterical, but athletic and confident. That they have lost charm will be contended only by those who still preserve tender memories of a sentimentalism that was not robust enough to endure in free air and sunshine. Young women are better sportsmen now. They are not addicted to drink or to gambling, as has been charged. They crave and attain other excitements, more healthful amusements.

By way of special instances, in place of generalities, let me say that real conditions negative Father Vaughan's belief. Young women, unmarried, seldom gain admission to women's clubs where bridge is played. At week-end or house parties in the country, English girls are accompanied by their mother or some elder relative, and no hostess would permit a young woman to become involved in dangerous play. As for the young man who might become the prey of the harpy whom the clergyman has pictured, I am certain that such find excitement more to their taste in other and different surroundings. There are exceptions, as there have been since Australia and Canada became havens for reckless and impoverished sons.

Weakness, greed and cunning still exist, and mayhap will continue. The sort of society in which take place

occurrences that justify some of Father Vaughan's flagellations is shown in the court record of the recent case of the Most Honorable John James Dudley Stuart, Marquis Townshend. He needed a wife with plenty of money, and once was very nearly married to an enormously wealthy American heiress. Balked in that project, the agents financially concerned brought off a match which later developed a distressing want of caution on their part. The father-in-law was practically bankrupt, and the marriage brokers still lack their commission. Besides the smart set there is a seedy set, and also a shady set.

London, Sept. 4, 1906.

OLD FAVORITES.

The High Tide at Gettysburg.

[At Gettysburg, September 15, on the historic battlefield where they struggled for supremacy the survivors of General Pickett's division of the Confederate army met in fraternal reunion the survivors of the Philadelphia Brigade, which was composed of four regiments of Pennsylvania Volunteers. The reunion was held at the "bloody angle," where General Pickett made his famous charge.]

A cloud possessed the hollow field,
The gathering battle's smoky shield.
Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed,
And through the cloud some horsemen dashed,
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then at the brief command of Lee
Moved out that matchless infantry,
With Pickett leading grandly down,
To rush against the roaring crown
Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns
A cry across the tumult runs—
The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods
And Chickamauga's solitudes,
The fierce South cheering on her sons!

Ah, how the withering tempest blew
Against the front of Pettigrew!
A Khamsin wind that scorched and singed
Like that infernal flame that fringed
The British squares at Waterloo!

A thousand fell where Kemper led;
A thousand died where Garnett bled:
In blinding flame and strangling smoke
The remnant through the batteries broke
And crossed the works with Armistead.

"Once more in Glory's van with me!"
Virginia cried to Tennessee;
"We two together, come what may,
Shall stand upon these works to-day!"
(The reddest day in history.)

Brave Tennessee! In reckless way
Virginia heard her comrade say:
"Close round this rent and riddled rag!"
What time she set her battle-flag
Amid the guns of Doubleday.

But who shall break the guards that wait
Before the awful face of Fate?
The tattered standards of the South
Were shriveled at the cannon's mouth.
And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennessean set
His breast against the bayonet!
In vain Virginia charged and raged,
A tigress in her wrath uncaged,
Till all the hill was red and wet!

Above the bayonets mixed and crossed,
Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost
Receding through the battle-cloud,
And heard across the tempest loud
The death-cry of a nation lost!

The brave went down! Without disgrace
They leaped to Ruin's red embrace.
They only heard Fame's thunders wake,
And saw the dazzling sun-burst break
In smiles on Glory's bloody face!

They fell, who lifted up a hand
And bade the sun in Heaven to stand!
They smote and fell, who set the bars
Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of Motherland!

They stood, who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium!
They smote and stood, who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope
Amid the cheers of Christendom.

God lives! He forged the iron will
That clutched and held that trembling hill.
God lives and reigns! He built and lent
The heights for Freedom's battlement
Where floats her flag in triumph still!

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!

—Will Thompson.

BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER ON SPELLING

President of the University of California Opposes
Mooted Reform.

In an address before the students at the Stanford University commencement exercises last week, Benjamin Ide Wheeler, president of the University of California, stated his objections to the scheme of spelling reform recently endorsed by President Roosevelt. After dwelling upon the definition of language, its purposes, its orthoepic and orthophonic features, and the origin of the demand for writing, President Wheeler said:

In the inevitable discussion of the reform of English spelling, a sober consideration of all that is involved must warn against the rash imperiling through shallow judgment of the greater good for the lesser benefit. Here follow certain points of view:

First: Uniformity in the written language throughout its entire territory in any given period, as the present, is a prime demand of civilized intercourse.

Second: The establishment for the United States of a standard of written English different from that recognized elsewhere in the English-speaking territory, is an isolating and divisive movement promising loss and waste to intercourse and culture, and introducing consciousness of contrariety where the opposite is desired. The needless irritation caused by the minor differences already existing points ominously to what would result from greater.

Third: The English language is not the property of the people of the United States, still less of its government; it is a precious possession of the English-speaking world, and the moral authority to interfere in its regulation must arise out of the entire body and not from a segment thereof.

Fourth: Every person who is born to the use of the language inherits thereby a definite advantage in the world of intellectual gain for influence and effectiveness, yes, even for commercial success, by very reason of its extension of use in uniformity of standard. This inherited advantage constitutes vested interest, and must not be trifled with.

Fifth: Any radical change, such as for instance would be involved in phonetic writing, would have the effect of cutting us off from the language of Shakespeare and the English Bible, making this a semi-foreign idiom, to be acquired by special study. Indeed our entire present library collections of English books would be placed beyond the reach of the ordinary reader, and be as Dutch to his eyes. The bond uniting all the products of the language from the Elizabethan period to the present day creates a very precious heritage for every speaker of the English tongue.

Sixth: The adoption of a phonetic writing, it should furthermore be remembered, would involve imitation of the various dialectal forms of the spoken language, all of which is highly interesting to phonologists, but to the plain reader anathema.

Seventh: Print is addressed to the eye, and the reader's eye taking in whole words or even the composite form of whole phrases in rapid glance is disturbed and hindered by abnormal forms of spelling.

Eighth: The proposal gradually to introduce through the co-operation of volunteers a certain number of new spellings, and then, when these are well under way, presumably certain others, seems to promise an era of ghastly confusion in printing offices and in private orthography and heterography, as well as much irritation to readers' eyes and spirits.

Ninth: The list of three hundred words proposed by the Simplified Spelling Board is a somewhat haphazard collection following no very clear principle of selection. One hundred and fifty-seven of them, such as "color" for "colour," are already in their docked form familiar to American usage. The remainder seem to have their inclusion in the list to their having been mis-spelled a number of times in English literature; thus the "y" is tabooed in "pigmy" (for pygmy), not in "synonym"; the older spelling is resumed in "rime" (for "rhyme"), but not in "gest" for "guest," or "tung" for "tongue." There is no excuse, however, for "thru" (for "through") from any point of view. The symbol "u" generally carries in English the value "yu" (in "use") or "u" (in "but"); only very rarely, as in "rural," "rumor," has it the value "oo." "Thru" has not even the authority of error.

The Japanese will not drink tea that has been standing over a minute. They pour the boiling water on the leaves, and then pour off and drink the infusion immediately. Such tea is very delicate and fragrant, and does not affect the nerves.

Pope Pius X is cutting down the splendors that once surrounded the Vatican. The Swiss Guards have dwindled to twenty-five.

REMEYNI, HUNGARIAN VIOLINIST.

Fellow Student of Joachim, Friend of Liszt,
Discoverer of Brahms and Melba.

There is no biography of Remenyi. In place of a formal history of that musical genius and romantic interpreter of the choicest compositions in his own style for the violin, is a volume of memories and appreciations, written and gathered by a few of his intimate friends. The book is entitled "Edouard Remenyi: Musician, Litterateur, and Man," and it is edited and prefaced by Gwendolyn Dunlevy Kelley and George P. Up-ton.

Remenyi was born at Miskolcz, Hungary, July 17, 1830, the son of John and Rosalie Hoffmann. Though of Jewish descent he was Hungarian and Romany by nature, and early in his career he Hungarianized his name. His musical studies began at the age of nine, when he entered the Vienna Conservatory, and he studied the violin under Joseph Bohm, the teacher of Joachim and Laube. Joachim, a year younger than Remenyi, was a student at the conservatory at the same time.

War interrupted his studies, for when he was eighteen he joined in the uprising of Hungary against Austria, led by Kossuth.

As soon as the opportunity offered itself he took service under General Gorgey, who succeeded Kossuth as dictator, and acted as a kind of musical aid-de-camp to that officer. The revolutionary army hailed him as its camp violinist. His superior officer also evidently considered his violin a more effective agency in the service than his sword, for he would not permit him to go into battle. There are stories that, carried away by enthusiasm, he sometimes eluded Gorgey's vigilance and was found on the field, but even there he was carefully protected; Gorgey knew the value of his musical services, and saved him from any unnecessary risks. So his time was mainly occupied in keeping up the spirits of the revolutionists by playing the "czardas" about the watchfires, or the "Racokzy March" from village to village with its stirring call to arms. That the government appreciated the dangerous possibilities of his playing in spreading the insurrectionary spirit, is shown by its effort to suppress it, but he escaped its vigilance.

When the end of the revolution came with the surrender in August, 1849, Remenyi, with others, was obliged to expatriate himself. He sought refuge in the United States, and supported himself with his violin.

His first concert was given at Niblo's Garden, New York, January 19, 1850, with the assistance of Mme. Stephani, a soprano vocalist; H. C. Timm, pianist; and William Scharfenberg, pianist and violinist—two of the ablest musicians of that time—and an orchestra led by Theodore Eisfeld, one of the pioneers of orchestral music in this country. He remained in the United States but six months, and then returned to Europe.

The year 1853 marked an eventful period in Remenyi's life:

Early in that year he was giving concerts in Hamburg. Upon one occasion, his accompanist being ill he made inquiries among the local musicians for a substitute and was referred to Brahms, who was at that time teaching music and much in need of money. Brahms readily accepted Remenyi's offer, and so commended himself by his great ability that the latter was delighted with him and suggested that they should make a concert tour. Brahms, who was as young, as enthusiastic, and as poor as his associate, at once accepted the proposition.

From the first Remenyi recognized Brahms as a genius, and he unselfishly set about pushing the fortunes of his friend. By means of a letter from Joachim, he played with Brahms before King George at Hanover, but that monarch was not impressed with the pianist. He introduced him to Liszt, at Weimar, but Brahms did not make a good impression there, and so Remenyi secured a second letter from Joachim favoring his project, and sent Brahms with it to Schumann at Dusseldorf, he remaining with Liszt.

The first tidings they heard from Brahms was contained in the famous article "Neue Bahnen," which Schumann wrote for the Leipzig "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," in which he hailed Brahms as the "New Messiah of Music." This is the version of their relations substantially as given by Remenyi himself.

Brahms speedily forgot his friend and never wrote to him. In fact, he really committed an act of treachery, if Remenyi's statement is accepted, as certain Hungarian airs published under his name were really written by the violinist. Remenyi had few of the eccentricities, and none of the jealousies of the musical genius. Madame Remenyi gives several examples of his enthusiasm when he heard something fine or beautiful:

I recall him coming home in ecstasy after hearing an unknown individual play admirably, and he could not be reconciled to the knowledge that that person was only a member of a small orchestra. After hearing Cesare Thompson he

wept for joy at having heard the violin played with such mastery. In June, 1890, when Remenyi was in London, he went to a concert given by Sarasate. He was in such transports of pleasure over his beautiful and silvery playing that he immediately hurried to a florist and bought a basket of the most lovely flowers which he sent to the Spanish maestro. Sarasate frankly acknowledged that he had never had a similar tribute offered him.

Colonel Henry Kowalsky, of San Francisco, who furnishes one of the chapters of the volume, gives this description of a meeting of two master spirits and congenial artists:

It happened that he and Ysaye were sojourning in San Francisco at the same time. Ysaye was very fond of Remenyi and very enthusiastic over certain pieces that he played; and while enjoying a social afternoon together in my rooms at the Baldwin Hotel, Ysaye induced him to play a Hungarian rhapsody and a Russian czardas. Remenyi played with tremendous intensity; he was on his mettle, and anxious to impress Ysaye with a heroic interpretation of the piece he performed. It was interesting to watch the player and the listener. As Remenyi proceeded, Ysaye became excited, and the more Remenyi played the more Ysaye abandoned himself to his feelings. He played for fifteen minutes. The whole air was charged with his fantastic music. Ysaye was greatly excited, and when the little old man laid down his violin he took him in his embrace and kissed him on each cheek, shouting, "Charmant! Magnifique! Bravo! Bravo!" It was a rare sight—Ysaye, the world-accepted virtuoso of his time, lovingly and affectionately embracing his friend and proclaiming that no man alive could play that class of music like him. Tears trickled down Remenyi's cheek; he said criticism from such a source was worth all his life's labor.

This incident, also furnished by Col. Kowalsky, shows the boyish enthusiasm of Remenyi in all things artistic:

Remenyi in his time had been a collector of rare oil-paintings; he was a judge of good work, and his opinion on a painting was valuable. Upon one occasion I accompanied him to see some pictures done by an artist who, by reason of his intemperance, had lost his position in the art world. He had about a dozen which he placed with an art dealer, and, wanting money at once, left word with him to sell them at any price. They were landscapes and scenes in California, and the moment Remenyi saw them he proclaimed them the work of a good artist. He requested me to inquire the price. I was told we could have our choice at fifteen dollars each. Remenyi said that he must have made a mistake, and directed me to inquire again. The price was confirmed. He said: "We take them all." The dealer requested to know where he should send them. Remenyi was very nervous and answered that he need not send them; that he would take them away himself. He turned to me and said: "I am going to impose a hardship on you, but this is a test of your affection for me. We must carry these pictures away ourselves." I said, "Why?" He answered: "I think in the first place the man will change his mind on account of the price; and, second, I could not in justice to my feelings take a chance and leave them behind me." So we started through the streets with them, he almost on a run. Many persons recognized us and turned and looked after us.

The distance to the hotel, of course, was not far, but when we arrived at our apartments he placed the paintings about the room and danced around in admiration over the bargain he had made. While in the midst of his glee, a knock on the door caused him to lose color; he was pale as a ghost. He put his finger on his mouth as if to direct silence. When the knock became stronger he remarked: "I knew it; they have discovered they have made a mistake and come for them; but we have paid for them and have the receipt. A bargain is a bargain." Then again the knock was repeated. He nervously opened the door, and in front of him stood a bell-boy with a card from his piano accompanist. Remenyi was much relieved, handed the boy a tip, and said, "Tell him to come up."

In speaking of famous violinists and those who attempt the mastery of the violin, Remenyi said:

"To speak of a person as the master of the violin is to assert that which has never yet been achieved. Hundreds of thousands fiddle, thousands play at the violin, and thousands play on the violin, a few thousands perform well, and a few hundred play very well. The great artists who achieve fame and are world-renowned number less than fifty, while those who are credited with being great virtuosos you can count on one hand; and, as to its master, he has never been born. So you begin with millions and come down to nothing, leaving the violin unconquered."

One who first met Remenyi at the home of a friend in Hungary, where both spent some time, gives the following reminiscence of the artist, who had practiced early one morning near the room of the other:

"Remenyi worked well this morning," he said, after breakfast.

He never spoke save in praise of himself, and always talked of himself in the third person. "Yes, on a Bach concerto," said I.

He drew himself up, exclaiming: "Remenyi plays other things," and calling Nardor, he asked

for his violin. Twenty persons ran for it. He played a Hongroise. With the first note his vanity dropped from him like a cloak. He possessed every quality that genius can grant—imagination, delirious fancy, mild caprice, skill, clearness, precision, eloquence, color. He laid down his bow, smiling like a child. The music had worked a wondrous change in him. He was natural and ingenuous. Now and then he took up his violin and played one strain after another. Thus we heard the ball-room scene from Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet." It was like a magical spell. We were in Italy; the silvery moonbeams fell on the silent rows of cypress trees and marble statues; fountains flashed; then a fair palace appeared, all light and music; a crowd hurried by masked and gaily dressed; the night wind wafted strains of dance music through the garden; then all this faded, and we heard Juliet's cry.

When I thanked the great artist and expressed my admiration of his wonderful execution, he replied: "If Remenyi is only satisfied with himself!" with an expressive gesture to complete his phrase.

Strange to say, Remenyi had home interests in Hungary, the country that always held him in deep esteem:

In 1872 he was married to Miss Gisella de Fay de Faj, daughter of a famous Hungarian musician, by whom he had two children, twins, Adrienne and Tibor. His friendship with Liszt at this time was somewhat weakened, though Liszt was at his wedding and wrote some special music for the occasion. He was also concertizing with Liszt in 1872 and assisted at his jubilee in Budapest.

Remenyi's movements were never made by schedule. Routine was impossible in his uncertain career, hence it was never safe to predict where he would be from one season to another.

In the latter part of 1873 he made a home tour. In 1874 he was in Egypt, and played to the Arabs on the great Cheops pyramid. In 1875 he was in Paris, playing in the salons and the Pasedeloup concerts.

In the spring of 1877 London heard him again, and in the summer he was back in Paris. In the summer of 1878 he played in the Reviere concerts, Covent Garden, London. In the autumn of that year he made his second visit to the United States, giving his first concert at Steinway Hall, New York, November 11. During the next few weeks he played in the New York Philharmonic concerts; in the Brooklyn Philharmonic concerts under Theodore Thomas's baton; in the Carlberg symphony concerts, in Boston, Hartford, and, in the latter part of December, in Washington, where he was the guest of President Hayes at the White House. The following year he continued his American tour, playing in New York, Albany, Troy, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Chicago, Quincy, Illinois; Burlington, Iowa, and other cities. In 1880 he went as far west as Colorado and greatly enjoyed himself in the mining camps, where he made himself a favorite with the miners by his impromptu performances.

Then followed another of his mysterious disappearances. He never traveled the beaten paths laid out by his managers. His own fancies were his managers, and they were as uncertain as the winds:

The next tidings of the wanderer came from Australia, where he had made a new discovery—the brilliant vocalist Melba. The next year he was in India, and from 1886 to 1890 where was he not? There are records of him in the Sandwich Islands, Japan, China, Cochinchina, Tasmania, New Zealand, Burmah, Singapore, Java, Mauritius, the Philippines, Ceylon, Madagascar, South Africa—where he made a fresh discovery, this time, violins—and numerous other remote places. His movements were always mysterious. There would be long silences; then would come detailed reports of his death. How many times he was shipwrecked, captured by savages and assassinated! How many times he vanished from human sight! How many times he was reported deserted and dying in strange countries! Soon, however, he would be announced as playing in some place on the far edge of the world—always happy, always finding something beautiful, always a roamer, always a gypsy. In 1891 his far Eastern travels were over and he went back to London. He stayed there a few weeks and then after sixteen years of absence went to Hungary and home if he can be said to have had a home.

At a reception tendered to him by the New York Hungarian Literary Society on the eve of his departure for the West, his last earthly journey, he said to a friend, the Hungarian consul: "My dear Cukor, this piece of wood and its predecessor were my truest, my closest companions through life. When I wept, they sobbed, and when I rejoiced, they laughed; they shared my sorrows and my joys. I know and I feel that I shall die in harness; that I shall go on my last earthly tour with these precious companions of mine, interpreting the very depths of my soul and giving expression to my tenderest and deepest inspirations. Yes, my dear boy, I shall die fiddling."

It was as the artist predicted and wished. The story is told in this paragraph, taken from a dispatch from San Francisco to the New York Herald, and dated May 16, 1898:

"Edouard Remenyi fell dead this afternoon at the Orpheum Theatre. It was Remenyi's first appearance on the vaudeville stage. As the artist

appeared, and was greeted with tumultuous applause, he bowed his acknowledgment and seemed immensely pleased at the reception given him. He had played two or three classical pieces, and had answered to an encore with the familiar "Old Glory." Remenyi played as if inspired. His three thousand auditors, as he approached his climax, literally rose with him, leaving the seats in their excitement, completely carried away by his achievement. When the music ceased the house was swept with a torrent of bravos. In response to another outburst of applause, Remenyi commenced to play, but had complete but a few bars when he leaned forward as if to speak to one of his musicians in the orchestra. He seemed to pause a moment, and then, hugging his violin tenderly to his breast, slowly fell forward on his face. One of the musicians caught him just before he touched the stage and prevented him from falling off. All was over."

There are several engravings in the volume from photographs of the musician at various stages of his career, and in them there are few suggestions of the dreams, the unrest, the imagination and the world-wide sympathy and appreciation for the beautiful that possessed that wandering minstrel. Several of his letters and essays are added to the reminiscences of his life.

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago

LATE VERSE.

San Francisco.

But yesterday thou wert a queen divine
Of Love and Song! Venus and Sappho sweet
Ceased their rivalry 'neath thy golden feet.
Poised 'twixt the New and Old! Both did incline
And for thy beauty, all their pomp resign.
Excelling Phœbus: We thy sun did greet
Aloft, as rival to Jove's regal seat.
Which all the world's sweet melodies confine.

From laughing Thais to weeping Niobe,
Did Mother Earth constrain thee to relent,
In guise so grand, that man could not resent
Chastising thee, for that upon thy knee
Thou didst not sooner give in worldly fee,
A dole to Fortune and to be content
To sever from thy old life, and repent
Like Ariadne moaning by the sea.

—Jeremiah Lynch.

A Rhyme of the Ruins.

[The following verses were read at a dinner at the Cosmos Club soon after the disaster, and when that club was the only one left with a home in the city. They were also given at the mid-summer jinks of the Bohemian Club, and, as before, their spirit was warmly applauded. A friend of the author has sent them to the Argonaut for publication, but he did not inclose the name of the author.]

Put me somewhere west of East street, where
there's nothing left but dust,
And the boys are all a-husling and everything's
gone bust;
Where the buildings standing there sort of blink
and blindly stare
At the damndest finest ruins ever gazed on
anywhere.
Bully ruins, brick and wall, through the night
I've heard you call,
Sort of sorry for each other, cause you had to
burn and fall;
From the Ferry to Van Ness you're a god-
forsaken mess,
But the damndest finest ruins, nothing more and
nothing less.

And the Rubes they come a rubbering and hunt-
ing souvenirs,
And the fools they try to tell us it'll take a
hundred years
Before we're even started, and why don't we
come to live
And build our homes in Oakland, on the land
they've got to give?
Got to give! Why, on my soul, I would rather
bore a hole
And live right in those ashes than to go to
Oakland mole;
And if they'd give the pick of their buildings
fine and slick,
In those damndest finest ruins, I would rather be
a brick.

Mount Tamalpais Railway will be extended, the directors having decided to build a branch line down the west side of the mountain seven miles to Redwood Canyon, where a hotel will be erected. The redwoods in the canyon range from fourteen to eighteen feet in diameter, and are about 250 feet in height. The hotel will be fitted up in the most approved fashion and should rival the popularity of Tamalpais Tavern. A. H. Johnson has been elected manager of the Tamalpais Tavern in place of the late General Warfield.

The reply to the question, "How to tell a man from Chicago," which was awarded the prize by a New York paper was, "You can't tell him anything."

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Grace M. Varcoe has crossed the Atlantic one time as the agent of an English diamond concern, and on each trip she has carried with her gems valued at \$150,000 to \$300,000.

It is said that the contract under which W. J. Bryan wrote for a syndicate, during his tour of the world, will yield him a net profit of \$25,000, clear of traveling expenses of himself, wife, and daughter.

General Linares, who commanded the Spanish fleet at Santiago in the Spanish-American war, and Senor Soriano, editor of Espana Nueva, engaged in a duel a few days ago near Saragosa. Both shots were exchanged, but none of them took effect.

While visiting the Krupp works recently, Mr. William took notice of a workman, and he believes will develop into a great tenor. Now Herr Moeller, the lucky vocalist, receiving a thorough training for the operatic stage at his employers' expense.

Alai E. Stevenson, who was Vice-President of the second Cleveland administration, is writing a book based on his public experiences of half a century ago. He was a contemporary of Lincoln, Douglas, and other famous Illinois men, at the time of their greatest prominence.

Bishop John J. Keane, former rector of the Catholic University at Washington, and now of the Archdiocese of Dubuque, Ia., has just returned from France, and declares his belief that the pope will never hold a Consistory, and that the outlook for the creation of an American Cardinal is not encouraging.

The health of the Archduchess Charlotte, ex-empress of Mexico, has taken a favorable turn. She is now in her sixty-first year, and seems to be entering a haven of rest and peace. The king of the Belgians, who is her guardian, visited her about an hour a short time ago, and she is said to have chatted quietly and coherently, or so.

President Roosevelt has appointed Col. Culver chief paymaster-general of the army, to succeed Gen. B. Dodge, retired. The new official is now in New York Jan. 1, 1844. He was born in Brooklyn, and married Miss S. R. Wain September, 1873. He has been in the United States army since March 3, 1877. He is assistant secretary to President Grant, and is

regarded as one of the most popular officers in the army at the present time. He served in Cuba during the Spanish War, and for several years he has been stationed at Washington as assistant paymaster-general.

Only three men in the United States surround themselves with bodyguards wherever they go. They are: Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, who is afraid of nothing, but yielded to public desire; John D. Rockefeller, founder of the Standard Oil Company, who is afraid of kidnapers; Henry C. Frick, steel multimillionaire, who is afraid of anarchists.

Prince Eitel Frederick, the second son of Emperor William, will probably be appointed to the regency of Brunswick. Albrecht, prince of Prussia, regent of the duchy of Brunswick and the richest prince in Germany, died recently. In addition to the possession of many large estates his fortune in Germany was second only to that of Miss Krupp, daughter of the late gunmaker.

Mme. Curie's appointment to the chair at the Sorbonne in Paris lately occupied by her husband, though the first instance of its kind in France, is not wholly an initial triumph of feminine learning in European universities. Petrarch was one of the pupils of the beautiful Novella, daughter of Jean d'Andre, whose mantle at the University of Bologna fell on her shoulders when her father was too old to wear it himself.

President Fallieres and his staff attended the colonial exposition at Marseilles. Very great precautions were taken to guard the life of the President of France, who has already received several anonymous letters of warning. Marseilles was occupied by the whole detective force of France, and many leading British, Spanish, and Italian detectives were associated with them. There were also 11,000 troops and 1000 gendarmes in possession of the city.

Congratulations have just been given to Earl Nelson on attaining his eighty-third birthday. The present peer is the third earl, and is a great-nephew of the hero of Trafalgar. Earl Nelson succeeded the second holder of the title in 1835, and took his seat in the House of Lords in 1845, so that he has been a member for sixty-one years. He was born only eighteen years after Trafalgar, the centenary of which was celebrated a year ago. The earldom was created in 1805.

Mayor James Dahlman, of Omaha, was applauded and commended on his return home for

his actions in playing cowboy at the Bryan homecoming in New York. A number of Democrats had been roasting the mayor, saying that he was undignified and had acted foolishly in roping Bryan as he came from the steamer, and in lassoing cab horses, etc., in the streets of New York. The resolution passed at the meeting of welcome commended Dahlman for giving the city wide advertising and in showing the Easterners what a typical Westerner can be when he wants to.

David R. Francis, of St. Louis, the representative of the World's Fair, has visited recently several of the crowned heads of Europe. He has presented medals to the Emperor of Germany, the King of Sweden, and the King of Denmark. King Oscar of Sweden, who is undoubtedly the most learned and intelligent of all the crowned heads of Europe, embraced Mr. Francis and said he loved America and the Americans, and he longed to see the great republic, but he is now too old to travel, for he is nearing the completion of his seventy-eighth year.

Dr. Zamenhof is said to wish that he had never invented a new language. When the Esperantist congress broke up the delegates tried to show their regard for their hero. Hundreds shook his hand, and hundreds more embraced him with every show of affection, and this he bore with exemplary fortitude. But when the Esperantists of the weaker sex insisted on kissing him good-bye, the fortitude that stood by him so well throughout the conference deserted him. The congress, held in Geneva the last week in August, the first international meeting of Esperanto enthusiasts, was attended by five hundred representatives of fifteen nations, including many Americans.

Brig.-Gen. J. Franklin Bell is senior brigadier-general, and would therefore have been the officer to be promoted to the rank of major-general on the retirement of Lieut.-Gen. Corbin. As soon as Gen. Bell heard that he was likely to be promoted, he went direct to Secretary Taft and asked as a personal favor that he be overhauled by at least two other officers—Gen. Jesse M. Lee and Gen. Theodore J. Wint, both men of much longer service than himself. Naturally, the Secretary could not resist so unselfish an appeal, and Gen. Lee, who retires for age next January, will be promoted to the major-generalcy he would not otherwise have obtained. The army has every reason to be proud of Gen. Bell's fine record, but it will like him all the more for this



Hotel del Coronado
UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Enjoy California's best climate at the largest all-year seaside resort hotel in the world. All outside rooms. Guests will appreciate the new and important changes. Every modern convenience provided, including long distance telephone in rooms. Chef of national reputation. Choicest and widest cuisine of any hotel in the West. Interior court—a rare tropical garden. Fine winter fishing and hunting. Unexcelled golf links and tennis courts. For further information address

MORGAN ROSS, Manager
Coronado Beach, Cal.
H. F. NORCROSS, General Agent
334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles

P. Centemeri & Co.

KID GLOVES

New Location

1551 Van Ness Ave.

Between Pine and California
San Francisco

THE OCULARIUM
Perfect Fitting

Eye Glasses

At Moderate Prices
Lenses Replaced 50c

Henry Kahn & Co.
OPTICIANS

1309 Van Ness Avenue,
Between Bush and Sutter.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL
WORCESTERSHIRE
FOR STEAKS, CHOPS,
COLD MEATS,



FISH, SOUPS,
SALADS, GRAVIES, etc.

THE
PEERLESS
SEASONING.

VANITY FAIR.

Sometimes when one reads society news, one is tempted to imitate the historic millionaire, and say: "Ow 'orribly 'ollow it all is," remarks the Manchester (Eng.) Chronicle. For instance, would not this advertisement, which appears in a fashionable London paper, make you feel just a little doubtful about your society acquaintances? "Ladies moving in good society may earn substantial commissions by promoting a subject easily and naturally introduced into conversation." Just imagine what ballroom conversation will become if this sort of thing spreads. You lead out the charming Countess of Rosendale to the mazy dance, and her first remark is: "Don't you find dancing a little tiring, Capt. Vavasour?"

Of course, you reply that in her company no one could possibly be tired. The Countess beams her thanks for your pretty compliment, and proceeds: "But I am sure you suffer from tired feet the day after." Eager to gain her sympathy, you admit the soft impeachment. "Then, captain, let me urge you to use 'Death to Corns.' It is only 1 1-2 a box. Mind you, beware of imitations. Without the trade-mark of the dancing skeleton you have been basely imposed upon. And, please say I recommended you when you write—then you are sure to be properly attended to."

And you leave the Countess and her corn cure to flirt with a Duchess who is pushing somebody's cocoa, and finish the night by sitting out the last dance with a Marchioness who begs you to use "Mugge's Soap."

The Duke of Rutland has just died in England at the ripe age of eighty-six. All his life he had the control of vast estates and ample wealth. He was twice married but never divorced. He had literary gifts, ambitions and accomplishments. Cultured tastes made him fit for refined society.

What a contrast such a life, not unusual among the British aristocracy, presents to those of so many suddenly rich men out of Pittsburg, remarks the New York World, editorially. It can not be something in the smoky Pittsburg atmosphere which makes its men change their wives when they become rich. The divorces, murders, extravagance and general notoriety which the Pittsburg millionaires inflict on public attention must result from general primary causes.

Until recent years there were not many millionaires in Pittsburg. The Lockhart family had become rich through Standard Oil. Andrew Carnegie made money out of iron and steel. The first Thaw had amassed a few million dollars by buying or building little railroads and selling them to the Pennsylvania. Besides these there were hardly any Pittsburg millionaires. One brewer was worth more than a million dollars, and three or four second-rate iron and steel men made more annual profits than the interest on a million, but none of them dared leave business to go to Monte Carlo, and all got along with the wives who had married them when they were poor.

This Pittsburg epidemic of domestic unhappiness, scandal and crime is nature's retributive process, continues the same writer. It is what happens when a beggar is put on horseback. A man may know how to make steel rails or to puddle iron without being fitted to spend \$100,000 a year decently. Such a man as President Corey of the Steel Trust was probably happier when he was working in the Homestead mills and lived in a frame cottage renting for \$15 a month. He was more in his own sphere than when he gave a champagne supper at Delmonico's in celebration of his wife's divorcing him.

Men must either be educated by early environment in the handling of wealth, or they must have become rich gradually, or their heads must have the exceeding hardness of a Carnegie, if they are not to be made wild by wealth. Spending money is a harder art to learn than earning money.

If these Pittsburg millionaires had known established society in its different grades they might not be making such fools of themselves now, when the distribution of the speculative results of Mr. Morgan's great steel promotion makes them the prey of their own weaknesses suddenly unloosed.

Isadora Duncan, the San Francisco classic dancer, has divided Berlin into two warring factions. Her classic dances are modeled essentially on the poses of the dancing girls of ancient Greece. At every big social function given in Berlin the leading question of the hour was "what is your opinion of 'The Duncan'?" The fact that her adherence to the Greek form of dancing robe caused her to appear on the stage with bare feet, brought her the deep condemnation of the conservative burg and earned her the sobriquet of "The Bare-Footed Dancer."

But Miss Duncan has become the craze of

artistic Germany. All the leading artists are her adherents. The famous Lenbach painted her. Professor Humperdinck, composer of "Hansel und Gretel," has written music for her to dance to. Frau Cosima Wagner has paid her the signal honor of asking her to lead the dance of Venus-Berg in the famous performance at Bayreuth.

Miss Duncan has, through her dancing, amassed a fortune in Germany. She has bought a residence, one of the enormously costly villas in the plutocratic Grunewald colony, and filled it with valuable works of art.

Recently one of the wealthiest newspaper proprietors asked her what would be her terms to dance at a private soiree. Her received reply was that it would be establishing a precedent for the dancer to appear in private, but she would be willing to appear for \$750 an hour. The wealthy man replied that he did not wish to spend so much money upon the entertainment, but would she dance twenty minutes for \$250? She accepted and established a record price.

Is or is not a telephone conversation private? This is the question which has been agitating Vienna, where a high court has just decided that he who talks over the telephone, however secluded he may think himself in a telephone box, carries on a public conversation. The decision was in a suit brought by a telephone girl against a subscriber, who called her a "fresh person," reports the New York Evening Post. The usual term of obloquy for operators being, according to the Vienna newspapers, a "stupid goose," this "hello girl" declared herself publicly wronged in both official and private capacity.

The subscriber produced four persons who had listened to the conversation, and who denied emphatically that the words "fresh person" had crossed the defendant's lips. The telephone lady then asserted that it was a second conversation in which she was insulted. The suit was actually carried up through all the courts until the highest declared the subscriber guilty, on the ground that as a telephone conversation might be overheard, the calling of names constituted a public slander.

It is hoped that the news of this decision will not induce American operators to "listen in" more frequently than heretofore in the hope of hearing themselves called names, and then bringing suits for heavy damages. Still a telephone is generally quite a safe medium for secrets. At least two young women think so. One was recently urged by the other to tell a secret over the telephone, but she declined for fear she might be overheard. After a second urging Central broke in cheerfully with, "Oh, go on, tell her. I won't listen!"

"Why does a woman button her garments on the left side?" The question is being discussed in the Tailor and Cutter by several correspondents, one of whom advances this theory: "For ladies to have the buttonholes in the right side of their garments has its origin in the times when it was necessary for a lady when going out at night to have a gentleman escort, who supported her upon his left arm, leaving his right or sword arm at liberty. Thus the lady's left hand would be free to fasten or unfasten her cloak at her own pleasure and without inconvenience."

Young women who think they are gifted with a voice and are building air castles about a career in opera will do well to read a report to the state department on what it costs to study music in Milan and some of the dangers and temptations surrounding those who go to Milan to study, by United States Consul Dunning at Milan.

Mr. Dunning gives warning that no single young woman should attempt to study in Milan without at least \$1 a day for living expenses. Teaching English to the natives is an uncertain means of support. The only safe way is to have \$75 to \$100 coming from home every month. Daily music lessons alone cost \$30 a month. Then Milan's two-cent carfares are delusive. There are no transfers. Theaters are expensive and clothes cost as much as in America.

And when, after long and impatient preparation, it comes to the triumphal event of a debut, Italian "dressmakers are quarrelsome and avaricious." In other words unless you can afford to, "Don't."

Into a Broadway car stepped a man and a woman, both young, well groomed, and good looking, says a writer in the New York Evening Mail. There were only two vacant seats and they were on opposite sides of the car, so, instead of sitting side by side, they were divided by half the length of the car. Presently the man at the girl's right hand gallantly arose and stumbled over to the unfortunate young man. "I will exchange seats with you, sir," he said.

The young man hesitated, blushed, but accepted the offer. Everybody was interested and expected to see the young couple strike up a conversation

without delay. But they did not gush. They did not even speak, and when the conductor came around, the man dived down into his pocket for a nickel and the woman dug around in her purse and brought up another, and they paid their fares independently. An audible sigh went up from the rest of the passengers. The man with the chivalric spirit felt worse than anybody else, unless it was the young people themselves, both of whom understood the situation and blushed furiously.

"Well, I don't care," growled the gallant man finally. "I did my duty, anyhow, and he has had the pleasure of sitting beside her even if he doesn't know her."

Sir James Crichton-Brown, who is the leading authority in Great Britain on mental diseases, addressed the Congress of Sanity Inspectors last evening at Blackpool, the seaside resort of Lancashire, and said that the temperament of the times is bilious, and nervous diseases are very greatly on the increase. Rapid locomotion is simply a craze, and fast motoring at its worst tends to homicidal mania. The confirmed motorist becomes sluggish in intellect and excitable in temper. Sir James advised people to keep in touch with nature and to read the newspapers, which are not only the bulwarks of sanity, but acted on nervous life like a current of electricity. The distinguished specialist is undoubtedly right, and if he will only cross the Atlantic, the press of America will give him a warm and cordial welcome.

The Hofbrauhaus of Munich is, perhaps, the oldest and largest saloon in the world, owned by the King of Bavaria, and patronized by an average of 12,000 customers a day. On holidays the number often runs up to 15,000 and 16,000, notes W. E. Curtis, in a letter from the Bavarian capital. Nothing to drink is sold but beer, brewed at the royal brewery, which was started by King Ludwig the Severe in 1255. The present Hofbrauhaus was built in 1644, and the beer was brewed on the spot until 1878, when the brewery was moved into the country to less expensive quarters.

There are seats for 1,500 customers—plain wooden benches without backs beside plain wooden tables without covers. In the garden or court are 100 empty beer barrels set on end which are used for tables. The steins, which are very heavy and hold a quart of beer, are piled up in stacks before the bar on the floor in the morning, where they remain until they are used.

When a customer wants beer he picks out a stein, takes it to one of the basins of running water which line the walls, and washes it himself. Then he carries it to the counter and hands it over to the bartender, who fills it with beer from the barrel. There are 100 steins of beer in each barrel, and from ninety to 100 barrels are consumed each day. The price is 6 cents a stein, and the profits support the hospitals of the city, although the king could claim them if he desired to do so, as the brewery and the Hofbrauhaus belong to him by inheritance.

In bidding journalists to remember that they are the literary successors of men of letters like Swift and Dr. Johnson, the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, might well have warned his visitors to beware of the awful example of the doctor, whose last hours were embittered by the reflection that he had deceived the public. Within a few days of his death he confessed to John Nicholls that the Parliamentary Debates were the only part of his writings which gave him any compunction; "they were frequently written from very slender materials, and often from none at all—the mere coinage of his own imagination." Probably for that reason he never wrote anything with "greater velocity." Three columns of the Gentleman's Magazine in an hour was the rate of output. The speed with which the doctor spun eloquence for the dumb ones of Parliament was doubtless a result of the method of payment—so much per hundred lines, a long hundred, ruefully explained Johnson.

The California Wine Association, the Italian-Swiss Colony, Lachman & Jacobi and C. Schilling have reached a decision to require from the makers, when purchasing wines, both dry and sweet, a warrant of purity. This action is taken in order that the merchants will be able to meet the requirements of the pure food law to furnish a certificate of purity to their purchasers. In the future winemakers will be required to sign and execute a certificate guaranteeing the purity of their products, which will contain a sworn statement to the effect that the dry wines contain no cane, beet sugar or glucose; that they are the pure juice of the grape, and are free from added color, antiseptic or other adulterants. The certificate for sweet wines will be modified to meet the conditions.

An extraordinary demonstration of feeling occurred on the Stanford University campus recently when it became known that Chas. Rufus Lot Green of the faculty committee student affairs had tendered his resignation, rejoicing of the men of the university knew bounds, and they gave expression to their joy in a noisy manner. A large portion of the hurriedly gathered their musical instruments, falling into line, headed a great parade of w. excited collegians up and down the street the campus. Professor Green resides on S. tierra street, and the procession stopped in of his house and yelled and cheered wildly. an interview Green said that many students were dropped because of failure in their st were generally supposed to have been victim the student affairs committee. He said that years ago the disciplinary board dropped men, all for flagrant drunkenness. Last year men and one woman were suspended. Be Allen was one of these. Of the others were barred for hazing, one for drunkenness, the last for theft. Professor William F. rand, head of the mechanical engineering de ment, has been appointed chairman of the student affairs committee.

A trained ostrich recently disconcerted exhibitor at a vaudeville house by continuing endeavoring to break away from all rest and to climb over the footlights into the chestra. The widely advertised act came sudden end and Professor Smart emerged behind the curtain and apologized for the tions of his pet in about these words: "L and gentlemen, H'i ham very sorry to appoint you this evening. We are comp to cease our engagement until the theater agement henges a new horchestra leader. one at present hemployed 'ere 'as no 'air of of 'is 'ead and my bird takes it for a hegg

We manufacture glasse
on oculists' prescriptions

We put brains into our
work, honesty into our ma
terials, and keep faith wit
our customers.

HIRSCH & KAISER,

1757 Fillmore St

Optics

Trade-mark cross on every package
CRESCO FLOUR
(Formerly called GLORY FLOUR)
SPECIAL DIABETIC FLOUR
K. C. WHOLESOME FLOUR
Unlike all other goods. Ask grocers.
For book of sample, write
FARWELL & RHINES, WATERTOWN, N. Y., U. S.

To Let--Furnished

Crag Head; above Blithedale, Mill Valley, for 6 miles longer; one of the finest views around the bay; south exposure all day; 9 rooms; beamed ceilings; redwood paneling; acres ground; telephone, electric light; 20 minutes' walk to station; \$60; view by appointment; bus from station. Apply to MRS. E. R. HUNT, 2225 Pacific Avenue.

FISHER & CO., Inc.
Hatters and Furnishers

Formerly of 9 Montgomery St.
Now 726 Market St., Opp. Call Bldg.
San Francisco.

WHAT PRESS CLIPPINGS MAN
TO YOU

Press clipping information is information you can obtain in many other ways. As a business aid, Press Clippings will place before you every scrap of news printed in the country pertaining to your business. They will show you every possible market, and little, for your goods, openings that you would never be able to find in the ordinary way, and they give you this information in a fresh and valuable form.

If you have a hobby or wish information upon any subject, press clippings will give you any subject or topic of interest. Press clippings will give you all the current information printed in the subject.

The cost for any purpose is usually but a few cents a week.

THE INTERNATIONAL PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

the largest press clipping bureau in the world, reads a day 55,000 papers and other periodicals each month, and etc. are now a subscriber to some other clipping bureau, it is for you to investigate our superior service.

Write for our book about Press Clippings and our Daily Business Reports, and ask about The International Press Clipping Bureau, which supplies complete manuscripts or materials, addresses, essays, lectures and debates, and complete and information upon any subject at a reasonable cost. Address:

INTERNATIONAL PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

Boyce Bldg., Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Belasco & Mayer have laid the foundations for their new Alcazar Theatre at Sutter and Steiner streets, and will erect a steel-frame, fire-proof building, with all the appointments of the best modern theatres. Their plans are so far advanced that the company has been engaged for the opening, late this year, and White Whittlesey will return to be at its head.

Neil Burgess will play his eighteenth year and his first season in the South in "A Country Fair."

The theatrical adaptation of "The House of Mirth," made by the author of the book, Mrs. Edith Wharton, and Clyde Fitch, was produced by Charles Frohman in Detroit a few days ago. Fay Davis played the part of Lily Bart.

Ferris Hartman is managing and Paul Steinorff conducting the comic company now appearing at Idora Park Theatre, Oakland. The organization includes many of the old San Francisco Tivoli company, and this week it is presenting Victor Herbert's "The Idol's Eye."

Franklin Fyles, the New York critic, laughed at Ida Conquest as the heroine of the Cottrell-Moroso play, "The Judge and the Jury," recently produced at Wallack's Theatre. He says: "Ida told them she was a wild child of the Rockies, born in a mining camp and bred on a cattle ranch, but they wouldn't believe her, for it was plain that she was right from the shady side of Broadway, pink and white, instead of tanned, and her clothes were spick and span new, from the densest sombrero on her blonded head, which lacked nothing but the Marcel wave to indicate Fifth avenue hairdressing, to the unwrinkled yellow boots, in which she might have just stepped down from a polisher's stand at the Broadway corner. And her speech was that of a graduate from Vassar or Wellesley. She cracked her whip and straddled her leggings when she declared herself a cowgirl, but we knew she was kidding us."

Five theatres presenting plays, another with a musical travesty bill, and a seventh given to vaudeville, are prosperous in Los Angeles.

Grace George, wife of William A. Brady, the theatrical manager, surrounded by what is said to be the highest priced company on Broadway, has just made a reasonable success in Channing Pollock's new play, "Clothes," at the Manhattan Theatre in New York. In the piece a sidelight is thrown comically on the theme of vanity in dress by having the heroine change a guy of an old maid into comeliness by fluffing her hair, turning in her gown at the neck, rolling her sleeves to the elbows, decorating her with flowers, and powdering her face. The showy third act is at the ball, where the function is very ornamentally represented, and here the traduced girl throws her drunken villifier down a flight of stairs in a startling stunt. Frank Worthing is the tumbler.

J. M. Barrie is writing a new play which will be presented by Maude Adams in London at the close of the American season.

Mrs. Leslie Carter-Payne is not likely to be provoked into entire disregard of her former tutor and manager. It is reported that Mr. Belasco has presented to the actress the entire scenic and costume equipments of the colossal productions of "Du Barry" and "Andrea." Each of them cost very much more than \$50,000. He has also released her from all obligations for royalties on his share in the authorship of "Du Barry." Mrs. Carter is now under the direction of Charles Dillingham, and is not to be presented to the public by the new management until after the holidays.

London critics are now engaged upon views of the production at His Majesty's Theatre by Beer-ohm Tree of "The Winter's Tale," with Ellen Terry as Hermione. Notes of their opinions will recall to old theatre-goers the last appearances of Mary Anderson in America, when she played the parts of Hermione and Perdita in that latest tower of Shakespeare's genius.

The Belasco Theatre in Washington, formerly the Lafayette Opera House, has been completely remodeled. This theatre stands on the site of the old Red House, also known as the Blaine mansion, which was successively the home of a number of American statesmen, first of Secretary Edward, and last of James G. Blaine.

Richard Mansfield will produce Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" in Chicago near the close of next month. The play will be given in eleven scenes, and no ballets are a part of the necessary accompaniment.

The Burbank Theatre School of Acting of Los Angeles, offers "two prizes for the best and second best One-Act Plays, of \$25 and \$15 respectively," with a guarantee of a public performance to be given at the Burbank Theatre at one of the students' matinees this winter. The plays will be judged upon the following points:

first, originality of plot; second, characterization; third, literary value; fourth, situation and knowledge of stage technique. Manuscripts must be in the hands of the director of the school not later than January 1st.

Paul Potter and George Horace Lorimer are writing a play for William H. Crane, entitled "Old Gorgon Graham."

Edna May returned to her old place at the Vaudeville Theatre, London, with the result that the box office receipts are said to have jumped \$1500 a night, and now she has left her place, it is said through jealousy of Camille Clifford.

Truly Shattuck, late of George M. Cohan's "Governor's Son" company, will be a leading member of Anna Held's organization.

Georges Jacobi, composer of the opera, "The Black Crook," which had a run of more than 300 nights, and of "La Marise depuis midi," written for Mme. Judic, and sung by her all over Europe, and of innumerable ballets, died a few days ago in London. He was born in Berlin on February 13, 1840, and at the age of six began the study of the violin under Edward and Leopold Ganz. In 1849 he went to Brussels, studying under De Beriot and Auber. After playing in concert and as a member of orchestras all over Europe, he went to London in 1871 and became conductor of the Alhambra orchestra. During his twenty-six years at the Alhambra he composed no fewer than 103 grand ballets and diversifications, many of which are almost as well known in America and on the Continent as in London. He also wrote the incidental music for the productions by Irving at the Lyceum Theatre of "The Dead Heart" and "Robespierre." M. Jacobi's compositions were always full of melody, and devoid of the affectation, vagueness, and vulgarity of much of the theatre music, while it always met the demand of the dramatic situation. As a teacher M. Jacobi excelled, and in 1896 he was made a professor at the Royal College of Music in London.

The Orpheum.

Carter De Haven, formerly of the Weber and Field forces and last season in this city with his sextette, and Flora Parker, a dainty comedienne well known all over the East, will head the list of attractions at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon, and present an artistic singing and dancing skit entitled "A College Boy's Frolic." The Zazell and Vernon troupe of Parisian acrobatic comedians will return with their French pantomime, "The Elopement." The "Three Roses" come back with the musical entertainment in which they play the violin, cello and piano, and they also have voices of unusual cultivation. Adamini and Taylor, known as "The Wandering Minstrels," carry special scenery and effects and appeal to lovers of high-class music. Clifton Crawford, the monologist, for his second and last week will present much that is new. Eleanor Dorel will change her selections, and Le Roy and Woodford, Tom Fortune and Josephine Davis, and Orpheum motion pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete a varied programme. On the grounds of the Chutes, where the Orpheum is located, are to be found amusement devices of every description.

Bohemian Club Concert.

Rehearsals for the Bohemian Club Concert are now going forward, and from present indications the entertainment will be the most successful ever given in the history of the club. The following programme has been announced by the committee:

Overture, "The Man in the Forest," Joseph D. Redding; song, "To the Skylark (words by Bret Harte), Wallace A. Sabin; Christmas ode (for solo, chorus and orchestra), Theodore Vogt; part songs, "The Chamber of Sleep," "Bedouin Love Song," H. J. Stewart; prelude, "The Quest of the Gorgon" (solos, chorus and orchestra), Vogt; part songs, "When Sylvia Saunters By," "A Spring Madrigal," Sabin; gavotte (orchestra), Redding; selections from music for a Christmas pantomime, Stewart; numbers from the new opera, "Cleopatra," W. J. McCoy.

The demand for tickets has been so great that the sale already runs up in to the thousands. However, the vast seating capacity of the Greek Theatre insures to every auditor an excellent opportunity of hearing the music, for even on the topmost row of seats the most delicate tones can be heard to perfection.

Grand Army national encampments will do without parades in the future owing to the advanced age of the veterans. It is felt that the annual parade has of late years tended to shorten the lives of those participating, and that such marches are not desirable, especially when the encampments are held in August.

CURRENT VERSE.

My Arizona Bedroom.

O my Arizona bedroom
Is beneath the Milky Way,
And the moon is in its ceiling,
And the star that tells of day,
And the mountains lift the corners,
And the desert lays the floor
Of my Arizona bedroom.
Which is large as all outdoor.

O my Arizona bedroom
Is ventilated right;
Every wind that's under heaven
Comes to me with blithe good-night—
Comes to me with touch of blessing
And of ozone one drink more,
In my Arizona bedroom,
Which is large as all outdoor.

O my Arizona bedroom
Has the lightning on its wall,
And the thunders rap the panels,
And their heavy voices call;
And the night birds wing above me,
And the owl hoots galore
Through my Arizona bedroom,
Which is large as all outdoor.

O my Arizona bedstead,
It sometimes seems to me,
Is afloat in middle heaven,
With each star an argosy;
And the tide that turns at midnight
Drifts us down to morning's shore,
Floats us, stars and bed and bedstead,
On the ocean of outdoor.

O my Arizona bedroom
Is beneath the splendid stars,
And the clouds' roll up the curtains
And the windows have no bars,
And I see my God in heaven
As the ancients did of yore,
In my Arizona bedroom,
Which is large as all outdoor.
—From "Songs of the Desert," by J. William Lloyd.

Where Are the Nudes of Yesterday?

[Lines on the Raid of Anthony Comstock on the Art Students' League.]

I wonder in what cellars dim
Apollo poses debonnaire,
Where Venus and where Psyche prim
In muslin, frocked from vulgar stare,
Dream of their hidden beauty rare,
Since Comstock dragged them all away?
What trousers staid does Cupid wear?
Where are the nudes of yesterday?

And tell me in what cheesecloth grim
Does Hermes mourn in mute despair?
Where Satyrs, Nymphs and Cherubim
With lamentations fill the air?
Where stately Juno tears her hair
Since Tony barred décollete
For what new styles do Sirens care?
Where are the nudes of yesterday?

Say where immortal line and limb
Stand shrouded deep with dust, and where
The shapes that once were synonym
For storied Greece, oblivion share;
And bath-robed Goddesses declare
That classic curves are not au fait
And art undraped is tres vulgaire?
Where are the nudes of yesterday?

For shame! He left the galleries b-a-r-e
When ruthlessly he bore away
The naked Gods and Naiads fair
That once were nudes of yesterday.
—George S. Marsh.

A California Thespian Club in New York.

There is a well organized movement on foot to establish among the members of the theatrical profession in New York City a California club. It is estimated that fully 500 prominent actors, managers, and playwrights now in New York, hail originally from California, says the New York Globe. The originator of the movement to establish the club is Edwin Stevens, a comedian, who began his career at the famous old Tivoli of San Francisco, a theatre which up to its destruction by the earthquake held the record of having had presented on its boards more comic operas than any playhouse in the world.

By circular letter Mr. Stevens has communicated with a number of his former San Francisco colleagues, all of whom are enthusiastic about the matter. Among those who regard the project favorably are David Warfield, W. A. Brady, David Belasco, Ben Teal, Marcus R. Mayer, Al Hayman, Max Freeman, Frank Hatch, E. D. Price, George Lask, Hugh Ford, Joseph Grismer, Blanche Bates, "Lotta" Crabtree, Florence Roberts, Phoebe Davis, Desmond Kelley, and Rosabel Morrison.

Pulpit Praise of the Play.

A party made up of clergymen from Southern towns recently visited New York City and most of its attractions for the first time. One of the ministers wrote a letter to the New York World, expressing pleasure in his reception and treatment and including the following criticisms of things theatrical:

Of three of New York's theatrical plays—namely, "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Man on the Box" and Blanche Bates' "The Girl of the Golden West," the first named is by far the greatest and purest. The second named is a good moral show. The last named is not objectionable, though there is no great moral principle involved. Ministers of the Gospel should hear and study great actors. But there is a black side to theatrical life in New York. I saw acts on the New York stage that would bring the blush to a wiry and fiery demon from hell. Any play that shows a woman above her knees was conceived in hell, and those who patronize that class of shows can not possibly behold such things and keep pure.

San Bernardino and Redlands school officials are taking concerted action to stamp out fraternities existing in the public schools, adopting the most stringent measures. This aggressive action is the result of the conduct of the societies, one of which in persuading the wife of Professor Cyrus Rector, a science teacher at the High School, to be initiated, blindfolded her, put a halter around her head, tied her by a rope to the back of a hay wagon and led her in broad daylight through the streets of Rialto.

Bohm Bristol Co.

JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS

A COMPLETE LINE OF
DIAMONDS, WATCHES,
JEWELRY AND
SILVERWARE

NEW LOCATION:

Van Ness Ave. and
Sacramento St.

FORMERLY AT 104-110 GEARY ST.

Amusements

BOHEMIAN CLUB
Annual Concert

GREEK THEATRE, BERKELEY

Tuesday Afternoon, Oct. 2

LARGE ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS

Reserved Seats - - One Dollar.

ORPHEUM.

Week Commencing SUNDAY MATINEE, Sept. 30
(Matinee Every Day.)

RELIABLE ATTRACTIONS!

DeHAVEN and PARKER; The Zazell and Vernon Company; Three Roses; Adamini and Taylor; Eleanor Dorel; LeRoy and Woodford; Fortune and Davis; Orpheum Motion Pictures and last week of CLIFTON CRAWFORD.

Prices: 10c, 25c and 50c. Down Town Box Office at Donlon's Drug Store, Fillmore and Sutter Sts. Phone West 6000.

CHUTES and ZOO—Open Daily from 10 A. M. till Midnight. Admission 10c; Children 5c.

To Lease
A Nob Hill Fifty Vara

Apply to
MADISON & BURKE
Fillmore and Sacram^{to} Streets.

LITERARY NOTES.

The "Cities" of Spain.

"I went to Spain in ignorance and in love," says the author of "The Cities of Spain." "She is the one country left to us that is almost untouched by all that we mean by modern civilization; and though for no other cause, yet for this I find her the most beautiful country in Europe; that with her abide the mountains and the deserts and over all the sun."

There is not a dollar sign, a pound mark, a line of statistics in the book. Mr. Hutton will have none of Barcelona—"a hateful city"—because, forsooth, it is the one city in Spain that is devoted to commerce. And pretentious Madrid, aping Paris, is only ridiculous in Mr. Hutton's eyes. Her architecture is modern, debased, and feeble; "her streets are ill-paved and filthy, her people noisy, miserable, and rapacious, her climate the worst in Spain." He would have Spain remain the Don Quixote of the nations, fighting windmills—manufactured in other countries—proudly garbed in tattered finery and mounted on her spavined hobby, Ancient Splendor. Mr. Hutton, in short, would have her remain a picturesque, but poor, refuge and holiday ground for the occasional sympathetic tourist. But commerce buys navies and clothes armies; and battleships and soldiers preserve and protest national pride—and insular possessions.

We are, however, grateful to Mr. Hutton for his charming book. An impressive introduction at once puts us in touch with his mood and manner. Journeying by mule out of Zamora, accompanied by an old peasant, they pitch their tent at nightfall under the silence of the desert stars. "Suddenly I saw my companion a little way off on his knees between the immense horizons, praying. As I watched the rugged, picturesque figure of the old man, his head buried on his breast, his hands clasped before him, I thought it was Spain that I had seen, alone, talking with God in the desert."

Entering Spain by the classical gateway Irun, from the north, Mr. Hutton visited Burgos with its magnificent cathedral; Valladolid, "commercial and uninteresting," but reminiscent of the Inquisition; Salamanca, the Rose of the Desert; golden Zamora, whose streets of old were crimsoned by the blood of Moor and Spaniard; Avila, the holy city of Castile, beautiful in her desolation, "the visible image of the word Amen"; Segovia, and its Roman relics; the Prado Gallery of Madrid, with its Titians, its Murillos, its Goyas, its Riberras, and its almost complete collection of Velasquez; Toledo, scarred but still lovely; Cordova, like "a ruined sepulchre forgotten in the midst of the desert from which even the dead have stolen away"; gay Seville, the city of women; Cadiz, the white city; Malaga, still possessed in spirit by the Arabs; Granada, "the color of dust, shrunken and thirsty, continually burning away," and above her, the Alhambra, rising among the woods, a dream temple.

And over all the sun—and all about, silence. The book is beautifully illustrated; of the 48 pictures, 24 are handsome watercolors by A. Wallace Rimington.

Published by The Macmillan Company; \$2.

Hopkinson-Smith's Romance-Tragedy.

"The Tides of Barnegat," by F. Hopkinson-Smith, will be welcomed in book form by those who read the story as a serial. The tale is more serious and tragical than one would expect from the creator of Colonel Carter. But while there is the gloom of impending storms, there is also the light of a glistening summer sea. The author's skillful delineation of character, and his luminous descriptive touches are in none of his books given more artistic expression.

"The Tides of Barnegat" is a tale of sin and self-sacrifice. The story covers a period of twenty years. Lucy Cobden, a willful, spoiled young hoyden, spends her young womanhood in Paris, that Warholld village may not learn of her shame. Her sister brings the child to the family home, and upon her, through all the years, rests the burden of Lucy's misdoings. Uncomplainingly, Miss Jane bears the obloquy, and not until the boy, and his father, are drowned and cast ashore by the tides, is the burden lifted from her. The ending is dramatic in the extreme.

The illustrator, George Wright, has portrayed the pivotal incidents of the story with sympathetic art.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

Father Prout.

"Benigna Vena: Essays, Literary and Personal," by Michael Monahan, were worth the reading if only for the author's appreciations of his two gifted countrymen, Father Prout and William Maginn. His sketches of Heine, Maupassant, Poe, Byron, Dickens, and other choice spirits of the last century, are written in the sympathetic manner of the ardent lover of books, but, excellent as they are, they have been done better by others. Mr. Monahan reckons Dr. Maginn and Father Prout as the two wisest Irishmen of the last century. Both were strong Tories and good Irishmen; both were profound linguists and classic essayists; both were inveterate literary hoaxers; and the one was a Catholic priest, and the other a stout Protestant.

The Prout Papers, many exquisite translations from Horace and the Italian poets, and other admirable work, give Father Prout an honorable place in literature. But, as Mr. Monahan observes, you do not always get what you expect from the roguish Father Prout. Some of Prout's fooling—a polyglot version of a familiar Irish song—got into the hands of several members of the College of Cardinals, and they proposed to the Pope to reward a priest-author of such eminent attainments. Father Prout's comment was: "All roads they say, lead to Rome, but would it not have been droll if I had got there myself through the 'Groves of Blarney'?"

Prout ingeniously attempted to prove that Moore's melodies were plagiarized from the Greek, and it was only last July, as we noted in a previous issue, that a writer in the Critic announced the "amazing discovery" that Wolfe's poem, "The Burial of Sir John Moore," was a translation from the French, to learn, to his chagrin, that Prout had made the French version and pretended to regard it as the original.

Published by The Alban Publishing Company, New York.

A Detective Mystery.

"Frances Baird, Detective," is, as indicated by the title, a detective story with a good-looking sleuth for a heroine. Needless to say, since the author, R. W. Kauffman, finds it necessary to engage the reader's sympathies for his heroine, that Frances is a fair sentimentalist who allows her feelings to interfere with business. She strikes us as a very poor detective, being much given to evolving elaborate and ingenious hypotheses which prove untenable. The story, however, will prove a sufficiently toothsome bait to satisfy the reader who likes to nibble at detective mysteries.

Published by L. C. Page & Co.; price \$1.25.

New Publications.

Wallace Irwin's latest collection of verse, "Chinatown Ballads," is dedicated to "The City of Dreams that has returned to the magic box of the Dreamer"—that city which has inspired him in the singing of care-free songs, and whose bard he gives promise of being. In "Chinatown Ballads" there are the half-shadows of the noisome alleys, the red and gold of the balconies, the rustle of the slave-girls' silks, the odor of punk smoke, the crack of the highbinder's pistol, described in the dialect of the white "hop fiend." Published by Fox, Duffield & Co., New York; \$1.25.

Right Rev. D. S. Tuttle, who was the Episcopal bishop of Montana, Idaho and Utah, from 1867 to 1887, has published a recital of his experiences under the title, "Reminiscences of a Missionary Bishop." Bishop Tuttle's pastoral duties were extended over a field 350,000 square miles in extent, and his adventures were many and varied as he journeyed from camp to camp. He gives interesting glimpses of Mormonism in its zenith. Bishop Tuttle lived in the midst of "the Saints" for seventeen years. Published by Thomas Whittaker; \$2.00 net.

"The Rainy Day Railroad War," by Holman F. Day, is a stirring story for boys. Both artist and author have given of their best for the entertainment of their young readers. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co.; \$1.00.

"The Balance of Power," by Arthur Goodrich, is an American novel—as American as Thanksgiving Day. The story is concerned with life in a Connecticut factory town—its labor troubles, its captains of industry, its romances, and its everyday occupations. The characterization is clever, and the dramatic quality strong. Published by the Outing Publishing Company; \$1.50.

"The Upper Hand," by Emerson Gifford Taylor, is the tale of a series of odd happenings that disturbed the serenity of a New England town. The village Graggrind, his lovely ward, her artist lover, and a mysterious character who has been a piratical sea-farer, are the participants in strange adventures. There is also a budding Socialist, who foments a strike, an incident which seems to be necessary to the "atmosphere" of the present day novel. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York; \$1.50.

The fifth edition of "The Young Folks' Cyclopædia of Persons and Places," by John Denison Champlin, A. M., has just been issued. This valuable work has been thoroughly revised and brought down to date; events as recent as the San Francisco disaster are noticed. The book deserves a place in every school and home library. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$2.50.

Recent excellent text-books of The American Book Company, New York, are: "Half Hours with Fishes, Reptiles, and Birds" (60 cents), by Charles Frederic Holder, of Southern California. This is an interesting introduction to the study of zoology. A four-book course in singing, "Melodic Music Series," by Frederic H. Ripley and Thomas Tapper. First Reader (25 cents); Second Reader (30 cents); Third Reader (40 cents); Fourth Reader (50 cents). A feature of this series is a noteworthy collection of songs by eminent living composers. "Little Stories of

France (40 cents), by Maude Barrows Dutton, tells the story of France by taking from each epoch a central figure—such as Joan of Arc or Napoleon. Milne's "Progressive Arithmetic." First Book (35 cents); Second Book (40 cents); Third Book (45 cents). Brooks' "Readers." First Year (25 cents); Second Year (35 cents); Fourth and Fifth Years (50 cents); Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Years (60 cents).

An essay "On Reading," by George Brandes, the eminent Danish critic, may be read in ten minutes, and pondered over for as many hours. Published by Fox, Duffield & Co., New York; 75 cents.

A neat booklet entitled "A Dictionary of Sierra Madre" has been compiled by J. G. Blumer, for the guidance of tourists, travelers and

investors. Mr. Blumer has not found it necessary to use the high-flown exaggerations of the boomer. His concise and pertinent paragraphs give the seeker for information all the necessary details, without comment. Published by the Sierra Madre Development Co., Sierra Madre, Cal.

"Our Little Scotch Cousins," by Blanche McManus, is a narrative of the visit of a party of children to the historic spots of Scotland. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; 60 cents.

"The Cruise of the Conqueror," by G. Sydney Paternoster, is the adventures of a twentieth Century Captain Kidd. In his wonderful motor-boat he pursues and holds up an ocean mail steamer, seizes the Prince of Monte Carlo, and burns a vessel at sea. It is an exciting story for boys. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

are showing an unusually complete assortment of

CARPETS

All grades are included. The patterns the very latest for the season of Fall furnishing. This stock is the largest show in San Francisco and is complete.

Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street

Educational.

MISS HAMLIN'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Formerly at 1849 Jackson St., is now at 2230 Pacific Ave., near Webster St. Mid-term begins October 15. Accredited. Address

Miss S. D. Hamlin,
2230 Pacific Avenue. San Francisco

PORTLAND OREGON St. Helen's Hall

A girl's school of the highest class. Corps of teachers, location, building, equipment—the best.

Send for catalogue.
School Opens September 17, 1906.

IRVING INSTITUTE

A day and home School of high standing for girls and young ladies. Accredited by the universities. Art and music under masters. Write for catalogue.

Mrs. Edward B. Church, Principal.
Mrs. Fay Chase Kellogg, Acting Principal.
2126 CALIFORNIA STREET, San Francisco, California.

Dr. H. J. Stewart

Organist of St. Dominic's Church
and the Temple Shalom Israel

Teacher of Vocal Music

PIANOFORTE, ORGAN, HARMONY AND COMPOSITION

New Studio: 2117 California St.

Hours: 10 to 12 and 2 to 4 daily, except Saturday

OTTO FLEISSNER, Vocal, Piano, Organ and Harmony, Residence and Studio; 2560 Vallejo St., near Scott St., San Francisco. In Oakland on Tuesday, care of Sherman, Clay & Company.

Miss Harker's School.

Palo Alto, Cal. Home and Day School for Girls. Intermediate and Primary Departments. Certificate admits to Stanford, Vassar and Wellesley. Number limited. Reopens August 20th.

Ogontz School for Young Ladies.

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia; two hours from New York. The late Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circulars, address Miss SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal, Ogontz School P. O., Pa.

ROMEIKE'S PRESS CUTTING BUREAU

Will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date."

A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines, in fact, every paper of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers, and through the European Bureaus, all the leading papers in the civilized globe.

Clippings found for subscribers and pasted on slips giving name and date of paper, and are mailed day by day.

Write for circular and terms.

HENRY ROMEIKE

33 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK
BRANCHES

LONDON, PARIS, BERLIN, SYDNEY

Del Monte Offers

Owing the reconstruction of San Francisco, Hotel Del Monte offers a welcome shelter to those desiring a home-like place for rest and recreation. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the shady walks and drives were never more attractive than at the present. The entire hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home! Special terms for families. Address Geo. P. Snell, Manager, Del Monte, California.

A Permanent Home

ROBERTSON'S

NEW LOCATION

1539

Van Ness Ave., Near Pine

"Next to the White House"

Mr. Robertson calls attention to the above address, which is very centrally located.

TO LET

For one year from November 1st, 1906, "The Breakers," on Channel Drive, fronting Pacific ocean, near Country Club, Montecito; grounds about three acres, beautifully laid out; with horses and carriages [will also let garage, with Packard Touring Car, if desired]; butler, cook, coachman, and laundryman wish to remain with tenants; for terms and particulars apply to

L. G. DREYFUS,
Santa Barbara, Cal.

"La Questa"

A Luscious Old Red Wine,
Highly Commended by
Connoisseurs

PRODUCER:

E. H. RIXFORD

Kohl Building, San Francisco

Belvedere, California,

HILLSIDE INN.

Tiburon Ferry, 40 minutes from San Francisco
Boating and bathing. Terms reasonable. Address

MRS M. J. WARREN.

JOHN G. ILS & CO.

Manufacturers

High-Grade French Ranges

Kitchen and Bakery Outfits,

624 Washington Street,

San Francisco, Cal.

LITERARY NOTES.

Health Aristocracy.

All of us, in theory, account perfect health a priceless possession. None of us, in theory, would exchange good health and no wealth for poor health and great wealth. "I would rather be healthy than rich," is the trite expression. We don't mean it.

In "The Aristocracy of Health," the author, Mary Foote Henderson, reminds us of the astonishing perseverance with which we compel the body to accept health-exhausting habits. Our beginnings in alcoholism are attended by nausea, and the protests of outraged stomach, nerves, and heart. We smoke our first cigar with chokings, and coughing, and expectoration. Nature is crying out against the poisonous intruders. But we return again and again to the attack, and our tortured membranes, paralyzed and enfeebled, at last cease to rebel, and we are the proud possessors of two accomplishments—a capacity for liquor, and a wholesale consumption of tobacco! If we are sincere in our desire for sound bodies, the author assures us, we need simply avoid our favorite poisons—alcohol, tobacco, tea, coffee, meats—from which proceed practically all ailments, all crime, and all insanity. If we would enter the chosen circle of health aristocracy the means are at hand—fresh air, pure water, wholesome food, and systematic exercise. In short, illness is a product of our own culture, to be remedied only by a culture in reverse.

Mrs. Henderson marshals a host of scientific facts to rout the plausible fallacies of the stimulant-users. Do not men and women use tobacco, spirits, coffee, and tea, and live to be eighty years? Undoubtedly, but they are endowed with a constitution that is possessed by one person in many thousands. An octogenarian president of a notorious drinking club in London contended that liquor did not injure him. But he acknowledged that he had buried the whole club three times.

May one not drink and smoke moderately without injury and intoxication? Are not the French, all wine-consumers, a temperate people? You will find only one centenarian among 365,000 Frenchmen; in the United States, one in every 9,000. Insanity has tripled in thirty years in France; every third birth in Paris is illegitimate. The author proves that the assertion that alcohol is a food, is John Barleycorn's grimmest joke. Well, then, a short life and a merry one. Short you will have it, says Mrs. Henderson, but no one knows better than yourself that your racked body knows little of merriment. Temperance advocates are reminded that their love of tea is an inebriation differing from the whiskey-drinker's only in degree. There are several valuable chapters on diet.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

A Navel by May Sinclair.

The publishers are profiting by the success of "The Divine Fire," by reprinting the earlier novels of May Sinclair. In "Audrey Craven," Miss Sinclair has portrayed a character that might easily have been improbable and stupid in less skillful hands. Vain, fickle, flirtatious, commonplace even—a small creature struggling with things too great for her—Audrey's conquests we accept without question. Haviland, the artist, she sends to the gunsmith's on suicide bent, Hardy, the sportsman, chooses deliberate drunkenness and degradation, Reed, the minister, compromises with the Church of Rome and celibacy. Wyndham, the novelist, the one lover to whom she has offered sincere affection, spurns her, after he has exhausted his study of her for literary purposes. And at the end Audrey closes her quest of the superlative by marrying a nonentity.

Published by Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50.

A Story of the Bonanza Days.

"Blindfolded," by Earle Ashley Walcott, is a delirious tale of San Francisco in the Seventies. As a serial, it had the honor of succeeding "In the Bishop's Carriage" and "The House of a Thousand Candles," in the pages of The Reader. It belongs in the pink sheets of The Messenger Boy's Own. The hero witnesses a murder on the Barbary Coast, a few minutes after his arrival from the East, and until his election as President of the Omega Mining Company, a month or so later, his path is slippery with blood, and dark with mystery. The story is sibilant with "Hists!" It will make a capital melodrama for a ten-cent playhouse.

Published by The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A household edition of the "Complete Poems of Edward Rowland Sill," with a portrait and a brief biography will be brought out this fall.

No part of Mark Twain's life history, which is now appearing serially, will be published in

book form while he lives. He has already written 250,000 words of his autobiography, which he began many years ago. His aim, he declares, has been to set down the things which have interested him. Mr. Clemens says he confided his plans to Mr. Howells, who approved of them, which, as the autobiographer remarks, was wise and judicious. "If he had manifested a different spirit I would have thrown him out of the window. I like criticism, but it must be my way."

Henry George, Jr., has turned novelist, and it is said his father is the hero, or the original of the hero, of his story, "The Romance of John Bainbridge."

The North American Review is now issued as a fortnightly magazine, and contains a new department devoted to the criticism of current literature. Ninety-one years ago the North American started as a quarterly. Sixty years later it became a bi-monthly, and for a generation it has been a monthly.

Among the books just out or soon to appear are "Back to Mafeking," by Gen. Baden-Powell; "The Great Days of Versailles; or, Sketches from Court Life in the Later Years of Louis XIV"; "The Life of Richard III," by Sir Clements Markham.

Anna Katherine Green is in private life Mrs. Charles Rohlf, wife of the well-known Shakespearean scholar, and owner of the "Rohlf Shop" in Buffalo, producing original and artistic pieces of furniture signed by the maker. Her "Leavenworth Case," has been in constant demand for twenty-five years.

Michael Monahan of Cranford, N. J., has given up the publication of his magazine, The Papyrus.

Upton Sinclair, whose novel, "The Jungle," resulted in the searching inspection of the Chicago packing houses, is preparing a novel. It is called "The Financier," and it deals with the accumulation of vast American estates and their subsequent disposal.

An attempt was made recently by a New Orleans negress to show that she was the legal wife of Lafcadio Hearn. The effort proved a failure. The New Orleans Times-Democrat, to which Hearn contributed many of his early sketches, defends his reputation. It flatly contradicts an article in the New York Sun which gave many fanciful and derogatory details of Hearn's life. The Southern editor quotes the Sun's statement that Hearn "lived with negroes, not of the ordinary cornfield type, but the Congo priestesses and prophetesses, as a matter of fact with no less a personage than Marie Laveau, the voodoo queen," and says that this wonderful tale is based on one simple fact. Hearn interviewed a negro woman who called herself Marie Laveau, and who pretended to know something about voodooism, and who, it was shown, was a fake.

The correspondence of Dr. John Brown, author of "Rab and His Friends," will soon be published. The book will contain letters from Erskine, Thackeray, Ruskin, and many others.

Charles H. Lummis, editor of Out West, has an elaborate article, in the September issue, on the Los Angeles Public Library, of which he is librarian. He describes some of the features of the library, which surpasses in circulation the free libraries of Baltimore, San Francisco, Cincinnati and other cities. It ranks first among public libraries in this country in number of volumes per capita and in circulation per capita, second in circulation per volume, ninth in gross circulation even as against cities fourteen times the size of Los Angeles and with ten times as many books.

The September Sunset.

The September Sunset magazine is an attractive number. There is a striking article by Joseph Le Conte, "In the Highest Sierra," dealing with a trip from the Yosemite to Kings River canyon. Mr. Le Conte's word-pictures of the region, and remarkable photographs by the author, give one an excellent idea of the magnificent scenery of the river canyons. A feature of the September Sunset is a symposium on "San Francisco's Future" to which the following contribute: W. A. Magee, Mayor Schmitz, Dr. Omori, W. H. Marston, C. H. Dunsmoor, and L. E. Aubrey. The third part of Charles Warren Stoddard's "Old Mission Idylls" is devoted to the closing years of Junipero Serra's life. Other readable, illustrated articles are "The Klamath Irrigation Project," by C. J. Blanchard; "The Newest Manhattan," by Henry Hedrick; "Those Nevada Bonanzas," by Clara E. Douglas; "The Sunny Side of Yuma," by Jerome B. Landfield, and "California's Capital County—Sacramento," by W. B. Thorpe. "Sunset's Rodeo," a department for short articles of various kinds, is an interesting new department. Of the verse, the best is a dialect rhyme of San Francisco's breadline, by Charles K. Field, entitled "Barriers Burned."

A Bookman's Outlook.

I can't afford a mile of sward,
Parterres and peacocks gay;
For velvet lawns and marble fauns
Mere authors cannot pay.

And so I went and pitched my tent
Above a harbor fair,
Where vessels picturesquely rigg'd
Obligingly repair.

The harbor is not mine at all;
I make it so; what odds?
And gulls unwitting on my wall
Serve me for garden gods.

By ships that ride below kaleid-
Oscopically changed
Unto my mind each day I find
My garden rearranged.

These, madam, are my daffodils,
My pinks, my hollyhocks,
My berds upon a hundred hills,
My phloxes and my flocks.

And when some day you deign to pay
The call that's overdue,
I'll wave a landlord's easy hand
And say, "Admire my view!"

—In Quiller Couch's "From a Cornish Window."

An American Author's Anniversary.

Thus far little or no attention has been paid to the memory of N. P. Willis in this year which marks the one hundredth anniversary of his birth. There was no more conspicuous figure in American letters in his own era than Willis. Prof. H. T. Peck, in The Bookman, fears that he is but vaguely remembered at this time. He was born Jan. 20, 1806, and died in 1867. Prof. Peck somewhat atones for the neglect to fittingly celebrate his centenary by an article on Willis and his contemporaries, in which he treats of his hero as the friend of Byron and the Countess Guiccioli, of Charles and Mary Lamb, of Joanna Baillie, of Campbell and Disraeli, of D'Ossay and the fair Blessington, of Thackeray and Dickens. Marryat challenged Willis to a duel because of some indiscreet remarks Willis had made about Marryat's sea stories. In America Willis was the contemporary and friend of Longfellow, Emerson, Hawthorne, Peter Parley, Parton, Chevalier Wikoff, Edwin Forrest. Moreover, he was a poet, romancer, and essayist, who from the very first lived well on the product of his pen. He was well paid for his work in an era when literature generally was poorly remunerated. Prof. Peck says:

When he first went abroad, in 1831, it was with only \$500 as his fortune and a promise of \$10 for every letter he should write for The New York Mirror—not more, however, than one letter each week. In Europe Willis lived with nobles and gentlemen, dined at ease with kings, consorted with the greatest in whatever land he visited, paid his way, married, returned home, purchased an estate, received what was then the handsome revenue of \$7500 annually, entertained lavishly, went everywhere—and all by the magic of his pen, in a country which had but half awakened to an appreciation of literature, and which was hungering only after newspapers.

Probably this view of Willis, as the handsome, popular raconteur and gossip is more interesting and informing nowadays than a mere statement of the fact that he wrote the once enormously popular poems called "Absalom" and "The Leper," and that he edited The Home Journal and The Corsair.

Lewis Melville, the English author, has finished a book on George IV., "The First Gentleman of Europe." The book treats of the social life rather than of the political affairs of the later Georgian period, and everything is grouped round the King as a personality: his gaming and racing, his dissipations and his love affairs, his friends and his enemies—all that makes a complete portrait of him.

An English critic having said that Mr. Henry James "gropes his way through the English language like a blind man tapping with a stick," the London Globe rejoins that he might do worse, that his methods at least are "better than those of some other novelists who dance through the language as if they were doing a cake-walk."

The poems of Sarah C. Woolsey, better known by her pen name of Susan Coolidge, who died in April, 1905, have been collected by her sister, Mrs. Daniel C. Gilman, and will be published.

Pliny's history may be regarded as the first encyclopedia, since it contained 30,000 facts compiled from 2,000 books by 100 authors

Pears'

Don't simply
"get a cake of soap."
Get good soap. Ask
for Pears' and you
have pure soap.
Then bathing will
mean more than
mere cleanliness; it
will be luxury at
trifling cost.

Sales increasing since 1789.

To Lease

Lot in the residence quarter in the Marine
View District. Short 50-Vara.
MADISON & BURKE
Fillmore and Sacramento Sts.

HOTEL RAFAEL

SAN RAFAEL, CAL.
50 minutes from San Francisco. Complete
Change of Climate
TIBURON OR SAUSALITO FERRY
All Modern Conveniences.
R. V. HALTON Proprietor

Hotel Collingwood

35th St., between 5th Ave. and Broadway
NEW YORK CITY
New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre
district containing every modern device for comfort of
guests.
Positively exclusive. Service a la carte.

Clubbing List for 1906

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

American Magazine and Argonaut	\$4.25
Argosy and Argonaut	4.35
Atlantic Monthly and Argonaut	6.70
Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut	6.20
Century and Argonaut	7.10
Comstock and Argonaut	4.10
Cosmopolitan and Argonaut	4.35
Critic and Argonaut	4.35
Current Literature and Argonaut	5.10
English Illustrated Magazine and Argonaut	5.90
Furum and Argonaut	4.70
Harper's Bazar and Argonaut	0.00
Harper's Magazine and Argonaut	4.35
Harper's Weekly and Argonaut	0.70
Intercontinental Magazine and Argonaut	4.50
Judge and Argonaut	7.50
Lestlie's Weekly and Argonaut	6.70
Life and Argonaut	7.70
Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut	0.20
Littell's Living Age and Argonaut	0.00
Melton Herald and Argonaut	10.50
Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut	4.35
Nineteenth Century and Argonaut	7.25
Out West and Argonaut	7.50
Overland Monthly and Argonaut	5.25
Political Science Quarterly and Argonaut	4.50
Review of Reviews and Argonaut	5.00
Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut	7.50
Sunrise and Argonaut	5.75
St. Nicholas and Argonaut	0.50
Sunset and Argonaut	0.00
Theatre Magazine and Argonaut	0.00
Thirteen-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut	4.25
Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) and Argonaut	4.50
Weekly New York Tribune, and Argonaut	5.75
	5.25

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS
Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.
Wood Rollers Tin Rollers

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Carmelita Dibblee, the daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Dibblee of Santa Barbara, to Mr. Francis T. Underhill. No date has been announced for the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Eva Powell and Mr. Andrew Thorne took place on Wednesday of last week at the home of the bride on Pine street. The ceremony was performed at noon by the Rev. Bradford Leavitt of the First Unitarian Church. There were no attendants and only the nearest relatives were present. After a brief wedding journey Mr. and Mrs. Thorne will live at 3873 Clay street.

Mrs. Henry Glass was the hostess at a tea recently at her home in Berkeley, in honor of Mrs. Charles Plummer Perkins of the United States Naval Station at Yerba Buena Island. Among the guests were Mrs. Merrill Miller, Mrs. Spencer Browne, Mrs. John F. Swift, Mrs. John Parker, Mrs. Dodd, Mrs. Norris, Mrs. Frank Glass, Mrs. Henry Martinez, Mrs. Henry Butters, Mrs. Greenleaf, Mrs. Woodworth and Miss Brown.

Baron von Horst took a party of twenty guests to Santa Rosa last week to see the hop pickers there, going up in Mr. A. W. Foster's private car, which he gave for the occasion. Those in the party were: Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Patrick Calhoun, Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mrs. Ynez Shorb White, Miss Anita Harvey, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Janette von Schroeder, Miss Isabel Donahue, Miss Genevieve Harvey, Miss Margaret Calhoun, Count de la Rocca, Mr. Burke, Mr. Philip Paschel, Mr. Thornwell Mullally, Mr. Harry Stetson and Mr. Edward Davis.

Mrs. Charles Plummer Perkins entertained on board the S.S. Pensacola at Yerba Buena Island on Friday of last week in honor of Mrs. Patrick Calhoun. Among the guests were: Mrs. Calhoun, Mrs. A. W. Foster, Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mrs. Henry Glass, Mrs. Malcolm Henry, Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Ynez Shorb White and Mrs. W. W. Dixon.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Butters entertained at dinner on Tuesday of last week at their home in Piedmont in honor of Secretary and Mrs. Victor H. Metcalf, who left on Sunday last for their home in Washington, D. C. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Augustus Bray, Mrs. G. B. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. David S. Edwards, Miss Viva Nicholson, Miss Marie Butters, Miss Marguerite Butters, and Mr. Howard Metcalf.

Mrs. Simpson, the wife of Colonel Wendell L. Simpson, U. S. A., was the hostess at a "500" party at her home at the Presidio on Tuesday afternoon of last week.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resume of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun, Miss Martha Calhoun and Miss Margaret Calhoun left on Monday last for Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt and Miss Rebecca Kruttschnitt, who have been staying at the Del Monte, left last week for their home in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins and Miss Lydia Hopkins have gone from their country place at Menlo to Del Monte for a few weeks stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan and their family have taken a house in San Jose, where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. Longstreet and her brother, Mr. Alfred Wilcox, came up last week in their motor-car from their home in Los Angeles for a brief stay in town.

Mrs. Frank Van Ness has arrived here from Cape Town, South Africa, and is a guest at the home of her husband's parents, Mr. and Mrs.

T. C. Van Ness, on Octavia street. Mr. Van Ness expects to come here soon and they will make their home in California.

Mr. and Mrs. James V. Coleman are spending a few weeks at their cottage at Angels, but will go abroad a little later for an indefinite stay.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton sailed recently for Europe and will spend the winter at Munich.

Mr. Charles W. Dilke, a son of Sir Charles Dilke, has arrived here for a visit, and has been a guest at the University Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Willsee have returned to Paris after a five weeks' stay at Carlsbad.

Mrs. Herman Oelrichs has recently been the guest of friends at San Mateo.

Mrs. J. J. Brece, who spent several days last week in the city, having come in from her country home in the Napa Valley, left on Sunday night for a visit to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin and Miss Grace Baldwin are spending several weeks at Los Gatos.

Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg and Miss Cora Smedberg, who have been in San Rafael for the summer, expect to remain there during the winter. Miss Smedberg has recently returned from a week's stay at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan have returned from a three weeks' trip to Eureka.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Maude have returned to Del Monte after a visit to Mrs. Henry T. Scott at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton sailed on the Siberia on Friday of last week for Honolulu, where they will be the guests of Mrs. Dutton's sister, Mrs. Harry Macfarlane.

Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Garceau will come to San Francisco on October 1st to spend the winter, after having been at San Mateo for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Greggs, Jr., have taken a house in San Mateo, where they expect to spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Jules Clerfayt have returned from a trip through Northern California and will spend the winter in Oakland.

Miss Marietta Havens of Oakland will leave shortly for a visit to Dr. and Mrs. Thomas McNab in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Bruguiere have returned from Europe and are at their home at Monterey.

Miss Kathleen Thompson has returned from a week's stay at Mare Island as the guest of her cousins, Admiral and Mrs. Henry W. Lyon.

Mrs. Ives and Miss Florence Ives have returned from Del Monte and are here for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butters, who went abroad recently, have left London and arrived early this month in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Charles Meyerstein left last Sunday for New York and will visit Dr. and Mrs. Harold A. Johnson of Boston. In October Mr. and Mrs. Meyerstein and Mr. and Mrs. Johnson will probably go abroad.

Miss Adeline Mills, who has been living in San Jose for some time past, accompanied by Miss Josephine Polhemus, sailed last week from San Francisco for Japan. They expect to return by way of Europe.

It is believed that Mrs. Philip V. Lansdale and her sisters, Miss Helen Sidney Smith and Miss Bertha Sidney Smith, were on board the Mongolia when she went on the rocks off Midway Island. Mrs. Lansdale and her sisters, who have been traveling in China and Japan for six months past, were in Yokohama when last heard from, expecting to sail on the Mongolia, due to arrive in San Francisco on September 23. If they sailed as planned they have doubtless passed through some trying experiences.

Vice-President and General Manager Lewis Glass of the Pacific States Telephone and Telegraph Company has gone to the Philippine Islands on a three months' trip, combining business with pleasure. On his return to San Francisco he will resume his duties with the Telephone Syndicate under President Henry T. Scott. His relations with President Scott are most cordial, and the same can be said of his relations with the Boston and New York people who are interested in the Pacific States and California telephone and telegraph service.

Notes from Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Will S. Tevis is still enjoying her houseboat at Sand Harbor, Lake Tahoe, in company with Mrs. Will Taylor, and the two make it agreeable to their many visitors from other points on the lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kohl and Mrs. William H. Kohl, who have been at their villa, four miles from Tahoe Tavern, since June, are making preparations for their regular autumn exodus. The Kohls have entertained numbers of their friends at luncheons and teas at their home and in yachting during the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaias W. Hellman have closed their home on Lake Tahoe for the season, where they have had many visitors, including their sons and daughters and their children.

Miss Van Nuys of Los Angeles has been visiting Mrs. I. W. Hellman at Lake Tahoe.

Among the people still remaining at Lake Tahoe are Mrs. Charles S. Fee and children, Mr. and Mrs. Ben C. Truman and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Herrick, Mr. and Mrs. Pillsbury and Mrs. Arthur C. Page.

Mr. William A. Bissell and Mr. and Mrs. Babcock are still at their summer places on the lake.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sedgwick Aiken (formerly Miss Ednah Robinson), has been brightened by the advent of a son.

Memories.

I remember, I remember

My magenta wool delaine,

My salmon togioni, too

(Twas lined with satin jean),

My lovely light blue empress cloth,

Picked out with bands of dove,

I wore the night Joe came to call,

And told me of his love.

—Carolyn Wells, in Good Housekeeping.

Oh, Carolyn, fair Carolyn,

You do surprise me so!

Now, something of this love affair

I'd greatly like to know.

If Joe made love to you one night,

Down 'mid the sands and shells,

Just please to tell me, Carolyn,

Why is your name now Wells?

—Edwin A. Oliver, in Yonkers Statesman.

Oh, Oliver, dear Oliver,

Why should you worry so?

Let Carolyn a sister be

To Jim and John and Joe.

And, Oliver, you shouldn't chaff

About an unchanged name;

For, oh, the fault may all be yours—

And that would be a shame.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Chicago's annual advertising show, the third event of its kind in the world, promises to be the most comprehensive exhibition of commercial promotion, business publicity, and competitive ingenuity ever given. The show is to be held October 8th to 16th, inclusive, and each day will have its special programme including addresses by experts from all parts of the world. Daily newspapers will operate plants showing complete workings, several novelty manufacturing concerns will have displays, from abroad will come a number of rapid printing presses and presses for special purposes, original and ingenious experts will show their latest and most startling schemes, and the exposition will be one of education for the general business man.

The desperation with which the managements of the New York and Mutual Life Insurance Companies are fighting to keep their positions indicates that even the reduced salaries are still much too large and attractive. The president's pay in the case of the Mutual has been cut from \$150,000 to \$50,000, but the new incumbent is nevertheless resorting to all sorts of expedients to prevent the policy-holders' committee from electing a new board of directors which would probably elect a new president; and the same is true of the aged and otherwise largely occupied Mr. Orr of the New York Life, who also gets \$50,000 a year in place of the \$100,000 paid John A. McCall.

Charles Campbell, a survivor of the world-famed battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac, died a few days ago in the asylum at Fort Stratoom, Washington, aged 74 years. When the United States fleet was blocking the waters of Hampton Roads, Campbell was aboard the man-of-war Cumberland, one of the wooden warships which were rendered worthless by the advent of the protected vessels. When the Cumberland went down he was one of the few survivors. He was taken aboard another man-of-war and for twenty years more served his country in the navy. For the last twenty years he lived at Old Tacoma.

Shipping men generally are much interested in a cable dispatch from Tokio, which states that the Empress of China, on arriving at Tokio, reported that considerable changes have taken place in Pacific ocean currents. They regard this as accounting for the stranding of so many steamers recently in the Pacific in the vicinity of the Hawaiian Islands. The Tokio dispatch adds that the report of tidal changes harmonizes with the Kobe report of a great earthquake in mid-Pacific which preceded the convulsion at Valparaiso by several hours, and is believed to have made important changes in the bed of the ocean.

James McNally, the oldest man in London, is dead at the age of 109½ years. Many years ago he spent some time as a seaman in the royal navy, and there is a legend that he was discharged from the navy as being unfit for further service on account of delicate health. Last St. Patrick's Day he sang a song before fellow-inmates of St. Peter's Home at South Lambert.

"Doctors are as a usual thing intensely loyal to their country and their locality." "What makes you think so?" "I have just been reading that a California physician's first prescription whatever the ailment of his patient is invariably prunes."—Houston Post.

HOTEL ST. FRANCIS
ANNEX
SAN FRANCISCO

IN UNION SQUARE
ON THE LAWN
AMID THE PALMS
EVERY ROOM OUTSIDE
ON THE GROUND FLOOR

FAMOUS GRILL ROOM
IN MAIN BUILDING
SAME SKILLED CHEF

Helping the Homeless

The Continental Building and Loan Association

Has helped build up several interior towns and cities of California but for the next few years its funds will be used to help restore the burned homes of San Francisco.

Dr. Washington Dodge, President.

Gavin McNab, Attorney.

Wm. Corbin, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr.

Office: Corner Market and Church Streets

EUGENE KORN

The Hatter

946 Van Ness Avenue

Formerly 746 Market St.

The
WHITE HOUSE
THE
DRESSMAKING
DEPARTMENT

IS NOW OPEN, READY TO
EXECUTE ALL ORDERS

Raphael Weill & Co., Inc.

Van Ness Ave. and Pine St.

For Sale

Fine property for private school. 20 room house in first class condition, well heated and lighted. Large Grounds. Room for another large building, tennis court, &c.

Choicest location in Palo Alto.

Address: Mrs. C. L. Place, Palo Alto.

To Lease.

Large Lot in the Western Addition suited for Apartment House. Frontage on three streets. Fine view.

MADISON & BURKE

Fillmore and Sacramento Streets.

Press Clippings

Are money-makers for Contractors, Supply-houses, Business Men and Corporations.

The Press Clipping Bureau
1321 4th Avenue, Oakland, Cal.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



A Positive Relief For PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all ailments of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. See lighted after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original) Sample Free. GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, New York, N. Y.

ROYAL Baking Powder
Absolutely Pure

A wholesome cream of tartar baking powder. Makes the finest, lightest, best flavored biscuit, hot-breads, cake and pastry.

Alum and alum-phosphate powders are injurious. Do not use them. Examine the label.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK

PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Lieutenant General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., accompanied by Colonel Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., and Major S. W. Dunning, U. S. A., visited Alcatraz and Angel Island on Tuesday of last week. While at the latter post a telegram arrived announcing that the President had signed General MacArthur's commission as Lieutenant General of the Army. Colonel Alfred Reynolds, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., ordered the Lieutenant General's salute to be fired at once, and assembled his officers for an informal reception in honor of the highest officer of the army.

Brigadier General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., sailed on Monday last from Port Tampa, Florida for Havana, to join Secretary Taft.

Brigadier General James Biddle, U. S. A., married, who lives at Santa Barbara, is at present visiting his son, Mr. Nicholas Biddle in New York. He will spend several weeks in the East and will before his return visit Washington, D. C.

Colonel William H. Comegys, U. S. A., chief paymaster, Department of California, was recently promoted to his present rank on account of the retirement of General F. S. Dodge, U. S. A., paymaster general of the army.

Lieutenant Colonel John P. Wisser received a telegram from Washington, D. C., last week authorizing a delay of three weeks in his departure from Fort Baker for Washington, where he goes to receive instructions prior to his departure for Berlin as military attaché.

Lieutenant Colonel George F. Cooke, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted a month's leave of absence on a surgeon's certificate of disability.

Captain Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., has been appointed as military secretary to Lieutenant General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., and assumes thereby temporary rank under regulations as lieutenant colonel.

Major George L. Anderson, U. S. A., who will receive his promotion to be a lieutenant colonel almost immediately, has arrived here and reported for duty in the inspector general's department.

Major Zerah W. Torrey, inspector general's department, U. S. A., now in Washington, D. C., has been ordered to proceed to San Francisco to report to the commanding general of the Pacific Division for duty as assistant to the inspector general of this division.

Major Charles A. Bennett, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to Fort St. Houston and assume command of the Second Battalion Field Artillery.

He is now directing Major Parker West, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., to join his regiment at once has been amended so as to direct him to proceed to Fort Des Moines for the purpose of packing and shipping public property upon the completion of which he will join his proper station.

Major William Stephenson, Medical Department, U. S. A., returned to the Presidio of San Francisco last week from Camp Tacoma.

Captain Ira A. Haynes, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., whose promotion will take place almost immediately has been ordered to proceed to Vancouver Barracks and assume command of the Eleventh Battalion Field Artillery.

Captain Frank C. Jewell, U. S. A., quartermaster of the transport Logan has been granted twenty days leave of absence to take effect as soon as his services can be spared after the arrival of the Logan here.

Captain Chauncey B. Humphrey, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence on a surgeon's certificate of disability.

Captain R. W. Kirby-Smith assistant surgeon, U. S. A., has been granted one month's sick leave with permission to apply for an extension of two months.

Lieutenant Edwin C. Long, U. S. A., aide-de-camp to General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., did not accompany General Funston to China, but returned here on Friday of last week.

Lieutenant Douglas MacArthur, U. S. A., will remain here on duty at division headquarters until October 25th, when he will go to Washington, D. C., to the Engineer's School.

It is announced that Lieutenant Thomas E. Stridge has been assigned as instructor in the Department of Ordnance and Gunnery at the United States Military Academy at West Point.

Lieutenant Edward E. McCammon, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave.

Assistant Surgeon W. F. Schaller, U. S. N., and Acting Assistant Surgeon R. I. Longabaugh, U. S. N., are ordered detached from the naval post at Mare Island and assigned to duty in attendance on a course of instruction at the Naval Medical School, Washington, D. C.

The battalion of Field Artillery, commanded by Major E. T. Brown, U. S. A., did not return from Camp Tacoma with the rest of the troops at the close of the maneuvers, but remained there for target practice.

Lieutenant Louis Brechemin, Jr., sailed on the Syria on Friday of last week for Honolulu to join her husband, Captain Brechemin, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., who went from

Seattle on the transport Buford to the wrecked vessels, Sheridan, Manchuria and Mongolia, in mid-Pacific.

The officers and crew of the Marblehead have been transferred to the Yorktown, while the former vessel is being extensively overhauled at Mare Island.

The Twenty-first Infantry, U. S. A., commanded by Colonel C. A. Williams, U. S. A., will arrive here on October 20 on the transport Logan, from the Philippines, and will proceed to Fort Logan, Colorado, for station.

The Sixth Infantry, U. S. A., commanded by Colonel J. W. Duncan, U. S. A., will arrive here from the Philippines on November 10th. The headquarters, band and first battalion will go to Fort William Henry Harrison, Montana, the second battalion to Fort Lincoln, North Dakota, and the third battalion to Fort Missoula, Montana. The return of these two regiments will reduce the number of troops in the Philippines to the number stationed there before there was the possibility of any trouble in China.

The contractor's trial of the U. S. S. California now building at the Union Iron Works, will take place about October 1st. The final trial will take place about November 1st, being conducted by a board of officers selected from among those on duty on the Pacific Coast.

Judge Robert J. Tobin, pioneer jurist and banker, died at his home in San Francisco, September 18, aged 78. He was born in Waterford, Ireland, in 1828. Ten years later, with his father, mother and brother Richard, he sailed for Australia, going thence to Chile, where the family resided for a decade, Robert meanwhile spending several adventurous months in Tahiti. He came to San Francisco in October, 1847. From the first he was prominent in public affairs. He was a justice of the peace for many years, a position which was no sinecure in the exciting era when San Francisco was being evolved from Yerba Buena into a Western metropolis. For thirty-three years Judge Tobin had served as secretary of the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, and he was a founder of that institution. As president of the city's Board of Police Commissioners he held office for twenty-three consecutive years.

Rear-Admiral Sir Edward Chichester, who commanded the British squadron at Manila during the Spanish-American war, died at Gibraltar, September 17th. In July, 1898, Von Diederichs was in command of the German squadron gathered in Manila Bay, and it was believed that he, representing his Emperor, was hostile to Dewey's plans. Von Diederichs asked the then Captain Chichester what he would do if the Germans interfered to stop the bombardment of Manila. Captain Chichester answered promptly: "Only Admiral Dewey and myself know, sir." This answer settled forever any thoughts Germany might have had of interference, and did much to knit close the hearts of Americans and Englishmen in the Far East.

Senator William A. Clark, the millionaire copper king and owner of the Salt Lake road, will sail from France on October 5, arriving in New York City on October 12. He will hurry to Salt Lake and take a train over his own line to Los Angeles. From that city he will come to San Francisco and then make his way to his home in Butte. The coming of Clark to California is taken to mean that he intends looking over the properties of the Sierra Railway, with a view to their purchase and extension. This railroad is owned by San Francisco and Los Angeles capital and runs from Oakdale via Jamestown to Sonora and Angels Camp. It has already begun an electric extension into the Yosemite valley.

Mayor Eugene E. Schmitz is going abroad for a vacation. He will visit first the principal Continental cities and the places of worth in the British Isles. Then he will go to Berlin, where, met and assisted by Assistant City Attorney Newberg, he will represent to the German Emperor the attitude of the American people on the welching German insurance companies. The Mayor feels that his protest will have great weight in forcing the welchers to come back into the dollar column.

Miss Hamlin has announced two courses of lectures on "Great Books," by Professor Charles M. Gayley of the University of California at her school, 2230 Pacific avenue. The lectures will take place on Tuesday afternoons during October and November, beginning at 3 o'clock. In the first course Professor Gayley will dwell upon the modern drama, taking up Stephen Phillips, Maeterlinck, Ibsen and possibly Suderman and Shaw.

The steamer Mongolia, which went aground on Midway Island a week ago, got off without assistance, and is not damaged seriously.

Karl A. Bickell, '07, president of the political division of the Social Service Club, of Stanford University, will invite A. Ruef, Mayor Eugene E. Schmitz of San Francisco, James D. Phelan, E. A. Hayes and J. N. Gillett to visit the campus and deliver discourses on organized politics.

Buffalo Bill's Wild West show closed a four years' tour of Europe with a performance in Brussels a few days ago. Colonel Cody sails for Antwerp, the rest of the troupe and the material following, to commence the last American tour of the show before the retirement of Colonel Cody.

Shreve & Company

NOW OPEN

Van Ness Avenue and Sacramento Street

BANKING.

FRENCH AMERICAN BANK

Union Trust Building (Third Floor)

Ready to accommodate its customers and do a general banking business. We will collect on insurance policies for those wishing our services.

THE FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

occupies offices in the same building.

Officers—Charles Carpy, President; Arthur Legallet, Vice-President; Leon Bocqueraz, Vice-President.

Directors—J. E. Aragues, O. Bozio, J. A. Bergerot, E. J. DeSable, J. M. Dupas, J. S. Godeau, J. J. Mack, Geo. Belaney, Leon Kaufman.

Our Branch Bank is Now Open at

No. 810 Van Ness Avenue Near Eddy St.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Capital Fully Paid \$2,000,000

Total Assets \$10,000,000

A General Banking Business Conducted

Savings and Checking Accounts Received

Interest Paid on Deposits

MAIN OFFICE

CORNER CALIFORNIA AND MONTGOMERY STREETS

West End Branch, 1531 Devisadero St. Near Post.

Mission Branch: 927 Valencia Street Near Twenty-first

Uptown Branch: 1850 Geary Street, West of Fillmore.

DAVID F. WALKER, Pres.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Mgr.

Mutual Savings Bank

710 Market St., Opposite Third

SAN FRANCISCO.

Guarantee Capital	\$ 1,000,000
Paid-up Capital	300,000
Surplus	320,000
Assets	10,200,000

Interest paid on deposits. Loans on approved securities.

OFFICERS—President, James D. Phelan; First Vice-President, S. G. Murphy; Second Vice-President, John A. Hooper; Secretary and Cashier, Geo. A. Story; Asst. Secretary and Asst. Cashier, C. B. Hobson; Attorney, Frank J. Sullivan.

Directors—James D. Phelan, John A. Hooper, Frank J. Sullivan, Jas. M. McDonald, S. G. Murphy, James Moffitt, Robt. McElroy, Charles Holbrook, Rudolph Spreckels.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus	\$ 2,552,719.61
Capital actually paid up in cash	1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1906	38,476,520.22

F. Tillmann, Jr., President; Daniel Meyer, First Vice-President; Emil Rohie, Second Vice-President; A. H. R. Schmidt, Cashier; Wm. Hermann, Asst. Cashier; Geo. Tourny, Secretary; A. H. Muller, Asst. Secretary; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.

Board of Directors:

F. Tillmann, Jr., Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohie, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, N. Ohlandt, J. W. Van Bergen, E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

SIEVERS FLORAL CO.

Respectfully announce the opening of their Elegant Establishment

1660 California Street, near Van Ness

Phone Franklin 1015

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS

Ready for business at 1165 O'FARRELL ST., bet. Franklin and Gough

Pianos Tuned, Repaired, Moved and Stored.

SOHMER-Cecilian Piano Players

THE FAMILY ALBUM.

Its Contents Identified for a Visitor.

Yes'm, that's my marriage certificate, and them pictures pasted on it is me and pa the day we was married. No, he wasn't sick, but he was so scared it made him look peaked. Do you like to look at photographs? Most everybody does, I guess. Wait till I get the album. Yes, it is kind of a pretty cover. Real plush. I got it off a book peddler lady, dollar down and fifty cents a month.

Them's twins; there was two of them. They looked just like you see them there. One of them is my husband but nobody can tell which he is, now. Sort of creepy, ain't it, not to know whether your own husband is one twin or the other? One of them died when he was sixteen, and that broke the set. I think it is the sweetest picture in the album, they look so simple and harmless, just like two little calves. Gran'ma Jones used to make their clothes herself—you'd never guess it, would you? She used to lay the cloth in two thicknesses and cut out two suits at once. If one of them had been a girl she couldn't have done it. Turn over the page.

That's the gentleman Aunt Jane nearly married. He looks like a college professor, don't he? He was so refined and meek and so eloquent at prayer meeting. But he wasn't a professor, he peddled Griggs' Infallible Cure for Hog Cholera and lectured on Temperance. He was awful poor in his health, and the minute Aunt Jane set eyes on him she made up her mind to marry him. She was forty and she usually got what she wanted, and everybody said it was a thousand chances to one that she would get him. But just when Aunt Jane was sure she had him he got wind of it. He went back to Massachusetts the next day and died peaceful. Turn over the page.

That's my sister Gertie and a bass singer we used to have in the choir. His name was Spung—Launcelot Spung—and he was a barber by profession. Him and Gertie was engaged for six weeks, but she found out he had a wife and six children at Boston so she didn't marry him. He was the sweetest singer! You'd never imagine he had a wife and six children if you could have heard him sing. Ain't it awful how sinful people can be and yet look so innocent? Gertie took on awful when she heard the facts about him and she wouldn't get engaged to anybody else for a long time; and you know what that means for a choir-singer. Turn over the page.

Sue Hartwick, that is, one of my old girl chums. She ran off with a cattle buyer and got married, but that wasn't until five years after this picture was took. She had a lovely character—so light and playful, and that fond of handsome clothes! I remember the day she had that picture took. She'd been to a picnic with a traveling gentleman from Cincinnati and got engaged to him. I helped her trim the very hat she has on. It was a green straw with roses, one red and one blue and one yellow. It matched her complexion lovely. She was a dark blonde with red hair. Oh, yes, she always smiled that way on account of one front tooth being out. Turn over the page.

That's my Aunt Phoebe, by marriage, the day she was married. Ain't she sweet? The basket wasn't hers, it belonged to the man that took the picture. Neither was the curls all hers though they didn't belong to the photograph man. I've got them now, laid away till they come in handy. I tell pa it's a pity it ain't man's hair, 'stead of lady's, and then he could wear it. Baldness seems to run in his family. His father was so bald that he never used a brush and comb for forty-two years—used to comb his hair with a flannel rag. That dress of Aunt Phoebe's is the lowest necked anybody on either side of our family ever had, but then she was a great one for society. Turn over the page.—Ellis Parker Butler, in The Reader.

LATEST STAGE SLANG.

Lines Given by Rose Stahl in "The Chorus Lady."

The smile's the hard part a dancin'. It's no cinch stannin' on one toe with the other pointin' to a quarter to six an' then look like the cat that's eat the canary.

You must enjoy life to beat the band—nothing on your mind but your hair.

After seventeen weeks a touring imitation towns this is certainly peach preserves.

When I think a the men I see other women stacked up against you vain easy.

It's always a bad season for bad shows with bum backing. I hope I'll get my hooks into something when the main money ain't given to doing panics if the show ain't pullin' down coin from the jump.

I've met more than one doll as has thrown a good man down hard just to get back to the

bright lights. They hand out a lot of junk about love for their art when it was nothing but a hunch for the excitement.

If a girl's good, she's good anywhere. But say, when you're scrippin' along on twenty per and the next girl to you in your dressin' room comes down to the show shop every night in a benzine waggin—in ermine capes an' diamonds big as oysters, it ain't religion so much as a firm grip on home an' mother that makes you sit tight an' keep on handin' out the frozen mitt and the icy eye to the man behind the bank-roll.

Ain't he got a crust tryin' to kiss a girl an' him ain't got a cent in the world?

I'm a specialty lady—I've been in the front row for five years.

Say, girls, are you pipin' the veil? Ain't it a Susie Smitherine. I don't think it's at all loud, do you?

A perfect figure certainly saves you money.

After I bought these yellow kicks my pocket-book looked like a disaster.

I just said it was up to me to refurnish from cellar to dome.

I wouldn't care what it was so long as I could wear blue tights—I'm just wasted in skirts.

Was the show comical? Well, I never noticed anyone laff themselves to death. The comedians was a couple of morgues. The best joke in the show was the star—a hand-made blonde as was billed the "Queen a Burlesque." She wuz in the original "Black Crook" and had a daughter at school then.

There wuz a couple a song and dance kikes, a team a acrobats, a troupe a moth-eaten dogs an' a chorus that looked like the chambermaids' union.

Will I play a part? That depends on the part. Like as not I'll just go back in the chorus. What's the use of being ambitious? Only makes you uncomfortable in your mind.

You play seventeen weeks a one night stands just to have a whack at a speakin' part and see if it won't take the ambition out a you.—New York World.

Sensing Relief.

[By means of a new invention it is claimed that petrol can be made sweet scented.]

You may seek through scented bowers

Twined with jessamine and rose,

Which the gentle, vernal showers

Have made nectar to the nose;

You may gather Eastern spices

From Mysore and Malabar,

But you'll find that naught so nice is

As the perfume of my car.

You may sack the stores of Rimmel,

And may blend his choicest scents

With the fragrancy of Kimmel

And of luscious liniments;

You may add a drop of attar

From some Syrian bazar,

Yet not touch the perfumes that are

Left behind it by my car.

I should add that I'm not speaking,

Of the present year of grace,

When the countryside is reeking

Rather rankly as they race.

Though today the victim rages

'Gainst conditions as they are,

Still I'll sing in distant ages

In this fashion of my car.

—London Tribune.

Wonders of California.

The story of California's agricultural wealth, commercial possibilities and scenic grandeur are told not only accurately but interestingly in the handsome booklets issued by the Southern Pacific Company. They have been prepared for the prospective tourist, settler, and investor. Handbooks on "The Sacramento Valley," "The San Joaquin Valley," "The Coast Country," "Lake Tahoe and the High Sierra," and "California South of Tehachapi," may be obtained, postage paid, for ten cents. Other publications are: "The New Arizona," "The New Nevada," "Wayside Notes Along the Sunset Route," "Kings and Kern Canyons" and the "Giant Forest of California," and "Yosemite Valley and Mariposa Grove," which will be sent to any address on receipt of five cents. The descriptions have been written from notes and data gathered by local agents with an eye to fullness and accuracy, and are profusely illustrated from the best photographs, as well as carefully designed maps. Requests should be addressed to Chas. S. Fee, Passenger Traffic Manager, Southern Pacific, San Francisco, Cal.

General Kuropatkin has completed his book reviewing the Russo-Japanese war. The work is in several volumes and has been submitted to the General Staff. It may not be permitted general circulation.

Some years ago, while visiting the Spokanes, General Philip Sheridan related to the Indians, through an interpreter, the wonders of the railroad, and then waited to see what effect the revelation would have upon them.

"What do they say?" he asked the interpreter. "They say they don't believe it," was the answer.

Sheridan then described the steamboat, and the interpreter repeated this.

"What do they say to that?" the General again asked, seeing the Indians' faces all impassive.

"They say they don't believe that, either."

Then the General gave an account of the telephone, and told how a man at the end of a long wire had talked to the man at the other end of it. The interpreter remained silent.

"Well," said the General, "why don't you interpret that story to them?"

"Because I don't believe that story myself," answered the conscientious man.

The time-honored determination of the Banning Company, owners, to prevent landings on the Island of Santa Catalina unless conveyed from the mainland by their steamers, recently brought on an encounter that threw Avalon into a high state of excitement. The steamer San Diego a privately chartered vessel, anchored in the bay and prepared to land seventy-four passengers, mostly women and children. Superintendent Shaw of the Banning Company roped off the shore line, and, backed by a small army of employees, attempted to stand off the party. Practically all of the San Diego's passengers eluded the guards and got ashore in spite of the barbed-wire trocha, but the difficulty is not settled.

"Perhaps," said the clerk, "you'd like to look at goods a little more expensive than these."

"Not necessarily," replied the shopper, "but I would like to look at some of better quality."—Philadelphia Press.

Brer Rabbit and the Nightmare.—She (sentimentally)—"Wouldn't it be just splendid if all our dreams came true?" He—"Not for me; I'm fond of Welsh rabbit."—What to Eat.

Chartreuse
vs.
Liqueur Peres Chartreux.

Translation from "Le Matin," Paris,
June 28, 1906.

"The trade-marks of the cordials and products of the Grande Chartreuse, of which the Chartreuse Fathers have been unjustly despoiled by the law of 1901, will be put up for sale at public auction before the court of Grenoble on Saturday, June 30, 1906.

We learn from an absolutely reliable source that the Chartreuse Fathers will not be parties, either directly or indirectly, to this sale, but on the contrary they positively refuse to give anybody authority to acquire these trade-marks, for which they maintain all their rights.

What matters to them anyhow, a bottle and a label apart from the product which has made for them a long standing reputation?

Everybody knows that the Chartreuse Fathers continue to manufacture the cordial, for which they alone hold the secret, at Tarragona, Spain.

The above translation will be of interest to many of our readers, who are doubtless familiar with the published reports of the action taken by the French Government a little more than two years ago, whereby the monks of La Grande Chartreuse, who for three hundred years or more have distilled that well-known liqueur—were ruthlessly dismissed from the country, the Government confiscating their bottles, labels, and trade-marks, for the purpose of carrying on the manufacture of what it has been pleased to call "Chartreuse."

Unfortunately, however, neither the state official liquidator, nor the state itself, nor anybody in the state could obtain the mighty secret for the preparation of this "Nectar of the gods" by any possible means, and the authorities soon grew very tired of a fruitless effort to produce and sell a satisfactory imitation of the celebrated cordial, which accounts for the final disposal of the trade-marks at public auction, as referred to by the "Paris Matin." According to reports published in later French papers, the monks did not even offer to bid at the sale.

These trade marks, which give the purchaser the privilege of the use of the name "Chartreuse" and enable him, under protest of the original owners, to put up something which masquerades under the guise of the genuine article, were sold by the French Government at so ridiculously low a price as to afford all the evidence necessary (if any evidence were needed) of the fact that the trade-marks themselves, without the great secret of manufacture, are practically worthless.

A continued use of the bottle and label by the purchaser, whoever he may be, does not by any means insure the contents as being genuine, or even remotely similar to the liqueur which for centuries has given reputation and renown to the monks who make it.

Meanwhile the monks of La Grande Chartreuse, having, perforce, bequeathed their bottles, labels, and trade-marks to France, immediately left their monastery among the rugged rocks of Grenoble, and taking their secret with them, established themselves permanently at Tarragona, Spain, where they continue to make and to sell to all civilized nations this most delectable essence of flowers, herbs, fruits and spices, to be known henceforth and forever as "Liqueur Peres Chartreux."

HUNTER
BALTIMORE
RYE

THIS TRADE-MARK
REPRESENTS THE
HIGHEST STANDARD
OF EXCELLENCE, THE
AMERICAN GENTLE-
MAN'S WHISKEY.

CHARLES M. REYNOLDS CO.,
Agents for California and Nevada
San Francisco, Cal.

To Provide
An Income

Buy high grade securities, paying liberal interest—half yearly. Absolute safety! No taxes! No personal attention necessary! Nothing to do but receive the interest every six months! For full particulars call or address

California Safe Depository
and Trust Company

California and Montgomery Street
San Francisco, Cal.

CLUB DIRECTORY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

PACIFIC UNION, N. E. cor. Franklin and Washington Sts.
BOHEMIAN, 1925 Octavia St.
COSMOS, 1534 Sutter St.
OLYMPIC, 1050 Eddy St.
UNION LEAGUE, N. W. cor. Franklin and Sacramento Sts.
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, 2235 Washington St.
PRESS CLUB, 2016 Post St.
THE FAMILY CLUB, cor. Sacramento and Franklin Sts.
CONCORDIA, N. E. cor. Pacific and Fillmore St.
FRANCISCA, 1148 Ellis St., N. Gough.
TOWN AND COUNTRY, Franklin St. near Sacramento.

SMITH'S
CASH STORE
16 Stewart St. San Francisco.
"JUST AROUND THE CORNER."

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

At the naval review, when the President arded the Mayflower, he was dripping with rain, t he stood throughout the ceremony with his k hat raised, not moving from the first step he d taken on the deck while his flag was run the masthead of the ship, and a 21-gun salute s fired. Surrounding the Mayflower when the resident came aboard was a fleet of sight-seeing ft. Most conspicuous was a large tug from ew York with a party of newspaper men and otographers aboard—evidently spelling remers. Across the wheelhouse had been placed arge muslin sign which read "Pres Bot." The resident's eye caught this sign at once and be pped his hands in enjoyment.

An office boy who was the greatest success a failure and the greatest failure as a success t was ever seen was on one occasion sent Richard Harding Davis's rooms to get some "py." Pretty soon was heard a clatter of t on the stairs and in burst the boy entirely c of breath. "What's the trouble? Wasn't he there?" was ed. "No, sir, he's out and de joint's all locked d. "Then why the dickens didn't you wait for as I told you?" "Wh-wh-why, dere wuz a note on the door d said, 'Return at once,' so I t'ought youse wited me back quick."

Almost telegraphic brevity distinguishes some o the most famous letters that have ever been witen. Thus, some person wrote to the first Ee of Wellington, threatening to publish cer letters of his, and he replied: Dear Julia—Publish and be damned. Yurs. Wellington. "ir Walter Scott said that the most pointed ar he knew was the answer of Lord Mac dald to the head of the Glengarry family: My Dear Glengarry—As soon as you can p'e yourself to be my chief, I shall be ready acknowledge you; in the meantime, I am Macdonald." he following is quoted as Francis Jeffrey's wted reply to a begging letter: Sir—I have received your letter of 6th in, soliciting a contribution in behalf of the fids of —. I have very great pleasure in subscribing (with this word the writer con rted to end the first page, and then continued on the other side) myself, Yours faithfully, "Francis Jeffrey."

he visiting clergyman, addressing the little fies at the children's service, became impres- sion. "Only think, children," he said, "in A ca there are ten million square miles of etory without a single Sunday school, where lit boys and girls can spend their Sunday alnoons. Now, what should we all try to sa up our money for?" be children (unanimously): "To go to A ca."

ark Twain was talking of war and of the aships and privations of sieges. A Frenchman," he said, "called one day on a woman who had two dogs. They were ug little brutes, and, when they came near ai the man pushed them out of the way with his foot. "I perceive, sir," said the woman coldly, th you are not very fond of dogs." he man started in surprise. "I not fond of dogs!" he exclaimed. "Why, mum, I ate more than twenty of them during the siege of Paris."

utcher Ludwig was continually being robbed of eat by a large black tomat belonging to a t door neighbor. Finally his temper got est of him, and he poisoned the cat. he cat's owner, the next morning, found his ai black cat lying dead before his door. He at once who had done the killing, and wi a low, bitter oath he took the dead cat up the tail and went indoors. tcher Ludwig had happened to advertise for he week a mark-down sale on sausage. Th night his shop was thronged with sausage bu sddenly, when the crowd was thickest, the ouged neighbor elbowed his way through the eople, and threw upon the chopping block the ad body of the huge black cat. here you are, Mr. Ludwig," he said. "T makes thirty-five. I'll bring the fifteen oth when you're not so busy."

res McNeil Whistler, the famous painter, ha a French poodle of which he was ex- antly fond. The poodle was seized with an ffection of the throat, and Whistler had th- idacity to send for the great throat special- ackenzie. Morell, when he saw that he had been in to treat a dog, didn't like it much.

but he said nothing. He prescribed, pockete l a big fee, and drove away. The next day he sent posthaste for Whistler; and Whistler, thinking he was summoned on some matter connected with his beloved dog, dropped his work and rushed like the wind to Mackenzie's. "How do you do, Mr. Whistler? I wanted to see you about having my front door painted."

Alexander Harrison, the well known painter of marine pieces, was once asked if he thought American art students did well to come abroad to study. He said that undoubtedly the at- mosphere was more artistic in Europe than in America, but that Paris, as a city to study and work in, was overrated. To illustrate his mean- ing, he said that a certain rich man's son, after three years in Paris, wrote home to his father in St. Joseph, Missouri: "Dear Father—I have made up my mind to set to work. Please let me know at your earliest convenience whether it was painting, architecture, or music I came to Paris to study."

When Guiteau shot President Garfield the X-ray had not been discovered. The surgeons probed again and again. Other experiments were made to find where the bullet lay, and among them some by means of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell's inductive balance, which had then just been invented. Says Dr. Bell: "My instrument consisted of a piece of ma- hogany board of about the size and shape of a flatiron. It had a handle upon the top, and its bottom was covered with a green cloth. In- side the board was an electric coil, so made that when it was moved over anything of a metallic substance it would buzz. The in- strument afterward proved to be of great value for this purpose in hospitals, although it failed in connection with President Garfield. We took the machine to the White House and tried it upon the President. To our surprise the machine began to buzz whenever it came near him. According to it, he was full of lead. A day or two later I came to the conclusion that there must have been something metallic about the bed upon which President Garfield was lying. I inquired, and learned that his mat- tress was resting on wire springs, and it was the steel wire that made the machine buzz."

There was a little Scotch boy who had the quality of astuteness highly developed. The boy's grandmother was packing his lunch for him to take to school one morning. Suddenly, looking up into the old lady's face, he said: "Grandmother, does yer specs magnify?" "A little, my child," she answered. "Aweel, then," said the boy, "I wad juist like it if ye wad tak' them aff when ye're packin' my loonch."

A well known comedian one day while ful- filling an engagement in Dublin was walking with his wife, a remarkably stout lady, when an Irishwoman with a basket brushed rudely against her. "You had better walk over me," said the comedian's wife, irritably. The Irish woman turned round, coolly sur- veyed her from head to foot, and then replied. "Faith, mum, it would be easier to walk over ye than round ye, annyway!"

A company was playing "She Stoops to Con- quer" in a small Western town last winter, when a man without any money, wishing to see the show, stepped up to the box office and said: "Pass me in, please." The box office man gave a loud, harsh laugh. "Pass you in, what for?" he asked. The applicant drew himself up and answered haughtily: "What for? Why, because I am Oliver Goldsmith, author of the play." "Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," replied the other in a shocked voice, as he hurriedly wrote out an order for a box.

Ben Butler was a terror and torment to the judges. On one occasion Judge Sanger, having been b- lled and badgered out of all patience, petulantly asked: "What does the counsel sup- pose I am on this bench for?" Scratching his head a minute, Butler replied: "Well, I confess your honor's got me there."

A certain man was recently very sad be- cause his wife had gone out of town on a visit, which she would not shorten in spite of his appeals to her to come home. He finally hit upon a plan to induce her to return. He sent her a copy of each of the local papers with one item clipped out, and when she wrote to find out what it was he had clipped out he refused to tell her. The scheme worked admirably! In less than a week she was home to find out what it was that had been going on that her husband didn't want her to know about!

A clergyman happened to tell his son one Saturday afternoon what lesson he would read in church the next morning. The boy got hold of his father's Bible, found the lesson's place, and glued together the connecting pages. In consequence the clergyman read to his flock the following day that "when Noah was

120 years old he took unto himself a wife, who was"—here he turned the page—"140 cubits long, 40 cubits wide, built of gopher wood, and covered with pitch in and out." After reading the passage, the clergyman read it again to verify it. Then, pushing back his spectacles, he looked gravely at the con- gregation and said: "My friends, this is the first time I eve read that in the Bible, but I accept it as evi- dence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

You may consider yourself fairly well accom- plished if you can eat green corn without getting butter on your ears.—Topeka Capital.

As a prisoner was brought before Judge Sher- man for sentence the clerk happened to be absent. Judge Sherman asked the officer in charge of the prisoner what the offense was with which he was charged. "Bigotry, your Honor. He's been married to three women." "Why, officer, that's not bigotry," said the judge, "that's trigo- nometry."—Indianapolis Star.

Auto Be Careful.—Autoist—"Ran over some- one as I came down from the club; but I guess no harm was done." Friend—"Didn't you stop to see?" Autoist—"Stop, no—the machine seemed to run along all right.—Motoring.

This Number of the Argonaut

Is sent to a certain number who are not on its subscription lists. If it should happen to fall into the hands of those who already are subscribers or read- ers, they are asked to hand it to any person who in their opinion may be interested in such a journal. There are many pressing topics in these stirring days. In this issue we discuss National politics, California politics, and the interesting campaigns now progress- ing in the various States. Likewise the questions so vital to San Francisco in her present needs—insur- ance, relief, rehabilitation, rebuilding, labor—all these and many kindred topics are now being dis- cussed in the Argonaut. Our regular readers know that this journal has not missed an issue, and that practically all of the time since the disaster it has been issued in its old form. Others may not know it, hence some of these issues are sent free to strangers.

Shore Line Limited

Drawing-room Parlor Cars
Buffet Smoking Car Dining Car
Large Protected Observation Rotunda

Daily by Daylight

To Coast Line Resorts
From San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Southern Pacific

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Fohgive yob enemies," said Uncle Eben, "but don't let dat stop you f'um bavin' 'em put under bonds to keep de peace."—Washington Star.

"You entertain a great deal more than you did formerly, I notice." "Yes, indeed. This is the first really hospitable cook we ever had."—Life.

"It takes him a painfully long time to write a letter." "Yes, he's trying to use as many simplified words as possible."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"There's a colored man and his wife at the door looking for work." "But I only advertised for a laundress." "Yes, they are her."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Style—"Mrs. Cashe has a great deal of *embonpoint*." Mrs. Parvenu—"Then if she has a good deal of it, I know she got it cheap."—Baltimore American.

"Let me see. What are Senator Smugg's initials?" "I have forgotten what they are, but I know that one of them is very likely to be 'Ex' in the near future."—Puck.

Wigg—"A bad memory gets a fellow into lots of trouble." Wagg—"Yes, it's always springing things on you that you thought you had forgotten."—Philadelphia Record.

Art student (engaging rooms)—"What is that?" Landlady—"That is a picture of our church done in wool by my daughter, sir. She's subject to art, too."—Punch.

"Very well, sir," cried Dr. Kwack, after his quarrel with the undertaker, "I'll make you sorry for this." "What are you going to do?" sneered the undertaker. "Retire from practice?"—Philadelphia Press.

"Perhaps," said the clerk, "you'd like to look at goods a little more expensive than these." "Not necessarily," replied the shopper, "but I would like to look at some of better quality."—Philadelphia Press.

The tenderfoot started slightly as he read at the foot of the menu of the Lone Wolf Hotel: "Guests, after picking teeth, must positively return bowie to belt or bootleg. Sticking bowie upright into table beside plate is strictly prohibited."—Boston Traveler.

Mrs. De Fashion—"You don't mean you're beginning to doubt the Bible?" Miss De Fashion (examining her fall gown)—"Well, ma, it's certainly hard to believe that Eve was compelled to wear clothes as a punishment."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"The road to knowledge, nowadays," said the first old schoolmaster, "is too swift and too easy. It's a regular railroad." "Yes," agreed the other old pedagogue, "and it's a railroad with fewer switches than are necessary."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"I suppose you want me to look as pleasant as possible," said the customer. "Certainly, sir," replied the photographer. "And I'll have to ask you for a small deposit in advance." "What's that for?" "That's so I can look pleasant, too."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

McCall—"What sort of hybrid creature is that new butler of yours?" Nuritch—"Why, how do you mean?" McCall—"I called to see you the other day and when I asked him what time I might catch you at home he said: 'At haff pawst tin, sah.'"—Philadelphia Press.

"I'm glad to say," remarked Mrs. Strongminder in an insinuating tone, "that my husband is not a sporty man." Oh, replied Mrs. Kaffyppe, looking very sweet and innocent, "I'm surprised to hear you say that. I have always supposed that he must have married you on a bet."—Chicago Record.

The minister was shocked when the young lady declined an introduction to some of his parishioners. "Why, my dear young lady, did you ever think that perhaps you will have to mingle with these good people when you get to heaven?" "Well," she exclaimed, "that will be soon enough."—Life.

"That was a tender-hearted young lady who stopped and spoke to me after the services today," observed the rector. "She seemed to be filled with sympathy for the farmers, for she asked me to pray for rain." "Who? That Viberber girl?" asks the rector's wife. "If she isn't the hypocrite! Why, I saw her buying fancy silk hosiery at a bargain sale yesterday. And she wants you to pray for rain!"—Detroit Free Press.

The man who likes to follow the hounds was lauding the horse and ridiculing the automobile. "There is no sport in a cumbersome machine," he bantered. "Give me the blooded horse. Why, with a horse I can take the fence every time."

The motorist laughed. "Take the fence, eh? Why, that is nothing. With an automobile you can take the fence, the gate, the tree, the pump, and the barn all in two or three seconds."—Chicago Daily News.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Tale of a Stamp.

I'm a stamp, a postage stamp,
A two-center. Don't want to brag.
But I was never licked except once;
By a gentleman, too; he put me on a
Good thing—it was an envelope—
Perfumed, pink, square, I've been stuck on
That envelope ever since.
He dropped us, the envelope and me,
Through a slot in a dark box,
But we were rescued by a mail clerk,
More's the pity. He hit me an
Awful smash with a hammer;
It left my face black and blue.
Then I went on a long journey for
Two days and when we arrived
We died in the morning.

—Indianapolis Star.

Thrill to Sorrow.

She sits today with downcast eyes
And there is sadness in her breast,
And now and then she deeply sighs,
Though she is fair and richly dressed.

She sits in sorrow, her refined
And still unwrinkled face is grave,
Though Time to her has been most kind—
Her Willie has begun to shave.
—Unidentified Exchange.

The Flat Hunter's Song.

Kathleen Mavourneen! the gray dawn is breaking,
The voice of the bunter is heard on the Hill.
Out in the Bronx and in Harlem it's making
A similar noise to a ten-dollar bill.
Oh, hast thou forgotten that we must endeavor
To locate a flat? Come, Mavourneen, let's start.
We may hunt four years and we may hunt forever.
Oh, when shall we find it, thou voice of my heart?

—New York Evening Mail.

"Tobble De-Postrophe Hote."

I'm fond of the meals that are called "ally cart,"
They suit me in price to a T.
You order whatever's the wish of your heart
Whatever the price mark may be.
But backing the field at a dollar a shot
Is surely a different note;
And always in dining I'm anxious for (not)
The "tobble de-postrophe hote."

You've noted, yourself, as you've gadded about
And rubbed at people the while,
Folks order whatever they can't do without,
When old "ally cart" is the style.
But, give them a hint it's the other way 'round,
They'll stuff like the average goat.
The best appetizer that ever was found
Is the "tobble de-postrophe hote."
—Chicago News.

Hubbubs—"Are you ever bothered with tramps out here?" Subbubs—"No; I have a sign on gate reading: 'We are vegetarians, but our dog isn't.'"—Philadelphia Press.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup for your children while teething.

"Uncle Henry Pinchpenny has given our Robbie a drum," remarked Mrs. Popley. "The ideal!" exclaimed her sister. "How did he ever come to do that?" "Oh, he's taken a sudden dislike to Mr. Popley and me."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Children cutting teeth, and suffering from the various disorders incident thereto, need Steedman's Soothing Powders.

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Lapsling, "Sophrony suffers terribly from neuralgia. The only relief she ever gets is when she has an epidemic inserted in her arm."—Chicago Tribune.

—NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

OUR STANDARDS

Sperry's Best Family
Drifted Snow
Golden Gate Extra

Sperry Flour Company

MAIN OFFICE: 133 SPEAR ST.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.
OF HARTFORD
ESTABLISHED 1850

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000.00
Cash Assets.....5,340,136.94
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,414,921.16

Benjamin J. Smith
Manager Pacific Department:
525 THIRTEENTH ST., OAKLAND
San Francisco Office:
2310 CALIFORNIA STREET

THE LATEST STYLES IN
Choice Woolens

H. S. Bridge & Co.
MERCHANT TAILORS
1176 O'FARRELL STREET

Bonestell, Richardson & Co.

Have Plenty of Every Kind of

PAPER

Phone Temporary 1273
473 to 475 SIXTH STREET,
San Francisco.

For YOUR

BREAKFAST

GERMEA

At All Grocers

THE JOHNSON-LOCKE MERCANTILE CO.

AGENTS

714 Broadway, Oakland

MT. TAMALPAIS RAILWAY

Via Sausalito Ferry—Foot of Market St.

Lv. San Francisco	Sun	Leave Tamalpais	Sun
9:50A	8:25A	10:40A	1:05P
1:45P	11:00A	1:05P	
		2:30P	4:30P
Saturday	1:45P	4:30P	Saturday
	4:35P	5:45P	9:30P

Legal Holidays, Sunday Time.

TICKET OFFICE AT SAUSALITO FERRY.

Steamship Lines

AMERICAN LINE

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON.
St. Louis.....Sept. 29 | St. Paul.....Oct. 1
Philadelphia.....Oct. 6 | New York.....Oct. 13
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool
Westernland.....Sept. 29 | Noordland.....Oct. 6
Merion.....Oct. 6 | Haverford.....Oct. 13

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.
Minnetonka.....Sept. 29 | Minneapolis.....Oct. 6
Mesaba.....Oct. 6 | Minneapolis.....Oct. 13

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.
Sailings Wednesdays as per sailing list.
Rydam.....Oct. 3, 6 a. m. | N. Amsterdam.....Oct. 24, 10 a. m.
Potsdam.....Oct. 10, 10 a. m. | Rotterdam.....Oct. 31, 10 a. m.
Noordam.....Oct. 17, 2 p. m. | Rydam.....Nov. 7, 9 a. m.

RED STAR LINE

NEW YORK—DOVER, ANTWERP—LONDON—PARIS.
Finland.....Sept. 29 | Kroonland.....Oct. 6
Zeeland.....Oct. 6 | Vaderland.....Oct. 13

WHITE STAR LINE

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.
Majestic.....Oct. 3 | Teutonic.....Oct. 10
Celtic.....Oct. 5 | Cedric.....Oct. 10
Oceanic.....Oct. 10 | Baltic.....Oct. 10
Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Cymric.....Oct. 18 | Arabic.....Oct. 24
C. D. TAYLOR, Pass. Agt. Pacific Coast.
Room 405 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

HONOLULU only—S. S. Alameda sails 11 a. m.
22nd. Round-trip, first-class, \$125.
SYDNEY, AUCKLAND, SAMOA, HONOLULU—
S. S. Sierra sails 2 p. m. Oct. 4th.
TAHITI, SOUTH SEAS—S. S. Mariposa sails 1 p. m., Oct. 18th. First-class round trip, \$125.
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., General Agents, P.O. Box 1168, San Francisco. Phone West 1273.
Land office, 1168 Broadway. Phone Oakland 8818.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

ORIENTAL S. S. Co. have opened their general offices at 217-221 Brannan Street, SAN FRANCISCO

S. S. Nippon Maru - - - Oct. 12, 1906
S. S. Hong Kong Maru - - - Nov. 9, 1906
S. S. America Maru - - - Nov. 30, 1906

Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and Brannan streets, 1 p. m., for Yokohama and Hongkong, calling at Honolulu, Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamer for Manila, India, etc. Cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Sts. W. L. AVERY, Assistant General Manager.

Thos. Cook & Son

NOW LOCATED
410 Fourteenth Street, Oakland
And North Nave Ferry Building
San Francisco

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

Stoves and Ranges

ADAPTED FOR BURNING: COAL, WOOD, GAS, GASOLINE AND OIL

REFRIGERATORS

Complete Kitchen Outfits for Hotels, Restaurants, Clubs & Household

COR. POLK & TURK STS.

PHONE EMERGENCY 427

The Argonaut.

Vol. LIX. No. 1543.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 6, 1906.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 1711 San Pablo avenue, Oakland. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Jerome A. Hart, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." To insure consideration, manuscripts submitted for publication must be typewritten. Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear, J. Abernethy, and by the Denison News Company on its boats and trains. Published at San Francisco, California. Temporary Office, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, California.

THIRTIETH YEAR

PRINTED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

JEOME A. HART - - - Editor

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: The Cuban Situation—Earthquake-Clause Litigation—Why Beveridge?—Our Labor Dictators—Independence, Continental and Insular—The Bee Must Choose Compters—The Passing of Palma—For and Against Compters—Judge Hart's Nomination—Gillett's Reply to Compters.....	117-120
THE HEARST DEMOCRATIC VICTORY: Various Lines on the Candidate for Governor of New York.....	120
FROM NEW YORK TO JERICHO: "Fleaneur" Describes the Van-derbilt Cup Race Trials.....	121
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....	121
GRADE AND NUN: From the Italian of B. Miraglia.....	122
OF TWAIN'S LECTURE IN '68.....	123
THE MURDER OF DEAD SISTERS: By Rudyard Kipling.....	123
THE LEO-PERSONAL.....	123
MODERATE WAR SECRETS: Captain Headley Tells of Southern Plans to Capture Northern Cities.....	124
OF DUALITIES.....	125
ANY FAIR.....	126
THE GOSSIP.....	127
EVERY NOTES: New Publications—Personal and Miscellaneous.....	128
OF FETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.....	129
OF RENAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy.....	130-131
THE LEGGED HUMORISTS.....	132
THE JNEFUL LIAR.....	132

The Cuban Situation.

The Platt Amendment, under which the United States Government is justified in intervening in Cuba, reads as follows: "If the Government of Cuba consents that the United States may exercise the right to intervene for the preservation of Cuban independence, the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty, and for discharge of the obligations with respect to Cuba imposed by the Treaty of Paris on the United States, now to be assumed and discharged by the Government of Cuba." As the President is the executive head of this Government, it is obvious that he is the sole judge of when and where his country should intervene. President Roosevelt has shown the utmost discretion in the management of this annoying Cuban problem. He has shown every disposition to bring about a peaceable adjustment of affairs with the Cuban Republic. He has sent to Havana Secretary Taft, whom both he and the American people have confidence, to represent this Government in the absence of Secretary Root. Secretary Taft has shown great patience and diplomacy in endeavoring to smooth out the Cuban troubles.

But he has not been met in a similar spirit by the Cubans. When President Palma and his Cabinet laid their resignations before the Cuban Congress, it was evidently with the ulterior design of embarrassing Secretary Taft. The Cuban Congress was under the thumb of President Palma, and would do whatever he bade. If the Palma government thus stepped down and out, this action would leave Secretary Taft in the embarrassing position of having no one to treat with. President Palma's government having ceased to exist, and the Liberal party out in the long grass not yet having constituted another government the friendly mediator from the great republic would find himself at a loss what to do. The situation would be not dissimilar to that of Bismarck after Sedan. The empire had fallen, the emperor was a prisoner, Paris was in revolt against even its own provisional government, and there was no head for the Germans to treat with. In a small way, the Cuban situation, as presented to Secretary Taft, has been not dissimilar to the French situation as presented to Chancellor Bismarck.

Such conduct on the part of the Palma government would almost inevitably incline a mediator to side with the insurrectionists. But Secretary Taft has had not a little experience with the crafty Latin mind in the Philippines; not only that, but the Latin mind as pitted against the Malay mind, and mixtures of the Latin and Malay as pitted against the Anglo-Saxon. Taft is wise, shrewd, and patient. He will doubtless do what is right.

But what is right? It would, indeed, be a difficult question to answer. If Tomas Estrada Palma and his fellow-revolutionaries had the right to take the field against Spain; if they had the right to remain in insurrection for many years; if they had the right to burn sugarcane fields, to blow up railway bridges, and to take potshots at peaceful citizens, have not General Guzman and General Pino Guerra the right to revolt against the government of Tomas Estrada Palma? It is so short a while since we encouraged the Panama rebels to throw off the yoke of Colombia that it is a little awkward for us to forbid the Cuban rebels to throw off the yoke of Palma. Furthermore, this country of ours is not so old but that we run up against a revolution of our own if we hark back about three generations.

The insurgents in the field have addressed a proclamation to the American people, some lines of which run thus:

We do not ask for sympathy, we ask only an open field, that we may settle with Cubans and for Cubans the issues that we have joined. Under the empty name of a republic the shackles of the overthrown Spanish dominion have again been imposed upon us. It has become necessary to resort to arms. By a vast majority, Cuba is with us. We will suffer again the hardships of campaigns rather than yield the fruits of hard-won liberties. The intervention of the United States we do not wish. This is our own Cuban question and we ourselves must settle it. The rights and the property of Americans will be respected by our forces. We ask the sympathy of those Americans who believe in the liberty of all peoples.

This statement is signed by General Guzman and the other officers of the insurgent army in Santa Clara province.

The insurgents seem to be well armed and well equipped. It is rumored that they are supplied with abundant money, and that the sinews of war are supposed to come from certain American syndicates which are interested in intervention and subsequent annexation. There are in Cuba many large sugar estates belonging to American individuals or corporations, the owners of which ardently desire annexation. Even if the present insurrectionary movement should fail, it is believed it will be again revived by the use of American money. It is always easy to get up a revolution in a Spanish-American country, with money—and often without.

It must not be supposed that we believe the Roosevelt

administration is privy to these sinister dealings. We think that the President and his Cabinet are sincerely desirous of settling the Cuban dispute and leaving Cuba to herself as an independent republic. It is probably the desire of a majority of the Republican party as well. It is true that eight years ago the Argonaut stood alone among the Republican newspapers on the Pacific Coast, and almost alone among the Republican newspapers of the United States, in opposing island annexation. We got not a little abuse at that time for "lack of patriotism," which charge apparently meant lack of desire for Cuban and Philippine Islands. But with the passing of President McKinley the desire for further insular territory seems to have disappeared. It is the general belief of the Republican party that "we have got enough islands." We even observe that some of our esteemed contemporaries—which a few years ago were abusing the Argonaut for "lack of patriotism"—are now felicitating themselves and assuring their puzzled readers that they "opposed the Spanish War."

The Argonaut is, and always has been, so strongly opposed to these pestiferous black-and-tan islands that, rather than see Cuba annexed to the United States, we would prefer to see it sunk in the sea. So keenly are we impressed with the danger of tropical annexation that we believe now, as we believed eight years ago, that this island annexation business will so debase and dilute our system of government that it may eventually cause its ruin. So believing, we earnestly hope that President Roosevelt and his Cabinet may succeed in patching up this Cuban trouble, so that we may withdraw from the island and leave Cuba to govern herself.

But will it be possible? We very much fear that we may not be so fortunate. Even though the present trouble be patched up, it will break out again, and intervention will almost inevitably lead to annexation. There are even those who sincerely believe that Cuba is already ours. For that matter, the Argonaut believes that the Isle of Pines is beyond question ours, because it was not ceded in the treaty to Cuba. As for the rest of the territory conquered by the United States from Spain in 1898, its status is extremely doubtful. There can be no doubt, however, that Cuba was conquered by us from Spain and thus became territory of the United States; that by the Treaty of Paris Spain ceded to us her sovereignty over Cuba; that the territory of the United States, whether acquired by conquest or purchase, can not be ceded except by an act of Congress; that no act of Congress abrogating our sovereignty and ownership of Cuban territory is in existence; that these premises being admitted, Cuba is domestic territory of the United States.

This is by no means an absurd belief. The decisions of the United States Supreme Court concerning our island possessions in the East and West Indies bear out this contention.

Earthquake-Clause Litigation.

On September 28th there came up for the first time in the State courts of California the question whether the "earthquake clause" invalidated claims for fire losses in the recent San Francisco conflagration. This question will doubtless figure in the Federal District Courts, in the United States Supreme Court, and in the German tribunals. But as yet the first joinder of issues is in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco.

The earthquake clause before the court was that in the policies of the Williamsburgh City Fire Insurance Company. The text is said to be copied from the clause used in the Norwich Union. It is not dissimilar to the

clauses in the policies of what are known as the "crooked cockney companies." As there are some half a hundred suits against the Williamsburgh City, it was decided to make an agreed case and to try it before three Superior Judges sitting in bank, Hosmer, Seawell, and Troutt. When the case was called, however, two of the judges were unable to sit, and Judge Hosmer heard the case alone.

Attorney Van Ness, for the Williamsburgh Company, said that the directors of this and other earthquake-clause companies, earnestly desired to pay the claims of the San Francisco policy-holders, if they had the right to use the stockholders' money for that purpose. The attorney added that he had vainly tried to find some legal loophole through which the directors could recognize liability, but, after studying the matter profoundly for some weeks, Attorney Van Ness arrived at the conclusion that the directors of these various earthquake-clause companies could not pay these fire losses without becoming liable to the stockholders. Therefore, both the attorney and the directors regretfully concluded to contest those claims.

Attorney Redman, for the policy-holders, remarked that the Williamsburgh and other earthquake-clause companies are compromising for 50 per cent up, and stated that he did not believe Mr. Van Ness's benevolent directors would pay out fifty cents on the dollar when they did not owe it. Mr. Redman added that when President Driggs, of the Williamsburgh City Company, received telegrams from Governor Pardee and Mayor Schmitz asking what his company intended to do, he replied that his "heart beat strongly for San Francisco, but that he was running an insurance business and not a charitable organization, and that his company would not pay." It may be interjected here that before this affair is over we think President Driggs will be asking for charity at the hands of the outraged San Franciscans, instead of offering to extend it. We may add that this is not an *obiter dictum* of the court or a remark of counsel, but merely an Argonaut think.

The earthquake clause of the Williamsburgh City Company reads as follows:

"This company shall not be liable for loss caused directly or indirectly by invasion, insurrection, riot, civil war or commotion, or military or usurped power, or by order of any civil authority; or for loss or damage occasioned by or through any volcano, earthquake, or hurricane, or other eruption, convulsion, or disturbance."

To our thinking the meaning of this sentence is clear. It is divided into two propositions, major and minor, which are separated by a semicolon. The first proposition tells for what losses [fire understood] the company shall be liable, "directly or indirectly"; the second proposition tells for what other losses or damage, occasioned by certain specific causes, the company shall be liable. As the phrase, "directly or indirectly," is omitted from the second proposition, it is quite evident that it does not apply to that particular series of losses, in which is included "earthquake." Likewise, to our thinking, if "earthquake" is to be included in that particular series of losses for which the company is not liable "directly or indirectly," it would have been specifically included in the first proposition. As earthquakes without volcanoes are only "indirectly" a source of fires, the phrase "loss or damage" in the second proposition must mean pure earthquake damage.

What light do the dictionaries shed? The Century says of the semicolon: "It is used to mark a division of a sentence somewhat more independent than that marked by a comma." The Standard says: "It is a mark used in English to denote a separation in the relations of the thought, a degree greater than that expressed by the comma." This would seem to be explicit. The various phrases in the first half of the sentence, under the restriction "directly or indirectly," are pointed off by commas. So with the phrases in the second part of the sentence concerning "loss or damage occasioned by or through"—these various causes are pointed off by commas. But the second grand division of the sentence is separated from the first by a semicolon.

Let us take another definition of the use of the semicolon—that given in a foreign dictionary, the great encyclopedic French dictionary of Larousse. He says: "The point et virgule, the semicolon, is composed of a

period and a comma, and is placed at the end of a proposition which is intrinsically complete in itself, but which has a logical connection with the clause which follows." Here again this definition seems to us to cover the case exactly. The first clause is "complete in itself," as Larousse says—that is, the one which refers to "loss caused directly or indirectly by" various causes. In short, as it is "complete in itself," to use the dictionary phrase, the secondary clause could be eliminated without affecting the first in the slightest degree, and with it would go the earthquake clause.

It is probable that before these lines are printed Judge Hosmer will have handed down his decision, and thus the Argonaut will not be expressing opinions on matters before the court. But we will say here, in a general way, as we have said before, that we have yet to see a single one of these earthquake clauses which seems to us to prove the contention of the defaulting companies—to wit, that they are not responsible for fire losses caused directly or indirectly by earthquake. All of these clauses seem to us to mean that the companies are not responsible for fire damage caused in certain ways, and that they are not responsible for earthquake damage at all. In short, it is indisputable that in the minds of the men who drew up these clauses the intent was to hold the company as non-labile for fire damage when caused by riot, insurrection, etc., and to hold the company as non-labile for earthquake damage under all circumstances. But that the intent in any of these clauses is to hold the company non-labile for fire damage when caused by earthquake damage, seems to us preposterous.

These earthquake clauses are nearly all based on the experience of insurance companies in tropical countries. In those countries fire following earthquake is rare. The houses are so built as to be largely non-combustible, and in many of them there are no fires for heating and only a petty brazier fire for cooking. Therefore, the losses of the insurance companies in such countries from fires due to earthquakes are practically nil. So in California. There have been earthquakes here from a time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, and yet never before 1906 was there a great fire resulting from an earthquake. Hence these companies have had no reason to insert clauses in their policies holding them non-labile for fire damage due to earthquake damage. Therefore they have never drawn up or incorporated any such clause in their policies. Doubtless they will in the future, but they have not got them there now. Yet they are now trying to evade their just liabilities from the San Francisco conflagration by reading into these earthquake clauses a meaning which never was dreamed of by the men who wrote them, by the men who have been using them, or by the unfortunate policy-holders who accepted them.

Our Labor Council Dictators.

"Government by injunction," which the labor leaders affect so much to fear, is evidently going to be replaced by "government by labor leaders." On September 28th the San Francisco Labor Council met and discussed the question of endorsing the Democratic candidate, Mr. Bell, for Governor. A heated debate ensued, from which it appeared that a number of members of the council were for Langdon, the Independent League nominee, and others for Austin Lewis, the Socialist nominee. Finally a resolution was adopted endorsing Bell, by 47 to 35. A motion to make Bell's endorsement unanimous was lost through the opposition of the Independent Leaguers and the Socialists. The above vote is significant—it shows that nearly half of the Labor Council itself is opposed to Bell.

The action of the council to which we referred as presaging a change of government in these United States was as follows: A resolution was passed ordering the executive committee to telegraph to Samuel Gompers to prevail on Wm. R. Hearst to order the withdrawal of Wm. H. Langdon, the Independence League candidate for Governor; second, ordering the executive committee of the Labor Council to call upon the California Democratic Campaign Committee and direct them to wire the State Democratic Committee of New York to tell Hearst

to order Langdon to withdraw; third, ordering the executive committee to wire Hearst to direct Langdon to withdraw.

This series of resolutions is calculated almost to take one's breath away. The succession of lightning charges demanded by the Labor Council is phantasmagoric. It reminds us of the old scene in the magician's Mystere Grotto, or Grotto of Mystery, performed by Hassan and Abdallah, the three Arabian brothers, where Hassan takes a lighted candle and jumps down Ali's throat; Abdallah takes a lighted candle and jumps down Ali's throat; and Abdallah takes a lighted candle and jumps down his own throat. So the Labor Council has ordered the executive committee to order Gompers to order Hearst to order Langdon to withdraw. But suppose Gompers should forget it, suppose Hearst should not remember it, and suppose that even if they both did not forget it, Langdon should refuse? What then? As for Gompers, he will probably pass it up to Hearst. Hearst, however, is rich enough and adroit enough either to take himself or to dodge the issue. Furthermore, it is important to Hearst to keep up his Independence League organization in this State in order to help out his dental campaign, than it is to defeat Gillett. Therefore, it may be doubted whether Hearst will hark to the orders of the Labor Council. As for the Democratic Committee of New York, they are very far off. It is three thousand miles from San Francisco to New York, but it is a great deal farther from New York to San Francisco. The din and clamor of the campaigns out here when they reach New York are very much like the buzzing of insects on a summer noon. The State Democratic Committee of New York may not show much enthusiasm in endeavoring to elect Hearst as Governor of that State, but they certainly will not interfere in the politics of this one.

So in this direction our San Francisco Labor Council will accomplish nothing. But what a ludicrous exhibition of fantastic vanity in these labor leaders! Are they so full of self-conceit and steam beer that they cannot take themselves seriously? Do they think that these dates and these organizations whom they presume to order around will heed them? Why, they talk as if they were a Stuart Star Chamber, a Vehmgericht, a Venetian Council of Ten. When the three tailors of Tooley street met and indicted their celebrated nation beginning, "We, the people of England," they could scarcely have played a more fantastic trick than the San Francisco Labor Council is now playing orders to the imperial State of New York.

Independence, Continental and Insular.

Some eight years ago, immediately after Admiral Dewey had fired at Manila the shots that were heard round the world, this journal remarked that there would be in our American civilization a new element—the Colonial Governors and their suites. We saw the picture of the United States and its dependencies: Governor General of the Philippines, the Governor General of Porto Rico, and the Temporary Governor General of Cuba. Since then a new one has been created, a Governor General of the Canal Zone, and as we write today Secretary Taft is reported to have declared himself Military Governor General of Cuba. At that time, the Argonaut remarked that this picture of insular oligarchies could not fail to have a effect on the national character. We were laughed at for the prediction. Few or none would now say so. The latest and most striking instance of the truth was shown at the inauguration of James F. Smith as Governor General of the Philippines on September 20th. Mr. Smith is a Californian and was a lawyer in practice in San Francisco and a member of the National Militia. Doubtless he often attended the celebration of our national holiday in his military capacity, and the Declaration of Independence read. Probably while practicing in the California courts, he often made allusions made to the Constitution of the United States. Eight years ago Mr. Smith would have received ridicule or else with indignation the statement that he would publicly express doubt as to the desirability of national independence. Yet in his inaugural address

Manila he thus spoke to the Filipinos: "I personally doubt that independence is the panacea for all the ills that people are heir to. Independence, without force or means to maintain it, is not worth having. Independence without good government is deceiving." The corollary of this is that good government may be possible without independence. Further, that it is better for the Filipinos to have good government and be dependent than to have a poor government and be independent. Suppose that a better government than our own existed, would General Smith carry his theory so far as to say that good government in the United States in subjection to such a power would be better than poor government in the United States with independence?

The Bee Must Choose Gompers.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Sacramento Bee, seems to be dissatisfied with the Argonaut because we speak well of Gillett. If that be the case, we fear that it will grow more displeased with us as the campaign progresses. For we hope to say still more in his favor. The only thing that restrains us is the space involved, for we have so many readers outside of California that the object to our complete absorption in a State campaign.

The Bee thus expresses its displeasure with the course followed by this journal:

The Argonaut, which is filling its columns with Gillett editorials, says:

When it comes to choosing Americans, the Argonaut will choose Theodore Roosevelt and the Bee can choose Samuel Gompers."

The Bee has not chosen Samuel Gompers, nor has the Argonaut chosen Theodore Roosevelt.

Theodore Roosevelt were to take sides in this State contest at all, it is very likely he would be against the bound thrall of railroad and political bossism. His influence in other States has been exercised against candidates in a similar situation to that occupied in California by James N. Gillett.

The Argonaut can not truthfully say it has chosen Theodore Roosevelt, for it has picked out William F. Herrin.

The Bee did not quote what we consider the best sentence of the Argonaut paragraph. That sentence

"Those of us who are Republicans and free American citizens, and who will not take orders from a paralyzed foreign labor leader, will vote for Gillett."

This remark in the Argonaut was drawn forth by the action of the Union Labor leaders in beginning a boycott against James N. Gillett because he had refused when in Congress to obey the orders of Samuel Gompers.

The Bee further remarked: "We believe Gompers stands for those principles to which all Americans subscribe, be they labor union men or not." The Argonaut replied: "Gompers is standing for the principle of the boycott. He menaces with his labor-union

boycott those American Congressmen who do not vote the way he wants them to." We then went on to

detail the interview last winter when Gompers and his associates went to the White House and insolently threatened President Roosevelt with the revenge of the labor

unions if he did not carry out their orders. The President replied that all men in this country are equal before the law, and that he would execute the laws for all men,

whether labor union men or non-union men, exactly alike. Gompers wants to make men unequal before the law.

He wants to make one kind of law for the labor unions, another kind for the farmers and merchants. His anti-injunction bill—which he tried to bulldoze Gillett and other Congressmen into supporting—provides that

injunctions will run the same as of old in all litigation where labor disputes are concerned—there injunction shall not run. That is the kind of Republican

government which Gompers and his gang stand for—the kind of law for the labor unions, another kind for the manufacturer, merchant, and farmer. When the

President in good set English told Gompers and his gang that he would stand for no such crooked execution of the laws, he doubly endeared himself to all patriotic Americans. That is why we say the Argonaut

chose Theodore Roosevelt. And when the Bee upholds the attempt of Gompers and his gang to boycott

James N. Gillett, that is why we say the Bee chose Gompers.

The Bee further remarks that the Argonaut "can not truthfully say it has chosen Theodore Roosevelt, for it has picked out William F. Herrin." William F. Her-

rin is not a candidate for anything that we know of. He is reported to be a Democrat, and if he were a candidate for office we presume that he would be on the Democratic ticket. In that event the Argonaut would oppose him. For other things being equal, we support Republican candidates.

We have not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Gillett, Mr. Langdon, or Mr. Bell. Doubtless all three are very worthy gentlemen. We know nothing against any of them. But we have worked in the ranks of the Republican party for many years, and we know the Republican party. We do not know Mr. Gillett, but we know the party he trains with. Therefore we shall work for his election. We also know the Democratic party, and although we do not know Mr. Bell, that is sufficient reason to oppose him.

Returning to the President, the Bee says: "If Roosevelt were to take sides in this State contest at all, it is very likely he would be against (Gillett) the bound thrall of railroad and political bossism."

We do not believe that Gillett is the thrall of any boss, railroad or political. During the long legislative contest over the election of United States Senator, some eight years ago, Gillett was in the Legislature. Rumor said at the time that Colonel Burns was the candidate of "the railroad" and "the machine." Yet through that long fight Gillett voted steadily for Bulla, who was not the candidate of "the railroad," and was not the candidate of "the machine." Bulla represented only himself and his personal following. This does not seem to us like the action of a "railroad thrall." What does the Bee think?

While we are not acquainted with Mr. Gillett, we have long been acquainted with George Knight, his political sponsor, who had more to do with Gillett's nomination than any man in the State. Now it is a notorious fact that from the first day when George Knight "came down from the tall timber" and began practicing law in San Francisco, he was a vigorous assailant of "the railroad." In fact, there were those among his political friends who ascribed his numerous political defeats to the revenge of railroad politicians for his assaults. It is only a couple of years since George Knight was defeated in an attempt to win the United States Senatorship, and the political quidnuncs ascribed it to "the railroad." If these facts be true—and can the Bee deny them?—why should "the railroad" try to nominate a man who steadily fought against its candidate for the Senate eight years ago? Why should it nominate a man who was "discovered" and groomed for the Governorship by George Knight, who had been an anti-railroad politician for many years?

To take another clause in the Bee's paragraph; it says that if President Roosevelt were to take sides in this State contest, he would "very likely" be against Gillett, as the President's influence in other States has been exerted against candidates in a similar situation.

The Bee, of course, is assuming this purely for purposes of argument, as it is not likely that President Roosevelt will take sides in the contest in California. But let us also assume, for the sake of argument, that the President will take sides in this contest. He did in Maine, when Gompers insultingly declared a boycott on Charles E. Littlefield, Representative in Congress, who had refused to obey the Gompers orders. The President at once requested Secretary Taft, of his Cabinet, Joseph Cannon, Speaker of the House, and several members of the House and Senate noted for their oratory, to repair to the disputed district and join issue with the Gompers forces. In this State, too, we find that Gompers has declared a labor union boycott on Gillett. We would be quite willing to accept the test proposed by the Bee. Suppose its hypothesis were to become fact. Suppose the President were to take sides in this State contest. Would he cast his influence in favor of James N. Gillett, the nominee of the Republican party? Or Theodore Bell, the nominee of the Democratic party? Or William H. Langdon, the nominee of Mr. Hearst's Independence League?

We pause for a reply.

Now if the Bee were to leave this matter of "taking sides in the California contest" to Gompers instead of to the President, we think its guess would be all right.

But if the Bee were to leave it to the President, we think it would have to guess again.

Again the Argonaut chooses Theodore Roosevelt. And again the Bee can choose Samuel Gompers.

Why Is Beveridge?

Recently the New York World has been running a series of prize questions, the first of which was: "How can you tell a man from Chicago?" Some acute person won ten dollars by the following answer: "You can't tell him anything." Another one of the prize questions was "Where is Jersey City?" and another "When was Philadelphia?" Considering the recent remarkable utterances of Senator Beveridge of Indiana on the Cuban entanglement, it has occurred to us that this series of prize questions might be extended to great men as well as great cities. Lecturing at Minneapolis on September 29th, Senator Beveridge said: "The American blood now to be given to bring civilization back to Cuba is the price the American people must pay for the folly of timid theorists and the baseness of scheming politicians who have cloaked their baseness in the robes of a pretended sanctity. This time the American occupation of Cuba will be permanent." Whom can Senator Beveridge mean? Who were the "timid theorists" and "scheming politicians" who with "pretended sanctity" refused five or six years ago to occupy Cuba permanently? Can it be possible that Senator Beveridge means President McKinley? Considering the mysterious thoughts underlying these Delphic utterances of the Senator from Indiana, we suggest that the New York World offer a prize of \$100 for the best reply to the question, "Why is Beveridge?"

The Passing of Palma.

The popular estimate of Thomas Estrada Palma in these intervention times differs greatly from the estimate entertained of that gentleman in former intervention times. Then Mr. Palma was a persecuted patriot, sheltered under our starry banner on American soil, and thence safely bidding defiance to the hated red and yellow rag of Spain. Now Mr. Palma is merely a person who has been occupying the Cuban presidential chair, picked out, propped up, and padded for him by Uncle Sam, and who has not made good. Therefore, there is a certain impatience with Palma. Our populace and our yellow press are inclined to cry, "Away with him!" as did a certain other rabble two thousand years ago. Mr. Palma has endeavored to salve over the matter by stepping down and out. It was the only thing for him to do. But how different his feelings as he contrasts his situation with that of eight years ago, when all the yellow press were tooting their penny trumpets in praise of Palma. How bitterly must Mr. Palma say to himself: "In sooth, republics are ungrateful." And what does the ungrateful republic say? Little, save this:

"Back to the palm woods, Palma!"

"Twenty-three, Thomas!"

"Estrada, skidoo!"

For and Against Gompers.

In the State of Washington the Republicans have thrown down the gauntlet to Gompers by renominating Congressman Jones, although he is on the roll of representatives black-listed and boycotted by Gompers. We congratulate the Republicans of Washington—were they timid and time-serving they would seek for another nominee. This is what the Democrats have done in Connecticut, where Congressman Lilley was also on the Gompers black-list. So the Democrats put up a labor unionist, one Donohue. Thus we see that the Republicans are going to meet the Gompers boycott issue squarely. In Washington they defiantly renominated a boycotted Congressman. In California they have nominated for Governor James N. Gillett, another man who is on the Gompers black-list. The Democrats, on the other hand, will try to curry favor with the labor union men by endorsing their nominees.

Judge Hart's Nomination.

There has been on the part of certain newspapers—notably the San Francisco Examiner, supported by some of its interior imitators—an attempt to discredit the

Santa Cruz Convention and its work by connecting with it extravagant stories of the coercion of certain counties through judicial and other candidates. For example, there has been published widely a cock-and-bull story to the effect that there was an attempt to coerce Judge Hart of Sacramento into an effort to swing the county delegation away from Pardee and to Gillett. In support of this story it has been declared that Judge Hart went before the Sacramentans and harangued them in heroic terms to stand by Pardee in deference to public honor and private respect. He is alleged to have upheld, with tears in his eyes, all the finer sentiments of manly integrity in a frantic and successful effort to hold the Sacramentans to their allegiance. Now it is not a pleasant task to puncture a beautiful fiction like this, but the plain truth is that while Judge Hart did in private conversation stand firmly for Pardee and in opposition to any suggestion that the Sacramento delegates should abandon him, there was no such meeting at Santa Cruz of the Sacramento delegation. Judge Hart made no speech, and none was needed. It is absolutely the truth that there was never a moment of wavering on the part of the Sacramento delegation, which was solid for Pardee and had no intention of abandoning him so long as he had a reasonable chance of success. Judge Hart's nomination to the Appellate Bench was from the beginning a matter of course; it was protested by no one, and in the event went to him by acclamation. So much for a piece of romantic fiction.

Gillett's Reply to Gompers.

The San Francisco Star reprints this paragraph from the Argonaut on the Gompers opposition to James N. Gillett: "Those who are not free American citizens, but serfs, slaves, helots, and cowards, will take orders from Gompers. Such men can vote against Gillett. Let us see which are the more numerous in California. If the free American citizens are in the majority, Gillett will be elected." The Star thus comments: "Samuel Gompers has said that Gillett either trimmed, or shirked, or was an open enemy when questions affecting the interest of labor were being considered or voted upon." Gillett did not trim or shirk. He met all questions squarely. He always does. His reply to Gompers was one of the few Congressmen's letters which did not squirm or wriggle. We are sorry to say that not a few of our Republican Congressmen stood so much in awe of this foreign labor leader that they tried to carry water on both shoulders. We hope that those who played so cowardly a role will get their just deserts, and we think they will.

Germans are now doing much of the business in Brazil that was formerly carried on by British manufacturers. This is due, primarily, to the fact that the German salesman is particularly well equipped in business training, languages, and adaptability, to secure the confidence of the Brazilians, and secondly, to the fact that German houses will modify their goods to meet the special Brazilian requirements. At the same time, German goods are not well thought of in Brazil and where the proper effort is made American goods will always sell in preference to German goods even at a considerably higher price. For example, nine-tenths of all the electrical machinery in Brazil is American.

An electric lamp inclosed in a pretty little cage formed of fine metallic chains almost touching each other, and held rigid by metallic rings above and below, is the very latest thing in lethal chambers. Its destined victim is the mosquito, explains the London News. By this invention—recently shown to the savants of the Paris Academy by Mr. Chaulin—the insect is pleasantly attracted to its doom. An unseen alternating electric current passing through the chains does its business as it endeavors to investigate the attractive luminous object inside.

The largest and costliest building thus far undertaken in New York, the city of immense structures, is the magnificent \$10,000,000 Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine, now being erected on Morningside Heights. This will be the greatest sacred edifice in America, and the fourth in importance in the world.

A tobacconist of High Wycombe, England, has been fined every week for nearly five years for opening his shop on Sundays. The fines began at fifteen shillings, but are now seven-and-sixpence.

THE HEARST DEMOCRATIC VICTORY.

Various Lines on the Candidate for Governor of New York.

In spite of the unanimous opposition of the New York press, and his former antagonism of Tammany Hall, William Randolph Hearst was nominated by the State Democratic convention in Buffalo for Governor of New York. Charles F. Murphy, whom Hearst had assailed in print many times during the past year, threw the whole strength of Tammany into the Hearst column, and made his nomination certain on the first ballot with many votes to spare.

One of the striking incidents of the convention was a speech by Bourke Cockran, who has not been a favorite with Mr. Hearst. When Mr. Cockran returned from a recent trip to the Philippines he delivered in San Francisco, by invitation, an address at a Roman Catholic Church charitable entertainment, in his happiest vein, and Mr. Hearst's Examiner reported the event with some show of completeness except that it said of the orator merely, Mr. Cockran also spoke. At Buffalo Mr. Cockran said that he nominated Hearst not because he approved the man or his doings, but because, in his view, the choice lay "between riot and rottenness." This is pronounced by the papers a peculiar apology and excuse.

The New York World said of Mr. Hearst's candidacy, two days before his nomination:

The Democratic party can not accept Mr. Hearst on local issues without stultifying itself. It can not nominate him for Governor without taking all his semi-socialistic platforms and speeches and principles; for if the Democrats were to nominate and elect him Governor of New York he would almost inevitably be the Democratic candidate for President in 1908. If they were to nominate him and he were defeated, but polled the second largest vote, they would leave him in full possession of all the party machinery in the State to use for his own political advancement.

In the same editorial, which was more than a column long—an unusual length for World editorials—the paper gave Mr. Hearst this commendation, in connection with his organization and leadership of the Independence League, which had already nominated him for Governor:

Mr. Hearst is well within his rights. He is under no compulsion to remain a Democrat, and the World confesses to no small measure of admiration for the ability, the audacity and energy he has displayed in organizing his new party. His following is a remarkable demonstration of power which even a more pretentious political leader might well envy. Moreover, Mr. Hearst need not apologize for his political independence. Teaching men not to be slaves of a party organization or a party label requires no apology.

The New York Herald affects to believe that Tammany's choice and support will turn many Democrats from their party:

From every county in the State this morning come tidings of Democratic revolt against the shameful bargain at Buffalo and resentment against its beneficiary. With the Democratic emblems disposed of in such an infamous manner and with such an anti-Democratic platform as that adopted at Buffalo, it becomes the plain duty of every honest Democrat to enter his protest in the most emphatic manner possible, and this is by casting his vote for Hughes.

With a few words the New York Tribune dismisses the result of the Buffalo convention. Two sentences from its editorial reflect its feeling:

Mr. Hearst's candidacy represents a dangerous force in politics. It marshals the forces of unrest, of class prejudice, of dissatisfaction.

The New York Sun, once a Democratic paper and edited by Charles Dana, now Republican in sympathy, had this bitter comment:

The Democracy has cut its cables and gone adrift. Its course is out to sea. In September, five years ago, the President of the United States was assassinated at Buffalo. At Buffalo William R. Hearst was nominated by the Democracy as its candidate for the Governorship of the State of New York. Let us accept the inevitable with grace and resignation and let us hope that the party of assassination and the torch has done to mankind the only service of which it was capable, and has extinguished itself forever.

The ante-convention campaign of Mr. Hearst attracted attention in all parts of the country, and many Democratic papers were outspoken in opposition to his ambition. This, from the Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch, is a representative paragraph:

The Democrats now have a splendid opportunity to be rid of Hearst forever, and for the sake of such a riddance they could well afford to lose the State in the next election. Let Mr. Hearst go his own way with his socialistic policies and endeavors. Let him run as the candidate of the socialist party for President in 1908 if he so desires. It would be the best thing that could happen to the Democratic party, provided the party will adhere strictly to its time-honored principles. To compromise with

Hearst would be disgraceful and disastrous. The New York Democracy has a glorious opportunity to be rid of a nuisance. What will it do with it?

The North American Review had two articles Mr. Hearst, one by Arthur Brisbane (who is editor Hearst's New York Journal) and highly eulogistic tone, the other unsigned but severely critical. From Mr. Brisbane's eulogy is quoted the characteristic passage:

Every day Hearst is able to talk with 2,000,000 American families scattered everywhere in this country. His newspapers are published in Boston, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles. And they will soon be published in many cities. With this enormous circulation Hearst is able every day to spread the truth and reply to falsehood. The constant efforts that are made to misrepresent him fail, for his voice reaches further than the voice of any other man in the country. There has never before been assembled in this world an audience as that which Hearst commands, and therefore it is safe to say that there has never been a man possessing his peculiar influence and power for good.

This is from the answer of the critic in the Review:

He rails at trusts and tries to build one; he denounces political corruption while squandering money for delegates; he objects to bossism, yet aspires to autocracy; he beseeches favors from great political party, and then betrays it; he shamelessly flatters the very men whom he has denounced as political and social criminals; he abruptly ceases to attack one whom he branded a scoundrel in the hope of winning that one's evil influence to gratify his own ambition; he professes with his lips individualism and Americanism, while in his newspapers preaches confusion and communism.

The Hearst papers do not have room to quote that is said of their owner, but few of the laudatory articles are missed. Following is a selection which will give under a "four-time" head. It is credited to "Northcliffe's 'Mirror,' the second largest weekly circulation in England," and is certainly English:

What is it distinguishes Hearst from all other politicians of this age and every other age that has gone before? It is that Hearst does not believe any man, woman or child ought to be allowed to go hungry for no fault of their own. When he got to New York from the West he was made miserable by the sight of hungry and ragged people. He sent out and fed as many as he could. Then he saw this was like going for a hippopotamus with a blunt pin. So he went to the root of the matter. He saw that the causes of hunger and misery lay in the people being victimized by the vampire trusts. Hearst's work, therefore, and attacked the trusts. He became a newspaper proprietor on a vast scale. All his newspapers dealt daily the alteration of the social scheme so that no single man, woman or child need go hungry for no fault of their own. It is something new in politics. Isn't it a dream? You call it a wild dream. Even so, it is a noble dream.

Mr. Hearst's campaign will be full of high-colored effects. His papers devote considerable advertising space to announcements of his speeches, and address to the foreign population appear in the language of the people he wishes to reach.

The sudden rise to wealth of a railroad employe is described in a press dispatch from Escanaba, Mich. From a fireman on a railroad, receiving a salary of \$30 a month, to the owner of a patent on a steam turbine engine, for which he received \$975,000 from a transatlantic steamship company, is the record of James F. Devlin, employed by the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad and formerly running out of Escanaba. A \$975,000 has been turned over to Mr. Devlin by the firm of Lawson, Walch & Lawson, of New York, who purchased the patent for the North German Lloyd Steamship Company. An agreement was also signed by Mr. Devlin by which he will receive \$100 a day for fifty days to superintend the construction of the engine.

At the Government Printing Office the new efficiency system arranged by Public Printer Stillings has just into effect. This system is intended to provide a precise estimate as to what any certain piece of work will cost. Heretofore the basis of estimates has been largely theoretical. The employees were alarmed they learned that the dreaded efficiency system had just into effect, fearing that it meant more work. Mr. Stillings allayed their fears. The new system simply serves a record of what work each employee is able to do.

South Carolina's efforts to promote immigration from Europe have already borne substantial fruit in the form of the North German Lloyd company to operate an emigrant vessel directly from European ports to Charleston.

The students at the several colleges in Rome wear ecclesiastical garb, but each is different in cut and color. The Germans are the most conspicuous in long, gleaming-breasted, close-buttoned coats of brilliant scarlet.

FROM NEW YORK TO JERICHO.

Manhattan Automobile Enthusiasts at the Vanderbilt Cup Race Trials.

Six o'clock in the morning, on the Jericho turnpike, half a mile north of Westbury, Long Island. It sounds like an appointment of the old days, of pistols for two, coffee for one, or an assignment for members of a high-society's trust, but it is merely the time and place of the preliminary trial or elimination race in preparing for the international Vanderbilt cup event. The great race itself set for Saturday, October 6, but it is doubtful that it will present more picturesque features or afford more thrilling experiences than the try-out today. It was at least a great deal more than a promise of novelty, of pre-devil risk, and of exhausting variety in automobile routs.

W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., instituted the contest and contributed the trophy which was first competed for a year ago. The course is named for him, and it is nearly thirty miles long, over stretches of hard roads, through country lanes and village streets, past rich men's villas and gardens and modest farm houses surrounded by smiling, well-tilled fields, with many curves and sudden turns, and with a grand-stand at the start and finish for the leaders of society and automobilists of luxurious incomes. To reach it from Manhattan, one takes the East Thirty-ninth street ferry and then the Long Island railroad to Mineola, Jericho, Westbury, or some other of the stations near the course. That is, if one is not the possessor of a motor-car, or able to hire one, or, better yet, the guest of an automobilist.

The sunrise hour set for the race, however, meant something more than a morning start. Few waited for dawn. The procession began in the early hours of the evening before. The ferry service was increased to ten-minute intervals, and every boat carried not only automobiles and their occupants, but hundreds of other would-be spectators of the race. After the theatres had released their crowds of play-goers, the rush increased. Many had sent their motor-cars across the ferry or over the Williamsburg bridge, and now hastened to the places where they waited. The roads and lanes of Long Island throbbed with the pulsations of bonnet engines, and the air was heavy with the fumes of gasoline. Red lights innumerable rushed away in the darkness ahead, eyes of dazzling brilliancy came swiftly on behind.

Every room in the Garden City hotel and other smaller inns in the Long Island towns had been engaged long before the day, and hundreds besieged the stopping-places asking vainly for any kind of accommodations. Halls and porches were soon filled to overflowing, and at the flood rose and spread over the outlying neighborhoods. Camping out became a necessity and was speedily adopted with every show of enjoyment. Some rested uneasily under robes and shawls in the seats of the automobiles; others gathered about camp-fires and sang; and talked and played cards. Well-filled hamper, meant to furnish breakfast cheer, were cleaned to the last crumb before daybreak, and then food and drink were hard to find and even more difficult to buy.

The rural population and the usual hangers-on of all public gatherings were largely in evidence. Refreshment booths, side-show tents, gambling devices, lighted by flaring torches, were numerous and surrounded by moving throngs that wore the night away more or less merrily and humoredly, and uncomplainingly endured the slight trouble that threatened to become a downpour. It is estimated that a hundred thousand people gathered along the course during the night and short hour of daylight before the race began.

Two hundred flagmen were stationed along the devious race track, eight tire-repair stations were fitted up at advantageous points, and seventeen telephone booths with reporters in charge were scattered along the thirty miles of road to give instant intelligence of the time and order of passing. Promptly at six o'clock the first of the racing cars dashed forward from the starting line and at intervals of one minute the other eleven followed, the starter counting for each one and giving the word sharply. Mr. Vanderbilt was early on the ground at the starting-point, and in charge of all arrangements. The greatest interest from the beginning attached to the appearance and mooted ability of Joe Tracy, the American champion driver; Herbert Le Blon, a Belgian with a famous record; Mongini, an Italian, who pluckily drove his car with an injured and bandaged hand; and Harding, an English driver, who had deserted the practice law to take up automobile racing.

The first round was made by the leading car in a little more than 32 minutes, but that time was reduced later on. The megaphone reports from the several contestants came in rapidly but in a confusing way, and only in changing order of the contestants as seen from any standpoint could a clear idea of the progress of the race be gained. Soon the number of cars was lessened.

One broke down and was towed to the garage, its driver in tears. Mongini lost control of his machine and it struck a telegraph pole and was wrecked, throwing out the driver and his assistant but not seriously injuring either. Tire troubles were frequent, and even the winner lost five minutes in refitting on the first round. Just one-half of the starters continued to the end.

The final result was the victory of Tracy, the American, in his American 90-horsepower Locomobile, making the ten laps, 297.1 miles, in 5 hours, 27 minutes, 45 seconds, an average of 54.36 miles an hour. He also made the fastest lap, 29.7 miles in 29 minutes 29 seconds, better than a mile-a-minute gait. Le Blon, in a 115-horsepower Thomas car, was second, 24 minutes behind Tracy. Harding won third place in a 50-horsepower Haynes; Lytle was fourth in a 120-horsepower Pope-Toledo, and Christie fifth in a 50-horsepower Christie. These are the five now qualified to race in the great event a fortnight hence.

Of the prominent people of society who were present one could easily make a list that would fill the space of this letter many times. Harry Payne Whitney was one whose appearance on the course was greeted with cheers and shouts of welcome. He sat in the Vanderbilt box directly behind the starting line, beside Mrs. E. R. Thomas and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt. John Farson, Jr., president of the A. A. A., Sidney B. Gorham, Elliott F. Shepard, and James F. Breeze, all enthusiastic automobilists, were interested spectators throughout the long, heavy-eyed forenoon. The contest was a greater event in nearly every particular than the race last year, although the time was not quite so fast on account of the condition of the course.

There is a touch of romance in the race, too, above its automobile interest. Tracy, the winner, was encouraged by the presence in the grand-stand of Miss Milicent Taylor, of Wichita, Kan., who had promised to name their wedding day if he won. It is not certain, however, that the happy event will take place before the race for the cup.

New York, September 22, 1906.

More than nine years have elapsed since Andree set out for his ill-fated expedition to the North Pole. The Geographical Society of Stockholm has decided to erect a memorial to him and his companions, Drs. Stindberg and Herr Fraenkel, which is to take the form of a bas-relief, erected in some conspicuous spot in the city of Stockholm. The work has been intrusted to the Swedish sculptor, Eric Lindberg, who has completed a design showing the balloon hovering over the Arctic ice regions. In one section of the design Sweden is represented by an allegorical figure watching with anxiety the balloon moving away towards the pole. The names of the occupants are carved underneath the sculpture, with the date, July 11, 1897.

Muzahan-ed-din, Shah of Persia, has made the startling announcement that he proposes to have a parliament in his country. It is not customary for rulers of despotic states to summon a parliament until after strong representations have been made to them by their subjects, backed up ordinarily by a show of force, but these preliminary conditions are not known to have existed in the Shah's case. Persia's population is from nine to nine and one-half millions. The country is divided into 33 provinces, which are administered by governors-general. The form of government has been similar to that of Turkey, all laws being based on the Koran, the Shah being regarded as vice-general of the prophet.

When the whole of the twenty-one new lines now proposed are complete, Londoners will be able to make journeys of from twenty to forty miles entirely by light railway and tramcar, traversing the metropolis from north to south and from east to west, without using either train, omnibus, or cab for assistance. The London Express makes this claim with satisfaction, and adds the statement that the total length of line that will ultimately become available to the Londoner with a desire for travel will be at least 400 miles.

The first of the tube tunnels of the Pennsylvania Railroad under the North River at New York was completed a few days ago and a party of railroad officials passed through it from the point of starting in Jersey City to the point where the tunnel terminates in Manhattan. The great tube was actually completed a full year ahead of the contract time, and the second tube, which is to parallel the first, will be completed within a month.

The head of the leading department store in Rio de Janeiro says that it was only after several years of effort that they succeeded in getting an American shoe manufacturer to make shoes in the way the Brazilians wanted them. Now they are selling hundreds of thousands of pairs of his shoes. They formerly sold only English shoes.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Rhyme of the Ruins.

Editor Argonaut:—In the Argonaut issued September 29, you have published "A Rhyme of the Ruins," by Mr. Lawrence W. Harris, and I am sure a great many of his friends regret he was not given the credit for its authorship. Mr. Harris is a director of "The Family," and wrote the poem for the "Opening Row" of that club when they took their new house last June. As it followed the lines of Kipling's "On the Road to Mandalay," it was done to sing to the music familiarly set for that verse, and was sung for the first time that night by Mr. John H. Noyes.

I trust this is of interest to you and that you may see fit to publish the fact in the next issue of your splendid paper.

Very truly yours, Roy M. Pike.

Earthquake Clause Insurance.

San Francisco, Sept. 24, 1906.

Editor Argonaut:—C. F. Mullins, local manager of the Commercial Union Fire Ins. Co., the Commercial Union Assurance Co., the Palatine Ins. Co., and the Alliance Assurance Co. lately requested the Board of Fire Underwriters of San Francisco to allow the insurance companies having an earthquake clause, his own among the number, to write insurance at a specially low rate of 20 per cent below companies not hampered by such a clause. He made this request, he said, on account of loss of business.

Mr. Dornin of the Springfield said that as there had not been a destructive earthquake for forty years previous to that of 1906, the reduction should be not of 20 per cent but of 2.50 per cent.

In the first place, it is not believed by the policy-holders of the Mullins group of companies, that it is as much the earthquake clause that is causing their loss of business as it is their manipulation of the earthquake clause. Furthermore, although Mr. Dornin's suggestion is a good one, yet it is wrong, as it does not really indicate Mr. Mullins's position. The highest rate the Mullins group of insurance companies is paying on any fire, from whatever cause, that occurred in San Francisco during at least two days after the earthquake is, as I understand it, 75 per cent of the face value of the policy. Therefore Mr. Mullins, in asking for a 20 per cent reduction wishes to write a 75 per cent policy for an 80 per cent premium. A 75 cent policy at an 80 cent premium is of course much dearer than a dollar policy at a dollar premium. It looks at first to be 5 per cent dearer but it really is more. If one pays an 80 per cent premium for a 75 cent policy, it works out as follows:

X:80 equals 100:75 equals 106.6. Therefore, the rate would be really 26.6 per cent higher than in the dollar for dollar companies.

Possibly Mr. Mullins is charging this comparatively high rate in order to pay a better rate to his insurance solicitors, who will need to be picked men, especially suave, and to have lungs of leather. Insurance solicitors receive 15 per cent of the premium. Mr. Mullins's solicitors will, I suppose, receive 15 per cent plus the extra 26.6 per cent. It is quite interesting that Mr. Mullins did not notify his policy-holders of this reduction previous to the earthquake of April 18, 1906.

I remain,
Yours faithfully,
(Signed) Dr. Douglass W. Montgomery.

A partner of one of the most prominent of the retail houses in Rio de Janeiro ordered some food products from the United States, made by one of the best of our manufacturers, which spoiled on account of the damp climate. He said the goods sold splendidly, but as they were packed in pasteboard boxes instead of in tin, only a part of each shipment is fit to use. The reputation of the food as well as of the merchant suffers in consequence. The merchant wrote to the manufacturer offering to pay the additional expense of having the food put up in tin boxes but received the reply that the manufacturer did not care to make any change in the packing. Possibly this company is wondering why its sales are not increasing in Rio.

Another effect of the South American earthquake is shown in the news that the great straw fields of the Maiglar Celto district in Ecuador have been destroyed, and that, as a result, the future of the Panama hat industry is threatened. The inhabitants of the district, who have been deprived of employment, are in dire want. Thousands of persons, including many Indians, have been employed in hat making, and it is feared that the Indians may revert to pillage and violence in an effort to supply their wants.

In the course of time Liverpool must supersede London, points out a Manchester paper. Everything is against the latter, and its supremacy has only been retained by artificiality. If England had been discovered at the same time as America, Liverpool would inevitably have become the capital. Commercially it is slowly but surely ousting London. Winchester had to give way to London, and London will in course of time succumb to the great Lancashire seaport.

Twenty-eight new Rhodes scholars are expected to arrive in Oxford in October term. Last year's contingent numbered sixty-eight, but under the provisions of Mr. Rhodes's will none of the American States send candidates this year. The total number of Rhodes scholars in residence at Oxford next term will exceed 150.

RENEGADE AND NUN.

How a Sicilian Earthquake Reunited and Then Severed Them.

The night was stormy. The wind howled through the trees, and the tall pines bent before it. From time to time flashes of flame shot over the black bosom of the sky, followed by peals of thunder that seemed to shake the mountain. By the glare of the lightning there could be seen, at intervals, the Gothic towers of an ancient convent. The heaped-up thunder-clouds seemed like the battalions of an army assailing the venerable pile. The convent was that of Policastro, situated near the city of that name in Southern Italy.

In the darkness might be discerned the figure of a man leaning against a tree. Apparently unconscious of the rage of the storm, he remained there, his eyes fixed upon the convent towers. Upon his head he wore a turban, and a long, white mantle was thrown around him. Near by a beautiful Arabian horse pawed the ground. But what was his errand near the convent at that hour and on such a night? What could he have to do with the saintly women who there devoted themselves to God? But he is troubled—broken words escape from his lips. He speaks the Italian tongue, in the dialect of the Sicilian mountaineers. It is a renegade.

"She is there—my Gabriella! Ten years have passed since her inexorable father shut those gates upon her rather than allow her to become my bride. Ten years! But her face is before me still. It has ever shone before me like a star—in dungeon, in desert, in camp, on the field of battle. It was her image that inspired me in combats against the Christians; it was the thought of winning her one day that made me a Pacha. And now, O Gabriella mine, I am here, with a thousand good scimitars at my back to rescue you from your living tomb!"

The chronicles of the Kingdom of Sicily tell of the exploits of an audacious corsair, of Calabrian origin, who was the terror of the Italian seas. He was called Carlo, and was born in Policastro. Of humble birth, and left an orphan at an early age, an old priest took him to his home, and gave him instruction in both sacred and profane literature. But, when he arrived at manhood, Carlo fell desperately in love with the daughter of a powerful nobleman. From that moment he devoted all the forces of his soul to winning her. It was a senseless undertaking; for she was the daughter of an ancient house, and of plebeian birth. But love ever laughs at rank, and soon Gabriella loved Carlo. For a time their affection was not noticed.

But the servants found out the lover's secret; and from lip to lip it passed until it reached her father's ears. His rage was terrible. His daughter was forced to take the veil, and renounce the world for the cloister. Carlo was spirited away by night, and sold as a slave to the Algerian pirates who infested the coast. But the desire for revenge inspired him to abjure his faith, and to enroll himself in the Saracen forces.

Despite the storm and the darkness, a part of the Mussulman battalions had succeeded in climbing the heights of Policastro. Their captain, in his eagerness, had outstripped them, and was standing before the convent gates. From the plain below came the sound of neighing horses, of confused voices, of clashing arms, mingled with the noise of the elements.

But suddenly another clamor joins the grand chorus of man and nature. The bells of the churches in the valleys below peal forth the alarm. From peak to peak flash forth fires, from lip to lip goes the cry: "To arms! To arms! The Saracens are upon us!" The hardy mountaineers pour from out their humble dwellings; the troops from Policastro sally forth; the people are aroused.

As day breaks the tempest dies away. The rising sun sends his long shafts of orange over the Ionian seas. The clouds flee from his face; the flowers, but now terrified by the tempest, lift up their heads to greet him. Quitting his ocean bed, he clasps the palpitating earth in his gorgeous arms.

Naught is so beautiful as this favored land after a storm. But while the passions of nature are appeased, those of man are not. In the midst of the groves on the mountain side rush the furious combatants. The barbaric cries of the Saracens mingle with the shouts of the Sicilians. The Christian warriors force their way to the mountain top, and the tide of battle surges under the convent walls. But despite Sicilian valor, the Christian forces are slowly beaten back; soon the plateau at the top of the peak is cleared of them, and a Saracen squadron is drawn up before the great gates of the convent. At their head rides a tall and swarthy soldier, clad in rich vestments. It is the Renegade. A soldier advances to the gates, and stating the name and title of

his leader, formally demands that Sister Gabriella be delivered up to him.

Sombre and pensive the Renegade sits upon his Arabian steed, waiting for the gates to open—waiting for his love to come forth from her living tomb. His eye wanders over the vast amphitheatre framed by the peaks around Policastro, from which floats the standard of the cross. Thoughts of his youth and of his abandoned faith come over him as he contemplates the smiling valley and the spires pointing heavenward.

Suddenly a strange sound strikes the Saracenic ear. It is the convent choir—the voices of the nuns, singing their matinal hymn. Even to these barbarous warriors the jangling clash of arms is not in accord with sweet voices, and they are involuntarily still.

But the Renegade fancies that he can distinguish the voice of Gabriella. For an instant soothed by the singing, his wrath returns. Indignant at his momentary weakness, he recovers himself and bids his soldiers force an entrance to the cloister.

Within the convent the nuns, like affrighted doves, have huddled together in the chapel, praying for divine help against the infidels. One of them has thrown herself upon her face before the gigantic cross, and is praying. It is Gabriella.

"Aid me, O Lord, against myself! For I have seen Carlo, and I fear. He wears the garb of the infidel, and he is lost. But what if he come to me—if I hear his voice at my side—if he extends his strong arm? I fear, Lord, I fear, for I love him still!"

A crash! The gates have fallen in. The chapel is filled with Saracens. In the van there hastens a tall warrior, who seeks for some one. His eye soon discovers the form of Gabriella, prone upon the chapel floor, clasping the base of the marble cross. The violence of her agitation has deprived her of animation; her face is colorless; she looks as one dead.

The Renegade approached and seized her. "At last, Gabriella, after all these years, do I hold you in my arms! Do you not know me? 'Tis Carlo, who has come to break your chains!"

Gabriella remained long silent. At last he heard her murmur:

"It is his voice! O aid me, heaven! I feel the flames of my fatal love reviving."

"What!" said the Renegade, bitterly, "do you repulse me? Think of what I have suffered for you. I have braved slavery and death. I have crossed ocean and desert. I have defied the wrath of God and man. And it is thus, thus that you reward me for my devotion!"

But she did not seem to hear him. She spoke as to herself:

"They told me that he was dead. And I—I took the irrevocable vow. Yet for his sake I would give my poor life a thousand times; but my soul!—alas!" She shuddered, and was silent.

The Renegade eagerly seized her hand.

"Then you love me still, Gabriella? Come—fly with me! Let us leave the cloister, where the very air is heavy, and not fit to give life to young and loving hearts. Come, Gabriella, quit your cage, and launch yourself out into the free air of life!"

"Alas, Carlo, pity me, but do not take advantage of my weakness—of my sacrilegious love for you. The band of God would lie heavy upon us were I to go. I dare not fly from here. For life and death I must remain. All that is mortal of me must repose under these stones beneath our feet."

"No, Gabriella! There is a God more terrible than yours—at whose voice the Asian mountains tremble; before whose face the African deserts shudder. Incense goes up to him from the Himalaya to the Atlantic shore, and his name is heard on the Euxine and Bosphorus. Allah-il-Allah!" He hurst into a boarse shout. "The cry of my tortured heart has reached him, and he has given you to me. Look! His crescent flag floats from the gates; his soldiers are around us. Come, my love! We will fly to the land of the rising sun, and there, O Occidental Peri, you shall be my sultana!"

While the hapless Gabriella, fascinated by her lover's glance, listened to him with a mixture of fear and love, a strange rumbling sound smote their ears. It seemed to come from the bowels of the earth. The horses of the Saracen warriors started with affright, and defying bit and spur, dashed down the mountain side. In their mad terror, they heeded not the precipices, and many a bold barbarian met his fate on the rocks below. An unseen power shook the mountain. The sky was blue and cloudless, and there was no wind, but the trees sighed and shook their limbs, while the birds darted forth from the branches, uttering cries of distress.

The subterranean mutterings grew louder, the earth shook, the stained-glass panels of the lofty windows flew in fragments, and clattered upon the stone floor; the paintings upon the wall were torn, and shook like leaves before the blast; the statues of saints tottered in their

niches, and fell, with dull reverberations, to the stone; the towering dome trembled on its crumbling supports. A thick and stifling dust arose and obscured the already gloomy hall.

"See!" cried Gabriella, "'tis the hand of God! I while it is yet time, Carlo! Fly for your life! Let death suffice, O Lord!" she murmured.

But he encircled her with his strong arm, and led her slight form toward the entrance. He stood upon the threshold; his friends outside hastened toward him; step more, and they were without the doomed convent. But again the convulsed earth gave forth its rumbling; the threshold rose up under his feet—it hurled them into the chapel. The two lofty towers came thundering down before the door. The Renegade and the maiden were entombed alive.

Gabriella disengaged herself from the Renegade's grasp, and looking around upon the rocking walls, cried:

"An invisible Hand detains us, Carlo. It is vain struggle against our fate. My prison has become a sepulchre. But, oh, with you I fear neither death nor hell!" She threw herself upon his bosom. "May the hour of the divine vengeance be that of our spiritual nuptials!" she cried. "Fall upon our heads, O world! Engulf us, O earth! Naught can deprive us of love!"

As if in answer to her invocation a muffled sound was heard, like the tramp of a mighty army. The mountain again trembled to its base. The stone flooring of the chapel rose up as if struck by Titans from below. The stones heaved and rolled like the waves of the sea. The mighty columns supporting the roof shivered and wrote the walls approached and receded again. The groined floor burst in places, and the ghastly skeletons below rose to the surface, their hideous, grinning faces seeming to invite the lovers to a home with them.

Gabriella seemed inspired. Her long hair, freed from its confinement, flowed behind her; her eyes gleamed like those of a Sibyl.

"Embrace me, Carlo!" she cried wildly. "Kiss me—love defies death!"

Suddenly the earth seemed to disappear beneath their feet, as if the mountain had been swallowed up. A flash the immense building disappeared in the yawning gulf. The mountain had split in two, and one of the halves had doubled upon itself, the top falling into the gulf between. But the earth in its agony would not be still. Another effort, and the mountain rolled back again, forcing the convent to the top, as the ocean casts a shipwrecked mariner upon a rock.

And now the Sicilian sun shone upon a scene of desolation. The mountain was still, but its crest was split in twain, and upon the brink of the precipice thus formed stood a part of the ruined convent. The gigantic marble cross still stood erect, as if defying the efforts of the earthquake. At its base lay the lovers, the young head supported upon the Renegade's arm. He was injured, but she—more fortunate than her lover—was dead.

The legend adds that the Renegade never left the confines of the convent, but that he lived there to the end of his days. Silent and sombre, he ceaselessly sought for his loved one. Through the deserted cells he abandoned balls he pursued his way; over the treacherous stairs he climbed; in the sinuous labyrinths beneath the building he hid when men approached.

Soon the ivy, with pitying hand, covered the dismantled walls with its green mantle; the spider spun his web to the ceiling; the owl made his retreat in the silent vaults. But when the Renegade, pursued by the cries and shadows which the wind brought to his ears, sought a refuge in these obscure depths, even the owl would fly affrighted before him, so loaded was he with sin. The people believe too, that on the eve of the "Day of the Dead" the Renegade's form may be seen on one side of the abyss, Gabriella's on the other; that after vainly attempting to reach each other they disappear, the Renegade to hell, to suffer endless torment, the maiden to purgatory, to expiate her sin.

—Translated from the Italian of B. Miraglia for the Argonaut.

A curious feature is that Cymric settlers in the Welsh metropolis concentrate their enterprise on only two ideas. When a London Welshman is not a draper he is a milkman, with the result that practically all the dairies and dairies in London are owned or run by Welshmen. Incidentally it may be noted that there are some thirty places of worship in London where the services are conducted in the Welsh language.

The apartment-house trust is in evidence in New York City. In the Evening Mail is a five-page advertisement showing photo-engravings of sixty-eight apartment houses under the management of one enterprising firm.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

"The nomination of William H. Langdon as a candidate for Governor on the Hearst Independence League ticket did not come as an entirely unsolicited honor," declares a correspondent of the Sacramento Bee, who reviews the conditions of that time. "Early on Tuesday, Langdon sent to the newspapers a statement that he would be a candidate for the Gubernatorial nomination before the Democratic convention. That same evening—after there had been sufficient time to read and confer over the statement in the Examiner office—a message was sent out from Langdon's office asking that the announcement be withheld for a few days, the reason being given that Langdon wished to confer further regarding the matter. Then Langdon was taken up by the Hearst bunch."

CONFEDERATE WAR SECRETS.

Captain Headley Tells of Southern Plans to Capture Northern Cities.

It would seem that the final word on the Civil War will not be said until the last veteran of the great strife shall have reported at Fame's eternal camping-ground. The War Department records and the Confederate archives have been published; private soldier and commanding officer have had their say, and non-combatants have written of the war from every conceivable aspect. Now comes, forty-one years after Lee's surrender, a book by Captain John W. Headley, C. S. A., with revelations so astonishing that in the reading the years fold up and we are "Secesh" or "Yank," as our sympathies dictate.

Captain Headley's volume, "Confederate Operations in New York and Canada," is an account of the expeditions that were sent from the Confederate junta in Toronto to carry the war into the northern cities. With the assistance of "the Sons of Liberty," an organization of disaffected Northerners, said to have numbered 300,000, they proposed to release the 80,000 Southern soldiers in Federal prisons, and to attempt the capture of the largest cities. That failing, they proposed to apply the torch and to lay the country waste. It was also planned to gain the mastery of the Lakes. The treachery of one of their numbers prevented what would have been the darkest chapter in the chronicles of the war, if, indeed, it did not affect the ultimate outcome.

These daring plans took definite form in 1864, when the long-continued warfare, the drafts, and the political jealousies, had caused considerable feeling, in some quarters, inimical to the administration. As early as 1861, Fernando Wood, then Mayor of New York, recommended that New York secede, and "as a Free City, shed the only light and hope of a future reconstruction of our blessed Confederacy." And Colonel Thompson, head of the Confederate department in Canada, in 1864, speaks of papers in his possession that would, if known, "utterly ruin and destroy many prominent Northern men." Captain Headley writes of the plans for revolution in the fall of 1864:

The tangible prospects were best for an uprising at Chicago and New York. The forces of the "Sons of Liberty" were not only organized but arms had been distributed. It had been deemed surest to rely upon the attempt to organize a Northwestern Confederacy with Chicago as the capital.

The presidential election which was to be held on the 8th day of November was deemed an opportune time for the blow to be struck at Chicago and in New York. Colonel Thompson advised us that detachments under Captain Churchill in Cincinnati and Dr. Luke Blackburn in Boston would set fire to those cities on election day.

We were told that at least 20,000 men were enlisted in New York under a complete organization; that arms had been provided already for the forces in the city, and we could be expected to take military supervision of the forces at the vital moment. It was proposed by the New York managers to take possession of the city on the afternoon of election day. The United States Sub-Treasury was to be captured and all other property of the Government. And especially we were to release the prisoners at Fort Lafayette and unite them with our forces.

It was determined that a number of fires should be started in different parts of the city, which would bring the population to the streets and prevent any sort of resistance to our movement. To facilitate this part of the programme Mr. McMasters, editor of the Freeman's Journal, said a supply of Greek fire was being made and Captain Longmire was looking after that arrangement. He wanted the Confederates to put that part of the plan into execution, while the New York commanders of their forces would not only take possession of the city and all the approaches, but furnish the strength to support the military authorities. The city authorities were our friends. In parting, Mr. McMasters told us he would request Governor Seymour to send a confidential agent down to the city with whom he wished to confer. It was understood that Governor Seymour would not use the militia to suppress the insurrection in the city but would leave that duty to the authorities at Washington. Indeed, we were to have the support of the Governor's official neutrality.

But some few days before the election all the New York papers announced the arrival of 10,000 soldiers and of Maj.-Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, who not only assumed command but issued a proclamation in which it appeared that he proposed to deal with any disorders that might occur to disturb the public peace, and hinted that he had some information of disloyal movements.

The leaders in our conspiracy were at once demoralized by this sudden advent of General Butler and his troops. They felt that he must

be aware of their purposes and many of them began to fear arrest, while others were defiant.

But it looked as if the troops had come to stay, and McMasters decided to withdraw from any further connection with the proposed revolution. Other leaders became discouraged, and the enterprise was abandoned for the time. The determined ones then announced their purpose to set fire to the city. Captain Headley continues:

It had been agreed that our fires would be started in the hotels, so as to do the greatest damage in the business district on Broadway. The eight members of our party had each taken a room at three or four hotels. In doing this we would buy a black glazed satchel for \$1.00 and put an overcoat in it for baggage. The room at each hotel was used enough to show that it was being occupied. In leaving, of course the overcoat would be worn and the satchel left behind empty.

It was agreed that our operations should begin promptly at 8 o'clock p. m., so that the guests of hotels might all escape, as we did not want to destroy any lives.

At 6 o'clock promptly on the evening of November 25, 1864, our party met in our cottage headquarters, two failing to report. The bottles of Greek fire having been wrapped in paper were put in our coat pockets. Each man took ten bottles. It was agreed that after our operations were over we should secrete ourselves and meet here the next night at 6 o'clock to compare notes and agree on further plans. I had rooms at the Astor House, City Hotel, Everett House, and the United States Hotel. Colonel Martin occupied rooms at the Hoffman, Fifth Avenue, St. Denis, and two others. Lieutenant Ashbrook was at the St. Nicholas, La Farge, and several others. Altogether nineteen hotels were fired, namely Hoffman House, Fifth Avenue, St. Denis, St. James, La Farge, St. Nicholas, Metropolitan, Howard, Tammany, Brandreth's, Gramercy Park, Hanford, New England, Belmont, Lovejoy's, City Hotel, Astor, United States and Everett.

I reached the Astor House at 7:20 o'clock, got my key, and went to my room in the top story. It was the lower corner front room on Broadway. After lighting the gas jet I hung the bedclothes loosely on the headboard and piled the chairs, drawers of the bureau and washstand on the bed. Then stuffed some newspapers about among the mass and poured a bottle of turpentine over it all. I concluded to unlock my door and fix the key on the outside, as I might have to get out in a hurry, for I did not know whether the Greek fire would make a noise or not. I opened a bottle carefully and quickly and spilled it on the pile of rubbish. It blazed up instantly and the whole bed seemed to be in flames before I could get out. I locked the door and walked down the hall and stairway to the office, which was fairly crowded with people. I left the key at the office as usual and passed out.

Across at the City Hotel I proceeded in the same manner. Then in going down to the Everett House I looked over at my room in the Astor House. A bright light appeared within, but there were no indications below of any alarm. After getting through at the Everett House I started to the United States Hotel, when the fire bells began to ring up town. I got through at the United States Hotel without trouble, but in leaving my key the clerk, I thought, looked at me a little curiously. It occurred to me that it had been discovered that my satchel had no baggage in it and that perhaps the clerk had in mind to mention the fact.

As I came back to Broadway it seemed that a hundred bells were ringing, great crowds were gathering on the street, and there was general consternation. I concluded to go and see how the fires were doing. There was no panic at the Astor House, but to my surprise a great crowd was pouring out of Barnum's Museum nearly opposite the Astor. It was now a quarter after nine o'clock by the City Hall tower clock. Presently the alarm came from the City Hotel and the Everett. The surging crowds were frantic. But the greatest panic was at Barnum's Museum. People were coming out and down ladders from the second and third floor windows and the manager was crying out for help to get his animals out. It looked like people were getting hurt in running over each other in the stampede, and still I could not help some astonishment for I did not suppose there was a fire in the Museum.

In accordance with our plan I went down Broadway and turned across the North River wharf. The vessels and barges of every description were lying along close together and not more than twenty yards from the street. I picked dark spots to stand in and jerked a bottle in six different places. They were ablaze before I left. One had struck a barge of baled hay and made a big fire. There were wild scenes here the last time I looked back. I started straight for the City Hall.

There was still a crowd around the Astor House and everywhere, but I edged through and crossed over to the City Hall, where I caught a car just starting up town. I got off on Bowery street opposite the Metropolitan Hotel to go across and see how Ashbrook and Harrington had succeeded. After walking half a square I observed a man walking ahead of me and recognized him. It was Captain Ken-

nedy. I closed up behind him and slapped him on the shoulder. He squatted and began to draw his pistol, but I laughed and he knew me. He laughed and said he ought to shoot me for giving him such a scare.

We soon related to each other our experience. Kennedy said that after he touched off his hotels he concluded to go down to Barnum's Museum and stay until something turned up, but had only been there a few minutes when alarms began to ring all over the city. He decided to go out and coming down the stairway it happened to be clear at a turn and the idea occurred to him that there would be fun to start a scare. He broke a bottle of Greek fire, he said, on the edge of a step like he would crack an egg. It blazed up and he got out to witness the result. He had been down there in the crowd ever since and the fires at the Astor House and the City Hotel had both been put out. But he had listened to the talk of the people and heard the opinion expressed generally that rebels were in the city to destroy it. He thought our presence must be known. Harrington had broken a bottle in the Metropolitan Theatre at 8 o'clock, just after he fired the Metropolitan Hotel adjoining; and Ashbrook had done likewise at Niblo's Garden Theatre adjoining the La Farge Hotel.

We went into the crowd on Broadway and stopped at those places to see what happened. There was the wildest excitement imaginable. There was all sorts of talk about banging the rebels to lamp posts or burning them at the stake. Still we discovered that all was surmise apparently. So far as we could learn the programme had been carried out, but it appeared that all had made a failure. It seemed to us that here was something wrong with our Greek fire.

All had observed that the fires had been put out in all the places as easily as any ordinary fire. We came to the conclusion that Longmire and his manufacturing chemist had put up a job on us after it was found that we could not be dissuaded from our purpose.

Through the betrayal of their cause by Godfrey Hymans, the government detectives learned who the conspirators were, but only Captain Kennedy was captured. Before he was hanged Kennedy made a confession in which he said: "In retaliation for Sheridan's atrocities in the Shenandoah Valley we desired to destroy property, not the lives of women and children, although that would, of course, have followed in its train." And Captain Headley justifies the attempt to burn New York by saying:

It is fair to all concerned to record the fact that ten days before this attempt of Confederates to burn New York City, General Sherman had burned the city of Atlanta, and the Northern papers and people of the war party were in great glee over the miseries of the Southern people. I heard them talk every day in New York, in restaurants, hotels, and on the streets.

Failure also attended the efforts of the "raiders" in Chicago and other cities. The release of 8000 prisoners at Camp Douglas seemed imminent when the Federal garrison was increased, and the Confederate leaders arrested. Nothing daunted, however, these daring spirits attempted another adventure, the rescue of seven Southern generals who were to be transferred from Johnson's Island to Fort Lafayette, New York:

They were Major Generals Edward Johnson and J. R. Trimble; Brigadier-Generals J. J. Archer, M. Jeff Thompson, J. R. Jones, W. N. R. Beall, and I. W. Frazier. Colonel Thompson sent for me on the morning of the 13th of December. He was anxious that these generals should escape or be released on the train en route. He thought that we, with Captain Beall and a few others, might rescue them if it could be done at all.

It was intended that we should board the train bearing the prisoners and capture it within a short distance of Buffalo, then we could derail the coaches and run the engine and express car within two miles of the city and derail them also.

Martin was to give the signal for our attempt on the guards. He intended to get hold of the officer in charge of the beginning and then try to make him surrender the others, while the rest of us would get the drop on the guards at each door. The generals were to be quickly armed, and after changing overcoats with passengers, the engineer would be taken in charge to run into the suburbs of Buffalo, where Martin would get off with the generals and force the engineer to run back into the country.

We reached the appointed place on the road and secreted our conveyances in a wood near by. Colonel Martin concluded to put an iron rail in a fence gap and cover it with snow to stop the train if it did not stop when signaled with a lantern; but before we got ready the train came and went by without any trouble, throwing the iron rail about fifty yards. But it was jarred, and stopped about two hundred yards distant, and one or two men started back with lanterns. We hurried back to the city and took the train for Suspension Bridge, where we were obliged to wait an hour for the train from New York on the Central Railroad.

Captain Beall, one of the would be rescuers, was arrested by the Federal authorities, and was later executed. Beall, it was, with Captain Cole who attempted to capture the gunboat

Michigan, on Lake Erie, two months before. Had they been successful it would have put cities and towns of New York, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, that were upon shores of the Lakes at the mercy of this war, under Confederate command:

The plan provided that Beall with a force of twenty Confederates should take passage the steamer Philo Parsons at or below Detroit put the passengers and crew ashore, and steam ahead in the usual way as if going Sandusky until near the Michigan, when would turn and run alongside, board and capture the gunboat. The prisoners on John Island would then be released. Captain Beall meanwhile would perform his part and have messenger at Bass Island for Beall and Beall upon their arrival.

The acquaintance formed with Captain Beall of the Michigan, when Captain Cole made his initial tour around the Lakes, had cultivated until a congenial association had grown between them the best of friends. Cole had also gratified himself in the esteem and confidence of the other officers of the gunboat. He entertained them at sumptuous dinners at hotel and dispensed the choicest wines lavishly but discreet hospitality. Cole was an invited guest on the Michigan, and added engineer to his list of friends, with whom finally made safe and satisfactory terms, might be said with truth that Cole was a privileged character on the gunboat and was freely allowed to visit the prison on John Island and converse with the officers, among whom were Maj.-Gens. Edward Johnson, J. R. Trimble, Brig.-Gens. Jeff Thompson, Archer, Jones, Beall, and Frazier, Capt. Scales of the Thirtieth Mississippi, and Thompson of Morgan's command, Capt. Breckenridge, son of John C. Breckenridge of Kentucky, Colonel Lucius Davis, officiated in the John Brown war, and Col. Robert Cobb Kennedy of the First Louisiana Infantry. These gentlemen were let into the secret of the proposed capture of the Michigan and had all the arrangements perfected, a revolt in the prison at the critical moment aid of their rescuers, if the gunboat should be secured. A signal was to be fired from the gunboat by Cole and Beall which the prison would understand to mean that the vessel was in their possession.

Cole had established relations with the citizens of Sandusky who were members of the "Order of the Star," the successor of the "Order of Liberty." These were at his service in a social way. They frequently joined him in extending hospitality, and he never missed an opportunity to fete any of the officers of the gunboat when they appeared in Sandusky.

The time had now arrived for action. Cole arranged with the officers of the Michigan to be his guests, on their own gunboat, a special champagne dinner he was to give on the evening of the 19th of September. Meanwhile, he had arranged with the engineer to derange the machinery of the gunboat. His plan at his dinner was to drug the wine, the officers and put them to sleep. He, a Confederate companion, would then be on hand to await the arrival of Beall. A signal was to be sent up from the gunboat when Beall approached, besides the messenger to Middle Island.

There was a small arsenal on the gunboat where the arms, etc., of the men were kept. Cole and one friend proposed with two others each to take position at the door of the armory and hold the unarmed men there when Beall arrived on the Philo Parsons and boarded the gunboat. In this way it was expected to obtain possession without a shot or any loss of life.

It happened that some one in the company of Colonel Thompson had betrayed Cole. The officers were advised in time to arrest him promptly and put him in irons. The Michigan was put in order for battle with steam up for the pursuit of the Philo Parsons if she approached. It developed, however, that she did not work at this critical juncture, but Captain Carter never knew the cause. The end had been true to his bargain with Captain Beall.

Beall performed his task successfully, captured the Philo Parsons, and the Queen, with a large number of passengers and Union soldiers. His men, however, would join him in the proposed attack on the Michigan, and Beall scuttled both vessels.

Captain Headley tells also of the raising of the shooting of several citizens, and the appropriation of \$200,000 from its banks. In 1864, Captain Headley and Colonel Johnson made an effort to capture Andrew Johnson, Vice-President elect, at Louisville. He had not neglected a trifling detail they would have little difficulty in carrying out their plan.

The book is solidly printed and contains numbers of original documents. It will undoubtedly receive attention and criticism, and stir up controversy.

Published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York; price \$2.00.

James E. Munson, the originator of Munson's System of Phonography, died suddenly at New York on September 7th.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

One of the features of the Fifteenth Universal Peace Congress, held in Milan, Italy, last month, was the address of ex-Senator Lloyd Chamberlain of Massachusetts, advocating the neutralization of all the great trans-oceanic trade routes.

Miss Constance Goddard DuBois has just completed for the University of California an important investigation of the ceremonies, myths and religion of the Indians of Southern California, in connection with the ethnological and archeological survey of the State.

Major-General Frederick D. Grant, commanding the Department of the East, in his annual report estimates that 90 per cent of the troubles that occurred in the army were due to the use of bad liquor. He believes that with the establishment of the canteen the influence of moralizing resorts would be greatly reduced.

Spencer F. Eddy, first secretary of the American embassy at St. Petersburg, has been transferred to a similar post in the American embassy in Berlin, succeeding H. Percival Dodge of Massachusetts, who has been appointed first secretary of the American embassy at Tokio. Mrs. Eddy was Lurline Spreckels, of San Francisco.

General James F. Smith, who was inaugurated Governor-General of the Philippines September 20th, is a Californian by birth, a lawyer by profession, and about forty-seven years of age. He went to the Philippines as colonel of the First California Volunteers, rose to be brigadier-general of volunteers and later was appointed a member of the Supreme Court of the Philippines.

Captain John J. Pershing's promotion to a brigadier-generalship is notable in army annals. He jumps 257 captains, 364 majors, 131 lieutenant-colonels, and 110 colonels, or 862 officers in all. He is a son-in-law of Senator Warren, chairman of the Senate Military Committee. Captain Pershing was for some time Governor of the Moro country in Mindanao, and was in the President's favor there. As a brigadier-general, Captain Pershing will bring young blood to the ranks of the general officers of the army.

E. H. Harriman, the railroad manager and financial power, is said to be the closest parallel to Napoleon Bonaparte that lives before the public eye today. In stature he is small. He is light and does not look strong. He generally wears loose-fitting clothes and carries his hands

in his coat pockets. He is very quick of movement, also of mind, restless, full of energy, critical of detail, exacting, autocratic. He is, like James J. Hill, moody and not a particularly pleasant neighbor when the mood is that way.

German tourists in Denmark paid a visit to Charlottenburg with the object of seeing the summer palace of King Frederick. They met a gentleman walking alone of whom they inquired whether it would be possible for them to obtain access to the gardens. He replied pleasantly and for half an hour led the party about the grounds, pointing out their beauties and entertaining the strangers with lively conversation. At last he took his leave with the words, "If you care to see the stables, just say that you have the king's permission." It was the king himself, and the London Standard concludes its account of the incident with the statement that the monarch shook hands with each member of the party and bade them farewell.

Baron George James Playfair, commander of the Royal Victoria Order, hero of many wars, recently visited the Pacific Coast, en route to Honolulu and the Orient for a year of pleasure traveling. Baron Playfair at the present time commands the coast defenses of England, and is taking a vacation to regain his health. He joined the Queen's army in 1870. In 1877 he was sent to Turkey in command of a company and fought throughout the Turkish war. For his heroic work during the winter campaign in the Balkans, and for his bravery in leading the charge at Shipka Pass, he was awarded a medal by Queen Victoria. He served in India with distinction and from 1881 to 1884 was in command of the troops in Canada.

The German nation has recently voted on the question who are the twelve greatest men in the fatherland. The result contains surprises for people in other lands. The list begins, naturally, with the Emperor. The second choice is Gerhart Hauptmann, the dramatist. Robert Koch, the scientist, is third, and Ernest Haeckel and Wilhelm Conrad Roentgen, who have added to the scientific reputation of their country, are the fourth and fifth selections in the list. The sixth name is the present Chancellor of the Empire, Prince von Buelow. Seventh and eighth are Max Klinger, the painter and sculptor, and Richard Strauss, who has been selected to represent music. August Bebel, the Socialist, and Count Haeseler, who is high in the military affairs of the country, are the ninth and tenth.

The eleventh niche was awarded to Ernest von Behring, the physician and scientist, and Reinhold Begas, the sculptor, completes the list.

An interstate hunt club, with President Roosevelt, Vice-President Fairbanks, Grover Cleveland and William Jennings Bryan on its roll of honorary members, has been organized, partly with the aid of Chicagoans, and efforts are being made to find a suitable site for preserves and clubhouse. General J. C. S. Blackburn of Kentucky is president of the organization. Secretary of State Root, Secretary of War Taft, Secretary of the Treasury Shaw, Senator Morgan of Alabama and other men of national prominence are among the vice-presidents. The wild country through the Tennessee mountains has made a decided hit with the committee of investigation, but no decision has been reached.

Charles E. Magoon, at present Governor of the Panama Canal Zone, is to sail at once for the Philippines, where he will be installed as Vice-Governor-General. It is understood that within a short time he will be made the head of the Philippine government. The appointment of General Smith as Governor-General after Governor-General Ide's retirement may now seem superfluous, since General Smith's term will be for so short a period. Within six years, when Magoon attains it, the Governor-Generalship will have been held by five different men. Mr. Taft became the civil head of the Philippine government on July 4, 1901; he retired in 1904, and since then the islands have had Messrs. Wright, Ide and Smith as Governors-General in rapid succession.

Chas. H. Haswell, of New York, who is ninety-nine years old, voted the Democratic ticket in 1828, including Andrew Jackson for President, and has stuck to his party through thick and thin. When he was in New York lately Mr. Bryan shook hands and talked with Mr. Haswell, and afterwards pronounced him one of the most remarkable men he had ever met. To this lively nonagenarian the political history of New York State since Jackson's time is as well known as is the current situation to the average politician. As he is still active, mentally and physically, the present political scene interests him deeply, and he is speculating as to whom he is going to have a chance to support for President in 1908. He is the author of the "Civil Engineer's Pocket-Book," now in its 30th edition.

ELECTRO SILICON

Unequalled for
Cleaning and Polishing
SILVERWARE.

Send your address for a **FREE SAMPLE**, or 15c. in stamps for a full sized box.

Grocers sell it.

THE ELECTRO SILICON Co., 30 CHURCH ST., New York.



Hotel del Coronado

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Enjoy California's best climate at the largest all-year seaside resort hotel in the world. All outside rooms. Guests will appreciate the new and important changes. Every modern convenience provided, including long distance telephone in rooms. Chef of national reputation. Choicest and widest cuisine of any hotel in the West. Interior court—a rare tropical garden. Fine winter fishing and hunting. Unexcelled golf links and tennis courts. For further information address

MORGAN ROSS, Manager
Coronado Beach, Cal.
H. F. NORCROSS, General Agent
334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles



THE OCULARIUM

Perfect Fitting
Eye Glasses

At Moderate Prices
Lenses Replaced 50c

Henry Kahn & Co
OPTICIANS

1309 Van Ness Avenue,
Between Bush and Sutter.



See that Lea & Perrins' signature is on wrapper and label.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

is invaluable to the fastidious cook. It adds zest to her Gravies and spice to her Salads, and improves the flavor of Fish, Game and Soups. Its rare rich flavor makes it the most useful of all sauces.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce is in every well-equipped kitchen

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York

Beware of inferior sauces put up in bottles similar to the above.

VANITY FAIR.

Whether the Americans are wholly responsible or not, the fact remains that prices in Paris have gone steadily up for the last century, and that today sums are paid which even recently would have astonished the leaders of fashion.

"Ten years ago," said a worldly American woman, "we considered fifteen dollars a good price to pay the Rue de la Paix milliners for our hats—twenty dollars was considered extreme. Today we pay forty dollars for something convenient, and we give as high as sixty dollars for a hat that is really smart."

"Steadily the taste for luxury has increased. The book wherein the lady-in-waiting to Marie Antoinette pasted samples of all this extravagant Queen's most extravagant gowns might today be used as a suggestion to the young American girl. This little volume, precious and melancholy, is stored away among the treasures of the National Archives in Paris. On the faded yellow of its pages there are pasted fragments of silk, taffetas, light brocades, plain grosgrain, and, as the summit of luxury, three bits of velvet, fragments of gowns worn on the grandest occasions.

A more recent example of regal modesty has come under notice in a letter addressed by the Empress Eugenie to one of her family. In it she says:

"They used to accuse me of extravagance! What did my expenses represent as compared to those of any bourgeoisie of today! During all the time I was Empress I had only three dresses that cost, each of them, as much as \$200—one for my marriage, one for the Exposition of 1868, and one for the christening of the Prince Imperial!"

The very sorts of gowns worn and the material of which they are made have changed in the last generation. Worth, the great Paris dressmaker, established his reputation through the splendor of the stuffs he made use of during the Empire. Solid and grandiose, these long-enduring silks and satins, made on the hand-loom at Lyons, were of a substantiality inappropriate to the needs of today, for these needs have radically altered.

Doucet, whose sign has hung on the same spot in the Rue de la Paix for two generations, says: "Formerly, when my father started in the dressmaking business, the gown which had the greatest vogue was the house dress, the 'robe d'intérieur.' Now we never hear of it. The modern woman is seldom at home in the daytime, and the two great models we sell are the street dress and the evening dress. The short skirt which Americans have made the fashion, and which the modern woman considers indispensable, we call 'trotteuse.' Is not the name suggestive?"

Thus the well-wearing goods which lasted a lifetime have been replaced by a variety of light and vaporous materials: muslins, chiffons, crepes de Chine, silklike cloths. They must be renewed with every passing fashion, and their variety and flimsiness add enormously to the expense of the toilette.

"It is true that the English women smoke on the trains, but they do not demand separate smoking cars for themselves. They puff the weed alongside the men. Of course, only the upper class of women do this." S. Fay, general manager of the Great Central Railway of England, made this statement recently. He seemed surprised that the report had reached the United States to the effect that the London smart set had demanded separate smoking cars and denied it firmly. "The English railways can not afford to supply separate cars for the women," he said, "and the women do not ask for them. If they wish to smoke they travel in the ordinary smoking cars with the men."

Mr. Fay is traveling over the United States in a private car. His tour is one of pleasure though he is picking up American ideas of rail-roading. He says the English railroads are kept in better repair than those of the United States and Canada. "The English demand appearance and speed," he said, "and we have spent millions of dollars on roadbeds and station conveniences. There is such competition, especially in suburban traffic, that we have reached a high rate of speed. Our suburban service is much better than any in America."

Bachelors and men of all kinds and conditions all over Europe are inundating the mail with registered letters and money orders demanding tickets for the new marriage lottery, second of its kind, soon to be started in Milan. A committee of artists, men and women, are now engaged in selecting the victims—namely, thirty unmarried women of good reputation, faultless figures and beautiful faces, says a cable dispatch.

These will form the prizes, together with dots to be granted by the lottery company.

The largest dot of \$200,000 will be attached to the finest looking among the thirty girls selected; lesser dots, from \$100,000 to \$5,000, will go with the other twenty-nine damsels. Anybody and everybody can buy tickets, as many as he likes, the more the merrier. And anybody has a chance to win—money at least. If the winner happens to be a married person, or a female, or an unreasonable being who refuses to marry the beauty selected for him by the committee—why, he may say so and divide the money consideration with the girl. The girls, on their part, have to sign papers agreeing not to sue the men who refuse them for breach of promise.

When the English monarch visits at any of his special friends' houses he generally distributes between \$1,000 and \$1,500 in tips, reports a London journal. When attending a private shooting King Edward generally presents each of the beaters a guinea, while every one of the keepers is given between one and ten guineas. When visiting at a foreign court, however, the tips distributed by the English sovereign never amount to less than \$5,000.

Emperor William of Germany, while visiting in England, never spent less than \$5,000 in tips, and on the occasion of Queen Victoria's funeral he is known to have doubled the usual amount of his tipping. The Czar of Russia on his last visit to England gave a check of \$15,000 to the court's master of ceremonies for distribution among the servants.

The Wagnerian Cycle at Beyreuth has just come to an end and was pronounced a great success by press correspondents. The Crown Prince of Germany came incognito, and in order to hide his identity took rooms at the house of a veterinarian who never found out who his guest really was until he received a letter of thanks for his attentions bearing the imperial coat-of-arms. Other prominent people who attended some of the performances were Prince Eitel of Germany, Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Countess of Castellene, and Adelina Patti who sang and was much applauded.

The performances at Beyreuth this year were singularly noted because of the absolute absence of the American contingent, which usually flocks to the place during the summer. It is said there that since Mr. and Mrs. Longworth visited Beyreuth and received scant courtesies from Mme. Wagner because of her personal resentment against the unauthorized performance of Parsifal in New York, American visitors to Europe have boycotted the Beyreuth celebrations.

Margherita, the queen mother of Italy, has expressed her intention of touring the cathedral towns of England in a motor car. She has also in contemplation a motor trip through the United States. Her majesty is perhaps the most ardent of all royal motorists. She pursues the recreation in spite of many adventures and several narrow escapes from serious injury. She has a passion for long-distance trips, but does not care for fast going.

Her cars are most luxurious. The interiors are fitted with tables for six persons, armchairs and folding seats, and are lighted electrically. She has in her favorite car a silver image of the patron saint of automobiles, St. Christopher. The image is surmounted by the royal arms, and has a gold border with the inscription, composed by the queen herself, "St. Christopher preserve us from the perils of the way and protect us in the incidents of the journey."

During her recent 3,000-mile tour through Europe, traveling incognito, the queen had to be preceded everywhere by a police pilot car, so great was the popular dislike to the motor. She was held up in Switzerland, and fines were frequently exacted from her. Near the French frontier the country people halted her with missiles. In August last year her majesty was thrown violently out of her car while returning from Great St. Bernard, but she escaped injury and showed great courage.

"I was somewhat interested in the report of Admiral Evans, in which he criticises some of the people of Portland because American sailors were shut out of certain places in that city on account of the uniform they wore," writes a correspondent of the New York World. "I do not see that Admiral Evans has any license to complain of the people of Portland for doing what he and all the commissioned officers of the navy do right along.

"The commissioned officers of the navy look upon the non-commissioned officers and sailors as so many inferior beings, useful perhaps in

doing the work necessary for the proper handling of the vessels, but otherwise beneath notice. Suppose Admiral Evans and thirty or forty of his officers took a notion to dine at one of the hotels in Portland, and after they were seated a number of sailors from his ships who were on shore leave took a notion to dine at the same hotel and started to put their notion into practice. I wonder what would happen? Would the sailors be allowed to enter the dining-room and take their seats at the tables, wherever there happened to be a vacant chair, at which the officers were seated? Not much! Those sailors would be quickly told that their custom was not wanted. Suppose some society dame of Portland had invited Admiral Evans and his officers to a hall at her home, with the request that they come in full uniform; at the same time, suppose she wanted to do a novel thing and invited a number of the common sailors to come, also in full uniform. If the officers heard of the invitation to the sailors would they go and mix with them? To ask that question is to answer it.

"I do not think that American sailors ought to

be excluded from any public place on account of their uniform, but the officers have no ground for complaint if the public puts upon the navy uniform the same value that the officers put upon it. By making a bridgeless gulf between the commissioned officer and the common sailor the United States government has put the badge of inferiority upon the uniform of the common sailor, and the people who object to him in his uniform are simply giving him the same rating that the government gives him."

Under our present system our men emigrate but leave our delicately nurtured women at home observes a contributor to the English journal Boy and Girl. Families of grown-up, unmarried daughters, discontented and restless, are far too numerous among us, and all the while, in far-off places of the empire, there are men by the thousands hungering for the sight of an English lass. We do not exaggerate. The flag of Britain in too many parts of the earth is flying over a generation of bachelors.

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

are showing an unusually complete assortment of

CARPETS

All grades are included. The patterns the very latest for the season of Fall furnishing. This stock is the largest show in San Francisco and is complete.

Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street

SWAIN'S CAFE

At 1111-1113 Post Street

Have Added to Their Heretofore Excellent Equipment

A MODERN GRILL SERVICE

—AND—

SCHLITZ AND WURZBURGER BEER
ON DRAUGHT

THE NEW DEPARTMENT WILL OPEN ON

Monday, October 8th

Phone Emergency 158

1111-1113 Post Street

SIEVERS FLORAL CO.

Respectfully announce the opening of their Elegant Establishment

1660 California Street, near Van Ness

Phone Franklin 1015

Shore
Line Limited

Drawing-room Parlor Cars

Buffet Smoking Car

Dining Car

Large Protected Observation Rotunda

Daily by Daylight

To Coast Line Resorts

From San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Southern
Pacific

STAGE GOSSIP.

Dramatic Notes.

Al Hayman, the New York theatrical manager, as in San Francisco last week. He has booked large number of shows for the Coast, and is looking over the field. He predicts a great future for theatres in this city.

It is reported with some degree of authority at David Belasco will star Nellie Stewart, the Australian actress, next season in the play he originally intended for Mrs. Leslie Carter. The debut of Nellie Stewart in America was a four-weeks' engagement at the Majestic Theatre in San Francisco in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," only in the present year.

Henry Miller has definitely announced that he will star jointly with Margaret Anglin in "The Great Divide."

Of Annie Russell as Puck in the production "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the new Astor Theatre, one critic says she "catches the spirit of the elf-like little sprite and plays in a gleeful, mischievous, eerie fashion, dancing, singing and flying through the air in the most approved fairy style." The spectacular effects are said to be very good in this production, but little praise is given the actors.

Wilton Lackaye has added another to his long list of successful character roles in that of Jean Valjean in "The Law and the Man," a dramatic version of Victor Hugo's masterpiece, "Les Misérables," and the first successful one.

"Zira," in which Margaret Anglin won success last season, is now being given by a stock company in Chicago at popular prices.

That the lesson of the Iroquois theatre fire has not yet been wholly forgotten was illustrated in New York when 1500 people were turned away from the new Astor Theatre because the fire department had not been compensated with. It was, of course, a matter of sympathy to the people who had procured seats for the opening performance, in which Annie Russell was to appear in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and it was also a cause of embarrassment to Miss Russell and her company. After several days' delay the deficiencies were supplied and the theatre opened.

Norbrook Blinn is given credit for intelligent effort in Stanley Dark's play, "Man and His Ape," recently produced in New York, but the piece is not a success.

Marion Grey Fiske is now engaged with M. Fiske in rehearsing the Manhattan Theatre company in "New York Idea," in which Mrs. Fiske will be seen this season. Mrs. Fiske will appear in the play at Milwaukee.

Sarah Bernhardt says Patti is foolish to retire; she can sing at all. "This retiring business does me tired," she said. "Mme. Patti is not unless she is seventy, and I do not think she is at old yet." (She was born in 1843.) "I do not mean to retire even when I am seventy years old if I am still able to act. There is no reason why I should. I am stronger today than I ever was, and I have five new plays to bring out this season."

George Greenleaf, leading man at the Burbank Theatre in Los Angeles, was married September 20 to Mrs. Lucy Banning, formerly Mrs. Mel Bradbury.

Ida Crabtree has reached her fifty-ninth birthday, but is still as jolly as of old, determined to enjoy every minute of her life. Miss Crabtree is one of the heaviest taxpayers in Boston, one piece of her real estate alone being valued at \$855,000. She also owns a fine stock farm at Arlington, N. J., and has just blossomed out as owner of fast horses. It is hinted that her arguments induced Richard Mansfield to advance his forthcoming retirement. She advises him to "have some fun with your money before you're too old to enjoy it."

Janor Duse, the famous Italian actress, has positively vetoed a plan to celebrate her jubilee at a done in England and France for Ellen Terry and Bernhardt.

Edwin Tree, whose production of "A Winter's Tale," is the first important one of London's theatrical season, says he likes to present Shakespeare's plays for a variety of reasons. "But I need mention only one reason," he adds whimsically. "At rehearsals, you know, there are no interruptions from the author."

Edwin Stevens, with a new monologue, was in the vaudeville bill at the Colonial Theatre, New York, last week.

A endowed theatre (with no orchestra) is one of the latest evidences of art interest in Chicago. In the first two months of the new season eight plays will be presented—four short

and four long ones. Two will be American plays, two English, two French, one German and one Spanish. Four will be modern and four costume plays. The prospective patrons are anxious to see what effect it will have upon players to come on without music. There is also anxiety about how to fill the intermissions, although this time will probably be employed in visiting by the audience.

A cable dispatch from London, printed in New York, states that the will of John Lawrence Toole, the comedian, disposes of an estate valued at \$400,000.

The cost of theatrical productions is often very large, remarks a writer in the Providence Journal, but the manager's risk is largely self-imposed. Audiences long ago ceased to be dulled to a bad play by gaudy scenery. Some of the most prosperous recent events in the theatres have been those that cost comparatively little to stage. Conspicuous cases in point are David Warfield's "The Music Master," Arnold Daly's "Candida," Maude Adams' "Peter Pan," Cyril Scott's "The Prince Chap," Robert Loraine's "Man and Superman." A score more might be named almost off hand. Of course, a play, which after all is only an imitation of actual happenings, presupposes scenic environment sufficient to carry out its illusion—only Ben Greet and a few other cranks will urge to the contrary. But if substantial art is there to build upon, consistency, not mechanical extravagance, is all that is required of its settings.

Musical Notes.

Mme. Melba, who is coming to this country in January to be the prima donna of the Hammerstein grand opera company in New York, has been spending the summer very quietly at her country place a few miles out of London. She is busy preparing for the marriage of her son, George Armstrong, to one of the belles of the past season in London.

Leoncavallo, the Italian composer, has left Milan, with his La Scala orchestra for the United States. There are seventy-five musicians in the orchestra, and they will make fifty appearances in the United States.

Joseph Cawthorn and the Sousa Opera Company, in John Philip Sousa's new military comic opera, "The Free Lance," have made a hit in Chicago.

Lhevinne, the pianist, will appear in London next week and in New York a month later. His appearance in London is awaited with interest, as following his successful debut there three years ago, when he met with an accident while cycling, the morning after his concert, and was forced to abandon his tour.

A few years ago a small hut popular comic opera company headed by the comedian, Ed Andrews, played a circuit regularly in the Northwest, and suddenly the name, which had become well known, disappeared from public view. It is now learned, from a Portland paper, that the company, or several members of it, are engaged in fruit-growing in Oregon, not merely contented but prosperous.

Adelaide Norwood-Brandt, the American dramatic soprano who will sing the title role in Puccini's "Madam Butterfly," returned to America a few days ago, after two years abroad. She was for four years with the Savage Grand Opera Company before she went to Berlin for special study under Lilli Lehmann. Elza Szamosy and Louise Janssen, who are to alternate with Norwood, together with Conductors Walter Rothwell and Alfred Feith and the rest of the "Madam Butterfly" company, have arrived in New York, and the first performance of the much talked about Japanese opera will be given October 15th in Washington.

Chicago alone among American cities has created and sustains an orchestra standing on an equal artistic footing with the finest in the world. Last season, though the first after the incalculable loss by the death of Mr. Thomas, was also the first of the fifteen seasons to end without any deficit and every debt paid out of the orchestra's own earnings. Mr. Stock, the successor of Theodore Thomas in the direction of the orchestra, is only 34 years of age, but he has played with the organization for eleven years, and before that had been a musician of recognized ability in Cologne, where he was born.

The rehearsals of the new DeKoven operetta, "The Student King," have been completed, and Mme. Lina Abarbanell will soon be heard in the leading part of Princess Elsa. It will be played a month in Boston and then go to New York.

Despite his seventy-one years, Camille Saint-Saens, the French composer, is as active as a youth. A few weeks ago he was one of the stars at the Mozart Festival in Salzburg, where he received an overwhelming ovation. Thence he was called to Paris to preside over the production of his new opera. The other day, his latest piece of chamber music, the second concerto for violoncello from his pen, was given in London. The composer played it with the violoncellist, Mr. Hollman, who will accompany M. Saint-Saens on his American tour. He will make his first appearance in this country with Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony Orchestra at their first concerts in Carnegie Hall, November 3d and 4th.

Victor Herber's latest work is in the music of the new operetta, "The Red Mill," produced last week in New York. Henry Blossom wrote the book of the piece, and Montgomery and Stone, who made a reputation in the "Wizard of Oz," have been fitted with congenial roles and lead the company of fun-makers.

From a letter in the New York Musical Leader on the Salzburg Festival is taken this paragraph: "Wagner alone at Bayreuth; Mozart unalloyed at Salzburg, and Wagner and Mozart combined at Munich, have furnished music lovers, indigenous and itinerant, with six weeks of opera in its best and most legitimate form. By which is meant, opera from the standpoint of reverence for the music and the man who made it, rather than for the artists who are used as a medium of expression. To ask in Bayreuth who is to sing Tristan is to be guilty of high treason against Tristan itself; to weigh the artist in the balance with the music is an unpardonable offense and contrary to all Bayreuth traditions. This is the attitude expected of visitors at Bayreuth, but not all of them can suppress or even dissimulate a lack of interest in the individual artists. From this point of view, then, Bayreuth was distinctly disappointing, while Salzburg with its Mozart Festival and "all-star" casts, goes on record as the most successful operatic enterprise of the season." At Salzburg, Lilli Lehmann, Francesco D'Andrade, Mme. Gadski, and Geraldine Farrar were the leading principals. Richard Strauss conducted the four Mozart concerts.

The Orpheum.

Bresina, the celebrated European music hall artist, will make her first appearance in San Francisco at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon. She is said to be beautiful and graceful, and her voice is well trained. James Thornton, than whom a better known and more popular monologist never appeared in this city, will receive a warm reception. He is the man who wrote "My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon" and many other songs. The four Bards, who created a sensation on their last visit with the Orpheum Road Show, will return crowned with new gymnastic laurels. Willie Eckstein, a phenomenal piano player, who has been praised by Paderewski, Rosenthal, Carreno and other celebrities, will be heard in classic and popular compositions. Carter De Haven and Flora Parker will vary their singing and dancing novelty, and the Zazell and Vernon company of pantomimists will present "Elopement" for the last times. The "Three Roses," with their dainty musical offering, Adamini and Taylor, "The Wandering Minstrels," and Orpheum motion pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete a varied programme. There is amusement of all kinds to be found on the grounds of the Chutes, where the Orpheum is located.

The postal officials of Oakland for some time have been carefully collecting census data with a view to closely approximating the population of the city. They secured information from the Contra Costa Water Company, the Oakland Health Office, the School Department and from the letter carriers. As a result of the data gathered and on a conservative estimate the figure is placed at 225,000. This estimate will be made the basis for an increased carrier service.

Rufus P. Jennings, chairman of the California Promotion Committee, had an interview in New York recently with D. O. Mills, who said in reference to the rebuilding of the Mills building in San Francisco that it was his intention to rebuild it as soon as the conditions of the labor and material markets should reach a permanent basis.

THE ORIGINAL VIENNA CAFE AND BAKERY'S BRANCH.

The original Vienna Cafe and Bakery at 1014 and 1016 Van Ness Avenue, which opened on Post Street above Van Ness Avenue immediately after the fire, has now opened a more commodious cafe on the Avenue, under the personal direction of Mr. Galindo and the management of E. B. Sparks, a New Haven (Conn.) caterer, but serving no meals, but lunches, sandwiches, oysters, candies, creams, ices of all flavors, and Vienna Bakery delicacies. The cafe is elegantly furnished, and will prove to be very attractive to Van Ness shoppers.

A pair of properly fitted glasses will chase away that headache.

HIRSCH & KAISER,
1757 Fillmore St., Opticians.

Del Monte Offers

During the reconstruction of San Francisco, Hotel Del Monte offers a welcome shelter to those desiring a home-like place for rest and recreation. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at the present. The entire hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families. Address Geo. P. Snell, Manager, Del Monte, California.

A Permanent Home

HEAT
For Offices and Temporary Buildings
85-CENT GAS
Double the Heat of any Manufactured Gas
GASTEAM RADIATORS
Maintain an even, pleasant temperature at a cost of only 5-8 cent per hour for a room 10 feet square.
Approved by Underwriters.
Healthful, Odorless, Dustless. When and Where You Want It. Matches for Kindling. Gas for Fuel. Steam for Heat.
"AT YOUR SERVICE"
THE GAS CO.
925 Franklin Street 500 Haight Street
1260 Ninth Ave. 421 Presidio Ave.
2965 16th Street

ORPHEUM.
Week Commencing SUNDAY MATINEE, Oct. 7 (Matinee Every Day Except Monday.)

A VAUDEVILLE CARNIVAL!
BRESINA; James Thornton; Four Bards; Willie Eckstein; Zazell and Vernon Company; The Three Roses; Adamini and Taylor; Orpheum Motion Pictures and last week of
Carter-DeHAVEN and PARKER-Flora
Prices: 10c, 25c and 50c. Down Town Box Office at Donlon's Drug Store, Fillmore and Sutter Sts. Phone West 6000.
CHUTES and ZOO—Open Daily from 10 A. M. till Midnight. Admission 10c; Children 5c.

For Sale
Fine property for private school. 20 room house in first class condition, well heated and lighted. Large Grounds. Room for another large building, tennis court, &c.
Choicest location in Palo Alto.
Address: Mrs. C. L. Place, Palo Alto

FISHER & CO., Inc.
Hatters and Furnishers
Formerly of 9 Montgomery St.
Now 726 Market St. Opp. Call Bldg.
San Francisco.

Belvedere, California,
HILLSIDE INN.
Tiburon Ferry, 40 minutes from San Francisco Boating and bathing. Terms reasonable. Address
MRS. M. J. WARREN.

SMITH'S CASH STORE
16 Steuart St. San Francisco.
"JUST AROUND THE CORNER."

LITERARY NOTES.

A Romance by "Q."

A brave romance, nobly told, is "Sir Joseph Constantine," by A. T. Quiller-Couch. Sir Joseph is an impoverished English country gentleman who has served his country well as a diplomat at the Italian courts, but who suddenly abandons his brilliant career and retires with his son into his Cornwall estate. Sir Joseph, proud of his descent from the Byzantine emperors, comports himself like a king in exile. He learns that the deposed King of Corsica has been traveling in England and was even now in the debtor's prison at London. Thither journeys Sir Joseph, and Theodore the First, for a consideration, abdicates in favor of the young scion of the house of Constantine. But Corsica's new monarch is too busy with his studies at Oxford to bother about his Italian subjects, until one day comes a strange company of Trappist monks to Sir Joseph, bearing a message from the deposed Queen of Corsica, for whom he had had a tender regard in other years. A lady and a queen in peril? "We will invade Corsica, and at once," said Sir Joseph. Volunteers for the adventure are not many, but the following knights set out on their errand of chivalry: Sir Joseph; Prosper, his son; Billy Priske, the housekeeper; Phineas Fett, a village ne'er-do-well; Mr. Badcock, a town clerk, and an Oxford scholar.

It is the dramatic history of this gallant company, their adventures at home and abroad, and particularly in the island of Corsica, beginning with the year 1756, that is told in the memoirs of Sir Joseph Constantine.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

Moon-Face and Other Stories.

Jack London has selected the best of the stories he has contributed to the magazines for his new book, "Moon-Face and Other Stories." The most striking tale in the volume, the title story, appeared originally in the Argonaut. "Moon-Face" was also chosen to represent Jack London in "Argonaut Stories," the book of classic tales from these pages that gave promise of great popularity when its entire edition was consumed in the April fire.

There are two new stories in "Moon-Face," "Local Color," a clever characterization, is, we fancy, a reminiscence of the author's "Jobo" days; "Planchette," the only weak tale in the book, asks too much of the reader's credulity. "The Leopard Man's Story," with its gruesome climax; "Amateur Night," with its flavor of the old San Francisco; "The Minions of Midas," the grim story of secret assassination; "The Shadow and the Flash," the pseudo-scientific tale of invisible rivals; and "All Gold Canyon," will be remembered by many readers who will be glad to have them in book-form.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

The Cities of Northern Italy.

The late Grant Allen's last literary labor, a historical and artistic guide to Milan, Verona, Padua, Bologna, and Ravenna, was completed by his friend, George C. Williamson, and is now published in two volumes under the title, "Cities of Northern Italy." The work is intended for the traveler to whom a journey to Italy is not a mere pleasure trip, but a sincere means of culture, a pilgrimage to the greatest schoolmistress of the world, who "in painting, in architecture, in sculpture, in glass, in design, as well as in language, music, and costume, has been teaching the world ever since she had an existence." We are pleased and flattered that these scholarly English authors and travelers credit American tourists, especially, with an "honest and reverent desire to learn from the Old World whatever of value it has to teach them." Our compatriots are so often lampooned and lambasted in books of travel that it was high time for some one to remark their "rare and praiseworthy" conduct abroad!

An admirable plan is followed in "Cities of Northern Italy." The prospective traveler is reminded at the outset that the northern cities of Italy, historically considered, represent separate powers, all quite distinct from one another, and widely differing in customs, dialect, art, and government. These towns have been ruled by members of different families, who spent great sums for the erection of fine buildings and tombs, for the foundation of libraries, and the encouragement of art. So the individuality of each city is marked. The travelers' inquiry, why a town ever gathered at that particular spot is answered; then, why that town grew to social and political importance; thirdly, why and how it advanced in art and education. There is rather too much description of ecclesiastical art and architecture for a book intended for lay

readers. Many beautiful photogravures illustrate the work.

Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; \$3.00.

New Publications.

A very amusing story of the trials and triumphs of a young housekeeper, "The Distractions of Martha," has been written by Marian Harland. The tragical note is supplied by Martha's experiences with the servant girl, in all her variety. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

"At the Sign of the Sphinx," by Carolyn Wells, is a second series of ingenious charades. Miss Wells's clever talent for word-juggling and jingling is given full play in these riddles. The book, however, is only for those who find pleasure in the mental gymnastics of the puzzle column of the juvenile weekly. Published by Duffield & Co., New York; \$1.00.

Eva March Tappan has selected the romantic figures and incidents in our history for her new book for boys, "American Hero Stories." Beginning with Columbus and ending with Lincoln, the stories are arranged in chronological order, with a thread of continuity running through them, and the young reader is thus carried along with increasing interest. A number of illustrations from historical paintings are given. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York; \$1.00.

Nine of Robert Louis Stevenson's essays have been selected and edited by William Lyon Phelps, Ph.D., of Yale, for use in school and college courses. Professor Phelps's notes and comments are pertinent and interesting and do not intrude on the text, so that this little volume will be welcomed by the reader who wishes a pocket edition of Stevenson's masterpieces in style. A useful bibliography and a brief biography are included. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; 75 cents net.

Edith Nicholl Ellison, whose family were neighbors of Tennyson on the Isle of Wight for many years, has written "A Child's Recollection of Tennyson." The poet's sons, Hallam and Lionel, were her constant playmates, and she recalls many charming memories of the beautiful Tennyson home at Farringford. Mrs. Tennyson's illness and the poet laureate's frequent gloomy spells did not make for merriment, but the great man could unbend at times. The rare devotion of parents and children is told with a pretty touch. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$1.00 net.

Rev. Francis N. Peloubet's "Studies in the Book of Job" is a scholarly attempt to impress on the ordinary reader Tennyson's conviction that it is "the greatest poem in all literature." Dr. Peloubet's volume is intended for advanced classes, as well as for individual use. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.00.

"A Borrowed Sister," by Eliza Orme White, is a brightly written story for girls. Katherine Pyle has illustrated the tale. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York; \$1.00.

The first volume of Dr. Charles A. Briggs's critical commentary on "The Book of Psalms" has appeared. The work is the fruit of forty years of constant study. Dr. Briggs acknowledges the invaluable services of his daughter, Emilie Grace Briggs, in the preparation of the book, and her name appears as joint author. The work is one of the scholarly International Critical Commentary Series. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$3.00.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"Campfires in the Canadian Rockies," by William T. Hornaday, will soon come from the publishers.

A new edition with considerable new material will soon appear of "The Compromises of Life," by Colonel Henry Watterson. One of the new papers is "Go South, Young Man," which since its original delivery as a speech has become a watchword with people on the southern side of Mason and Dixon's line.

The biography of Charles Godfrey Leland ("Hans Breitmann"), from the pen of his niece, Elizabeth Robins Pennell, to be brought out soon, will be rich in literary and local reminiscences. Mr. Leland was a great traveler and spent a large part of his life in France, Germany, and England.

Fogazzaro's two novels, known in Italian under the names of "Piccolo Mondo Antico" and "Piccolo Mondo Moderno," will soon be published in translation and called in English "The Patriot" and "The Man of the World."

A very curious book is "The Seven Follies of Science," by John Phinn. It is a popular account of the most famous scientific impossibilities and the attempts which have been made to solve them. It deals with squaring a circle, the dupli-

cation of the cube, the trisection of an angle, perpetual motion, the transmutation of metals, the fixation of mercury, the universal medicine and the elixir of life. To these Mr. Phinn has added other "follies" and a "budget" of paradoxes, illusions and marvels.

Barrett Wendell's study of "The National Ideals of America" is announced for early publication.

Sir Theodore Martin, author of the "Bon Gaultier" ballads, is ninety years old, but enjoys remarkably vigorous health and takes daily rambles near his beautiful home on the outskirts of Llangollen, Wales. His intellect is as keen as ever and on Sundays he reads the lessons in church. Sir Theodore is a playgoer and a critic of contemporary verse and fiction.

A new book by H. G. Wells will be among the fall events in the book world. As indicated by the title, "In the Days of the Comet," the author has not departed from the style which made "The War of the Gods" notable. His new romance deals with the coming of Utopia.

Putnam's Monthly was first issued in 1853 and was discontinued four years later, though it had already won a reputation for literary excellence. It is now revived, and with it is incorporated The Critic. In the first number is presented the last poem of Richard Henry Stoddard, never before printed. Stoddard was connected with the magazine in the early days, and contributed much verse to its pages.

Most people are of the opinion that English authors in the old days received small, if any, pecuniary returns for their works. It is a matter of interest, though of little significance under the changed conditions, to know that Charles Dickens received from Harper's \$1000 for "A Tale of Two Cities," \$1250 for "Great Expectations" and \$1000 for "Our Mutual Friend." Thackeray was paid \$480 for "The Virginians," Trollope received \$700 for "Sir Henry Hotspur," and George Eliot received \$1200 for "Middlemarch," and for "Daniel Deronda" \$1700. When Macaulay's "Life and Letters" was published in 1876 \$1000 was paid for the use of advance sheets for the American edition.

NECTAR OF THE GODS



LIQUEUR
PERES CHARTREUX
GREEN AND YELLOW

THIS FAMOUS CORDON ROUGE, NOW MADE AT TARRAGONA, SPAIN, WAS FOR CENTURIES DISTILLED BY THE CARthusian MONKS (PERES CHARTREUX) AT THE MONASTERY OF LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE, FRANCE, AND KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AS CHARTREUSE. THE ABOVE CUT REPRESENTS THE BOTTLE AND LABEL EMPLOYED IN THE PUTTING UP OF THE ARTICLE SINCE THE MONKS' EXPULSION FROM FRANCE, AND IT IS NOW KNOWN AS LIQUEUR PERES CHARTREUX. (THE MONKS, HOWEVER, STILL RETAIN THE RIGHT TO USE THE OLD BOTTLE AND LABEL AS WELL.) DISTILLED BY THE SAME ORDER OF MONKS WHO HAVE SECURELY GUARDED THE SECRET OF ITS MANUFACTURE FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS AND WHO ALONE POSSESS A KNOWLEDGE OF THE ELEMENTS OF THIS DELICIOUS NECTAR.

At Large Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafes, Batjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Sole Agents for the United States

ROBERTSON'S
NEW LOCATION
1539

Van Ness Ave., Near Pine
"Next to the White House"

Mr. Robertson calls attention to the above address, which is very centrally located.

Pears'

Soap, like books, should be chosen with discretion. Both are capable of infinite harm.

The selection of Pears' is a perfect choice and a safeguard against soap evils.

Matchless for the complexion.

"La Questa"

A Luscious Old Red Wine, Highly Commended by Connoisseurs

PRODUCER:

E. H. RIXFORD
Kohl Building, San Francisco

Educational.

Dr. H. J. Stewart

Organist of St. Dominic's Church and the Temple Sherrin Israel

Teacher of Vocal Music
PIANOFORTE, ORGAN, HARMONY AND COMPOSITION
New Studio: 2517 California St.
Hours: 10 to 12 and 2 to 4 daily, except Saturdays

MRS. J. E. TIPPET

(CLARA BEUTLER)

Teacher of Singing
Coaching

Studio, Pierce Building, Copley Square
Boston, Mass.

IRVING INSTITUTE

A day and home School of high standing for young ladies. Accredited by the universities. Music under masters. Write for catalogue.

Mrs. Edward B. Church, Principal.
Mrs. Fay Chase Kellogg, Acting Principal.
2126 CALIFORNIA STREET,
San Francisco, Cal.

OTTO FLEISSNER, Vocal, Piano, Organ and Harmony, Residence and Studio: 2560 Vallejo near Scott St., San Francisco. In Oakland on Tuesdays care of Sherman, Clay & Company.

Miss Harker's School.

Palo Alto, Cal. Home and Day School for Girls, mediate and Primary Departments. Certificate admits to Ford, Vassar and Wellesley. Number limited. Register August 20th.

Ogontz School for Young Ladies
Twenty minutes from Philadelphia; two hours from New York. The late Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For catalogue address MISS SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal, Ogontz P. O., Pa.

ROMEIKE'S PRESS CUTTING BUREAU

Will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear on you, your friends, or any subject on which you are "up to date." A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines. In fact, every paper of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers, and, through the European Bureaus, all the leading papers, the civilized globe. Clippings found for subscribers and pasted on slips giving name and date of paper, and are mailed day by day. Write for circular and terms.

HENRY ROMEIKE

33 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK
BRANCHES

LONDON. PARIS. BERLIN. SYDNEY.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Talleyrand at his dinner parties in serving guests his manners to his guests' rank this way: To a prince of royal blood: "May I have the honor of offering your royal highness a little beef?" To a duke: "Monseigneur, permit me to offer you some beef?" To a marquis: "Marquis, may I cut you a little beef?" To a viscount: "Viscount, have some beef?" To a baron: "Baron, some beef?" To an untitled gentleman: "Some beef?" To his secretary: "Beef?" When there was present a person even inferior to the secretary, to him Talleyrand did not say much as a word. He simply looked at the man, and pointed the carving knife at the beef interrogatively.

Henry Ward Beecher once said, apropos of a letter-writer: "I receive hundreds a month, but one which came the other day beat anything I had ever read before. The application was from a woman, and it ran something like this: 'Please send me fifty dollars by return of post, otherwise I shall be forced to part with my honor.' I just wrote back: 'My Dear Madam—I am in receipt of your letter of the 15th inst., and in reply would state that if you can't put a greater value on your honor than fifty dollars it doesn't seem to me to be of much consequence whether you part with it or not.'"

Henry Watterson says that the oddest and most humorous transposition of the types that ever came within his observation was in a New York paper which used to print its shipping news on the same page with the obituaries. One morning a long list of respectable names were set forth under the marine head, 'Passed Through the Gate Yesterday.'"

Pessimists I will not endure," the Kaiser has said in Breslau. "Let him who is not suited to seek, if he will, a better country." Perhaps the Kaiser has recently seen (says the New York Evening Post) Alexander Moskowski's bitter little story of the man who fell from the moon, and, after traveling all over the world in search of the best country, returned to Germany for permanent residence. When asked why, he replied: "My reasons are quite simple. I have observed in various countries how the state's money is thrown away and what a part protection, corruption, dissipation, folly, and waste have each played in its expenditure. The extreme of each of these facts I found in Germany. So I said to myself, 'A nation which can stand all that without jumping the track must be the best.' Therefore I want to come a German."

A Neapolitan widow, whose husband had been dead some years, was persuaded to go to a spiritualists' seance, and there the spirit of her dead husband appeared and spoke with her. "My dear Agostino," said the widow to the spirit, "are you happy now?" "I am very happy," Agostino answered. "Happier than you were, on earth with me?" said the widow. "Yes," replied the shade; "I am far, far happier now than I was on earth with you."

The widow was silent a moment. Then she said: "Tell me, Agostino; what is it like in heaven?" "Heaven?" said Agostino. "I am not in heaven."

Attorney John M. Thurston, of Nebraska who was representing the defense in a recent trial in one of the State courts, arose the other day to reply to arguments of counsel for the government on a point of law. In deliberate and impressive manner the attorney began a forceful presentation to the court. Before he had fairly launched his counter attack, however, he was interrupted by the presiding justice, who said that he was about to decide the case in favor of Senator Thurston. "In that case," remarked Mr. Thurston, resuming his seat at once, "I will make no appeal to the court for fear of changing your opinion."

Travelers' tales which often add charm to the conversation of an agreeable person frequently become a bore more tiresome than ever, a fact that was amusingly illustrated by an occurrence in a Baltimore clubhouse not long ago. "Where I stood, gentlemen," the long-winded narrator was saying, after droning on for an hour with reference to his trip to Switzerland—"there I stood, with the abyss yawning in front of me." "ardon me," hastily interjected one of the

unfortunate men who had been obliged to listen to the story, "but was that abyss yawning before you got there?"

W. H. Avery and Henry J. Crocker have recently returned from a trip to Japan, and they vie with each other telling stories on the other man (says the San Francisco Chronicle).

Avery has a good one on Crocker. They were going along one of the streets in Yokobama, and noticed straw in the streets. Crocker, who is a student of the customs of the country in which he traveled, had ascertained that straw is scattered on the street in case of sickness to diminish the noise.

"Mister," said a small tourist, who had wandered away from mother, "what's this hay doing out here?"

"My son," said Crocker with a smile, "the stork has just brought a baby to the woman who lives here."

The small one surveyed Crocker with wide eyes and said: "Gee, it must have come well packed."

Capt. Spencer of the Salvation Army, asked a cockney convict what he did for a living when he left prison. "Well, in spring I does a bit o' pea-picking, and in the autumn I does a bit o' 'op picking." "Yes," said the captain, "and what do you do in the winter?" "Well, mister, I may as well be honest with yer. In the winter I does a bit o' pocket picking!" Capt. Spencer next asked, "And what happens then?" The convict replied, "Why, I comes 'ere to prison and does a bit o' oakum-picking!"

A silly little lady had a husband, a lover of gaiety, who was inclined to neglect his wife. This lady, while spending the winter in Devonshire, said one day at the country postoffice:

"Dear me, what a silly mistake you postoffice people have made."

"How, madam?" asked the clerk.

"Why," she explained, with a titter, "here I have just gotten a letter from my husband, who is working hard in London, and the envelope is postmarked Monte Carlo."

A schoolteacher says this sweeping answer was made by a pupil in a history lesson:

"How many wars," she asked this pupil, "did England fight with Spain?"

"Six," the pupil answered.

"Six," said the teacher. "Enumerate them, please."

"One, two, three, four, five, six," said the little girl.

The bill of \$25,000 that Dr. Frank Billings presented to the Marshall Field estate for seven days' treatment of the dead millionaire comes to more than \$3,500 a day. At that rate Dr. Billings' income would be a million and a quarter a year.

A patient of a certain famous eye specialist, coming to pay his bill, growled.

"Doctor, it seems to me that \$500 is a big charge for that operation of mine. It didn't take you over half a minute."

"My dear sir," the other answered, "in learning to perform that operation in half a minute I have spoiled over eleven pecks of such eyes as yours."

There was a poor lady who hastened to the nursery, saying to her little daughter:

"Minnie, what do you mean by shouting and screaming? Play quietly, like Tommy. See, he doesn't make a sound."

"Of course he doesn't," said the little girl. "That is our game. He is papa coming home late, and I am you."

A police captain was about to raid a gambling den. At midnight, taking his place at the head of a squad of stalwart men, he looked them over closely, and then said to his lieutenant: "Is everything ready for this raid?" "Yes, sir," replied the lieutenant, saluting. "Our arms are in first-rate order, here are the reporters, there are the flashlight camera men, and I notified the proprietor of the place this afternoon."

On a Western railroad there is a brakeman who has lost the forefinger of his right hand. The wonderful works of nature along the road keep the brakeman busy answering the passengers' questions.

One day, after the brakeman had been pointing out the window and explaining the scenery, one of the passengers whispered to the conductor, "Conductor, can you tell me how that brakeman lost his finger? He seems to be a very nice fellow. It seems a pity he should be crippled."

"That's just it, ma'am. He is a good fellow,

He is so obliging that he just wore his finger off pointing out the scenery along the line."

One night Paganini was going to the Paris Opera House, where he was to astonish everybody by playing on one string. Being late he took a cab, and when he arrived at his destination the cabby wanted 10 francs. "What," he exclaimed, "you are crazy; I have only had you five minutes." "I know it is much," said the other, "but for you who make a fortune by playing on one string it must be 10 francs." "Well," said Paganini, handing him the right fare, "when you can make your cab go on one wheel come to me and I will give you 10 francs."

Crossing from Folkestone to Boulogne on a sea that was more rough than pleasant were two well-known members of the legal profession, a judge and a barrister. The latter was suffering silently but sorely when the judge happened to drop against him as he leaned disconsolately over the taffrail.

"H'm. You don't seem quite at home here," remarked his lordship. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes," gasped the seasick lawyer, "I wish you would overrule this motion."

A Washington dispatch says that marines have been deserting from the barracks on Mare Island, California, at a rate which made it necessary for Brigadier-General G. F. Elliott commanding the marine corps, to detail a second lieutenant and several experienced enlisted men as a squad whose sole duty it is to search San Francisco for deserters from the marine corps. The marines are said to have deserted to earn high wages in the work of cleaning up and rebuilding in the burned district, and it is reported that the city police render no assistance in the work of arresting the deserters.

These trade-mark enclose lines on every package

Cresco Grits and

(Formerly called CRISTO Grits)

BARLEY CRYSTALS,

Perfect Breakfast and Dietary Health Cereals.

PAN-VEGETARIAN Flour, Biscuits, and Biscuits.

Unlike all other goods. Ask grocers.

For book of sample, write

FARWELL & RHINES, WATERTOWN, N. Y., U. S. A.

For Conservative Investors

Income Yielding Securities

High Interest

No Taxes

For information call or write

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

California and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

"CROCKER QUALITY"

DESKS and CHAIRS

GLOBE-WERNICKE

Filing Cabinets Bookcases

Office Supplies

CROCKER'S

515-525 Market Street 1244-46 Sutter Street

HUNTER

BALTIMORE

RYE

IS THE WHISKEY OF REFINED TASTE. THE CONNOISSEUR'S FIRST CHOICE.

CI AFLES M. REYNOLDS CO., Agents for California and Nevada, San Francisco, Cal.

EUGENE KORN

The Hatter

946 Van Ness Avenue

Formerly 746 Market St.

AUTOMOBILES

Runabouts - \$700

Reo Touring Cars - \$1400

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

J. W. LEAVITT & CO.

441 Golden Gate Ave.

P. Centemeri & Co.

KID GLOVES

New Location

1551 Van Ness Ave.

Between Pine and California

San Francisco

PERSONAL

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Abba Church and Mr. Edgar Rickard will take place in Oakland on Wednesday, October 24th. Miss Elizabeth McNear, the bride's cousin, will be the maid of honor, and Mr. Stanley Easton the best man.

It is announced that the marriage of Mrs. Elue Gardiner Hodgson and Mr. Walter Quick will be celebrated Wednesday, October 24th, at the home of the bride's parents, Major and Mrs. Bigelow, in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Mr. Quick and his bride will live in this city.

The wedding of Miss Mabel Stockton of San Diego to Lieutenant Ernest F. Eckhardt, U. S. N., took place on September 19th in St. Margaret's Church, Washington, D. C. Mrs. Thomas Hagner, wife of Paymaster Hagner, U. S. N., was matron of honor, and Dr. John Flint, U. S. N., the best man. Lieutenant and Mrs. Eckhardt will reside temporarily at Norfolk, Virginia.

The wedding of Miss Charlotte Williams, daughter of Mr. James Williams, of Portland, to Mr. Reginald Norris, took place at Martinez on Tuesday afternoon of last week. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Gough of the Methodist Church. Mr. and Mrs. Norris are making their home in this city.

The marriage of Miss Evelyn Ratcliff, daughter of the Rev. Walter Ratcliff, to Dr. William F. Bade, took place on Wednesday evening of last week, at St. Mark's Church, Berkeley. The ceremony was performed by the bride's father, assisted by the Rev. E. L. Parsons, rector of St. Mark's, and the Rev. J. K. McLean. Miss Ethel Ratcliff was the maid of honor and Mr. Duncan McDuffie was the best man.

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey was the hostess at a luncheon on Tuesday of last week at her home on Webster street in honor of Mrs. William H. Younger, at which fifteen guests were present.

The San Rafael Improvement Club, which numbers among its members, Mrs. John F. Boyd, Mrs. George Davis Boyd, Mrs. Arthur W. Foster, Mrs. Frank Johnson, Mrs. Alexander Lilley, Mrs. Vincent Neale, and Mrs. George M. Pinckard, gave a fancy fair and garden party in the Coleman tract last Saturday afternoon and evening. There were a number of booths with attendants in costume, a vaudeville performance every hour during the afternoon and evening and music all the time. Among those who assisted the club were Miss Maye Colburn, Miss Helen De Young, Miss Cora Smedberg and Miss Von Schroeder.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resume of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians.

Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Miss Margaret Newhall, Miss Marion Newhall and Miss Elizabeth Newhall, who will spend the year abroad, were, when last heard from, in England.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond have given up their plans of going abroad this fall and are still at their country place, at Gloucester, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon went down on Friday of last week to Del Monte for a brief stay.

Mrs. N. L. Nokes, her daughter, Mrs. John Burke Murphy, and little Miss Virginia Murphy,

will leave about October 15th for Fort Monroe, Virginia, where Lieutenant Murphy, U. S. A., is taking a course in the Artillery School.

Mrs. Aldrich and her daughter, Mrs. W. M. S. Beede, will leave next month for a long sojourn in the Eastern States.

Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, who has been the guest of Mrs. William S. Tevis at Lake Tahoe for several weeks, has returned to her home in Oakland.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, who has been in San Francisco for a few weeks, left on Saturday last for her home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, who left here in March for Europe, are at present in Munich, but will return to San Francisco about December 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, who have been in Europe since shortly after the fire, expect to return in the near future to San Francisco.

Mrs. Pelham Ames and Miss Elizabeth Ames left on Friday for Baltimore, where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. Gaston Ashe has returned from a month's trip to Alaska.

Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith has recently been the guest of her cousin, Mrs. William Horn, in Sausalito.

Mrs. Stanley Stillman, who has been in Redlands for the entire summer, has returned to her home here.

Mrs. William Younger left on Wednesday last for her home in Paris, after a stay here of a few weeks.

Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden, who went last week to Santa Barbara, expect to leave in the near future for the East, where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. L. L. Baker, Miss Kate Stone and the Misses Helen and Dorothy Baker, who have been in Europe for several months past, will sail for home on November 3d.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton and Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker went on Friday of last week for a stay of a week or ten days at the McCloud River Country Club.

Mrs. William P. Morgan and Miss Ella Morgan are among the San Franciscans who will go East this fall to spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kohl, after a short stay in town, returned to their Tahoe villa on Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Spear, of Berkeley, who have been spending a few days at Lake Tahoe, have returned.

Mrs. A. J. Bryant is the guest of Mrs. Emma Butler at the latter's home in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. James Cunningham and Miss Sara Cunningham, who have spent several weeks here this summer, left last week for Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, where they are to remain until the late fall.

Mr. Charles Dilke, of England, has been spending a brief time as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Brown at their country place at Grass Valley.

Mrs. William Geer Hitchcock and her family arrived recently from New York and will spend the winter at San Mateo as the guest of her brother, Mr. Frank Drum, who has taken the Bower place there.

Mrs. Charles Lyman and her son will arrive from Europe and will join Captain Lyman and Mrs. Lyman's mother, Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke, who are now making their home in Berkeley.

Mrs. Charles M. Keeney, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Innes Keeney, and by Miss Augusta Foute, left last week, where Miss Keeney and Miss Foute will enter Mrs. Scoville's school for a year before coming out.

Mrs. Ynez Shorth White went down early in the week to Fresno, where she will be the guest of friends.

Miss Blanche Bigelow of Boston, who has been visiting her uncle and aunt, Admiral and Mrs. Joseph F. Trille, at their cottage at Monterey, has returned to her Eastern home.

Mrs. Arthur F. Allen has arrived from Manila and was the guest of Mr. Allen's mother, Mrs. I. P. Allen, here, leaving last week, however, for a visit to her parents in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Postley, who are now in Paris, after a stay in Geneva, expect to return to San Francisco this fall.

Miss Jane Rawlings of Oakland has been spending a fortnight at the Rawlings country home near Los Gatos.

Mr. Paul Jones has returned from a brief Eastern trip.

Mrs. Obed Harvey and Miss Genevieve Harvey, of Galt, have recently spent several days in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvanus Cobb Farnham (formerly Miss Evelyn Clifford) have been spending their honeymoon at Del Monte.

Miss Molly Dutton has returned from a visit to friends in San Luis Obispo.

Mr. Edward Greer of St. Louis has been spending several weeks here as the guest of his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Greer.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bissell closed their chalet on Lake Tahoe on Saturday last and returned to San Francisco the following day.

Mrs. Charles S. Fee, with her son and daughters, who have been sojourning at Tahoe Tavern for two weeks, returned last Saturday.

Mrs. W. C. Peyton, who has been visiting in Delaware through the summer, has returned to San Francisco.

General Shafter has come from his home near Bakersfield and is spending a few days in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Greer will close their Sausalito home this week and will come to town

to remain until January, at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Ellinwood on Pacific avenue.

Mr. Ernest Herzberg of London, the brother-in-law of Mrs. Mack, of this city, is registered at the St. Francis.

Among those who arrived at the Hotel del Coronado from San Francisco the past week were: Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Lask, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. White, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Moffitt, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Schieck, Miss S. B. Jenkins, Miss Edith Duesberg, Mr. William F. Kett and Mr. W. C. McClosky.

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs for the past week were: Mrs. Louie Taussig accompanied by her nephew, Dr. E. Taussig of Rome; Dr. J. F. Summers, Mr. Byron Jackson, Byron Jackson, Jr., Dr. Clarence L. Heller, Dr. A. O. Lindstrom, Miss Lindstrom, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Tyson and family, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Hopkins, Dr. and Mrs. C. G. Kenyon and Dr. and Mrs. J. Wallace DeWitt.

Large contractors say there is a decided increase of excavating and cleaning up in the old business district of the city. They now have the facilities for the removing of 5,000 cubic yards a day. The total outgo of debris up to this time has not exceeded 625,000 cubic yards, which is considerably less than one-tenth of the estimated total amount of debris to be removed. The price charged for hauling away common debris at the present time is usually about \$2.25 a wagon load, but sometimes reaches \$3 a load. Contractors load scows daily and the scows are towed to the dumping grounds every night. The Secretary of War has granted five permits to dump debris into the bay. But only in specified areas near the entrance. The specific area is the southeast corner of a circle drawn around the Mile Rock lighthouse. The penalty for dumping anywhere else is a fine of \$2,500 and imprisonment from two to five years.

The officials of the United Railroads have been trying for some time to devise a way to get the cars over the steep hills of the city by means of electricity, and have at last given the idea up, and have decided to go back to the cable cars on the worst hills. The lines that will be used for cable cars are in fair condition, and will not be rehabilitated, but will be put in commission with the necessary repairs, and the old cable cars will again come into service.

A handsome new apartment house has been completed at the corner of Octavia street and Hickory avenue, the property of Dr. Daniel T. Callahan of this city, and it has been built entirely by day's labor since the fire. The house is a three-story frame building and contains twenty-four housekeeping apartments of three and four rooms and bath. The building cost \$35,000, exceeding the architects' estimates, made before April 18th, by \$10,000.

James J. Hill, the railroad magnate of the Northwest, has three sons in the same business. James N., the eldest is vice-president of the Northern Pacific; Louis W. is first vice-president of the Great Northern, and Walter H., is right-of-way agent for a new line between Sioux City and Omaha. It is generally understood that Louis will be his father's successor in the railroad world.

The home of Lieutenant Claude Brigham, U. S. A., and Mrs. Brigham (nee Dorr) has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Poett, at Santa Barbara, has been brightened by the advent of a son.

The Anglo-Californian Bank, Ltd. has erected a building at 1020 Van Ness Avenue to be devoted exclusively to its own occupancy. In addition to the banking department they have opened safe deposit vaults with boxes from \$4.00 a year up, and special storage rooms for trunks, books, etc. This uptown branch of the Anglo-Californian Bank is established to meet the needs of its depositors, who are now largely located on Van Ness Avenue and westward.

MARCHAND'S

IS NOW LOCATED AT

1424 McAllister St.,

Between Pierce and Scott

Service as Usual

The Very Best in
the City

HOTEL ST. FRANCIS
ANNEX
SAN FRANCISCO

IN UNION SQUARE
ON THE LAWNS
AMID THE PALMS
EVERY ROOM OUTSIDE
ON THE GROUND FLOOR

FAMOUS GRILL ROOM
IN MAIN BUILDING
SAME SKILLED CHEF

Build Your
Home
In Presidio
Terrace—

San Francisco's only Residence
Park.

Absolute protection afforded in
home life.

No saloons, stables, laundries, flats,
stores nor business structures per-
mitted.

No spite fences.

Sun and light assured by building
line restrictions.

Lots 50-foot frontage, \$6000.

Five years credit, 5 per cent. in-
terest.

Minimum cost of residences,
\$7000.

Particulars of

BALDWIN
& HOWELL

1692 FILLMORE ST.

HOTEL RAFAEL

SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

50 minutes from San Francisco. Complete

Change of Climate

TIBURON OR SAUSALITO FERRY

All Modern Conveniences.

R. V. HALTON Proprietor

Hotel Collingwood

35th St., between 5th Ave. and Broadway

NEW YORK CITY

New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and the
district containing every modern device for comfort
of guests.

Positively exclusive. Service a la carte.

JOHN G. ILS & CO.

Manufacturers

High-Grade French Range

Kitchen and Bakery Outfits,

624 Washington Street,

San Francisco, Cal.

Press Clippings

Are money-makers for Contractors,
Supply-houses, Business Men and
Corporations.

The Press Clipping Bureau
1321 4th Avenue, Oakland, Cal.



ROYAL Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Healthful cream of tartar, derived solely
from grapes, refined to absolute purity,
is the active principle of every pound
of Royal Baking Powder.

Hence it is that Royal Baking
Powder renders the food remarkable
both for its fine flavor and healthfulness.

No alum, no phosphate—
which are the principal ele-
ments of the so-called cheap
baking powders and which
are derived from bones,
rock and sulphuric acid.

PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Lieutenant-General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., commanding general of the Pacific Division, has removed his headquarters from the barracks in the Infantry Cantonment in the Presidio, where they have been since the fire, and since last Saturday has been at 2440 Pacific avenue.

Lieutenant-Colonel Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., military secretary of the lieutenant-general; Major S. A. Dunning, U. S. A., military secretary of the Pacific Division; Lieutenant-Colonel Lea Febiger, U. S. A., acting inspector general; Lieutenant-Colonel George L. Anderson, U. S. A., assistant inspector general; Major Zerah Torrey, U. S. A., on duty in the inspector general's office; Major Harts, U. S. A., chief engineer officer of the division; Captain William Chamberlain, U. S. A., ordered here as assistant chief of staff, and ultimately the officer ordered here as chief of staff, are located in the same building.

Admiral Farenholt, U. S. N., retired, is the guest of Admiral Joseph F. Trille, U. S. N., retired, and Mrs. Trille, at their cottage at Monterey.

Rear-Admiral Swinburne, U. S. N., on board the flagship Chicago, commanded by Captain Charles Badger, U. S. N., arrived in this port last week and left on Saturday last for Santa Barbara. He will there await the arrival of the new Charleston from the East and will transfer his flag to it. The Chicago will then proceed east.

Brigadier-General Stephen P. Jocelyn, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed on expiration of his leave to Vancouver Barracks to assume command of the Department of Columbia. General and Mrs. Jocelyn and the Misses Jocelyn have recently arrived in Washington, D. C., from Europe, where they have been traveling for several months.

Colonel George H. Torney, Medical Department, U. S. A., commanding officer of the Army General Hospital at the Presidio of San Francisco, has sent out letters to twenty-eight young physicians of the city asking them to accept six months contracts in the army in consequence of the Cuban trouble.

Lieutenant-Colonel Robert J. C. Irvine, Twenty-first Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to report to Colonel Charles Morris, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., president of an army retiring and at San Francisco, for examination by that board.

Major Adam Slaker, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who has been ordered to the command of Fort Baker, has been granted twenty-five days' leave of absence.

Major John B. Bellinger, U. S. A., who received Major Carroll A. Devol, U. S. A., as post quartermaster and superintendent of transport service, arrived here on Sunday morning.

Major Carroll A. Devol, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence to take effect upon his being relieved from duty here.

Major Merriette W. Ireland, Medical Department, U. S. A., of the surgeon general's office at Washington, D. C., who has been on special duty at the Army General Hospital at the Presidio of San Francisco, has been ordered to report without delay at Washington, D. C.

Commander A. C. Almy, U. S. N., retired, has been detached from duty in the office of the Judge Advocate-General, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., and ordered to duty in charge of the Naval Coaling Station at San Diego.

Captain William C. Haan, General Staff, U. S. A., who returned on Sunday last from America Lake, Washington, left on Tuesday morning for Havana, where he goes to assume the position of military secretary to General Frederick Funston, U. S. A.

Captain William C. Wren, U. S. A., connecting quartermaster of the Department of California, left early this week for Havana in response to orders from General C. F. Humphrey, Quartermaster General, U. S. A., to proceed there immediately.

Captain Ulysses G. McAlexander, General Staff, U. S. A., arrived on the transport Sherman on Saturday from Manila, en route to Washington, D. C.

Captain Robert L. Hamilton, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to report to Brigadier-General Theodore J. Wint, U. S. A., president of an army retiring board, at Omaha, Nebraska, for re-examination by that board. Extension of leave for two months on account of sickness has been granted Captain Hamilton.

Captain Frederick E. Johnston, Paymaster, U. S. A., has been ordered to report to the chief paymaster of the Department of Luzon for duty, with station at Manila.

Captain Lawrence D. Cabell, U. S. A., assistant to the superintendent of transport service in that port, has been ordered to join the expedition to Cuba.

Paymaster Gray Skipwith, U. S. N., who is well known on this coast, has been detached from the naval training station, Newport, Rhode Island, and ordered to the Milwaukee when that vessel is placed in commission.

Lieutenant Joseph W. Beacham, Jr., Signal Corps, U. S. A., Benicia Barracks, has been granted leave of absence for one month, to take

effect about October 15th, with permission to apply for one month's extension.

Lieutenant Edmund L. Bull, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., Fort McDowell, is detailed for duty in connection with "The Progressive Military Map of the United States," and is ordered to proceed to Yuma, Arizona, relieving Lieutenant Solomon B. West, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., who will return to his station at Fort McDowell.

Contract Surgeon Rodney D. Smith, U. S. A., now in Oakland, has been ordered to report to the chief surgeon of the department for duty in his office until the sailing of the next transport for Manila.

Company B, Hospital Corps, U. S. A., commanded by Captain A. E. Truby, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., assisted by Captain R. W. Patterson, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., left on Monday morning last for Newport News, Virginia, en route to Havana, Cuba, in response to orders received on the Saturday evening before.

Mrs. Eliza Baker Grayson, wife of George W. Grayson, the pioneer mining and cattle man died September 26, after a month's illness, at the residence of Senator W. C. Ralston, her son-in-law, at Fruitvale. Mrs. Grayson crossed the plains from Missouri with her husband in 1857. They settled in Tehama County, where she shared in the vicissitudes of the early days. In 1869 the family came to Oakland. The Graysons went to San Francisco two years ago, but after the fire made their home with the Ralstons. Mrs. Grayson was 70 years old, a native of Kentucky. There survive her husband and two daughters, Mrs. H. G. Hinckley and Mrs. W. C. Ralston.

Charles S. Aiken has resigned the editorship of the Sunset Magazine to assume a position with "Ridgways," the new venture of Everybody's Magazine. "Ridgways" will be a weekly review and will be published simultaneously in twelve cities of this country. Mr. Aiken held the editorship of Sunset for six years. It is said that he will be succeeded by Mrs. Edward Emerson, the wife of Colonel Edward Emerson, the Rough Rider and war correspondent. As Miss Maizie Griswold, Mrs. Emerson has written much for local magazines. She has been a generous contributor to Sunset for four years.

Arrangements have been made for the purchase of the Mrs. E. B. Crocker mansion in Los Angeles, by the local lodge of Elks. The price paid for the building and lot was \$65,000, and the Elks will spend another \$35,000 in fixtures, furniture and general renovation of the building. The local lodge entertains more visitors than any other lodge in the country.

Many of the office-holders of the city were at the ferry station Monday to say goodbye to Mayor Eugene Schmitz and Mrs. Schmitz, who were starting for New York and Europe, to be absent two months. Supervisor James Gallagher will be Acting Mayor for the next sixty days.

Judge W. W. Morrow, of the United States Circuit Court, has been compelled to take a vacation on account of the serious condition of his eyes. His physician says that three months of complete rest will be required to restore good sight to the affected eye.

The famous Marchand's, well known to all for its cuisine in former days, is again ready to receive guests. It has entirely new fittings throughout with three large dining-rooms and ten private dining-rooms. For special dinners or lunches the service is complete in every detail. The new location of the restaurant is at 1424 McAllister street between Pierce and Scott.

The famous Marchand's, well known to all for its cuisine in former days, is again ready to receive guests. It has entirely new fittings throughout with three large dining-rooms and ten private dining-rooms. For special dinners or lunches the service is complete in every detail. The new location of the restaurant is at 1424 McAllister street between Pierce and Scott.

BANKING.

FRENCH AMERICAN BANK

Union Trust Building (Third Floor)
Ready to accommodate its customers and do a general banking business. We will collect on insurance policies for those wishing our services.

THE FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

Officers—Charles Caspy, President; Arthur Legallet, Vice-President; Leon Bocqueraz, Vice-President.

Directors—J. E. Arques, O. Bozio, J. A. Bergerot, E. J. DeSabra, J. M. Dupas, J. S. Godeau, J. J. Mack, Geo. Belaney, Leon Kaufman.

Our Branch Bank is Now Open at
No. 810 Van Ness Avenue Near Eddy St.

Mutual Savings Bank

710 Market St., Opposite Third
SAN FRANCISCO.

Guarantee Capital	- - - - -	\$ 1,000,000
Paid-up Capital	- - - - -	300,000
Surplus	- - - - -	320,000
Assets	- - - - -	10,000,000

Interest paid on deposits. Loans on approved securities.

OFFICERS—President, James D. Phelan; First Vice-President, S. G. Murphy; Second Vice-President, John A. Hooper; Secretary and Cashier, Geo. A. Story; Asst. Secretary and Asst. Cashier, C. B. Hobson; Attorney, Frank J. Sullivan.

Directors—James D. Phelan, John A. Hooper, Frank J. Sullivan, Jas. M. McDonald, S. G. Murphy, James Moffitt, Robt. McElroy, Charles Holbrook, Rudolph Spreckels.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus	\$ 2,552,719.61
Capital actually paid up in cash	1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1906	38,476,520.22

F. Tillmann, Jr., President; Daniel Meyer, First Vice-President; Emil Rohde, Second Vice-President; A. H. R. Schmidt, Cashier; Wm. Hermann, Asst. Cashier; Geo. Tourny, Secretary; A. H. Muller, Asst. Secretary; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.

Board of Directors:
F. Tillmann, Jr., Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohde, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, N. Ohlandt, J. W. Van Bergen, E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Capital Fully Paid \$2,000,000
Total Assets \$10,000,000

A General Banking Business Conducted
Savings and Checking Accounts Received
Interest Paid on Deposits

MAIN OFFICE
CORNER CALIFORNIA AND MONTGOMERY STREETS

West End Branch, 1531 Devisadero St.
Near Post.

Mission Branch: 927 Valencia Street
Near Twenty-first

Uptown Branch: 1850 Geary Street,
West of Fillmore.

DAVID F. WALKER, Pres.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Mgr.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

316 Montgomery Street
Established March, 1871

Authorized Capital	- - - - -	\$1,000,000.00
Paid-up Capital	- - - - -	500,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	- - - - -	285,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1906	- - - - -	4,934,818.50

Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

Banking by mail a specialty.

William Babcock - - - - - President
S. L. Abbot - - - - - Vice-President
Fred W. Ray - - - - - Secretary

Directors—William Babcock, S. L. Abbot, O. D. Baldwin, Joseph D. Grant, E. J. McCutchen, L. F. Montague, R. H. Pease, Warren D. Clark, Jas. L. Flood, J. A. Donohoe, John Parrott, Jacob Stern.

NATHAN, DOHRMANN & CO.

CHINA, GLASS, LAMPS, SILVER,
ART WARES, PLATED AND
KITCHEN UTENSILS : : : :

Novelties and New Importations
Arriving Daily.

1520 - 1550 Van Ness Avenue
Between Pine and California Streets

A. HIRSCHMAN

Jeweler and Silversmith

Will Remove on or about October 15th at

1641 Van Ness Avenue

Between California and Sacramento Streets

Formerly Mutual Bank Building, 712 Market and 25 Geary Street.

WAKELEE & CO.

CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS

Formerly under Occidental Hotel, Cor. Bush and Montgomery Streets.

Now Located at 58 Market Street, Near the Ferry

RESTOCKED, AND PREPARED FOR HIGH-CLASS PRESCRIPTION WORK.

Phone Temporary 2122 SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS

Ready for business at 1165 O'FARRELL ST., bet. Franklin and Gough
Pianos Tuned, Repaired, Moved and Stored.
SOHMER-Cecilian Piano Players

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Lawyer—"Well, what was done in the interim?" Witness—"I don't know, sir. I didn't go into the interim. I stayed in the anteroom."—Puck.

Tommy—"Pop, does a diplomat have to know much?" Tommy's Pop—"Well, he has to know enough not to know too much."—Philadelphia Record.

"Who'd have thought we'd live to see our boy in the Legislature?" said the old man. "Nobody," said the old lady, "but—the Lord's will be done!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Kate—"Is it true that Grace and Jack had a quarrel last night?" Nell—"No, a falling out. The hammock rope broke and let them down together."—Somerville Journal.

Little Elmer (who has an inquiring mind)—"Papa, what is meant by 'honor among thieves?'" Professor Broadhead—"Oh, just about the same as 'senatorial courtesy,' my son."—Puck.

New Office Boy—"Your wife wants you at the 'phone, sir." Mr. Mermordub—"Boy, how many times must I tell you to get the name and number of the person who calls up?"—Puck.

"My wife was arrested yesterday." "You surprise me. What was the trouble?" "She got off a trolley car the right way and a policeman thought she was a man in disguise."—Puck.

"You haven't any confidence in either candidate?" "On the contrary, I have confidence in both. I believe all the bad things they say about each other are absolutely true."—Washington Star.

A tourist who returned this week from Colorado was asked if the outing was expensive. The tourist replied: "I have lost everything but honor, and I believe even that is plugged."—Kansas City Star.

Fisherman (beginner)—"Don't you think, Peter, I've improved a good deal since I began?" Peter (anxious to pay a compliment)—"You have, sorr. But sure it was aisy for you to improve, sorr!"—Punch.

"By the way, sir," asked the waiter, "how would you like to have your steak?" "Very much, indeed," replied the mild man, who had been patiently waiting for twenty minutes.—Philadelphia Press.

"Your friend Bardlet left some verses with me to-day that were quite amusing," said the editor. "Indeed!" replied Dubbley: "I didn't think he was a humorous poet." "Neither does he."—Philadelphia Press.

The Kentucky man who reported having seen a whistling rat with yellow body and blue feet will greatly relieve the feelings of a number of men if he will state whether it also had a green tail.—Washington Post.

"Why is a great man more appreciated after he is dead?" "He is not more appreciated," answered Senator Sorghum. "He is more freely complimented because he is less feared by envious rivals."—Washington Star.

Sunday School Teacher—"What is conscience?" A dead silence. Sunday School Teacher—"What do we call the thing that tells us when we do wrong?" Little Ethel—"Grandma."—Philadelphia Record.

Easy on the Hammock—Mamma—"I hope you were not sitting in the hammock with Jack last night, Lulu?" Lulu—"No, mamma. I didn't think it was strong enough for both of us to sit in. Jack sat in the hammock, and I sat in Jack's lap."—Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. Housekeep—"If you do a little work for me now, I'll give you a good dinner after a while." Weary Willie—"You'll git off cheaper, lady, if ye gimme de dinner now an' furgit de work. Work always gives me a fierce appetite."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Tourist—"Wasn't there a great battle fought about here?" Village dame—"Ah, I do mind it when I were a gell, I do. They was— Tourist—"But, my good woman, that was nearly six hundred years ago!" Village dame (unabashed)—"Dear, dear! How time do fly!"—Pur. h.

Reporter—"Senator, if it isn't a secret, I should like to know something about the speech you are going to make tomorrow. How will you stand on government ownership?" Statesman—"Briefly, but with emphasis, young man. I shall jump on it with both feet."—Chicago Tribune.

Tommy had been sent to the attic as a punishment for misconduct. After the lapse of two or three hours his mother went up and tapped at the door. "Tommy, dear," she said, "your papa says you may come down now if you will apologize and promise to behave better." "You tell paw,"

answered a muffled voice on the inside, "there ain't nothing to arbitrate."—Chicago Tribune.

Sunday School Teacher—"Who was it that the whale swallowed?" Tommy—"Why-er-er—" Sunday School Teacher—"Come, now, that's an easy question." Tommy—"Oh, it ain't the question that bothers me, but the answer."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Popper's Summer.
Everybody loafa but father,
Mother's by the sea;
Sixty good round dollars
Every week burns sbe.
Sister's in the mountains,
Brother's on the gad.
Everybody loafa in summer
But
poor
old
dad.

—Detroit Free Press.

Arctic Exploration.

It is a most uncertain art,
And its rewards are small;
You're either back before you start
Or don't get back at all.
—Washington Star.

Their Honeymoon.

"We will spend our honeymoon,
Lady mine, in a balloon.
There we'll revel in the bright
Seventh heaven of delight;
And when time is up we twain
Will descend to earth again."
In his ear the cynic croons,
"Just like other honeymoons."
—Tatler.

No Girl.

Well, here's one fact at least you must
Have noticed at this stage—
No chorus girl has yet put in
A claim on Russell Sage.
—Indianapolis Star.

Reformed Old Favorites.

Trz, idl trz, I no not wut tha mence,
Trz from the depth uv sum divin despar
Riz in the hart and gather to the i'z,
In lukiug on the bapi ortm feeldz
And thinking uv th daz that r no mor.

Tu b or not tu b; that is the kwestyun;
Whether tiz noblr in the mind to sufr
The slings and aroz of outrajus forchun,
Or to take rmz agensat a c uv trublz,
And bi oposng nd them.

Sum vilage Hamdn, that with dorntles brest
The litl tirant uv his feeldz withstnd,
Sum mut, inglorius Miltu heer ma rest,
Sum Cromwl gittles uv his countri's blud.

Tl me not in morafsl numbrz,
"Life is but n mti dreme!"
For the sole iz ded that slumbrz,
And things b not wut tha seme.
—Brandr Mathuz.

A Simplified Love Poem.

luv such as hurs will neavur, neavur di.
she neavur made a donut or a pi
but she kann lurn ann wott she duzent no
will be alwritte becaws I luv her so.
wott if we haff to live on kanned bakebeans
and botton jinjur cookeys ann sardeens
mi hart will feest upon mi luv ann wenn
mi appetight gets down to wurk agenn
she will have lurnt to cook ann awl will be well
and brite ann happie as a marriage bel.
—J. W. Foley, in New York Times.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup for your children while teething.

"Our amateur club is going soon to produce a farce." "What an improvement!" "How an improvement?" "Most amateur clubs produce tragedies."—Baltimore American.

All over the world, babies have been benefited during the teething period, by Steedman's Soothing Powders.

Venus—"And what do you do when not engaged in archery?" Cupid—"Oh, I'm kept busy rhyming with 'stupid.'"—Puck.

NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS.—You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

Locate Down Town
SUTTER-ST. STORES NOW READY

North Side, between Sansome and Montgomery

CENTRAL BUILDING OFFICES

Market, between First and Second Streets

Office any size. Electric Light, Janitor, Night Watchman

APPLY TO

Guy T. Wayman - - Central Building

519 Mrket Street

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD

ESTABLISHED 1850

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000.00
Cash Assets.....5,340,136.94
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,414,921.16

Benjamin J. Smith

Manager Pacific Department:

525 THIRTEENTH ST., OAKLAND

San Francisco Office:

2310 CALIFORNIA STREET

THE LATEST STYLES IN

Choice Woolens

H. S. Bridge & Co.

MERCHANT TAILORS

1176 O'FARRELL STREET

Bonestell, Richardson & Co.

Have Plenty of Every Kind of

PAPER

Phone Temporary 1273

473 to 475 SIXTH STREET,
San Francisco.

For YOUR

BREAKFAST

GERMEA

At All Grocers

THE JOHNSON-LOCKE MERCANTILE CO.

AGENTS

714 Broadway, Oakland

MT. TAMALPAIS RAILWAY

Via Sausalito Ferry—Foot of Market St.

Lv. San Francisco	Sun	Leave Tamalpais	Sun. W'kday
W'kday	8:25A	10:40A	1:05P
9:50A	9:50A		
11:00A			
1:45P		2:30P	4:30P
	1:45P	4:30P	5:45P
Saturday	3:15P		
4:35P			

Legal Holidays, Sunday Time.

TICKET OFFICE AT SAUSALITO FERRY.

Steamship Lines

AMERICAN LINE

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON.

St. Louis.....Sept. 29 | St. Paul.....Oct.

Philadelphia.....Oct. 6 | New York.....Oct.

Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool

Westernland.....Sept. 29 | Noorland.....Oct.

Merion.....Oct. 6 | Haverford.....Oct.

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Minnetonka.....Sept. 29 | Minneapolis.....Oct.

Mesaba.....Oct. 6 | Minnehaha.....Oct.

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.

Sailings Wednesdays as per sailing list.

Rydam.....Oct. 3, 6 a. m. | N. Amsterdam.....Oct. 24, 10 a.

Potsdam.....Oct. 10, 10 a. m. | S. Rotterdam.....Oct. 31, 10 a.

Noordam.....Oct. 17, 2 p. m. | Rydam.....Nov. 7, 9 a.

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—DOVER, ANTWERP—LONDON—PARI

Finland.....Sept. 29 | Kronland.....Oct.

Zealand.....Oct. 6 | Vaderland.....Oct.

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.

Majestic.....Oct. 3 | Teutonic.....Oct.

 Celtic.....Oct. 5 | Cedric.....Oct. || Oceanic.....Oct. 10 | Baltic.....Oct. |

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Cymric.....Oct. 18 | Arabic.....Oct.

C. D. TAYLOR, Pass. Agt. Pacific Coast.

Room 405 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco

OCEANIC S. S. CO

SYDNEY, AUCKLAND, SAMOA, HONOLULU

S. S. Sierra sails 2 p. m. Oct. 4th.

HONOLULU only—S. S. Alameda sails 11 a. m. C

13th, Round-trip, first-class, \$125.

TAHITI, SOUTH SEAS—S. S. Mariposa sails 11

m., Oct. 17th. First-class round trip, \$125.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., General Agents, For

foot Pacific St., San Francisco. Phone West 1273. O

land office, 1168 Broadway. Phone Oakland 8818.

Toyo Kisen Kaish

ORIENTAL S. S. Co. have opened their gene

offices at 217-221 Brannan Street,

SAN FRANCISCO

S. S. Nippon Maru - - - Oct. 12, 19

S. S. Hong Kong Maru - - - Nov. 9, 19

S. S. America Maru - - - Nov. 30, 19

Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and Br streets, 1 p. m., for Yokohama and Hongkong, callin Honolulu, Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and netting at Hongkoog with steamer for Manila, India, etc. cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and pas apply at office, corner First and Brannan Sts. W. AVERY, Assistant General Manager.

Thos. Cook & Son

NOW LOCATED

410 Fourteenth Street, Oakland

And North Nave Ferry Building

San Francisco

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

Stoves and Ranges

ADAPTED FOR BURNING: COAL, WOOD, GAS, GASOLINE AND OIL.

REFRIGERATORS

Complete Kitchen Outfits for Hotels, Restaurants, Clubs & Households

COR. POLK & TURK STS.

PHONE EMERGENCY 427

The Argonaut.

Vol. LIX. No. 1544.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 13, 1906.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 1711 San Pablo avenue, Oakland. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Jerome Hart, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." To insure consideration, manuscript submitted for publication must be typewritten. Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear, W. J. Abernethy, and by the Denison News Company on its boats and trains. Published at San Francisco, California. Temporary Office, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, California.

THIRTIETH YEAR

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

ROME A. HART

Editor

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: Chinese Labor on the Canal—Organized Labor and Candidate Gillett—International Motor Races—Strategy of the Crooked Cockneys' Counsel—"A Rhyme of the Ruins"—"A Salt-Water Fire System".....	133-136
CELEBRATION: ZEBULON PIKE'S MOUNTAIN: Centenary of the Peak's Discovery Celebrated—Honors Won by the Explorer a Hundred Years Ago.....	137
THE HEARST ISSUE AND PROSPECTS: Democratic and Republican Opinions Collated.....	137
THE MYSTERIOUS SCOUT. By Major N. C. Kouns, late of the Confederate Army.....	138
MARK TWAIN'S COLONEL SELLERS: Can the Writer Recognize His Characters in the Dramatist's Work?.....	139
POLITICAL-PERSONAL.....	139
JAN'S FIRST ENGLISH TEACHER: Ronald McDonald of Oregon, Who Prepared the Way for Commodore Perry.....	140
OUR FAVORITES: "Columbus," by Joaquin Miller; "On Sir Francis Drake," by Charles Fitz-Geffery.....	140
IN INDIVIDUALITIES.....	141
VARIETY FAIR.....	142
THE Gossip.....	143
LITERARY NOTES: New Publications—Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.....	144
STYLETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.....	145
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy.....	146-147
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.....	148
THE TUNEFUL LIAR.....	148

Chinese Labor on the Canal.

On the labor question the Canal Commission has boxed itself into a blind alley. It threatens now to be blocked at both ends. There is apparently no way out. The Canal Commission has announced that labor from the United States will not be used; that the eight-hour law will not be enforced; that Jamaican labor can not be made feasible, and that adequate labor from other parts of the Occidental world can not be procured. The Canal Commission has advertised for bids to furnish Chinese coolies in blocks of thousands and has practically announced to the world that the canal can not be built except by Chinese labor.

It would have been far wiser for the Canal Commission before so far committing itself, to be sure that it would be permitted to procure the Chinese labor. It would have been far wiser first to consult Peking. The Chinese government has practically refused to allow any coolies to leave China until it is thoroughly informed as to the conditions of their transportation, their employment, the wages they are to be paid, the hours they are to be worked, the manner in which they are to

be fed and lodged, the provision for their medical attendance, the temporary burial and return to China of the dead, and a host of other conditions, questions concerning which it will be extremely embarrassing for the Canal Commission to answer. It is easy to see the ulterior motive. The Chinese government is endeavoring to force our government to modify the exclusion laws. Rigid exclusion, no coolies; modified exclusion, some coolies; removal of exclusion, unlimited coolies. The Chinese diplomats are placing our government in a hole. In one part of this country we rigidly exclude Chinese workers from United States territory; in another part we find their presence absolutely essential on United States territory for the completion of a great public work. It will be interesting to see how the Administration and the Canal Commission get out of the impasse into which the Asiatic diplomats have led them.

Organized Labor and Candidate Gillett.

The Oakland Tribune rebukes the Argonaut for its attitude toward Samuel Gompers. The Tribune fears the Argonaut will "array organized labor against the Republican ticket." The Tribune is mistaken. It is not the Argonaut, but Gompers, who is trying to array organized labor against the Republican ticket. The way to stop him is not by turning the other cheek to be smitten, but by hitting him good and hard on the jaw.

Of course, we speak metaphorically. Not for worlds would we approve a breach of the peace upon the person of the august Gompers.

Correspondingly, let not the Tribune misunderstand us, if, in the ardor of our defense, we shall seem unduly heated in our tone toward our contemporary. We realize fully that the Tribune entertains friendly, if anxious, sentiments toward the Argonaut, and that its monitor tone means merely neighborly concern over the antics of a well-meaning but feather-headed contemporary which has got off the Republican reservation, has put on vermilion war-paint, and is ghost-dancing all by itself.

Well, we admit it. The Argonaut does not always adhere to the strict text of the Republican campaign book. Then, again, it usually says what it thinks. We are Republican, but we are independent Republican, and don't you forget it. There are no strings on the Argonaut. We report to no State Central Committee, to no Campaign Committee, to no machine. We have taken no retainer from anybody, and we intend to indulge in the luxury of saying exactly what we think. Therefore, the party nominee, Mr. Gillett, the party's campaign committee, and "the machine" are not responsible for what we say. And if any of the foregoing consider it unwise to resent the insolent dictation of Gompers in ordering the workmen of California to vote against Gillett, they are at perfect liberty to do so. They can eat all of the crow they like, fried, boiled, baked, plain, or with trimmings. As for us, we do not like crow.

Only once in its lifetime did the Argonaut have any dealings with the Republican Campaign Committee which were based on money. We say "based on money," for they concerned the silver question, but the only money put up we paid ourselves. At the time the Argonaut was twenty years of age. Now it is thirty. It is older and wiser, and will not repeat its experience. The incident took place at the time when William McKinley was the nominee for President, running on a gold standard platform. Yet when he was nominated all California was for free silver. Every Republican politician in the State was shouting "sixteen

to one," when not one in sixteen of them knew what it meant. But for that matter, the head of the ticket had been so recently converted from the free-silver heresy that the California politicians might readily be pardoned for not knowing he had flopped.

The Argonaut did not believe in the "sixteen to one" silver folly and said so. It was engaged, in its small way, in endeavoring to convince California, a gold State, that it was foolish to follow this lead of Nevada and other silver States—foolish for practical reasons, if not for higher ones. A committee of Eastern Congressmen—who were visiting California, accredited from the party wise men in the East—suggested that the Argonaut should start a systematic State propaganda in favor of the gold standard, saying that they would see that the California Campaign Committee would pay the cost of printing. We were weak enough to accept this suggestion. Now we are wiser. We would not do it again. The Argonaut took up the task. We printed and circulated many thousands of sound-money booklets and other gold-standard literature to the voters of California. We covered the ground as thoroughly as we could with our resources. It may not be egotistic to say that we think we did some little toward stamping out the silver heresy which then completely pervaded this golden State.

This was mainly preliminary work. It was early in the campaign when the Eastern committee of which we speak had come to spy out the land. At the expiration of a few weeks we sent in to the State Campaign Committee a memorandum of our outlay for actual cost of paper and printing. Fools and blind! So little had we learned of "practical politics" in our peaceful life of twenty years that we did not know to what danger we exposed ourselves. We did not then know the graft and chicane which lurk around political headquarters. Not only were we not reimbursed for cash outlay, but we were informed by blustering red-nosed politicians that the bill was a "hold-up." Probably they pocketed the money themselves.

The Argonaut said nothing and withdrew its bill. It took great pleasure, however, in at once organizing a Non-Partisan Sound Money League. It takes still more pleasure in saying that nine-tenths of the money raised that year to elect McKinley did not go through the hands or stick to the fingers of the greedy gang that was then hanging round the Republican headquarters.

But it was a lesson in "practical politics," our first and our last. Therefore it is that we say the Argonaut has no strings on it. Therefore it is that we say we are free to express ourselves as we please. As in past years we have expressed ourselves freely on many burning questions that have terrified the campaign committees, so this year we shall express ourselves as we please on the question of labor union threats. If the Argonaut were in close touch with the State Central Committee, or "the machine," or "the railroad," we would never dare to talk this way. We would be scared and choked into silence. But as the Argonaut is entirely free, we propose to indulge in the luxury of talking about these two-edged issues in this campaign in our own way.

Our friend, the Oakland Tribune, says that the Argonaut is "trying to make this campaign a class fight." We do not think so. The fight is between the Democratic and the Republican parties—and some side shows, but we won't count them. Now there are Republican farmers and Democratic farmers; there are Republican mechanics and Democratic mechanics; there are Republican millionaires and Democratic millionaires. But there is no Republican "class" and no Democratic "class"—there are no class distinctions as between these

two great parties. Along comes Gompers. He tells the workmen that certain Congressmen refuse to pass certain laws which he, Gompers, claims are "necessary to labor." In short, he demands special laws for labor. These laws which Gompers demands can be applied only to members of labor unions, and to no other class of workmen, and to no other class of American citizens at all. Therefore it is not the Argonaut that is making this a class fight. It is Gompers.

The Tribune says that the Argonaut "will array organized labor against the Republican party." Again we deny our friend's accusation. It is the *labor leaders* and not the labor union *members*, that we are arraying against the Republican ticket. There is a great difference. In the recent fight made against Littlefield in Maine, the Tribune must have observed that Gompers failed to accomplish his object. Littlefield's majority was reduced, but not by Gompers, for the other Republican Congressmen, against whom Gompers waged no fight, polled the same reduced vote as Littlefield. It was the stringent Sturgis law strengthening the Prohibition issue that lowered the Republican plurality in Maine. The fight of "organized labor" against the Republican candidates consists of stump speeches and hot air—the votes don't materialize. It is evident that it is the labor leaders whom Gompers is arraying against the Republican ticket, and not the rank and file of the labor union men. And if Gompers continues to issue orders to labor union men in California to boycott James N. Gillett, and if all the Republican press like the Argonaut were to denounce him for doing so, it is our belief that the free American workmen in the labor unions, whether Republican or Democratic, would revolt from this insufferable dictation of this foreign labor leader. The foreign labor union men will very likely follow their foreign leaders, take orders, and vote against Gillett.

The Tribune says that Gompers "has the right to express his opinion of any candidate, and nothing is gained by disputing this right." The Argonaut has not disputed this right. He has a perfect right to his opinion, but he has no right to drag into a clear-cut political issue between two American political parties a purely class distinction like a labor union boycott. He has no right to issue orders to American workmen to boycott the candidates of the Republican party, and he has no right to assess labor unions for funds to be used to defeat Republican candidates. Gompers ordered a campaign subscription to be raised by the labor unions under the American Federation of Labor. He levied on Chicago alone for a quarter of a million. This money was intended to defeat Congressman Cannon, Congressman Sherman, Congressman Gillett, and numerous other Republican Congressmen. Does the Tribune believe there are no Republican workmen in the labor unions? That would be incredible. Yet Gompers would take the money of the labor unions—including the money of the Republican members of these unions—and use it to compass the defeat of Republican candidates like Gillett. Does the Tribune believe such conduct to be right? Or is it wrong? And if it is wrong, is the Argonaut wrong for saying so? This is exactly what was done by the corrupt directors of the New York and Mutual Life Insurance Companies when they took the money of their policy-holders, Republicans as well as Democrats, and donated it to the Republican campaign fund. These crooked directors were unanimously condemned by the American people. In what did their action differ in the slightest degree from that of Gompers when he takes the money of Republican working men and uses it to defeat Republican candidates?

The Tribune says: "The Republican party is the friend, not the enemy, of the laboring man." Very true, and under its administration of this country's affairs, the laboring man has enjoyed material conditions and wages unknown in the history of the world. It is Gompers and his kind who are the enemies of the laboring man, when he urges them to attack and to boycott Republican candidates.

The Tribune further says: "It is not the true policy of any of Mr. Gillett's friends to place him in a false position by making appeals which can be logically construed as hostile to the interests and aims of the work-

ing class." Hostility to class legislation is not hostility to the interests of labor. The Argonaut is opposed to Gompers's anti-injunction bill, which is a measure intended to give labor unions an opportunity to attack persons and destroy property with impunity. So is the Constitution of the United States opposed to it, for Gompers's bill makes one kind of law for labor litigation and another kind of law for all other kinds of litigation. Opposing such class legislation as that does not mean that the Argonaut is hostile to the interests of labor. We are glad that Mr. Gillett opposed such an un-American bill, and we hope that all honest men will vote for him because he did so, regardless whether they work with their brains or their hands.

But if this naturalized foreign labor leader, from a distance of three thousand miles, shall issue orders to the workmen of California to boycott Gillett, and if these orders shall be so slavishly obeyed that Gillett is defeated, at least his defeat will be an honorable one. He will have refused to wear the Gompers collar; he will have spurned the Gompers mandate.

At least we hope he will.

Whoso casts aside his shield that he may flee the more lightly from the battlefield, returns perhaps with safety, but not with honor. Whoso falls in the forefront of battle, yet loses not his shield. For his comrades bear thence his body on his shield—gashed, perhaps—stark, and bloody, and grim, yet not dishonored. So therefore spoke the Spartan mother: "Go forth, my son, go forth, and return with your shield or upon it!"

And so we say, Go forth, Gillett! Your shield is Honor. You at least have not yet parleyed or paltered with the enemy when he threatened, wheedled, or cajoled. Your shield is bright and stainless; your courage high; behind you sounds the steady tramp of marching legions. Heed not the whispers of false counselors. He who tries to make friends of the enemy makes enemies of his friends. Remember that battles are won by fighting. Go forth to battle, then, and fight. And fight so that you may return bearing your shield or upon it.

International Motor Car Races.

On October 4th the newspapers throughout the United States printed a dispatch from Paris stating that "The French automobile manufacturers are seriously alarmed over the invasion of their field by American automobile manufacturers. Not only have Americans ceased to purchase French cars, but other Europeans in France are purchasing American-made cars. This shows the rapid strides made by the American automobile manufacturers."

Two days after the publication of this dispatch the International Automobile Road Race for the W. K. Vanderbilt cup took place over the Long Island turnpikes, about twenty miles from New York City. Fresh from reading the dispatches about the conquering march of the American automobile manufacturers through Europe, we naturally expected to see an American car head the procession on Long Island. It is true that at the last international automobile race no American car was entered, and that at the preceding ones no American car finished. Still, considering the "great strides of the American automobile manufacturers," we had hopes. But how great was our disappointment on October 6th to read that the winner was Wagner in a French car, the second was Lancia in an Italian car, the third was Duray in a French car, the fourth was Clement in a French car, and the fifth was Jenatz in a German car. Among the cars which "also ran" was an American automobile which was withdrawn in the ninth round.

The distance was 297.1 miles, which Wagner, the driver of the winning Darracq car, made in 291 minutes, 10 2-5 seconds, more than a mile a minute for the entire distance.

A vast amount of explaining has broken out among the American automobile men. They say that "Americans are comparative novices at the racing game." Why are they? The International Cup Races have been open to them as to the rest of the world. They also say: "The American manufacturers of automobiles have been so busy making machines to sell that they have given little attention to racing." This is absurd; the amount

of advertising from winning a great race is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars in the way of selling machines, and there are no manufacturers too busy to make more money. The American manufacturers might well own up—their machines are distinctly inferior to those of the best French make in speed, practicability and endurance. The International Cup Races for the past few years show what estimate is put upon American automobiles by American automobile manufacturers—in a race they won't back them with their money.] go back a few years and to summarize: In the French races they did not enter at all; in the German races they entered and did not start; in the United States races they started but did not finish.

A Rhyme of the Ruins.

A fortnight ago, as our readers may remember, we printed some verses under this heading, with a few notes as to their first appearance. The verses had been sent in anonymously, therefore these particulars were partly inaccurate, which inaccuracies were corrected in the following note:

Editor Argonaut:—In the Argonaut issued September 29, we have published "A Rhyme of the Ruins," by Mr. Lawrence Harris, and I am sure a great many of his friends regret he has not given the credit for its authorship. Mr. Harris is a director of "The Family," and wrote the poem for the "Opening Reception" of that club when they took their new house last June. A friend of the lines of Kipling's "On the Road to Mandalay," was done to sing to the music familiarly set for that verse, was sung for the first time that night by Mr. John H. Noyes.

I trust this is of interest to you and that you may see fit to publish the fact in the next issue of your splendid paper.

Very truly yours,

Roy M. Pike

We duly printed this correction, and the day that appeared in print we received a note from the person who had sent us the manuscript of the poem. It will be found printed below. To refresh the memory of those who may not recently have read Kipling's "Mandalay"—the lines of which Mr. Pike says "A Rhyme of the Ruins" follows—we reprint that poem.

MANDALAY.

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a-settin', an' I know she thinks of me;
For the wind is in the palm trees, an' the temple-bells they say
'Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay!'

Come you back to Mandalay,

Where the old Flotilla lay;

Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay,

On the road to Mandalay,

Where the flyin'-fishes play,

An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the I

'Er petticoat was yellar, an' 'er little cap was green,

An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same as Theeb's

Queen;

An' I seed 'er first a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,

An' a wastin' Christian kisses on an' 'eathen idol's foot.

Bloomin' idol made of mud—

What they called the great Gawd Budd;

Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed 'er where she

On the road to Mandalay,

Where the flyin'-fishes play,

An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the I

When the mist was on the rice-fields, an' the sun was droppin'

slow,

She'd git her little banjo an' she'd sing "Kulla-le-lo!"

With 'er arm upon my shoulder, an' 'er cheek agin my cheek,

We useter watch the steamers an' the hathis pilin' teak.

Elephants a-pilin' teak

In the sludgy, squidgy creek,

Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was 'arf afraid to speak,

On the road to Mandalay,

Where the flyin'-fishes play,

An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the I

But that's all shove be'ind me—long ago an' fur away,

An' there ain't no 'buses runnin' from the Bank to Mandalay,

An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year soldier

"If you've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't never 'eed no

else."

No! you won't 'eed nothin' else

But them spicy, garlic smells,

An' the sunshine, an' the palm-trees, an' the tinkly temple-bells,

On the road to Mandalay,

Where the flyin'-fishes play,

An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the I

I am sick of wastin' leather on these gritty pavin'-stones,

An' the blasted English drizzle wakes the fever in my bone,

Though I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to the S. Sid.

An' they talks a lot of lovin', but wot do they understand?

Beefy face an' grubby 'and—

Law! wot do they understand?

I've a nealer, sweeter maiden in a cleaner, greener land!

On the road to Mandalay,

Where the flyin'-fishes play,

An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the I

rip me somewhere East of Suez, where the best is like the worst,
There there aren't no Ten Commandments, an' a man can raise
a thirst;

Or the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that I would be—
The old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea—

On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay,

With our sick beneath the awnin's when we went to Mandalay!
On the road to Mandalay,

Where the flyin'-fishes play,
As the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'cross the Bay!

Herewith we also reproduce the version of the
"Hymne of the Ruins" sent to us by our anonymous
correspondent:

A RHYME OF THE RUINS.

P me somewhere west of East street, where there's nothing left
but dust.

All the boys are all a-hustling and everything's gone bust;
Were the buildings standing there sort of blink and blindly stare
A the damndest finest ruins ever gazed on anywhere.

By ruins, brick and wall, through the night I've heard you call,
So of sorry for each other, 'cause you had to burn and fall;

For the Ferry to Van Ness you're a god-forsaken mess,
B the damndest finest ruins, nothing more and nothing less.

A the Rubes they come a-rubbing and hunting souvenirs,
A the fools they try to tell us it'll take a hundred years

Bore we're even started, and why don't we come to live
A build our homes in Oakland, on the land they've got to give?

Go to give! Why on my soul, I would rather bore a hole
A live right in those ashes than to go to Oakland mole;

A if they'd give the pick of their buildings fine and slick,
A nose damndest finest ruins, I would rather be a brick.

From the note which follows and which reached us
at the "Rhyme of the Ruins" had been printed, it is

apparent that the writer had made certain changes in
V. Harris's lines. But he will tell his own story:

Dear Mr. Hart:—I am the guilty anonymous who sent you "A
Rhyme of the Ruins," which you were good enough to publish
in our issue of September 29th. I did not send my own name,

because I did not want to strain my credit with the Argonaut. I
did not send the author's name, because I did not know it. And,

no, may I annoy you with a little literary tweedle-dum and
wille-dee?

You have made a mistake, so slight, that in a layman it would
be negligible, but in an expert like yourself it may even be called

errors. The verses you published were never read at either the
Coos or Bohemian Club. The verses there read were the

original; the verses you published are the revised version—not
revised, but improved. I say it modestly, but firmly. The

original was handed to me by a friend. It was printed on a card,
without author's, or publisher's, name. He said he had bought

it in California street.

My wife—pardon me for mentioning it—is a poet. She is only
a minor poet, now; in three hundred years, she will be a major

poet in two thousand years, a brigadier. I took it home and read
it over. She said: "That sounds like the real thing. But there

are to be something the matter with it."

You don't object to the 'damndest,' do you, dear?" I replied.
No, I do not think it is that."

I'm so glad, for on the way home, I read it to a number of
friends, and every one of them seemed to think that word was

the gh-water mark of the poem."

No. He seems to have all the necessary sounds and ideas,
but some of them have been taken out too soon. He hasn't

the corn-popper long enough."

So we looked it over. The first line was perfect. I read the
first line:

A the boys are all a-bustling and everything's gone bust."

There are too many busses on that line," said my wife.

We changed "a-bustling" to "a-hustling."

The next line read:

A where the buildings that are standing, sort of blink and
blindly stare."

That needs a little more heat and shaking," said she.

We gave them to it, and this is what came out:

Where the buildings standing there, sort of blink and blindly
stare."

The next four lines were perfect; the following three we had
to alter some; the next two could not be improved. The fifth

line, the second stanza read:

Go to give—why believe me! on my soul, I would rather bore
hole."

That sounds like a horse with five legs, trotting with three of
them and loping with the other two," said my wife.

We cut off one of the hinges, and put the others all on one
gait.

"Go to give! Why on my soul, I would rather bore a hole."

I had the next to the last line:

An if they'd all give me my pick of their buildings fine and
slick."

More feet than shoes," said she, and she changed it to read:

An if they'd give the pick of their buildings fine and slick."

When we read it all over and it satisfied us. We read it to
a number of laymen. They said it was much improved, but still

clung to the idea that we hadn't touched the marrow—which, they
asserted, lay in the word "damndest."

Then my wife said: "Let us try it on Mr. Hart. If he prints
it, it is good. If he doesn't, it is better."

So we tried it on you. You printed it. Thank you.

Now, Mr. Hart, speaking candidly, between poet and poet,
whose poem is it now? Eight lines by the original author; eight

lines jacked into shape by my wife. Whose poem is it?

I asked this question of a neighbor, and he said it wasn't
anybody's; that it isn't a poem at all; that if I wanted to see

what a real poem is, I should read Jeremiah Lynch's in the last
Argonaut.

But, joking aside, don't you think the original author should
be subjected to a horizontal cut?

I would like to know who the author is. I want to thank him
personally. His lines (amended and improved) have become perma-

nent members of my mental entourage. I wake at 1:30 a. m.
and sit up in bed. "What is it, dear?" says my wife.

And I reply:

"The damndest finest ruins, nothing more and nothing less."

The original said "or."

Yes, Mr. Hart, though I know him not—neither his name nor
his place—nevertheless you are easily within the truth in referring

to me as A Friend of the Author.

Concerning the inaccuracies as to when and where
the poem was first read, we are not responsible for them

and the author's name we did not know. As to the
unauthorized revision of another person's work, that is

a moot point. There is a celebrated case where the
purchaser of a picture by a famous artist disliked a

figure in the foreground and had it painted out by an
artist in Class B. This fact he kept a profound secret.

But when the Class A artist saw his picture years after-
wards he was aggrieved and used language to and of

Macaenas.

In the case of these verses the revisionist probably ac-
quired the same rights as does a cattle man when he

finds a maverick astray. He brands it. If he finds a
branded steer astray, then he brands it over the other

fellow's brand. That apparently is what the present
reviser has done. As the poem was purchased "on Cali-

fornia street, printed on a card with no author's or
publisher's name," it was in a way a poetic estray,

which fact gave a certain warrant to any punctilious
Doctor Syntax to revise it.

The present writer, in the course of a long and
checked editorial experience, has had occasion more

than once to revise verses written by his friends. It is
a painful subject into which he would rather not enter.

He is now convinced that it would have been better
to print them as they were, with what he believed to be

their imperfections on their heads. Experience has shown
him that it is infinitely wiser to reject a poem brutally than

to revise it tenderly. And the writer speaks as an expert—not
as an expert in poetry, but as an expert in

getting himself disliked for revising and refusing poems.
He has been reading MS. poems for many years, and it is his

belief that, from the purely financial standpoint,
the poetry side of the publishing business might in the

colloquial of the day be thus briefly put: "Dead
stock. Nawthin doin'."

Many poets—and eke poetesses—have consulted
the writer over their communings with the muse. As

for the poetesses, dissuasive counsel has always been
useless. It may be possible successfully to struggle

with a sitting hen—not so with a poetess. It is to be
noted, however, that marriage usually cures the most

aggravated cases. As for the young men, whenever
the writer has been asked for counsel by a young poet

who seemed otherwise well-meaning, although tempo-
rarily suffering from the poetic itch, we have always

assured him that loyalty to the muse meant beggary,
and we have generally advised him to go into something

palpable or potable, like the grocery or liquor business.
Sometimes our advice has been received with contumely,

but when heeded it was always good. We can point
with pride to some prosperous grocers today who but

for our advice would have been penniless poets or
starveling penny-a-liners. This long experience as a

poetry pound-keeper, so to speak, should warrant us in
expressing judgment on the estray poem sent in to us

now. Unfortunately, this is not true. Mayor Schmitz
is in the habit of saying that with him "History began

on April 18th, 1906." To this we may add that
poetry stopped with us on the same date. Into all

of the reasons for this we will not enter. There are,
however, some obvious ones. At the left of our desk

in the old Argonaut office there stood for many years
a tall revolving book case. On the second shelf reposed

three well worn volumes. De Mille's "Rhetoric," Tom
Hood's "Rhymester," and Roget's "Thesaurus." Out

of these battered volumes we could in a few minutes
conjure up vast quantities of poetic lore. We could

talk glibly of trochees and spondees, of iambics,
anapests, and dactyls; having memorized Coleridge's

lines "Trochee trips from long to short," we could
easily cope with any young and timid poet. Of course

in aggravated cases, where the poets were old and
hardened, sterner measures were necessary. Still, casu-

ally questioning "whether the rhythmical ictus accorded
with the syllable stress" would often knock out even a

poetess of passion, with which tribe at times the Pacific
Coast has been infested.

But now these old books of ours are gone, and they
form part of those same ashes into which our poet wishes

to "bore a hole." We could get others of course.
In fact, we have done so. But the new Thesaurus is

spick and span and has sharp corners, while the old
one was so worn by the attrition of years that it was

shabby and comfortable. Query—Can one's wits be
worn by mental as one's books are by material attrition?

Then these old books of ours were filled with the
pencilings of years—multitudinous memoranda—allu-

sions to look up—books to read—all sorts of ideas
jotted down while "hunting for things." These are gone

with the old books, and the new books can never be
more than apologetic replicas of the old.

But we wander from our text. We are asked: What
do we think of "A Rhyme of the Ruins"? Is it a

poem? The question would be difficult to answer. It
is probably the first time that anything in the nature

of a poem was sold on the streets of San Francisco,
and possessed so much intrinsic momentum that it sold

without the name of the author or the name of the pub-
lisher. As to the metrical form, it is perhaps a trifle

rough and ragged, but so are the ruins. They are not
nearly so symmetrical as San Francisco used to be.

Before the disaster, doubtless Mr. Harris might have
written prim, precise verses which would have attracted

not the least attention.

Does this piece betoken the possession by the writer
of any poetical genius? Is it probable that he will ever

again produce anything in the line of poetry or verse
which will command attention? These questions also it

is impossible to answer. In our old library stood a book
entitled, "Single Famous Poems"; the verses of which

it was made up were many of them legitimately entitled
to be called poems, and in almost every case the writer

had produced no other notable piece. For that matter,
when the literary baggage of the nineteenth century shall

be handed down the ages, it is our opinion that most of
it will be thrown into the rubbish heap. If three or four

of Tennyson's little lyrics shall be read five hundred
years from now, and one or two of Scott's short ballads

instead of his long novels, both will be doing better
than most of the writers of antiquity.

What is a poem? The question is difficult to answer.
Some very roughly cast pieces of verse are poems, and

some very finished versification is not poetry at all.
Probably the more artificial the form the more difficult

the attainment of poetry. Nearly all of the French
metrical forms—such as the rondeau, the rondel, the

triolet, the villanelle, and the like—are so artificial
that they will soon be forgotten. Only the sonnet seems

to endure, and that is more because great poets have
written in that form than because the sonnet form is

really poetic. It seems odd when thinking of sonnets
to think first of R. W. Gilder of the Century, but his sonnet

on the sonnet, "What is a sonnet?" is an incomparable
bit and it sticks in the memory. Of the Shakespearean

sonnets it would seem that their interest lies principally
in who really wrote them, to whom they were written,

and what they meant, rather than whether they are
poetry or not. Their Elizabethan euphuisms do not

appeal to all of us. There are other things in Shake-
speare which impress us more than the sonnets. Take

the invocation of Macbeth, "Sleep no more"; when-
ever you read it you hear the knocking at the gate;

you see the awakened porter with the mists of drunken-

ness clinging around him; you hear the alarum as the gowned Macbeth dashes into the courtyard. The lines from the Tempest:

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

or Ariel's song,

"Full fathom five thy father lies"

—these to many seem more like poetry than the more artificial sonnets. But of the sonnets by the great ones of the elder time what finer one can there be found than that by Milton on Shakespeare:

What needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones
The labor of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-y-pointed pyramid?

Or take another by the same stern old Puritan:

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold."

In the line of requiems what could be finer than Ben Jonson's incomparable epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke,

"Underneath this sable hearse?"

It is true that there are highly artificial poems which still endure. Gray wrote only two which still stand in the books today, and of these only one is remembered, "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day." The writer knows that by heart from beginning to end, but admires it only as a highly polished and extremely artificial piece of verse.

Tennyson's songs fairly sing. In

"The splendor falls on castle walls,"

one can almost hear the bugle. And so with his little stories in verse, such as "Maud Clare," "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," and "The Sisters," through which runs the weird refrain,

"The wind was blowing in turret and tree."

There are minor poets, too, like Walter Thornbury, who possess the power of materializing pictures. When one reads his ballad,

"Into the Devil's Tavern three stalwart troopers strode,"

one may almost see the soldiers of the Stuart King. And so with the poem beginning,

"Versailles! up the chestnut alley,"

in which one may see the Pompadour followed by her sycophantic suite. Nowadays it is not the fashion to read Byron and it is the fashion to depreciate him. But few can forget his lines, beginning

"Fare thee well and if forever."

His fame seems to be growing larger in the larger world, if it is temporarily obscured in English-speaking countries. Byron is translated into many languages, and a poet who can stand translation can stand anything. On the continent he is the best-known English writer next to Shakespeare. Among contemporaneous poets Andrew Lang has written much—too much. But forgetting his countless poemlets one always remembers his fine invocation to Homer which is prefixed to the Odyssey translation made by himself and Professor Butcher, which ends with the lines,

"They hear like ocean on a western beach
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey."

We come last to the consideration of poems which tell of events or movements which strongly stir men's souls. Of this nature is Stedman's fine poem beginning, "John Brown in Kansas settled, like a steadfast Yankee farmer."

One can scarcely read it without seeing Brown bound in the Virginia court room. Another is Tom Taylor's poem apostrophizing Punch, which had lampooned and satirized Abraham Lincoln throughout his four troubled years. But when his life came to a bloody end at the hand of the assassin, Punch printed a picture representing Columbia mourning at his bier and underneath were the fine lines beginning,

"You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier."

It is probable that in this class we must rank Mr. Harris's "Rhyme of the Ruins." Out of the gloomy Middle Ages, when all men feared that the world was coming to an end and gathered round the monasteries

seeking celestial protection, there came the monkish poem, "Dies Irae! Dies Illa!" Even those of us who, as Ben Jonson said of Shakespeare, know little Latin and less Greek, can understand the sombre meaning of this monkish rune. It is a poem born of the gloom and terror of the medieval time. So is the "Marseillaise," which as some one said—was it Carlyle?—came from the "bursting heart of Rouget de l'Isle." Only in times of stress and strain could such a rhyme have been produced, and the probable reason for the vitality of this "Rhyme of the Ruins," is that it dumbly expressed the indomitable feeling of San Franciscans—the feeling that, although the earth should shudder and the heavens fall—although fire and water and all the elements should beleague their beloved city, that her devoted people would allow naught to prevail against her.

And now the last question: "Is the word 'damned' proper, or is it the high-water mark of the poem?" While we neither think that it is the "high-water mark" of the poem, nor that some other adjective might not have served, still we consider this one not easily replaced. Were it eliminated or changed it would weaken the effect. As to whether the use of the word is "wrong" or not, we must admit that the army swore terribly in Flanders, and that Uncle Toby also swore sometimes. Still, the Recording Angel dropped a tear on the record and blotted it out. So with the wicked word in the "Rhyme of the Ruins." Who can ever forget the polychromatic clouds of smoke that rose from the burning city, now white, now pink, now red, now orange, now black? Let us hope that these same clouds may have so smeared and smudged St. Peter's record—where the wicked word doubtless still stands—that the good saint may not see it, and may let the poet pass freely from The City That Was to the foot of the Great White Throne.

Strategy of the Crooked Cockneys' Counsel.

The strategy employed by the counsel of the crooked cockney companies has been Napoleonic in its directness. That great commander made it a rule to concentrate his army, hurl his entire force upon the enemy, and break them in two; then, after having marched through them he returned and thrashed them backwards. The policy of the attorney for the cockneys has been similarly simple. After a careful investigation extending over many weeks the cockneys' counsel were forced to the conclusion that their earthquake-clause clients had not a legal leg to stand upon. They saw plainly that none of the earthquake clauses would hold water. They saw that it was utterly impossible, even if the earthquake clauses held water, to prove anything under them. Their experience with juries convinced them that a local venire would require absolutely convincing proof before they would bring in a verdict for the companies; their good sense told them that it was not only impossible to bring in any convincing proof, but any proof at all. The cockneys' attorneys saw at once that the weak point of their clients' case—the burden of proof being on them—was that they had to prove that each particular fire was caused by earthquake; however strongly the cockneys' counsel, the cockneys' clients, and even the jurymen might believe that a particular fire in a particular house was due to a particular cause, earthquake, it would be impossible to prove that fact.

So reasoning, when the anxious and crooked clients asked their counsel what they should do, they replied briskly, "Do nothing. Let them wait. After they have got tired waiting, let them wait some more. Then deny all liability."

It was an inspiration. The crooked cockney companies kept the community waiting for many weeks. After the poor policy-holders had worn themselves to skin and bone on the hard benches in the crooked companies' anterooms, they were surprised one morning to read a long proclamation from counsel, announcing that the crooked cockney companies absolutely denied all liability; that they would not pay; that they would not pay nothing; that they would never pay nothing; that they would never pay not nothing at all never. After this had sunk into the souls and seared itself on the brains of the policy-holders of the crooked cockney com-

panies the cockneys' counsel began swiftly to hound and compromise. To a ruined man who expected to get nothing at all, half a dollar looked bigger than a hundred cents. In the policy-holders' dazed comatose condition following the sweeping denial of all liability the cockneys' attorneys compromised galore. Even now many dazed policy-holders ignorant of the fact that this move of the crooked cockney companies and of their clever counsel was merely a magnificent bluff. The companies had no case at all. They proclaimed loudly that the policy-holders had no case at all. In the general terror which they began making very favorable compromises. Finally they will thus save several millions.

A Salt-Water Fire System.

On October 6th the Merchants' Association sent a communication to the Board of Supervisors recommending the installation of a high pressure salt-water system for fire protection in the business district of San Francisco. The Association also recommended that the question of issuing bonds for that purpose be submitted to a vote of the people according to the provisions of the charter. The Association divides the city into districts. The downtown district, No. 1, being the most congested values, covers about a thousand acres and lies generally east of Sixth street and Taylor street. It recommends two pumping stations, one at the foot of Telegraph Hill and one at the base of Rincon Hill, each having a capacity of seventy-five hundred gallons per minute; also the construction of distributing and auxiliary reservoirs on the hills, as well as underground cisterns in the streets holding one hundred thousand gallons each. There would then be three distinct sources of salt-water supply, the distributing reservoirs on the hills, the cisterns under the streets, and the pumping system. District No. 2 is to have mains connected by fire boats at the foot of Brannan street, as well as to be connected with the mains from No. 1 pumping station. District No. 3 is to have a pumping station on the bay shore at the foot of Polk street, this district also to be connected with the mains of District No. 1. The fire boats are also to be utilized as accessories to the pumping stations.

With this new system there would be no possibility of the city being entirely deprived of water in the case of a conflagration. There would be, first, the ordinary fresh-water system; second, the storage salt-water reservoirs on the hills; third, the storage salt-water cisterns under the streets; fourth, the direct pumping station on the bay shore; and fifth, the fire boats pumping directly into the mains.

It seems incredible, but the total amount of bond suggested by the Association is only \$500,000, and the statement is made that in Philadelphia a similar installation at once reduced the insurance rates twenty cents on the hundred dollars. A competent engineer, Edwin Duryea, estimates the annual cost of one of San Francisco pumping stations at only \$35,000. He estimates the total initial cost of the pumping stations, fire boat, and mains for the three districts of San Francisco at \$1,700,000, and the annual interest charge, operation and maintenance at \$211,000.

These figures seem to be almost beyond belief. But even if both the Merchants' Association and Edwin Duryea should have underestimated them, the city would well afford to pay much more. Through lack of foresight the primary loss in San Francisco in the recent conflagration has been estimated at from seven hundred to nine hundred millions of dollars. What it would have cost with the consequential damages no one can estimate. What has been lost in business and what will be lost in business by San Francisco during the crippled months and years will also be up in the hundreds of millions. The Argonaut has always been in favor of a salt-water fire protection system, and immediately after the conflagration in Baltimore we warned the municipal council of San Francisco of her danger and suggested the simplest remedy. We sincerely hope that they may heed the suggestions of the Merchants' Association and take the necessary steps for placing the matter before the people. If that be done there will be no doubt that ever as to how the people will vote.

CAPTAIN ZEBULON PIKE'S MOUNTAIN.

Centenary of the Peak's Discovery Celebrated—Honors Won by the Explorer a Hundred Years Ago.

A centennial celebration of more than local interest and significance was held at Colorado Springs during the closing week of September. The celebration was in honor of Captain Zebulon M. Pike, the early explorer of the then dim and distant Rocky Mountain region, whose name and achievement in its discovery is perpetuated in "Pike's Peak."

Pike's Peak is Colorado's best known landmark, and Colorado Springs lies near its base. The United States Government was fittingly a party to this centennial celebration, since Captain Zebulon Pike and nearly all the members of his expedition belonged to the United States Army. Other participants in the celebration were representatives of many Indian tribes, the once populous and warlike peoples of the great plateau, the Pawnees, Apaches, Comanches and Cheyennes, whom Captain Pike met on his tour through the beautiful and rugged wildernesses a century ago. The Daughters of the American Revolution, the National Society of Colonial Dames of America, and local societies of pioneers aided in planning and carrying out the memorial assemblage. Vice-President Fairbanks reviewed the great parade and made an address. Many other addresses were made, describing the work of the explorer.

At the unveiling of the great granite monument a thousand voices sang an "Ode to Colorado," written by Charles J. Pike, grand-nephew of the explorer. What undoubtedly was the highest official military salute ever fired was the brigadier-general's salute of eleven guns, fired on the summit of the peak, nearly three miles above sea level, in the morning. Two inscriptions on the monument read as follows:

Zebulon Montgomery Pike, born at Lamberton, now Trenton, N. J., January 5, 1779, died April 27, 1813, in an attack on the Indians, later Toronto, Canada, aged 34 years; buried at Madison Heights, N. Y.

General Pike enlisted as a cadet in his father's regiment in 1797; became ensign in Second Infantry March 3, 1799; first lieutenant April 24, 1800; captain August 12, 1805; major May 1808; lieutenant-colonel July 6, 1812; brigadier-general March 2, 1813.

Pike first saw the Rocky Mountains in Colorado in November, 1806, but the time of the celebration was fixed a little earlier to avoid the approaching winter. The work done by this brilliant young soldier is worthy of the highest honor. He was in his twenties, a boy in years, when he made his two great journeys. He was only 34 when he was killed in battle, leading a charge against the British in the war of 1812.

Pike's great opportunity came to him in 1805. The Louisiana territory included in the Louisiana Purchase had been bought with the people's money, and the whole country was eager to know more about its new domain. Lewis and Clarke were sent by the President to traverse the great unknown in the Northwest. Pike was dispatched by the general in command of the army, first up the Mississippi to near its sources, and then up the Missouri and to the mountains in the heart of the continent.

Few trappers and traders lived along the Mississippi but they knew little except their own business. There were eighteen houses in Prairie du Chien, and it was the only settlement anywhere near the river north of St. Louis. Pike's map, at the site of Dubuque, bears the legend, "Mr. Dubuque's house." Along the mighty Mississippi, through this wilderness, Pike and his twenty men paddled in their keel boat, seventy feet long, provided for only four months, though they were to make a survey of the river to its source." He brought back to the Indians the first news of their Great Father, made treaties with them in the name of the Government and was lost to sight for nine months. All his work above the falls of St. Anthony, where Minneapolis stands, was done in the dead of a Minnesota winter, with no food but game, amid incredible hardships and with a larger part of his force left behind in camp disabled.

Pike made a treaty with the Sioux by which the Government came into possession of about 100,000 acres of land along the river from the mouth of the St. Croix to five miles above St. Anthony Falls. He naively reported that the treaty cost him \$200 in presents, including whiskey and tobacco and the private bribery of two high-priced chiefs.

Pike succeeded so well in this undertaking, which occupied the period from August, 1805, to April, 1806, that he was dispatched at once on another trip to find the headwaters of the Arkansas and the Red Rivers. Captain Pike's little band was composed of one lieutenant, three non-commissioned officers, sixteen privates and an interpreter on this second trip of exploration. The expedition started from St. Louis on July 15, 1806. Pushed forward by boat and on horseback, Pike and a detachment of his men followed the Arkansas River into Colorado, wandered through it in a zigzag course and

were toiling over the high plateau on Nov. 15, 1806, when he saw what looked like a small blue cloud on his right, and he thought it might be a mountain. A half hour later Pike's Peak appeared in full view, with many other summits, and his small party gave three cheers for the "Mexican Mountains." Pike wrote correctly that they are a part of the great mountain system that divides the waters of the Atlantic from those of the Pacific.

In January, 1807, Pike and his little party were near perishing hundreds of miles from succor among the Rockies. One day he heard a soldier remark, so that all might hear: "It is more than human nature can bear to march three days without food through snow three feet deep, and to carry loads only fit for horses."

Pike waited till camp was pitched and then he called the men together and thanked them for their obedience, perseverance and contempt of every danger. "But, Brown," he went on, "you have presumed today to use seditious and mutinous language. This time I will pardon you, for I attribute your conduct rather to your distress than to an inclination to sow discontent. But I warn you that if you ever repeat such language you will be punished by instant death."

Pike's soldiers knew that he was always ready to do more and suffer more than any man under his command. They fully respected him; he kindled their enthusiasm, and this is among the reasons why one of Pike's biographers was able to write the honest truth that "considering his small force and inadequate means no other man ever contributed to the geographical knowledge of the United States an amount comparable to that which the world owes to the heroic efforts and indomitable perseverance of Pike."

From Colorado he traveled south, recrossing the divide in search of the Rio Grande river, which he found and crossed. He was captured by the Spanish and kept in prison at Santa Fe for a time, but released and sent across the border when his captors were fully assured that he meant them no harm. Four years after came the war of 1812, in which he lost his life in the service of his country.

Judge Beatty on Registration.

Supreme Court of California
Justices Chambers

W. H. Beatty
Chief Justice

San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 3, 1906.

Editor Argonaut:—Your comment in the Argonaut of September 29th upon the opinion I am reported to have expressed upon the question of the legal residence of persons whose homes were destroyed by the fire following the late earthquake, makes me regret that I did not correct, at the time of its publication, the extremely inaccurate version of what I actually said to a Chronicle reporter.

The substance of what I said was that a man is presumed to be a resident at his actual place of domicile, but that the presumption is not conclusive, residence being largely a question of intention. To illustrate my meaning I instanced my own case. I had lived with my family in San Rafael for more than a month after the fire, but all the time with the intention of returning to my home in San Francisco as soon as it could be made habitable. Under those circumstances I said it could not be considered that I had ceased for a moment to be a resident at 2409 Octavia street. But with respect to those who had been living in rented houses and flats destroyed by the fire, and who had been forced to find homes in other places, the question would be more complicated. They could not well say that they were all the time intending to return to homes that had been destroyed, and which they could have no assurance of regaining even if they should be rebuilt. I thought, however, that in any such case, the "refugee" could safely claim for the purpose of registration to be a resident at the place where he was actually living.

You will see that this extremely conservative opinion was very different from that reported. Respectfully, W. H. Beatty.

The United States Coast Geodetic Survey has a station at Lighthouse point, near Santa Cruz, Cal., and is obtaining information in regard to the earthquake of April 18th. Every afternoon, between the hours of 2 and 5 o'clock, at intervals of two minutes, heliographic signals are flashed to another station, located on the summit of Loma Prieta, a distance of eighteen miles. The work is being carried on to ascertain if there has been any change in the position of the territory since the earthquake, owing to the fault and opening along the ridge of the Santa Cruz mountains.

A boom due to the building of the Panama Canal has struck Mobile, and store rents have increased from 30 to 40 per cent, while house rents have risen to such an extent that clerks are leaving the city in schools, upon finding themselves unable to pay the increased demands.

A royal decree has been published in Madrid revising the legal formalities to be observed in civil marriages in Spain. The obligation to declare their religion hitherto imposed upon the parties to such marriages is suppressed.

At a recent election in Seattle a proposition that the city own and operate the street railways was defeated by a vote of 5762 for, to 7198 against.

THE HEARST ISSUE AND PROSPECTS.

Democratic and Republican Opinions Collated.

From the mass of exchanges received by the Argonaut, papers all along lines from Boston, Mass., to Portland, Ore., and from Duluth, Minn., to New Orleans, it would be hard to pick at random one which does not devote space to William Randolph Hearst, or to Hearstism, so called. The following, from the Public Ledger, of Philadelphia, presents in small compass the thoughts that are amplified and emphasized or noted and contradicted by editorial writers almost without exception:

Hearst and Hearstism in New York are now a sufficiently striking and important phenomenon to require deep attention from all citizens of the Republic. There are reports of a revulsion in the Democratic party from Hearst, and of bolting politicians. McClellan, the Mayor, will have none of Hearst and of the despicable Tammany Murphy who joined hands with Hearst and made his capture of the party possible. Jerome and others will no doubt take the stump for Hughes, the Republican nominee, and very many sensible men who have been lifelong Democrats will either work against Hearst or abstain from voting, or vote for the Republican. But will the desertions from the Democratic party equal the accessions to the Hearst standard from the Republican side? That is the question. . . . From the first days of the "American experiment" all writers on democracy have predicted that the day would come when the ignorant, shiftless and thoughtless would discover that they were in the majority, and that vile demagogues would arise to appeal in a loud voice to "envy, hatred and malice." That is the basis of the Hearst appeal.

The New York Evening Journal, one of Mr. Hearst's papers, had a half-column editorial in black-faced type on the evening following the New York Democratic convention, from which these lines are taken:

William Randolph Hearst is honored by the confidence and friendship of four millions of American voters, who read his newspapers daily. This confidence has been expressed in tens of thousands of personal private letters; it has been expressed at the polls in hundreds of thousands of votes. Those that have privately expressed to Mr. Hearst their confidence in his purposes will find that his object in accepting a nomination for office is to be of use to his country, and thus to justify that confidence, and to justify, as fully as his powers will allow, the kind things that have been said of him by millions of friends whom he can not personally know. . . . The people are to witness and to take part in a clear, clean-cut election contest—government by the people on one side, with W. R. Hearst as the nominee, and government by the corporations on the other side, with Mr. Hughes, the distinguished corporation lawyer, as the nominee. The result is most important to the people. Fortunately the people have the result in their own hands. They will decide it.

As an expression of Southern Democratic opinion this paragraph is clipped from an editorial in the New Orleans Picayune:

Much depends on the outcome of the gubernatorial election in the Empire State. If Hearst should be chosen Governor it will show that the masses of the people have advanced in radical political views up to the Hearst standard, and then he will become a formidable factor in the Presidential campaign in 1908. Mr. Bryan is conservatism itself in comparison with Hearst. There is reason to believe that radicalism in politics has made progress among the people at large far beyond what the leaders suspect. If so, there may be a clamorous demand for Hearst. Such a demonstration, if it could be carried to the extent of a Presidential nomination for Hearst, would mean calamity not only for the Democratic party, but for the Republic.

Mr. Bryan's paper, The Commoner, endorses the action of the New York Democratic convention in a brief article, ending with this statement:

The Democrats of New York who have no axe to grind, and who are interested solely in the public welfare should give their support to the Democratic State ticket, headed by William R. Hearst.

The Oakland (Cal.) Tribune sums up an editorial view in this sentence:

Hearst has behind him the real voting masses of the party, and his candidacy will have the effect of bringing about a new alignment that will more nearly define the line between opposing policies and principles than has heretofore been drawn.

A New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger gives these figures and points out their significance:

In 1904 Higgins, Rep., polled 813,264 votes in New York State. Herrick, Dem., polled 732,704. Roosevelt had 859,533 votes and Parker 683,981. New York City gave Hearst, in 1905, for Mayor, 225,165 votes; McClellan, 228,651, and Ivins, Rep., 137,049. There is no telling what the defection from Hearst may amount to when election day arrives. In the McClellan vote last fall should be included many Republicans who went over direct to McClellan to save the city from Hearst. A good part of Hearst's strength, it is claimed by those on the inside in politics, came from Republicans of a commercial variety. It is openly asserted in New York City that the State leaders made a deal with Hearst, he giving them votes for members of the Legislature and they trading for votes for Governor. Hearst's Independence party affords a chance for Odell, Quigg and their followers in New York City and State to help Hearst and try to down Roosevelt.

THE MYSTERIOUS SCOUT.

Written for the Argonaut by Major N. C. Kouns, Late of the Confederate Army.

One of the strangest characters that I met during the five years I fought under the Confederate flag, said the Major, was a person who was known throughout the South as "Tucker, the Scout." My acquaintance with this singular being began with a terrible incident. Soon after the fall of Vicksburg, I was in Canton with considerable time on my hands, awaiting orders from Richmond. One day I was strolling through the military prison, supposing that among these "boys in blue" there might be some one from Missouri whom I knew. I was chatting pleasantly with one of the prisoners when I noticed a young man had entered the long room, and was standing about half way down the length of it laughing and talking with a Yankee. Their conversation soon became so animated as to attract our attention, and mine was especially drawn to this youth. He was clad in a neat and beautiful suit of gray cloth; he wore a fine black felt hat, in which a single long black feather was fastened in front by a bright steel buckle, and drooped back over the crown and rim of the hat. He was small but compactly built, and in every pose and movement as graceful and as bright as Apollo. There was such a jaunty, trim appearance about him that one could scarcely see him without desiring to look at him again, and the second glance revealed a face of remarkable beauty, in which, however, there was at once perceived something unnatural, fascinating, unearthly almost. The short-cut hair was black as jet and curled up everywhere close to the scalp. The brow was low, but broad and beautifully moulded. The eyes were large, black and soft—almost melting in their dewy splendor. The face was beardless, delicate, and the cheeks, which were absolutely rosy (not many cheeks are so), glided off softly into a prominent chin, perfectly formed but of unusual length. His nose was high, straight and pointed, with thin, wide nostrils, and the mouth was small, but full and red, especially the short, plump upper lip. Altogether he was one of the most strikingly handsome young men I ever saw. These were the first words I heard the boy speak, and they were spoken clearly, incisively, in a peculiar, ringing, silvery, bantering tone:

"Oh, yes. Of course the Yanks and all other men are brave enough when there is a crowd of them together, but when it comes to personal courage we Southerners defy God's earth to match us. Now, I don't doubt that you're a pretty good soldier for a Yankee, but you haven't got true 'grit.' You can't sight down the barrel of my revolver without flinching, but Southern gentlemen can meet death, single-handed, with a smile. You can't face it even as a test. Try it, if you dare!"

And with a light, mocking laugh he extended his arm. The Yankee looked startled for a moment, but he shut one eye and calmly sighted down the barrel of the pistol with the other.

"You had better dodge," said the young man, with a tantalizing laugh. "I am going to fire at the word 'three.' Dodge! Dodge! 'One!' 'Two!' "

The Yankee never flinched. "Three!"

At the word the long, delicate finger pressed down upon the trigger, a loud report rang through the room, and the poor Yankee dropped dead in his tracks, a bullet having crashed through the right eye into his brain.

A thrill of horror ran through every one at the sight of this cowardly, cold-blooded, inhuman murder, while the young man stood looking down upon his victim, his beautiful face still wreathed with that mocking, wicked smile, and his parted lips flecked with a light froth, like foam. It was only for an instant. I sprang forward and seized his delicate throat with a grasp that forced skin, nerve and muscle against the very bone with one hand, and with the other clutched the pistol, saying: "Give it up, you murderer!" He gave up the weapon at once, standing passively and offering not the slightest resistance. Upon seeing this, I released his throat. He gulped, as I had choked him pretty hard, and then said, mildly and pleasantly, and with a beaming smile: "Major, it is rather rough to choke a man so for a mere accident like that."

"Accident!" I cried, astounded.

"Certainly," he said, with his wicked smile. "Every one saw that I was in perfect good humor, and was only joking the Yank. I hope no one doubts that the pistol was discharged by accident."

I was simply dumbfounded by the calm assurance with which he spoke. But I called the sergeant of the guard, and upon his coming up I said:

"Take this man into custody and report the fact. I charge him with the willful murder of a prisoner, and will appear to testify to the same whenever desired to do so."

"And your testimony will show, I think, that the

occurrence was altogether accidental," said the young man very quietly.

The sergeant carried him off. The Yankees with whom I had been conversing were greatly grieved at the sad fate of their fellow-prisoner, but they really supposed that his death was accidental. They thought it uncharitable to suppose that such a nice young fellow could have committed an act so abominable as this was, if it was intentionally done. As I passed through the guard room, on leaving the prison, I said:

"Sergeant, who is the young man that shot the prisoner?"

"They call him 'Tucker, the Scout,'" answered the sergeant.

Before I had been long at my boarding house I received a request from General "Red" Jackson to come round to his headquarters. After the usual preliminaries the General said:

"I understand you were present when Tucker shot a prisoner this evening. I am informed, also, that you are a lawyer."

I said that his information was correct. At his request I narrated the circumstances just as they had occurred.

"It was murder," said the General, decisively. "I know it. But the fact puts me in an awkward position. Tucker's services as a scout have been almost invaluable to me, but he is not a soldier. He has steadily refused to enlist, and being a refugee from Missouri it is contrary to Confederate law to conscript him. They say he has killed twenty-three Yankees with his own hand, three of whom were prisoners whom he murdered in cold blood. He is not a soldier, and can not be court-martialed. The soldiers condemn his conduct, but sympathize strongly with the man, especially because they understand that his family were terribly wronged by the Yankees in Missouri, and also because they do not think he is entirely sane. And now General McPherson has sent in a demand by a flag of truce for Tucker, and I shall deliver him to the Federals for punishment."

In about forty hours a squad came in from the Yankee outpost at Big Black with a requisition for Tucker, and he was at once delivered up to the Yankees and carried away by them. I think this was on Friday morning, and on the following Sunday night, while I sat smoking my pipe and sighing for the return of my Richmond messenger, there was a knock at the outer door of my room, which opened upon a small yard. I opened the door, and the lithe form and handsome face of "Tucker, the Scout" presented themselves in the doorway. I was, of course, a good deal surprised at this unexpected apparition, but mastering my astonishment I invited him to come in and be seated.

"I am in trouble," he said, "and want to talk to you a little."

"Well, what is the matter?"

"I have had a pretty narrow escape, and this thing of being handed over to the Yankees is more than I can stand. I want your advice."

"Tell me first how you got back to this place again."

"Perhaps I had better not. You seem to have some prejudices against murder—even the murder of a Yankee or of a Dutchman."

He said this with a light, mocking laugh that actually made my blood run cold.

"Yes, I loathe crime. But, nevertheless, tell me how you got back."

"When they took me before General McPherson, in the camp near Vicksburg, he indulged in what I suppose to be the usual cant and hypocrisy about my 'wickedness' until I interrupted him by asking him whether he drew any extra pay for lecturing prisoners. He offered me advantages in one way and another if I would take the oath of allegiance to the gridiron flag, with a purpose to keep it, join the Yankees, and scout for him along the Yazoo. On my refusal he ordered me to be executed at sun up. They put me under close guard in a tent. One Yankee stood outside with his gun, and a big, fat Dutchman stayed in the tent with me. When he got sleepy he made me lie down beside him and put one bracelet of a pair of handcuffs on his own left wrist and the other on my right one. He then took a big butcher knife and stuck the point of it in the ground beside him, the handle sticking up. He assured me that the knife was for my special benefit, and that if I moved hand or foot during the night he would rip me all to pieces with the knife. He made fitters of the King's English in this talk and repeated the threats over and over again until I thought the brute would never go to sleep. He went to sleep, however, at last, and as soon as he snored fully and regularly I laid my thumb down straight in the palm of my hand, drew my fingers close up together that way," said Tucker, stretching out his long slender hand in the position described by him, "and slipped my hand through the iron ring without the slightest difficulty. I then lightly and quickly put one hand over the Dutchman's mouth and glued my fingers to it, at the same instant that I seized his butcher knife with the other hand, and with

one strong, quick blow plunged the full length of blade into his stupid carcass, right above the collar bone and then jerked the handle back and forward a foot or two to cut through the windpipe and main arteries. I cut a slit in the side of the tent with the Dutchman's knife and slipped through. I crept along until I got to the edge of the brush and then 'lit out' for Canton, tonight I am here."

He gave this grim recital in a strange, quiet, matter-of-fact way that rendered it atrociously realistic. I not the slightest doubt that he told it precisely as thing had occurred.

"And what do you propose to do here?"

"That is just the question. Do you think Jack will surrender me to the Yankees again?"

"Yes! Or hang you himself."

"And you, I suppose, would approve of that position of me?"

"If any objection could be reasonably made to a course, I suppose it would be based upon the fact that you are regarded by some persons as a monomaniac, and, therefore, irresponsible for your crimes."

"Irresponsible for my crimes?" he echoed, musing.

"I am sure I don't know. I can shut my eyes any day and see again the burning of my quiet home in Missouri, fired by the Yankees. I can see a frenzied mother bending over the murdered body of a gray-haired father. I can see a devil in the shape of man seize a bayonet and with one fiendish stroke plunge it through the breasts of a well-loved daughter. I can see a tear off her night dress and twist the girl, stripped naked, around with the bayonet until the glare of the burning homestead falls upon her burning face in quivering form. I can see a fond brother clutch the brute by the throat, only to be stretched senseless to blow from a musket. Oh, sir, if that had been my home, you would have dropped upon your knees in snow, under the midnight skies, as I did, and you would have registered a burning vow with God never to give, never to spare, always to follow, and always to murder—if you will call it so—those devilish miscreants while you lived; and you would have believed it your religion to keep your oath, as I have done."

I saw at once that it would be folly to try to reason with such fervid, impassioned, conscientious hatred.

"But the question now is," said the scout, "what am I going to do?"

"I think that you had better start for Tennessee tonight, join Wheeler's cavalry, go into the service regularly, do your whole duty to your country like a brave, capable man as you are, and try to get over this intense hatred which makes you a devil, not a man."

The scout pondered this scheme for some time. Then, with a dreary, broken-hearted sigh, he answered: "Perhaps you may be right. I have a horse at a farm ten miles out in the country. I will go and sleep until midnight and then start for Tennessee."

"You can lie on my bed there and sleep. I will wake you at 2 o'clock."

"No, I always go off by myself to sleep. I cannot rest at all unless out of sight and out of hearing of every one else."

A short time afterward Tucker left to join Wheeler's cavalry in Tennessee, and I never saw him afterward.

One day, while we were at Atlanta, I got a letter from a lady saying that there was a girl at her house who had been mortally hurt by a piece of shell, and who wanted to see me before she died. I went to the house.

"You do not recognize me?" said the girl.

"No."

"Turn back the sheet and look at my breasts," she said. "I am dying and there can be no impropriety in your doing so."

I did as she requested. There was a livid, triangular scar in the white flesh, beyond doubt a bayonet wound.

"Do you know me now?" she said, with a moving smile.

"Yes," said I, "you are the sister of 'Tucker, the Scout,' of whom he told me long ago."

"No—you are wrong again," she said. "I am 'Tucker, the Scout' myself. I cured a girl at Canton of her love for me by telling her I was a woman. Then again she feebly laughed—a mocking, wicked, tantalizing laugh."

She was as hard as flint. In vain I tried to soothe her heart in view of her rapidly approaching death, and I left her, bright, beautiful, vindictive, unforgiving, when she "still-hunted" the Yankees about Vicksburg.

I called the next day, and found that she was dead. The perfect corpse lay in quiet rest. The hard, brilliant, impenetrable, impenitent soul had fled.

Often I ask myself the question: "Was this insane?"

A paper of India, representing garrison sentiment, rages at Mr. Bryan because of his disapproval of British rule in that empire, and it crushingly reminds him that Americans do not treat the negroes any better than the English treat the Indians.

MARK TWAIN'S COLONEL SELLERS.

Can the Writer Recognize His Characters
in the Dramatist's Work?

A new generation of theatre-goers is crowding into the front rows of the orchestra circle and the rear rows of the gallery the survivors of the older one that remembers the comedian John T. Raymond as Colonel Sellers, a dramatization of Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner's "The Gilded Age." To those who can recall the actor and his wide success there is interest in Mark Twain's recent declaration that the Colonel Sellers presented on the stage did not realize the character of the book, and was not at all like the man whose ventures and eccentricities made a taking feature of the story. Furthermore, the author says that Raymond lacked the refinement and sympathetic nature required to portray with fidelity such a character.

Many have read the book who never saw the play, and there are still thousands who are familiar with both the story and the drama, and all will find curious suggestions in Mark Twain's statement and be moved to ask questions, some of which will never be answered with authority. Did Raymond's portrayal win sympathy for the character? Can a comedian play a part that is foreign to his real nature? Are the ideals of the novelist often realized in the dramatization of his story? Does the dramatist or the actor "create" the part? What part has the appreciation or whim of the audience in developing the play and the tone of its characters? All of these queries and more, spring out of Mark Twain's objection.

Raymond did play the part in a hard, unsympathetic manner. He did not present the genial yet dignified, sophisticated yet refined, day-dreaming gentleman of the old school that Mark Twain tells us Colonel Sellers is in real life; but he did act the busy-brained, enthusiastic and impractical, over-sanguine and impecunious American that more than half of the millions who saw him on the stage knew personally under some other name. John T. Raymond was not a Joseph Jefferson, and the charm of a gentle, kindly nature did not surround his work in any part. The scene in the play most easily recalled, the dinner of raw turnips and cold water set before a visitor, and extolled and urged upon him, was the wrong key for many in every audience. One can compare his appeal as Colonel Sellers with that of Jefferson as Golightly in "Lend Me Five Shillings." One that ever saw it can forget the half-timid, half-desperate, but altogether winning way in which Golightly asked a loan of friends and strangers as they came from the ball-room, at first with hurried, anxious words, and then, when disappointed again and again, in dumb show. Among my earliest memories of theatrical events is the scene of "The Old Curiosity Shop"—a stage version presented by Katie Putnam and what was probably an average company of those days, thirty-five years ago. I may not have been a great performance, but it made me distinctly real to me the personages of a story that even then I had read more than once. Little Nell and the Marchioness, both played by Miss Putnam, Dick Triveler, Quilp, Sampson and Sally Brass, I have seen in the flesh, and I shall not willingly forget them. But in that company the poet who made the stanza about the seditious "donkey that wouldn't go" to Mrs. Jarley's wax-works—a comedian named Woodford—did not win my youthful and uninformed approval. He was thin and apparently hungry, and he surreptitiously filled his hat with biscuits from the table, which was not unpardonable; but he lifted his hat and spilled its contents when he went out, merely to gain a laugh, and spoiled his effort. In "A Poor Relation," the always genial and clever Sol. Smith Russell was tempted to rob the pocket of his cracker, but he did not sacrifice the sympathy of the audience by clowning.

Whether an actor can play a part foreign to his nature, nobler, gentler part that he plays off the stage, is easily answered. It can not be doubted that many have accomplished it, and to the satisfaction of the critical. The imagination of the auditor is a great factor in all the achievements of the actor. Mere tricks of elocution produce effects that are not to be reasoned away. I have heard a drunken, dissolute player read verses from the Scriptures in a manner more seriously impressive than any pulpit presentation it has been my fortune to hear. The consistent development of a character through the succeeding acts of a drama is something more than a momentary satisfying impression, however; but if an actor who is not entirely conscienceless can play Richard, why may not one who is not a Bayard in private life play the knight without fear and without reproach in his brief hour on the stage?

It is doubtful if the novelist often sees his ideals in the scenes of a drama made from his book. The playwright knows so much of the story as he needs; he fashions the episodes and moves the puppets in the way he thinks most effective before the footlights; even if he is not possessed of a thorough knowledge of stagecraft he is always anxious to supervise the rehearsals of his play

and to advise and criticize the actors who assume the various roles. And the stage manager, who is the one being of supreme authority behind the scenes, and often a genius of arrangement and interpretation, makes and unmakes the playwright's work. Few actors, even among the greatest, but rely upon the judgment of the stage manager, and, willy-nilly, submit to accompaniments and plans of harmony which he has devised.

There are hundreds of striking, well-known characters in fiction that have never been presented on the stage. Dickens has painted a long line of portraits, distinct in feature, complete in equipment, but the theatre has known and retained only a few of them. Joseph Jefferson's Caleb Plummer, a small part in a short story, is one of the best; Fanny Davenport's Nancy Sikes, another dramatic bit, with only one scene of strength; Lotta's and Katie Putnam's Little Nell and the Marchioness; Edmund Collier's Fagin, and, in these later days, Henry Miller's Sidney Carton—these are the best known.

There is better mining-camp drama in Bret Harte's stories than in most of the plays whose scenes are laid in the gold-fields, yet it has been won from the printed pages with greater difficulty than the yellow metal from the gravel-beds. Annie Pixley found a fitting part in "M'liss," but she has had no successor. Stuart Robson tried to make Colonel Starbottle real, but the "Two Men of Sandy Bar" did not long hold the stage. The play was produced in Washington in 1876. Looking back to that performance in memory now, I can recall but one situation—the scene in which Colonel Starbottle and the Mexican select each a weapon from the pair hidden under the table-cover, fate to decide which is the loaded pistol. The loquacious colonel chooses the moment after the pistols are taken and raised to aim in which to tell a funny story about a cross-eyed man who suddenly finds himself in financial straits, and the story and its sequel are still remembered, but all else of the drama and its characters has faded. The playwright's work was not well done.

Twenty-eight years ago Ada Cavendish, a talented English actress, came to America and appeared in a stage version of Wilkie Collins's story, "The New Magdalen," but her success was not equal to her anticipations. Last year a more dextrous hand made "Zira" of the same story, and Margaret Anglin, a more magnetic actress, it is true, in its leading role won instant recognition of fresh emotional power. Augustin Daly, a great stage manager and clever adapter, took Wycherly's old comedy, "The Country Wife," and made of it a play that could be seen with unmixed pleasure by modern audiences. In it Ada Rehan was at her best, and Peggy will be fondly remembered longer than her Rosalind, Katherine, or Lady Teazle.

There are figures in history as well as in fiction that defy the power of the dramatist. No playwright, stage manager, or player has had the art to summon from the shades the French peasant-girl, warrior and mystic, Jeanne d'Arc. Even Mark Twain found her character an elusive one, and his story of her life, despite the glory of its theme, is, perhaps, the least attractive of his books.

G. L. S.

San Francisco, October, 1906.

Many things can be forgotten in forty-seven years, and probably few Americans remember the story of the slave-ship Clotilde that was run into Mobile bay and burned one dark night in 1859, and how its cargo of slaves was dumped off into the canebrakes and left, some to be picked up and sold, some to wander about and starve, and some to die of homesickness. Hardly a dozen of the old Clotilde's victims are alive, though numbers of their children live near the settlement and have intermarried with the common negro. Few of the captured ones had been more than twenty at the time of their enslavement, and all remembered the horrible details as if they had been experiences of a recent time. They were more stalwart in appearance and of finer physique than the American negro whose ancestors have been long in bondage. Their eyes were brighter too, their voices even softer and more melodious.

Governor Magoon is not favorably impressed with the Chinese as a factor in the construction of the Panama Canal. "There are at present from two to three thousand Chinese on the isthmus," said Governor Magoon, "and as a citizen I do not think they make desirable laborers. They can not be depended upon as can the Barbadoes or the native negro. As soon as the Chinese has earned enough money he starts a shop of his own and the Government loses a man."

The blowing of electric light bulbs at the present time is done by hand, and the operation is therefore slow; but a piece of machinery to do this work has been recently patented by a mechanical engineer of Toledo, O. The machine is said to reduce the cost of bulb production to one-quarter the present figures.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Speaker Cannon will take the stump for Charles E. Hughes, the Republican candidate for Governor of New York.

The resignation of Congressman James N. Gillett has been received officially by Governor Pardee, who will at once issue a call for a special election to fill the vacancy.

Judge Benjamin B. Lindsey of Denver is a candidate for Governor of Colorado, heading an independent ticket which endorses the Democratic nominees with the exception of two—Charles P. Caswell for the Supreme Court and Charles R. Dudley for Regent of the State University—from the Republican ticket.

Judge John Garber has filed with the Democratic State Central Committee his formal declination of the nomination to the Appellate Bench of the San Francisco district. The nomination was given the judge without his having been consulted. In his communication he regrets his inability to accept the honor, and states that his business will not permit of his making the canvass.

Sampel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, was interviewed last week regarding the report that he would go to California and stump the State for Theodore Bell, according to a news dispatch. "There is nothing in the report," he said. "I have no intention of going to California during this campaign, consequently will not stump the State for anybody." Mr. Gompers said he had no recollection of Bell.

The President has appointed Judge Charles Magoon, just returned from the Panama zone, to be Governor of Cuba. It was at first believed that the President had decided upon Governor Beekman Winthrop. Minister Quesada will remain in Washington in that capacity, and be accredited to the provisional government. Quesada is recommended for the retention of his place by Taft and Bacon.

Congressman Julius Kahn of the Fourth California District, whose nomination for re-election by the Republicans had been endorsed by the Union Labor party, has been marked by President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor as unfriendly. A resolution was passed last Saturday by the San Francisco Labor Council instructing the Union Labor party to withdraw Kahn's name from the ticket and substitute that of D. S. Hirshburg, the Democratic nominee.

When Mr. "Finky" Conners, the leader of the Erie County "Democracy," heard from one of his lieutenants that certain delegates had fled his ranks, he remarked:

"Well, we're here, ain't we?
The rest of 'em,
Tell wid 'em!"

Which phrase is apt to take its place as a classic among the shortest of poems in the English language, says the New York World.

The shreds of senatorial courtesy are flying all over New Jersey after Senator La Follette's week at hammering his Republican colleagues, Senators Dryden and Kean, observes the Springfield (Mass.) Republican. The tour ended with large meetings in Jersey City and Hoboken. La Follette's last words were that Dryden and Kean were unfit to be in the United States Senate because they stood for corporate instead of public interests.

Concerning the vacancy in the United States Supreme Court, the President is reported to have said that no conclusion would be reached until Secretary Taft had returned to the United States and there was an opportunity for consultation with him. Various names have been suggested to the President for the place in the event that Secretary Taft declines the position and these include Judge Horace H. Lurton of the Sixth Judicial Circuit Court and Attorney-General Moody.

Clark Howell was the acknowledged leader of the Democrats of Georgia. He is the National Committee-man, the editor of the leading newspaper of the State, and the intellectual giant of the party. He has been slated for upward of two years for the Governorship which Hoke Smith has now won away from him. A year ago Smith was casually mentioned for Governor in a newspaper, says the Minneapolis Journal. The Howell paper declared that nothing would please Mr. Howell more than to illustrate to Mr. Hoke Smith how dead he was politically by beating him for Governor. Hoke Smith, who is placid, was inclined to let the challenge pass, but his wife took the paper to his study and declared that, for the honor of his children, he must announce himself a candidate for Governor and beat Clark Howell. Like a good citizen, Hoke Smith obeyed his wife, and the result is that he is just as good as elected Governor of Georgia, and Mr. Howell's halo hangs in tatters round his ears.

JAPAN'S FIRST ENGLISH TEACHER.

Ranald McDonald of Oregon, Who Prepared the Way for Commodore Perry.

Early in the spring of 1824, at Astoria, Oregon, there was born to Archibald McDonald, chief factor of the Hudson Bay Company, and Princess Sunday, his Chinook wife, a son, Ranald McDonald. Seventy years later, in 1894, Sir Ranald died at Fort Colville, Washington, after world-wanderings that were crowded with romance and strange adventure. McDonald was a prominent figure in the exciting incidents of the closing days of the Hudson Bay Company's dominancy in Oregon, but ere the Americans had established their dominion in the Northwest he crossed to Japan and established a school there, some months before Commodore Perry opened the Hermit Empire to the world. McDonald's pupils acted as interpreters during Perry's treaty negotiations. In his last years he requested Eva Emery Dye to write the story of his life, which has just been published under the title, "McDonald of Oregon."

In his youth McDonald had nursed at Vancouver a party of Japanese whose typhoon-swept junk had been cast on the Oregon coast. Their story of the wonders of their island home had inspired him to attempt a journey there, although it was supposed to be certain death for the foreigner who ventured into Japan. In 1843, while young McDonald was in Elgin, Canada, the Oregon boundary question was settled, and, as grandson and next in kin to the late King Cumcumly, of the Chinooks, he was entitled to a handsome inheritance, but he chose, instead, to carry out his cherished plans and break into Japan. Journeying to New York City, he shipped before the mast on board the whaler Plymouth, Captain Edwards, master. Edwards was short of hands and agreed to McDonald's stipulation that he should sell him a small boat and allow him to leave the ship off the coast of Japan. The daring young navigator scuttled his little sloop when in sight of one of the islands, and determined to place himself at the mercies of the Japanese as a ship-wrecked sailor. He was fortunate at the beginning to gain the friendship of one Tankaro:

By degrees intimacy sprang up with Tankaro; his desire to learn English seemed not less than that of Ranald's for Japanese. Pointing to objects with eye and mouth and ear open and intent, he asked the name, repeating the word over and over with avidity, seeming deeply to impress it upon the tablets of his memory.

"And now give me the Japanese," always Ranald insisted.

Cutting a pen from a crow quill—to the surprise of all, for many came to watch him—Ranald commenced a phonographic vocabulary of words and Japanese colloquial expressions with English equivalents. Whipping out his little book roll of mulberry-bark paper, Tankaro, too, dashed away with his writing brush from top to bottom, from right to left. A born vocabulist, Tankaro soon surpassed Ranald's little lexicon. But the overseers, when they noticed, shook their doubting heads. "No, no, no, this may not be according to the law." Nevertheless, in secret Ranald endeavored to keep up his study of the language.

Ranald's stores were minutely examined and inventoried, and a sketch was made of every article of interest—his quadrant, his boat, kegs, and anchor. Everything was measured, even the thickness of the sides of the chest. Most particularly his woolsens were scrutinized—sheep were unknown in Japan—and the height and dimensions of his person were taken. Five feet eight inches, broad shouldered, full-chested, stout, and muscular, Ranald McDonald was something of a giant among the diminutive Japanese.

McDonald's slight knowledge of their language, his brown skin and his almost Japanese features seem to have disposed his captors in his favor, and he was well treated on his journey to Nagasaki, although heavily guarded. At Nagasaki he first met Moryama Yenoke, who subsequently was "described, sketched, and photographed" by every envoy that visited Japan fifty years ago. As the weeks went by McDonald was constantly brought before the officials for questioning:

Every day now, more and more, Moryama and Saxtero, the interpreters, lingered at the cage of Ranald, quizzing, questioning, hungry, eager to find out about the world outside of Japan. Off and on, others had been coming from the first, until presently, appointed by the Governor of Nagasaki, fourteen came daily as pupils in English—Nish Youtchero, Wirriama Saxtero, Moryama Yenoke, Nish Katara, Akawa Ki Ejuro, Shoya Tamasabero, Nikiama Shoma, Eromade Dinoko, Sujake Tatsuetoro, Hewashe Yasaro, Judgero Shogie, Hori Tatsunoske, Namoura Tainozke, and Motke Sayeom—all bright and eager, all student samurai of the double sword. Every day these young interpreters came to read English, Ranald correcting and explaining. But Moryama especially was quick, keen, and receptive, astonishing in rapid acquirement.

"Moryama Yenoke speaks Dutch better than I do," one day remarked John Levyssohn, Holland's representative, the only white man allowed in Japan. A little later Ranald found his pupil poring over a Latin grammar.

"Have you ever been outside of Japan?" the American inquired.

"No, but I have a large library, and I am studying Latin and French." In French, too, Ranald could help him; it had been almost the language of his childhood.

More and more on winter nights Ranald's cage became a house of reception, lit with wax candles on low, square stands. With shaven midscalps, and topknots, men of all orders—students, military officers, priests, nobles, two-sworded samurai, and daimios—came to see and talk with the first teacher of English in Japan. Afar off on the rainy walks he could hear the clatter of their wooden clogs coming.

"Your honorable health?" they were soon inquiring.

With books and night lanterns and boxes of sweetmeats they were filling in, hoving profusely. Heating a kettle over his brazier, pulling out pipes and filling the tiny bowl to smoke, passing cakes and drinking hot "sake" out of delicate teacups like those brought by Ewa and Kioko to Vancouver, they asked questions. Those cups reminded Ranald of many things. Like the spinner of the thousand and one tales of the Arabian Nights, he told them of Oregon and the fur trade, the great migrations, the project of cutting railroads through lofty mountain chains to the west, the wonders of the locomotive and steamboat, the war with Mexico, its battles and victories.

Map in hand, eager and attentive, they heard of the accession of California, and the discovery of gold, the last word Ranald brought from the Anglo-Saxon world. There was no discussion; only questions, always questions, which Ranald freely answered, as far as he could. But he noted an evasion of any information concerning Japan in return.

Still sipping hot "sake," "And you were born—"

"Here," placing his finger on Astoria. "Destined to become a great seaport," he added, dreaming not of Portland, Seattle, and San Francisco. Puget Sound was traced, and the course of ships in the Pacific.

"All about whaling and the number of vessels," they urged.

Long and often this subject was dilated upon. "Japan would be a good place for supplies," said Ranald, "for coal, provisions, and water."

"No," objected Moryama, with emphasis at every such suggestion. "No ship can approach the coast. No ship can enter our harbors. It is against the law."

Not even Japanese who had left the country could return, as Ranald very well knew, for at the expulsion of the Portuguese the proclamation was made: "No Japanese ship or boat whatever, or any native of Japan shall presume to go out of the country. * * * All Japanese who return from abroad shall be put to death."

On the 26th of April, McDonald was informed that an American man-of-war, the Preble, with Commander James Glynn and Lieutenant Silas Bent, had arrived at Nagasaki to demand that fifteen shipwrecked sailors of the whaler Ladoga be delivered to them. McDonald was not ready to leave Japan, and he felt, too, that they were not ready to give him up, but dared no longer detain him. He had been among them for six months. The release and surrender of these seamen was probably the first instance in which the stubborn policy of the Japanese had yielded to the demands of foreigners. Copies of the depositions of the rescued seamen were dispatched by special ship to the United States. Then came Perry. In later years McDonald received many guests at Fort Colville, among them Mrs. Elizabeth Custer, in 1891. To her he said:

"Yes, I flatter myself that I was the instigator of Commodore Perry's expedition to Japan. You will find my depositions in executive document number fifty-nine of the Thirty-second Congress. That started Perry. I suggested to Captain Glynn of the ship Preble that in the event of another visit to Japan for the purpose of opening trade, models of Western ingenuity should be taken and exhibited. And Commodore Perry did that. I broke the seal that made Japan a closed empire—at all events cracked it, so it was easy for Commodore Perry to do the rest."

When Perry was preparing for his expedition to Japan he called upon manufacturers and machinists for samples of American art and inventions:

Manufacturers, inventors, and publishers fell in with the novel idea, one firm especially manufactured a small locomotive, tender, passenger car, and rails complete, to be laid down in Japan; another sent bundles of wires and an outfit of telegraphic instruments. Clocks, watches, stoves, military arms of the latest pattern, muskets, pistols, rifles, swords, balls and cartridges, samples of furniture, life-boats, books, weights, measures, garden seeds and agricultural implements enough to set up a small exposition were assigned to the indefatigable Commodore.

By diplomacy, by kindness, by resolute firmness, by arguing them into reasonableness, Com-

modore Perry had forced a consideration of the treaty on the reluctant Japanese, and the day finally came for landing the presents.

Moryama, who had been chief arbiter as well as interpreter in the treaty for coal, wood, water, provisions, and the saving of ships and their crews in distress—Moryama, who had translated the letter of the Emperor in reply to that of President Fillmore—Moryama, who with the prefect was to decide prices of merchandise and articles of harter—Moryama Yenoke, the indispensable, was now appointed to arrange for the reception of the presents intended for the Emperor. Officials with silk draperies trailing on the ground watched while the boats came ashore. Japanese workmen in mushroom hats and straw sandals jumped around constructing suitable sheds for the protection of machinery, and laying off level ground for the circular track of the miniature railroad. American officers and workmen were unpacking the mysteries of the boxes. On that day closed ancient history in Japan.

The telegraphic apparatus was set up, a mile in length, from the treaty house to a building specially erected, where the first message was flashed in Japan. The railroad was laid, and the locomotive spun, trailing a miniature train. A camera was set up, and the princes were daguerretyped—"spirit pictures" they called them; fires were built in stoves and pots began to boil; clocks, wound up, began to tick and strike; life-boats were launched on the stormy bay; agricultural implements and machinery began to buzz and hum; scales, weights, measures, maps, charts, books, furniture, window glass, telescopes, and perfumery—in short, an international industrial exposition was set up on the grounds adjoining the treaty house at Yokobama. Perry with his modern world had sailed back into the feudal ages, and they, at one stride, had stepped into today.

Affairs moved rapidly after the departure of Perry from Japan. While all America was listening for news of the Pacific railroad surveys, Perry came home, in January, '55, and, as the last act of a long and useful life, bailed down his flag in Brooklyn navy yard. In July, Townsend Harris was appointed the first Consul-General to Japan.

Already the Japanese had learned to manage the little locomotive the Commodore had given them, and had the life-boat afloat with a trained crew, but the telegraph was too mysterious. Eagerly Moryama asked for books on military and naval science, and medicine. Despite precautions, cholera had come, devastating Japan. Within two weeks after Perry left, an American clipper from San Francisco had entered Yedo Bay.

From the very hour of Perry's treaty Japan began to arm against the foreigner. Already a thousand brass howitzers had been cast after the model the Commodore had given them, copied down to the minutest particular, even to the percussion caps and drag ropes, with cartridges of paper and wads of wood. Brass drums had been copied from the Dutch.

Scientific batteries were in process of erection, steamships and gunpowder were being purchased, military and naval schools were opening all over Japan, and arsenals were in process of erection.

But the Japanese nobles were determined to make the last stand against the demands of the Americans. Fourteen out of eighteen powerful daimios protested to the Shogun not to open the country:

The world knows the rest, how step by step America taught her most eager pupils, the little brown men of Japan, showing them how to make a treaty, shaping it up and explaining every feature, pushing wider the little opening of the door that had been unlatched by Perry.

This meant no end of troubles. The great strain of it threw the American Consul into a fever, increasing the devotion and solicitude of Moryama. But the treaty, the precious treaty was ready, when Perry's old flagship, the Mississippi, brought secret word to the American Consul—"The allied fleets of Great Britain, France, and Russia are sailing to Yedo Bay."

"Must you have a fleet and cannon balls for arguments?" demanded Harris from his sick bed. "You must open Japan, or the navies of the earth will be thundering at your gate. Sign at once, and save yourselves."

And Il Kamon, summoned in this crisis to the Shogunate, did what no other Japanese dared—he signed Japan's first treaty of commerce with a foreign land. When the fleets came in, all was accomplished. "Gentlemen, we have a treaty with the United States," said Il Kamon. England, France, Russia, and twenty nations after them followed with treaties in rapid succession, all based on that first one, made by the American Consul and Moryama Yenoke. But it lost Il Kamon his head at the assassin hand of the Prince of Mito, who would be Shogun. It ended the Shogunate, and restored the Mikado, imprisoned and invisible for two hundred and fifty years. In the outcome, the boy, Mutsu Hito, sixteen years of age, came to the throne, and rules to this day, fifty years from the opening of Japan.

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

An earthquake-wave has been known to travel across the Pacific Ocean in 12 hours and 16 minutes—that is, at the rate of 6 miles a minute.

OLD FAVORITES.

Columbus.

"[Columbus compelled them to keep on the way, and on Friday, October 12, 1492, he was sighted.]"

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.

The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanching mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say—"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate
"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.
He curls his lip; he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew; a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

—Joaquin Miller

On Sir Francis Drake.

You, whose exploits the world itself admired,
Admire the strange exploits of peerless Drake.
And you whom neither lands nor seas have tir'd
Have tried your tongues when they rehearse
make

What bard adventures he did undertake;
Then if that such Atlantes are too weak,
What marvel if this weight our shoulders bear

O you once matchless monarchs of the seas,
But now advanced to an higher place,
Invested Viceroy and high Satrapes,
In that fair palace near the mulken race;
O think not that his praise doth yours deface,
If he be justly praised, you justly grace,
Your graces by his praise are not defaced.

So in the May-tide of his summer age,
Valor enmowed the mind of vent'rous brake.
To lay his life with winds and wage in gage,
And bold and hard adventures undertake,
Leaving his country for his country's sake:
Loathing the life that cowardice doth stain,
Preferring death, if death might honor gain.

At Cuha silver, at Coquimbo gold,
At China cloth and precious silks he found.
Pearl at the Pearled Isles he did behold;
Rich cochineels hoarded did abound,
Enbosomed in Tichamachalco's ground:
Thus his industrious labor still did raise
The public profit and his private praise.

He that hath been where none but he hath been
Leaving the world behind him as he went;
He that hath seen that none but he hath seen
Searching if any other world unken,
Lay yet within the Ocean's bosom pent:
Even he was Drake; O could I say he is,
No music would revive the soul like this.

He that did pass the Straits of Magellan,
And saw the famous island Mogadore;
He that unto the Isle of Mayo came,
Where winter wretched grapes in plenteous store
He that the Isle of Fogo passed before,
A second Etna where continual smoke
Of brimstone burning vaults the air doth choke

He that at Brava saw perpetual spring
Gracing the trees with never-fading green,
Like laurel branches ever flourishing:
He that at Taurapaza's port had been:
He that the rich Molucca's Isles had seen:
He that a new-found Albion described,
And safely home again his hark did guide.

—Charles Fitz-Geffery

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Countess of Minto, who did so much to aid the work of the Victorian Order of Nurses in Canada, has now undertaken a similar work in India, where her husband succeeded Lord Czon as governor-general.

Miss Clara Clemens, the talented daughter of Mark Twain, made her debut as a concert singer before a fashionable audience in Norfolk, Conn., a few days ago. Miss Clemens is said to have a contralto voice, and pleased all who heard her.

The Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid, objects to ordinary medical precautions. Under no circumstance will he have his temperature taken, as he is afraid of having the thermometer put in his mouth or under his arm lest the instrument explode.

A man in Washington was trying to secure a plaster cast of the President's face. "How long will it take to make the cast?" Mrs. Roosevelt asked. "Twenty minutes," was the reply. "That settles it," answered Mrs. Roosevelt. "No woman power could induce my husband to remain still for twenty minutes."

Madame Elizabeth Rosen, one of the finest equestriennes and most expert golfers in Washington, has been teaching the maids of Magnolia, Md., what a daring swimmer can do. This daughter of the Russian ambassador speaks all the polite languages of Europe and knows six or eight of the Slav dialects.

Jonathan Straus, who has just closed his fourteenth season of distributing pasteurized milk in New York city, serves notice that the demand has passed the bounds of private munificence. Mr. Straus has given in the past year, free to the poor, milk at the nominal price of 1 cent a bottle. He is now wishing to pay, more than three million dollars, for the milk.

My recently gave this bit of sunny philosophy to an interviewer: "If there is the tiniest speck of color in the sky, and there nearly always is, I color it, and that makes the whole heaven blue for me. I spend three hours daily in the open air, walking or driving in an open carriage; and I am accustomed myself to bear the extremes of summer and winter."

When John Burns visited Belgium recently he did not take with him his insignia of office, nor did he carry an official letter on ahead through the For-

eign Office. He went to the labor colonies, prisons, and other institutions unexpectedly and unannounced, but he was quickly recognized and all doors were thrown open at the words "Je suis John Burns," every courtesy was shown to the workman Minister, and all information was readily granted to him.

James R. Howe, formerly register of deeds in Brooklyn, received fees amounting to more than \$50,000 during his term of office, and he has given them back to the borough in the form of a bronze equestrian statue representing Washington at Valley Forge. The statue, with its pedestal, is thirty-five feet in height, and was conceived and executed by Henry Merwin Shady. It stands in the plaza at the Brooklyn end of the Williamsburg bridge, and was unveiled a few days ago with appropriate ceremonies.

Apologies have just been made to Marie Corelli by the London Daily Mail, which quoted as a personal expression the following passage from her novel, "Temporal Power": "I have never loved any man, because from my very childhood I have hated and feared all men. I loathe their presence, their looks, their voices, their manners—if one touches my hand in ordinary courtesy my instincts are offended and revolted and the sense of outrage remains with me for days." Those, it seems, are not her personal sentiments.

During Lord Kitchener's recent tour in northern India a non-commissioned officer in his escort became exceedingly intoxicated, and fell from his horse. Next day the man was ordered to appear before Lord Kitchener, and was fully prepared for severe punishment. To his surprise, the commander-in-chief received him alone in his tent, and gave him a sound talking to about the folly of taking strong drinks in a hot climate. Kitchener finally sent him back to his place after making him promise not to drink again while on duty.

Much of the beauty of the Czarina comes from exquisite coloring, and there is about her a subtle charm impossible to picture and difficult to describe, writes Amalia Kussner Coudert, in the Century Magazine. "She is very tall and very slender, yet most finely proportioned. Her features are almost Greek in their regularity, and the natural expression of her face struck me at once as a singularly wistful and sweet sadness that never went quite away even when she smiled. Her hair is strikingly beautiful and luxuriant,

long, heavy, glossy, and brown-gold in color. Her eyes are large, soft, lustrous gray-blue, with long lashes, and I painted them cast down, as they nearly always are; for she is shy, and hardly ever looks up without a blush."

Augustus Thomas has recently devoted a large part of his time, and some of his royalties, to learning French in France, says Harper's Weekly. But he came back in time to welcome Mr. Bryan in New York, just as he stumped for him in 1900. The money that Mr. Thomas takes in at the box office, the houses for rent with which he covers his land at New Rochelle, his extensive cultivation of French roots—all these have not made him any less of a lover of the masses than he was when he swung a lantern in the railroad yard at St. Louis, or barn-stormed through Missouri, or made caricatures for a daily paper.

Mme. Melba, in spite of contrary reports, refuses to consent to the proposed early marriage of her son, George Nesbit Armstrong, and Miss Ruby Otway. Mme. Melba was married to Captain Armstrong at the age of seventeen, and the bitter results of her own early marriage have caused her to exact from her son the promise to wait two or three years. Some time ago Mme. Melba settled many thousands of dollars upon her only son, and he will inherit all her property. Miss Otway is a handsome girl. The combined ages of the young lovers total only thirty-eight years. The trustees for her son's money are Alfred Rothschild and Earl de Grey.

The career of Hon. William Pinkney Whyte, of Maryland, has been a notable one. Besides having been mayor of Baltimore and comptroller and Governor of his State, he has been at considerable intervals apart three times a member of the United States Senate. He served in that body by appointment in 1868-9, by election in 1875-81, and is now, by appointment, filling the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Gorman. Mr. Whyte recently entered his eighty-third year. He has never tasted liquor nor used tobacco; he has never been inside of a saloon; he is not a member of any club; he has defended sixty alleged murderers in the courts and secured the acquittal of all of them; he always rides in an ordinary day car on a passenger train and on the street cars in a city; he declines to use a typewriter; he is one of the few Senators alive who, in 1869, voted against enfranchising the negroes; and he never talks politics on Sunday.

Del Monte Offers

During the reconstruction of San Francisco, Hotel Del Monte offers a welcome shelter to those desiring a home-like place for rest and recreation. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at the present. The entire hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families. Address Geo. P. Snell, Manager, Del Monte, California.

A Permanent Home

85 Cent Gas

FOR HEATING

Quick Clean Cheap

For a quick cheery fire these cold mornings and evenings try a

\$5.00 MODEL GAS RADIATOR

Very handsome and heavily nickeled Six feet hose free

Gasteam Radiators Backus Grates

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

THE GAS CO.

925 Franklin Street 500 Haight Street
1260 Ninth Ave. 421 Presidio Ave.
2965 16th Street

THE OCULARIUM

Perfect Fitting

Eye Glasses

At Moderate Prices

Lenses Replaced 50c

Henry Kahn & Co
OPTICIANS

1309 Van Ness Avenue,
Between Bush and Sutter.

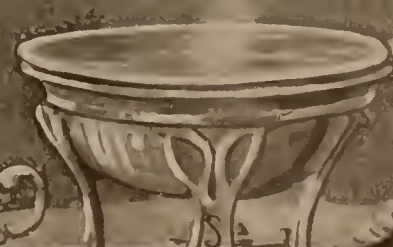
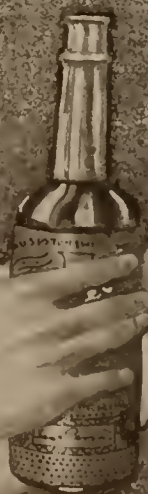
Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Indispensable as a seasoning for Soups, Fish and Gravies

John Duncan's Sons, Agts., N. Y.

"The Secret of my Success"



VANITY FAIR.

Mme. Sarah Grand has been exploiting the art of happiness, says a cable dispatch to the New York World. London has taken her conclusions as pretty sensible philosophy. Incidentally it has enjoyed hugely her compliment to "smart" society. Here are some of the things Mme. Sarah said:

"Men understand the art of happiness better than women. A woman is penny wise and pound foolish. She denies herself, and makes herself miserable in her saving, while a man will have good sense and spend his money on himself and make himself happy."

"At the moment happiness is to be found in the simpler and less expensive modes of life. The quiet entertainments of the poor are happier than the magnificent affairs of the rich, whose indifference and insolence to their guests is equaled only by the chronic state of irritation of their guests toward them."

"In 'smart' society—as it is called, to distinguish it from good society—there is no such thing as 'noblesse oblige.'"

"When we say that life is not worth living we are taking the surest steps to make it so."

A hundred or more commercial travelers delayed their departure from a Broadway hotel one day last week that they might see the 255 girl students from Radnor College, Nashville, who are making a month's tour of the country under the escort and at the expense of A. N. Eshman, president of the college. The total cost of the trip will be \$15,000.

The girls, who had visited Cincinnati, Cleveland, Buffalo, Niagara Falls and Albany, arrived in New York City on the steamboat Hendrik Hudson and had promptly eaten everything the hotel dining-room afforded. Indeed the head steward had to send out for edibles.

After breakfast the girls started Broadway throngs as, in a procession of automobiles, they made a tour of the city, every now and then giving the Radnor College cry in loud chorus. The girls did not rise early, but they were worth waiting to see when they marched into the dining-room in couples, wearing the college uniform of blue waists and skirts, with black mortarboards and waving tassels. They were formed in squads of twenty-six, each squad in charge of a teacher.

There were girls from all over the South, for not Tennessee alone was represented. Some of them came from far-away Texas. Few of them had ever been in the metropolis before, and all of them wanted to see Coney Island. They were more anxious to shoot the chutes than to see Grant's Tomb or the Museum of Art. "We've just seen libraries and schools and museums until we are tired," said a brown-eyed Texan maiden, "and we ought to see the Bowers and Coney Island."

After a round of the city the party left for Atlantic City. "It has been just lovely," said Miss Knoxie Jackson, from Walter Valley, Miss., "but I do wish we could have seen Coney Island."

Recently a curious fashion of marking trunks by individual and odd devices has come into practice. It is a trick that helps to identify one's baggage instantly, even at a distance, in a crowded railway station, and thus facilitates travel, especially abroad, where so much red tape entangles baggage transportation.

Some of the devices used are queer, to say the least. A lover of dogs had brindle heads in brown and white painted at intervals on all her trunks and suit cases before sailing for Germany. She felt sure, she said, that she would be able to identify her baggage anywhere by these signs, says the Philadelphia Bulletin.

Another curious design is that of skull and crossbones, done in black, white and red, on top, sides and ends of trunks, and on the bottom of every bag, of one traveler.

Dumbbell designs in red, white and blue identify another lot of luggage. One society woman has her trunks all marked with a design of a pair of gloves, painted red, black and gold, and appearing as if just taken off the hand and carelessly tossed in the trunk.

Family crests in gold and colors are used, and college girls going abroad have curious Chinese dragons, birds, etc., done in oriental color combinations on their baggage.

H. G. Wells has been the most hotly discussed writer in London in the last ten days. The London Mail has censured his views editorially and letters from the author and from indignant critics are printed at length. Mr. Wells's idea of a perfect world as set forth in his new Socialistic novel, "In the Days of the Comet," does not seem to appeal to Englishmen, and especially not to Englishwomen. His political schemes meet with a fair measure of approval, but when he under-

takes to revolutionize the world's love affairs he treads on delicate ground, as does every writer who attempts to tell us how the Utopian deals with his womenfolk.

In Mr. Wells's new scheme, men's wives no less than their goods are held in common. Ingenious objection to this having been made by Mr. Wells's reviewers, he boldly replies: "Given a great change of heart in human beings and it is not my base imagination only that assures me that in this world there would be no marrying or giving in marriage."

The reviewers are not convinced by this defense, and certainly it is an interesting inconsistency that almost the first act of Mr. Wells's hero, after the world change that follows the collision with the comet, is to marry himself, apparently, to two several ladies. Englishmen do not fancy a polygamous Utopia.

Every throne in Europe is enveloped in tobacco smoke, except those of Holland and Turkey. Queen Wilhelmina's ideas on the subject differ from those of some other women of exalted station, while Abdul Hamid is restrained by the Mohammedan religion. Moreover, every president of a republic in the old and new world, so far as is known, except President Roosevelt, and every Oriental potentate finds solace in "the weed."

Emperor William of Germany smokes huge cigarettes specially made for him. King Edward of England has always been devoted to cigarettes, but of late years has leaned more and more toward dark Havana cigars. Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria likes the Austrian-made cigar manufactured of Virginia tobacco with a straw running through it. King Leopold of Belgium is a cigarette fiend, but is frequently seen smoking a pipe.

The greatest smoker of all is the stout, ever-contented King Carlos of Portugal. It is said that he smokes forty cigars a day. King Alfonso of Spain takes an occasional cigarette only. Pius X is the first Pope who has been known to enjoy a good cigar. His predecessors confined their love of tobacco to snuff. The Khedive of Egypt burns such bad cigarettes that the English master of his household, taking pity on the diplomats, had some good ones specially manufactured for the use of the diplomatic corps.

A porcelain manufacturing company of Trenton, N. J., has one of the oddest labor troubles ever experienced by any industrial concern. Twenty-five girls have gone on a strike because the company would not let them sing while at work.

A new male foreman's first official act was an edict against singing. Indignant, the girls appealed to the office and were ordered back to work. Then the strike was on. Among the favorite selections of the girls were: "Keep on the Sunny Side," "Waiting at the Church," and "Moon Dear." The girls sang with so much zest that they could be heard a block away and it was almost impossible to transact business in the adjoining offices.

There was a climax when one of the clerks, receiving an order over the long distance telephone, was asked when the goods would be shipped. Instantly, as if in answer to the query, a shrill voice floated in from the work-room to the telephone: "When the Harvest Days Are Over, Jessie Dear." The man on the other end of the line, believing he was being ridiculed, banged up the receiver and the firm lost the order.

Gen. N. M. Curtis, in his volume, "From Bull Run to Chancellorsville," recently published, is emphatic in his declaration for youthful soldiers. He says:

"I felt it was of great importance to reduce the maximum age of recruits. The principal reasons why a young man under 22 years makes a more efficient soldier in active campaign than one 25 or older are, first, the youth's greater recuperative powers; a well-developed boy can march all day in a sleet storm, lie down at night on the wet ground, which, perchance, may freeze under him, and get up in the morning rested, and march on or go into battle, while a man of mature years may find it difficult to get up in the morning, and if he does rise, he is not so well rested as the boy; second, the boy is more ready to accept suggestions as to the possibility of overcoming obstacles, and the enthusiasm and audacity of youth will cause him to enter a difficult and hazardous undertaking with a confidence which a man of mature years can not feel; third, the boy has seldom contracted marriage, and has none of the feelings of a man with a dependent family, and if the boy has in his mind one nearer than his mother, he will be more intent on performing an act that will tend to inspire her respect, than on saving himself at the expense of his reputation."

"Courage, vigor, audacity and self-confidence are the important qualifications of a soldier, and

they are possessed to a greater degree by boys near the age of 20 than by men of middle life. At least one-quarter of the men enrolled in our army in the Civil War should never have been accepted, because of advanced years or physical disabilities, and quite that number never performed a day's active duty. Not only was the service injured by their presence in camp, but the industries and professions were depleted, while the hospital expenses and the pension rolls were increased to the same extent."

Through a great part of Ireland public opinion, moulded by the clergy, separates the sexes as far as possible, notes the Edinburgh Review. At the church door, and wherever else they congregate, men group on one side, women on the other. It is not well thought of for people of opposite sexes to be seen walking along the road together even to a market. The position certainly of some ecclesiastics has been made definite by the refusal of certain bishops to allow "mixed classes" in branches of the Gaelic League. On the whole, public opinion discourages whatever can be justly or even unjustly set down as sweet-heating.

Lieut. Frank P. Lahm, of the Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., won the international balloon and the James Gordon Bennett cup in balloon "United States," last week. The was made from Paris, and Lieut. Lahm's balloon was carried over western France, then across the channel and landed in England. Sir Vonmiller was second; Count de la V. France, third; the Hon. C. Rolls, fourth the race. The beautiful cup becomes a trophy of the Aero Club of America. The first prize of \$2900 goes to Lieut. Lahm and endurance medal to Mr. Rolls, who was longest in the air. Vonmiller traveled miles. Since the American War Department assigned Lieut. Lahm to the Cavalry School at Saumur he has devoted much attention to aerostatics. He made a dozen ascensions during the summer.

A new opera is to be written for Fritz Schaefer for the season 1907-8. The name of the vehicle for the impersonator of Mlle. Modigliani will be "The Mascot of the Troop," and probably that Victor Herbert will be intrusted with the musical setting.

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

are showing an unusually complete assortment of

CARPETS

All grades are included. The patterns the very latest for the season of Fall furnishing. This stock is the largest show in San Francisco and is complete.

Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street

A. HIRSCHMAN

Jeweler and Silversmith

.....Now at.....

1641 Van Ness Avenue

Between California and Sacramento Streets

Formerly Mutual Bank Building, 712 Market and 25 Geary Street

The Short Way

taken by

Overland Limited

Electric lighted

68 hours to Chicago

without change of cars

Select dining and buffet service
Observation platform

Southern Pacific

STAGE GOSSIP.

The Colonial Theatre, on McAllister street, near Market, the first permanent playhouse to be opened since the fire, began its career last Saturday evening. Frank Bacon, the comedian, being a favorite with Alcazar audiences and known throughout the coast circuit, headed the capable company which presented Du Somet's farcical comedy, "The Man from Mexico." Among the players in the cast were Izeta Swell, A. Burt Wassner, Milton Nobles, Jr., Essie Bacon, Elonina Oldcastle, Edna McJure, and Walter Belasco.

Robert Mantell is anxious to make the part of Othello his own. He has played Othello with success, and seeks to emulate Booth and Irving, who alternated in the parts.

Wilton Lackaye is said to make use of great skill in "make-up" in "The Law and the Man," which has been pronounced a success in Chicago. As the discharged convict his appearance vividly conjured visions of the unfortunate who had served nineteen years in the galleries for the theft of a loaf of bread. As the philanthropic mayor of Meme the actor loses his identity completely and makes a more pleasing impression than when seen as Valjean.

Josephine Cohan, no longer appearing as a member of the Cohan family, supporting her author-brother, was in the vaudeville bill at Hammerstein's New York Theatre last week, presenting a one-act comedy sketch.

The engagement is announced of Margaret Livingston Chanler and Richard Aldrich, music director of the New York Times. Miss Chanler, an Astor heiress and worth several millions, has devoted herself to reform work.

Six plays absolutely new to theatre-going New York were produced in Broadway theatres during the past week. They were the works of Stephen Phillips, the De Mille brothers, George Cohan, Israel Zangwill, Jesse Lynch Williams, and William Vaughn Moody.

Sylvia Linden, who has been selected to follow Maxine Elliott in Clyde Fitch's "Her Own Way," is one of the few women on the stage who have graduated from Vassar College. She has been identified with a number of the Pinero plays which Charles Frohman produced.

Charles Warner, the famous English actor, who went into vaudeville this winter, appearing in sketches, "At the Telephone," and in the dramatic scene from "Drink." The latter play is a dramatization of Zola's "L'Assommoir," and Warner won fame as Coupeau in a long run of the powerful drama in London. Thomas W. Kne was not less famous in the part in this country in the middle '70s.

The American invasion of Europe, in a dramatic sense, takes place in earnest when E. F. Sothern and Julia Marlowe make their first appearance in London in March in the Waldorf Theatre. The two stars will not only be seen in London, but will turn six of the greatest European capitals into a series of "one-night stands." This will be the first time that any American players have ever appeared on continental stages outside of Paris and London. The closing performance of the tour will be given at Elsinore, the town made famous by Shakespeare in "Hamlet," and situated only thirty miles from Copenhagen. As yet no performance of "Hamlet" has ever been given at Elsinore, not even by Danish players. In Paris they will do "Jeanne D'Arc" in Rome, "Francesca da Rimini"; in Berlin, "The Sunken Bell."

Booked simply as Mrs. Langtry, a name of which she says she is proud, Mrs. Hugo de Bore, the actress, arrived in New York September 29, after an absence of three years. She made her American debut in vaudeville at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in New York this week.

Edward Knoblauch, the young dramatist whose last play of Boer life, "The Shulamite," was acted at the Savoy in London last season, with Le Ashwell in the title role of the Boer wife, Dorah—and in which play she is soon to be seen in New York—is a striking example of a native-born playwright who sought a foreign field of endeavor. Mr. Knoblauch, who is a New Yorker, graduated from Harvard in the class of '90. He was ivy orator on class day, and distinguished himself during his senior year as a member of its theatrical society, the Hasty Pudding Club. He collaborated in his plays and appeared in several productions. Since going abroad he has collaborated in and written about twenty-five plays. Among them are "The Loyal Rell," a drama of the 1745 rebellion, and "The Pader Pet," in which Cyril Maude appeared. "The Shulamite" is his most conspicuous work.

Mr. Scheel, formerly of San Francisco and now conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, has returned from a four months' trip abroad.

Mr. Scheel and his daughter attended the famous musical festival in Salzburg, where the noted singers and musicians of the world gathered late in August to observe the 150th anniversary of the birthday of the composer, Mozart. Several compositions of new music were procured by Mr. Scheel, and will be played in Philadelphia this season.

Campanari, the baritone, who has spent his summer at Spring Lake, N. J., won the prize in a golf tournament held there recently. Mr. Campanari has also sung a great number of times at Newport, where he is a typical idol in musical and social circles. He will open his season in Texas about the middle of October.

The Orpheum.

Not for many a month will there be at the Orpheum another bill like that of last week. There may be bills presenting greater novelties, bills of more uproarious fun, bills more like a circus, or bills with more melodrama or spectacle, and very likely there will be, but not soon such a bill of singing, and youth, and sprightliness. Seven musical turns—solos, duets, trios—and, added to these, the orchestral selections that Director and Organ-Master Rosner learned years ago just how to choose for an Orpheum audience. Never before were so many singers in one bill at that house of amusement, which seems just now to be the place of all others for San Franciscans in their hours of leisure. And not only singers, with real voices, but young singers, not yet tired or languid, not yet ready to renounce enthusiasm as a vanity. In the long list only one pair whose appearance would suggest many skirmishes as well as decisive engagements with a sometimes strangely unappreciative world.

The young lieutenant and his military sweetheart, Tom Fortune and Josephine Davis, began the melodic feast to be spread on the stage, and his songs were distinctly worthy of the approval manifested even to the farthest topmost rows in the balcony. Then the wandering minstrels, Adami and Taylor, and the soprano was better than acceptable, even if a little worn. Leroy and Woodford did not offer singing as their strongest claim to favor, for Leroy is an unctuous comedian, almost in the Pete Dailey style, but they sang, singly and together, and there were no complaints. Eleanor Dorel, a dainty vocalist, with more good looks than voice, came next, and if you could not hear the words of "The Rosary," you knew what they were anyway, and your opera glass consoled you. DeHaven and Parker, in "A College Boy's Frolic," were boy and girl in appearance, and they sang new songs, well arranged, and they danced as lightly as youth has ever tripped it.

Then the most artistic number of all—the Three Roses. Charming girls, piquant and graceful, two with violins and the third with a cello. Their selections were spirited, their execution rhythmic and sure. A trio, a cello solo with piano accompaniment, then a song, with the violinists playing as they sang, and something of the gipsy in it all that stirred one's blood. Years ago Charles Reade wrote of such a feat in one of his novels; of an heir to a title who consorted with gipsies and learned his music of them, or had it in his nature, and of his ability to sing the air and play his own accompaniment, or play the melody and sing the words in a haunting second. The scene revived his description of that musical witchery. One felt almost prepared for an inharmonious contrast in the succeeding turn, but it did not come. Instead, Clifton Crawford, a polished monologist in faultless evening dress, with a really funny song or two, some whimsically amusing imitations, and a good recitation of Kipling's "Gunga Din." The Zazel and Vernon company gave their familiar pantomime, "The Elopement," but it grows funnier with age, for the pantomimists are, somehow, still young.

What becomes of vaudeville people when they grow old? They used to go into the legitimate. Den. Thompson is still with us, and numerous others, but the evolution is the other way about now. Happy people are they, if they can carry their fun, their audacity, their nimble wit, past the age when voices crack and limbs creak at the joints. And if they can not keep those treasures, they may at least go to the Orpheum and enjoy the possessions of their successors. For the vaudeville theatre will still be there.

The newcomers at the Orpheum, beginning Sunday at the matinee, are Junie McCree, the eccentric comedian, in "The Man from Denver"; the Waterbury Bros. and Ernest Tenny, in a musical skit; Raffayette's trained dogs; Fred Watson and the Morrissey sisters, in songs and dances. The holdovers include Bresina, James Thornton, Willie Eckstein, the boy pianist, and the four Bards. The attractions at the Chutes, where the Orpheum theatre is situated, are permanent yet always interesting.

Ellen Beach Yaw in Concert.

The first musical attraction of the season announced by Manager Will Greenbaum, is Ellen Beach Yaw, the famous lyric soprano, a Californian, who has pleased the leading critics of England, Italy and France. Miss Yaw returned to this country last season but arrived too late to arrange a tour and her only appearance was at Carnegie Hall, New York, in conjunction with Kubelik, the violinist. Then she returned to her home in Southern California for a rest. She is now booked to tour America at the head of a concert organization, and Manager Greenbaum has induced her to give a series of concerts in this State prior to her departure.

There will be two concerts in Oakland, both matinees, and one in San Francisco. The dates for the Oakland concerts are next Friday afternoon, October 19, and the following Wednesday afternoon, October 24, at three o'clock. The prices will range from \$1.50 down to 50 cents and seats may be secured at the box office of Ye Liberty Theatre on and after Monday next.

The San Francisco concert will be given Tuesday evening, October 23, at the Christian Science Hall, corner of Scott and Sacramento, which is a new auditorium with excellent acoustic properties. The seats for this concert may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s new store on Van Ness avenue, between California and Sacramento.

SWAIN'S NEW CAFE.

The new departure at Swain's has already proved a popular success. The cafe is a handsomely appointed place of refreshment, on the ground floor, and so spacious that 250 may dine at once and with perfect service. In addition to a modern grill and long and carefully arranged menu, the cafe presents a select wine card, representing the best vintages, and including also Schlitz and Wurzbarger beers. During the dinner hour there is good music by Eugene Bressel and orchestra and a more inviting or comfortable dining-room would be hard to find. The cafe is next to the bakery which has been noted for years for the best of everything in that line, and both departments are given the same careful and efficient attention. The building is at 1111 and 1113 Post street, and all former patrons and the public generally are invited to test its capabilities.

Bohm Bristol Co.

JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS

A COMPLETE LINE OF DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE

NEW LOCATION:

Van Ness Ave. and Sacramento St.

FORMERLY AT 104-110 GEARY STREET.

Every test that is of value in ascertaining what glasses are needed is applied here. There is no such word as "trouble" while we are testing.

HIRSCH & KAISER, 1757 Fillmore St., Opticians.

MARCHAND'S
IS NOW LOCATED AT
1424 McAllister St.,
Between Pierce and Scott
Service as Usual
The Very Best in
the City
Telephone West 6821

AUTOMOBILES
Runabouts - - - \$700
Reo Touring Cars - \$1400
IMMEDIATE DELIVERY
J. W. LEAVITT & CO.
441 Golden Gate Ave.

Amusements.
ORPHEUM.
Week Commencing SUNDAY MATINEE, Oct. 14
(Matinee Every Day Except Monday.)
EPICUREAN VAUDEVILLE!
JUNIE MCCREE AND COMPANY; Waterbury Brothers and Tenney; Raffayette's Dogs; Fred Watson and the Morrissey Sisters; BRESINA; The Four Bards; Willie Eckstein; Orpheum Motion Pictures and Last Week of
James Thornton.
Prices: 10c, 25c and 50c. Down Town Box Office at Donlon's Drug Store, Fillmore and Sutter Sts. Phone West 6000.
CHUTES and ZOO—Open Daily from 10 A. M. till Midnight. Admission 10c; Children 5c.

ELLEN BEACH YAW
The Great Lyric Soprano
Two Concerts at Ye Liberty Play House, Oakland.
Friday afternoon, Oct. 19, at 3 o'clock
Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 3 o'clock
Under the management of Will L. Greenbaum. Seats \$1.50, \$1.00 and 50c. ready Monday morning at box office of theatre.
One Concert in San Francisco
TUESDAY EVE., OCT. 23, at 8:15
At Christian Science Hall, cor. Scott and Sacramento. Seats at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Van Ness Ave., above California, ready Saturday, Oct. 20.

TO BE BEAUTIFUL
CALL AT
THE UNIQUE PARLOR
1342 Van Ness Avenue
New treatment for reducing or developing, Manicuring, Shampooing, Facial Massage, Scalp Treatment. Electric Baths a specialty for Women.
Bust Developer EXPERT MASSEURS AT THE PARLOR. Our Tissue Builder

SIEVERS FLORAL CO.
Respectfully announce the opening of their Elegant Establishment
1660 California Street, near Van Ness
Phone Franklin 1015

LITERARY NOTES.

In London with an Artist.

One could wish for no better guide and mentor in that wilderness of brick and varied memories than "A Wanderer in London," by E. V. Lucas. Its author has written before this of Holland, of "Highways and Byways of Sussex," and of English towns and country lanes elsewhere with artistic perception and enduring interest, but he is a Londoner, and in the city he wanders with a method which makes every reader who has never seen, yet longs for the sights, a comprehending, fully charted, and sympathetic companion. And to those who know their London as well, it should be a suggestive, perhaps an inspiring record of rambles, odd finds, and pleasing descriptions.

There is scarcely a page in the volume which could not stand alone as a picture, a reminiscence, or a biographical note, though there is no sense of crowding information into small space or of dragging in irrelevant gossip. The chapter headings of themselves are illuminating, and innumerable and widely differing as are the nooks and corners described, it is not a confused mass of detail. Piccadilly, Mayfair, St. James's, Leicester Square, the National Gallery, the Strand and Covent Garden, Fleet Street, St. Paul's, Cheapside, the Tower, Whitechapel, Holborn, the British Museum, Kensington, Chelsea and the River, Westminster and Whitehall, are names familiar to all readers, and each neighborhood has been painted and written about many times, but Mr. Lucas gives no suggestion of tiring old straw. His knowledge is sufficient, his interest in landmarks genuine if not absorbing, and his remembrances range from Goldsmith and Lamb to Kate Greenaway and J. M. Barrie.

With an especial inclination toward the treasures of art possessed by London, Mr. Lucas gives several pages of description to the great works of the Italian masters and the northern painters, and thirty-six of the illustrations are photogravures made from famous works. These are accompanied by sixteen copies in color of pastels showing picturesque buildings and views. A carefully made index completes a book that is as handsome in dress as it is entertaining and valuable.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price \$1.75 net.

Russian Folk Tales.

Louise Seymour Houghton has translated "The Russian Grandmother's Wonder Tales," from the German of "Tales and Legends of South Slavonia," published twenty years ago by an eminent folk-loreist, Dr. Friedrich Kraus. The tales are told as they fell from the lips of Dr. Kraus's peasant mother, poor and illiterate, but rich and learned in the wonder-lore of her people. One rarely meets in these stories with the fays and elfins of the warmer climes, "whose midnight revels by a forest side or fountain, belated peasants see." There is in most of them a grim reflection of the severity of the conditions under which the Southern Russians live. When all ends happily there are royal feasts of meat and foaming wine and the villains of the beast stories, Petz, the bear, and Isegrim, the wolf, are always so hungry. These wonder-tales undoubtedly originated in the far East, and while the warm Oriental imagery has been chilled in the transplanting, some of them are strikingly similar to the "Arabian Nights" stories.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

Whimsical Rhymes.

Carolyn Wells has collected several hundred curiosities of verse in "A Whimsy Anthology." Most of these odd fancies are very ingenious; many of them, indeed, have been written by the most famous authors, in whimsical mood; and several are among the best-known rhymes in the language. Some of these literary trifles depend for their effect on unusual typographical devices, others on the expression of a capricious thought, and still others on odd spelling or play on words. A limerick is a typical whimsy, so are tongue-twisters like "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers," etc. That classic memory rhyme, "Thirty days hath September," known by all over the age of three, is also a whimsy; so are poems that may be read this way, that way, and t'other way, and still make sense; and couplets making fun of our spelling, to the delight of the Carnegie reformers, may be found by the score in the Anthology. Poe's "The Bells," and Southey's "Cataract of Lodore," are examples of the more dignified whimsies.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The Simple Life in America.

With hat in hand, and hand on heart, the apostle of the simple life bows and beams and

scatters praise, and thanks and benisons in "My Impressions of America." "We see places through our humors," some one says, "as through differently colored glasses." What more natural, then, that Charles Wagner, with President Roosevelt as his patron, and even cabmen as his disciples, as he tells us, should offer us the kindly tribute of his admiration. Not even a visit to the Chicago stock yards rouses Mr. Wagner to adverse criticism. Ah, the dear Americans, how he would love to embrace them all in a fervent Gallic hug! None of us is too humble to escape his paternal pat. "Our black brother"—in whose open face he often saw "the marks of true spirituality"—as he bends over your shoes, "considers you as a subject for his art and good intentions." Your artistic bootblack dismisses you with a broad smile, and you go away with "a good polish that lasts a week—if it doesn't rain." Thus, he naively and with much benevolence comments on our institutions. Our enthusiasm for the simple life is widespread and sincere, he believes, and if we continue in the way we are going all will be well with us.

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; \$1 net.

New Publications.

Rain will dash against window panes, and winter winds will rattle shutters heedlessly to the young reader who is intent on either of four books that have just been issued. "In Eastern Wonderlands," by Charlotte Chaffee Gibson, is a story of a real trip made around the world by three children, with special reference to the Orient; "Roberta and Her Brothers," by Alice Ward Bailey, is a delightful tale of a girl who takes a mother's place; "Pelham and His Friend Tim," by Allen French, is an exciting story of adventure for boys; "Playtime," by Clara Murray, is for the very young reader. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Ruel P. Smith has written a rattling good story for boys in "The Rival Campers Aloft." The adventures of this party of typical American lads, manly, courageous, athletic, will be read with eager interest by boys of all ages, who love out-door life. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews's short story, "The Good Samaritan," is concerned with the humorously embarrassing experiences of a newly ordained clergyman who attempts to take home his completely intoxicated cousin. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

Professor Wilde of the Northwestern University has translated "The History of Ancient Civilization," by Charles Seignobos of the University of Paris. The work is widely used in the secondary schools of France. Beginning with the Egyptians and Chaldeans, the book surveys the peoples of the Orient, the Hindoos, Persians, Phœnicians, Jews, Greeks, and last of all the Romans. The author has selected the most significant events in the political and social history of the various nations, and describes the customs, language, culture, art, science, religion and family life. The different topics are indicated by large, black type. A valuable feature is a comprehensive list of references for supplementary reading. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25.

"The Renewal of Life," by Margaret Warner Morley, is a frank and wholesome study of the origin of life. The author tells how and when parents may delicately inform children of the truths of sex life. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$1.25.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A story of the squatter days on a California ranch in the early fifties, entitled "Casa Grande," by Charles Duff Stuart of San Francisco, will be published this month.

The statement that the sister of A. Conan Doyle has written a detective story will arouse public curiosity. Here is an opportunity for a family test of the comparative fertility, in certain directions, of a man's and a woman's mind. "The Secret of the Moor Cottage," by H. Ripley Cromarsh, who is none other than the sister of A. Conan Doyle, is announced for immediate publication.

The Macmillan Company have ready the latest work of Pierre Loti, a novel entitled "Disenchanted." It is said to be, as all this author's stories are, a marvelous effect of painting in words.

Plans are on foot for the publication about the first of the year of the second part of Volume XX of Sabin's "Dictionary of Books Relating to America from Its Discovery to the Present Time." This monumental work, begun in 1868 by Joseph Sabin, is an exhaustive bibliography of publications about America, arranged alphabetically by authors, and extending, when it was discontinued in 1892, through all the names

from the beginning to Smith. Some months ago the Carnegie Institution in Washington made a grant for the completion of the work to Wilberforce James, director of the Lenox Library, who was the editor of the last five volumes of the nineteen published before 1892.

A series of critical biographies, whose character is sufficiently indicated by the title "Modern Poets and Christian Teaching," is coming out. The volumes ready this autumn will be: "Robert Browning," by Frank C. Lockwood; "Richard Watson Gilder," "Edwin Markham" and "Edward Rowland Sill," by David G. Downey; "Matthew Arnold," by J. M. Dixon; "Mrs. Browning," by Martha Foote Crowe, and "Lowell," by W. A. Quayle.

"Moliere, the Poet and Man," by Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor; Brandes's "Reminiscences of My Childhood and Youth," translated by G. M. Fox-Davies; "The World's Painters Since Leonardo," by J. W. Pattison; "The Plays of Our Forefathers," by Charles Mills Gayley, are new books on the fall list of one New York publishing house.

A new anthology, "A Pageant of Elizabethan Poetry," has been selected and made up by Arthur Symons. The period is from Spenser to Herrick, and the arrangement is not chronological, but by subjects.

Edwin Markham is preparing a volume of selections from the writings of the much-discussed mystic, Thomas Lake Harris—regarded by some as a prophet, by others as a charlatan. The biography of Mr. Harris, who died a few months ago, will probably also be written by Mr. Markham.

The cover design of Mrs. Hugh Fraser's novel about Washington's mother, "In the Shadow of the Lord," is taken from the Washington arms in an old church in England.

"La Questa"

A Luscious Old Red Wine,
Highly Commended by
Connoisseurs

PRODUCER:

E. H. RIXFORD
Kohl Building, San Francisco

Pears'

The public's choice since 1789.

"Your cheeks are
peaches," he cried.

"No, they are
Pears'," she replied.

Pears' Soap
brings the color of
health to the skin.

It is the finest
toilet soap in all
the world.

ROBERTSON'S

NEW LOCATION

1539

Van Ness Ave., Near Pine

"Next to the White House"

Mr. Robertson calls attention to the above address, which is very centrally located

For Sale

Fine property for private school. 20 room house in first class condition, well heated and lighted. Large Grounds. Room for other large building, tennis court, &c.

Choicest location in Palo Alto.
Address: Mrs. C. L. Place, Palo Alto

Two Great New Novels

The Tides of Barnegat

By

F. Hopkinson Smith

Illustrated in Colors, \$1.50



His plot is original, his characters unusual in their vitality and in the hold they take upon the reader's interest. He may be trusted to keep "great gulf fixed" between right and wrong. The book is well named not only in reference to the story's scene of action but to its variety, movement, charm, and beneath all these its effortless strength.—*New York Times Saturday Review.*

Whispering Smith

By

Frank H. Spearman

Illustrated in Colors, \$1.50

A thrilling tale of the West that has the power to rivet the reader's attention from the first page to the last.—*Boston Herald.*

With the very first page the reader is plunged into a tale of engrossing action.—*Chicago Record Herald.*

**Charles Scribner's
Sons.**



STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Ex-Congressman Eddy, of Minnesota, was known as the homeliest man in Congress. He as to speak in a small town one night, and arriving he saw in an opposition newspaper headline to the effect that "Two-faced Eddy speaks here tonight."

That evening he said: "You know, ladies and gentleman, that I'm not the man referred to in this paper. It must be some one else, for I had two faces I would wear the other one."

Nicholas Longworth went to the western end of his county to become acquainted and to capture votes. Now the town of Harrison is partly Indiana and partly in Ohio. Going to a store, Mr. Longworth made himself very agreeable, bought cigars for the crowd, jollied every one, and then asked them to vote for him. There was a long, loud laugh, and when it was over he asked:

"What is so funny?" "Oh, nothing," remarked the proprietor, "except that you are on the Indiana side of the creek. Your Ohio voters are across the way."

A school girl in a Massachusetts town had been made to acknowledge the superiority of her brothers. One day her mother remarked on the apparent utter lack of intelligence in a hen. "You can't teach a hen anything," she said. "They have ruined more of the garden than a cow or pig something, but a hen—never!" "Hm!" exclaimed the child indignantly, "I think they know just as much as roosters!"

At a dinner Senator Long was once asked by a young woman to define diplomacy. "Well," said he, "what do you do at a ball when a man asks you for a waltz and you don't wish to dance with him?" "I tell him," she replied, "that my card is full." "But supposing it isn't full?" "Then I insist it is and at the same time let him see it isn't." "That's diplomacy," said Senator Long.

Theodore Billroth, the eminent Viennese surgeon, lecturing to his class in a medical school, said that a doctor needed two gifts—he must be free from any tendency toward nausea and he must be a good observer. He then poured a nauseous fluid into a glass, dipped one of his fingers into it and licked it off, whereupon he invited the students to follow his example. Without flinching they did so. With a broad grin the surgeon looked at them and said: "You have passed the first test brilliantly. Not so the second, for none of you observed that I dipped my first finger into the glass, but licked the second!"

The Wolf Hopper was calling down a speak-in-tube to the janitor of his apartment in New York. Mr. Hopper, unable to get the information desired, finally blurted out, "Say, is there a blaring idiot at the end of this tube?" The reply came back with startling rapidity, "Not at the end, sir."

"Pray do not rise," she said, as an old man rose in a trolley car to give the young woman his seat. "But I—" began the old man. "No; please don't," and she gently pushed the old man back into the seat. After the car had gone a block the old man again attempted to rise. "I'll be of you, sir, please don't," the young woman said. She was very pretty and her daintily gloved hand once more rested on his shoulder as she gently pushed him back. And she posed for our more blocks, until the old man once more ventured to rise from his seat. Again the pretty one was argued. "Really, I don't mind it, sir," she said. "That's all very well for you, miss," said the old man, "but I do. I want to get out. I've gone six blocks beyond my street already."

A leading American politician recently took his little son to Washington, where they paid a visit to the Senate gallery.

Edward Everett Hale specially interested the boy, and his father explained that Dr. Hale was chaplain of the Senate.

"What he prays for the Senate, doesn't he?" asked the lad. "No," said the politician, "he gets up and takes a look at the Senate, and then he prays for the country."

A man who was asked his Christian name, replied "Solomon Isaacs," is an old acquaintance, but it is amusing to remember that a recent New York reporter once addressed the same question to Wu Ting-fang. The folio may be old, but it is perennially provocative.

tive of mirth: "Wanted—a competent person to undertake the sale of a new medicine that will prove highly lucrative to the undertaker." And we always read with fresh joy of the rural justice who thus addressed a convicted marauder: "Prisoner, a bountiful Providence has endowed you with health and strength, instead of which you go about the country stealing hens."

A London actor appearing at a cheap theatre in Salford found so small an audience that he sought out the manager for an explanation. "You see," the manager told him, "my people are at the Halle concert." "Oh!" the actor said, surprised, "I should hardly have thought your patrons would care much for high-class music." "No," the other explained, "to tell the truth, they go to pick pockets."

Chairman Sherman, of the Republican campaign committee, was recently approached by a somewhat unimportant Ohio politician, who, though formerly a Republican, has of late years voted the State Democratic tickets.

It appeared from the man's conversation that he had seen the error of his ways. At the same time he hinted he would like a job at campaign headquarters.

"I'm sorry," Mr. Sherman is reported to have replied, "that I shall have to disappoint you. Glad to see you back; but in these days the wise prodigal brings along his own calf."

"Dr. Besom is once more among us for a brief season," wrote the chronicler of Northby's social and religious life. "He says and does exactly as he thinks right, without regard to the opinion or belief of others."

"His wife is not with him." Modern business methods favor double-entry bookkeeping. In the business colleges when the instructor asks what this sort of bookkeeping is the pupil will reply, winking and smiling: "Double-entry bookkeeping is the keeping of two sets of books, one of which may be produced in court if required."

A strict housewife said to a new maid: "I forgot to tell you, Maude, that if you break anything I'll have to take it out of your wages."

But Maude, whom two days had heartily sickened of her berth, replied with a merry laugh: "Do it, ma'am, do it. I've just broke the hundred-dollar vase in the parlor and if you can take that out of \$4—for I'm leavin' at the end of the week—why, you'll be mighty clever."

"Are you the editor that takes in society news?" inquired the caller, an undersized man, with a tired and timid appealing look on his face.

"Yes, sir," replied the young man at the desk. "I can take in any kind of news. What have you?"

"Why, it's this way," said the caller, lowering his voice. "My wife gave a small party last night, and I am willing to pay to have this report of the affair put in the paper."

"We don't charge anything for publishing society news," observed the young man at the desk, taking the proffered manuscript and looking it over.

"That's all right," was the reply. "You don't understand. I wrote this up myself, and I put in a line or two that says, 'Mr. Halfstick assisted his distinguished wife in receiving the guests.' That's the way I want it to go in, and I don't care if it costs a dollar a word. I want my friends to know, by George! that I still belong to the family."

"You can't beat the Irishman for wit," says Robert Edeson, "and he takes advantage of his native proclivity in all his business enterprises. While walking in one of the business thoroughfares of Pittsburg last year my attention was arrested by a display of shirts in a haberdasher's window, which for variety of sunset colors far excelled a Turner landscape when the sun is red and low, and there in the window in glaring green type a large sign read: 'Listen!'"

A lot of poor children were at Rockefeller's stock farm near Cleveland. He gave each of them some milk to drink, the product of a \$2,000 prize cow. "How do you like it?" he asked when they had finished. "Gee, it's fine!" responded one little fellow, who added after a thoughtful pause: "I wisht our milkman kep' a cow!"

Perry Belmont was nominated to the office of coroner, the other day at Riverhead, Long Island. The next day he received a postal card from a friend in New York: "Dear Perry—Would you mind going to Buffalo next week and sitting on the State Democratic party, after Mr. Hearst and Mr. Murphy have supplied the corpse?"



Hotel del Coronado UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Enjoy California's best climate at the largest all-year seaside resort hotel in the world. All outside rooms. Guests will appreciate the new and important changes. Every modern convenience provided, including long distance telephone in rooms. Chef of national reputation. Choicest and widest cuisine of any hotel in the West. Interior court—a rare tropical garden. Fine winter fishing and hunting. Unexcelled golf links and tennis courts. For further information address

MORGAN ROSS, Manager Coronado Beach, Cal. H. F. NORCROSS, General Agent 334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles

Attention Investors

We invite the attention of investors to some choice securities, which offer an opportunity for safe and profitable investment. Half yearly interest. No taxes.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

California and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

Educational.

MISS HAMLIN'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Formerly at 1849 Jackson St., is now at 2230 Pacific Ave., near Webster St. Mid-term begins October 15. Accredited. Address

Miss S. D. Hamlin, 2230 Pacific Avenue. San Francisco

PORTLAND OREGON St. Helen's Hall

A girl's school of the highest class. Corps of teachers, location, building, equipment—the best.

Send for catalogue. School Opens September 17, 1906.

IRVING INSTITUTE

A day and home School of high standing for girls and young ladies. Accredited by the universities. Art and music under masters. Write for catalogue.

Mrs. Edward B. Church, Principal. Mrs. Fay Chase Kellogg, Acting Principal. 2126 CALIFORNIA STREET, San Francisco, California.

Dr. H. J. Stewart

Organist of St. Dominic's Church and the Temple Sherrith Israel

Teacher of Vocal Music

PIANOFORTE, ORGAN, HARMONY AND COMPOSITION New Studio: 2517 California St. Hours: 10 to 12 and 2 to 4 daily, except Saturday

OTTO FLEISSNER, Vocal, Piano, Organ and Harmony, Residence and Studio: 2560 Vallejo St., near Scott St., San Francisco. In Oakland on Tuesday, care of Sherman, Clay & Company.

Miss Harker's School.

Palo Alto, Cal. Home and Day School for Girls. Intermediate and Primary Departments. Certificate admits to Stanford, Vassar and Wellesley. Number limited. Reopens August 20th.

Ogontz School for Young Ladies.

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia; two hours from New York. The late Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circulars, address MISS SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal, Ogontz School P. O., Pa.

M. Pierre Loti's

NEW NOVEL

DISENCHANTED

(Les Desenchantees)

deals with the return to Stamboul of the hero of one of M. Loti's first color-full romances. And so we have "marvelous pictures, full of wonderful hues, as rich in woven fancies . . . as some rare old prayer rug of Khurdistan," (*The Independent*); "every page a picture," says *The London Times*; "portrayed," another critic adds, "with consummate skill in glowing, highly vitalized sentences—vigorous and picturesque even under the ordeal of translation."

NOW READY CLOTH \$1.50

M. Loti's Disenchanted

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Publishers, 64-66 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"Crocker Quality"

Desks and Filing Cabinets at 525 Market St.

Stationery and Books at 515 Market and 1244 Sutter St.

Engraving and Leather Goods at 1244-46 Sutter St.

PERSONAL

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Marie Pickering, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pickering, to Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt, Jr. No date has as yet been announced for the wedding.

The engagement is announced of Miss Anita Wieland, daughter of Mrs. J. F. Larkin, to Dr. Reuben L. Hale. No definite date has been announced for the wedding, but it will probably take place in November.

The marriage of Miss Carmelita Dibblee, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Dibblee, and Mrs. Francesca de la Guerra Dibblee of Santa Barbara, to Mr. Francis T. Underhill, took place on Thursday afternoon of last week at the Dibblee home in Santa Barbara, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Hugh Walker of Los Angeles. Only a few immediate relatives were present. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Underhill went to their country place at Montecito, leaving the next day for a three months' trip East. They will then return to Santa Barbara and will later go around the world.

The wedding of Miss Georgene Shepard, daughter of Mr. A. D. Shepard, to Lieutenant Edwin C. Long, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., took place on Tuesday afternoon of last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller in Sausalito. The ceremony was performed at four o'clock by the Rev. George Maxwell of Christ Church. The bridesmaids were Miss Margery Shepard, the bride's sister, and Miss Edith Miller. Lieutenant Frederick Test, U. S. A., was the best man. About fifty guests were present. Lieutenant Long left on Thursday for Havana, where he will join General Funston, U. S. A. Mrs. Long has remained at Fort Baker with Lieutenant and Mrs. Hawes.

The wedding of Miss Inez Strauch to Mr. James H. Graham took place on Wednesday evening at the First Unitarian Church. The ceremony was performed at half-past eight o'clock by the Rev. Bradford Leavitt. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Walter Strauch, had no attendants, but Mr. Charles J. Dickman was the best man. Four hundred invitations were sent out for the ceremony, but only about forty guests were hidden to the reception which followed at the Graham home on McAllister street.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bigelow have sent out invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Mrs. Elue Gardner Hodgson, to Mr. Walter Remington Quick of San Francisco on Wednesday afternoon, October 24th, at 5 o'clock, at 929 Hennepin avenue, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Mr. Philip Paschel of this city will be the best man.

Mrs. Eleanor Jarboe was the hostess at a dinner on Monday of last week in honor of the promotion of Colonel Coffin, U. S. A. Those present were: Colonel and Mrs. Coffin, Mrs. Malcolm Henry, Miss Whitley, Commander Casey Morgan, U. S. N., Lieutenant Barnes, U. S. N., Pay Inspector R. T. Ball, U. S. N., and Mr. E. Warren Runyon.

Miss Marian Huntington entertained a party of guests over the week end at Monterey, all going down in automobiles from this city. Miss Huntington's guests were: Mr. and Mrs. J. Brockway Metcalf, Mr. and Mrs. J. Otis Burrage, Mr. and Mrs. Lucius Allen, Miss Jessie Wright, Mr. Philip Paschel, Mr. William Goldsborough and Dr. A. W. Hewlett.

Mrs. Marguerite Hanford was the hostess at a dinner on Thursday evening of last week. Her guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Selby Hanna, Mrs. Darragh, Miss Alice Cowdery, Miss Amy Porter, Miss Emma Mahoney, Pay Inspector R. T. M. Ball, U. S. N., Dr. Arnold Genthe, Mr. Philip Paschel, Mr. Walter Quick, and Mr. James Reid.

Mrs. Philip Clay was the hostess at a luncheon at her home in Fruitvale on Wednesday of last week, in honor of Miss Anita Oliver and Miss Lucretia Burnham, two brides-elect, and Mrs. Stanley Moore and Mrs. Whipple Hall. Those

present besides the guests of honor were: Miss Carolyn Oliver, Mrs. John Overbury, Miss Mollie Mathes, Mrs. John Valentine, Miss Claire Chabot, Mrs. Frederick Sherman, Mrs. Edward Heune, Mrs. Hugh Goodfellow, Miss May Coogan, Miss Elsie Everson, Mrs. Roland Oliver, Mrs. Kenneth Lowden, Miss Letitia Barry, Miss Jane Barry, Miss Ethel Valentine, Miss Violet Albright, Miss Lillian Downey, Miss Ethel Simms and Miss Carolyn Palmanteer.

Mr. and Mrs. George McNear entertained at a theatre and supper party in Oakland last week, among their guests being: Mr. and Mrs. Augustus S. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lacey Brayton, Mr. and Mrs. Harry East Miller, Miss Bessie McNear, and Miss Bernice Macdonald.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resume of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin and Miss Helene Irwin will sail November 3d from Europe for America, but will remain in New York until after the first of the year.

Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase spent several days last week in town as the guest of Mrs. J. Downey Harvey.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Robbins and their family, who have been living at San Mateo for two or three years, left last Sunday for their former home, New York, and expect to be absent about two years.

Mrs. James A. Robinson is in Santa Barbara for a brief stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Leland Stanford Lathrop and Miss Lathrop, who have been sojourning at Tahoe Tavern for a month, will return on Monday next.

Mrs. Margaret Irvine and her son, J. W. Byrne, who have returned from New York, will spend the winter in Los Angeles with Callaghan Byrne.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Eyre, who have been at Fair Oaks since the fire, will return shortly to their house on Sacramento street for the winter.

Mrs. George H. Mendell, Sr., and her son, Mr. John Mendell, have returned to town after a stay of a month in Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood and their family will spend the winter at their country place at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butters have returned from abroad and are in New York at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Mrs. A. Palmer Dudley and her three daughters, Miss Coon and the Misses Dudley, arrived last week from New York and will spend the winter with Mrs. Dudley's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Adams, at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kohl, accompanied by Mrs. Cutter, who has been a guest of the Kohls for nearly a month, closed their villa on Lake Tahoe on the tenth and returned to San Mateo Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Tobey, who have been at Tahoe Tavern for two weeks, have returned.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Desmond of Los Angeles are spending a few days at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. McIntosh have come to town from their country place at Woodside and have an apartment on Clay street for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. John O. Blanchard (formerly Miss Bee Hooper) are visiting Mrs. Hooper in Berkeley, en route from New York to Japan, where they will reside permanently.

Miss Dorothy Collier and Miss Sara Collier have gone to New York, where they will spend the winter with their aunt, Mrs. Dwight Collier.

Mrs. Horatio Livermore and Miss Elizabeth Livermore are the guests of Mrs. Livermore's mother in Santa Barbara. They have taken a house there for the winter and will not return to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Barry Coleman, Miss Sophie Coleman and Miss Lucy Gwin Coleman have returned to the city after spending the summer at San Mateo.

General and Mrs. Oscar F. Long have returned to their home in Piedmont after a stay of several weeks at Del Monte.

Mrs. John J. Brice and Miss Elizabeth Brice have returned from a brief stay at Santa Barbara.

Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Garceau came up last week from San Mateo, where they have spent the summer and are at 2234 Pacific avenue for the present.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard P. Miller returned to their home in Oakland last week after a month's stay in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan and the Misses Sullivan will spend the winter in San Mateo, where they have taken the Thomas Robbins house.

Mrs. Alfred Hunter Voorhies spent several days last week in Fresno.

Mrs. James Steel Reid and her tiny daughter are spending some time as the guests of Mrs. Reid's mother, Mrs. A. L. Bancroft, at the Bancroft ranch in Contra Costa county.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. King, Miss Lucie King, Mr. Percy King and Mr. Joseph King have taken a house on Washington street, near Presidio avenue, for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Smith who have been making a tour of the globe for the past two years, and their daughter, Mrs. Frederick Spen-

cer Palmer, who went abroad this summer to join them, sailed for America from Europe on October 12th. Mrs. Palmer will return almost immediately to San Francisco but Mr. and Mrs. Smith will probably remain some time in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. James Spalding (formerly Miss Georgie Lacey) arrived last week from their home in Honolulu for a visit here.

Mrs. Charles Lyman Bent went down last week to Santa Barbara for a brief stay.

Miss Frances Stewart has returned from Chicago where she spent the summer and has joined her father, Dr. H. J. Stewart, at his home on California street.

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs for the past week were: Mr. L. P. Degen, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Robinson, Mrs. H. W. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Bostwick, Mrs. E. L. Hunt, Mr. H. C. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Veness, Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Legault, Mr. J. Marcus, Mr. W. R. Dorsey and Mr. Barbour Lathrop.

The Rev. and Mrs. Burr Miller Weeden are rejoicing in the advent of a little daughter in their home last week.

Another feature of the Original Vienna Cafe and Bakery, 1014 Van Ness avenue, is the dainty service. Breakfast, lunch and tea, hot rolls, delicious coffee and chocolate served by natty young ladies.

HOTEL RAFAEL

SAN RAFAEL, CAL.
50 minutes from San Francisco. Complete Change of Climate
TIBURON OR SAUSALITO FERRY
All Modern Conveniences.
R. V. HALTON Proprietor

Hotel Collingwood

35th St., between 5th Ave. and Broadway
NEW YORK CITY
New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district containing every modern device for comfort of guests.
Positively exclusive. Service a la carte.

JOHN G. ILS & CO.

Manufacturers
High-Grade French Ranges
Kitchen and Bakery Outfits,
624 Washington Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

Press Clippings

Are money-makers for Contractors, Supply-houses, Business Men and Corporations.

The Press Clipping Bureau
1321 4th Avenue, Oakland, Cal.



ANNOUNCEMENT

Marie L. Sweeney

Formerly of 121 Post
Is Now Located at
1536 Bush Street
With a Complete Stock of Exclusive
Styles in
MILLINERY

WAKELEE & CO.

CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS
Formerly under Occidental Hotel, Cor. Bush and Montgomery Streets.
Now Located at 58 Market Street, Near the Ferry
RESTOCKED, AND PREPARED FOR HIGH-CLASS PRESCRIPTION WORK.
Phone Temporary 2122 SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS

Ready for business at 1165 O'FARRELL ST., bet. Franklin and Gough
Pianos Tuned, Repaired, Moved and Stored.
SOHMER-Cecilian Piano Players

HOTEL ST. FRANCIS

ANNEX
SAN FRANCISCO

IN UNION SQUARE
ON THE LAWNS
AMID THE PALMS
EVERY ROOM OUTSIDE
ON THE GROUND FLOOR

FAMOUS GRILL ROOM
IN MAIN BUILDING
SAME SKILLED CHEF

Build Your Home In Presidio Terrace—

San Francisco's only Residence Park.

Absolute protection afforded in home life.

No saloons, stables, laundries, flats, stores nor business structures permitted.

No spite fences.

Sun and light assured by building line restrictions.

Lots 50-foot frontage, \$6000.

Five years credit, 5 per cent. interest.

Minimum cost of residences, \$7000.

Particulars of

BALDWIN & HOWELL

1692 FILLMORE ST.

Helping the Homeless

The Continental Building and Loan Association

Has helped build up several interior towns and cities of California for the next few years its funds will be used to help the burned homes of San Francisco.

Dr. Washington Dredge, President.
Gavin McNab, Attorney.
Wm. Corbin, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr.

Office: Corner Market and Church S

To Let--Furnished

Crag Head; above Blithedale, Mill Valley, for 6 mo longer; one of the finest views around the bay; south exposure all day; 9 rooms; beamed ceilings; redwood paneling; acres ground; telephone, electric light; 20 minutes' walk to station; \$60; view by appointment; bus from station. to MRS. E. R. HUNT, 2225 Pacific Avenue.

Belvedere, California, HILLSIDE INN.

Tiburon Ferry, 40 minutes from San Francisco. Boating and bathing. Terms reasonable. A dress

MRS M. J. WARREN.

Royal Baking Powder Absolutely Pure

DISTINCTIVELY A CREAM OF TARTAR BAKING POWDER

Royal does not contain an atom of phosphoric acid (which is the product of bones digested in sulphuric acid) or of alum (which is one-third sulphuric acid) substances adopted for other baking powders because of their cheapness.

PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Lieutenant-General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A. received the officers of Fort Baker: Captain H. B. Clark, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Guy E. Manning, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Arnold, U. S. A.; Lieutenant G. P. Hawes, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Jones, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Clarence Cagan, U. S. A., on Wednesday of last week, at home at Fort Mason.

Lieutenant-General Stephen P. Locelyn, U. S. A. arrived here on Sunday last for a brief stay en route to Vancouver Barracks, where he goes to assume command of the Department of Columbia.

Colonel John L. Clem, assistant quartermaster-general U. S. A., has been detailed by order of the president, a member of the Army Retiring Association at the Presidio of San Francisco, vice Colonel William H. Comegys, assistant paymaster-general, U. S. A., who has been relieved.

The leave of absence granted Colonel Edward Bravo, U. S. A., has been extended one month and twenty days and he is authorized to go beyond the sea.

Colonel Enoch H. Crowder, General Staff, U. S. A., is announced as chief of staff of the Pacific division.

Lieutenant Colonel Elijah W. Halford, Paymaster, U. S. A., is relieved from duty as paymaster, Department of the Gulf, and ordered to proceed to San Francisco for duty as chief paymaster of the Department of California, relieving Colonel William H. Comegys, assistant paymaster-general, who will proceed to New York City and report for duty as chief paymaster of the Department of the East.

Colonel John P. Wissler, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., left on Thursday of last week for Washington, D. C., and will proceed from there to Europe, where he goes as military attaché to Berlin.

Colonel Lea Febiger, U. S. A., acting inspector-general of the Pacific Division, expects to be relieved from his present duty on November 1 and will then probably join his regiment, the Infantry, with station at Fort Wright, Oregon.

Captain Richardson Clover, U. S. N., Mrs. Clover and their daughters left last week for home in Washington, D. C., after having spent the summer at their country place, Laguna in the Napa Valley.

Major Parker W. West, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been assigned to the first squadron of his regiment, with station at Fort Walla Walla.

Inspector Z. W. Reynolds, U. S. N., has been ordered to additional duty as paymaster at the naval training station at San Francisco.

Captain B. Frank Cheatham, quartermaster, U. S. A., has been relieved at Fort Wayne, Indiana, and ordered to proceed to San Francisco and in charge of the construction work at posts about San Francisco, relieving Colonel William H. Comegys, U. S. A., and assuming the position vacated by the departure for Cuba of Captain William Wren, U. S. A. Captain Cheatham will take charge of improvements pertaining to the establishment of the new supply depot at Fort Mason. Captain Cheatham is well known here, and Mrs. Cheatham was formerly Miss Evelynman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Wren of this city.

Captain John H. Wholley, Second Infantry, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Mount Vernon Military Academy, San Rafael, and ordered to join his regiment.

Lieutenant John Evelyn Page, U. S. N., who is well known on this Coast, has been ordered to duty at the Naval Hospital, Norfolk, Virginia.

Quartermaster Grey Skipwith, U. S. N., has had his orders to the Milwaukee revoked and has been detached from duty in charge of the apprenticeship seamen, at the Naval Training Station, Newport, R. I., and directed to continue her duties.

Lieutenant John M. Kelso, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been retired by the army board in consideration of the Presidio of San Francisco on account of the impairment of his eyesight, due to service in the Philippines.

Lieutenant O. P. M. Hazzard, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., has been appointed as assistant to Colonel John L. Clem, quartermaster of the Department of California.

Assistant Paymaster D. B. Rogers, U. S. N., has been ordered detached from the Navy Paymaster's School at Washington, D. C., and ordered to the navy yard, Mare Island, for duty as assistant to the general store keeper.

Miss Raymond H. Fenner, the wife of Lieutenant Fenner, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who was at Fort Baker, left on Saturday last for Fort Monroe, Virginia, where Lieutenant Fenner is taking a course in the Artillery School.

He will stand relieved from duty in the headquarters and staff of third squadron and command of Major Harry C. Benson, U. S. A., will stand relieved from duty in the headquarters of National Park on or about November 1 and will then proceed by marching to their headquarters at the Presidio of San Francisco.

Lieutenant John M. Kelso, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., under

command of Captain Kirby Walker, U. S. A., was relieved from duty in the Sequoia and General Grant National Parks on October 1st, and proceeded to march to their station at the Presidio of Monterey.

The Vanderbilt Cup Race.

Louis Wagner, in a 110-horsepower French car, Saturday, Oct. 6, won the third international automobile race for the William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., cup, completing the distance of 297.1 miles in 290 minutes 10 2-5 seconds, or at the rate of more than a mile a minute.

Vincenzo Lancia, in a 120-horsepower Italian car, was second in 293 minutes 28 4-5 seconds.

Antoine Duray, in a 120-horsepower French car, was third in 293 minutes 44 4-5 seconds.

Albert Clement, in a 100-horsepower French car, was fourth in 301 minutes 59 4-5 seconds.

Camilo Jenatz, in a 120-horsepower German car, was fifth in 304 minutes 38 seconds.

Only five cars finished the race, but there were fourteen of the seventeen cars that started running at the time the race was declared off, which was done as soon as Clement had won fourth place.

While France carried away premier honors of the race, Joseph Tracy of the American team had the satisfaction of registering the fastest lap made. On his fifth round Tracy drove 29.7 miles in the remarkable time of 26 minutes 21 seconds. Tracy suffered severely from tire troubles in the first few rounds and this cost him dear.

Elliott Shepard ran into a spectator and fatally injured him. Shepard then broke a crank shaft and dropped out on the seventh lap, when he was running sixth.

J. S. DINKELSPIEL
Importer of
DIAMONDS, PRECIOUS STONES
1021 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco, Cal.
Fine Set Pieces a Specialty

P. Centemeri & Co.
KID GLOVES
New Location
1551 Van Ness Ave.
Between Pine and California
San Francisco

The White House
Nil desperandum
THE CHILDREN'S MERRY CHRISTMAS
Great Opening Day
Saturday, October 20th, 1906.
TOYS.

This Department, the Largest and most beautiful ever seen in San Francisco, occupies the whole floor of the Annex with entrance from Main Store on Van Ness Avenue, and a Special one on California St., West of Van Ness Ave.
All Children, Boys and Girls from our Orphanages especially, invited to visit.

The Great Exhibition
Raphael Weill & Co., Inc.
N. W. Corner Van Ness Avenue and Pine Street

FRENCH AMERICAN BANK
Union Trust Building (Third Floor)
Ready to accommodate its customers and do a general banking business. We will collect on insurance policies for those wishing our services.

THE FRENCH SAVINGS BANK
occupies offices in the same building.

Officers—Charles Corpy, President; Arthur Legallet, Vice-President; Leon Bocqueraz, Vice-President.

Directors—J. E. Arriagues, O. Bozio, J. A. Bergerot, E. J. DeSabra, J. M. Dupas, J. S. Godeau, J. J. Mack, Geo. Belaney, Leon Kaufman.

Our Branch Bank is Now Open at
No. 810 Van Ness Avenue Near Eddy St.

Mutual Savings Bank
710 Market St., Opposite Third
SAN FRANCISCO.

Guarantee Capital	- - - - -	\$ 1,000,000
Paid-up Capital	- - - - -	300,000
Surplus	- - - - -	320,000
Assets	- - - - -	10,000,000

Interest paid on deposits. Loans on approved securities.

OFFICERS—President, James D. Phelan; First Vice-President, S. G. Murphy; Second Vice-President, John A. Hooper; Secretary and Cashier, Geo. A. Story; Asst. Secretary and Asst. Cashier, C. B. Hobson; Attorney, Frank J. Sullivan.

Directors—James D. Phelan, John A. Hooper, Frank J. Sullivan, Jas. M. McDonald, S. G. Murphy, James Moffitt, Robt. McElroy, Charles Holbrook, Rudolph Spreckels.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY
526 California Street, San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus	\$ 2,552,719.61
Capital actually paid up in cash	1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1906	38,476,520.22

F. Tillmann, Jr., President; Daniel Meyer, First Vice-President; Emil Rohde, Second Vice-President; A. H. R. Schmidt, Cashier; Wm. Hermann, Asst. Cashier; Geo. Tourny, Secretary; A. H. Muller, Asst. Secretary; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.

Board of Directors:
F. Tillmann, Jr., Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohde, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, N. Ohlandt, J. W. Van Bergen, E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

EUGENE KORN
The Hatter
946 Van Ness Avenue
Formerly 746 Market St.

S. & G. GUMP CO.
Announce the Opening of Their New Store
MONDAY, OCTOBER 15TH
1645 California Street, BETWEEN VAN NESS AVENUE AND POLK STREET

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Capital Fully Paid	\$2,000,000
Total Assets	\$10,000,000

A General Banking Business Conducted
Savings and Checking Accounts Received
Interest Paid on Deposits

MAIN OFFICE
CORNER CALIFORNIA AND MONTGOMERY STREETS

West End Branch, 1531 Devisadero St. Near Post.

Mission Branch: 927 Valencia Street Near Twenty-first

Uptown Branch: 1850 Geary Street, West of Fillmore.

DAVID F. WALKER, Pres.
J. DALZELL BROWN, Mgr.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK
316 Montgomery Street
Established March, 1871

Authorized Capital	- - - - -	\$1,000,000.00
Paid-up Capital	- - - - -	500,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	- - - - -	285,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1906	- - - - -	4,934,818.50

Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.
Banking by mail a specialty.

William Babcock - - - - - President
S. L. Abbot - - - - - Vice-President
Fred W. Ray - - - - - Secretary

Directors—William Babcock, S. L. Abbot, O. D. Baldwin, Joseph D. Grant, E. J. McCutchen, L. F. Montague, R. H. Pease, Warren D. Clark, Jas. L. Flood, J. A. Donohoe, John Parrott, Jacob Stern.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.
OFFICE OF SIERRA RAILWAY COMPANY, OF CALIFORNIA:
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Oct. 1, 1906.
Coupon No. 19, due Oct. 12, 1906, from First Mortgage Six (6) Per Cent Bonds of the Sierra Railway Co., of California, will be paid at the fiscal agency of this Company, the Crocker National Bank, San Francisco, Cal., on and after that date.
S. D. FRESHMAN, Treasurer.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

It would be easier to be content with little if nobody had any more.—Life.

Visitor—"What are you doing here, my poor man?" Convict—"Time, mum."—Baltimore American.

Howell—"Did that fellow who wanted you to invest have a sure thing, as he claimed?" Powell—"Yes; I was it."—Judge.

Friend—"If you love Miss Gotrox, old man, why don't you marry her?" Bachelor Doctor—"Heavens! man, she is one of my best patients!"—Judge.

Effie—"But, papa, how do you know that it was a stork that brought us the new baby?" Papa—"Because, my dear, I just saw his bill!"—Woman's Home Companion.

"Ignorance of the law," said the judge, "excuses no one." "That being the case," rejoined the prisoner, "it's a wonder the jury didn't find my lawyer guilty."—Chicago Daily News.

"Our imitation is really considerably better than the real thing." "You don't say! Then hadn't we better begin cautioning the public to beware of the genuine?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

She—"Were you ever in a street car accident?" He—"Yes. The car was completely wrecked, but the passengers were packed so tight that only the outside layers were injured."—Chicago News.

"Slowboy is about discouraged. He's been waiting ten years for a promotion and hasn't got it yet." "That's the trouble. If he'd worked more and waited less he'd have had it long ago."—Detroit Free Press.

"Let me see," said she, "what is it you call these men who run automobiles?" "Pardon me," replied the gallant man, "I'm too much of a gentleman to tell you what I call them."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"What a wonderful vocabulary the new minister has," said Mrs. Oldcastle. "Yes," replied her hostess, "it's almost as big as Josiah's Uncle William's was, only his turned into a goitre, at last."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"I wonder," said the man who was given to thought at times, "I wonder what is meant by the 'embarrassment of riches'?" "The poor relation, very likely," replied the man who was one.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"Can't you find any work at all?" asked the kind lady of Frayed Franklin. "Plenty, mum. But everybody wants references from me last employer." "Can't you get them?" "No, mum. He's been dead 28 years."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Dashaway—"I want you to meet Miss Hopper. Stunning girl. Just back from Europe." Cleverton—"Her first visit?" "Yes." "Well, old man, if it's all the same to you, I'll wait until she's gotten through telling about it."—Life.

"That's all right, sis," answered Tommy. "I could see that you were only playing telephone. He was ringing you up—oh, you needn't hide your left hand behind you—but he had his lips entirely too close to the receiver."—Chicago Tribune.

"Wait a minute till I get my clothes off!" came a shrill voice from the back end of the cable car. All the strap-holders turned their heads as one man. It was a small boy striving to drag off the hamper containing his mother's washing.—Judge.

Mother (who has been asked to suggest a game for a rainy afternoon)—"Why don't you pretend you are me? And George can be daddy. Then you might play at housekeeping." Daughter—"But, mother, we've quarreled once already!"—Punch.

"You don't realize that there are other considerations in life than money," said the censorious friend. "Yes, I do," answered Senator Sorghum. "But whenever I want anything done I can't get the other fellow to realize it."—Washington Star.

"Oh, lady, I do love peach cake," hinted the hungry hobo as he rested his greasy sleeve on the gatepost. "Well," replied the housewife with the rolling pin, "suppose I should make you some peach cake. Would you do any work?" "Would I, mum? Why, I would do the hardest work I ever did in my life." "And what would you do?" "Why, I'd climb dat tree and get enough peaches fer de cake."—Chicago Daily News.

Reporter—"I called, sir, to ask you if you could tell me anything of the affairs of the bank whose wreck is just announced." Substantial Citizen—"Good heavens, man, how

should I know anything about its affairs? Why, I'm one of the board of directors!"—Baltimore American.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Working Father.

Everybody's working father,
He's as soft as lard;
May and Nell, and mother,
Work him good and hard;
Work him for new outfits,
Everything they can—
Everybody in the family
Works—our—old—man!

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Reform Needed.

The novelists of true romance
Their food will have to vary;
To make the villain bite the dust
Is quite unsanitary.

—New York Sun.

Official Spelling.

Pray, Roosevelt, excuse us
If you but amuse us
By ukases stern from your dwelling,
We'll never change, Teddy,
Until we are ready,
Our favorite methods of spelling—
So kindly stop squinting
At Government Printing,
And leave it, pray, just as you met it,
For all you will ever
Hear in your endeavor
To pilot our pens is—"Forget it!"

—Thomas R. Ybarra in the New York Times.

Transitional.

The tumult on the bleachers dies,
The fans have left their seats of old;
In many a reminiscent guise
The baseball stories are retold.
The rooting and the shouting cease,
But down the gridiron in full chase
The athlete who might mock at Greece
Comes with the fearful football face.
The college yell is with us yet,
You better bet! You better bet!

—Baltimore Sun.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup for your children while teething.

Lady Gushington—"So your son is a real author! How distractingly interesting! And does he write for money?" Practical Dad—"Yes. I get his applications about once a week."—Punch.

All over the world, babies have been benefited during the teething period, by Steedman's Soothing Powders.

"Bridget, I am going out tonight." "And leave the house alone?"—Life.

NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS.—You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

GOODYEAR RUBBER COMPANY

Have Returned to Their Old Home, Where They Were Located Before the Fire,

573-579 Market St., near Second

TeL Temporary 1788

FISHER & CO., Inc.

Hatters and Furnishers

Formerly of 9 Montgomery St.

Now 726 Market St., Opp. Call Bldg.
San Francisco.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief For PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all affections of the skin.

Removes all odor of perspiration. Keeps the skin cool and moist. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original) Sample Free.

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, NEW YORK

OUR STANDARDS

Sperry's Best Family
Drifted Snow
Golden Gate Extra

Sperry Flour Company

MAIN OFFICE: 133 SPEAR ST.

SAN FRANCISCO, CA

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD

ESTABLISHED 1850

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000.00
Cash Assets.....5,340,136.94
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,414,921.16

Benjamin J. Smith

Manager Pacific Department:

525 THIRTEENTH ST., OAKLAND

San Francisco Office:

2310 CALIFORNIA STREET

THE LATEST STYLES IN

Choice Woolens

H. S. Bridge & Co.

MERCHANT TAILORS

1176 O'FARRELL STREET

Bonestell, Richardson & Co.

Have Plenty of Every Kind of

PAPER

Phone Temporary 1273

473 to 475 SIXTH STREET,
San Francisco.

For YOUR

BREAKFAST

GERMEA

At All Grocers

THE JOHNSON-LOCKE MERCANTILE CO.

AGENTS

714 Broadway, Oakland

MT. TAMALPAIS RAILWAY

Via Sausalito Ferry—Foot of Market St.

Lv. San Francisco		Leave Tamalpais	
W'kday	Sun	Sun	W'kday
9:50A	8:25A	10:40A	1:05P
	9:50A		2:30P
1:45P	11:00A		4:30P
	1:45P		5:45P
Saturday	4:35P		9:30P

Legal Holidays, Sunday Time.
TICKET OFFICE AT SAUSALITO FERRY.

Steamship Lines

AMERICAN LINE

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON

St. Louis.....Sept. 29 | St. Paul.....
Philadelphia.....Oct. 6 | New York.....

Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool

Westernland.....Sept. 29 | Noerland.....
Merion.....Oct. 6 | Haverford.....

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Minnetonka.....Sept. 29 | Minneapolis.....
Mesaba.....Oct. 6 | Minnehaha.....

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE

Sailings Wednesdays as per sailing list.

Ryndam.....Oct. 3, 6 a. m. | N. Amsterdam.....Oct. 24,
Potsdam.....Oct. 10, 10 a. m. | Statendam.....Oct. 31,
Noordam.....Oct. 17, 2 p. m. | Ryndam.....Nov. 7.

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—DOVER, ANTWERP—LONDON—

Finland.....Sept. 29 | Kronland.....
Zealand.....Oct. 6 | Vaderland.....

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL

Majestic.....Oct. 3 | Teutonic.....
Celtic.....Oct. 5 | Cedric.....
Oceanic.....Oct. 10 | Baltic.....

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Cymric.....Oct. 18 | Arabic.....

C. D. TAYLOR, Pass. Agt. Pacific Coast.

Room 207 Monadnock Bldg., San Fran

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

HONOLULU only—S. S. Alameda sails 11 a. m. 13th. Round-trip, first-class, \$125.

TAHITI, SOUTH SEAS—S. S. Mariposa sails m., Oct. 17th. First-class round trip, \$125.

SYDNEY, AUCKLAND, SAMOA, HONOLULU—S. S. Ventura sails 2 p. m. Oct. 25th.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., General Agents, foot Pacific St., San Francisco. Phone West 1273. Oakland office, 1168 Broadway. Phone Oakland 6818.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

ORIENTAL S. S. Co. have opened their general offices at 217-221 Brannan Street.

SAN FRANCISCO

S. S. Nippon Maru - - - - Oct. 12 9:00 a.
S. S. Hong Kong Maru - - - - Nov. 5 9:00 a.
S. S. America Maru - - - - Nov. 30 9:00 a.

Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and streets, 1 p. m., for Yokohama and Hongkong, Honolulu, Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, meeting at Hongkong with steamer for Manila, India, etc. cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and apply at office, corner First and Brannan Sts. AVERY, Assistant General Manager.

Thos. Cook & Son

NOW LOCATED

410 Fourteenth Street, Oakland

And North Nave Ferry Building

San Francisco

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO

Stoves and Ranges

ADAPTED FOR BURNING: COAL, WOOD, GAS, GASOLINE AND OIL

REFRIGERATORS

Complete Kitchen Outfits for Hotels, Restaurants, Clubs & Households

COR. POLK & TURK STS.

PHONE EMERGENCY 427

The Argonaut.

Vol. LIX. No. 1545.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 20, 1906.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published weekly by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 1711 San Pablo avenue, Oakland. Southern wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States of Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Jerome Hart, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." To insure consideration, manuscript submitted for publication must be typewritten. Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." Take all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear, W. J. Abernethy, and by the Denison News Company on its boats and trains. Published at San Francisco, California. Temporary Office, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, California.

THIRTIETH YEAR

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

ROME A. HART

Editor

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: Automobile Cabs for San Francisco—The Demons Excluded in San Diego—Let's Ask Roosevelt About It—Relief Conditions in San Francisco—Government by Organized Labor—Compromise Adjusters in San Francisco—Is Gillett a Railroad Hireling?—Comparative Payments of Insurance Companies.....	149-154
EDITORIALS ON HEARST: They Have Failed to Realize He Is the Greatest American Advertiser.....	154
OLD FAVORITES: "Lady Godiva," by Tennyson.....	155
MULTICO-PERSONAL.....	155
VISITATION OF TERROR. Translated from the Spanish of Manuel Lassa.....	156
MIDNIGHT SUPPER: In the City That Was.....	157
RSATILE "HANS BREITMANN": Master of Gypsy Lore, Pioneer of Industrial Education, Prince of Letter Writers.....	158
URRENT VERSE: "Soft Pedal," by Wallace Irwin; "Ballade of Heroes," by Frank Preston Smart.....	158
IVIDUALITIES.....	159
UNITY FAIR.....	160
AGE GOSSIP.....	161
TERARY NOTES: New Publications—Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.....	162-163
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy.....	164-165
DOOLEY ON THE PRESS: He Tells What the Papers Do to Presidents, Potentates, and the People.....	166
GRIDIRON ELEGY.....	166
DRYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.....	167
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.....	168
THE TUNEFUL LIAR.....	168

Automobile Cabs for San Francisco.

A New York dispatch states that within two months a hundred automobile vehicles are to be added to the public cab service of the city. These are to be equipped with the "taximeter," which, for the passenger's information, automatically registers the distance traveled and the amount due. The company which installs this service also has a permanent record on the taximeter of every cent collected and every mile traveled.

This to the New Yorkers must sound almost too good to be believed. True, the taximeter cabs have been known in Germany for over ten years and in other parts of Europe for lesser periods, but they are so cheap, so comfortable, and so free from chances for swindling that it seems impossible that they can ever be installed in New York. There is no city with higher fares.

The foregoing dispatch makes the question pertinent, why would not an automobile cab service be a good thing for San Francisco? The condition of the streets

since the conflagration has been such as to make them very hard on both men and horses. As a result the use of automobiles has become much more general. But the automobile is too costly for the ordinary purse, whether it be owned or simply hired. Therefore, the man or woman of modest means is forced to use the street cars or the horse-driven cabs. The street-car service in San Francisco at present is very bad. The number of cars is inadequate; they are not properly equipped; many of them are destitute of brakes, fenders, and other safety appliances; and many of the platform men who run them are ugly ruffians who ought to be in jail. They are jammed with people of all degrees of morality and cleanliness and every variety of smell. It is difficult to get in or out of them without having your pocket picked, if you are a woman, or becoming engaged in a fight, if you are a man. Such being the case, people who have much business to transact and who do not yearn for either murder or maiming, are forced to fall back on the cabs or shank's mare. Nearly all the hackney carriages in San Francisco were destroyed by the fire, and the horses who used to draw them were probably swallowed up in the yawning earthquake abysses which the Eastern adjusters are so fond of talking about. For there is no relic of San Francisco's former cab service. What remains is a collection of what old San Francisco called "plaza-hacks," or "small-pox wagons"; they are drawn by animals in the last stages of inanition, with knee-sprung fore-legs and collapsible hind-legs; their charioteers are carelessly clad gentlemen, usually unshaven, frequently intoxicated, and invariably surly. For such an equipage one pays \$2.00 an hour. And if you hire a cab to a point in the Western Addition—which is where everything is, by the way—and leave it there, the cabman demands pay for his return journey, and if you refuse it he wants to fight you. On the whole, therefore, the cab service, as well as the car service of San Francisco, like the police service, the fire service, and the water service, needs a vast deal of improvement.

There are so many new men engaged in new enterprises in San Francisco, that this new idea may commend itself to them. Why would it not be a good idea to install a public automobile cab service in San Francisco? It will be many months before the United Railroads has its car service working perfectly, and by that time the people will have acquired the cab habit. Those who have not used these automobile cabs in European cities have no idea how convenient they are. They are now operated in German, Swiss, and French cities, but we may take a single city, Berlin, as an exemplar. There you may find these gasoline automobiles at all the cab stands in the central parts of the city, likewise at other stands outside of the parks in the residential quarters of the city. Some of the cabs are like our ordinary automobiles with two seats and a tonneau. Others are arranged with a limousine or top for use in stormy weather; some seat three passengers, some seat five. The taximeter, a locked case with a seven-inch dial, faces the passenger. Its gearing is connected with the axle of the vehicle like a cyclometer. On top is a little metal flag marked "Free." When you enter the cab the cab driver lowers the flag; this connects the gearing, and the cab axle sets it in motion. The indicator on the dial starts at fifty pfennig, about twelve cents. This is the minimum, and for this you are entitled to drive eight hundred meters, or about half a mile. At that rate you could drive about the distance from the ferries in San Francisco to Kearny and Market Streets. After the first 800 meters the dial charges only 10 pfennig for each additional 400 meters, or two and one-half cents per quarter mile. The dial also regulates waiting time

at twelve cents for the first eight minutes, and two and a half cents for each additional four minutes.

The general principles are given above. There are other details, such as the rates for work after midnight; the rates for three, four, or five persons; the rates for carrying luggage, the rates outside of the city limits, etc.

It is difficult to describe how admirably the system works. Under the old system if you hired a cab driver by the hour, the cabman "loafed"—partly to save his horse and partly to increase his charge. But under the taximeter system the cabman drives rapidly; if you hire him by the hour, the more rapidly he drives the more miles he will cover and the more you have to pay him. If you hire him by the course, the more rapidly he drives the sooner he gets to the end of the course and is free to take another fare.

In Berlin the rate for the taximeter motor cabs is the same as the rate for the taximeter horse cabs. It has been demonstrated there that the motor can cover so much more ground in the course of a day that it can work profitably for the same rate as the slower horse cab. Probably a good horse can cover thirty miles a day—the radius differs in different cities according to grade, pavements, etc. But the radius of a motor cab is four or five times that of a horse cab. It is possible in three or four hours for a motor cab almost completely to cover the inner district and the suburbs of a great city like Paris or Berlin. When the taximeter motor cab reaches the "boundary"—which in Paris is the fortifications and what we call our "city limits"—the driver presses a button on the dial, and a different rate from the urban tax at once begins to register. When the cab comes back to the city boundaries the button again is pressed and the suburban tax rate is changed to the urban.

San Francisco has always been very hard on horses. It is probable that the old United Carriage Company, which gave a very good service, paid less return than any enterprise in San Francisco having a similar amount of money invested. As for the Pacific Cab Company and other rivals, they all disappeared. Private owners of cab services have purveyed to San Francisco's trade for years, and it is probable that not one of them died leaving a large fortune, most of them died poor, and some of them bankrupt. With San Francisco's grades and pavements, the wear and tear on horses, harness, and vehicles are so great as to leave little or no profit in the cab business. But none of these objections apply to the motor cab. The usefulness of the automobile has been plainly demonstrated in the encumbered streets of San Francisco since the fire. Why, then, would it not be a good idea to install such a service as New York is about to inaugurate? San Francisco needs it worse than New York. And San Francisco is in so great a hurry to get around, and the present means of getting around are so utterly inadequate, that such a service, in our opinion, would pay largely from the first.

The Demons Excluded in San Diego.

A new church has just been completed in San Diego, and on each corner at the top of the high central tower of the building, in accordance with the plan of the architect, has been placed a figure described as "anything but angelic in appearance." The figures were scarcely in place before there came an outcry from some of the good people of the congregation. The decorations were pronounced indecorous, hideous, and highly objectionable.

In vain the architect reasoned with the objecting critics, explaining that the figures were gargoyles, and entirely in keeping with their position and surroundings.

Authority for their use could be found in the most noted of church edifices. Furthermore, they had been mentioned in the specifications, were strictly in accordance with the details described, and the objections then made were too late. In answer to this the objectors said that they were not ornamental or attractive; that they were useless and absurd; and that if they had been mentioned in the preliminary plans the name had carried no significance to the listeners at the time—that the word had suggested nothing more than an architectural frill of some sort, like a frieze or a dado, or any other technical term that possibly meant something definite to builders but was insignificant and immaterial to those unlearned in the art. In the meantime the grotesque figures leer mockingly down from their elevation on all who pass, the interested observers who return their stare and those who avert their gaze with shudders of dislike.

It is easy to sympathize with the architect's critics. Gargoyles, as now shaped, are useless, out-of-date, and absurd anywhere, and especially in San Diego. Their name, from the old French *gargouille*, throat, or the Latin *gurgulio*, gullet, shows that they were, primarily, water-spouts, the mouths of pipes or gutters. Before the day of metal pipes to convey the rain-water from the roof, they were made to project and throw the flow clear of the walls. They were of stone and carved to harmonize with the decorative details surrounding them. Later they were made in fanciful and grotesque shapes, and degenerated into excrescences with nothing but their ugliness to recommend them. Appearing on churches and cathedrals in the early English style of architecture, they came to represent the demons who are excluded from the sacred precincts. Westminster Abbey in London and Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris present notable examples of their use, distorted in feature, demoniac in expression. There is no excuse for their use in San Diego. On the San Diego church tower they are anachronisms and worse. The tower needs no water-spouts. Water does not fall in appreciable quantities on the just or the unjust in San Diego.

Let's Ask Roosevelt About It.

The Argonaut recently remarked to its friend, the Sacramento Bee, that since the contest in California had narrowed down to the candidate of Theodore Roosevelt, who is James N. Gillett, and the candidate of Samuel Gompers, who is Theodore Bell, that the Argonaut will choose Theodore Roosevelt's man, but the Bee could choose Gompers's. Our Sacramento contemporary now fiercely demands, "By what shadow of reason does the Argonaut argue that Theodore Roosevelt, were he conversant with the facts in this political contest in California today, would favor Gillett for Governor?"

Well, the reason we think so is because Gillett is a good man, because he is a Republican, because he supported the Administration measures in Congress, because he worked there for the railway regulation bill, and because he would make the best Governor. But the Bee goes on to imply that President Roosevelt would "in order to help to overthrow the corrupt Republican ring" send one of his Cabinet to California "to advise the election of the Democratic State ticket."

We doubt very much the probability of the Bee's belief. In fact, we are so strongly convinced that President Roosevelt would recommend good Republicans and all good citizens in this State to vote for Gillett rather than for Gompers's candidate, Bell, that we will not take the trouble to write and ask him. But we strongly urge the Bee to do so. The President is a kindly and considerate gentleman, and if he thinks the Bee is in any grave doubt at this juncture, he would certainly endeavor to help our esteemed contemporary. By all means let the Bee write and ask President Roosevelt for whom he would prefer to have his friends in California vote: for the candidate of the people, Gillett, or for the candidate of organized labor, Bell.

We will make a bargain with the Bee—"unsight'n unseen," as boys say—we will promise to vote for the man, whom Roosevelt selects for the Bee, even if it be Bell.

Thus again we may say, in advance of the President's decision, that in this matter of advice concerning Cali-

fornia candidates, the Argonaut chooses Roosevelt. And again the Bee will have to choose Gompers.

Relief Conditions in San Francisco.

In several cities, large and small, throughout the United States there is an indisposition to forward what remains of their San Francisco relief funds. Los Angeles still retains some \$60,000, part of which the committee in charge diverted to Valparaiso. Only last week Pasadena was discussing the appropriation of her San Francisco relief fund for an emergency hospital. The National Red Cross at Washington retains some \$1,800,000 which was intended for the San Francisco sufferers, but which its officers seem reluctant to forward. Over a million and a half still remains in the San Francisco relief funds of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. So strong has grown the reluctance of the custodians of some of these Eastern funds to place them in the hands of the Relief Corporation of San Francisco that direct representatives of these cities have been sent here. David Paton has been representing here both the New York and Philadelphia relief funds. James D. Hague, who, although a resident of New York, has been for years connected with the mining interests of the Pacific Coast and is intimately acquainted here, represents the New York Chamber of Commerce Relief fund. Mr. Paton also represents, for the time being, the Philadelphia fund. Wm. D. Sohler has been specially deputed by the custodians of the Boston fund to administer it in San Francisco. The New York Chamber of Commerce fund has this week been turned over to the San Francisco Relief Corporation, with certain restrictions as to its distribution.

Some of the Eastern representatives seem to have decided to keep the money in their own hands. They apparently do not approve of the methods of distribution which have been followed in San Francisco. They particularly disapprove of the large amount of money paid out for "claims." These claims are for goods that were seized during the days immediately following the disaster, which include every possible utensil and commodity, from bread to beer, from perfumery to whisky, from lumber to typewriters. There was serious division in the San Francisco Relief Corporation on this claim question. One of the committee, Garret W. McEnerney, supported the claimants most vigorously, and being a prominent attorney, he prevailed over the laymen. But they finally became appalled at the size, present and potential, of the "claims" which rolled up like snowballs; hence the executive committee stopped paying them a short time ago, without expressing any opinion as to their validity or justice. These "claims" jarred unpleasantly on many people here as well as in the East. If business men, railway corporations, and others were deprived of their property during a temporary paralysis of law, it would seem that the municipality is liable for restitution and not the Relief Corporation. The people of the United States gave their generous donations to feed and clothe the suffering, and not to reimburse merchants and corporations whose goods had been seized. The Eastern representatives also object to the large administrative expense. They have abundant reason. Not long ago figures were submitted by the Relief Corporation which, after a vigorous pruning down, showed a total of over \$100,000 a month for purely administrative expenses. Merely to administer a relief fund of five millions the committee was paying out one and a quarter million dollars a year. This did not include food, clothing, lumber, or other necessities, but salaries only. The size of this administrative estimate shocked San Francisco. No wonder it shocked the Easterners.

The representatives from the Atlantic cities also believe that the present methods of administering the relief fund are leading, as they say, toward "pauperism on a great scale." This they consider undesirable. They wish to bring about conditions by which the people to be helped shall be put upon their feet and made self-supporting as speedily as possible.

The Relief Committee-men continue preparations for constructing cottages and other shelter for the refugees. At first they offered to pay a part of the expense of rebuilding homes. Such was the demand for

money that this offer they were forced to withdraw. Then they offered to furnish portable houses to people as had vacant land; such was the rush for portable houses that this offer also they were forced to withdraw. They were unable, they claim, to build houses rapidly enough for the refugees who were to be installed on public parks.

Here again the Relief Corporation has got into difficulties. Ever since the disaster there have been refugees in tents, shacks, shanties, and temporary structures of every description on many of the public squares and parks. The National military reservations, cleared by the Federal commander some time ago, park commissioners have been desirous to clear the parks and squares of the city also. Yet the Relief Corporation has gone ahead with its plans for erecting some thousand cottages to replace the tents. These houses are two or three rooms in size, very simply constructed, and heated by gas stoves. The Relief Corporation had assumed that it had the permission of the park commissioners to install these cottages up to August, 1907. But it received a letter from the park commissioners in which it was informed that it was in error. A somewhat heated meeting ensued between the two bodies, which resulted in Mr. The Magee and Mr. W. J. Dingee exchanging caustic compliments, which finally, however, were withdrawn. The Relief Corporation accused the park commissioner acting in bad faith and of breaking their promise. Commissioner Lloyd, one of the veterans of the war, stopped the argument by pointing out that the park commissioners had not granted any permission at all, but simply not forbidden the refugees to reside in the parks. Furthermore, he added, the park commissioners had no right to "give permission" for the use of the public parks for residence purposes; that if they gave any such permission it was illegal; and that any citizen could take proceedings against the commissioners to force them to stop the parks. This was so palpably clear that the question ceased to be a matter of controversy.

The most notable result of the controversy was a letter from Park Commissioner Dingee, in which he said:

The refugee camps are evil, and should be abolished. There is employment at good wages for every man and woman in the city who is able and willing to work, they are unnecessary. They are an injury to the good name of the city, and bar the welfare of this community. They are fostering a spirit of dependence, the love of idleness, they are ruinous to self-respect and destructive of good morals. They are breeding mendicancy, improvidence, and shiftlessness. They are erecting idle vicious elements of society both in and out of the city. The moral atmosphere pervading them is pernicious. They are rapidly degenerating into pauper communities, with phases at once horrible and disgusting.

Mr. Dingee then pays his attention to the matter of the relief fund. He says:

No sane person will accuse the gentlemen composing the relief committee of misappropriation or of using the fund for their personal advantage. But how that large sum shall be properly expended is a problem. Better by far that it had never been collected. Its net results thus far have been scandals, contentions, mendicancy, and even worse. It is bringing shame and reproach to the city.

The people who live adjacent to the refugee camps also charge that they are plague spots, moral and physical; that drunkenness and immorality are rife; that the majority of their inhabitants are too lazy to work; that the carnival of crime now afflicting San Francisco is due to the presence in the refugee camps of dangerous criminals.

It must not be supposed that these charges mean that no provision is to be made for those who are honest, deserving, and destitute, of whom there are doubtless many. The buildings at the Ingleside race track have been prepared by the Relief Corporation and there are thousands of refugees are to be fed and lodged, including of course the old, sick and decrepit. Furthermore the park commissioners control a number of blocks of land extending from Golden Gate Park to the Presidio reservation, intended some day to be used as a park. This they will permit the refugees to reside upon upon further notice.

The Eastern representatives speak in high terms of the character and motives of the members of the Relief Corporation. Concerning those refugees who have incurred charges of malfeasance and mismanagement

the Relief Corporation, the Eastern representatives say that they are mistaken and misled. It is probable that the Relief Corporation will before many days turn over its funds to the regular charitable associations of San Francisco. It will do so—if for no other reason—because it will have no further funds.

Government by Organized Labor.

The Sacramento Bee is much concerned about the Argonaut's attitude toward Mr. Gillett, Mr. Gompers, and unorganized labor. The Bee says: "The Argonaut has no sympathy whatever with the working classes, whether organized or unorganized," and it adds, "The Argonaut is not standing with the loyalty and patriotism of the brain and brawn of California." By this we mean that the Bee believes that organized labor includes all the "loyalty and patriotism, brawn and brain of California." We can assure the Bee that it is very mistaken—there is plenty of patriotism, any amount of loyalty, and a good deal more brains outside organized labor than inside. We will go further—we can assure the Bee that there is a vastly larger number of the working classes outside of organized labor than inside of organized labor in California.

As to the statement that the Argonaut "has always been known as an organ of the rich," if that is so, we do not know it. The Editor of the Argonaut has lived for his living all his life, is working for his living as hard as he ever did in his life, and expects to work for his living to the end of his life. He likes his work.

As to being an enemy of organized labor, the Argonaut is not hostile to organized labor or union labor wherever has been. During all of the time that it has lived, nearly a third of a century, the Argonaut has employed union printers. Prior to the introduction of setting machines we employed union compositors, for many years we paid them five cents per thousand more than the union scale. We did it because they were good men, because they did good work, because we liked them. After the introduction of the new composition we also employed union printers—we paid higher wages than the union scale called for—linotype operators, pressmen, and foremen. We employed union workmen because, as a rule, they are better men than non-union workmen. We like good men, and we have no use for poor ones, union or non-union. There is no more independent being on earth than a skilled artisan. He beats a bookkeeper, he is the superior of a clerk, and we think he outranks the average jay attorney.

Now, the Bee is mistaken: we are not hostile to union labor and we are not hostile to organized labor. But we are hostile to Government by Organized Labor. It was the first time in the history of this country a labor leader, Samuel Gompers, has attempted to get to our representatives in the Federal Congress. Accompanied by a gang of his henchmen he has demanded of the President, the Speaker of the House, the President of the Senate that they shall shape legislation according to his behest. He has insolently demanded of Congressmen to vote according to his bidding on many measures. When the more courteous among them refused, he has ordered his Labor cohorts to defeat these Congressmen at the polls. He is already met with one failure in Maine. We will meet with many more. He and his henchmen in this State are now attempting to defeat Congressmen Gillett, Republican candidate for Governor of California.

A gentleman supported by the Bee, Theodore Bell, who is masquerading as the Democratic candidate, is making the Labor Union candidate. He has been "used" by the Labor Union Convention. The platform of the Labor Union party has been filed at Sacramento, according to law, with Bell as its head. As the Democratic party in this State is now moribund, we may say without question that he is the Labor Union candidate; that if elected he will represent the labor party and will shape the government of the State according to their dictates. This is a fair assumption—based on their endorsement, from their demands, and from their speeches. It is also a fair assumption from Gompers's attitude—because Congressman Gillett refused to obey his dictates, Gompers is now ordering the labor unions to vote against him.

If elected, Bell will have to appoint Labor Union politicians like Maestretti, Furuseth, and Michael Casey, Bank Commissioners, Harbor Commissioners, and Regents of the University.

What kind of a government would we have in the State of California if it were a Government by Organized Labor? Let us look for some exemplars. We need not go far afield. We can take our own city of San Francisco.

For nearly five years San Francisco has been almost entirely ruled by a Government of Organized Labor. For the first few years a certain number of the municipal officers were either Republican or Democratic. But in November, 1905, the candidates of the organized labor ticket succeeded in defeating the fusion Republican and Democratic ticket. As a result the entire Labor Union ticket was elected from top to toe. Thereafter there could be no doubt as to where lay the responsibility for San Francisco's government. It lay at the door of Organized Labor. From Mayor down to pound-keeper there is not a municipal official in San Francisco who is not either an elective or appointive representative of Government by Organized Labor. The Mayor, the Board of Supervisors, the Board of Public Works, the Police Commissioners, the Fire Commissioners, the Election Commissioners, the Board of Education—in short, every one of the city and county officials is a representative of the Labor Union ticket.

At the head of this ticket was Mayor Schmitz, whom we believe to be the best of the bunch, a well-meaning man, but one who has been unable to cope with the foulness and villainess of a Government by Organized Labor. In fact, so phenomenally corrupt and inefficient has proved to be this Government by Organized Labor, particularly when confronted with the problems presented by earthquake and fire—that Mayor Schmitz has gone off on a vacation. He has fled in dismay before the situation. And in our opinion he was wise. We do not think that any honest and well-meaning man—and such we believe Mayor Schmitz to be—can cope with the grave problems presented to the government of San Francisco by the present situation, when there stand behind him such a set of men as have been elected by the forces of Organized Labor.

How are the people of San Francisco faring under a Government by Organized Labor? The United States promises them protection to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The State of California reaffirms and guarantees that promise. Are they so secured? Let us take at random a few headings indicating the workings of a great city under Government by Organized Labor. First we will select a few from the Examiner, which is not the enemy of organized labor, but its bosom friend:

YOUNG GIRL HELD UP BY TWO HIGHWAYMEN. TWO MEN SEIZE MISS HELEN SALZIG AND TEAR PURSE FROM HER BOLDLY. SHE IS LEFT FAINTING ON THE STREET. BANOITS AFTER TRYING TO WREST THE RINGS FROM HER FINGERS BECOME FRIGHTENED.

OVER 6,000 REVOLVERS BOUGHT IN SAN FRANCISCO IN ONE DAY—SO SAYS P. B. BEKEART, LEADING JOBBER—HE SOLD 6,000 ON OCTOBER 9TH—HE HAS SOLD 19,000 REVOLVERS SINCE LAST APRIL.

AUTOMOBILIST BEATEN AND ROBBERED BY MASKEO FOOTPADS—DESPERATE ENCOUNTER WITH THUGS IN GOLDEN GATE PARK—HIGHWAYMEN BEAT CITIZEN UNTIL SENSELESS AND ROB HIM OF \$250.

REIGN OF PROTECTED CRIME COMPELS CITIZENS TO ORGANIZE FOR PUBLIC SAFETY—MERCHANTS BEGIN A CAMPAIGN AGAINST OUTLAWRY.

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS OF THIS CITY BECOME CONGESTED—MEN AND WOMEN HASTENING WITH VALUABLES TO PLACES OF SAFETY—THIS SAID TO BE DUE TO THE GENERAL LAWLESSNESS AND INEFFICIENCY OF THE POLICE FORCE.

OUTLAWRY MUST CEASE DECLARE PROPERTY OWNERS—ARRANGEMENTS COMPLETED FOR THE ORGANIZATION OF A COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC SAFETY.

THREE BANOITS STOP AN EXPRESS WAGON—WITH PISTOLS DEMAND MONEY, COMPELLING DRIVER TO THROW UP HIS HANDS.

INCREASED REWARD FOR THE GAS-PIPE THUGS.

SAN FRANCISCO WOMEN AROUSED BY CRIMES—SOCIETY LEADERS DEMAND THAT THE STREET ROBBERIES BE ENDED—MOTHERS OF SAN FRANCISCO DECLARE THE POLICE FORCE IS INEFFICIENT.

CHIEF OF POLICE DINAN TRIES TO EXPLAIN WHY THE POLICE ARE WEAK.

WOMAN EJECTS ROBBER FROM HER HOME—MAN TRIES TO ATTACK HER BUT IS OVERPOWERED AND THROWN OUT.

A THUG BATTERS MERCHANT'S SKULL.

SIX VICTIMS OF THE GAS-PIPE THUGS—THREE DEAD, THREE WOUNDED.

DARING ROBBER TRIES TO KILL W. C. HOPSON.

FOUR CARMEN BATTER CHARLES BRENNAN, NEWSPAPER REPORTER—HE IS EXPECTED TO DIE—CHIEF DINAN LETS THE FOUR CARMEN GO FREE.

PROTECTED CRIME IS RETARDING PROGRESS OF CITY—\$5,000 REWARD TO BE OFFERED FOR THE THUGS—SUPPRESS THE THUGS AND SAVE SAN FRANCISCO.

PLANS LAID FOR COMMITTEE OF SAFETY—BUSINESS MEN READY TO SUPPLY MONEY TO STOP THUGS' REIGN OF TERROR—MASS MEETING IS CALLED.

A YOUNG GIRL SEIZED—THIEVES STEAL WATCH.

TWENTY MEN REQUEST PERMISSION TO CARRY ARMS FROM POLICE COMMISSION.

THUG ATTEMPTS TO KILL CLERK—HE IS BATTERED BY A SLUNG-SHOT IN A MARKET STREET STORE.

DINAN MUST STOP CRIME OR RESIGN—SO SAYS POLICE COMMISSIONER LEAHY—NO REASON WHY NOTORIOUS THIEVES SHOULD BE PERMITTED TO ROAM THE CITY AT WILL.

BEATEN BY CARMEN—LEFT SENSELESS IN THE STREET—CONTROLLER BAR USED IN FIGHT WITH PASSENGERS, ONE OF WHOM MAY DIE.

THE foregoing headings are from a paper—the Examiner—which believes in and supports Government by Organized Labor. The following are taken from a paper which has never opposed organized labor, although it takes a fairer view of disputed points than does the Examiner. These headings are from the San Francisco Chronicle:

CROOKS STALK CITIZENS WHILE POLICE ARE IMPOTENT—THUG TRIES TO CRUSH SKULL OF A SALESMAN IN A MARKET STREET STORE—W. J. SULLIVAN STRUCK DOWN IN THE SAME MANNER AS THE JAPANESE BANKER.

BADLY BEATEN BY CREW OF CAR—ALTERATION OVER PAYMENT OF FARES—PASSENGER LIES AT POINT OF DEATH.

TROLLEY ACCIDENTS CONTINUE WITH UNINTERRUPTED REGULARITY—THREE WAGONS STRUCK BY CARS—SIX PERSONS INJURED AS A RESULT OF YESTERDAY'S COLLISIONS.

DISCIPLINE OF COMPANY'S EMPLOYEES VERY POOR—LONG CONTINUED RUN OF TROLLEY CAR DISASTERS.

MOTORMEN IMPEDED BY CROWDS FROM USING BRAKES—MANY ACCIDENTS DUE TO THEIR INABILITY TO STOP CARS.

NUMEROUS PEOPLE KNOCKED FROM CARS BY CROWDING ON THE STEPS—SEVERAL FATAL ACCIDENTS AS A RESULT OF THIS OVERCROWDING.

DAUGHTER OF LEON SLOSS ROBBED BY AN ARMED THUG—COMPELS HER TO WALK WITH HIM ARM IN ARM—PRESSES A PISTOL AGAINST HER SIDE AND DEMANDS THE CONTENTS OF HER HANDBAG AND HER JEWELS.

HELEN LEAVITT ASSAULTED BY HIGHWAYMAN—ATTACKS HER IN BROAD DAYLIGHT ON JACKSON STREET—ATTEMPTS TO PULL HER RINGS FROM HER FINGERS.

THUGS TERRORIZE RICHMOND DISTRICT—THREE ROBBERIES HOLD UP MAN ON THE STREET—JOSEPH LALLY ROBBERED IN SIGHT OF FIFTY PERSONS.

SIXTY HOLD-UPS, ROBBERIES AND MURDERS COMMITTED IN SAN FRANCISCO FROM AUGUST 1 TO OCTOBER 10.

ARMED THUG DEMANDS MONEY OF MRS. J. C. ROBERTSON—SHE IS COMPELLED TO TURN OVER HER MONEY AND JEWELRY.

MRS. ALBERT WAUGH HAS HER WATCH AND DIAMONDS STOLEN IN A KENTUCKY-STREET CAR.

AN ACTOR IS HELD UP A BLOCK FROM THE FERRY.

FOUR REPORTS OF ROBBERIES IN STORES SINCE YESTERDAY.

GOVERNOR PARDEE OFFERS \$500 REWARD FOR EACH OF THE THUGS WHO MURDERED STORE-KEEPERS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

McALLISTER STREET IMPROVEMENT CLUB AROUSED OVER THE PRESENT REIGN OF LAWLESSNESS—CLUB DENOUNCES THE POLICE DEPARTMENT.

HIGHWAYMAN ARRESTED FOR BRUTAL ASSAULT AND ROBBERY.

\$5,000 REWARD TO BE OFFERED FOR THUGS WHO ASSASSINATED JAPANESE BANKER.

A CRIMSON RECORD, NINE MURDERS, TWENTY-FIVE ROBBERIES AND TEN BURGLARIES DURING THE PAST TWO MONTHS—A REIGN OF TERROR IN SAN FRANCISCO.

THE WORK FOR BETTER FIRE PROTECTION—SUTTER STREET PROPERTY OWNERS ORGANIZE—DETERMINED TO CONSTRUCT SALT WATER SYSTEM OF IMMENSE CISTERNS THEMSELVES—CAN NOT WAIT FOR THE CITY AND ARE DESTITUTE OF FIRE PROTECTION.

LIBRARY SITE CAN NOT BE USED FOR CITY HALL—THE COURT DECIDES THAT THE BONOS WERE ISSUED FOR LIBRARY—SUPERVISORS CAN NOT SET ASIDE THE LAW—MONEY AND SITE MUST BE USED FOR A PUBLIC LIBRARY FOR WHICH THE PEOPLE VOTED.

THE foregoing batch of headings typify what kind of security is afforded to life and property in a city with a Government by Organized Labor.

The following headings are taken from the San Francisco Call, a newspaper which has recently changed its critical tone toward labor-unions, and now gives a daily department heading, "news of the labor world." In this and other ways the Call testifies that it is a friend of organized labor:

THUGS SURPRISED IN A SALOON—TWO MEN CAPTURED, ONE ARMED WITH A MARLINPIKE.

DAILY CRIMES AROUSE THE BUSINESS COMMUNITY—MOVEMENT LAUNCHED TO SUPPRESS LAWLESSNESS.
CHIEF OF POLICE DINAN GIVEN THIRTY DAYS TO STOP THE EPIDEMIC OF BRUTAL CRIME THAT AFFLICTS SAN FRANCISCO.
MOGAN LIBERATES FIVE BAD MEN—CRIMINALS CAUGHT IN TENT BY PATROLMAN NOT EVEN DELAYED AS VAGRANTS—WHILE PART OF THE POLICE AND ALL DECENT CITIZENS ARE STRIVING TO END THE PRESENT REIGN OF LAWLESSNESS IN THIS CITY, POLICE JUDGE MOGAN IS A FRIEND OF THE FOOTPAD, AND PROTECTOR OF THE GAS-PIPE WIELDER.
ROBBER FELS HARDWARE DEALER IN THE GLARE OF MID-DAY. UNSPEAKABLE CRIMINALS HOLD UP GIRLS IN PUBLIC STREETS—DESPERATE THUGS FLEE FOR LIFE—CRIES OF VICTIMS AROUSE THE NEIGHBORHOOD—THE THUGS HIDE IN PRESIDIO—FEAR OF KILLING RESIDENTS PREVENTS CITIZENS FROM SHOOTING MISCREANTS.
HIGHWAYMEN COMPEL TWO YOUNG GIRLS TO YIELD UP BELONGINGS.
POLICE OF THE OPINION THAT ORGANIZED YEGGMEN HAVE INVADDED THE CITY—HARDWARE DEALER BEATEN SENSELESS AT COUNTER.
HALF A DOZEN CIGAR STANDS ROBBED BY DARING OPERATOR—HE POINTS PISTOL AND DEMANDS CASH.
PUPILS AND TEACHERS WANT POLICE PROTECTION—THE CHIEF IS ASKED TO SEND A SQUAD TO THE MISSION HIGH SCHOOL EACH EVENING.

The foregoing headlines represent the doings of three days in San Francisco. They are taken from one journal which boasts that it is a friend of the labor unions, the Examiner; from the Call, which has lately become their mouthpiece; and from the Chronicle, which has always been fair to the labor unions. Yet what a red record do we read of life in a city governed by Organized Labor!

Perhaps it may be said that political or other motives might color the narratives of these San Francisco dailies. It is not probable that all three could be so influenced as to tell such startling tales if they were false or exaggerated, and to tell them in so strikingly similar a fashion. Yet to be on the safe side let us take an extract from another daily journal—one published in a distant city. Here, then, are some lines from an editorial printed in a journal which has always been the friend and authorized organ of organized labor:

The army is still needed in San Francisco. The metropolis is suffering from a re-influx of the thieves and thugs who fled like frightened rats when the United States troops had charge there.

The presence of Uncle Sam's men after April 18th was the best thing that could have happened for San Francisco, but they were withdrawn too soon. If the regulars were in control, the sanitary and police regulations would be strictly enforced; there would be no procrastination in separating the sheep from the goats if Uncle Sam's boys were in control once again. And most certainly there would be no thieves and thugs at large, although there might be a number rapidly sent to the hereafter without benefit of clergy.

What paper is this that believes the conditions under a Government by Organized Labor are so bad that it needs the strong hand of Uncle Sam to remedy them? What paper is this that believes the thieves and thugs now plying their trade unchecked in San Francisco are so dangerous and so bold that the regular troops are needed to protect the citizens?

It is the Sacramento Bee.

From mayhem and murder, from danger to life and limb, let us turn to questions of property, municipal and individual. Under a Government by Organized Labor the city of San Francisco attempted to raise funds for certain municipal improvements. For fifty years the city government had been conducted by taxation. While it is true that many needed municipal improvements were dispensed with, the fact remains that not only the City Hall, but the Hall of Justice, the schools, hospitals, and other public buildings had been constructed from current taxes. Yet under a Government by Organized Labor the enormous amount of over \$6,000,000 a year was found inadequate even for current expenses, much less for municipal improvements. Therefore, it was determined to raise money by the sale of bonds, and the people cheerfully voted a sum of over twelve millions of dollars. Under a Government by Organized Labor it was found impossible to dispose of these bonds. People who wished to invest their money believed there were better ways in which to invest it than in the promise to pay of a Government by Organized Labor. Months passed during which these bonds remained unsold. Finally the city of San Francisco succeeded in disposing of about two and a half millions of them, largely to local bankers and other local financiers who doubtless did not

wish to see the city discredited in the eyes of the financial world.

What has been the condition of San Francisco since the earthquake and fire under a Government by Organized Labor? As we write six months have elapsed since that disaster. During that period some thousands of buildings have been erected by private individuals. Building permits to the extent of about a million dollars a week are applied for. Has any public building yet been erected or even repaired by this Government of Organized Labor? If so, what building? Can the Bee point to anything that has been done in San Francisco by the Government of Organized Labor in the way of repairing the ravages of earthquake and fire? If so, we should like to know what it is. As a matter of fact, in San Francisco today the City Hall still stands a gigantic and melancholy wreck, just as it stood when three days' conflagration had finished the work begun by thirty seconds of earthquake. The Hall of Justice still stands, a hideous ruin. As we write, the Government by Organized Labor is "talking of beginning"; but it has been talking of beginning for six months, and it has not begun. The Hall of Records also is a ruin, and also has been untouched. Although the municipal records of San Francisco—representing values aggregating many hundred millions of dollars—were practically all destroyed, the accumulation of records since the disaster has been very great. These records today stand in a flimsy wooden building of the most combustible nature, surrounded by other inflammable structures. Such is the care given to the public records under a Government by Organized Labor. Yet engineers report that the old Hall of Records can be repaired for a few thousand dollars. There are no court rooms other than makeshift ones for the civil and criminal courts of San Francisco. In many of them the judges complain bitterly of actual physical discomfort for themselves, the attorneys, and the witnesses. Yet six months have elapsed. There are millions in the treasury of the City of San Francisco, and there are some ten millions of unsold bonds. Why can not a Government by Organized Labor use the unused millions in the treasury? Why can not a Government by Organized Labor sell the unsold bonds?

In this unfortunate city, conducted by a government by Organized Labor, there is today practically no fire protection. The broken water-mains have not yet been repaired. On Valencia street, where the worst break occurred, laborers are now working on the shattered street. Vehicles drive around it—they have been driving around it for six months. The fire engine houses which were destroyed by the fire have not yet been rebuilt. Many of the fire engines are stored on the city front wharves, with inadequate and unsanitary quarters for the men and horses, while the expensive machinery is going to rust and ruin under the paternal care of a Government by Organized Labor. The firemen on the wharves complain that beneath them broken sewers are discharging their contents inside of the sea wall, which space is controlled by the city. The State is not yet—thank God!—controlled by a Government of Organized Labor. The State has only to deal with the outside of the sea wall and not with the inside. It naturally refuses to repair San Francisco's broken sewers. Yet the Board of Health of this Government by Organized Labor indulges in futile abuse of the State Board of Harbor Commissioners because it refuses to do the work which properly belongs to this Government by Organized Labor.

The police system of this city governed by Organized Labor is utterly demoralized. It is only fair to say that we make no reference here to H. T. Creswell and G. H. Umben, new members of the Police Commission. They are recent appointees. But the conditions now existing are due to the Board of Police Commissioners who date back for some years when the Board was wholly a part of the Government by Organized Labor. For the present conditions these new Commissioners are not responsible. For these conditions the old Commissioners were and are.

Six months have elapsed since San Francisco's great disaster and what is the condition of her streets? The most important of all, Market street, is still encumbered

with the debris of last April's fire. Here and there has been partially removed, but it may be said to remain as a whole. Through the middle of this mass there are painfully long lines of wagons, trucks, sand-carts, elephants, automobiles, bicycles, and pedestrians, in the row space left between the two lines of debris. The row on Market street, the principal street of San Francisco, may readily be imagined what is the condition of the streets. In most of them there has been absolutely no attempt at all to clear away the debris. In many places the debris is heaped so high and so wide that vehicles and pedestrians are forced to make detours of several blocks. And every now and again the Board of Public Works of this unfortunate city Governed by Organized Labor bleats and moans and wrings its hands. But the Board has done nothing more.

But space fails us fitly to tell of the condition of this unfortunate San Francisco under a Government by Organized Labor. That any journal, any paper, or any candidate should have the effrontery to advocate Government by Organized Labor for this State with such an object lesson as poor San Francisco stands before the State in the face, passes all comprehension. The men composing the labor unions may, as individuals, be good citizens; but aggregated into unions, workers for political ends, raising class issues, and boycotting candidates on class pretenses, they are a danger to the State. We entertain no unfriendly feelings for the Sacramento Bee, or for the city of Sacramento, but if we did so, we could wish them no worse fate than that city, like poor San Francisco, to fall under the control of a Government by Organized Labor. But that fate is to be feared and dreaded by a city, must it be for a commonwealth?

If, in addition to the hapless metropolis, not only the capital city of the State, but the State itself, we fall under the control of a Government by Organized Labor, then God help California!

Eastern Adjusters on San Francisco.

The Fire Insurance Association of the North was in session in Chicago last week. Many of the speakers took occasion to attack the San Francisco and public for their attitude toward the Eastern adjusters. Some of the papers read were extremely bitter in tone.

The people and the press of San Francisco have as yet been greatly moved by what is said of the Eastern insurance adjusters. As to the opinion entertained of the Eastern insurance adjusters by the people and the press of San Francisco, it could not be lower. Compared with some of the insurance adjusters sent here from the East, a pander would be a Sir Richard, a bunko-steerer would be a veritable Cheyenne Bayard.

There were some other insurance men here and immediately after the disaster whose opinions were more honest than those of these "compromise adjusters." The man who makes his living by trying to scale the claims of people who have been partially or wholly ruined by fire—whose gains are larger the more he ruins—whose commissions grow greater as his clients grow more microscopic—such a human is not the one to whom to look for an honest judgment of any kind. But there were several insurance presidents here who were honest men, and who did not permit the fact that their companies lost heavily to lead them to attempt to swindle policy-holders who had lost all. Among these was A. W. Damon, President of the Springfield Fire and Marine Insurance Company of Massachusetts. Here immediately after the fire, at a time when a number of companies were engaged in trying to carry into effect what was known as the "New York horizontal five per-cent cut." Mr. Damon at that time said:

I make two predictions. One that many of the insurance companies who are trying to settle with their policy-holders on the basis of seventy-five per cent of the face value of the policies will reverse their programme; the other, that it will take San Francisco at least ten years to recover from the effects of the earthquake.

The first prediction is already coming true; the labor and building troubles do not clear up, we fear the second may also come true. Mr. Damon further said:

Two-thirds of the companies having one-third of the business want a sweeping horizontal cut because of the earthquake.

There is no means of knowing what damage the earthquake did or when any of the thirty-two fires had their origin.

Concerning the quality of the San Francisco buildings and their resistance to earthquake shock, Mr. Damon said:

"Many a substantial building was hardly damaged and many of the strongest buildings in sections where there was no fire were damaged, but they generally lost only chimneys, gables, cornices and fol-de-rols.

In short, Mr. Damon, who is an honest man, set down his opinion of conditions in San Francisco exactly as they impressed him immediately after the fire, and like some of his dishonest colleagues, as they pressed his pocket nerve.

Another insurance man who did not look at the situation from the "compromise adjuster" point of view was William B. Medicott, General United States Agent of the Atlas Assurance Company of London. Mr. Medicott represents a company whose losses in San Francisco were over \$5,000,000. Like Mr. Damon, he arrived here the week after the fire. Concerning the earthquake damage Mr. Medicott said in print:

"Correct and grossly misleading reports were circulated all the world as to the damage directly caused by the earthquake. The shock was directly responsible for but a very small percentage of the fearful loss. The maximum figure given by the old conservative experts for the direct earthquake damage to property is ten million dollars. When we compare this with the loss, which was probably fully fifty times as much, it is why the San Francisco people so bitterly resent the placing of earthquake before the fire in the estimate of losses. Even if we did believe the earthquake was the cause of the fire, we cannot in any specific instance prove it. To a number of the insurance companies, therefore, it has appeared that they must place the earthquake effects as specific and not general in their contracts to their fire insurance contracts. Other companies take the view that the earthquake was the cause of all the loss. To one of us first mentioned this view appears wholly untenable and lacking in honor.

Another insurance man who did not permit his calling to warp his judgment is Robert Dickson, President of the Southern Insurance Company of New Orleans, and the Armenia of Pittsburg. Furthermore, Mr. Dickson occupied an absolutely unbiased position, for while Mr. Damon's company had lost over millions of dollars, Mr. Dickson's companies had five thousand at stake. He was here at the time of the earthquake and witnessed the conflagration. Here is what he wrote after returning East:

"Two days after the shock I walked various streets of San Francisco and did not see a building razed to the ground by the earthquake excepting two or three old frames. Some were damaged and racks appeared in others, but they were not damaged so as to come within the meaning of the New York standard policy.

"I had a room on the second floor of the St. Francis and remained in bed until after the earthquake was over. The plastering of the walls of my room fell, but the ceiling did not. When the earthquake was over I dressed and walked to the top of the structure. The twelfth floor not even the plastering was cracked. After descending to the grade floor I made an inspection of the building and did not find the walls cracked. In fact, there was only one place that I could see which showed the effects of the earthquake. The failure of the water supply was, of course, responsible for the destruction of the city.

"It is gratifying to be able to print such utterances as the foregoing, and to see that there are honest men in the insurance business. By that we do not mean to say that the honest men are in a minority. We do not. We are glad to be able to say that we think they are largely in the majority. But the 'compromise adjusters' have been making too much noise since their return to the East. If they are not silent they will hear in San Francisco soon, and they will hear in no uncertain tones, and with names, dates and particulars.

Is Gillett a Railroad "Hireling"?

The Republican candidate for Governor, James N. Gillett, is styled by the Sacramento Bee "the slave of the railroad monopoly," and "the mouthpiece of the Southern Pacific Railroad." The Bee also remarks that "the Argonaut is making itself the laughing-stock of a great city by denying these allegations concerning Mr. Gillett."

Very well. We have already asked the Bee certain questions re "railroad slavery," and we ask them again. Is it true that Gillett is the "slave of the railroad monopoly," what is the reason that he did not vote for M. Burns for United States Senator? Col. Burns was generally called "the railroad candidate."

Also we ask the Bee why Gillett worked for Thomas R. Bard for United States Senator? Senator Bard was not looked upon as a "railroad candidate." Furthermore, if Gillett "wears the collar of railroad slavery," what is the reason that he actively supported the Hepburn railroad rate bill in the last Congress? Not only the Southern Pacific Railroad, but every other railroad in the country was known to be opposed to the passage of that law. If Gillett is a "railroad hireling," why did he not oppose that bill? On the contrary, he supported it, and was looked upon by President Roosevelt as one of the tried and trusted supporters of railway rate regulation.

Since asking the Bee the first question we have taken the trouble to look up the record concerning the Senatorial fight over Col. Burns. We find that Gillett on January 9, 1899, nominated George A. Knight, and voted for him until January 19th. Gillett then voted for R. N. Bulla, and steadily voted for him until he dropped out, many weeks later. Knight was certainly not a railroad candidate. Bulla was certainly not a railroad candidate. If Gillett is a "railroad hireling," will the Bee tell us why he voted for these men instead of for Burns, who was generally reputed to be the railroad candidate?

An answer will greatly oblige.

We may add that since the Bee so stoutly asseverates that the Argonaut knows that Gillett was nominated for Governor by "the railroad," we may remark that we do not know it and we do not believe it. We believe that Gillett was nominated for Governor more largely through the personal exertions of his long-time friend, George A. Knight, than through the efforts of any man or set of men in the State of California. Knight was working for Gillett's nomination months before the convention met. If "railroad delegates" voted for Gillett, it was because they believed he was the choice of the convention, and therefore hastened to get into the Gillett band-wagon.

As to the "Argonaut being the laughing-stock of the State" over its political predictions, we can stand it, if true, which we doubt. We continue to predict the election of the Republican banner-bearer.

The Argonaut predicts Gillett.

"Bee" "Bell.

"Argonaut chooses Roosevelt.

"Bee" "Gompers.

Then after the first week in November the Argonaut and the Bee will compare predictions and compare laughs.

He laughs best who laughs last.

Comparative Payments of Insurance Companies.

It is now possible, more than five months after San Francisco's great fire, to survey the insurance situation with reasonable clearness, and to give to the square companies the praise their straight-forward methods merit; and to show on what basis the other companies are settling. The task is not an easy one, however, for between the dollar-for-dollar companies and the "welchers" pure and simple, there are as many conditions, almost, as there are companies. Then, again, the situation is changing continually; some of the companies, for instance, to save themselves from the inevitable day of reckoning with policy-holders elsewhere, are at this late day devising schemes that will enable them to announce that they have acted fairly in the present crisis.

The companies in this first group have, generally speaking, paid equitably adjusted loss claims in full; some have charged from 2 to 3 per cent for immediate cash settlements. They are generally agreed to be the companies that are sound financially, and that have settled honorably:

Aetna of Hartford.
Connecticut of Hartford.
Springfield of Massachusetts.
Liverpool and London and Globe.
Phoenix of London.
California.
Royal of Liverpool.
Queen of America.
Home of New York.

New Hampshire.
Continental.
Scottish Union and National.
Sun of London.
Northern of London.
Atlas.
Hartford.
North British and Mercantile.
Insurance Company of North America.
London Assurance.
Pennsylvania.
Union of London.
Law Union and Crown.
Citizens.
Manchester.
Niagara.
New York Underwriters.
Pelican.
Alliance of Philadelphia.
German Alliance.
German-American.
Glen Falls.
Phoenix of Hartford.
Teutonia.
Michigan.
American Central.
Mercantile of Boston.
St. Paul.
Northwestern National.
New Zealand.

A number of policy-holders state that the Williamsburgh City, on policies that do not contain the earthquake clause, is entitled to figure in the foregoing list. On the earthquake-clause policies, it has been refusing to acknowledge liability, and many suits have been brought against it. During the past fortnight, however, the Williamsburgh City has been making compromise settlements on disputed policies and has had over fifty suits against it dismissed; terms are said to range from 50 to 75 cents.

Companies that are generally reported to be paying from 75 cents up to a dollar are:

Providence-Washington of Rhode Island.
English-American Underwriters.
State of Liverpool.
Orient of Hartford.
London and Lancashire.
Fire Association of Philadelphia.
Caledonian-American.
Caledonian.
Scotch Underwriters.
Delaware of Philadelphia.
Prussia-National.
Phoenix of Brooklyn.
Philadelphia Underwriters.
Colonial Underwriters.
National of Hartford.
Rochester-German.
Western of Toronto.
Queen City.
Federal.
Hanover.
British-America.
British-American of New York.
Northwestern Fire and Marine.
Eagle.
Assurance Company of America.
Aachen and Munich.
Hamburg-Bremen.
National Union of Pittsburg.
Concordia.
Germania.
Buffalo-German.
Globe and Rutgers.
Westchester.
Western Underwriters.
Austin of Texas.

Companies that are generally reported to offer settlements varying from 50 to 75 cents on the dollar are:

Norwich Union.
Palatine.
Alliance of London.

Indemnity.

Commercial Union of London.

Commercial Union of New York.

Williamsburgh City (on earthquake policies).

Companies that have varying standards of adjustment and payment are:

The New Brunswick is said to be paying 70 cents.

The Girard is said to be paying 70 cents.

The Milwaukee Mechanics is said to be paying 70 cents.

The Spring Garden is said to be paying 60 cents.

The North River is said to be paying 65 cents.

The German of Freeport is said to be paying 60 cents.

The German-National is said to be paying 60 cents.

The American of Philadelphia is said to be paying 50 cents.

The German of Peoria is said to be paying 50 cents.

The Nassau is said to be paying 50 cents.

The American of Boston is said to be paying 40 cents.

The New York of New York is said to be paying 33 1-3 cents.

The Dutchess is said to be paying 30 cents.

Companies which have absolutely disclaimed liability are:

Rhine and Moselle of Germany.

Transatlantic of Germany.

Austrian-Phoenix of Vienna.

North German of Hamburg.

North German of New York.

The Atlantic-Birmingham at first refused to pay its losses, going so far as to withdraw its offices from California; it is now reported to be negotiating towards settlement with its San Francisco policy-holders, on what terms is not yet established.

The Fireman's Fund, the Home Fire and Marine, and the Pacific Underwriters were almost overwhelmed by the fire; their risks were nearly all here, their investments were mostly here, and their San Francisco stockholders were many of them ruined. However, they are making an effort to meet their obligations. They have made a first payment of twenty per cent., promise 50 per cent. cash, and the rest in stock. Their stockholders are repairing the impaired capital stock by assessment, and two-thirds of their policy-holders have signed an agreement to accept the foregoing terms.

The Traders of Chicago, and the Security of Baltimore are in the hands of receivers. The first-named made no effort to pay its losses, but sought legal cover immediately after the disaster.

EDITORS ON HEARST.

They Have Failed to Realize that He Is the Greatest American Advertiser.

For years the editors of important daily papers, East and West, have been viewing the continental performances of William R. Hearst with an air of half-amused and semi-detached interest, and have spoken of him infrequently and always with an assumption of immeasurable superiority. He might be interesting to those who cared for that sort of thing, but, really, the matter was not important. He had established and placed on a firm footing a number of daily papers, but they were not in the class of the older publications and not to be considered seriously as rivals. He had gone into politics; had been elected to Congress, and easily, but that was not a disquieting fact. It amused him, probably, and it did not hurt the faintly interested spectators. His name was brought before the National Convention of the Democratic party, and, strange to say, the nomination was supported by a respectable showing, in numbers at least. But that was merely a matter for passing pleasantries with the editors of daily papers not friendly to his aspirations. He had organized a new party in New York, and as its nominee, after a short campaign, had polled a vote that many believe was larger than that received at the time by any other candidate for mayor of the largest city in the United States. But he did not get the office, and what might have been an embarrassing situation was avoided. Now Mr. Hearst is the candidate of two parties, an Independence League and the Democratic organization including and included by Tammany Hall, for Governor of New York. And the editors of the important daily papers outside of Mr. Hearst's chain of publications have suddenly awakened

to the fact that the millionaire owner of newspapers is a figure of national importance and not a curious, unclassified creature of freakish tendencies.

The Argonaut expected to note this change in the attitude of the editors. It did not occur as early as it was looked for, but it seems to be thorough and complete. The Argonaut is a disinterested spectator, and purposes to offer little of encouragement to bruin or buzzing assailants. At present the wrecking of furniture and fixtures appears to be generally within the Democratic confines, and it prompts no special admonition. Clippings from the editorial columns of nearly a hundred representative daily papers, all concerned with Hearst or Hearstism, have been made during the past week for possible use in the Argonaut. Their number and their wordiness give the compiler pause. They are varied in style, in temper, and in point of view, but they are as one in declaring that the subject is important. At the same time, two peculiar facts are observed in this mass of testimony—remarkable from a newspaper point of view.

Mr. Hearst's business success and political power are admitted, but they are explained by a superficial statement that should not satisfy even those who offer it. They say these are merely results of Mr. Hearst's lavish use of money and the hiring of able counsel, editorial, legal, and political. That is all there is to it. Anybody with millions and a desire to own daily papers in several cities could do as well. Having secured able editors and energetic business managers, newspaper success of a kind is a matter of course. Going on to another field—that of politics—the same tactics produce the same results. Regarding these achievements, it is not necessary to recognize a notable personality or intelligence in the head of the projects or plans. He may be spoken of as a figure-head only. His lieutenants furnish the brains and do the work. In fact, it is said that the Hearst of popular following is a myth. He is seldom seen, he does not impress one deeply when he is seen, and there is really nothing in him to see.

Newspaper men, managing editors at least, ought to know better than this. They hire many men, many able men, for the several departments of their newspapers, and they endeavor to secure the best service. Their object is the same as Mr. Hearst's—to gain a larger circulation for their papers and ever increasing patronage from advertisers. They know whether the task is an easy one, and whether success is easily won. They know whether it is easy to keep able men or to keep the involved machinery running smoothly and efficiently when the inevitable changes occur. They know whether it is easy to find men who can plan as well as execute, and they know whether it is a question of salary or ability. They know these things, but they do not seem willing to admit or see the unavoidable conclusion. Mr. Hearst has had many chiefs of staff. Men have been tried by Mr. Hearst and dismissed after trial. Men have made reputations on Mr. Hearst's papers and then have resigned to take similar positions elsewhere. But Mr. Hearst's papers, one after another, have gone on increasing in circulation and revenue-producing value. His New York Evening Journal is ten years old, and it has as many readers probably as any evening paper in the metropolis. If a mere figure-head with a deep purse could do this, some newspaper proprietors in New York and elsewhere have no reason to boast of the success they have won.

Another strange fact is observed in this connection, also from the standpoint of the newspaper proprietor. The first article in the creed of the newspaper business manager is the asserted belief, firm and unassailable, in the value of advertising. The practice of most newspaper business managers is a denial of that belief. But Mr. Hearst and Mr. Hearst's managers not only believe in it; they practice it. Hearst is today the best advertiser, the most daring advertiser, in America, the country where advertising was invented. Last week he bought a page in the New York World, his most widely circulated Democratic contemporary, and printed in that page two of his political speeches. He uses the columns of his own papers continually and shrewdly. The New York Evening Post reported Mr. Hearst's recent speech-making tour of that State in a contemptuous strain. His traveling companions, his receptions, his addresses, his manners, his political effectiveness, were viewed with apparently jaundiced eyes. Mr. Hearst's paper reprinted the Post's report calmly and in parallel columns copied the reports printed in local papers along the route, all gratifying even when not enthusiastically laudatory. Mr. Hearst asks no better advertising than that. He asks no better opportunity to convince his readers that his paper is always fair. And the public admires fairness.

It is hardly necessary to say that the Argonaut is not in sympathy with Mr. Hearst's ultimate or immediate political ambition. But it believes that the editors, Democratic or Republican, who affect to look down on Mr. Hearst's ability and knowledge of public wants

and weaknesses, will experience in the next two a greater change of opinion than they have experienced in the past.

Hearst as a Candidate.

The following pointed paragraphs are clipped representative daily papers of New York State. They present the gist of the arguments or what is offered in opposition to Hearst and his ambitions.

Sincerity is the basis of confidence. On that all claim to be sincere. A professed friend of the people who is insincere is a pretender, a demagogue. Above all things, voters who Mr. Hearst's candidacy ought to make sure that he is sincere. His newspaper declares that there can not be "any doubt as to where he stands." Would a true and sincere friend of the people ever enter into a bargain according to the terms of the favorites and proteges of the Tammany boss will be named for supreme court judgeships?—New York Times (Rep.).

There is but one issue before the people of New York State that is whether they will take an unprincipled demagogue as a character at his own inflated valuation. The way to find Hearst adherents. Yet Hearst, without his inherited wealth, would be an absolutely insignificant person. Contrast him with McKinley and Bryan, poor men who rose to eminence by sheer force of ability and character—something Hearst never does. Without his money Hearst would not be known outside of his own ward. As a member of Congress he has pitifully useless. He has never given evidence of possessing ordinary knowledge of public affairs. His prominence is the product of "plutocracy." Yet the most bitter enemies of "plutocracy" are shouting for him. It is the strangest case of sycophancy and stultification which the political history of this country affords.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle (Dem.).

It is one of the mysteries of human nature that the Heavens seem to come principally from the discontented elements continually railing against wealth. Come upon a group of less haters of those who are better off than themselves and you find Hearst adherents. Yet Hearst, without his inherited wealth, would be an absolutely insignificant person. Contrast him with McKinley and Bryan, poor men who rose to eminence by sheer force of ability and character—something Hearst never does. Without his money Hearst would not be known outside of his own ward. As a member of Congress he has pitifully useless. He has never given evidence of possessing ordinary knowledge of public affairs. His prominence is the product of "plutocracy." Yet the most bitter enemies of "plutocracy" are shouting for him. It is the strangest case of sycophancy and stultification which the political history of this country affords.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle (Dem.).

William Randolph Hearst began his hunt for the governor on the "anti-boss" issue. He continues it as the favorite of four bosses—Murphy, McCabe, McGuire and Conners. He is going to send Murphy to prison. He accepts his nomination in Murphy's hands. He was going to destroy Tammany, now the Tammany candidate.—New York Evening Mail (Rep.).

Should Mr. Hearst be elected, and should he make the kind of Governor that he is a Congressman, the dear people compose their several minds. He won't cut enough ice to melt a cocktail.—Brooklyn Eagle (Dem.).

The size of the Hearst barrel this year is simply astonishing to the old, dyed-in-the-wool Democrats, who have had some experience of "dough" in previous campaigns in the city and State. The absolute prodigality with which money is being poured by the Hearst gang is something amazing.—Brooklyn Times (Rep.).

Not only is Boss Murphy for Hearst, but, despite the denial, he now virtually admits that he is for Boss Murphy. Could it be otherwise, in view of the disgraceful bargain sold to Mr. Hearst the emblems of the Democratic party? Hughes in this juncture is not a partisan, but is the candidate of all the people of the Empire State, who want decent government.—New York Herald (Dem.).

Several cartoons represent Hearst and Tammany, as it were, in arm-in-arm—would not the dog at heel more nearly represent truth? The humor of compelling Cockran to second the nomination was delightful. Remembering the subsequent marriage of Platt's nomination of Roosevelt a deal? The party whitewashed Cortelyou in regard to life insurance contributions to campaign funds and that sets its mark of approval on Mr. Hearst's refusal to have a recount, is not in a position to throw stones at a man who, at least, spends his own money—moreover the party shows the cloven hoof.—Correspondent New York City (Rep.).

Concerning the attacks on Charles E. Hughes, since he became the Republican candidate for Governor, posing Hearst, the papers have dug up the following endorsement of his work, which appeared in the New York American last December:

"No one in New York will question the excellence of the work done by the counsel for the people, Mr. Charles E. Hughes. He has drawn from the management of the companies under his guidance admissions which have damned them in the eyes of the public. He has done perhaps everything that could be done during the time at his disposal. If there should be no extension of his term, Mr. Hughes can retire with the perfect certainty that his work has the approval and aroused the commendation of the people."

Mr. Hughes, in his campaign speeches, charges that Hearst's pages are published by corporations that are not reached in suits for damages, and, further, that the corporations evade taxation by offering affidavits that their liabilities largely exceed the assets:

It appears that the New York American is published by the undersigned Star Company; that the New York Evening Journal is published by the undersigned New York Evening Journal Publishing Company, and the New York Journal is published by the undersigned Das Morgan Journal Association. You can not sue my opponent. If the Journal wagon runs over you, he is not personally liable. It is the property of a corporation, and according to this statement it would seem to be a difficult thing to get anything paid by it, if you got a judgment.

its, it apparently does not pay taxes, for my information the statement the assessment was removed.

of the New York City papers the World is the giving extended reports of Mr. Hearst's meetings and speeches. In one of the World's reports is his recital (made by Hearst in a speech in New York City) of his proceeding by law against the

employees of the Herald have been held before the law for circulating indecent literature through the mails. The United States Government is the prosecutor. I had nothing personally and everything to lose personally from proceeding against this powerful newspaper but I did what I thought was right. I do not mind the enmity of the Herald if I shall win the opinion of my fellow-men. I can not expect the Herald to be about me, for the moral idiot who would employ the Herald for the first page of a home newspaper to advertise vice would not hesitate to lie. In Chicago Dunlap was in jail for the identical crime, less flagrantly committed by the irresponsible underlings of the Herald are before the jury for immorality and indecency. I defy Cadet to come home and face the United States authorities as perpetrator of the crime. Mr. Bennett wrote me a letter complimenting my newspaper and saying that he would not let me for my action in this matter. I hope he will be right. I shall be proud to have it remembered that I am a New York Herald from dragging innocent victims of vice and crime. Every word that I have just said, and I have the document here to establish the truth, I doubt if there is any newspaper in New York so true that it will print these facts tomorrow morning. The Herald had insinuated that Mr. Hearst embezzled money, and this statement was denied by Hearst's words:

"I never employed Chinese labor in all my life, and I do not have a foot of ground in Palermo, Cal., either directly or indirectly owned by Chinese labor employed on any property that I own in California or in any other State of the United States. The whole statement is a lie, and the Herald knows it to be so. No one can tell by the obvious effort of the writer to avoid a direct libel."

Alton B. Parker has issued a statement in charge made by Mr. Hearst, one paragraph of which is as follows:

"Nothing more than two years now I have submitted, and I will submit, to the wanton assaults of William R. Hearst. I have paid no more attention to his insulting and malicious speech of last evening than I have to his other speeches. It is not that the necessary and intended inference of his speech constituted an attack upon a great court, a court with which I am not surpassed in this or any other country."

Cleveland made a statement to a New York reporter which closes with this expression:

"I am, every voter of the State must settle with his own conscience in determining his action, in this emergency, but I regard the Democratic situation presented to my old friends in New York as an afflictive one."

The public is the authoritative organ of the radicals of the United States, is published in Chicago, and is edited by Louis F. Post, once Henry George's lieutenant in New York. While advising radicals to vote for the Public nevertheless mercilessly exposes the record in its relation to other radicals and their movements of the past:

"He has no compunction about pushing aside men of whom he stands for causes for which he also professes to stand, who refuse to enter his personal service, or who seem to him unworthy, neither has he any delicacy about bargaining for his ends with corrupt politicians who resist the causes he professes to stand for, but for ends of their own are willing to promote his ambitions."

Denver Post discusses the support Hearst is to Tammany Hall:

"Hearst sympathizers in New York do not seem to be at all over the accusation that he is hypocritical in accepting the support of Tammany. The point is whether he is with Tammany with him. It is plain to most persons, that Hearst would be foolish to refuse the votes of the Tammany people. Whenever the moral line is drawn on the part of the candidates, and candidates must take measures to prevent the votes of people from casting their ballots for them, they will come to a quixotic stage and become as ridiculous as Don Quixote. It is not the voters who go into the ring, but the candidates, and the attempt to draw a line of purity between the candidates is manifestly preposterous and impossible."

The New York Globe, a strong Hughes organ, does not deny Hearst's strength and the strong campaign he is making. It says:

"The public leaders are warning their lieutenants and the danger of over-confidence. They are saying it to assume that because the betting is two to one on the Republicans will have a walk-over. The statement of the Republican county headquarters that unless there is a registration of the anti-Hearst element next week, they will be such as to cause alarm."

"The papers supporting him are not numerous or powerful. Mr. Hearst has placed his newspapers at the disposal of the campaign managers and will publish copies daily to be used as campaign literature."

He has also used sharp methods by renting practically all the public halls in Brooklyn for every night until election in order to shut off mass meetings of Republicans. In very few instances Republicans have been able to procure halls to hold mass meetings in Brooklyn.

OLD FAVORITES.

Lady Godiva.

Not only we the latest seed of time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past; not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,
And loathed to see them overtaxed; but she
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,
The woman of a thousand summers back
Godiva, wife to that grim Earl who ruled
In Coventry: for when he laid a tax
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
Their children, clamoring, "If we pay, we starve!"

She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
And prayed, "If they pay this tax, they starve."
Whereat he stared, replying, half amazed,
"You would not let your little finger ache
For such as these?"—"But I would die," said she.
He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul:
Then filled at the diamond in her ear;
"O, ay, ay, ay, you talk!"—"Alas!" she said,
"But prove me what it is I would not do."
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
He answered, "Ride you naked through the town,
And I repeat it;" and nodding as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.
So left alone, the passions of her mind,
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition; but that she would loose
The people; therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing; but that all
Should keep within, door shut and window barred.

Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasped the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She lingered, looking like a summer moon
Half dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,
And showered the rippled ringlets to her knee;
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reached
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple blazoned with armorial gold.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:
The deep air listened round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouthed heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur
Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's footfall shot
Light horrors through her pulses: the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she
Not less through all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flowered elder-thicket from the field
Gleam through the Gothic archways in the wall.

Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity:
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal by-word of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
Peeped—but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shriveled into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him. So the powers, who wait
On noble deeds, canceled a sense misused;
And she, that knew not, passed: and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers,
One after one: but even then she gained
Her bower; whence, re-issuing, robed and crowned,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
And built herself an everlasting name.

—Alfred Tennyson.

In presenting the name of Harvey E. Turner for the office of State Auditor to the Massachusetts Republican State Convention, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge took occasion to say: "It would be exaggeration to say that the coming elections in New York and Massachusetts will be the Austerlitz of American politics. It is no exaggeration to say that the coming elections in New York and Massachusetts will decide whether the government of these two States for the next year shall be American or Cossack." The New York World very embarrassingly for Lodge recalls that in his speech nominating U. S. Grant for President in 1880, Roscoe Conkling said: "The election before us will be the Austerlitz of American politics. It will decide whether for years to come the country will be Republican or Cossack."

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

James H. Higgins, the "boy mayor" of Pawtucket, nominated for governor by the Democratic State Convention of Rhode Island, will not be twenty years old until the votes are in. If elected, he will be the youngest Governor in the United States.

Tammany is 117 years old as an organization, and many of its leaders have essayed to control the party machinery as represented by the Democratic State Committee. All failed until the present year, and now Tammany is in complete control of the Democratic State organization, remarks the Boston Traveler.

Ex-Governor W. L. Douglas, of Brockton, Mass., the wealthy shoe manufacturer, who is now visiting the Pacific Coast, may be drawn into the gubernatorial race in his home State. He has received word that the Democratic nominee, John B. Moran, the noted District Attorney of Boston, has decided to withdraw, and that party leaders are urging Douglas's name as his successor.

Gov. Kibbey of Arizona has received a letter from President Roosevelt, stating that it has been reported to him that there will not be a fair count of the votes on the question of Statehood. President Roosevelt says that while he does not believe the rumors, as a precautionary measure he directs that representatives of the Statehood people be present when the votes are cast and counted.

The opposition to Senator Bailey is still active in Texas, but the State Democratic Committee has sent out a statement which says: "For the first time in the history of the State a senatorial nomination has been made at a general primary held under the law of the State. In the enactment of this law Texas is a pioneer, and it would be singularly unfortunate if, at this particular juncture, any serious effort were made to disregard this nomination."

Senator Chauncey M. Depew surprised the members of the Executive Committee of the New York Central Railroad by appearing at the weekly session at the Grand Central Station October 10. This was Mr. Depew's first attendance since last March, and the greeting extended to him by J. P. Morgan, H. McK. Twombly, James Stillman and others was most cordial. Mr. Depew took his place as chairman of the committee. He showed considerable spirit and was like his old-time self.

Ex-Congressman Theodore Bell found himself in an awkward situation at Riverside a few days ago. While making a speech urging his claims to the governorship, he asserted that every candidate who received a nomination at the Republican convention "was required to first go before the bosses and show what votes he could control for the head of the ticket." At this point Mrs. Hyatt, wife of the Republican nominee for State Superintendent of Public Instruction, rose and advanced to the platform, where she vigorously denied Mr. Bell's charge, so far as it concerned Mr. Hyatt. The audience applauded Mrs. Hyatt's courageous declaration, and Mr. Bell said that he would accept her statement.

Supreme Court Justice Greenbaum of New York City granted a peremptory writ of mandamus directing the Board of Elections to convene forthwith and give the election advertising to four Democratic newspapers supporting the candidacy of William R. Hearst for governor. Otto T. Hess, attorney for the Daily News, asserted that the Sun, World, Times and Staats-Zeitung, designated by the Board of Elections as Democratic newspapers, do not advocate the principles of that party, and, instead of advocating the election of William Randolph Hearst, the nominee of the Buffalo convention, they advocate the election of Charles E. Hughes, nominee of the Republican convention at Saratoga.

A bitter political fight has been engendered in Solano county by the placing of the name of Miss Irma McCarty on the Republican ballot for the superintendency of schools, as the opponent of the Democratic incumbent, Dan H. White. The teachers in attendance at the annual county institute organized and went about Vallejo, pulling down Miss McCarty's cards. Emboldened by their campaign the women invaded business places and tore down her cards. At one boarding house eleven teachers formed a committee and demanded that Miss McCarty's cards be removed from the office. Public sentiment has been aroused, and Democratic and Republican leaders have combined to elect Miss McCarty, as a rebuke to her vindictive political enemies, reports a news dispatch from Vallejo. The principal objection to Miss McCarty appears to be that she is a woman and her fellow teachers do not want a woman in the office. Miss McCarty taught for several years in Dixon, her home town, and was for a year the principal of one of the Richmond schools.

A VISITATION OF TERROR.

How a Brief Respite Came in an Unending Journey.

Those who were still seated in the inn were greatly surprised to see the outer door swing open, without any hand being laid upon the latch; and it would not be too much to say that they were more than surprised, even dumbfounded, upon perceiving two feet entering the room, slowly, shuffling as they came. Many people, in their terror and amazement, got upon the tables, or endeavored to hide. What could it mean—a pair of feet that walked alone, with no body, not even any legs, attached? After them there poured into the inn many curious and morbid spectators, on whose faces fear, wonder, and intense curiosity appeared. They at first sight believed the thing to be the artifice of some sorcerer, the work of some one versed in black magic.

But as the more intrepid observers drew nearer to the feet, it was seen that they were human, and that, within the worn and tattered shoe, there were two bleeding stumps, cut or hewn off at the ankle. It could be no mechanical contrivance, the work of no sorcerer; rather, the indication of some fearful crime, and the victim, who had evidently been hacked into shreds, was allowed by the Divine Powers to move his mutilated feet and in this way bring the assassination to the attention of those who would hound down the murderer and bring him to justice.

"It is a miracle! A miracle!" cried many of the standers-by. But the words ceased on their lips when they saw the feet shuffle, with their weird dragging motion, toward a wooden table, pausing before a bench, as though one wished to seat himself. At the same time amazement increased upon seeing a vessel of water on the table rise above it and tilt to one side, as though one drank from it. Slowly the vessel tilted more and more, and drop by drop the water entirely disappeared from it. After which the vessel again descended and rested upon the table, as by magic. Then the feet, from the vicinity of which all the spectators began to retreat, began to move toward the door; some one, with a scream of terror, flung it open and ran through it; the feet followed slowly and passed into the street, with those who had sufficient valor following behind at a safe distance. What could the thing mean, and what meant those unnatural, unearthly feet?

Hurriedly notice was sent to the village authorities, and those same hastened to the scene. Upon beholding the feet, the police were instructed to arrest them, being disturbers of the public peace and quiet. But the police feared to do so and ran away. Whereupon the head man of the village himself was called upon to make the arrest. It was to no purpose, for, as he fearfully attempted to lay hands upon them the feet gave such a great, superhuman leap that all the beholders fled, calling out in alarm; and not the slowest to run was the head man himself.

In the meantime the feet, which had been running in seemingly bewildered circles, commenced to flee down the great road. Some men who had arquebuses finally became brave enough to run after them and discharge their weapons; but as well might one have shot into the air. Still the feet went on, running until they seemed to tire; after that, shuffling along in their weird, unnatural fashion.

Seeing which, the people began to cry with one accord: "This is the doing of the Devil! Call the priest! Tell him to fetch book and bell, to exorcise this demon. Tell him to sprinkle this thing with holy water!"

"Exorcise the demon!" echoed all the frightened people, gathering as near as they dared to the feet, which in their supernaturalness seemed to defy gunpowder, and jailers, and all the powers of the world.

Soon the priest arrived and sprinkled the feet with holy water, but to no effect. The feet, ignoring all exorcism and exhorting of the priest, continued to shuffle about and terrify all who beheld them. Upon seeing which the priest ordered that they be driven into the prison near by and shut up, bolted in with iron bolts. His words were seized upon with acclamations, and a picked line of proved men was formed, leading to the prison door. Then the feet, now so tired that they could barely move along, were driven into the jail to the strongest cell therein. The door was bolted and barred with iron, and the priest besprinkled it plentifully with holy water. Then those who had made the capture, feeling that the feet could not now escape, began to disperse, talking and marveling among themselves what manner of miracle this could be.

Meantime, it was necessary to place guards without the prison walls, not only to keep the feet from escaping through the iron-barred windows, but to control excited and maddened people who, having just heard of the miracle, were fighting and crowding each other to the death in their desire to climb to the windows and see for themselves the things of which they had been told.

After a time lines were formed and each man looked through the window in his turn, retiring in amaze-

ment after perceiving the mysterious feet reposing in a dark corner of the prison cell.

During the next few days many were the wondering people who journeyed in from distant places to see, and who returned to their homes in amazement, shaking their mystified heads, and unable, one and all, to explain the miraculous occurrence. And, as time passed and no one could understand or explain, people began to lose interest—no one thought more about the worn and shuffling feet except the jailers who had to guard them. Even the jailers themselves lost interest; for what sort of a prisoner was it who needed not food or water, and who had not even a visible body to guard? As the door and windows of the cell were most strongly bolted, and holy-watered, the guards did not even peer into the room where the prisoners were confined; what was the use?

But one day a new jailer who was for the first time on duty received a terrible shock. He had been told in detail of the feet, and, taking his first opportunity to look at them, got such a fright that he almost lost his wits in consequence. For, upon peering into the darkened corner where the feet always sought to hide themselves, he was dumfounded to see that they were feet no longer. That is to say, the miserable, worn and tattered shoes were still there, with their contents of seemingly human flesh; but attached to those feet and ankles were a pair of stout and strong legs, extending upward and ending at the hips.

The terror of the jailer can not be described when he fully realized that he was not the victim of an optical delusion, and that the legs, as well as the feet, were actual realities! And as he stared, in his fright unable to move hand or foot, he saw the feet move out of their corner; the legs began to swing themselves, and the supernatural Thing stride out into the cell and toward the window where he stood. That roused him from his terror stricken trance, and with loud yells of fright he fled the spot.

Hearing his screams, the whole jail, and indeed the whole village itself, hurried to see what was wrong, and upon hearing what had occurred, to witness the phenomenon.

And phenomenon it was, verily. Never before or since has such a thing been seen! Moving about on the floor of the cell were the feet, and their legs, measuring off step after step. Measuring, indeed, for the legs resembled nothing more than a huge compass, such as was never used by earthly engineer. First one foot planted itself upon the floor, then the other one lifted and swung about the other, which was lifted and planted in its own turn. Never, as was said before, had the people seen such a sight to equal this—a thing not to believe, unless seen with one's own eyes.

Guards and jailers were trebled and kept before the windows by both night and day; and they, with the people who daily stood in line, could see how this terrible Thing went on forming, stomach, flanks and thighs; its flesh forming like that of the zoophytes. The matter of this stupendous reincarnation was noised far and wide, and colossal was the sensation. From far and wide came those who had heard of the Thing, and the people trembled in terror of the moment when the body should reach its entire growth—trembled with terror and curiosity at the same moment. All, even those who most feared, wondered what manner of head and face the already forming shoulders would take upon themselves, the priest and his followers declaring that it would surely have horns, and many others predicting that several heads would grow, instead of one.

Time passed on, and the head began to form. It was a great disappointment, being only a single one with one face and no vestige of horns. To be sure, the face was of a peculiar and unusual hideousness, the eyes red and glaring, and the nose hooked, enormous, truly Jewish!

Seeing that the Thing now had a face, a human face, and a mouth and tongue, the people speculated wildly as to whether he could or would speak. And whether if he, "the Reincarnate," as they called him, would be able to speak their language, in case his nearly created tongue could make intelligible words at all.

Great was the speculation, and many were the learned men who came from far and near to hear the first words, whether intelligible or not, of the strange and wonderful creature.

Intelligible they were! A voice, faint as it was fraught with anguish, came one morning from the cell: "Open—open—for pity's sake!"

People trembled and fainted; a quiver of fear shook the entire assembly of men and women who had waited for this very thing. The head men deliberated among themselves as to what they should do, and finally concluded to open the prison door; for the faint and anguished voice led them to believe that their prisoner was at best a poor miserable human, entirely at their mercy. So, very carefully, some clothing was passed to him through the window, and the head man, with new-born confidence, went to the window to speak.

"My friends," at last exclaimed this personage, turn-

ing from the window to the assembled multitude miserable man (for he is merely a man) declared if we will allow him to go away in freedom he us who he really is, and how his marvelous creation was caused. Shall we do this?"

"We consent. Bring him forth!" cried the multitude. The door of the dungeon was opened, and one tottered forth once more into the light of a medium stature, he was well-built and muscular, unkempt beard and sinister, melancholy countenance. His skin was yellow, waxen; and his gloomy aspect but heightened by the enormous nose which projected above the sorrowful mouth, with its dolorous, painful expression.

It was not possible for all to see him, the place was unable to contain so tremendous a multitude, and the people there came a mighty cry: "Take the plaza of Calvary!" "Stand him on the high cross!"

But such was the convulsion of fear into which the stranger fell upon hearing these words, such screams and shouts of protest that he uttered, that he was obliged to seek another spot. Therefore they went to the outskirts of the town and, mounted on a hill of the great wall, he uttered, amidst the most profound silence, the stupendous words which told the multitude who he was.

"Eighteen miserable centuries of existence gone through, supported by these same feet which have given you cause for so much fear. My body has perished many thousands of times, though never completely; for my feet, like my unhappy soul, continue to eternal existence upon the face of the earth, assisting thousands of deaths. From them has sprung the new body, in my corporeal reincarnation, impelled always by His words to journey on and the end of all the centuries.

"My last death occurred there in the mountain which you see, snow-covered, in the far distance. My never-ending wanderings I was overcome and devoured by a pack of wolves who made an earthly coverings, but refrained from devouring me. So it has always been; so it will always be! I have once more survived, as they must continue to do through countless centuries, and from them will come up time after time a new body, to pass through the same cycle of ages. Until He comes! The re-birth of the body, which you witnessed with horror, is ordained because my steps must never end upon the earth. I alone may hear urges me ceaselessly, repeating: 'Wander, Ahasuerus! Wander, Ahasuerus!'

And the people, now understanding who this terrible being was, fell away from his vicinity in vicious anger and loathing; making the sign of the cross and with sprinkling of holy water, they cried cord: "Wander, unhappy, thrice-cursed Wander!"

And the Jew errant, the accursed Ahasuerus, with long wail of anguish and horror, fled from the into the darkening night, wandering—wandering.

—Translated for the Argonaut from the Spanish by Manuel Lassa.

Many Chicago lawyers who were found by United States investigators to have looted the Cook County courts to conceal divorce cases threatened with contempt proceedings. John I. charge of the chancery record writers of the Court, has ordered 125 Chicago lawyers to return the vaults the official records of divorce cases for they gave receipts, but which they never returned. Some of the court records were taken from the files as sixteen years ago, and scores of them, some of the noted divorce cases, are said to have been lost. The action taken is the first to cure an evil with which the courts have been burdened for several years.

With the repatriation of the army, excepting the permanent garrison, Russian commercial and industrial activity in Manchuria appears to have collapsed. The latest information is that Harbin has been deserted by a majority of its former inhabitants. The demand for population for the purpose of commerce has been reduced to modest dimensions in comparison with the days of the war. The streets are empty and restaurants not patronized. Nothing flourishes, except robbery and pillage. The flour mills established during the war seem incapacitated for peaceful competition with Japanese millers. The Japanese are busy in Manchuria and north China.

The new policy of separating the races on street cars went into effect at Savannah, Ga., a short time ago. Reports from there say that the colored folks as a result of being mortally offended, and disposed to boycott the cars. They are given places on the same cars, but are lined up in the back seats. They admit that they should feel greatly offended if given the front seats; it is the distinction or separation which angers.

A MIDNIGHT SUPPER.

In the City That Was.

last week I saw the following paragraph in a Boston newspaper:

Marie Jansen, or Johnson, the actress, who has been contrary to the will of her step-father, Benjamin Johnson, who had her in that document, was in court yesterday when the will was read. The will was upheld, and she will take nothing from the estate. Miss Jansen while on the stand testified she was born in 1857.

to this more than middle-aged litigant, asking the Massachusetts courts to give her some of the money left Benjamin Johnson, is little Marie Jansen who was the first of the comic opera stage some years ago. Let me say "many years ago," even if Marie was born in 1857. That would make her today forty-nine years old. And who that saw that diminutive brunette as Olivette in the early eighties can tell her now as a more than middle-aged woman doubling the half century cape in life.

Let me see—when was it that Marie Jansen made her first appearance in San Francisco? It must have been about 1882. At that time Nat Goodwin was playing "The Member from Slocum," followed by "The Bells," with an imitation of Henry Irving, which he enjoyed immensely because we had never seen him do it. At that time Nat Goodwin had a new wife—Mrs. Eliza Weathersby. Nat always had a weakness for young women. I will not say new wives, as is the habit with many of his actor friends. His weakness has been criticised in that regard. She had been the star in one of the troupes of "British Blonde Burlesques," which—survivors of the Lydia Thompson time—then occupied the American stage. Nat's present wife is also very pretty, perhaps entitled to be called beautiful. The former wife was a brilliant blonde; the present wife is an equally brilliant brunette.

At the same time Ernesto Rossi was playing "Cello" at the Baldwin, then a new uptown theatre in the City That Was. Nat Goodwin was playing town at the Bush Street Theatre. Bush and Nat were then the night centre of the city. At the San Theatre Frederic Haase was giving Shakespeare's plays in German. At the old California Theatre was the Comley-Barton troupe, in which Marie Jansen was the prima donna. She opened as Madame Riche, and I remember that John Howson, as the Marquis de Ponsable, was a marvel of squeaky voice. Not only John's voice, but his very joints cracked. Digby Bell played Favart, while his then wife, Laura Joyce, played the Countess. At that time Marie Jansen was new to the stage—big and tall, but a handsome woman. "Patience" followed with Marie Jansen in the role, with John Howson as Bunthorne, James Cavanagh as Col. Caverly, and Laura Joyce as Lady Jocelyn.

John Howson as Bunthorne presented a perfect replica of Oscar Wilde, who was then lecturing in San Francisco, imitating even Wilde's stiff-kneed, tight-toed walk, and the caressing gesture with which he would put back his long locks.

Next the troupe gave "Olivette," which had an enormous vogue at that time. It was about the last of the comic operas, in my opinion. The torch which had been handed down from Offenbach to Audran was extinguished when it fell from Audran's stiffeners, and no one has been able to light it since. I eat many promising young men think they write comic operas, and a great many thousands of people would listen to them and doubtless think the composers composed comic operas. But they are neither comic nor are they comic.

"Olivette," although Marie Jansen's voice was really very charming. Her costume certainly was the limit. The Comley-Barton troupe, although they played twenty years ago, were pioneers in nudity. Nothing has since surpassed them. The young women who represented aides-de-camp to the noble wore cocked hats, sleeveless uniform coats, corsets, low-cut corsages, and tights. This combination of male and female dress was very droll. They used to go through an elaborate drill which was like a "silent Zouave drill," so called because no orders were given. It was the most perfect drilling of its kind I ever saw. Oddly enough, women are much more apt to do things than men. It is true that ballet masters and stage managers at rehearsals are sometimes forcibly restrained from falling on the stupid new girls in the second row and clubbing them to death. But these girls are intellectual marvels compared with their militia in learning the goose step or the manual of arms. John Howson, by the way, played Ponsable delightfully. He was as senile as Mezieres, but not so salacious. The French comedian was salacious as well as and salacious senility is unpleasant. I always be-

lieved that Richard Mansfield patterned some of the salacious sides of his Baron de Chevalier on the Ponsable of Mezieres.

I said but now that John Howson had modeled his Bunthorne on Oscar Wilde. That peculiar person was at the time visiting San Francisco. I met him twice: one evening at a dinner at the Bohemian Club—not given in his honor, by the way, but merely the regular club table d'hôte, to which he was invited by a member; on another occasion at a supper given in the old Maison Doree. Now be it understood that in the way of restaurants there was more than one entitled "Maison" in the old City That Was. There was the Maison Doree. There was the Maison Riche. And there were others. The Maison Riche, by the way, was so baptized by Marie Aimee on her first visit to that restaurant at the urgent request of John Somali, the proprietor. John was one of the characters in the old City That Was. He always had an uneasy fear that something would happen to the city, so he carried around with him never less than a thousand dollars in bills and gold, preferably gold. But when the terrible something happened John was quietly resting where the quake doth not shock, though the fire may afflict. How extremely useful would he have found his thousand dollars on April 18, 1906!

The Maison Doree was one of the few French restaurants which was considered quite proper. The aristocrats of the time were in the habit of lunching and dining there, and even "upstairs" was not considered tabooed, for a young member of the jeunesse doree could there give a luncheon or a dinner to a young person of the opposing sex, if they were properly safeguarded with chaperons. Thus was it on the night in question. The midnight supper was given by Eugene Dewey, a man of infinite charm, a prince of hosts, prematurely gray, but with "no wrinkles on his heart," as the French proverb runs. To this repast were bidden the stars of the Comley-Barton troupe, among whom were, naturally, Marie Jansen, and others already mentioned. There was also at the supper Helen Dineon, who herself subsequently became a comic opera singer of note. At that time she was merely a promising amateur. Helen was the daughter of Leon Dineon, the proprietor of the Maison Doree, a jolly old chap with torrents of white hair cascading over his brows, and bright, black, twinkling eyes, well known to the Four Hundred in the City That Was. Thus in addition to the companions whom some of the comic opera stars brought with them as chaperons—and as chaperons they were highly trained—we had with us "the daughter of the patron." The daughter of the house being with us, it is quite evident that the affair was entirely respectable. In short, it was "for the good motive," as the French say, and we were quite European.

Among the men seated at the host's right hand was Barton Key, the manager of the company, whose chief claim to fame rested on the fact that he was the son of the man who had been shot by General Sikes. Then there were John Howson, Alfred Cellier, a certain number of local good fellows, and Oscar Wilde. The latter gentleman came in shop attire, as he had done at the Bohemian Club, with his long hair freshly perfumed, his sunflower, his velvet knee-panties, and his silver-buckled shoes. I remember thinking him at the time the most astounding ass I had ever met. In this I was wrong. He was playing the buffoon for money merely.

Looking back through the mist of years, I remember that supper began at about half after midnight when most of the guests had "done their work." It lasted until about half-past four. Although Marie Jansen was the star of the opera, Helen Dineon was the star of the supper. She would sit at the piano, sing, and accompany herself; or she would play accompaniments for others to sing; or she would play waltz music for others to dance; or she would suddenly leap from the piano stool, put some one else there, and execute a few steps to illustrate what she was saying or singing, and then return to the piano. She sang songs in English, French, Italian, German—even some delightful Spanish canzonetas. Many of the local jeunesse doree looked at Helen with amazement when they saw how she had eclipsed the visiting stars.

What a night it was! What interest, what amusement, what merriment compressed into a few hours! Chorus followed story, story followed song. What a group of interesting men! What a lot of pretty women! Marie Jansen in those days was one of the prettiest women on the stage. Perhaps the only one to compare with her was Lillian Russell, who was playing (as I remember) in Willie Edouin's "Fun in a Photograph Gallery." Lillian was then married to a fiddler. She always had a weakness for fiddlers. This was her second fiddler, I believe, but his name I have forgotten. I do not mean the third fiddler. I think the third fiddler was Solomons. In those days Lillian was prettier than one of Watteau's marquises, and Marie Jansen was almost as pretty as was Lillian.

Among the interesting men at supper was Alfred Cellier, one of the most charming and accomplished men

I ever met. He was the composer of "Doris," "Dorothy," and other operas; a musician, a brilliant talker, a jolly story-teller, and had seen much of life in the great capitals of the world. He was half an Englishman and half a Frenchman; his father French, his mother English. He spoke both languages with equal fluency; he was perfectly bi-lingual, and he seemed to be half Saxon and half Gallic. When Helen Dineon did not accompany her own songs at the piano, Cellier accompanied her or any one else. She had no music; neither had he; nobody had any music. To Cellier it made no difference whether he had ever heard a melody before, he would play an accompaniment to it which even at first was not a halting or uncertain one, and which would evolve into rich and bizarre harmonies as the melody progressed. When Joe Redding sat down and played his own composition entitled "Opus Einst"—an immortal symphony now entirely forgotten—we frantically encored him. Joe Redding was then youthful and shy, with the shrinking timidity of the wood violet. He hesitated in responding. Cellier rose timidly, bowed deeply, modestly accepted the encore, and went to the piano. Although he had heard "Opus Einst" but once, he played it through exactly as the composer had done, and then repeated it in a Niagara of harmonies, through which occasionally and contrapuntally "Opus Einst" could be heard plaintively tootling like "Yankee Doodle" on a flute.

How can you remember all these names and all these incidents after the lapse of so many years? the reader may ask. To which I would reply: Do you not think that they are worth remembering? But I will add that I have all my life had the habit of keeping theatre and concert programmes, menu and dinner cards, and all manner of paper records of trifles. Thus I have kept many menu cards of dinners with the names of the guests written on the back, frequently in autograph. Such a card I found the other day, and it brought back the memory of this midnight supper of so many years ago. This card had been misplaced, which is why I found it; it had been used as a book-mark. But all the rest of my programmes, dinner cards, and similar souvenirs, which were carefully arranged and filed away, were burned in the great fire of last April. This shows the advantage of being methodical and of saving things.

There is no climax to this narrative. It is merely a jotting down of the fleeting recollections of an event of years ago. Probably the reader may say it is commonplace. Perhaps he may say the boys of today have as good a time as the old boys had.

Perhaps they do.

And then again perhaps they don't.

San Francisco, October, 1906.

Pasquino.

Considerable disparity of opinion has resulted from the presence of an African Bushman pygmy boy in a large cage provided for monkeys in the Bronx Zoo, New York. The little African, whose name is Oto Benga, visited the St. Louis fair, and, liking the country, came back with Dr. Verner, a traveler. When he arrived there was difficulty about providing lodging for him. Benga was too wild for hotel life, even at the Astoria, and not being used to civilization, required attentive guardianship. Finding that wild creatures are made comfortable in the Zoo, Dr. Verner saw Director Hornaday, who said he would take care of Benga, and gave him quarters at the Zoo. Benga was happy there, but the Colored Baptist Ministers' Conference took the view that Benga was giving a degrading exhibition of a human being in a cage with apes, and appointed a committee to do something about it. Benga, who speaks the Hottentot language, was then taken out of the cage and will soon go to North Carolina, where Dr. Verner will send him to school, and qualify him to disclose even more impressively than now how immeasurably far apart is the lowest grade of human creature from the highest grade of ape.

A Canadian Pacific Railroad survey party is said to have left Vancouver for an exploration survey of the country between Comox and Alberni, on the coast of Vancouver island. It is thought that the purpose of the company is to establish a Pacific terminus for its railway and fleet on the west coast of the island and transport its trains across the stretch from the mainland by ferry. Comox is nearly in the direct line from Vancouver, and Alberni lies practically due west. It is near the head of a deep gulf running into the coast, which would afford shelter for a large fleet. Should the plan suggested be carried out one day's sailing would be saved on the voyage to Japan.

A German sanitary expert points out that the reason why beer is often sold at a temperature so low as to be injurious to the stomach is that at that temperature it is difficult to tell stale beer from good beer.

VERSATILE "HANS BREITMANN."

Master of Gypsy Lore, Pioneer of Industrial Education, Prince of Letter Writers.

A biography of Charles Godfrey Leland, one of the most picturesque figures and strongest individualities in American literature, has appeared. The author is Elizabeth Robins Pennell, his niece, who was "Hans Breitmann's" companion in the last period of his career. Leland's life was spent in a continual quest of the strange, the odd, and the mysterious. In the French revolution of '48 "le citoyen" Charles commanded a band of Latin Quarter students at the barricades; in the Civil War days he had remarkable adventures in the backwoods of Tennessee and West Virginia, being the only white allowed at the secret ceremonies of the negroes; in '67 he was initiated with wild incantations into the Kaw Indian tribe; he was the discoverer of "Shelta," the language of the vagabond tinkers, which had its origin in the ancient Celtic tongue; as the possessor of the famous Black Stone of the Voodooists, he was a high-priest of Voodooism; he was called Master by Continental witches, and was welcomed by Gypsies in every country as one of their own; and he knew more than any one of what he jocularly called "the folk-lore at first hand among niggers, Romanys, Dutch Uncles, hand-organ men, Injuns, bar-maids, tinkers, etc." A small library of scholarly volumes by the Rye (the title by which Leland was known to his friends, and every Gypsy on the roads) attests that his interest in these queer subjects was not that of a dilettante or faddist. But fate ludicrously decreed that he should be best known to the reading public as "Hans Breitmann," the hero of a series of comic ballads in German dialect, which Leland wrote at odd moments for pastime. The creator of the bibulous Hans thought very little of him, but when Leland journeyed to Europe, shortly after the publication of the ballads, he was everywhere greeted as the philosophical German of the verses. Mrs. Pennell writes of the author's distaste of this notoriety.

When the Rye arrived in London, he was received as Hans Breitmann; the "one thorn in his cushion," for he resented nothing so much as being identified with the disreputable old adventurer who was no more like him than the Heathen Chinee was like Bret Harte. "Breitmann has become my autocrat and has imposed his accursed name on me—and thou helpest him!" he wrote as late as 1895 to Mr. Fisher Unwin, who had published his photograph and labeled it "Hans Breitmann," in a little volume called "Good Reading." And I remember his disgust, at much the same period, when the editors of a magazine objected to his choice of the photograph of himself for which they had asked him: "I suppose they want a Hans Breitmann with a beer mug!"

Charles Godfrey Leland was born in Philadelphia, August 15th, 1824. Of Puritan ancestry, he graduated from Princeton in his twenty-first year, as unversed in the ways of the world as "most boys in the United States are at the age of twelve or thirteen." But the spirit of some restless forebear was working in him, and when he sailed for Heidelberg to complete his education, adventure followed fast on adventure. The years spent in Germany, France and Italy made a cosmopolite of the young student, but on his return Philadelphia did not take kindly to his German mysticism, and Leland's beginnings in active life were attended by discouragements. Mrs. Pennell writes of the first promising offer for his journalistic work, which came from New York:

It was Barnum who made it, as it always pleased the Rye, with his love of the "queer," to remember. Of Barnum's extraordinary performances, surely the most extraordinary was the launching of Hans Breitmann as an independent journalist.

Barnum was then in the first flush of notoriety, prepared to run all creation when necessary, and, in the meanwhile and in partnership with the Brothers Beech, to run a big illustrated weekly. Barnum had asked Dr. Rufus Griswold to be editor of the "Illustrated News," and Griswold—"journalist, literary critic, discoverer, and monitor of poets and poetesses"—had accepted, partly in order to oppose the post of assistant to the "young Leland."

Some of his friends might be shocked at the very idea of even speaking to "the showman," to say nothing of working for him. The Rye appreciated Barnum's kindness. "Uncle Barnum," he says in one place, "was always good as gold to me." Moreover, in Barnum there was the oddness, the picturesqueness, that never failed to attract him in people, as in art and literature.

To the Rye, the lover of the odd, he was "a genius like Rabelais, but one who employed business and humanity for material, instead of literature, just as Abraham Lincoln, who was a brother of the same band, employed patriotism and politics. All three of them expressed vast problems, financial, intellectual, or natural, by the brief arithmetic of a joke." This was the sort of "arithmetic" his sense of humor helped him to tackle. He has left a pleasant picture of

proprietor and assistant editor preparing together the humorous column which was a feature of the paper, the proprietor deferring to the assistant "as a small schoolboy defers to an elder on the question of a game of marbles or hop-scotch," the two editing their puns, reading their good things to each other, as happy as boys at play. A book of jokes "By Barnum and Hans Breitmann" would, the Rye adds, "have been a very nice book indeed."

But the Prince of Showmen found it more difficult to publish a financially successful illustrated weekly journal than to exploit his "fifty million unparalleled moral wonders," and the paper "died a-borning." The future loomed brighter for young Leland, however, and he rapidly made many friends in the literary set. Of Hawthorne, Leland writes:

He is "a moody man who sat by the stove and spoke to no one." N. P. Willis, pointed out to the boy years before as a celebrity—a young gentleman then with curly hair and very foppish air—was still a shining light in New York, still by sheer swagger and dangerous "Hurry-Graphs" forcing the public to accept him at his own estimation, even while the few laughed at "Niminy-Piminy Willis," and his own sister slanged him as "Jenny Jessamy." Bryant, the popular poet he will never be again; the Misses Warner, scarcely known by name now, but classics to the generations brought up on "Queechy," and "The Wide Wide World;" Alice and Phoebe Cary, gentle and ladylike as their verses; John Godfrey Saxe, another of the neglected; Henry Ward Beecher, his notoriety yet some distance ahead of him—these and many more made a literary group as important to themselves, if not to the world, as the Boston Club or the Brook Farm philosophers.

Throughout his life Leland maintained a striking dual personality. Leland, the philologist, the translator of Heine, the author of many well-read volumes, was the intimate of Tennyson, Bulwer-Lytton, Browning, Lowell, Holmes, Besant; Leland, the chum of the nomad, and strange folk generally, from whom no secrets were withheld, was not above joining in the tavern celebrations of their kind. Of his introduction to the Gypsies, Mrs. Pennell says:

At the age of forty-five, the Rye found himself free for the first time to order his life and choose his company, and straightway, he fell among Gypsies and became the Rye in earnest. The Gypsies, however, did not fill all his life or form all his company. He would not have liked them so well if they had. Half the charm was in the sort of dual existence that came of devoting part of his time to them, part to conventional society and pursuits—the Jekyll-Hyde combination in its romantic aspect.

Of this love for the Gypsies I can speak from my memory of the old days. And as, since his death, all his Gypsy papers and collections have been placed in my hands, I now know no less well—perhaps better than anybody—just how hard he worked over their history and their language. For, if "Gypsying" was, as he said, the best sport he knew, it was also his most serious pursuit. There were notebooks, elaborate vocabularies, stories, proverbs, songs, diaries, lists of names, memoranda of all sorts; there are great bundles of letters, a few from Gypsies, the greater number from Romanys; for nothing, I do believe, ever united men as closely as love of the Gypsy—and it happened that never was there a group of scholars so ready to be drawn together by this bond, borrow their inspiration, as they would have been the first to admit.

Of all the little group not one got to know the Gypsies better, loved them more honestly, and wrote about them more learnedly, yet delightfully, than the Rye—the name by which they, as well as I, knew him best.

If at home, up to 1869, he had never fallen among Gypsies. Fate so willed it that he should spend much of his time in England in the town of all others where to escape them was impossible for the few who did not want to escape, though most people there would not have known a Gypsy had they seen one. This was Brighton, middle-class and snobbish, still too dazzled by the royalty that once patronized it to have eyes for the Romanies who, however, were always to be found at the Devil's Dyke, but a few miles off. It was another piece of luck that chief among these Romanies should be old Matty Cooper, in his way as remarkable a personage as the Regent had been before him. Matty is effectively described in a letter to Mrs. John Harrison from Brighton (October 28, 1871): "There is a very romantic and extraordinary place, six miles from here, called the Devil's Dyke. It is a very large old Roman encampment a mile long, around a very high hill from which one can see sixty steeples and several interesting places. I walked over there one Sunday, and while there, asked for Old Gentilia, the Gypsy who tells fortunes, whom I had not seen for a year. I found a Gypsy man in Romanys rig, i. e., with red and yellow neckerchief, knee breeches, and cut-away coat—her brother. So I accosted him with Sarishan! (Greeting), to which he replied, Cushto divvus (Good day). And I, (How've you been beshe sore acovar tatten?) (How have you been all summer?) And he said he had been picking hops and earned shilar chindis, or four shillings, a day. For I am getting quite fluent in Gypsy, which is very queer, for they always refuse to talk it or teach it—but I verily believe that I have some magic power over them,

for they really seem to teach me all they can. I am told that I am probably the only man in England except Borrow who has learned it."

And it was another part of the charm the Romanies had for the Rye that, thanks to them, he could travel nowhere and not find friends waiting for him. All his journeys during these years meant so many chapters for his Gypsy books. He went to Russia for the winter, and the record is in his papers on the Russian Gypsies who sang to him in St. Petersburg and Moscow. He attended the Oriental Congress in Paris in 1878, and he might have forgotten it himself, but for his meetings with the Hungarian Gypsies who played for him at the Exposition. He wandered over England, here, there, and I, for one, could not say where, were it not for the Gypsies, who, in each new place, gave him fresh material for his books. He spent a summer in Wales, Palmer with him, that would be a blank in the story of his life, but for the discovery of Shelta, the encounters with some of the deep, wild Welsh Gypsies, and the strange legend that grew up among them of his passing.

He loved them as a friend, he studied them as a scholar, and to such good purpose that, when they have vanished forever from the roads, they will still live and wander in the pages of his books. Even if Borrow had never written, the Romanys would be immortalized in "The English Gypsies," and "The Gypsies."

His discovery of Shelta, or the "tinker's talk" is told in the following characteristic incidents:

One summer day, in 1876, on the road near Bath, he met a tramp, but a tramp in whom he read the "signs," and who, after the first interchange, confided "We are givin' Romanes up very fast—all on us is. It is a-gettin' to be too blown. Everybody knows some Romanes now. But there is a jib that ain't blown." He further confided that this jib is "most all old Irish, and they calls it 'Shelter,'" though confidence stopped here. If "Shelter" too was ever to be "blown," he, anyway, was not the man to blow it.

Another year (1877) and the Rye was in Aberystwith with Professor Palmer. No Romanys ever yet went to Wales who did not return the richer for many strange adventures, from Borrow and Groome to Mr. John Sampson, the latest of the company. And the Rye and Palmer were not the men to prove exceptions. They could not go out together, in the streets of the little town, or by the sea, or in the beautiful wild country all around, and not meet with the Romanys. Sometimes the Romanys was a tinker less troubled by scruples than the tramp near Bath, and ready to reveal how much more there was in Shelta worth "blowing" than the name.

"One morning" in Philadelphia three years later—I tell it in the Rye's words—"as I went into the large garden which lies around the house wherein I wone, I heard by the honeysuckle and grapevine a familiar sound, suggestive of the road and Romanys and London, and all that is most traveler-esque. It was the tap, tap, tap, of a hammer and the clang of tin, and I knew, by the smoke that so gracefully curled at the end of the garden, a tinker was near. And I advanced to him, and as he glanced up and greeted I read in his Irish face long rambles on the roads."

This tinker at work in the pretty old Philadelphia "back-yard" was Owne, to whom the world owes by far the larger part of the vocabulary of Shelta published in "The Gypsies."

"There you are, readers!" is the Rye's summing up, at the end: "Make good cheer of it, as Panurge said of what was beyond him. For what this language really is, passeth me and mine." "The talk of the old Picts—thim that build the stone houses like bee-hives," was Owen's conjecture. To this, the Rye added in comment, "I have no doubt that when the Picts were suppressed thousands of them must have become wandering outlaws like the Romanys, and that their language in time became a secret tongue of vagabonds on the roads."

Leland's interest in educational work, especially in industrial arts, was sincere and disinterested. He was the author of "Leather Work," "Elementary Metal Work," "Wood Carving" and kindred manuals which are still represented in the publisher's list. In 1881 he introduced the study of hand-work in Philadelphia's schools. Mrs. Pennell says that he considered this the greatest achievement of his life. She continues:

He found himself chief instructor in drawing, carving in wood, working in metal and leather. His own work and innumerable interests more personal might be clamoring for him. Spring might be in the air and Gypsies on the road. But, with nothing to gain, he shut himself up deliberately in the stuffy school room, going regularly from boy to boy, from girl to girl, setting copies, presiding, directing, encouraging. And I might as well say here that he never failed when he was wanted—that from the first class held in 1881, until he left Philadelphia, in 1884, he always did teach and never was paid for it, and that, from beginning to end, he missed not more than a half a dozen lessons, if that many.

There is a bibliography appended to the biography, which is in two volumes. The illustrations consist of two frontispiece portraits of Leland and facsimile reproductions of letters from famous personages.

"Charles Godfrey Leland—A Biography," is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York; price \$5.00 net per set.

CURRENT VERSE.

Ballade of Heroes.

Tarkington's bucks are of courtly stuff
Major's knights, at a pinch, will do;
Howell's heroes are well enough;
Hopkinson Smith's have a healthy hue
Barrie's Scots are a kailsome brew;
Parker's Canuck very likely drinks;
Give me the man with his mind in kink
(Benedict be he, or squire of dames
Who tells what he thinks he thinks he thinks
Give me the hero of Henry James!

Wister's cowboys are slightly tough;
London lands but a truculent crew;
A little too much inclined to bluff
Is Harding Davis's civilized Sioux;
Hall Caine's sufferers wear their rue
With little indifference. Each one slin
Away, and the dazzled reader blinks,
When some psychic problem he tackle
tames—
From mental muddles he never shrinks—
Give me the hero of Henry James!

Garland's grangers are gritty, if gruff;
Hope's smart bachelors wittily woo;
Weyman's worthies are up to snuff,
Conan Doyle's never lack a clue;
But, alas! at a glance you can look
through!
No matter in what gay clothes he prinks
Who cares for a character full of chinks;
Such transparency, his make-up shames;
Cards and spades he can give the Sphinx
Give me the hero of Henry James!

ENVOY.

Ho! Sir Critic, with eye of lynx
That sleeps not ever, nor even winks,
Scan me the field with its clash of c
Then take your choice; as for me, i-jinks
Give me the hero of Henry James!
—Frank Preston Smart, in Century Magazine

Soft Pedal.

[Mr. G. Bernard Shaw declares that won't come to America unless we promise to greet him with brass bands, saluting him and an offer of the Presidency.]

O why should we greet you with guns, B
Shaw,
And why should we greet you with noi
With shooting and tooting and rocket
scouting,
And broadsides of cheers from "the boy
Ah, were it not better in silence and awe
To muster our mobs to the parks,
Harsh noises to curb, so as not to distu
The Champion Talker's remarks?

O couldn't police bearing placards n
"Hush!"
Suppress the more romping and bold,
That your voice, sparkling-cruel, might be
rare jewel,
In silence more precious than gold?
Shall we be like the Greeks when Sir (s
speaks
And kick any mongrel that barks,
Keep all the streets clear so as not to interfe
With the Champion Talker's remarks?

We'll line all the sidewalks with felt, B
Shaw,
And the subway, which patience endur
We'll quiet its growl, while the megap
howl
Will be silenced (except, of course, y
Come, genius! we wait in a petrified stat
Avoiding all riots and larks,
Which, haply, might cause an embarr
pause
In the Champion Talker's remarks.

—Wallace Irwin

Frederick Cole Fairbanks, son of the President of the United States, eloped with Nellie Scott of Pittsburgh to Steubenville, where he was married contrary to the wish of his parents. Parental objections to the marriage of the part of Vice-President and Mrs. Fairbanks are said to have been the cause of the elopement. The young people have been forgiven and returned home was welcomed.

The Pacific liner, Mongolia, recently in danger of loss through striking a reef at Miay Island, arrived in San Francisco harbor October 9. For five days all efforts to get the big steamer off the rocks were futile, but at last the vessel floated, and after the tugging at the wires had been temporarily suspended. The cost of the mishap will amount to more than \$1 million dollars.

The orange and lemon growers of Southern California will get \$10,000,000 to \$12,000,000 net for their product for the season of 1906.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Richard Croker is reported by a cable dispatch to be bringing an action for libel and claiming heavy damages against the proprietors of a London magazine in connection with an article dealing with Croker's relation to Tammany Hall.

Mrs. Agnes Lewis, of England, is the only woman who has received the degree of D. D., which has been conferred upon her in recognition of her labors in deciphering some ancient manuscripts of the Bible which were discovered in a cave on Mt. Sinai. She is the most famous woman Bible scholar in the world.

General Nogi of Port Arthur fame is paying the penalty of popularity at the hands of auto-graph seekers. The form which this has taken in Japan has about it a touch of sentiment, inasmuch as the relatives of soldiers who fell before Port Arthur are seeking the general's autograph in order to place on the tombstones of the dead.

Camille Du Gast, the celebrated French actor, is tall and powerfully built, but with a manly face always wreathed in smiles. When on stage he wears bifurcated garments. After thirty-six years of life she has had more adventures than fall to the lot of most male actors and is now on a tour of the interior of Mexico.

William Treloar, a City of London alderman since 1892, has been elected Lord Mayor in succession to Walter Vaughan Morgan. Sir William has been known as the "Children's Guardian" because of his many benefactions to the children of the slums. He was largely instrumental in securing the opening of the British Museum on Sundays. He was born in London in 1843.

Director Rogers of the Navy has recently designated to succeed Paymaster-General Harris. President Roosevelt, in looking over the list of eligibles, was impressed with the fact that Director Rogers had not applied for the position, and at once caused a letter to be written asking him if he would accept. The letter was the first intimation Rogers had that he was being considered.

Mrs. Bullock Workman, the intrepid explorer, has won fame by her climbing feats in the Andes, now holds the world's record for mountaineering. She has scaled a height of 23,000 feet in the Nun Kun range. The ascent

was continued by cutting steps in an ice wall. Mrs. Bullock-Workman left her husband at 22,800 feet and continued the ascent accompanied by a guide and a porter.

The Kaiser has appointed Herr Dernburg, a Berlin business man, head of the German colonial office in place of Prince Ernst Hohenlohe-Langerberg. Herr Dernburg started his career as a clerk and rose to be a bank official with a salary of \$62,500 a year. This he has now given up for a salary of \$4,500 and an official residence. He was a director of several banks and the leader in a number of industrial enterprises. His father is a journalist connected with the Berliner Tageblatt.

Truman Newberry, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, is a popular official because he is a sailor himself, knows the needs of the men, and has, besides, been an officer in the navy. A newspaper man who likes to get to the bottom-most pit of things in general asked the genial Mr. Newberry: "When, Mr. Secretary, did the United States begin to make preparation for intervention in Cuba?" "Immediately after the United States left Cuba to herself some years ago," quietly replied Mr. Newberry.

Mrs. Bertha J. Burch is a new "lady statistician" whose specialty is cotton. She has entered into her new field after a thorough course of training in the Bureau of Statistics at Washington, where she was for several years the confidential secretary and assistant of John Hyde. Wall street at first was inclined to make light of "lady statisticians," as it sneeringly called them, but has revised its estimate. Mrs. Burch is employed by a firm of New York brokers. Her estimate of last year's cotton crop stands out clearly as the best issued.

Information comes from France, where George Gray Barnard is working on the marble groups which are to be the chief adornment of the new State capitol at Harrisburg, that the sculptor has told intimate friends that he will wreck his creations before he will let them be taken across the ocean without a fair compensation for his several years of labor. He was to have \$100,000 for the work, but the payments have been delayed. An order to prepare replicas of his statues for exhibition at the opening had been nearly completed when it was countermanded, although Barnard had expended \$4000 upon it.

The passing of Lieutenant-General Henry C. Corbin, United States Army, to the retired list,

and the introduction of Lieutenant-General Arthur MacArthur, his successor, is another step toward the abolition of the rank of lieutenant-general. The only one in active service now holding that rank is General MacArthur, and he will have only a brief service as ranking officer of the army before following his predecessors into retirement. Then the rank of lieutenant-general, which in the few years since the Spanish-American war has been held by three officers still living, besides Corbin, Miles, Chaffee and Bates, will lapse.

Norvert Weiner, son of Professor Weiner of Harvard University, seems entitled to the distinction of being termed a successor of "The Admirable Crichton," who, toward the close of the sixteenth century, was sent to college at St. Andrews when he was ten years old, and took his master's degree at fifteen. Young Weiner at eleven years of age is a freshman at Tufts College and is supposed to be the youngest college student in America. At the age of three he could write with perfect ease, and at eight he was studying the Darwinian theory. It was the intention of the boy's father to send him to Harvard, but the college authorities refused to admit him on the score of age.

Charles E. Hughes, the Republican candidate for Governor of New York, is of Welsh extraction, and was born forty-four years ago in Glens Falls, N. Y., the son of the Rev. David C. Hughes, a Baptist minister. He entered Colgate University, but after a time was transferred to Brown at his own desire, and had won two degrees, A. B. and M. A., at the age of 19. In 1882 he entered the Columbia Law School, from which he was graduated in 1884. He married in 1888 Antoinette Carter, a daughter of Walter S. Carter, a member of a law firm. He was occupied with teaching and the holding of a prize fellowship in Columbia Law School until 1891. He is now a member of the firm of Hughes, Rounds & Schurman, with offices at 96 Broadway. He is personally a man of great charm of manner. He is fond of walking and tramping, principally with a view to health. It was by his work as attorney for the Armstrong committee of the New York Legislature, which investigated the business methods of the large life insurance companies, that Mr. Hughes came to be best known. Before that he had been counsel for the Stevens Assembly Committee, which investigated the charges made by gas companies. For his services as inquisitor in the insurance matters, Mr. Hughes received \$25,000.

Del Monte Offers

During the reconstruction of San Francisco, Hotel Del Monte offers a welcome shelter to those desiring a home-like place for rest and recreation. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at the present. The entire hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families. Address Geo. P. Snell, Manager, Del Monte, California.

A Permanent Home

85 Cent Gas FOR HEATING

Quick Clean Cheap

For a quick cheery fire these cold mornings and evenings try a

\$5.00 MODEL GAS RADIATOR

Very handsome and heavily nickeled

Six feet hose free

Gasteam Radiators Backus Grates "AT YOUR SERVICE"

THE GAS CO.

925 Franklin Street 500 Haight Street
1260 Ninth Ave. 421 Presidio Ave.
2965 16th Street

THE OCULARIUM

Perfect Fitting

Eye Glasses

At Moderate Prices

Lenses Replaced 50c

Henry Kahn & Co
OPTICIANS

1309 Van Ness Avenue,
Between Bush and Sutter.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL
WORCESTERSHIRE
FOR STEAKS, CHOPS,
COLD MEATS,



FISH, SOUPS,
SALADS, GRAVIES, etc.

THE
PEERLESS
SEASONING.

VANITY FAIR.

For the benefit of its patronesses, among whom are included many of the most prominent women in New York society, the day and night bank has perfected arrangements that will make its safe deposit vaults an important adjunct of the local opera season, which coincides with the reopening of social activities.

According to the New York Press, spacious retiring rooms have been installed by the side of the vault chambers where the women may array themselves in their jewels and where, after they have worn them they may replace them in safety, without the risk of secreting the valuables, in their vaults.

Nor is another feature of the new financial institution of lesser importance, which has to do with the establishment of an entirely separate banking department for women. To the rear of the present offices in Forty-fourth street, a complete equipment is being put into position which will be given over exclusively to the use of women.

It is believed that the new system with its relief from the danger of robberies will go far toward making the wearing of jewels, particularly the more costly sets, usually left in the vaults except on state occasions, commoner than it has heretofore been.

The following paragraphs from a New York "society column" show that acting as house-keeper for a hotel is not incompatible with moving in what Jeames Yellowplush called the "hupper suckles":

Mrs. Mercer Pell, of New York, who has made a success of the Grand Hotel this season at Harrogate, an English seaside resort, has declined an offer to manage a winter hotel at Cannes.

Gen. Nelson A. Miles went all the way from London, 200 miles, to escort Mrs. Pell to the Doncaster races. The gallant general gave several dinner parties there, among his guests being Lady Claude Hamilton.

Mrs. Pell's sister, Marcela Eccleson, has been staying with her and finishing her first novel, "When King Became Brigand."

Another clever American woman, Virginia Wood, the artist, a great friend of Amelia Rives, is at Harrogate on the way to Holland.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jones, of Cincinnati, and their daughter, Miss Frances, visited the Duchess of Manchester, who was Miss Zimmerman, of Cincinnati, at the Tanderagee Castle, and are enthusiastic over her lovely children. They are to return soon to America, and Gen. Miles is booked for the same steamer.

Lord Yarmouth was at Harrogate for a time. His countess, who was Miss Thaw, of Pittsburg, is in Switzerland.

The following criticism of the American woman found in an anonymous volume called "The Secret Life" has the charm of novelty: "My observation leads me to think that American women hold a position far inferior to the women of Europe," says the writer, adding, "Why is American social life composed almost exclusively of women? What is the cause of our superfluity of women's clubs and classes? What place has the middle-aged or elderly woman in America save as the mother of her daughters, or the dispenser of her husband's hospitalities and charities? After the period of sex-attraction has passed women have no power in America. Who ever sees here, as is so often seen in Europe, an elderly woman's drawing rooms filled with politicians, financiers, artists, who come for the refreshment and stimulation of her ideas and conversation? Mentally the American woman does not interest the American man."

There is a practical-minded millionaire who has invented a substitute for valuable pictures which it is hoped will not commend itself to others, remarks London Truth. He has had a large number of bank notes framed, and these are hung upon the wall where the pictures should be.

In the drawing-room is one frame that contains a bank note for a hundred thousand pounds, and he says, "There is the money in case I find a picture which is sufficiently valuable to pay that price for it. Meanwhile, the note tells its own tale, and saves me from explaining to my visitors that 'this picture cost so much,' as most other rich men do."

"The chief pleasure of these collectors appears to arise not from the beauty of the work, but from the cost of it; then why not have checks or bank notes for a large sum hung on the walls as I do? Besides I find that it is much more interesting to my visitors, for most of them look long and carefully at the bank notes who would but glance at the work of art!"

This eccentric man recently gave a dinner on the same principle. In the soup plates there was no soup, but sovereigns; for fish were served five-

pound notes; for game, checks, and for sweets, shares in a thriving company, and there was not a guest who did not enjoy this entertainment more than any he or she had ever before been present at.

It has remained for the American Duchess de la Rochefoucauld to revive the stately, gorgeous hunting parties of long ago in the forests that surround her husband's chateau at Montmirail.

The duchess (who was Miss Mattie Mitchell, accompanied by her mother, the widow of the late United States Senator Mitchell, of Oregon) has joined the Duke de la Rochefoucauld at the ancient chateau. There the duchess, an enthusiastic sportswoman, will pass the autumn in hunting and shooting.

But, enthusiastic as she is, the duchess studies her outdoor diversions from an aesthetic and artistic standpoint. With a scholar's fervor, she scans ancient volumes describing the majestic hunts of centuries ago and patterns her own expeditions after those kingly excursions of long ago.

Wearing a riding habit like that of some famous huntress queen, the duchess canters through the ducal forest with the traditional falcon perched on her wrist and held captive by a long gold chain. Her equestrian, wearing elaborate liveries and mounted on luxuriously caparisoned horses, follow her at the exact distance prescribed by the ancient rules of the chase.

Already it is whispered that this American duchess, whose husband is of the most ancient French nobility, will enthusiastically assist in restoring the monarchical hunting pageants which the Duchess d'Uzes proposes to revive next year.

Mrs. Clara Ruge is an art critic who has made a special study of costumes. She talked at the Hotel Astor, in New York, recently before the Art Workers' Club on the "Origin, History and Development of Costume." William M. Chase, the artist, lent her some of his gorgeous costumes that she might illustrate her talk by dressing live girls up in them and giving living pictures. Mr. Chase also posed the young women, who were pretty professional models.

Mrs. Ruge devoted several minutes of her talk to trousers, and the women, who formed a large majority of the audience, listened with interest. They had a right to, comments the New York Sun, in its report of the entertainment. If it hadn't been for women's aprons, first worn in Egypt, there wouldn't have been any trousers. These are but aprons of a larger growth. "Men have always been more sensible about their dress than women," said Mrs. Ruge. "At times they have become foolish and worn things to show off their handsome figures, or let vanity run away with them, but in the main they have been saner than women, so far as clothes go."

"Trousers, the distinctive feature of men's dress, were worn in Egypt for the first time. Both women and men had been wearing aprons. Aprons were the very first attempt to ornament and decorate the person. Before they appeared, men and women wore skins and furs—plain, severe and simple. The aprons were a fanciful frill. The women of Egypt got to wearing them long, and imperious fashion required the men to do the same. It was difficult for the men to move freely, though, wearing these long aprons. A genius appeared. He cut holes in the apron, stuck his legs through, and behold, he had the rudimentary trousers. Little by little something was added behind or in front until today we have the perfect pattern."

Until the present time, Mrs. Ruge said, the caprice and whim of women threw common sense to the winds, and the result was the most outlandish dress conceivable.

"We have progressed," said Mrs. Ruge. "We have found that it is foolish to submit to the slavery of fashion. Today whatever is beautiful is fashionable. Formerly it was whatever is fashionable is beautiful. I consider, though, that the periods in which the most beautiful costumes were worn by men and women were in the time of the Greeks and during the Renaissance."

Hats have always indicated ideas, said the costume expert. The felt hat, broad-brimmed, free and easy, has always stood for liberal ideas, freedom, hatred of tyranny, and manliness.

"The first felt hats were worn by Wallenstein's soldiers during the thirty years' war," she said. "The Hollanders wore them to show they had thrown off the rule of Spain. The Puritans wore them, and so did the Quakers, making a fashion of soft hats, which indicated their formality and sternness. Today the rough rider hats and the cowboys' sweeping hats stand for the same thing—love of liberty."

History tells us that Confucius liked sharks' fins and sea-slugs and birds' nests. Well and good, comments Harriet Quimby in Leslie's Weekly. If a man with an intellect like that of the great Chinese philosopher found these, to

us, unusual foods palatable, they must be worth trying. Then there are the preserved grape leaves, the pickled squash, and the dried okra of the Syrians. These people of the Orient were civilized long before America was even thought of being discovered, so there is no reason, argues the epicure, why their knowledge and choice of foods should not be well worth investigating.

Other countries have their special delicacies which, if they are sought out, appeal to the universal taste and form an agreeable and inexpensive addition to the daily menu of the average mortal who must eat. Bear steak, from the West, kangaroo tails pickled, which come from Australia, preserved gold-fish from the Nile, canned abalone from California, and dried goose from Sweden are only a few of the queer foods kept for sale in the New York markets and sold in quantities every day.

Until recently people who relished snails were regarded with sentiments which savored of disgust, but that notion has changed, and at the present time that delicacy can be procured in almost any of the first-class hotels and cafes in New York. In order to meet the growing demand, one of the largest caterers in the city imports 25,000 snails every week from Brittany, where the best snails are grown.

Recent news dispatches in Eastern papers report a change in Parisian regard of transatlantic visitors in one view at least. Americans are upsetting the current idea that they do not attend church when visiting the gay capital. "Sunday last," said John Hanen, sexton of Holy Trinity, "I calculated that not less than 1,000 Americans in Paris attended divine services in the American churches. There were 500 in this church in the Rue Berri and St. Luke's in the Latin quarter."

"I have studied the Americans for twenty-seven years and I know they are a most devout, reverential people in spite of what people may say. They are so quiet during services that one can hear a fly buzz."

The craze for Scottish dances to the tune of the bagpipes has never before been so much a feature of the Scottish season as this year, notes a correspondent of the Chicago Chronicle. At Glenquoich, the splendid highland residence leased by Henry Phipps, reels and flings afforded the chief amusement for all his guests every night after dinner. The old pipers lined up in the great hall and the men in kilts led out the daughters of the host and the other American girls staying there.

The eldest daughter, Mrs. Frederick Guest, is by far the best dancer of the eightsome reel, while Mrs. Jay Phipps has mastered the intricacies of the Strathspey dance better than any or her rivals for Scottish dance honors.

But the most lissome figure in the great ballroom was Miss Gladys Grace, the youngest and only unmarried daughter of M. P. Grace of Battle Abbey. Miss Grace has been the constant partner of Lord Lovat, who is conceded to be

one of the best sword dancers in all Scotland. As head of the Frasers he wears the tartan of his clan. Lady Craven dances the reels gracefully and her little son, Lord Uffington, proved to be one of the most expert two-sword dancers in Invernesshire.

Young Mrs. Bradley Martin has had 18 lessons in the eightosomes and Strathspeys, but she has not been able to attain the proficiency of either Miss Grace or Mrs. Jay Phipps. Duchess of Roxburghe has taken a series of lessons from an old piper at Dunbar, but has yet mustered up courage to attempt any of the reels or flings at the castle.

Dr. Edith S. Brownell, a physician who lectures to the California University girls on hygiene, is a graduate of the class of '99, spoke in Hearst Hall recently to the fresh women, and there denounced peek-a-boo as an article of clothing which no university or other girl, who desired to be thought womanly, should wear. She said:

"There is no one in the world who loves to see the graceful curve of a full bust so much as I do, but that is as much as should be shown. No before have such beautiful waists been worn this year, with their low neck and short sleeves and their laces and embroidery, and never before did they enhance so well the charm of a figure. But no one has any right, who considers herself womanly, to expose the shoulders, the chest to the gaze of the public. I know it is a great temptation for girls to wear decoy evening gowns, but it causes comment which is unfavorable, and girls who wish to be admired by the other sex should not do it."

"The worst kind of waist that has appeared so far is the so-called peek-a-boo waist, of thin, gauzy material that it has lost the purpose of a waist. Of course, no girl in college would wear such a thing. They cause undesirable marks and talk among the men that is anything but desirable. If a proper sort of underwear were worn with them there would be no objection, but they are often as flimsy and gauzy as the peek-a-boo waist itself."

The appeal of the Spanish Countess of Bu Vista in her damage suit against Major-General John R. Brooke, which was recently decided against her by the Federal District Court in New York, has been docketed in the Supreme Court of the United States. The New York court held that while the Countess had cause of action against the Government of the United States or that of Cuba, she had none against General Brooke, and it is asserted in the appeal that this ruling is erroneous. The result of the suit is found in the abolition by Gen. Brooke while he was Governor-General of Cuba in 1899 of the Countess's right to slaughter the cattle killed in Havana. This right had been exercised by her family since 1727 and she asked damages in the sum of \$250,000.

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

are now showing complete lines of

Carpets, Rugs, Furniture, Office Desks, Upholstery,
Draperies, Linoleums, Window Shades, Etc.

at their new store at the corner of

Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street

SIEVERS FLORAL CO.

Respectfully announce the opening of their Elegant Establishment

1660 California Street, near Van Ness

Phone Franklin 1015

A. HIRSCHMAN

Jeweler and Silversmith

.....Now at.....

1641 Van Ness Avenue

Between California and Sacramento Streets

Formerly Mutual Bank Building, 712 Market and 25 Geary Street.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Dramatic Notes.

David Belasco announces that the attraction to succeed Blanche Bates in the "Girl of the Golden West" at the Belasco Theatre in New York will be "The Rose of the Rancho." This another play by a California playwright, Richard Walton Tully, and has been played on the Pacific Coast under the name "Juanita."

Viola Allen appeared for the first time as Iogenie in "Cymbeline" at the New National theatre in Washington a few days ago. Her success, shared by her support, is said to be distinctly notable.

Much had been said about Lillian Russell's change from comic opera and burlesque to the intimate drama before the event occurred last week in New York, and speculation on its result is now realized. The play chosen for Miss Russell was "Barbara's Millions," an adaptation by Paul M. Potter from a French piece by Francis de Croisset, and it is said to have interested. Miss Russell failed to make a good impression, her efforts seeming to be centered in an attempt to display handsome costumes. Ferdinand Gottschalk was the most prominent member of the supporting company.

An endowed theatre, the only one in the United States, was opened last week in Chicago, and a company made up of players of no great reputation entertained a brilliant audience including many prominent people of society. The play was composed of three pieces. Ernest Hervilly's one-act Japanese piece, "Sainara," came first. Gilbert's comedy, "Engaged," not tried before professionally in Chicago for nearly thirty years, was the principal offering, and a new playlet, "Marse Covington," by George Ade, rounded out the evening. French, English, and American stage art was thus presented. More than \$50,000 has been pledged to the support of the theatre, and only the best plays will be given.

Barred out of Baltimore by the theatrical trust, E. H. Sothern and Miss Julia Marlowe play in a church. A number of local gymmen have been interested, and unless something unforeseen occurs they will appear in one of two performances of Hermann Sudermann's "St. John," a mystical religious tragedy. Sudermann wrote "St. John" as a mystery play and intended that it should be performed in a church or monastery, as the mystery plays of the Middle Ages were performed. It differs entirely from the dramas ordinarily played in theatres and, in its performance, an effort will be made to keep in mind the sacredness of the place which it is given.

Hall Caine's "The Bondsman" is reported as a huge success at Drury Lane Theatre, London, and it is said to be very much like his preceding melodramas.

Some of the cleanest, wittiest dialogue heard on the New York stage this season was spoken in the new comedy, "Nurse Marjorie," presented by the famous Robson's company at the Liberty Theatre, says the New York Globe. Situations novel and as neatly conceived as the most led playgoer could wish were interspersed throughout the comedy. And character acting of a sort to make Broadway rub its eyes and applaud delightedly was done at every stage of the four acts by a group of players from whom excellent playing was to be expected.

H. B. Irving, son of England's great actor-manager, has made a success in New York in Stephen Phillips' "Paolo and Francesca." Irving is pronounced a worthy successor of his father, inheriting and making effective many of his mannerisms. He has a well-balanced company, and the scenic appointments of the play are praised. All the stage pictures are said to be worthy of the best period of the London theatre.

George Clarke, one of the most prominent actors of the old school and for years with the Lyric Company, died at Norwalk, Conn., October 4. Clarke began his professional career in 1855 as juvenile man in Portsmouth, Va., played in many of the old stock companies, and was leading man for Fanny Davenport and Clara Morris at times. He toured the country in "When We Were Twenty-One" after going on in New York, and his last appearance was as the Senator from Oregon in Augustus Thomas's "Embassy Ball."

Of William Vaughan Moody's play, "The Great Divide," in which Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin have eclipsed all their former successes, the New York Mail says: "Not since Arthur Campbell's 'My Partner' has a Western play of such breadth of plan and trenchant text been brought to Broadway. Without

delay plunging his characters into a tragic problem, commingling the most divergent emotions, Mr. Moody keys their temperaments to a concert pitch and plays havoc with them with marked dramatic skill." The same critic declares that Mr. Miller has never been seen to better advantage, and that Miss Anglin gives "a wonderfully adroit, flexible, and fervid exhibition of acting—running through every phase from grave to gay."

The Marchesa del Grillo, better known as Adelaide Ristori, the celebrated Italian actress, died in Rome, October 9, of pneumonia. Ristori was born in 1822 and at an early age took a prominent position on the stage. She played in Paris in 1855 in "Francesca da Rimini" before Emperor Napoleon III, then went to England, and afterward made a tour of all the principal countries. She made several tours to this country, achieving great success. As a tragic actress no one in her generation equalled her. Her Medea, Lady Macbeth, and Queen Elizabeth, were roles in which her power was seen at its best, and were said to be revelations of the resources of the tragic actress. All Italy recently observed the eightieth anniversary of her birthday. Gala performances were given in many cities in her honor, and kings, princes, and other notables sent her gifts and messages of regard and affection. Ristori had lived in retirement for fifteen years, though she occasionally took part in representations for charitable purposes. She had no sympathy with present theatrical tendencies, and regarded the plays now given to the public as devoid of beauty, vital significance, and artistic merit.

Musical Notes.

Professor Herman Genss, who has been successful in San Francisco during the last eight years, both as a concert pianist and as a teacher, has received an offer from Eugen Stern, one of the impresarios of Germany, for a concert tour through Germany, France, and Italy. Mr. Genss is now on his way to Berlin.

The Royal Welsh male choir of twenty-one voices arrived in New York a few days ago for an extended tour of the United States and Canada.

Emily Soldene, once a noted figure in comic opera in America, is still a favorite in Australia and New Zealand. Notices of a benefit matinee recently given for her appear in Australasian papers.

The engagement of Caruso at the Ostend Kursaal proved an immense success, the huge building being packed to its utmost capacity. Although the great tenor received 10,000 francs a performance, the Casino, as usual, was the chief gainer, the popular singer being credited with having lost the whole of his fees at the tables, reports Lloyd's Weekly, of London.

Mme. Sembrich arrived in New York last week in advance of the season to arrange for the distribution of a fund of \$10,000 which she raised at a matinee recital last May at Carnegie Hall. This money will be expended to buy new instruments for the players who lost their own in the disaster in San Francisco last spring.

Jean de Reszke once said that music did not exist for him except so far as it is emotional. What made him great was, above all things, his intense emotionalism. The same trait characterized that king among German tenors, Albert Niemann.

Fritzi Scheff was a famous prima donna at an age when the average girl is still at school. She was less than 18 years of age when she sang the exacting role of Juliet, and for several years thereafter she was looked upon as a prodigy at the Imperial opera house in Berlin, the National opera house, Paris, Covent Garden in London, and when she was brought to the Metropolitan opera house in New York and opera-goers, accustomed as they were to seeing only middle-aged, mature, stolid, heavy women singing the leading roles, saw this young and pretty girl, they could scarcely believe that it could be she who had attained such celebrity in the great capitals. Since her appearance in comic opera she has been no less a success, as was foreseen by the critics.

Vienna is to hear four new operas this season—Humperdinck's "Heirath wider Willen," Erlanger's "Der Polnische Jude," Schilling's "Moloch," and Zemlinski's "Der Trauerzug."

The most remarkable concert ever heard on the sea was enjoyed by the passengers on the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, which landed in New York a few days ago from Bremen, Southampton and Cherbourg. Dr. Karl Muck, first conductor of the German Imperial Opera; Leoncavallo, composer; Arturo Vigna, conductor;

Yvette Guilbert, Elisabeth Parkina, R. Hageman, and Mme. Rosina Hagemann-Van Dyk, were the participants. Although only between \$500 and \$600 was raised for charity, such a concert ashore would have cost more than \$2,000.

Yvette Guilbert and Albert Chevalier appeared at Carnegie Hall in New York last week in a song recital.

The Orpheum.

The six Glinsereitis, marvelous acrobats, will head the bill at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon. A feature of their performance is an original bounding table novelty, attempted by no other athletes. The Misses Hanson and Nelson will make their first appearance in San Francisco. They are devotees of the terpsichorean art and have excellent voices. Burton and Brookes, comedians who originated "More Work for the Undertaker" and other tuneful ditties, return after a successful trip to England. They will present their unique conceit entitled "The Limit." Junie McCree and his company have captured the city with "The Man from Denver," and will appear for the last times. The Waterbury brothers and Ernest Tenney will introduce new selections in their musical skit, and Bresina, the European artiste, promises, for her third and farewell week, a complete change of French chansons. Fred Watson and the Morrissey sisters, Raffayette's acrobatic dogs and Orpheum Motion Pictures will complete a varied programme. Every form of amusement conceivable is to be found on the grounds of the Chutes, where the Orpheum is located.

LIQUEUR
PERES CHARTREUX

GREEN AND YELLOW
RARE PIQUANT FLAVOR



This famous Cordial, known as Chartreuse, has for centuries been the preferred after-dinner liqueur of Polite Society.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafes.
Batier & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for United States.

MARCHAND'S

IS NOW LOCATED AT

1424 McAllister St.,

Between Pierce and Scott

Service as Usual

The Very Best in the City

Telephone West 6821

HOTEL ST. FRANCIS

ANNEX
SAN FRANCISCO

IN UNION SQUARE
ON THE LAWNS
AMID THE PALMS
EVERY ROOM OUTSIDE
ON THE GROUND FLOOR

FAMOUS GRILL ROOM
IN MAIN BUILDING
SAME SKILLED CHEF

Amusements.

ORPHEUM.

Week Commencing SUNDAY MATINEE, Oct. 21
(Matinee Every Day Except Monday.)

VAUDEVILLE PERFECTION!

SIX GLINSERETIS; Hanson and Nelson; Burton and Brookes; Waterbury Brothers and Tenney; BRESINA; Raffayette's Dogs; Fred Watson and the Morrissey Sisters; Orpheum Motion Pictures and Last Week of

JUNIE MCCREE AND COMPANY.

Prices: 10c, 25c and 50c. Down Town Box Office at Donlon's Drug Store, Fillmore and Sutter Sts. Phone West 6000.
CHUTES and ZOO—Open Daily from 10 A. M. till Midnight. Admission 10c; Children 5c.

ELLEN BEACH YAW

The Great Lyric Soprano
Two Concerts at Ye Liberty Play House, Oakland.

Friday afternoon, Oct. 19, at 3 o'clock
Wednesday Oct. 24, at 3 o'clock
Under the management of Will L. Greenbaum.
Seats \$1.50, \$1.00 and 50c. ready Monday morning at box office of theatre.

One Concert in San Francisco

TUESDAY EVE., OCT. 23, at 8:15
At Christian Science Hall, cor. Scott and Sacramento. Seats at Sherman Clay & Co.'s, Van Ness Ave., above California, ready Saturday, Oct. 20.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Marie L. Sweeney

Formerly of 121 Post
Is Now Located at

1536 Bush Street

With a Complete Stock of Exclusive Styles in

MILLINERY

Belvedere, California, HILLSIDE INN.

Tiburon Ferry, 40 minutes from San Francisco.
Boating and bathing. Terms reasonable. Address

MRS M. J. WARREN.

ROMEIKE'S PRESS CUTTING BUREAU

Will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be up to date.

A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines. In fact, every paper of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers, and, through the European Bureaus, all the leading papers in the civilized globe.

Clippings found for subscribers and pasted on slips giving name and date of paper, and are mailed day by day.

Write for circular and terms.

HENRY ROMEIKE

33 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK

BRANCHES

LONDON. PARIS. BERLIN. SYDNEY

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief For CHAPPED HANDS, CHAFING and all skin troubles. "A. M. Mennen's Toilet Powder is the best I have ever used. It is so light and so soft that it is perfect for the face and body. It is the best Mennen's (the original) Talcum Powder." Gerhard Mennen Company, Newark, N. J.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Tale of Boarding School Rivalry.

There is a manly ring to Arthur Stanwood Pier's new story of schoolboy life in America, "Harding of St. Timothy's." "St. Timothy's" is a typical boarding school of pretence, with its cliques and jealousies. Rupert Ormsby, the hero of the tale, is a courageous youngster who steadfastly refuses to join the school's exclusive secret society. Rupert is a boy of strong personality, a leader in athletics and at the head of his class. He organizes the students who are not members of the select "Crown" coterie into a burlesque Greek letter fraternity, with the intention of breaking down the spirit of snobbishness, which is interfering with team work in class room and athletic field. There is a long struggle for the control of the school, and sportsmanlike means are used to win control. Harding, captain of the "exclusives," is also an admirable young fellow, and in the end acknowledges that Rupert's motives were unselfish and correct, and the "Crown" is disorganized. The author presents President Roosevelt as the central figure in the closing scene, pronouncing the final judgment, on field-day, on the two equally plucky American schoolboys. Mr. Pier drives home some wholesome lessons in "Harding of St. Timothy's," that will not be lost on the boy in his teens who is about to enter college or private school. There is no "cant" in the book, and the morals are not labelled. The illustrations are unusually striking.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

A New Edition of Meredith.

Four more volumes of the new pocket edition of the works of George Meredith have been published. They are: "Evan Harrington," "One of Our Conquerors," "The Shaving of Shagpat," and "The Tragic Comedians."

There is every sign of a revival of interest in Meredith's work. This is as it should be. The humble "average reader" has too long been restrained from the enjoyment of this great artist's books by the constant statement that Meredith is only for that nondescript coterie, "a select few." He may be, indeed, the "novelists' novelist"; Mrs. Humphry Ward called him "the greatest of us all"; and Stevenson said of "The Egoist": "From all the novels I have read (and I have read thousands) it stands in a place by itself." But there is little in any of his novels that we of lesser understanding, if of equal devotion to the story-writer's art, may not read with entertainment and instruction. The Philistine should not deny himself Meredith's beauty of phraseology, sympathetic insight into man and nature, and "serviceable satire," because he will meet in "Diana of the Cross-Ways," "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," or "The Egoist," an occasional phrase that even one of the elect would be hard put to it to explain and define.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.00 each.

The Revolt of the Harems.

There is discontent in Constantinople's harems; the twentieth century Turkish maiden is restless, rebellious; she would drop her veil and converse with whom she chooses; she would select her own husband as do the girls of the West, of whom she reads in the latest novels from Paris and London and New York. And Pierre Loti is her champion in "Disenchanted," quite the most serious, sincere, and pathetic romance of the brilliant French author. The three dainty revolutionists of the story are, like most of the higher class young women of Turkey, thoroughly cultured, readers of Kant, Baudelaire, and Shakespeare, in the original, their minds inflamed by the contrast of Western freedom, and their own humiliating state. Andre Lheroy, a French novelist, receives a letter from the girls, appealing to him to write a romance revealing their miseries. Clandestine meetings are arranged, and the author is told of their longings and their plaints. Picture in your strongest colors the emptiness of harem life, they beseech him. Tell of our wretched marriages; say that while our husbands may at any time bring to our homes a new favorite, we may not even converse with a gentleman, unless he is one of our closest relatives; we wish to be considered as responsible beings. It was Lheroy's first meeting with Turkish women of rank, and he was surprised at their breadth of view and their earnestness. For their part, "he treated them as his equals, as intellects, as souls, and the effect on them was a sort of mental intoxication such as they had never experienced before." Love is awakened in the heart of D'enan, the elder of the girls, for the sympathetic novelist, but she does not speak of her affection, until his return to France, when, before swallowing a suicidal draught, she reveals her soul in a pathetic letter.

The book abounds in beautiful word-pictures;

the description of the courtship and wedding of a Turkish noblewoman, in the manner prescribed by the prophet, is extremely picturesque. Clara Bell has done the work of translation very well. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

New Publications

George P. Upton has translated a series of biographical romances from the German for young readers. These "life-stories" retain the story form throughout, and each chapter contains a mild element of historical information, as well as first-class entertainment. Included in the series are also the stories of great legendary personages. The first volumes are "William of Orange," "Barbarossa," "The Nibelungs," and "Gudrun." Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; 60 cents net each.

"Blackie: His Friends and His Enemies," by Madge A. Bigham, is a book of old stories in new dresses. Miss Bigham has taken some of the fables of La Fontaine, and has rewritten them for children of eight or nine years. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

Harry Smith has illustrated a new edition of "Mother Goose, Her Book." Published by Duffield & Co., New York; 75 cents.

A new edition of Mrs. Georgiana Burne-Jones's "Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones," her distinguished artist-husband, has appeared in one volume. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York; \$4.00.

Mrs. Steele Mackay has dramatized Jane Austen's novel, "Pride and Prejudice." Mrs. Mackay has skilfully reproduced the stilted phrase, the genteel mannerisms, the quaint comedy of the novel, but it is doubtful if haughty Mr. Darcy, old-fashioned Elizabeth, wicked Mr. Wickham, or meddlesome Mrs. Bennet, will appeal to twentieth century audiences. Published by Duffield & Co., New York; \$1.25.

Florence Kimball Russel, the wife of Mayor Edgar Russel, and daughter and sister of army officers, has written a charming story of army life on the plains, "Born to the Blue." Although the hero is a boy and most of the characters are children, lovers of military stories will read the tale with delight. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; \$1.25.

The tale of an over-energetic grocery clerk who was not satisfied with the slow-going methods of his employers, is funnily told in "Breezy," by J. George Frederick. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

A quaint allegory, "Two-Legs," is a translation from the Danish of Carl Ewald, by Alexander Teixeira De Mattos. Two-Legs and his wife come naked and unarmed to the forest, gradually outwit and subdue the animals for whose skin or flesh or strength they have use, and as a crowning insult and show of power, cage the mightiest beasts for their amusement hour. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.00.

"Stories from Scottish History," based upon Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather"; "Tales from Herodotus," short narratives of the Greek struggle for liberty; and "Stories from Dickens," tales of the novelist's most famous boys and girls, are the latest volumes in the Children's Favorite Classics series. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; 60 cents each.

"Recollections of a Gold Cure Graduate," by Newton Kirk, is a hodge-podge of bibulous prose and verse. Its humor is mostly concerned with the antics of vari-colored animals of fantastic shapes. Published by the Colonial Press, Boston.

"Books, Culture and Character," by J. N. Larned, is made up of seven lectures on the subjects. Practical hints to systematic reading of the best literature are given. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.00.

Mrs. Jane Newkirk, who many years ago was a writer of popular stories, died at Laporte, Ind., a few days ago at the advanced age of ninety-three, and it is recorded that after she had attained her eighty-third year she published two books. One, entitled "The Captive," gave an account of the enslavement of her father in Algiers previous to the French occupation of that country. The other book, "Tripoli and Tunis," gave the story of American negotiations with Barbary for the abolition of piracy. Mrs. Newkirk's father, James Leander Cathcart, was United States consul in Africa for many years.

Commercial candor still exists in the literary world, remarks the London Tribune. "At any rate, a popular monthly has the following announcement stamped on its cover: 'This magazine opens flat.' The gifted author who supplies the opening contribution is consulting his solicitor."

Woman in Recent Literature.

As an illustration of the present interest in feminine personalities and reminiscences the following list is taken from a single column of announcements by London publishers:

"Court Beauties of Old Whitehall" deals with the lovely women of the Restoration. "A Revolutionary Princess" tells of the life of Christina Belgiojoso-Trivulzio, an unblushingly unconventional Italian "grande dame." "From the Old Regime to the Restoration" will tell the story of four distinguished French women, the Marquise de Montague, Madame le Brun, Madame Tallien, and the Comtesse de Genlis.

The beauties of the court of Napoleon III will be described in the pages of "Women of the Second Empire," by Frederic Loliee, translated by Alice Ivimy. Real love-letters written and sent surreptitiously by Anne of Austria to her lover, Cardinal Mazarin, will be included in "Queen and Cardinal." "A Queen of Indiscretions" promises to revise the opinion held by many concerning Caroline of Brunswick. It is the history of "the persecution of Caroline by King George IV." "Beauties of the Seventeenth Century," by Allan Fea, "St. Catherine of Sienna and Her Times," "Queen Louisa of Prussia," "Nelson's Lady Hamilton" and "Famous Beauties of Two Reigns"—written by Mary Craven, with a chapter on "fashion in femininity," by Major Martin Hume, are others. The last book is an account of some fair women of Stuart and Georgian times, and its chief claim to consideration is the excellence of its reproductions of paintings by Romney, Gainsborough, Lely, Reynolds, and other famous portrait painters.

The mysterious disappearance of the noted author and hermit naturalist, Dr. Felix L. Oswald, from the time his hut was burned near Springfield, Mass., last December, was cleared up recently, when papers found on the body of a man killed in the central station in Syracuse N. Y., revealed the identity of the missing naturalist. From the papers it appears that since Dr. Oswald's valuable library and even more valuable manuscripts were burned in his hermit hut, he had been traveling about the country extensively. Dr. Oswald was 61 years old.

Pears'

"A cake of prevention is worth a box of cure."

Don't wait until the mischief's done before using Pears' Soap.

There's no preventive so good as Pears' Soap.

Established in 1789.

ROBERTSON'S

NEW LOCATION

1539

Van Ness Ave., Near Pine

"Next to the White House"

Mr. Robertson calls attention to the above address, which is very centrally located.

Press Clippings

Are money-makers for Contractor Supply-houses, Business Men and Corporations.

The Press Clipping Bureau
1321 4th Avenue, Oakland, Cal.

TWO NEW BOOKS BY CALIFORNIANS

ALICE PRESCOTT SMITH'S

MONTLIVET

"The best American historical novel by a woman since the appearance of Mary Johnston's 'To Have and to Hold.'"—New York World.

"Alice Prescott Smith has drawn once more on the inexhaustible treasure house of romance in the early history of the northwest.—Mystery is the tale's very essence, and suspense the reader's portion."—Milwaukee Free Press.

MARY AUSTIN'S

THE FLOCK

Mrs. Austin has spent many years among the herders and their flocks and her book is instinct with the feeling for the open air and the indescribably lovely scenery of the valleys of the Pacific slope so well pictured by E. Boyd Smith. In box, \$2.00, net. Postpaid \$2.18.

A complete list of our new books sent FREE on request.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.,

4 Park Street, Boston

85 Fifth Ave., New York

Nathan - Dohrmann Co.

ANNOUNCE THE OPENING OF THEIR Cut Glass Room

A few of the Novelties are
Comports, Flower Baskets, Bonbon Baskets,
Table Centers and
Sterling Silver Mounted Glass

1520-1550 VAN NESS AVENUE

Between Pine and California Streets

LITERARY NOTES.

A Tale of the Sioux Country.

Ralph Parrish has written a fine Western story in "Bob Hampton of Placer." Shortly after the Civil War Captain Robert Hampton is by circumstantial evidence sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for the murder of Major Brant, his commanding officer. After serving his sentence, he wanders through the mining camps of Wyoming and Montana, as Bob Hampton, gambler. Hampton has a three-fold purpose in life: to hunt down Brant's real murderer, to have his own name re-entered on the Army List, and, that accomplished, to find his child. No danger is too great to interrupt Hampton's ceaseless quest, and his adventures in the Indian country are many and thrilling. The story opens at the beginning of the Sioux uprising, and culminates in the Custer Massacre. The author closes the tale, with splendid dramatic effect, by a graphic description of the battle of Little Big Horn, with Hampton, his mission ended, fighting by Custer's side, as a volunteer cooper.

There is an earnest love story woven into the narrative, and plenty of humorous relief for the sterner happenings.

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; 1.50.

A Fascinating Life of De Soto.

Frederick A. Ober's "De Soto and the Invasion of Florida" realizes Stevenson's ideal of romance: a narrative that fills our mind "with the busiest, kaleidoscopic dance of images"; a story that "repeats itself in a thousand colored pictures to the eye." Mr. Ober is a painstaking and accurate biographer, who is careful not to sacrifice historical verity for rhetorical effect, but the unembellished chronicle of De Soto's life-story, from his first passage-at-arms at Darien to his burial beneath the waters of the Mississippi, has all the elements of exciting romance. Here is high-hearted adventure and appalling cruelty, here is the quest for treasure-trove and offers of pearls, here is hand-to-hand conflict with brave foes, here is high aim and lofty purpose, basest perfidy and vilest treachery. In contrast to his brutal and merciless fellow conquistadores—Cortes, Pizarro, Pedrarias—De Soto was a humane and chivalrous conqueror. His terrible four years' journey through Florida, 1492-1543, will ever rank with the famous marches of history.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; 1.00 net.

A Colonial Romance.

Alice Prescott Smith's "Montlivet," a tale of five days when the French and English methods of colonization were on trial in America, is a romance of distinction. The advent of a young Englishman into a French garrison; the demands of the Huron tribe that he be given up to torture; his flight with Monsieur Montlivet, an ambitious adventurer; the confession of the captive that "he" is a woman of noble family; his pursuit by the Indians and Lord Starling, his cousin; the adventures of the English lady and Frenchman, on what now becomes a perilous elopement, are elements that go to the making of an exciting love-story.

Mrs. Smith has given us a heroine as attractive as she is unusual, and her portrayal of the French gentleman of fortune is also finely drawn. The author employs a strikingly vivid and fresh style in the narrative. The publishers serve a word of praise for the book's handsome binding and printing.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; 1.50.

A Critic on Singing.

Every large city has its quota of super-natural opera singers who teach, at fancy prices, the methods of singing which destroyed their own voices. In "The Art of the Singer," W. J. Henderson, musical critic of the New York Sun, is a protest against these and other ignorant tutors who have given us a generation of tuneless shouters. Back to nature as close as we can go should ever be the singer's ideal, says Mr. Henderson; her methods are all simple, and others are all complex. The book is a plea for thoroughness, for perseverance, and for devotion. None of the four and forty jarring tools of music will find much to quarrel with Mr. Henderson's volume. His dominant note common sense. He gives the result of twenty years of study of authoritative works on the subject, as well as valuable information received from Sembrich, Nordica and Jean de Reszke. The book is simply and clearly written.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The new novel by Eleanor Gates, the author of "I am well known in California as Mrs. Richard Talton Tully," is said to be a notable success

already. It is entitled "The Plow Woman," and appeared first as a serial in a magazine.

Joseph Conrad's latest book is called "The Mirror of the Sea," and it contains, it is said, besides stories, much autobiographical material relating to the score of years which the author spent going about the world in ships as seaman, mate, and master.

A new volume of Richard Watson Gilder's verse, entitled "A Book of Music," is to be issued this fall. It will contain those of Mr. Gilder's poems, published and unpublished, which relate to music either directly or symbolically.

George Moore's autobiography, "Memoirs of My Dead Life," did not cause much stir in England, but its American publishers found it—well, unconventional, and cabled to inquire if Mr. Moore would object to an abridgment. Mr. Moore cheerfully gave his consent in a humorous note, but craved permission to set forth in an introduction his own ideas of such expurgations. When the introduction arrives "Memoirs of My Dead Life" will be published.

An Eastern review of Wallace Irwin's "Chinatown Ballads" concludes with this plaint: "One wishes that a man of Mr. Irwin's undoubted ability would not try to lead the Six Most Writing Poets."

Parts 5 and 6 of Prof. Angelo de Gubernatis's "Dictionnaire International du Monde Latin," have followed each other so quickly that the work is completed in less than two years since it was begun. It contains over 1,500 double-column quarto pages, carrying some 10,000 biographical sketches.

It is said that Gabriele d'Annunzio has wearied of literature and now aspires to become a great inventor. His discoveries up to date are a new system for bicycles which does away with the rubber tire and a sure cure for baldness. The discoverer is still very bald.

"Fishes," by President David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford University, and "Insects," by Prof. Vernon L. Kellogg, also of Stanford, are to be volumes in a new "American Natural History" series.

It is now publicly announced that the Countess von Arnheim is the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." The latest story by the countess, "Fraulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther," is appearing as a serial in a fashion magazine.

A strange comedy and tragedy was woven into the lives of Ibsen and Bjornson. As young men they were great friends; then politics flung them apart; they quarreled, and never met for years and years. Strange fate brought the children of these two great writers together, and Bjornson's daughter married Ibsen's only child. The fathers met after a quarter of a century of separation at the wedding of their children. They became grandfathers in common.

A Chicago novelist, Stanley Waterloo, wrote a prehistoric novel entitled "Ab, a Tale of the Time of the Cave-men," that was given high rank. The heads of the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, sealed it with their official sanction, and its scientific value is so great that it has been adopted as a text-book in schools. This is recalled by the advance notices of Jack London's story, "Before Adam."

From London comes the announcement that Mr. and Mrs. Israel Zangwill are being congratulated on the advent of a son. Mrs. Zangwill, who was Miss Edith Ayrton, daughter of Prof. W. E. Ayrton, a well-known electrical engineer and inventor in England, is an author herself to the extent of several short story magazine contributions.

Kipling is not the only author who finds pleasure and profit in writing for youthful readers. The Macmillan company has published two stories for children, "Merrylips," by Beulah Marie Dix, author of "The Fair Maid of Graystones," "The Making of Christopher Ferringham," etc., and "The Railway Children," by E. Nesbit, author of the "Literary Scense."

Darwin had no respect for books, and would cut a big volume in two for convenience in handling, or he would tear out the leaves he required for reference.

Irving Bacheller, author of "Eben Holden," and Hamlin Garland, author of "The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop," are planning to make a joint lecture tour this coming winter.

There seems to be perennial interest in "The Rubaiyat of Omar." A. C. McClurg & Co. have in press for early publication an entirely new version, prepared by George Roe, a distinguished Omani scholar. Mr. Roe has just received a letter from Nathan Haskell Dole saying that M. Fernand Henry, the well-known French author, has written him from Le Muy, France, concerning the forthcoming translation. The little book is to be issued in beautiful style, uniform with Shirazi's "Life of Omar," published last fall, and will be brought out simultaneously in England and America.

The original of Dickens's Pecksniff is said by a London press correspondent to have been identified in the late Samuel Carter Hall, author of "A Book of Memories of Great Men and Women of the Age, from Personal Acquaintance." Mr. Hall wrote many other books, and was well known to readers forty years ago. A letter written by Dickens in 1853 has been discovered, in which Hall is pronounced a terrific humbug, and Charles C. Osborne, in a long article in the Independent Review, cites many personal resemblances noted in Hall which tally with descriptions of Pecksniff in "Martin Chuzzlewit."

It is reported that the Duke of Argyll, while looking over some old papers at Inverary Castle, the other day, discovered some verses by Lady Byron. They were written by way of retort to the poet's well-known "Fare thee well, and if forever." Of this the lady speaks with scorn as "mimic woe." Naturally, the duke will endeavor to verify the authenticity and trace the history of this poem, before publishing it.

A correspondent of the New York Sun reports this trial of the magazines with "a well-known story of Kipling's." "A non-literary friend and myself decided upon a test. One of Kipling's most popular short stories was selected, and the scene was easily transferred to America. An entire change of names of characters was also accomplished. When type-written it was sent to the following publishers: Collier's Weekly, Harper's Monthly, Scribner's, Ainslee's, Century, Munsey's, Lippincott's, Metropolitan, Cosmopolitan, Outing Magazine, McClure's, Frank Leslie's, Everybody's, Saturday Evening Post, Smart Set, Broadway Magazine. In the case of each of the above-mentioned publishers the story was returned to us accompanied by a note in which the editorial soul breathed forth its appreciation and regret, but nothing more. Finally, the manuscript was forwarded to Kipling's original publishers of the story. After an interval of about seven weeks we received a letter containing a check and acceptance. The check was returned by us, with the explanation that the story was to be amplified into a novel, and in due time we received our manuscript back." The comment elicited by this publication appearing in The Sun included that of one writer who thinks the sixteen editors recognized the tale as a clumsy imitation of the Kipling story and sent the printed slips of regret to avoid opening a debate with the contributor on the subject of plagiarism. He says: "My experience has been that editors are far too busy to engage in correspondence unless it be really necessary—a rule which obtains in all properly conducted business, whether literary or other."



THIS is Ridolfo of the Baglioni, like the angel of darkness in sinister beauty and lack of soul. Mr. Egerton R. Williams, Jr., has written a wonderful romance of the redemption through love of this ruthless war-lord. The scenes are laid in Fifteenth Century Italy, and this novel will have few equals in power, interest, and literary distinction.

RIDOLFO

The Coming of the Dawn

Four illustrations in color by J. C. Leyendecker. \$1.50

A. C. McCLURG & CO., PUBLISHERS

An Assured Income

An assured income, definite in amount, payable half-yearly, not subject to taxation, may be secured by investment in the high-grade securities we are now offering. Inquiries in person or by mail will receive prompt attention.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company
California and Montgomery Streets,
San Francisco, Cal.

WHAT PRESS CLIPPINGS MEAN TO YOU

Press clipping information is information you can obtain in no other way. As a business aid, Press Clippings will place before you every scrap of news printed in the country pertaining to your business. They will show you every possible market, big and little, for your goods, openings that you would never hear about in the ordinary way, and they give you this information while it is fresh and valuable.

If you have a hobby or wish information upon any subject or topic, press clippings will give you any subject or topic, press clippings will give you all the current information printed on the subject.

The cost for all purposes is usually but a few cents a day.

THE INTERNATIONAL PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

the largest press clipping bureau in the world, reads and clips 55,000 papers and other periodicals each month, and even if you are now a subscriber to some other clipping bureau, it will pay you to investigate our superior service.

Write for our book about Press Clippings and our Daily Business Reports, and ask about The International Information Bureau, which supplies complete manuscripts or material for addresses, essays, lectures and debates, and complete and reliable information upon any subject at a reasonable cost. Address

INTERNATIONAL PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU
Boyce Bldg., Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.

Educational.

Dr. H. J. Stewart

Organist of St. Dominic's Church and the Temple Shernit Israel

Teacher of Vocal Music

PIANOFORTE, ORGAN, HARMONY AND COMPOSITION

New Studio: 2517 California St.

Hours: 10 to 12 and 2 to 4 daily, except Saturday

MRS. J. E. TIPPETT

(CLARA BEUTLER)

Teacher of Singing

Coaching

Studio, Pierce Building, Copley Square, Boston, Mass.

IRVING INSTITUTE

A day and home School of high standing for girls and young ladies. Accredited by the universities. Art and music under masters. Write for catalogue.

Mrs. Edward B. Church, Principal.

Mrs. Fay Chase Kellogg, Acting Principal.

2126 CALIFORNIA STREET,

San Francisco, - - - - - California.

OTTO FLEISSNER, Vocal, Piano, Organ and Harmony, Residence and Studio; 2560 Vallejo St., near Scott St., San Francisco. In Oakland on Tuesday, care of Sherman, Clay & Company.

Miss Harker's School.

Palo Alto, Cal. Home and Day School for Girls. Intermediate and Primary Departments. Certificate admits to Stanford, Vassar and Wellesley. Number limited. Reopens August 20th.

Ogontz School for Young Ladies.

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia; two hours from New York. The late Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circulars, address MISS SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal, Ogontz School P. O., Pa.

PERSONAL

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Princess Liuba Lononov of St. Petersburg, maid of honor to the Empress of Russia and the Grand Duchess Marie, and sister of Lady Edgerton, wife of the English ambassador to Rome, to Professor Jerome A. Landfield, of the University of California. The wedding will be celebrated shortly at Cannes and Professor Landfield and his bride will come later to California.

The engagement is announced of Miss Eleanor Sowers, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Sowers, of Washington, D. C., to Major Samson L. Faison, U. S. A. Their marriage will be celebrated in December and they will sail from this port for the Philippines on January 5th.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ethel Sims, daughter of Mrs. J. F. Sims, of Oakland, to Mr. Emile R. Abadie, Jr. No date has been announced for the wedding.

Invitations have been received to the marriage of Miss Gladys Postley, daughter of Mrs. Harry Beverly Postley, to Mr. Erskine Richardson, which will take place on Wednesday, October 31st, at high noon at the Postley home, Bamboo Cottage, Montecito, Santa Barbara.

Invitations have been sent out to the wedding of Miss Maria Abina Rossi, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pietro C. Rossi, to Mr. Ambrose Gherini, at 9.30 a. m. Tuesday, October 30th, at the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul.

Dr. Harry L. Tevis entertained a house party at his country place near Alma last week, his guests being Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander S. Lilley, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart, Miss Emily Carolan, and Albert J. Dibble.

Mr. James Reid was the host at a dinner last week at his home on Gough street, his guests being Mr. and Mrs. Selby Hanna, Mrs. Darragh, Mrs. Marguerite Hanford, Miss Emma Mahony, Miss Amy Porter, Pay Inspector R. T. M. Ball, U. S. N., Mr. Philip Paschel, and Mr. Alexander Douglas.

Mrs. W. W. Dixon, of Butte, Montana, entertained at a dinner on Monday evening of last week in honor of General Jocelyn, U. S. A. Her guests were Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mrs. Eleanor Jarboe, Mrs. Malcolm Henry, Miss Whitley, Colonel W. A. Simpson, U. S. A., Lieutenant Barnes, U. S. N., Dr. Smith, U. S. N., and Mr. Philip Paschel.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resume of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Truxtun Beale will leave shortly for their ranch in Kern county, where they will spend most of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun and their family have left Cleveland, Ohio, for their home in New York.

Mr. William H. Crocker will leave in a few days for New York, where he will meet Mrs. Crocker and their family, who have sailed from England. They will return here almost immediately and will spend the winter at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McLeod Fenwick entertained at dinner recently in honor of Miss Abba Church and Mr. Edgar Rickard. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Blake, Miss Church, Miss Eleanor Davenport, Miss Elizabeth McNear, Miss Edwinna Hammond, Mr. Rickard, Mr. Wilbur Burnett, Mr. William Sanborn, and Mr. E. W. Runyon.

Viscount and Viscountess Philippe de Tristan (formerly Miss Josephine de Suigne) have

sailed from France and will come to California to spend the winter at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan are expected to arrive soon from their European and Eastern sojourn.

Mr. and Mrs. Evan S. Pillsbury have been spending a fortnight at Paso Robles. Mrs. Joseph D. Grant went last week to Portland to visit relatives for a few weeks during Mr. Grant's absence in New York.

Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale, Miss Helen Sidney Smith, and Miss Bertha Sidney Smith who were returning from the Orient on the Mongolia which was wrecked, arrived here last week from Honolulu on the Alameda.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Casserly have recently arrived in New York for a sojourn.

Mrs. Sprague, Miss Sprague, and Miss Frances Sprague have returned to their town home after spending the summer in San Rafael. Mrs. Sprague's health is much better.

Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. de Sabla, Mrs. Clement Tobin, and Miss Jennie Crocker have been among the recent guests at the St. Regis in New York.

Miss Frances Taylor has recently been the guest of Mrs. Henry T. Scott at Burlingame.

Mrs. Austin Tubbs has taken a house in Washington, D. C., for the winter and will there entertain Mrs. George A. Pope, during the latter's Eastern sojourn.

Miss Lillie Lawlor has returned to New York from France, where she has spent the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Holbrook went down recently to Paso Robles for a brief stay and will also visit Coronado before their return to town.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Schmeidell have closed their Ross Valley home and are at their residence in this city, 2400 Steiner street. Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean and Mr. Altrole McBean have taken a house on Walnut street for the winter.

Mrs. A. H. Voorhies left on Saturday last for a two months' sojourn in the Southern States.

Mr. Harry Simpkins has sailed from New York for a stay of some months abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Miller (formerly Miss Constance Murison) have returned from their honeymoon trip to Southern California and are in their home in Berkeley.

Miss Edith Simpson is at Coos Bay as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Simpson.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller have returned to Oakland to reside for a time.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor and Mrs. George A. Pope have been recently in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. William McDonald have taken an apartment at an uptown hotel for the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. Will S. Tevis have returned to Lake Tahoe where they will remain yet another fortnight, when they will go to Bakersfield for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben C. Truman and Miss Truman are spending a few days at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Reid and Miss Merritt Reid have returned to town and will spend the winter at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. John Overbury (formerly Miss Emily Chickering) who have been the guests of Mrs. Overbury's parents in Oakland for some weeks, have left for their future home in Bullfrog, Nevada.

Mrs. de Noon, Mrs. Emma de Noon Lewis and Miss Mabel de Noon left on Tuesday of last week for New York, whence they will sail very shortly for an indefinite stay abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Pierce will return about the end of the month from an Eastern trip.

The automobile arrivals for the past week at Byron Hot Springs are: Mr. and Mrs. W. Forsythe, Mr. Geo. Waterman, Mrs. D. F. Verdenal, Miss Dortha Forsythe, Mr. S. M. Morris, Dr. and Mrs. Wm. Frisbie Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Lewis, Dr. and Mrs. H. D. Reynard, Dr. E. L. Lichty, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Ames, Miss Edith Ames, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Breeden, Mr. and Mrs. J. Brett, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. James, Mrs. J. B. Adams, Mrs. C. R. Hall, and Mr. C. E. Weil.

Commenting on a court decision that the Marquis Townshend was not of sound enough mind to take care of his own affairs, Swift MacNeill, writing from Dublin, drew the attention of the London Times to the extraordinary fact that the noble marquis might nevertheless go on attending the House of Lords, capable of taking care of the affairs of the empire, though not of his own. Mental imbecility is a disqualification for a seat in the House of Commons; but there would appear to be no legal bar to a writ of summons to an imbecile peer to attend the House of Lords.

It is expected that the introduction of dredges will greatly increase the output of gold in the Klondike. In 1905 this was reduced to about \$7,500,000, as against \$10,350,000 in 1904, \$18,000,000 in 1901, and \$22,275,000 in 1900.

Lieutenant Samuel W. Bryant, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bryant (formerly Miss Caroline Merry), are rejoicing in the advent of a little son on Monday of last week.

An heir of Mrs. David D. Colton, widow of General Colton (who was a partner with Collis P. Huntington, Leland Stanford, and others in building the first transcontinental railway), has begun an action in Washington to test the validity of the will in which Mrs. Colton disposed of an estate of more than \$1,000,000. Mrs. Colton lived in Washington, D. C., up to the time of her death in February, 1905. She had two daughters, one of whom, Mrs. Caroline Dalgreen, is still living. The other daughter was Mrs. Helen Thornton, now dead, whose daughter married Siegfried Sacher, by whom she had a daughter who is now six years old. The child, the great-granddaughter of Mrs. Colton, was left \$1,000 by Mrs. Colton, who left the balance of her estate to Mrs. Dalgreen and her two children by a former marriage. Sacher, on behalf of his young daughter, has instituted the proceedings now being taken.

The executive committee of the Board of Fire Underwriters of the Pacific has determined to oppose the erection of frame dwellings within the fire limits, if permits for such structures should be granted by the city authorities. A few weeks ago Mayor Schmitz recommended in a communication to the Board of Supervisors that owners of lots in the fire limits who wished to construct frame residences for themselves should be given the privilege of doing so. As the laws of the city prohibit the erection of wooden structures within the fire limits, it was pointed out at the time that the city officials had no legal authority to grant such permits, and that such buildings, if put up, would have to be torn down whenever the process of court was invoked. The Underwriters will take action on any violation of the building laws.

The Emporium Company has about concluded negotiations for the square block bounded by Van Ness avenue, Hayes, Franklin and Grove streets, the site of St. Ignatius's Church, for its future home, reports the Chronicle. This is the result of a failure to induce Mrs. Abby Parrott to rebuild the Emporium building on Market street, opposite Powell, for the accommodation of the big department store in its former location. Should the new location be secured and a building go up it will be the second time that the store has occupied the former site of St. Ignatius's Church, as the Parrott building on Market street replaced the church of early days.

Two San Francisco carpenters, brothers-in-law, parted fifty-seven years ago on the completion of a building at Montgomery and Clay streets. A few days ago C. H. Swain, one of the men, who is still active and strong at 76, was employed on a new temporary structure going up on the same spot. While at work he was approached by another old man, not so hale and hearty, and was surprised to recognize in him his brother-in-law, A. M. Adlington, whom he had not seen since they had worked together there.

Mrs. Mary Fair, wife of Andrew Fair, died at her home in San Jose October 3. Mrs. Fair was a native of Ireland and was in her 65th year. For nearly twenty years Mrs. Fair, with her husband, who was a brother of Senator James G. Fair, had resided in San Jose. Mrs. Fair is survived by her husband and six children.

Half a dozen or more fifteen-gallon tanks of newly carbonated water and about forty crates of filled syphon bottles were turned on flames at Howard and Fifteenth streets recently with immediate effect. The proximity of the soda water factory and the prompt use of its products prevented what might have been a destructive fire.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Young, (formerly Miss Louise Whitney of Santa Barbara), has been brightened by the advent of a son.

A. ZELLERBACH & SONS
PAPER DEALERS
Now Located at Volkman Building, 416 Jackson St., San Francisco.
Branch: 514 Eleventh Street, Oakland
Full Supply of all Kinds of Paper.

THE Large and Commodious of the HALL
UNITED CRAFTS AND ARTS
147 Presidin Ave., near Washington
TO RENT To select and approved parties only **EVENINGS**

Is reading an effort? We can make it a pleasure for you.

HIRSCH & KAISER,
1757 Fillmore St., Opticians.

These trade-mark cross-bones on every package
CRESCE FLOUR For
(Formerly called GLADY FLOUR) **DYSPEPSI**
SPECIAL ALBAXIC FLOUR
K. C. WHOLE WHEAT FLOUR
Unlike all other goods. Ask grocers.
For book of sample, write
FARWELL & RHINES, WATERTOWN, N. Y., U. S. A.

Build Your Home In Presidio Terrace—

San Francisco's only Residence Park.
Absolute protection afforded in home life.
No saloons, stables, laundries, flats, stores nor business structures permitted.
No spite fences.
Sun and light assured by building line restrictions.
Lots 50-foot frontage, \$6000.
Five years credit, 5 per cent. interest.
Minimum cost of residences, \$7000.

Particulars of

BALDWIN & HOWELL
1692 FILLMORE ST.

P. Centemeri & Co.
KID GLOVES

New Location
1551 Van Ness Ave.
Between Pine and California
San Francisco

HOTEL RAFAEL
SAN RAFAEL, CAL.
50 minutes from San Francisco. Complete Change of Climate
TIBURON OR SAUSALITO FERRY
All Modern Conveniences.
R. V. HALTON Proprietor

Hotel Collingwood
35th St., between 5th Ave. and Broadway
NEW YORK CITY
New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district containing every modern device for comfort of guests.
Positively exclusive. Service a la carte.

EUGENE KORN
The Hatter
946 Van Ness Avenue
Formerly 746 Market St.

A MATTER OF HEALTH



ROYAL
BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
A Cream of Tartar Powder, free from alum or phosphatic acid
HAS NO SUBSTITUTE

PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., accompanied by his aides, Lieutenant Burdett J. Mitchell, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Edward C. Long, U. S. A., is expected to arrive here today from Cuba.

Brigadier-General Stephen J. Jocelyn, U. S. A., who arrived here early last week, en route to Vancouver Barracks, left ten days ago for north, where he goes to assume command of the Department of Columbia.

Colonel Charles Morris, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been relieved from the command of the artillery district of San Francisco and of the presidio post, and ordered to the command of the Artillery district of Portland, Maine, with headquarters at Fort Williams, Maine, of which he will also be in command. Colonel Morris will not leave for about two months, as Colonel John A. Lundeen, U. S. A., who has been ordered to succeed him as commander of the Presidio post and of the Artillery district of San Francisco, has two months' leave. Colonel Lundeen, who was promoted on October 1st to present rank, came here to relieve Colonel Morris, U. S. A., as Inspector-General.

Colonel John A. Darling, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Darling were recent arrivals in London.

Colonel George S. Anderson, First Cavalry, U. S. A., is detailed as a member of the general staff corps and there is a possibility that he may be appointed chief of staff of the Pacific Division.

Lieutenant-Colonel Lea Febiger, U. S. A., acting-inspector general, is in Oregon on a brief of inspection.

Lieutenant-Colonel George L. Anderson, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been detailed to a vacancy in the inspector-general's department, vice Colonel John A. Lundeen, Artillery Corps, relieved from detail in that department.

Lieutenant-Colonel John R. Williams, Artillery Corps, Presidio of San Francisco, has been granted two months' leave with permission to apply for an extension of one month. Commander A. C. Almy, U. S. N., retired, and Mrs. Almy, have been the guests of Lieutenant and Mrs. Graham at Mare Island en route to Commander Almy's station at San Francisco.

Major Henry M. Morrow, Judge Advocate, U. S. A., is relieved from duty in the Department of Colorado and ordered to proceed to Manila for duty as Judge Advocate in the Department of Luzon, relieving Major Walter E. L. U. S. A., who is assigned as Judge Advocate of the Philippine division.

Major Ira A. Haynes, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who has been recently promoted to his present rank, is ordered to fill a vacancy in the military secretary's department and will proceed at once to Atlanta, Georgia, for duty as military secretary of the Department of the East.

Captain Kirby Walker, Fourteenth Cavalry, Presidio of Monterey, is granted two months' leave of absence to take effect about October 20th. Captain Carroll D. Buck, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., has arrived from the East and reported for duty at the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco.

Captain Frank D. Webster, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence which took effect on October 1st.

Lieutenant Emory Winship, U. S. N., has been detached from duty at the Union Iron Works and granted three months' leave. He and Mr. Winship will spend some weeks in the East. Lieutenant John M. Craig, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., has had San Jose, California, designated as his station, instead of Martinez, California, while on duty in connection with the Progressive Military Map of the United States.

Lieutenant Edmund L. Bull, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., has had Ramona, California, designated as his station while on duty in connection with "The Progressive Military Map of the United States."

Lieutenant Edward W. Terry, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant Sidney W. Brewster, U. S. M. C., had his order to report for examination for promotion revoked, and is ordered detached from Mare Island Barracks and to duty at the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, New York.

A general court martial which was appointed to meet at Camp A. E. Wood, Yosemite National Park, early this month, consisted of Captain Ernest A. Greenough, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Captain Charles C. Pulsis, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Lieutenant Tilman Campbell, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Lieutenant Albert C. Love, Medical Department, U. S. A., Lieutenant Arthur G. Fisher, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., Lieutenant James R. Pourie, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Judge Advocate.

The home of Captain Harry Roosevelt, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Roosevelt (formerly Miss Ennor Morrow), who are at present living in Washington, D. C., has been brightened by the birth of a son.

The members of the Bohemian Club and those non-members who have been fortunate enough to enjoy the club's hospitality in its famous "Red Room"—now, alas, no more—will have a kindly recollection of Steward Johnson, who catered for the club so long. He is recalled to recollection by the announcement that "A. H. Johnson, manager and steward of the Bohemian Club for eleven years, has taken charge of the Tavern at Tamalpais, succeeding the late Gen. R. H. Warfield." Beyond question the culinary department of the Tavern will be perfect under Mr. Johnson, and doubtless the other departments will share its excellence.

A man with a fractured skull sprinted at full speed down Van Ness avenue with a hospital surgeon in full chase one day last week. John Ferrari, a railroad track worker, had been taken to the Central Emergency Hospital to be treated for a fractured skull. He pleaded to be allowed to go home without treatment, but his injury was so serious that the hospital attaches demurred. He was finally headed off and brought back to the hospital. Ferrari and a fellow worker were engaged in striking a spike with heavy sledge hammers when Ferrari allowed his head to get in the line of descent of his partner's hammer.

J. Fred Schultz and Dorothy Miller were married a few days ago, but not in haste. The records show that Schultz procured a license to marry Miss Miller in December, 1897. What came as a barrier between the two neither will tell, but Miss Miller remained so until Monday when the pair appeared before Justice Van Nostrand and the ancient document was produced. Though much the worse for wear, it had lost none of its legal efficacy. "I would have taken out a new license," said Schultz, "but the old one has associations which are now pleasant to look upon."

Reports from Calexico tell of the partial success of the Southern Pacific Company and the people of the Imperial Valley in their efforts to turn the Colorado River back into its old channel and out of New River, which has been carrying the most of it into the Salton Sink. The companies have nearly a thousand men at work with three big steam shovels and big steel dump cars. The water has been raised three feet by the work and the stream is lessened to about 500 feet. It is claimed that the river will be turned back into its old channel within a short time.

The records show that during September 106,075 misdirected letters were received at the San Francisco postoffice. Twelve clerks under a superintendent were constantly employed in handling them. Oakland and Los Angeles streets were used in many of the directions, while on many others no street was given, the addressees being former residents of the burned district. Of the 106,075 letters, 24,113 were returned to senders, 9976 were corrected and forwarded, and 20,336 were held for postage. Tons of second and third class matter were burned.

It was "23" for Miss Margaret Schidu's party in Cleveland, Ohio, September 23. The young woman had planned to celebrate her twenty-third birthday in a manner befitting her name, but the weather was cold and instead of 23 guests only seven attended. The trip to the farm of an uncle of Miss Schidu was abandoned. Miss Schidu lives in West Twenty-third street and the number of her house was changed to "23" in large figures for the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Brandegee, the well-known botanists of San Diego, have donated their entire botanical collections and library to the University of California. As a result of this munificent gift the facilities for research at the State University are practically doubled and it now possesses the most complete representation extant on the Pacific Coast of its flora.

Thornwall Mullally, assistant to the president of the United Railroads, gave a luncheon a few days ago on a street car to a party of friends. The luncheon was served by the St. Francis Hotel cuisine. A table was fitted up in one of the cars, and the guests ate as they were whirled along the routes through the ruins.

Returns for Los Angeles county for the general election November 6th show a total registration of 88,092. Los Angeles county is now the most populous politically in the State. San Francisco county, which formerly was in the lead, gave total registration returns of 51,733 voters.

In excavating for the foundation of the new building for the Bank of California, at the northwest corner of California and Sansome streets, the workmen came upon the remains of an old wharf. The piles were remarkably well preserved and even some of the old floor timbers were intact. The former bank building was built in 1864, but sixteen years before that time the waters of the bay came up to that spot, and a wharf, known as California-street wharf, was built there in the summer of 1849.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lund, Jr., has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.



Hotel del Coronado

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Enjoy California's best climate at the largest all-year seaside resort hotel in the world. All outside rooms. Guests will appreciate the new and important changes. Every modern convenience provided, including long distance telephone in rooms. Chief of national reputation. Choice and widest cuisine of any hotel in the West. Interior court—a rare tropical garden. Fine winter fishing and hunting. Unexcelled golf links and tennis courts. For further information address

MORGAN ROSS, Manager
Coronado Beach, Cal.
H. F. NORCROSS, General Agent
334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles

J. S. DINKELSPIEL

Importer of

DIAMONDS, PRECIOUS STONES

1021 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco, Cal.
Fine Set Pieces a Specialty

THE FIRST HIGH GRADE
TAILOR
DOWN TOWN

Maurice Brandt

636 Market Street

Between Montgomery and Kearny Sts.

"La Questa"

A Luscious Old Red Wine,
Highly Commended by
Connoisseurs : : :

PRODUCER:

E. H. RIXFORD

Kohl Building, San Francisco

Helping the Homeless

The Continental Building and Loan Association

Has helped build up several interior towns and cities of California but for the next few years its funds will be used to help restore the burned homes of San Francisco.

Dr. Washington Dodge, President.

Gavin McNab, Attorney.
Wm. Corbin, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr.

Office: Corner Market and Church Streets

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS

Ready for business at 1165 O'FARRELL ST., bet. Franklin and Gough
Pianos Tuned, Repaired, Moved and Stored.
SOMMER-Cecilian Piano Players

BANKING.

California
Safe Deposit and
Trust Company

Capital Fully Paid \$2,000,000
Total Assets \$10,000,000

A General Banking Business Conducted
Savings and Checking Accounts Received
Interest Paid on Deposits

MAIN OFFICE
CORNER CALIFORNIA AND MONTGOMERY
STREETS

West End Branch, 1531 Devisadero St.
Near Post.

Mission Branch: 927 Valencia Street
Near Twenty-first

Uptown Branch: 1850 Geary Street,
West of Fillmore.

DAVID F. WALKER, Pres.
J. DALZELL BROWN, Mgr.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

316 Montgomery Street
Established March, 1871

Authorized Capital - - - \$1,000,000.00
Paid-up Capital - - - 500,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits - - - 285,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1906 - - - 4,934,818.50

Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.
Banking by mail a specialty.

William Babcock - - - - - President
S. L. Abbot - - - - - Vice-President
Fred W. Ray - - - - - Secretary

Directors—William Babcock, S. L. Abbot, O. D. Baldwin,
Joseph D. Grant, E. J. McCutchen, L. F. Montague, R. H.
Pease, Warren D. Clark, Jas. L. Flood, J. A. Donohoe,
John Parrott, Jacob Stern.

FRENCH AMERICAN BANK

Union Trust Building (Third Floor)
Ready to accommodate its customers and do a general banking
business. We will collect on insurance policies for those wish-
ing our services.

THE FRENCH SAVINGS BANK
occupies offices in the same building.

Officers—Charles Carpy, President; Arthur Legallet, Vice-
President; Leon Bocqueraz, Vice-President.

Directors—J. E. Artigues, O. Bozio, J. A. Bergerot, E. J.
DeSablé, J. M. Dupas, J. S. Godeau, J. J. Mack, Geo.
Belaney, Leon Kaufman.

Our Branch Bank is Now Open at
No. 810 Van Ness Avenue Near Eddy St.

Mutual Savings Bank

710 Market St., Opposite Third
SAN FRANCISCO.

Guaranteed Capital - - - - - \$ 1,000,000
Paid-up Capital - - - - - 300,000
Surplus - - - - - 320,000
Assets - - - - - 10,000,000

Interest paid on deposits. Loans on approved securities.

OFFICERS—President, James D. Phelan; First Vice-
President, S. G. Murphy; Second Vice-President, John A.
Hooper; Secretary and Cashier, Geo. A. Story; Asst. Secretary
and Asst. Cashier, C. B. Hobson; Attorney, Frank J.
Sullivan.

Directors—James D. Phelan, John A. Hooper, Frank J.
Sullivan, Jas. M. McDonald, S. G. Murphy, James Moffitt,
Robt. McElroy, Charles Holbrook, Rudolph Spreckels.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS
AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus \$ 2,552,719.61
Capital actually paid up in cash 1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1906 38,476,520.22

F. Tillmann, Jr., President; Daniel Meyer, First Vice-
President; Emil Rohle, Second Vice-President; A. H. R. Schmidt,
Cashier; Wm. Hermann, Asst. Cashier; Geo. Tourny, Sec-
retary; A. H. Muller, Asst. Secretary; Goodfellow & Ellis,
General Attorneys.

Board of Directors:

F. Tillmann, Jr., Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohle, Ign. Steinhart,
I. N. Walter, N. Ohlendorf, J. W. Van Bergen, E. T. Kruse
and W. S. Goodfellow.

MR. DOOLEY ON THE PRESS.

He Tells What the Papers Do to Presidents, Potentates, and the Public.

Everybody, nearly, has laughed with Mr. Dooley, the philosopher of Archey Road, and though the reflections of the sage with the brogue were looked for vainly during the past year, they are once more to delight the public. F. P. Dunne, the real Dooley, is now one of the editors of the American Magazine, and in the October number he returns to the style of work that made him famous when he was a Chicago newspaper reporter. The following extracts from the magazine article give some of Mr. Dooley's views on the power of the press:

"People tell ye they don't care what is said about him in print. They don't if it's pleasant. If ye said a man was a greater pote thin Shakespeare, a greater gin'ral thin Napoleon, a gr-reater statesman thin Thomas Jefferson, he'd have a feelin' that ye done him scant justice on'y because if ye didn't ye'er readers wud indignantly stop th' pa-aper. Ye never read iv annybody writin' in that his attintion has been called to a paragraph praisin' him an' regrettin' that stuff has been published about him that shud be kept f'r his tombstone. But if ye print a squib down in th' right hand corner iv th' twelfth page followin' pure advertisin' mather to th' gin'ral effect that his past life in Missouri is known to th' iditor he'll be around that mornin' with a gun an' a lawyer."

Where the public get their opinions of people they do not know is explained:

"I take all th' pa-apers an' read thim fr'm end to end. I don't believe a bad thing they print about anny iv me frinds, but I believe ivrything about annybody else. Many a man I don't know'd be surprised to hear I wudden't speak to him on account iv what I think I know iv him. I'm personally acquainted with ivry prominent man in the wurruld through th' pa-apers, but I cudden't swear there was iver such a person as Tiddy Rosenfelt. I never see him. So far as I'm concerned, Hinnissy, th' man that's prident iv ye an' me an' sivinty million others was made in a newspaper office be some bright young fellow in his shirt sleeves and smokin' a corn cob pipe. He happened to be feelin' good so he made an attractive character. But th' rale Tiddy Rosenfelt instead av bein' a short, thickest man, with rows iv flashin' teeth, a cheerful demeanor an' a pugnacious disposition, may be a long, lean man with red side whiskers, no teeth at all an' scared to death iv Secretary Shaw. Some day th' young fellow that made him may make him over an' thin I'll have another busted idol. It's th' same with William Jennings Bryan, with th' Czar, King Edward, or annybody else. They're all made out in newspaper th' way ye'er little boy makes a cocked hat an' thin turns it into a boat. Desthroy th' newspapers an' they'd disappear like th' figures off a kinoscope screen. They're alive while th' ink lasts; they're dead th' minit the iditor says: 'We pass on to the next cage.' Be hivens, Hinnissy, if I can't believe what I read about people I don't know, I'm a lost man."

This is Mr. Dooley's impression of a magnate "all spattered and torn":

"Th' printed wurruld! What can I do against it? I can buy a gun to protect me against me inimy. I can change me name to save me fr'm th' gran' jury. But there's no escape f'r good man or bad fr'm th' printed wurruld. It follows me wheriver I go an' strikes me down in church, in me office, in me very home. There was me frind Jawn D. Three years ago he seemed insured against punishment ayether here or here-after. A happy man, a religious man. He had squared th' ligislatures, th' coorts, th' pollyticians, an' th' Baptist clargy. He saw th' dollars hoppin' out iv ivry lamp chimbley in th' wurruld an' hurryin' to'rd him. His heart was pure, seein' that he had never done wrong save in th' way iv business. His head was hairless but unbowed. Ivry Mondah mornin' I read iv him leadin' a chorus iv 'Onward Christyan sogers marchin' f'r th' stuff.' He was at peace with th' wurruld, th' flesh, an' th' divvle. A good man! What cud harm him? An' so it seemed he might proceed to th' grave whin, lo an' behold, up in his path leaps a lady with a pen in hand an' off goes Jawn D. f'r th' tall timbers. A lady, mind ye, dips a pen into an inkwell! there's an explosion, an' what's left iv Jawn D. an' his power wudden't frighten crows away fr'm a cornfield. Who's afraid iv Rockyfeller now? Th' prident hits him a kick, a country grand jury indicts him, a goluf caddy overcharges him, an' whin he comes back fr'm Europe he has as many polismen to meet him on th' pier as Doc Owens. A year ago, annybody wud take his money. Now if he wanted to give it even to Chancellor Day he'd have to meet him in a barn at midnight."

Mr. Dooley thinks that our public men must resort to the political "intelligence" office. He says:

"Whin a State wants to illicit a governor or a city a mayor they don't go as wanst they did to th' most graceful tax dodger in th' community f'r advice but apply to th' Pollytickal Intelligence Office set up by me frind Lincoln Steffens. No wan can get a job without a charackter fr'm him: 'Grover Cleveland, honest but grumpy; don't get along with other servants an' is disposed to lecture his masters; induthrees but not very bright; wud make a good judge in a probate court; since lavin' his last place has been keepin' bad comp'ny.'"

"Thaydore Rosenfelt; excellent man iv all wurruk, honest, sober, but a little quarrelsome. Sometimes thries too hard to please all his employers at wanst; wants to do too much f'r thim at other times an' has been known to compel thim to take a bath when they didn't need it. Wud make an excellent watchman f'r th' front dure but doesn't pay much attention to th' back iv th' house. Very well satisfied with his present position but may have to make a change.' 'Willum Jennings Bryan; has been a second man f'r ten years, a position to which he is well suited. Wud like to improve his condition. Cheerful, economical, but not to be thrusted with silver.'"

"No, sir, as Hogan says, I care not who makes th' laws or th' money iv a country so long as I run th' presses. Father Kelly was talkin' about it th' other day. 'There ain't annything like it an' there niver was,' says he. 'All th' priests in this diocese together preach to about a hundred thousand people wunst a week an', he says, 'all th' papers preach to three milyun wanst a day, aye, twenty times a day,' says he. 'We give ye hell on Sundahs an' they give ye hell all th' time,' he says. 'Tis a wonderful thing,' he says. It's got Death beat a mile in levelin' ranks. No man, be he king or potintate, or milk-man, is anny bigger or anny littler thin what ye see iv him in th' papers. Ye say it invades our privacy. But so does th' polisman, on'y he carries a warrant an' th' press nabs us f'r crimes that are too intelligent f'r th' polis to understand. It rules be findin' out what th' people want an' if they don't want annything it tells thim what it wants thim to want it to tell him. It's against all tyrants but itsel' an' it has th' boldest iv thim crookin' th' knee to it."

Mr. Miggles at the Phone.

Mr. Miggles was trying to call up a friend who lived in a suburban town. Mr. Miggles looked up the number, then got Central. "Hello!" he said. "Give me Elmdale two-ought-four-seven."

"Elmdale? I'll give you long distance."

Long distance asked: "What is it?"

"Elmdale two-ought-four-seven."

"Elmdale two-ought-four-seven?"

"Yes."

"What is your number?"

"I just told you. Elmdale two-ought—"

"I mean your own house number."

"Sixty-five Blicken street."

"Oh, that isn't what I mean. Your 'phone number."

"Why didn't you say so?" asked Mr. Miggles, who is noted for his quick temper.

"I did. What is it?"

"Violet Park eight-seven-seven."

"Violet Park eight-double-seven?"

"I reckon so."

"And what number do you want?"

"Elmdale two-ought-four-seven."

"What is your name?"

"My name is John Henry Miggles. I live at 65 Blicken street, Violet Park; my house 'phone is Violet Park eight-seven-seven or eight-double-seven, as you choose; I am married, have no children; we keep a dog and a cat and a perpetual palm and a Boston fern and—"

"All that is unnecessary, sir. We merely—"

"And last summer we didn't have a bit of luck with our roses. I tried to have a little garden, too, but the neighbors' chickens got away with that. The house is green, with red gables; there is a cement walk from the street. I am forty years old; my wife is younger and looks it; we have a piano, keep a cook and an upstairs girl; had the front bedroom papered last week and I want to—"

"Did you want Elmhurst two-ought-four-seven?"

"Yes!" gasped Mr. Miggles.

"Well, the circuit is busy now. Please call again."

But Mr. Miggles wrote a letter.

—New Orleans Picayune.

"We can't get all at once into the exclusive circles, ma. We haven't got the prestige." "Well, law sakes, Sairy, can't we buy some?"—Baltimore American.

"Ah!" sighed the rich old widower, "I would willingly die for you." "How soon?" queried the pretty but practical maid.—Chicago Daily News.

A Gridiron Elegy.

Now comes the megaphoneless hour of day—
The hoarse-voiced crowd begins to twenty-three;
The rooters homeward plod their weary way,
And leave the field to doctors and to me.

In yonder ambulance, that rumbles o'er the hill,
Full many a senseless giant, bleeding, lay;
And to the hospital went battered Tom and Bill,
To count the many bruises of the day.

For them no more the umpire's whistle calls,
No more the megaphones will bid them kill;
No more they'll have those thrilling dives and falls,
That have their sequel in the doctor's bill.

Perhaps to this neglected ground there creeps
Some chap who last year played the game;
He takes one look—ah, how the poor chap weeps—
Across the field where he lost gore and fame.

Full many a star of purest ray serene
The white beds of yon hospital now bear;
Full many a player's born to groan unseeo
And waste much arnica—likewise much swear.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble cheers
Hereafter they will limp their way along,
And play high-five, or shake the dice for beers—
Or stick to that most quiet game—ping-pong.
—Denver Republican.

Elder Members of the Skidoo Family.

No philologist will ever trace the origin of many grotesque expressions, nor fathom how they were ever made susceptible of expressing an idea. "Skidoo" is a modern example that is just as expressive as "Get out," but where it came from and who were its sponsors is not clear, to say nothing of its development into a full-rounded word.

Following is a partial list of other phrases and words that have the same meaning but lack the present novelty and force of "skidoo":

Absquatulate. Vamoose the ranch. Shake your dusties. Light out. Shunt off. Beat it. Retire. Get out. Go away. Leave. Hit the trail. Hike. Skeddaddle. Make your escape. Twenty-three for you. Scoot. 'Raus mit 'em. Blow. On your way. Trot along. Back to the mines. To the tall timber. Get a move on. To the grass. Take a run for yourself. Clear out. Go along. Get. Ta-ta. So long. Brush by. Shut the door from the outside. Dig.

"A man in public office should not be indifferent to this world's goods." "No," answered Senator Sorghum, "but it is not always wise to let himself be caught with them."—Washington Star.

"Look here, waiter, where are those soft boiled eggs I ordered?" "De cook boiled 'em too hard, sah, so he had to boil 'em over again."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

GOODYEAR RUBBER COMPANY

Have Returned to Their Old Home, Where They Were Located Before the Fire,

573-579 Market St., near Second

Tel. Temporary 1788

FISHER & CO., Inc.

Hatters and Furnishers

Formerly of 9 Montgomery St.

Now 726 Market St., Opp. Call Bldg.
San Francisco.

JOHN G. ILS & CO.

Manufacturers

High-Grade French Ranges

Kitchen and Bakery Outfits,

624 Washington Street,

San Francisco, Cal.

AUTOMOBILES

Runabouts - - - \$700

Reo Touring Cars - \$1400

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

J. W. LEAVITT & CO.

441 Golden Gate Ave.

HUNTER
BALTIMORE
RYE



THIS TRADE-MARK
REPRESENTS THE
HIGHEST STANDARD
OF EXCELLENCE, THE
AMERICAN GENTLE-
MAN'S WHISKEY.

CHARLES M. REYNOLDS CO.,
Agents for California and Nevada
San Francisco, Cal.

Clubbing List for 1906

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistake.

American Magazine and Argonaut	\$4.
Argosy and Argonaut	4.
Atlantic Monthly and Argonaut	6.
Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut	6.
Century and Argonaut	7.
Commoner and Argonaut	4.
Cosmopolitan and Argonaut	4.
Criterion and Argonaut	4.
Critic and Argonaut	5.
Current Literature and Argonaut	5.
English Illustrated Magazine and Argonaut	4.
Form and Argonaut	6.
Harper's Bazar and Argonaut	4.
Harper's Magazine and Argonaut	6.
Harper's Weekly and Argonaut	6.
International Magazine and Argonaut	4.
Judge and Argonaut	7.
Lealie's Weekly and Argonaut	6.
Life and Argonaut	7.
Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut	6.
Littell's Living Age and Argonaut	9.
Mexican Herald and Argonaut	10.
Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut	4.
Nineteenth Century and Argonaut	7.
North American Review and Argonaut	7.
Out West and Argonaut	5.
Overland Monthly and Argonaut	5.
Political Science Quarterly and Argonaut	4.
Puck and Argonaut	7.
Review of Reviews and Argonaut	5.
Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut	6.
Smart Set and Argonaut	6.
St. Nicholas and Argonaut	6.
Sunset and Argonaut	4.
Theatre Magazine and Argonaut	5.
Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut	4.
Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) and Argonaut	4.
Weekly New York Tribune, Weekly New York World, and Argonaut	5.

To Lease

Lot in the residence quarter in the Male View District. Short 50-Vara.
MADISON & BURKE
Fillmore and Sacramento Sts.



STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

ne very slippery day "Mark Twain" was wing down Main street in Hartford. A portly cken fell just in front of him with a thud. Lying calmly down, "Mark Twain" drawled: "You'll have to hit it again and a little harder. I think you'll break through." The fat man with a purple face told Mr. Clemens to go there is always a successful corner on ice snow. Mr. Clemens walked on, saying: "That is the very last time that I'll ever encourage a man to get up when he is down in."

Hey!" yelled the stevedore, "handle that gun-der careful." "What's wrong wid it?" demanded Finnegan. "I had hold of it." "Don't you know," replied the stevedore, "that of that same powder exploded last year an' ed up ten men?" "Shure, that couldn't happen now," replied eegan, "fur there's only two of us here."

very rich and Socialistic Deputy, who had ed a property by the sea, closed his park to strians, and excluded the public from a part e shore, which he reserved to himself. "What!" says one to him; "you a Socialist, to is!" "Oh, pardon," replies the Deputy; "my cons-ns are enjoying a vacation."

ole, the English comedian, once gave the wing as his idea of a bright, short play to piring young dramatist who had submitted to a laborious drama in six acts: hen the curtain goes up two persons are dis-ed on a sofa, one a pretty young woman, the a nice-looking young fellow. They em- Then a door opens at the back, and a ercial traveler enters. You can tell at by her manner that he is the husband of the woman. e husband takes off his coat, draws from his a revolver, and fires. e young woman falls dead.

fires again, and the young man is similarly ed of. Then the murderer comes forward, in a pair of eyeglasses, and proceeds to con-ate his sanguinary work. "Great heavens!" he exclaims. "I am on the floor."

Christian Scientist came across a small boy under an apple-tree, doubled up with pain. ly little man," he said, "what is the mat-

ate some green apples," moaned the boy, "oh, how I ache." "You don't ache," answered the follower of Eddy; "you only think so." e boy looked up in astonishment at such a ent, and then replied in a most positive er: "That's all right; you may think so, 've got inside information."

e have our troubles like our brethren on r papers," said the manager of a religious ation the other day. "Just read this." e showed a letter from a subscriber, asking ver the reverend editor of the paper believed nersion as well as in other forms of bap- if he did not, she wanted her paper ed at once.

ell, what did you tell her?" "I worldly smile lit up the face features of the er, as he said: "I told her that Dr. Blank had been a zealous ate of immersion from his youth up. We t allow theological hair-splitting to reduce ubscription list."

Vile Archbishop Trench was dean of West- man. he delegated Canon Cureton to preach il abbey on a certain saint's day. On such ays he boys of Westminster school attended ery, and afterward had the rest of the day as he lay. While Mr. Cureton on the morning t day he was to officiate was looking over is non at the breakfast table his son asked in to vibrating with anxiety:

"I her, is yours a long sermon today?" "Jimmy, not very." "I how long? Please tell me." "Well, about twenty minutes, I should say. y are you so anxious to know?" "I ause, father, the boys say they will thrash ully if you are more than half an hour."

I late Archbishop of Canterbury was for ears fearful of a stroke of paralysis. d at the right of the Countess of Warwick illiant banquet, he startled the guests by and remarking: "Then, it has come at last—that which I ared for forty years, a stroke of paraly-

sis. I have been pinching my knee for the last twenty minutes and can't find the least sensation there."

"Pardon me," said the countess, "but it was my knee that you were pinching."

Chevrolet, the automobilist, was talking of American railways.

"They are superb," he said. "Abroad we have nothing like them. But the expense! On my way down to Florida I said to the porter as the time drew near for us to part:

"Porter, you have been very attentive and I want to give you something, but I have no change."

Then I took out a \$20 bill from my wallet. "Certainly, sir," the porter answered, pulling out a large roll of money. "How will you have it, sir? In fives?"

The king, who was Prince of Wales for a longer period than any of his predecessors, is said to speak a few words of Welsh. There is a story told of a Chicago girl, the daughter of a millionaire, who, in the days before his majesty had ascended the throne, had determined to visit England. A friend found her studying Welsh, and in reply to a question the girl said: "I'm going to be presented to the Prince of Wales when I'm in London, and I should like to be able to speak to him in his real native language."

A stately and venerable professor one morn- ing, being unable to attend to his class on account of a cold, wrote on the blackboard:

"Dr. Dash, through indisposition, is unable to attend to his classes today."

The students erased one letter in this notice, making it read:

"Dr. Dash, through indisposition, is unable to attend to his lasses today."

But it happened a few minutes later that the professor returned for a box he had forgotten. Amid a roar of laughter he detected the change in his notice, and, approaching the blackboard, calmly erased one letter in his turn.

Now the notice read: "Dr. Dash, through indisposition, is unable to attend to his asses today."

A lawyer from one of the interior counties of Pennsylvania went to Philadelphia on some professional business. When he returned he told his neighbors about it.

"I stopped at one of them taverns," he said, "and they charged me \$3 a day for my room and meals. Just think of that; \$3 a day! But I got good and even with them. I ate oysters three times a day."

Some years ago, when the route of a railroad to Atlantic City was being surveyed and the men were driving stakes through the premises of an old farmer, he addressed the leader of the gang as follows:

"Layin' out another railroad?" "Surveying for one," was the reply. "Goin' threw my barn?" "Don't see how we can avoid it." "Wall, now, mister," said the worthy farmer, "I calkerlate I've got sumthin' tew say 'bout that. I want you tew understand that I've got sumthin' else tew dew besides runnin' out tew open and shet them doors every time a train wants to go through."

Madison C. Peters, clergyman and author, was talking to a group of young men.

"Half the wrong things you chaps do," he said, "you do only because they are forbidden. If you didn't know they were forbidden, if you didn't know they were wrong, they would only seem to you disgusting and repugnant."

"I strolled one spring morning in a beautiful park.

"'Look here,' I said to one of the guards, 'why do you have "Keep off the grass" signs all over the park? You don't seem to enforce the rule.'

"'No, sir,' said the guard. 'The object of the signs is to cause the people to enjoy more thor- oughly being on the grass.'"

A young English farmer, wishing to have his banns published, went to see the parish clergy- man. The reverend gentleman asked him several questions, all of which he was able to answer with the exception of one.

"Is your intended a spinster?" the clergyman asked.

He paused in thought. Then he replied, "No, sir; she's a dressmaker."

John Fiske, the American historian, was an ardent lover of music and himself no mean musi- cian. Furthermore, he was extremely corpulent and felt the hot weather painfully. He was once delivering a course of lectures at a summer school in a small city of the middle west. The heat

was terrific and adjoining the house where the lecturer stayed was a church where an ill-matched but zealous "quartet" practiced and performed during all hours of the torrid afternoons and evenings. One evening, seeing the famous man sit for a time unoccupied and apparently op- pressed by this combined affliction, the young daughter of his hostess attempted to divert him by offering him a new novel, then just becoming popular.

"I think 'The Choir Invisible' is perfectly splendid, Mr. Fiske," said she. "Wouldn't you like to read it?"

The historian put the book aside. "My dear young lady," said he, "the only choir in the world in which I could feel any interest at this moment would be the choir inaudible."

ELECTRO SILICON

Unequalled for
Cleaning and Polishing
SILVERWARE.

Send your address for a FREE SAMPLE, or 15c. in stamps for a full sized box.

Grocers sell it.
THE ELECTRO SILICON CO., 30 CHURCH ST., New York.

This Number of the Argonaut

Is sent to a certain number who are not on its subscription lists. If it should happen to fall into the hands of those who already are subscribers or readers, they are asked to hand it to any person who in their opinion may be interested in such a journal. There are many pressing topics in these stirring days. In this issue we discuss National politics, California politics, and the interesting campaigns now progressing in the various States. Likewise the questions so vital to San Francisco in her present needs---insurance, relief, rehabilitation, rebuilding, labor---all these and many kindred topics are now being discussed in the Argonaut. Our regular readers know that this journal has not missed an issue, and that practically all of the time since the disaster it has been issued in its old form. Others may not know it, hence some of these issues are sent free to strangers.

The Argonaut will be sent free up to Jan. 1st, 1907, to all new subscribers who send in one year's subscription during November and December.

The Short Way

taken by

Overland Limited

Electric lighted

68 hours to Chicago

without change of cars

Select dining and buffet service
Observation platform

Southern Pacific

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Under what circumstances," asked the chief examiner, "would you call in another physician for a consultation?" "When I didn't want the patient to die on my own hands," promptly answered the medical student.

Chesterfield, during his last illness, was driving. A lady overtook him. "How glad I am," said she, "to see you driving out." "Madam," said Lord Chesterfield, with a smile, "I am not driving out. I am simply rehearsing my funeral."

Miss Gaysett (after every other means has failed)—"I've named my new saddle horse after you, Mr. Ankerd." Mr. Ankerd—"Hah—Ah—Deuced flattered—really—." Miss Gaysett—"Yes; it's so dreadfully hard to make him go."—Puck.

American Cousin—"I reckon the sons of some of our millionaires have a pretty hard problem to solve when they can't decide whether to go into business and live up to their fathers' reputations, or go into society, and live them down."—Punch.

"Little boy," said the judge, "do you understand the nature of an oath?" "Makin' a swear?" "Yes." "I know all about it, judge," answered the youthful witness. "I sell papers right in front o' de gas company's office."—Chicago Tribune.

"Why," asked the agitator, "should the wage-earner be at the beck and call of his employer?" "I'm not," said the auditor, who was yawning. "I've got my employer so that he minds every word I say and asks no questions. I'm a chauffeur."—Washington Star.

Wife—"But, my dear, you've forgotten again that today is my birthday." Husband—"Listen, dearie; I know I forgot it, but there isn't a thing about you to remind me that you are a day older than you were a year ago."—Translated for Tales from Le Journal pour Tous.

Grudge—"That will be a fine marriage, a splendid alliance. The bride's father is rich. She just rolls in gold. The bridegroom is rich, too; he made a fortune in copper." Bridge—"That's not an alliance; it's an alloy."—Translated for Tales from Le Rire.

"Well, Willie, I suppose your nose is completely out of joint since your little brother came." "No, it hasn't made any difference with mine; but pa's is. He bumped it against the door when he got up in the dark to hunt for the catnip, night before last."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Wealth has its disadvantages," said the philosopher. "Yes," answered the man with sporting inclinations. "It must be very monotonous for a man to be able to bet five or ten thousand dollars on a horse race without caring whether he loses it or not."—Washington Star.

De Long—"So you didn't get anything out of your rich uncle's estate, eh?" Shortleigh—"Not yet, but I expect to get most of it some day; I am engaged to the daughter of the attorney for the estate." De Long—"Good! Let me congratulate you."—Chicago Daily News.

Attorney—"Have you formed any opinion on this case?" Prospective Juror—"No, sir." Attorney—"After the evidence on both sides is all in, do you think you will be able to form an opinion?" Prospective Juror—"No, sir." Attorney—"Good! You'll do."—Chicago Daily News.

Bishop Potter credits to Bishop Williams the saying that the Puritans upon landing in New England, "first fell on their knees and then fell on the aborigines." Most of us have heard the remark attributed to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. There is a tendency, however, to allow the reputation to remain where it is.

Tourist in Highlands (who has eaten about four-pennyworth)—"What do I owe you for this meal?" Guidwife—"Aweel, it's the Saw-bath. So we'll no charge ye anything." Grannie—"Na, na, we wunna charge ye anything. But ye can just gie the bairns saxpence apiece!"—Punch.

The Lady—"Do you clean houses?" The Vacuum Cleaner Man—"Yes, ma'am. We have a four-cylinder machine, and we'll take away every atom of dirt." "All right; my husband has just been spending his vacation on a second-hand auto, and I wish you'd start on him at once."—Life.

Dr. Levi Bull, when presiding over the diocesan convention of Pennsylvania, put a resolution to vote and heard a loud response of "aye." "The resolution is carried," he declared. "But, doctor," said a grave divine, rising in his place, "you have not called for the noes." "Oh, well," said Dr. Bull, "we don't want any noes!"

Right Rev. Chauncey B. Brewster, D. D., Bishop of Connecticut, told a story the other day which he says is Mrs. Brewster's favorite.

It seems the Bishop had caught a small boy stealing apples in his orchard; so, after reproving him severely for some time, he said: "And now, my boy, do you know why I tell you all this? There is One before whom even I am a crawling worm; do you know who?" "Sure," replied the boy, promptly, "the missus."—Harper's Weekly.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

How He Proposed.

They dined all alone at 8:8.
On oysters they dined and 8:8.
And he asked his dear K8
To tell him his f8
When they 8:8-a-8 at 8:8.
—Houston Post.

Chemical Blonde.

Juno, they say, was ox-eyed;
Now, don't you think it true,
Were she a dame of these times
She'd be peroxide too?
—Pittsburg Dispatch.

There's Nothing New.

The Chinese had the printing press
When Moses was a boy,
And printed all the news, I guess,
About the fall of Troy.
The things that ours we proudly call—
Machines to reap and sow—
The Chinese knew about them all
Six thousand years ago.

Gunpowder, paper, ice cream, steel—
They knew about each one
Before the Roman placed his heel
The conquered world upon.
They hit on everything, 'twould seem.
And I've no doubt, O, no,
Some Chinese poet used this theme
Six thousand years ago!
—Louisville Courier Journal.

We're Progressing,
We've shorted up our words a few,
The scheme is far from twaddle;
Progressive young folks say "skiddo,"
Our grand sires said "skeddadle."
—Detroit News.

Got Him Going.

Beneath a tree sat Her and Him,
And quite alone the two,
Save for an owl perched on a limb,
Which said: "To wit, to woo."

Now for an hour or more sat he
Nor any nearer drew,
Although the owl with owlish glee
Remarked. "To wit, to woo."

Whereat he took the hint, this man
For he had caught a clue,
And to warm up at length began,
To spoon, to wit, to woo.
—Houston Chronicle.

The Ruling Passion.

Early this summer Jenkins left
In foreign lands to roam,
And ever since he's been engaged
In sending post-cards home.

No souvenirs could Jenkins buy,
From Liverpool to Rome,
Since every cent he had spent
In sending post-cards home!
—Ella A. Fanning.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

Mistress (engaging new servant)—"And I hope you're not too friendly with the policemen." Servant—"Lor, no, ma'am. I 'ate 'em. My father was a Hanarchist, mum."—Pick-Me-Up.

All over the world, babies have been benefited during the teething period, by Steedman's Soothing Powders.

He—"Can't you give me any hope?" She—"None; you're doomed. I've landed you."—Judge.

NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS.—You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

Locate Down Town

SUTTER-ST. STORES NOW READY

North Side, between Sanaome and Montgomery

CENTRAL BUILDING OFFICES

Market, between First and Second Streets

Office any size. Electric Light, Janitor, Night Watchman

APPLY TO

Guy T. Wayman - - Central Building
519 Market Street

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD ESTABLISHED 1850

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000.00
Cash Assets.....5,340,136.94
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,414,921.16

Benjamin J. Smith
Manager Pacific Department:
525 THIRTEENTH ST., OAKLAND
San Francisco Office:
2310 CALIFORNIA STREET

THE LATEST STYLES IN Choice Woolens

H. S. Bridge & Co.
MERCHANT TAILORS
1176 O'FARRELL STREET

Bonestell, Richardson & Co.

Have Plenty of Every Kind of

PAPER

Phone Temporary 1273
473 to 475 SIXTH STREET,
San Francisco.

For YOUR

BREAKFAST

GERMEA

At All Grocers

THE JOHNSON-LOCKE MERCANTILE CO.

AGENTS

714 Broadway, Oakland

MT. TAMALPAIS RAILWAY

Via Sausalito Ferry—Foot of Market St.

Lv. San Francisco	W'kday	Sun	Leave Tamalpais	Sun	W'kday
9:50A	8:25A	9:50A	10:40A	1:05P	
1:45P	11:00A				
4:35P	1:45P		2:30P	4:30P	
	3:15P		4:30P	5:45P	9:30P

Legal Holidays, Sunday Time.

TICKET OFFICE AT SAUSALITO FERRY.

Steamship Lines

AMERICAN LINE

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON
St. Louis.....Oct. 27 | St. Paul.....
Philadelphia.....Nov. 3 | New York.....

Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool
Friesland.....Oct. 27 | Merion.....
Westernland.....Nov. 3 | Haverford.....

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.
Minnetonka.....Oct. 27 | Minneapolis.....
Mesaba.....Nov. 3 | Minnehaha.....

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE
Sailings Wednesdays as per sailing list.

Statendam.....Oct. 31, 10 a. m. | Noordam.....Nov. 21.
Ryndam.....Nov. 7, 9 a. m. | N. Amsterdam.....
Potsdam.....Nov. 14, 2 p. m. | Statendam.....

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.
Finland.....Oct. 27 | Kronland.....
Zeeland.....Nov. 7 | Vaderland.....

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL
Maestic.....Oct. 31 | Teutonic.....
Celtic.....Nov. 2 | Baltic.....
Oceanic.....Nov. 7 | Oceanic.....

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.
Cymric.....Nov. 17 | Arabic.....

C. D. TAYLOR, Pass. Agt. Pacific Coast.
Room 207 Monadnock Bldg., San Fran

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

TAHITI, SOUTH SEAS—S. S. Mariposa sails
m., Oct. 17th. First-class round trip, \$125.

SYDNEY, AUCKLAND, SAMOA, HONOLULU
S. S. Ventura sails 2 p. m. Oct. 25th.

HONOLULU only—S. S. Alameda sails 11 a.
3d, Round-trip, first-class, \$125.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., General Agents,
Foot Pacific St., San Francisco. Phone West 1273.
Land office, 1168 Broadway. Phone Oakland 881.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

ORIENTAL S. S. Co. have opened their
offices at 217-221 Brannan Street,

SAN FRANCISCO

S. S. Hong Kong Maru - - Nov. 1, 1906

S. S. America Maru - - Nov. 30, 1906

S. S. Nippon Maru - - Dec. 2, 1906

Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and
streets, 1 p. m., for Yokohama and Hongkong,
Honolulu, Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai,
necuting at Hongkong with steamer for Manila, India,
cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and
apply at office, corner First and Brannan Sts.
AVERY, Assistant General Manager.

Thos. Cook & Son

NOW LOCATED

410 Fourteenth Street, Oakland
And North Nave Ferry Building
San Francisco

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

Stoves and Ranges

ADAPTED FOR BURNING: COAL, WOOD, GAS, GASOLINE AND OIL

REFRIGERATORS

Complete Kitchen Outfits for Hotels, Restaurants, Clubs & Households

COR. POLK & TURK STS.

PHONE EMERGENCY 427

The Argonaut.

Vol. LIX. No. 1546. SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 27, 1906. Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Descriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 1711 San Pablo avenue, Oakland. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Jerome Hart, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." To insure consideration, manuscript submitted for publication must be typewritten.

Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal."

Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., 5 Brean's Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear, W. J. Abernethy, and by the Denison News Company on its boats and trains.

Published at San Francisco, California. Temporary Office, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, California.

THIRTIETH YEAR

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

ROMEO A. HART Editor

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

TORIAL: A Permanent Postal Tribunal—Vote for this Amendment—The Crooked Sauerkraut Companies Again—California Once Ruled by Organized Labor—Sweet Bells Jangled.....	169-171
ILANTES, NEW AND OLD: General Sherman's Story of the Vigilance Committee of 1856.....	172
ATURES OF THE HEARST CAMPAIGN.....	174
ONDON MUSICAL COMEDY STORM: "Cockaigne" Tells of Edna May's Retirement and the New Star.....	175
AMED IN BY FIRE: The Thrilling Experience of a Cripple in a Burning Theatre. From the Denison of Camille Debans.....	176
ITICO—PERSONAL.....	177
ERRITORIAL GALAXY: How Six Men of National Prominence Moved from South Dakota to Fame.....	178
OLUTION OF FEMININE TRAITS: The Growth of a Peculiar Code of Morals.....	178
IVIDUALITIES.....	179
UNITY FAIR.....	180
CE GOSSIP.....	181
ERARY NOTES: New Publications—Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.....	182-183
SONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy.....	184-185
SE FROM RECENT BOOKS.....	186
RYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.....	187
ALLEGED HUMORISTS.....	188
TUNEFUL LIAR.....	188

A Permanent Postal Tribunal.

During the first week in October there sat in New York a special Congressional commission to hear the complaints of periodical publishers, postal employees, and others concerning postal problems. The Postoffice Department has shown signs of saddling the whole postal business on the periodical publishers. The publishers claim that this would be unjust and unwarranted, and we think they have proved their case. The Postoffice Department charges newspaper publishers one cent a word for transporting newspapers as second-class matter under many rigid restrictions. The express Companies transport the same kind of matter for half a cent per word under practically no restrictions at all. If the express companies can do this business at a profit, how is it at the Postoffice Department at double the charge, do it at a loss?

The subject is too complicated to discuss in detail, but, having a point dwelt upon insistently by many newspapers—the very high rate paid by the Postoffice Department to the railways for transporting the mails—there are

innumerable other factors which cause the postoffice deficit. One among them is that the Postoffice Department is burdened with the free transportation of all of the letters, documents, publications, office furniture, freight, and what we may generally call "truck" of all the other departments of the United States Government. It may be said that the Postoffice Department ought to do this. Even if that be so, Uncle Sam would only transfer his cash from one pocket to another. But why should the postoffice pocket be drawn upon by the other departments? Then there is no reason why newspaper publishers should make up to the Postoffice Department a deficit caused by transporting roll-top desks, office chairs, and tables for the Department of Agriculture, or coin and bullion for the Treasury Department. Yet that is what is done.

Some years ago the Treasury Department desired to transport twenty-five million dollars in gold from the Sub-Treasury in San Francisco to the Sub-Treasury in New York. The way they did it was simple. They sent a Treasury postal frank to the postmaster at San Francisco, told him to stick it on to the twenty-five millions in gold, and deliver it in New York. This that unfortunate official, under the law, was obliged to do. No further effort or worry on the part of the Treasury Department was necessary. Incredible as it may seem, the postmaster at San Francisco carted the twenty-five million dollars in gold under armed guard to the Southern Pacific Railway station. There it was loaded on a special train, each car of which was equipped with guards, heavily armed. This train was then sent across the continent by a circuitous route, and with all information concerning its route and time sedulously concealed from the newspapers in order to avoid the danger of an attack from highwaymen. After a certain number of days this train arrived at Jersey City. The boxes containing the twenty-five millions in gold were taken across on the ferries, and New Yorkers were mystified by the extraordinary spectacle of many vehicles loaded with boxes, upon which were perched guards with rifles and pistols. This procession finally ended at the Sub-Treasury, where the Postoffice Department was released from the custody of the coin by the receipt of the Treasury Department.

This little bit of Treasury transportation cost the Postoffice Department many thousands of dollars and cost the Treasury Department nothing at all. Should such a sum be saddled on the Postoffice Department? It so, should a resulting postal deficit be saddled on the newspaper publishers? We do not see why.

Another source of the postal deficit is the transportation of "equipment." This means shipping fifty or sixty pounds of heavy mail sacks, locks, metal tags, etc., with two or three ounces of letters therein, and then shipping the "equipment" back empty on fast trains at high railway mail rates. It could just as well go back as freight.

Without entering further into this subject—and we assure our readers that it is a very fruitful one—we desire most warmly to approve the suggestion of the periodical association following the session in New York. It is that this postal commission should recommend to Congress the creation of a permanent postal tribunal on the lines of the Interstate Commerce Commission, to deal with problems in postal classification as the other commission deals with railroad rates. Such a commission, in our opinion, would do much to remove the causes for friction now existing between the Postoffice Department and the periodical publishers. Probably both sides believe they are right, but we know that the periodical publishers are right in this contention, at least, that the

Postoffice Department should make such rulings and such constructions of these rulings that they can be understood. As at present, they can not be understood even by the postal employees, let alone by the employees of the publishers.

We do not believe that any reputable periodical publishers countenance a dishonest use of the postal laws. But as the Postoffice Department persistently refuses so to construe its own laws that they can be understood, many honest publishers are at times held up by the department when they are quite innocent in intention.

Vote for this Amendment.

We hope that voters generally will cast their ballot in favor of Constitutional Amendment Number Five (voting number 1) on Tuesday, November 6th. It declares that the Cogswell Polytechnical College shall be exempt from taxation. The purpose of this institution is to give to the boys and girls of this State "a practical training in the mechanical arts and other industries, with the object of fitting them successfully to engage in the different pursuits of life." This school has been created, constructed, and endowed by the money of private individuals. Its Board of Trustees serves without compensation. It is a public school, all training is free, and it is non-sectarian. The total value of its property is only about \$400,000, and the loss of revenue to the State would be small. The gain would be great, for scarcely anything is needed more in California than training in the mechanical arts and industries for young men and women.

The Crooked Sauerkraut Companies Again.

For some time the Argonaut has been forced to ignore the crooked sauerkraut companies. We regret it, but the crooked cockney companies have engrossed our time and space. Besides the crooked sauerkraut companies have had little to say for themselves, contenting themselves by getting out of the limelight and refusing to pay. However, the policy holders in the crooked sauerkraut companies are determined to get their just dues and have organized and sent representatives to Germany with that end in view. Hence the crooked sauerkraut companies are beginning to see that they had better make some sort of a showing, no matter how poor it may be.

The North German Insurance Company of Hamburg, which is in a way the dean of the crooked sauerkraut companies, now comes forward and makes a plea, through Attorney W. S. Goodfellow, its counsel. The company contends through its counsel that it is not liable on its policies here, as its policy form contains an earthquake clause. We have before remarked that most of the earthquake clauses in the policies we have seen do not on their face exempt the companies from liability. Almost all of these clauses seem to us calculated to exempt the companies from earthquake damage, but not from fire damage. The attempts of the companies to claim that they are not liable for fire damage when caused by earthquake damage seems to us not to be borne out by the language of their policies. Furthermore, in all of these earthquake clauses there is intrinsic evidence that the men who drew them meant to hold their companies free from earthquake damage, and that the thought to hold their companies free from fire damage when caused by earthquake damage was utterly remote from their minds. When one considers how carefully these policy forms are drawn up, and how minutely the wording is studied by expert actuaries and conveyancers, it is impossible to believe that they failed to express their

meaning clearly. It is incredible that they did not express themselves with sufficient precision as to make it clear what they meant. It is, in effect, quite plain what they intended their words to mean. It is also quite plain what they are now trying to make their words mean. Yet if their original meaning and their present construction of their clauses are plain, why are they afraid to test them in the courts? In the few cases where these clauses have been before the California courts the companies have been held liable. Yet all the other clauses in these policies except the so-called earthquake clauses are so clear and so unmistakable that no two intelligent men, whether lawyers or laymen, could disagree as to their meaning.

The foregoing remarks refer to those earthquake clauses where apparently by a very strained construction there might be some slight shadow of doubt as to whether the insuring company is liable for fire damage caused by earthquake damage. The policy form of the North German Insurance Company, however, is different in its wording. We print a clause copied from its contract:

This company shall not be liable for loss caused directly or indirectly by invasion, insurrection, riot, labor strike, civil war, or commotion, or military or usurped power, or by order of any civil authority, to prevent the spread of fire, whether such order be legal or not, nor in consequence of any neglect or deviation from police or municipal laws, rules or ordinances where such exist; or by theft at or after a fire; or by neglect of the insured to use all reasonable means to save and preserve the property at and after a fire or when the property is endangered by fire in neighboring premises, or (unless fire ensues and, in that event, for the damage by fire only) by explosion of any kind or from any cause, or the bursting of a boiler, or earthquake, or hurricane, or lightning; but liability for direct damage by lightning may be assumed by specific agreement hereon.

Attorney Goodfellow, counsel for the North German Company, contends that his company is not liable on its policies under this earthquake clause. We do not see much ground for his contention. This is one of those curious clauses so peculiarly drawn that the company seems to be liable under its terms for fire when caused by earthquake and not for any other earthquake damage than for earthquake-fire damage! Under a careful construing of the language, there is no other meaning possible.

The clause says plainly: "This company shall not be liable for loss," following which are a number of clauses under which the company is not liable. The next to the last clause reads: "(unless fire ensues, and, in that event, for the damage by fire only) by explosion of any kind or from any cause, or the bursting of a boiler, OR EARTHQUAKE, or hurricane, or lightning." Reading this clause by the ordinary rules construing an English sentence it means: "This company shall not be liable for loss by earthquake unless fire ensues, and in that event for the damage by fire only."

This proves plainly what we have been contending: That the earthquake clauses in both the crooked cockney and the crooked sauerkraut companies are entirely devoted to saving the companies from earthquake damage; that these policy forms mean that the company is liable for fire damage when caused by earthquake damage; is not liable for fire damage when caused by any expected factor; when earthquake is not one of these expected factors the company is liable for fire damage when caused by earthquake damage.

This is the only possible construction to be put on the earthquake clause in most of the crooked cockney companies and in most of the American companies which are patterned after them. In the case of this crooked sauerkraut company, however, the clause goes further, and, as we remarked above, says explicitly in set terms that the company is not liable for earthquake damage unless fire ensues, and then for damage by fire only. Attorney Goodfellow reads this clause with a hop, skip, and a jump in this way: "This company shall not be liable for loss caused directly or indirectly by earthquake." By picking and choosing words in that manner you can make almost any clause in any document mean anything at all. By so picking and choosing words from the Sermon on the Mount one could justify Judas's betrayal of his Lord. But we fancy Attorney Goodfellow will not find jurors to agree with his hop-skip-and-jump method of construing.

It is matter for rejoicing that these crooked companies, sauerkraut and cockney, are gradually being put on the defensive. A few months ago they were attempt-

ing to browbeat and bluster their unfortunate policyholders. Now they are on the run. They are beginning to see—such is the wide dissemination of news nowadays—that it is not easy for a man to be a rascal in California and an esteemed citizen in London, or a welcher in San Francisco and a worthy burgher in Berlin. If the managers, directors, and adjusters of these crooked companies think that the world is not watching them, they are very much in error. If inquiries pour into other newspaper offices as they have poured into the Argonaut during the last few months, there is no lack of information being furnished to the world. Only last week this office was requested to wire certain particulars concerning the insurance situation, to which we replied that it would cost fifty or sixty dollars. Reply came, "Never mind what it costs." So the wire went. We hope it did some good.

California Once Ruled by Organized Labor.

This journal has been accused of "hostility to Organized Labor." We have replied that we are not hostile to Organized Labor, but that we are hostile to Government by Organized Labor. And so we are. We are uncompromisingly opposed to Government by Organized Labor in this republic. No class is entitled to rule in this country. What Organized Labor most bitterly opposes is class government. And so do we. Government by the Rich, Government by Corporations, Government by the Trusts—to all these class governments Organized Labor is opposed. So is the Argonaut. And the Argonaut is also opposed to another class government, that of Government by Organized Labor.

This republic of ours is a government of the people, for the people, and by the people. It is not a government by any class. It is not a government by any part of the people. It is not a government by organized corporations, or by organized lawyers, or by organized merchants, or by organized employers, or by organized labor, or by organized anything. It is a government by the whole people.

"Organized Labor" as a class has no special God-given prerogative that we know of that makes it superior to any other class in this republic. But if there be those sufficiently weak-minded to think so, then let us recall to them an experiment in Government by Organized Labor recent enough not to be forgotten, bitter enough to be long remembered.

It was in 1894 that the State of California temporarily passed under a Government by Organized Labor. The cause was something with which the people of California had nothing to do. This remoteness of cause—which would deter an ordinary government from using it as a centre of civic strife—did not at all impress the California Government by Organized Labor. It took up a foreign controversy and made it a domestic quarrel. The seizure of government by Organized Labor in California arose from a dispute over wages in Illinois. On May 10th some 3000 Pullman employees there struck. Thereupon, a new labor organization, known as the American Railway Union, forbade its members from working on or in connection with any train hauling Pullman cars. As the lines running into California hauled Pullman cars, the American Railway Union demanded that they cease to haul those cars. The railway officials, being obligated by the law of common carriers and by their contracts to haul Pullman cars, naturally refused. Thereupon the Railway Union members struck, and the entire railway system of California was paralyzed. Passenger and freight transportation and postal communication were completely severed between San Francisco and other California cities and between this Coast and the East.

The paralysis of transportation was followed by the paralysis of regular government in California. H. H. Markham, then Governor of California, shirked his duties, left the capital, and hid himself in the southern part of the State. The strikers were backed up by the daily press. Many of the State officials and the municipal officials of the leading cities were as tools in the hands of the strikers. The railway officials were practically deprived of the power to operate their trains by reason of the refusal of the State and municipal

authorities to accord them protection. Failing the ordinary police protection, they called upon the militia. Organized Labor thereupon passionately declared that "there was no necessity for calling out troops to coerce peaceful and law-abiding citizens." Yet there was coercion—no striker was ordered to work—the railway officials were only endeavoring to operate their trains; this, under their mail contracts with the United States Government and their common-carrier contracts with passengers and shippers, they were obliged to do.

Emboldened by their seizure of a supine State government, the strikers entered by force the private premises of the railway companies for the purpose of obstructing their business. As the Brotherhoods of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen were not involved in the strike the trainmen belonging to the striking unions boarded their engines to "persuade" these non-strikers to leave their work. When they failed to induce the engine or firemen to leave their cabs, they forcibly dragged them from their engines and often beat them. The strikers occupied the railway stations in large and threatening mobs, thus excluding railway officials, railway employes and railway passengers. They obstructed the railway tracks with empty cars. They "killed" engines and railed cars. They destroyed the semaphore connections. They "borrowed" engines and trains and used them to travel about the State in order to fight the lawful authorities.

For many days these acts took place freely and interruptedly in California under a Government by organized Labor.

To the north, to the east, and to the south, through trains were stopped. Railway passengers in East desiring to travel to California were sold tickets to the ticket agents there, but with the proviso that passage was not guaranteed west of the Rocky Mountains. Hundreds of Californians were tied up at various railway stations across the western half of the continent. The writer, who was in New York, found it impossible to purchase an assured passage to California north of El Paso, east of Ogden, or south of Portland. As it was important for him to reach his home, he was obliged to go north to Montreal, thence west over the Canadian Pacific lines to Vancouver, and then south over the Pacific Ocean, thus going completely around his native country to reach his native State. He crossed the continent under the flag of another country, in order that he might travel unimpeded to his own. And when he had reached California by way of the foreign railway and the high seas, he found his State was ruled by Government by Organized Labor. Such of the trains around San Francisco as were permitted by Government by Organized Labor to run, carried men with loaded rifles. Companies or squads of men filled the railway stations around the bay, and accompanied ferry boats on their trips. As it was midsummer thousands of people were scattered over the Coast in various summer resorts. Most of these were forced to remain where they were, with an almost total inability to receive or communicate news concerning themselves or their families. Fruit men, shippers, farmers, and merchants in the interior suffered great losses. Business of nearly every kind was paralyzed for weeks.

It must not be supposed that this Government by Organized Labor was continental in its character. There were strikes and industrial disturbances further East, but there the State and municipal authorities retained control. The Federation of Labor, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and the Knights of Labor refused to order out their men in this sympathetic strike. The American Railway Union was the only body actively interested, and it was only on this Coast that even this body seized control of the government. Eastern members of the American Railway Union were wise enough not to attempt to usurp governmental power.

This usurping Government by Organized Labor was encouraged throughout by the daily press. The *Call*, the *Examiner*, the *Bulletin*, and in a less degree the *Chronicle* said that the strikers' case was righteous and confidently predicted their triumph. The *Bulletin* of that period was not controlled by the present owner. It led the journalistic band in its attempts to give aid and comfort to the forces of Organized Labor. It stood

odium against the railroad men by calling them rapacious and greedy," and "ex-brigands"; it warned them that they were "showing the pride which goes before a fall." When the United States soldiers fired at the accomplices of the murderers of Engineer Clark, the Bulletin asked with indignation whether "citizens be shot down by men in uniform and no questions asked."

Let us interject a word here about this incident under Government by Organized Labor. United States troops had been sent to Sacramento, where the overturn of the regular government was most pronounced and where the mob was most disorderly. The strikers at Sacramento determined to interrupt the regular running of trains, which had been resumed under the protection of the regular troops. So they derailed a train. Had they wished merely to destroy the property of the railway company, they could have derailed the train in any level spot where there would have been little chance for loss of life. But with devilish malignity they laid a trap for the train in such a spot that the resulting wreck was an awful and a fatal one. Their dastardly act resulted in the killing of the veteran engineer, Sam Clark, several regular soldiers, and the wounding of seven more men. These murders aroused so bitter a feeling on the part of the regulars that they did not hesitate to fire on the assassins and their accomplices when ordered.

Prior to this time the California militia had been organized to maintain order in Sacramento by reason of the paralysis of the State and municipal governments. The militia was afflicted with the same strange inertia.

General W. H. Dimond was then in command, but he resigned. The command was turned over from him to another. General Sheehan at one time led the militia, at another time General Dickinson. These various devolutions of command from one to another resulted in nothing but emboldening the mob. They went up and took the cartridges from the belts of the militiamen. Some of these fraternized with the strikers and flung their rifles in the river.

This is the story of how a Government by Organized Labor practically took control of the State capital, practically seized the larger cities of the State, and paralyzed the avenues of communication.

And why? Because some workmen two thousand strong as away had quarreled with their employers over a question of wages.

What brought an end to this arrogant usurpation of the government of a sovereign State? What was it that checked this rebellion against the lawful authorities? What was it that put an end to Government by Organized Labor in California? It was the interference of the Federal troops. The moment they appeared upon the scene the Government by Organized Labor fell.

After the heavy hand of the Federal Government was laid on California, law and order were again restored. During the time when California lay cowering at the feet of a Government by Organized Labor, tracks were torn up, trains were wrecked, freight cars were burned, railway stations were destroyed, engineers, firemen, train hands and yard men, police officers, and soldiers were stoned and beaten, and finally a train was killed and some of the soldiers of the United States army were wantonly and cowardly done to death.

These, then, are the reasons why we are opposed to Government by Organized Labor. This State has had no government by the whole people for over half a century. During that time it has thrived as scarcely any community has ever done. It had for three weeks a government by Organized Labor. During that time commercial and social intercourse was cut off, transportation was held up, all trade was paralyzed, and mobs and murder rioted at noonday.

We do not like a Government by Organized Labor. We do not like that kind of a government as shown in California in 1894, as shown in San Francisco in 1906.

Mr. Bell is the nominee of the Union Labor party. His name stands at the head of its ticket. His name, as its nominee has been officially recognized by the secretary of State. He stands for government by a

class. He stands for a Government by Organized Labor.

Mr. Gillett is the nominee of the Republican party. That party is not a class. In it there are all classes. In it are found faculty and scholars, workingmen and employers, merchants and clerks marching side by side. It represents the whole people. It typifies the whole people. It is the party of the whole people. And Mr. Gillett, its nominee, stands for a Government by the Whole People.

Choose.

Sweet Bells Jangled.

Rarely do we read our musical exchanges. We receive a number of them, all printed in the highest style of the art, and doubtless edited with musicianly enthusiasm. Still, so much of our time and thought has been devoted of late to attempting to collect uncollectible insurance that we have been obliged to neglect the Muses Nine. The other day, however, we picked up several of these handsome musical papers, in order to see what particular riot was going on in the musical camp.

We found there were several. The first seemed to be the "Stencil Piano." What is the Stencil Piano? So queried we in wonder. Much space was given to this malign instrument in various musical journals, all of which assumed that the reader was perfectly conversant with the genesis, the prognosis, and the diagnosis of the Stencil Piano. But all of these diatribes of information hissed harmlessly by us and never touched us. Even the following passage, while it scared, did not enlighten us:

The piano trade of this country has builded for itself a monument of muck. The outermost layer of the pile has, in some part, been cleansed. The inner core of rottenness is uncovered as yet. Before the honest men in the trade can look each other in the face this mountain of muck must be cleared away.

It seems that the musical "mountain of muck" rests upon the Stencil Piano. By careful study we find that this instrument is one apparently manufactured for the general trade; that it has no manufacturer's name on it; that it is nobody's child; that it is a pianoforte foundling; that debased and degraded manufacturers prepare this orphan and send it forth to unscrupulous dealers, who thereupon stencil upon it their brands. As one man in his time plays many parts, so the Stencil Pianos in their career bear many brands.

Is this the only trouble in the musical camp? Not so. There are others. It seems that the manufacturers of mechanical musical devices like the piano-players and the phonograph—if that instrument of horror may be called musical—have been in the habit of using copyrighted music for producing their music rolls. When the owners of copyrights attempted to collect royalties, the mechanical music-mongers bade them go to. They said to Mr. John Phillip Sousa and other of our American maestri: "We have not infringed your copyright. You wrote the Washington Post March, didn't you? Well, you wrote it in notes on a musical scale. We have reproduced nothing that you wrote. All we have done is to punch holes in some rolls of paper. If these rolls when turned around emit sounds something like your Washington Post March, that is not copying the notes, the rests, the sharps, the flats, and the other musical signs you wrote."

In short, the mechanical music-mongers bade the musical composers go chase themselves. The composers and the music publishers thereupon chased themselves with much swiftness into the courts. Unfortunately, the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit decided adversely to the composers and the copyright owners, on the 25th day of last May. The case has been appealed to the United States Supreme Court; but there are so many cases on the Supreme Court docket that it may be a year or more before they are argued. During this period thousands of people will play on wind-impelled piano-players Mr. Sousa's marches, Mr. Ernest Hogan's Darkville ditties, and Mr. Barney Fagan's coon songs, while countless nickels will drop into unnumbered slots from which, thereupon, phonographs will bray forth "Waltz me around, around, Willie; waltz me around, around."

Mr. Sousa thinks this matter so serious that he has taken it up in the magazines. He calls the mechanical

product "canned music." He says if this automatic and mechanical music-mongering continues it will result in completely silencing genuine music in America; that young women will cease to play the piano; that young men will cease to play the banjo; and that undergraduates, male, female, and epicene, will cease to play the mandolin. Before this dreadful prospect the imagination starts back almost appalled. But Mr. Sousa goes further. He says that the American people will cease to sing, our supply of oratorical hot air will dwindle, and as a result the American lungs will become deflated and we shall turn into a race of flat-chested mutes.

This is all bad—very bad. Are there no rays of light on the musical horizon? It would seem not, for, as we turn over the pages of our musical contemporaries, we find that there is still another little rift within the lute. It appears to have grown out of the fact that Ignace Paderewski is playing his pieces on the Weber piano. If he had played them on the Steinway piano, or on the Chickering piano, or on the Knabe piano, or on several of these pianos, it would have been all right. But it seems he confines himself to playing his Paderewski pieces entirely on the Weber. This is unanimously condemned by the vendors of the Knabe piano, the Chickering piano, and the Steinway piano. They are all interviewed in the musical papers, and they say that it is "inartistic." Further, they say that this "so-called artistic endorsement degenerates the piano business." They hint that Mr. Paderewski is paid to play his pieces on the Weber piano. They laugh sarcastically when it is pleaded that he prefers the Weber. They say he has been known to prefer other pianos. They even say that Adelina Patti, whose artistic career has been longer than that of Paderewski's "has endorsed a dozen pianos." They imply that Adelina, like Ignace, has been paid for her "artistic endorsement." They insinuate that the Patti and Paderewski pianos change from year to year.

What do the Weber people say? According to our musical contemporaries, they say nothing at all. When interrogated concerning this painful Paderewski rumor, they replied to the reporter, "Nothing to say." When interrogated the following week, the reply was, "Nothing to give out." The third week they coarsely replied: "Nothin' doin'."

This is all painful—extremely painful. When Paderewski played on a piano and said it was the only piano fit to play the Paderewski brand on, we always thought that it was the genuine um-pah. When we read that Adelina Patti recommended a certain brand of piano-player; when she said that she used to play the hand-piano, but had bought a Borean piano-player, which made her resolve never to use a hand-played piano again; when she added later that she learned that the Borean foot-played piano-player was being replaced by an improved Borean piano-player which contained the Borean piano-player inside of the Borean piano, thereby making the compound Borean piano-player player-piano; when she averred that she always used this at Craig-y-nos Castle when she entertained royalty or the nobility and gentry—when Adelina advertised all these things, we supposed that they were true. Can it be possible that Adelina was telling these tales for revenue only? Has she been bribed by the gift of one of these mechanical things that turns out Sousa's "canned music"?

Alas! When music, heavenly maid, was young, she did not do this kind of thing.

"Te Deum" Before Battle.

We are informed by the daily press that the district attorney of San Francisco, William H. Langdon, has paused in his campaign for the governorship long enough to appoint as his assistants Francis J. Heney and Secret Service Agent William J. Burns. With these assistants Mr. Langdon expects, so the Examiner informs us, "to clean out the Augean Stables." The stables are supposed to be San Francisco's municipal stables.

Mr. Heney has already won a reputation as a bold and successful prosecutor in the interest of the people. He convicted the aged United States Senator Mitchell of bribery and perjury. He has convicted other of Oregon's politicians and other prominent Oregon citizens of kindred crimes. Mr. Heney has the confidence

of the public. Mr. Burns also is said to have distinguished himself on the side of the people in these Government crusades against criminals.

The Argonaut wishes success to the district attorney's new assistants in their war against official or private graft. But they should say to their newspaper assistants, as Talleyrand said to his subordinates, "not too much zeal." Opening the secret investigations with a full brass band is striking but not encouraging. Some of the grafters might hear it. And then again it was always the custom, in the brave days of old, to sing the "Woe to the Vanquished" and the "Glory be to God" after instead of before taking.

VIGILANTES, NEW AND OLD.

General Sherman's Story of the Vigilance Committee of 1856.

There has been some talk of late concerning "Vigilance Committees," "Safety Committees" or similar organizations, to cope with the present criminal conditions in San Francisco. The number of crimes against the person committed here of late, the boldness of the criminals, even operating in daylight, the robbing of women and girls, and the killing and maiming of merchants in their places of business, have alarmed and exasperated the community. This has led to semi-private meetings of "committees," which resulted in more or less unsatisfactory mass-meetings. The projectors of these committee meetings seemed at times to hint vaguely at their taking the same shape as the "Safety Committees" or "Vigilance Committees" of old days in San Francisco. The representatives of the municipal government, which is a labor-union government, and some spokesmen of the labor unions, seemed to resent the implication that the government was inadequate or that a safety committee was needed.

The acting Mayor declared that he would not permit any interference with the operations of the municipal government. The labor unions, through their spokesmen, offered him unlimited numbers of "special police" in case they were needed.

This presents a peculiar situation. Can it be possible that the people of San Francisco, labor-union and non-labor-union, are organizing against each other? Can it be that we have an impending condition of civil war? If so, what would be the result? What would be the chances of success of those engaged in organizing "Vigilance Committee"? What would be the chances of success of a municipal government in San Francisco—with this city's Vigilante traditions—coping with such a movement? All of these are questions not easily answered. Perhaps a glance back at conditions existing in previous ill governed and turbulent times would not be without interest.

It must be premised that nearly all of the accounts that have been written and published of those exciting times were from the Vigilante standpoint. There were, it is true, "law and order" men, but they were overawed at the time, and later were silent. On the other hand, the Vigilantes wrote or edited nearly all the memoirs which touched upon the events of the time, and nearly all the newspapers of the day—whatever they thought before the inception of the Vigilantes—became highly enthusiastic on their side as soon as the Vigilantes had hanged a few criminals.

GENERAL SHERMAN TELLS OF THE MURDER OF KING OF WILLIAM.

One of the few men of prominence who have written of this time, and not on the Vigilante side, is General Wm. T. Sherman, subsequently Lieutenant-General of the Army of the United States. At that time, in the summer of 1856, General Sherman had resigned from the army and was a banker in San Francisco. He was the manager of the bank of Lucas, Turner & Co. at the corner of Jackson and Montgomery Streets. At first he lived in a small, rented, frame house on Stockton Street, near Green, and subsequently bought a small brick house on Green Street near Stockton.

Concerning the inception of the Vigilance Committee of 1856, General Sherman gives the following account in his memoirs:

During the summer of 1856, in San Francisco, occurred one of those unhappy events, too common in new countries, in which I became involved in spite of myself. William Neely Johnson was Governor of California, and resided at Sacramento City; General John E. Wool commanded the Department of California, having succeeded General Hitchcock, and had his headquarters at Benicia, a Mr. Van Ness was Mayor of the city. Politics had become a regular and profitable business. It was reported and currently believed that the sheriff had been required to pay the Democratic Central Committee a hundred thousand dollars for his nomination. The better class avoided the elections and

dodged jury duty, so that the affairs of the city government necessarily passed into the hands of a low set of professional politicians. Among them was a man named James Casey, who edited a small paper, the printing office of which was in a room on the third floor of the bank's office. I hardly knew him by sight and rarely if ever saw his paper; but one day Mr. Sather, of the excellent banking firm of Drexel, Sather & Church, came to me and called my attention to an article in Casey's paper so full of falsehood and malice, that we construed it as an effort to blackmail the banks generally. I went upstairs, found Casey, and told him plainly that I could not tolerate his attempt to print and circulate slanders in our building, and if he repeated it I would cause him and his press to be thrown out of the window. He took the hint and moved.

James King of William, who had been a banker, began the publication of an evening paper called the Bulletin. He at once constituted himself the champion of society against public and private characters. This soon brought him into the usual newspaper war with other editors. One evening in May, 1856, King published documents procured from New York to show that Casey had once been sentenced to the State penitentiary. Casey called at the Bulletin office, corner of Montgomery and Merchant streets, and gave King notice that he would shoot him on sight. King remained in his office until about 5 P. M., when he started for his home. Near the corner of Washington street Casey approached him, called to him, and began firing. One of Casey's shots struck King in the breast, he was carried into an express office on the corner, laid on the counter, and a surgeon sent for. Casey went to the sheriff, Scannell, who locked him up in the jail. The news spread like wildfire and all the city was in commotion.

SHERMAN HEADS THE LAW-AND-ORDER MILITARY FORCES.

On the urgent solicitation of Governor Johnson, I had a few days before accepted the commission of Major-General of Militia. There was a company of artillery with four guns and two or three companies of infantry. Next day I went to the Mayor, Van Ness, and agreed to do what I could to maintain order with such militia as were on hand, and then formally accepted the commission and took the oath. In 1851 there had been a Vigilance Committee, and all the newspapers took ground in favor of it. I could see that they were again organizing, collecting arms, etc., without concealment. It was soon manifest that the militia would go with the committee. Still, many good citizens contended that, if the civil authorities were properly sustained, they could and would execute the law. But the newspapers inflamed the public mind.

SHERMAN AND THE GOVERNOR VISIT THE VIGILANTES.

Three days after the shooting of King, Governor Johnson came down from Sacramento, and asked me to meet him. C. K. Garrison, the Governor, and his brother and I discussed the state of affairs fully; and Governor Johnson, on learning that his particular friend, William T. Coleman, was the president of the Vigilance Committee, proposed to go and see him. On the way we stopped at King's room and ascertained that he could not live long. Then, near midnight, we walked to the Turn Verein Hall, where the committee was known to be sitting, on Bush street near Stockton. It was all lighted up within, but the door was locked.

Here we may pause to interject that the old Vigilance Committee of 1856 did not admit people to its consultations quite so freely as did the committee of some fifty years later, whose deliberations took place in Union Square, San Francisco. As will be seen from General Sherman's recollections, it was some little time before the Governor of the State and the General commanding the State forces were admitted to the hall.

Governor Johnson knocked at the door, and on inquiry from inside—"Who's there?"—gave his name. After some delay we were admitted into a sort of vestibule, beyond which was a large hall, and we could hear the suppressed voices of a multitude. We were shown into a bar-room to the right, when the Governor asked to see William T. Coleman. The man left us, went into the main hall, and soon returned with Coleman, who was pale and agitated. After shaking hands all round, the Governor said: "Coleman, what the devil is the matter here?" Coleman said: "Governor, it is time this shooting on our streets should stop." The Governor replied: "I agree with you perfectly, and have come down from Sacramento to assist." A general conversation followed, in which it was admitted that King would die and that Casey must be executed; but the manner of execution was the thing to be settled, Coleman contending that the people would do it without trusting the courts or the sheriff.

Governor Johnson argued that the time had passed in California for mobs and vigilance committees, and said if Coleman and his associates would use their influence to support the law, he, the Governor, would undertake that, as soon as King died, the grand jury should indict, that Judge Norton (a man of high reputation) should try the murderer, and the whole proceeding should be as speedy as decency would allow. Then Coleman said "the people had no confidence in Scannell, the sheriff," who was, he said, in collusion with the rowdy element of San Francisco. Johnson then offered to be personally responsible that Casey should be safely guarded, and should be forthcoming for trial and execution at the proper time. Johnson asserted that he had no right to make these stipulations, but he did it to save the city and State from the disgrace of a mob. Coleman disclaimed that the vigilance organization was a mob, and added that if we would wait he would submit the proposition to the council and would bring back an answer. We waited nearly an hour, and could hear the hum of voices in the hall. Coleman came back, accompanied by a committee, of which I think the two brothers Arrington, Thomas Smiley, the auctioneer, Seymour, Truett, and others were members. The whole conversation was gone over again, and the Governor's proposition was positively agreed to, with this fur-

ther condition, that the Vigilance Committee should send to the jail a small force of their own men to make certain that Casey should not be carried off or allowed to escape.

THE VIGILANTES REPUDIATE COLEMAN'S PROMISE AND TAKE CASEY FROM THE SHERIFF.

General Sherman then goes on to tell of visiting jail with the Governor. While there, the Vigilance Committee's squad of armed men arrived, and were received by Sheriff Scannell as part of his posse. The day the Governor called on Sherman at his bank informed him that the Vigilance Committee repudiated Coleman's promise. Thereupon, the Governor and General repaired to the Executive Committee's room of the Vigilantes, and "the Governor inquired for Coleman, but he was not forthcoming. Another of the committee, Seymour, met us, denied in toto the proposition of the night before, and the Governor openly accused him of treachery and falsehood."

General Sherman's memoirs are not always strictly correct; he wrote from memory, and his dates and details are sometimes not to be relied on. For example, he thought that Casey and Cora were hanged on the day that they were taken from the jail, when in reality it was some days later, as will be seen below:

King died on Friday, May 20th, and the funeral was for the next Sunday. The Governor sent for me, and I took him on the roof of the International Hotel, from which we looked down on the whole city, and more specially the face of Telegraph Hill, which was already covered with a crowd of people, others were moving toward the jail on Broadway. Parties of armed men, in good order, were marching by platoons in same direction, and formed in lines along Broadway, facing jail. Soon a small party was seen to advance to this door knock. The doors were opened and Casey was led out. A few moments another person was led out, who proved to be Coleman tried for killing Richardson, the United States Marshal. These prisoners were placed in carriages and escorted by armed force down the principal streets of the city. The was exceedingly beautiful, and the whole proceeding was or in the extreme. I was under the impression that Casey and were hanged that same Sunday, but was probably in error; in a very few days they were hanged by the neck—dead-pended from beams projecting from the windows of the Vigilance Committee's rooms, without other trial than could be given secret and by night.

We all thought the matter had ended there, and the Governor returned to Sacramento in disgust, and I went about my business. But it soon became manifest that the Vigilance Committee had intention of surrendering the power thus usurped. They took building on Clay street, fortified it, employed guards and sentinels, issued writs of arrest and banishment, and utterly ignored all authority but their own. A good many men were barred and forced to leave the country, but they were of that class could well spare. Yankee Sullivan, a prisoner in their custody committed suicide, and a feeling of general insecurity pervaded the city.

SHERMAN AND THE GOVERNOR DEMAND ARMS FROM THE VIGILANTE ARSENAL.

Governor Johnson concluded to go to work, and telegraphed me to meet him at General Wool's headquarters at Benicia June 1st. I went up, and we met at a hotel. Johnson had with him his Secretary of State, Douglass. I agreed that if I would give us arms and ammunition out of the United States Arsenal at Benicia, and if Commodore Farragut, commander of the Navy Yard on Mare Island, would give us a ship, I would call out volunteers, and when a sufficient number had responded I would have the arms come down from Benicia in the ship possession of a thirty-two-pound-gun battery at the Marine Hospital on Rincon Point, thence command a dispersion of the lawfully armed force of the Vigilance Committee, and some of the leaders.

On handling some rifled muskets in the Arsenal, General Wool asked me how they would do. I said they were the things, and we did not want cartridge boxes or belts, but would have the cartridges carried in the breeches pockets, or caps in the vest pockets. I knew that there were stored in the arsenal four thousand muskets, for I recognized the boxes we carried out in the Lexington, around Cape Horn, in 1845.

Afterwards we all met at the quarters of Captain D. R. of the army, and I saw the Secretary of State, D. F. Douglass, walk out with General Wool in earnest conversation.

General Sherman says that Douglass assured General Wool promised the guns. Sherman goes on to say:

Soon after Governor Johnson and I went to Mare Island, where we found Commodore Farragut. We stated our business frankly, but the Commodore answered very frankly that he had no authority, without orders from his department, to take part in any civil broils; and that he had no ship available except the John Adams, Captain Boutwell, and that she needed repairs. But he assented at last to the proposition to let the sloop John Adams drop down abreast of the city, after certain repairs, to lie there for moral effect, which afterward actually occurred.

SHERMAN CALLS OUT THE MILITIA.

It may be well to intimate here that this United States ship of war played a very important part in the conduct of the Vigilance Committee, as will be seen farther on. General Sherman continues:

When we returned to Benicia we explained to Wool that Commodore Farragut could and would do. We suggested

instead of a naval vessel, we would seize and use one of the Pacific Mail Company's steamers lying at their dock in Benicia to carry down to San Francisco the arms and munitions when the time came.

General Sherman then goes on to say that he told Governor Johnson that General Wool had not yet made a "positive promise of assistance." Thereupon the three men conferred, and General Wool said to Johnson, "On General Sherman's making his requisition, approved by you, I will order the issue of the necessary arms and ammunition." Thereupon they parted, Johnson and Douglass going to Sacramento, and Sherman to San Francisco. General Sherman then goes on to relate that he took these steps to carry out the law:

I published my orders, dated June 4, 1855, under which the Quartermaster-General of the State, General Kibbe, came to San Francisco, took an office in the City Hall, engaged several rooms for armories, and the men soon began to enroll into companies. In my general orders calling out the militia I used the expression, "When a sufficient number of men are enrolled, arms and ammunition will be supplied." Some of the best men of the Vigilantes came to me and remonstrated, saying that collision would surely result; that it would be terrible, etc. All I could do in reply was that it was for them to get out of the way. "Remove your fort, cease your midnight councils, and prevent your armed bodies from patrolling the streets." They inquired where I was to get arms, and I answered that I had them certain.

Another committee of citizens, a conciliatory body, was formed to prevent collision if possible, and formed of such men as Crockett, Ritchie, Thornton, Bailey Peyton, Foote, Donohue, and others, a class of the most intelligent and wealthy men of the city who earnestly and honestly desired to prevent bloodshed. They also came to me, and I told them that our men were acting very fast, and that when I deemed the right moment had arrived, the Vigilance Committee must disperse, else bloodshed and destruction of property would inevitably follow.

WOOL WEAKENS, AND REFUSES ARMS TO SHERMAN.

General Sherman hears rumors that General Wool would not keep his promise and provide arms. He therefore goes to Benicia and finds General Wool's aide-camp, Captain Arnold, who has a letter to General Sherman from General Wool. But Captain Arnold prefers that General Wool shall himself deliver it to the hand of General Sherman. They therefore go to General Wool's room. But General Wool declines the sealed letter and lays it aside, saying that it is now unnecessary. The Conciliation Committee asks for admission. General Wool tries to evade the promise of giving arms. General Sherman thereupon writes that General Wool give him the letter. Sherman

opened and read Wool's letter, and it denied any promise of arms and ammunition, but otherwise was extremely evasive and immittal.

In another room on the second floor, over the bar-room, was a meeting consisting of Governor Johnson, Chief Justice Terry, Jones, Palmer, Cooke & Co., E. D. Baker, Volney E. Howard, and two others. All were talking furiously against Wool, denouncing him as a d—d liar and not sparing the severest terms. Governor Johnson was so offended that he would not even call General Wool, and said he would never again recognize him as officer or a gentleman.

Judge Terry said that the Vigilance Committee were a set of d—d pork-merchants; that they were getting scared, and that General Wool was in collusion with them. At this time Crockett and his associates of the Conciliatory Committee sent up their protest, but Terry and the more violent of the Governor's followers refused them as no better than the Vigilantes, and wanted the Governor to refuse even to receive them. However, Johnson ordered them to reduce their business to writing, and they complied. Mr. Crockett made a prepared speech, embracing a full and fair statement of the condition of things in San Francisco, concluding with the assertion of the willingness of the Vigilance Committee to disband and submit to trial after a certain date, very remote. All the time Crockett was speaking, Terry sat with his hat on, drawn over his eyes, and with his feet on a table. As soon as Crockett was through, they were dismissed, and Johnson began to prepare a written answer. This was read, altered, and amended to suit the notions of his counselors, saying that we were powerless for good, and that violent measures would prevail under the influence of Terry and others, and I wrote my resignation, which Johnson accepted and put in a complimentary note. He appointed to my place Volney E. Howard, then present, a lawyer who had been a member of Congress from Texas, and who was ordered to drive the d—d pork-merchants into the bay at once.

I never afterwards had anything to do with politics in California, perfectly satisfied with that short experience. There is a shadow of doubt in my opinion that General Wool did deceive us; that he had authority to issue arms, and that he adhered to his promise, we could have checked the Vigilance Committee before it became a fixed institution and a law of the common law of California.

GOVERNOR JUSTICE TERRY STABS VIGILANTE HOPKINS.

General Sherman here abruptly turns his attention to the memoirs from the workings of the Vigilance Committee in California to other topics. Shortly after he leaves out his business and left the State.

The events which followed in San Francisco are too numerous to require relation here. The hanging of Casey and the crusade of the Vigilance Committee against other murderers and thieves; the execution of

various criminals; the banishment of others; the romantic adventures of Edward McGowan as he fled from San Francisco, hiding in the interior of the State, with the Vigilantes on his trail and a price on his head—all these events are familiar in our mouths as household words. Still, few California publications have printed the seamy side of the Vigilance Committee's experiences; their trouble with David S. Terry; the fact that when they got him, as one of them expressed it, they "had set a trap for a coyote and caught a grizzly bear"; his imprisonment for the stabbing of Hopkins; the fears of the Vigilance Committee that the Federal government might interfere; the anxiety of the Vigilance Committee for Hopkins's recovery greater than that of Terry's friends; the release of Terry practically without punishment; the suits brought in the Federal courts against the prominent members of the Vigilance Committee by various men whom they had banished or otherwise punished.

It must not be forgotten that there were many prominent and powerful men among the opponents of the Vigilance Committee of 1856. Among them were Dr. Gwin, General McDougall, Major R. P. Hammond, and even such men as David C. Broderick and Col. E. D. Baker, both of whom considered it safer to withdraw from San Francisco to places in the interior, where the anti-Vigilante sentiment was strong.

It was on the 20th of June, 1856, that the Terry incident occurred. Judge Terry had come from Sacramento—being then Supreme Court Justice—with the alleged intention of allaying public disorder. While at the office of Naval Agent R. P. Ashe, one Reuben Malloney entered. Terry had intended to return to Sacramento on the 4 o'clock boat, but paused when S. A. Hopkins, a Vigilante police officer, and two assistants entered and attempted to arrest Malloney and bring him before the Vigilantes. Judge Terry informed Hopkins that he was a Justice of the Supreme Court and no such illegal arrest would be permitted in his presence. Naval Agent Ashe, Ham Bowie, Martin Reese, and a Mr. Hayes were present, and Malloney demanded protection from these State and Federal officers.

Hopkins withdrew for reinforcements, and returned shortly with an armed force. On the corner of Washington and Kearny Streets he met Judge Terry, R. P. Ashe, Ham Bowie, and Malloney. Hopkins again demanded the arrest of Malloney, and Judge Terry again ordered him to desist. Hopkins attempted to disarm Terry, who, saying, "D—n you, if it is kill, take that," plunged a long bowie knife deep into Hopkins's neck, severing the carotid artery and producing, as was then supposed, a fatal wound.

TERRY, DR. ASHE, AND PARTY BESIEGED IN AN ARMORY.

Ashe, Terry, and the party then sought refuge in an empty armory on the corner of Dupont and Jackson Streets. A mounted courier was dispatched to the Vigilance Committee rooms. In five minutes the alarm bell was sounding from Fort Gunnybags. In half an hour eleven hundred men were under arms. Company after company of Vigilantes were drawing up on the streets around the armory. By 4 o'clock four thousand armed men had surrounded the armory block, and had cut off all approaches to the building.

At that hour a delegation from the Executive Committee of the Vigilantes, consisting of Truett, Tillinghast, Smiley, Vail, and Dempster, arrived. Dr. Ashe, who was apparently in command of the Terry forces, appeared at a window and asked for terms. The Vigilantes demanded the surrender of Judge Terry and Reuben Malloney. Thereupon Judge Terry appeared in person at the window and offered to surrender in place of his friends. "But," replied Ashe, "let us endeavor to escape the fury of this mob." Thereupon he sent the following communication to the Vigilantes:

San Francisco, June 21, 1856.

Gentlemen of the Vigilance Committee:—

If the Executive Committee will give us protection from violence, we will agree to surrender.

R. P. Ashe, Captain Company A.

J. Martin Reese, First Lieutenant Company B.

The Committee replied as follows:

Corner Dupont and Jackson Streets,
San Francisco, June 21, 1856.

R. P. Ashe and J. Martin Reese, Commanding:—

Gentlemen:—We have to say in reply to your communication of this date, that if Judge Terry, R. S. Malloney and John B. Phillips, together with the arms and ammunition in your possession, be surrendered to the charge of our body, we will give you and the building in which you now are protection from violence. An answer is required in fifteen minutes, it being now ten minutes to four.

By order of the Executive Committee, of which we are members.
Numbers Twelve, Thirteen, Fifty, Six-Forty-Five, Three-Thirty-Two.

Several more notes were exchanged and finally the Vigilantes sent the following note:

San Francisco, June 21, 1856.

To R. P. Ashe and J. Martin Reese, Commanding:—

We agree to protect Judge Terry and R. S. Malloney from violence from parties outside our organization, as proposed, and beg leave to remind you that the time proposed in our first note has already expired. By orders of the Executive Committee, of which we are members.

Numbers Twelve, Thirteen, Fifty, Six-Forty-Five, Three-Thirty-Two.

Resistance was useless. The small body of men surrendered, and Terry was taken to the headquarters of the Vigilance Committee to await the result of his fearful knife wound on Hopkins.

The foregoing signatures recall the fact that the Vigilance Committee of 1856 were known only by their numbers. Almost every day during these terrible times the citizens of San Francisco were wont to look into the daily papers for notices calling the Committee together, in case of the trial of some murderer or other criminal. These notices were always signed, "Thirty-Three, Secretary." Although no other name was ever appended, it was always known that "Thirty-Three" stood for Isaac Bluxome, who commanded the battery of artillery which the Vigilantes had at their headquarters.

Terry was arrested and imprisoned on June 21, 1856. Vigorous efforts were made by his friends to secure his release. The Executive Committee of the Vigilantes were as anxious to get rid of him as his friends were to have him free. But they feared the wrath of the entire body of Vigilantes who did not realize how awkward a prisoner Terry was.

TERRY'S FRIENDS APPEAL TO THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

Terry's imprisonment was made as little rigorous as possible, and his wife was daily admitted to his cell. General Volney E. Howard, commanding the State Militia, sent a formal demand "to W. T. Coleman and others, styling themselves the Vigilance Committee," in which he demanded "that their armed forces be withdrawn and that Judge Terry be left in the custody of the officers of the law." To this the Committee paid no attention. Governor Johnson then addressed a strong appeal to Commander Boutwell, commanding the United States ship, John Adams, in the Bay of San Francisco. The Governor wrote:

As Governor of the State of California, I ask at your hands, and with the power and means under your command, the protection and security of said David S. Terry from all violence or punishment by said committee.

Terry also addressed a letter to Boutwell in which he said:

I am a native-born citizen of the United States, and one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the State of California. On the 21st day of June, 1856, I was seized with force and violence by an armed body of men styling themselves the Vigilance Committee, and was conveyed by them to a fort which they have erected and formidably entrenched with cannon in the heart of the city of San Francisco. Since that time I have been held a prisoner in close custody, and guarded day and night by large bodies of armed men with muskets and bayonets. Said committee is now engaged in trying me as a criminal for an assault with intent to kill one of their men, although I acted solely in defense of my own life against their assaults on the public streets. I am now in hourly danger of suffering an ignominious death at the hands of these traitors and assassins. In this emergency, I invoke the protection of the flag of my country. I call on your prompt interference with all the powers at your disposal to protect my life from all impending peril.

Thereupon, Commander Boutwell thus addressed the Vigilance Committee:

I, as an officer of the United States, request that you place Judge D. S. Terry on board my ship * * * or surrender him to the lawful authority of the State.

If the action of Captain Ingraham in interfering to save the life of Martin Kosza, who was not an American citizen, met the approbation of his country, how much more necessary it is for me to use the power at my command to save the life of a native-born American citizen.

To this he received the following reply:

Dear Sir:—Your communication under even date was received a short time since, and I am directed by the Executive Committee to state to you that its contents will receive due consideration. I am, sir, respectfully, your obedient servant,
Thirty-Three, Secretary.

FARRAGUT REFUSES HELP—TEXAS LEGISLATURE APPEALS TO CONGRESS FOR TERRY.

At this time Captain Farragut was in command at Mare Island and was of course Boutwell's superior. Three days after this exchange of notes he wrote this to Boutwell:

Dear Sir:—Although I agree with you in the opinions therein expressed in relation to constitutional points, I can not agree

that you have any right to interfere in this matter. In all cases within my knowledge the Government of the United States has been very careful not to interfere with the domestic troubles of the States, when they were strictly domestic. . . . I feel no disposition to interfere with your command, but so long as you are in waters of my command, it becomes my duty to restrain you from doing anything to augment the very great excitement in this distracted community until we receive instructions from the Government. We must not act except in case of an overt act against the United States. Very respectfully, your obedient servant.
D. G. Farragut.

This letter was dated July 1st, and on the 6th of July Treasurer of State S. H. Brooks and a committee of Terry's friends visited Judge McAllister of the United States Circuit Court, and appealed to him to issue a writ of habeas corpus, bringing Judge Terry out of the hands of the Vigilance Committee and before the Federal Court. This Judge McAllister refused to do, and stated that he "was unwilling to provoke the animosity of the people," according to Terry's biographer, A. E. Wagstaff, who further states that if Judge McAllister knew how much the leaders of the Vigilance Committee hoped that Terry would be taken from their hands, doubtless Judge McAllister would have conferred this favor on them. There was a strong impression in the Vigilance Committee that Boutwell had moved his ship to a new position in the bay in order to command with her guns "Fort Gunnybags," the Vigilante headquarters; and that he would in certain contingencies fire on the fort. True, Farragut seemed to wish to deter him, but the Committee knew that Boutwell might fire first and report to Farragut afterwards.

Colonel Zabriskie, General James Allen, and Dr. C. B. Zabriskie, with the rumored concurrence of the Executive Committee of the Vigilantes, then proposed to Judge Terry that he offer to resign the office of Supreme Justice on condition that he be set at liberty. This Terry flatly refused to do. The Texas legislature petitioned Congress through Samuel Houston, praying the Federal Government to interfere in behalf of Terry. Doubtless Congress would have done so, had not events marched so rapidly toward their ending.

VIGILANTES DEFEY THE FEDERAL POWER—FARRAGUT'S REPLY.

Dr. Gwin was at feud with Judge Terry, but Secretary Douglass finally persuaded Gwin to attempt to help Terry out of his difficulty. The result is thus told by James O'Meara, a veteran newspaper man of California, who years ago wrote regularly for the Argonaut:

Dr. Gwin and Captain Farragut were warm friends. Gwin wrote an urgent letter to Farragut requesting his presence in San Francisco. They met, and after an hour's interview, General Bridge and James O'Meara (the writer of these lines) were sent to the Vigilance Executive Committee requesting the attendance of four of their members at a private conference. The four Vigilantes were James M. Dows, Nicholas O. Arrington, T. W. Farwell, and Charles Hutchins. Those who met them of the Law and Order Party were Dr. Gwin, Commander Farragut, General Bridge, and James O'Meara. Dows said the Executive Committee hoped "that Hopkins would recover; that the committee's members were only thirty-six strong, while behind them and in fact controlling or forcing their action stood six thousand armed men, some of them foreigners, not speaking English, and all of them clamoring for the execution of Terry if Hopkins should die. The lives of the Executive Committee were threatened by these men should Terry be permitted to escape from his prison." After Dows had spoken, Captain Farragut dwelt on the evil name that would be fastened on California throughout the world should a lawless organization put to death one of the highest judicial officers of the State. He then proposed that Judge Terry be delivered to an officer of the John Adams, on board the warship's gig at the foot of Market street wharf, thence to be conveyed to Mare Island, where Captain Farragut would exact from Terry the promise that he would go into the interior of the State, remain there not less than six months, and not sit upon the Bench. Dows replied that he was convinced the Executive Committee would reject this proposition. Captain Farragut then alluded to the possibility of interference by the Federal Government. T. W. Farwell replied in a loud voice and offensive manner, "that the Vigilance Committee had commanding and invincible power; that it had mastered the city government and Governor Johnson." And he was exclaiming, "If the Federal Government undertakes to interfere we will show its minions that we can whip—"

At the word "minions" Farragut leaped to his feet, the personification of outraged dignity and terrible passion. Farwell was suddenly struck dumb as Farragut poured forth his torrent of denunciation and devotion to duty. When it was over there was no other sound. The conference wrought no good. Its members hurried away.

VIGILANTES LET JUDGE TERRY GO UNPUNISHED—THEY TURN HIM OVER TO NAVAL VESSEL.

On the 17th day of July Hopkins was pronounced out of danger by the doctors. According to O'Meara, Wagstaff, and other chroniclers of the time, this gave great relief to the Executive Vigilance Committee, which thereupon undertook an investigation of the charges against Terry. For stabbing Hopkins he was found guilty of "simple assault." He was found guilty of "resisting an officer of the Committee." On the third,

fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh charges against him, that of assault on various members of the Committee, he was declared "not guilty." The sentence of the Committee closed thus:

Resolved, That the usual punishment in the committee's power to inflict not being applicable in the present instance, it is therefore declared the decision of the Committee of Vigilance that the said David S. Terry be dismissed from custody.

Resolved, That in the opinion of the Committee of Vigilance, the interests of the State imperatively demand that said David S. Terry should resign his position as Justice of the Supreme Court.

These conclusions of the Executive Committee of thirty-six members were read to the Board of Delegates of one hundred members. Violent disputes arose and ninety-two of the members resolved "that Terry be banished from the State under penalty of death." The matter was referred back to the Executive Committee, which apparently disobeyed the order of the Committee as a whole, for it was resolved on the 7th day of August that Terry should be forthwith discharged.

This was done. Terry was conveyed to the warship John Adams at two o'clock in the morning, which peculiar hour indicates that the Executive Committee feared trouble somewhere, possibly from within, possibly from without the Vigilante organization. Captain Boutwell of the John Adams transferred Terry to the Sacramento steamer. At Sacramento Terry was escorted by a torchlight procession to the Orleans Hotel, where he was tendered a reception at which congratulatory speeches were made by Colonel E. D. Baker, Todd Robinson, Volney E. Howard, Vincent Geiger, and Horace Smith. A few days later he resumed his place on the Supreme Bench of California.

Thus, it is evident that the Vigilantes were actuated by external pressure in liberating Terry. No punishment was inflicted on him, although he had defied the Vigilance Committee, and stabbed one of its officers. Was it fear of Terry's friends? Was it fear of the anti-Vigilance feeling in the interior of the State? Or was it fear of the Federal power? Was it the action of Commander Boutwell of the John Adams in dropping down the bay and anchoring off the foot of Sacramento Street with his shotted guns pointing at Fort Gunnybags? These questions it would be difficult to answer, for nearly all of the men composing the Executive Committee are now resting in their graves.

FEATURES OF HEARST'S CAMPAIGN.

Phonograph Speeches and Moving Picture Gestures—Charges and Counter-Charges.

The spectacular features of William Randolph Hearst's campaign furnish abundant material for special dispatches to Western newspapers. One of the ideas put into practice is new:

Hearst's campaigning expedition will be a vaudeville show, with himself as monologist. He will take along an expensive brass band from New York and thus will be able to furnish rural audiences with superior music. He will also have vaudeville singers with powerful voices suitable for open-air performances. Hearst also has had prepared moving pictures of himself making a speech. He has the same gestures and motions in almost every speech, and the pictures will apply to those he will make on the tour. Moving picture machines and phonographs supplied with records of his speeches will be sent to small towns he can not reach. While the pictures of himself in the act of delivering a speech are thrown on the screen, phonographs will voice the sentiments he expresses. The application of the moving picture and phonograph in combination is a brand new feature in political campaigning.

At the Hemlock Lake Fair at Livonia, Livingston County, Mr. Hearst's party was several hours late. A news dispatch noted some of the striking incidents:

The day's switching and hauling charges were \$130, and by the time Mr. Hearst got started for the fair grounds in a driving rain he was in a mood to repeat his denunciations of corporations. Fifteen thousand people were on the grounds in the morning, but the rain drove fully 5,000 away. "My friends," said Mr. Hearst, in beginning his speech, "I am exceedingly sorry to be late, but when you are left on a sidetrack by a railroad for five hours without any excuse it's a little difficult not to be late."

At Elmira there were 400 Democrats and Independents on the platform when Mr. Hearst spoke, and the meeting was notably enthusiastic. One of the incidents of the day is thus reported by the World:

While here today Mr. and Mrs. William R. Hearst, with their little son, visited Elmira College, a co-educational institution. Mrs. Hearst was the prominent figure. Three hundred women students in best bib and tucker received the candidate and his wife, sang their college songs and offered refreshments.

As the Hearsts departed the girls gave their yell, adding the tag, "Hearst, Hearst, Hearst." They yelled again, this time giving Mrs. Hearst the "Tiger." Finally they yelled for Baby

Buster Hearst. The candidate's wife told the students that was the best time she had had since she left home.

On the way from Elmira Mr. Hearst read in Elmira paper a dispatch from California asserting that in spite of his denials Mr. Hearst did own a ranch in California on which Chinese labor was employed to exclusion of white men. Mr. Hearst sent from train this telegram:

"To the Editor of the Elmira Advertiser:—I had the pleasure today of contributing to your local charity, the Home of the Aged, in a small way. I would like to contribute in a larger way, and I will give \$1,000 to that charity if you will establish the truth of your statement that I employ Chinese labor, or I own, directly, or indirectly, through any Hearst estate, or any other way, any property at Palermo, California, or other property on which Chinese labor is employed."

The response to Hearst's telegram came without delay, as the following was sent out to the press:

On the receipt of William R. Hearst's dispatch from Elmira offering to pay \$1,000 to the Home for the Aged if the Advertiser will prove its case that Chinese labor is employed on Hearst's estates in California, the Advertiser announces that it accepts the challenge, and will submit the evidence to the Justice of the Court of Appeals of New York, to the Chief Justice of California, and to ex-President of the United States Grover Cleveland.

It is said that Mr. Hearst gains in ease and confidence during his campaign. This is a sample comment:

Mr. Hearst, as he grows accustomed to the platform, is without the power of retort. For example:

A Voice—Will you remove McClellan if you are elected?
Mr. Hearst—Well, I am not in favor of extending his term. (Laughter and applause.)

This combination of short speeches, made up largely of statements of personal belief, raps at opponents and occasional grins, with the journalistic setting given to them, is in its way a consistent work of art. The intention is for the newspaper to do the bulk of the work, and to that end it is necessary for the orator to be brief enough and pithy enough to enable the newspaper to present the speeches in a form that will catch and hold the average reader's eye.

W. J. Bryan's paper, The Commoner, has a point of view article which is more anti-Hughes than pro-Hearst. It concludes with this paragraph:

Who is Charles E. Hughes? With one accord the Advertiser press exclaim: "He is the man who probed the insular scandals to the bottom." But the answer is incorrect. He did not probe them to the bottom. He inserted his probe only enough to make the Republican party managers wince, and heeding a broad intimation that it was time to quit, he withdrew the probe. And then he was nominated for Governor by men who winced when he sunk the probe part way into their insurance mess. Why did Mr. Hughes fail to put Cortelyou Bliss on the stand? How did it happen that the President's "muck rake" speech at the very moment when Cortelyou Bliss should have been summoned? Why was the investigation practically dropped after the President's "muck rake" speech? And how can the nomination of Mr. Hughes, made in the face of these circumstances, be explained? The voters of the State of New York in particular and the voters of the Republic in general, are entitled to hear frank answers to these questions.

Speaking of Mr. Hearst's immunity from disbarment suits, Mr. Hughes said in a recent address:

In view of Mr. Hearst's sworn statement in the Werner case that he was not the owner or publisher of a newspaper, a written to the World by his attorney, Clarence J. Shearn, attorney for the Star Company and its subsidiaries on February 6, 1904, is peculiarly interesting. Shortly prior to that date the Star Company issued \$1,000,000 of bonds and it was printed that Mr. Hearst had mortgaged his three papers for that amount to correct the idea that Mr. Hearst had borrowed money from newspapers. Mr. Shearn wrote the letter which not only denied that Mr. Hearst is the sole owner of the three papers, but stated that Mr. Hearst is the sole owner of the three papers, but states specifically that the last named company is a holding company.

Mr. Shearn's letter in part was as follows:
"For business reasons, the Star Company, of New Jersey, has been incorporated as a holding company for the three corporations owning the New York American, the New York Evening Journal, and the New York Journal, of New York City, all of which several companies are owned by W. R. Hearst, who is the sole owner of all the stock of the Star Company, of New Jersey, as well as of the million-dollar bond issue of the Star Company to Mr. Hearst."

"These bonds are guaranteed in the usual way by the subsidiary companies."

Mr. Hearst has been made a co-defendant with the action brought by David Steckler, attorney for Max Berk, one of the sufferers from the explosion of Hearst's fireworks when he celebrated his election to Congress four years ago. Mr. Steckler said in a recent interview:

"It was a surprise to me that William R. Hearst would take this matter of compensating the sufferers by the explosion of his fireworks exactly as some selfish, heartless corporation might be expected to act," said Attorney Steckler today. "The consistency of his attitude would be humorous if the circumstances were not so tragic. For four years the Corporation of Hearst has been combating the lawyers employed by the

the time of members of the Corporation Counsel's staff has been ten up, stenographers, clerks, process servers have been employed, court fees have accrued, and in some cases judgments against the city obtained, all that Mr. Hearst might avoid paying for the damage his fireworks caused. To the ordinary mind he could suffer alone for the catastrophe he caused. But he won't pay a cent. The dear taxpayers can pay all the judgments, and they will amount to more than \$1,500,000."

Letters for and against Hearst are printed in some of the New York papers that oppose him. Following one printed on the editorial page of the World:

To the Editor of the World:—I consider myself a man of average intelligence; I have the reputation of being a respectable, law-abiding citizen; yet I have failed to discover anything so very discreditable in Mr. Hearst's career. I think his record compares very favorably with that of most of our public men. You admit that he is an extraordinarily able man. I believe that he is both able and honest. He will have everything to gain by giving us a clean, reputable administration, and everything to lose by proving recreant to his oft-repeated patriotic sentiments. I am sixty-nine years old and a Republican of the 'way-back series, but if I live till the 6th of November I shall cast my vote for William R. Hearst. I would advise every true Republican to do the same. I do not believe they will ever regret it. Change at this time will do no harm, at any rate. It will have wholesome effect upon the Republican party throughout the nation. I am sorry to have to say that I believe a good, thorough whipping would do it more good than a victory could possibly effect. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

W. G. Brown.

One of the statements made by Frederick Palmer in article in Collier's Weekly was that Hearst was expelled from college in his second year. Harper's Weekly says in answer to this:

Not true! He remained at college nearly four years, though did not take a degree. He was under discipline for a time in second year (1884), because the candidacy of Grover Cleveland in that year excited him to too untrammelled an exhibition of Cleveland zeal at a Cleveland flag-raising; but he was not expelled then, and, so far as known, was not expelled at all. Eulsion from Harvard College is rare and is a punishment meted for grave offences only, though it is not unusual to send students who are not improving their time.

The Saturday Evening Post of Philadelphia notes change in Mr. Hearst's appearance:

Since William Randolph Hearst became a statesman he is a statesman's dress. He always appears in public in a black-brimmed, black felt hat, a long and baggy frock coat, and a white or black string tie. He looks rather odd on Broadway but it is great out West.

The Literary Digest made an attempt to secure exact figures on the alleged general defection of Democratic papers in New York State, and says:

In a canvass made by the Literary Digest of the Democratic papers of New York State Mr. Hearst has proved beyond doubt to be acceptable to the majority. We have not yet heard all the 165 papers addressed, but our returns are proportionately much like those of the New York Times. The Times that of 83 papers, 71 are in favor of Mr. Hearst, that is, only in every eight is against him.

The personality and character of the supporters of Hearst are closely scrutinized by his opponent, and efforts to make capital in frequent instances may be noted:

The Hearst papers are naturally delighted because "Standard" Rogers has come out strongly for Mr. Hughes, says the field (Mass.) Republican. Had Mr. Rogers been bright, and, at the same time, possessed of sufficient humor, he would have dealt Mr. Hearst a staggering blow by proclaiming, "Hughes but Hearst for me."

There are indications that Murphy has little control over the big men in Tammany. This personal note has been published widely:

Robert A. Van Wyck, the first Mayor of Greater New York, recently arrived from Europe and soon after declared his intention of supporting Hearst for Governor. Just as vigorous in declaration to work for Charles E. Hughes was Andrew Nathan, just returned from spending two weeks with Richard Croker on his Irish estates. The attitude of these two strong men is believed, in some circles, to indicate the policy of Tammany itself, that is to say, that Tammany is really rent in two factions over Hearst. There is also some quiet talk to the effect that Tammany may knife Hearst at the polls.

Thomas W. Lawson told a prominent Democratic official in Boston three weeks ago that, barring a miracle, he would be elected in New York. Lawson is a famous man. He said:

I have had reports compiled for me by the insurance organization, which is fighting the grafters and which has an agent in every town and village in the State, and includes over 250 agents. Their reports are based upon a thorough canvass made during the last twenty days, and are wholly uninfluenced by motives and only for my guidance in the coming Mutual New York insurance contest. I am sorry to say—sorry I am unalterably opposed to the municipal ownership of which Hearst represents—that, barring a miracle, Hearst will sweep the State overwhelmingly.

A LONDON MUSICAL COMEDY STORM.

"Cockaigne" Tells of Edna May's Resignation and Rival, and Phyllis Dare's Triumph.

There has been a big commotion in London theatrical circles this last week, ending in a veritable sensation. The scene of the beginning of it all was the Vaudeville Theatre, where Edna May has been playing the leading role in the musical play of "The Belle of Mayfair." This is a play of about the average quality of the numberless absurd trifles which have been so popular in England and America, owing chiefly to the catchy airs with which they have been embellished. It doesn't signify who writes the hotch-potch of nonsense called the plot. The music is the thing, and that of the "Belle of Mayfair" is composed by Leslie Stuart, the composer of the ever popular "Florodora."

Everything went on delightfully for a time. The fascinating Edna, at the pleasant salary of a thousand dollars a week, was charming crowded houses night after night. Well, in the midst of Miss May's smiles and warblings, for she was having the whole show to herself, the managers thought they saw a big stroke of business in engaging another lady to share the nightly plaudits which Edna was having all to herself. This other was the famous "Gibson Girl," Camille Clifford.

Ordinarily speaking, Miss Clifford was not the sort for a big star like Edna to pay any heed to. She is really no actress to speak of, and her voice, beside Miss May's, you wouldn't even think worth being employed to garner in very acidulated New England greenings. But it so happened that Camille Clifford has lately been given the publicity of a sensational marriage engagement to the eldest son and heir of a very rich peer, Lord Aberdare, to wit. From being very little more than a chorus girl, the romance of the thing, torn to rags in the papers, has elevated the young lady into a personage of interest and importance. So that really Edna May found she had a veritable rival beside her on the stage every night.

As her friends well know, that is not the sort of thing to suit Edna the least bit. However, she bottled down her wrath and stood it for a few nights, but only to see the promoted chorus girl, who practically does nothing in the way of acting but throw herself into "Gibson" attitudes, get the lion's share of the interest and applause. This was a novelty from Edna's point of view that she could not brook. She canceled her contract and retired from the play, going down to Brighton to cool off at the seaside.

Thus were the managers, the Messrs. Gatti, left seemingly up a tree. So thought Miss May. Now to make intelligible what follows it will be necessary to digress for just one moment.

Among the "musical play" actresses which abound in London there were none disengaged that could assume the abandoned part. No one knew this better than Miss May. There was, however, a very young girl, one of the Dare sisters, who, instead of playing anywhere at the moment, was at school in Brussels finishing her education. Zena and Phyllis Dare are the stage names of the sisters, whose real cognomen is the less euphonious one of Dows. It was Phyllis who was at school and disengaged, but the idea of her being capable of following the famous Edna May in a part seemed preposterous. She had done little, unimportant, child's parts heretofore and done them well, but that was all. But Phyllis, though just over sixteen, is very pretty, and is one of the most photographed of London actresses, running Marie Studholme, who holds the record of 547 separate positions, pretty close. She always appears in short frocks with her golden hair loose on her shoulders. With theatre-goers she is very popular, if possible, more so than her sister Zena, who is perhaps the most radiantly beautiful girl on the London stage, and a finished actress with a lovely voice. Had she been disengaged no one could have filled the part of Mayfair's belle to such perfection, not even excepting Edna May herself. But she was not to be had. And now I have come to the pith of my digression.

For some months past there have been libelous rumors floating about connecting the names of the well-known actor-manager, Seymour Hicks, and that of Phyllis Dare. The accusations were to the effect that the girl had been sent abroad by Hicks for a purpose, and that she was not at school at all. Hicks, who is a married man and the husband of the beautiful though now fading Ellaline Terriss, has naturally suffered torments with such a charge laid at his door and has moved heaven and earth to get at the originator of the scandalous defamation. That he could not do. But last week his detectives pounced on a young man in Liverpool, who had been writing letters containing the libel, which he stated he knew to be true. These letters fell into Hicks's hands and at once he had the young man arrested.

Just as Edna May threw up her engagement, all the

facts of the libel were published at the preliminary trial of the libeler, in the most astoundingly full and open manner. Many people then heard of the charges for the first time. Of course Hicks had no difficulty whatever in completely refuting by witnesses and corroborating circumstances the accusations. At once a cry of indignation went up at the baseless calumny, and its possible effect upon the career of the girl. Indeed, she has practically got all the sympathy of the public, and there has been talk—so high has the feeling run—of a movement to make her a public testimonial of some sort as an earnest of the popular feeling in the matter.

The Vaudeville managers took in the situation at a glance, and at once grasped the opportunity it placed within their reach. Phyllis Dare was the one to succeed Edna May. Immediately they entered into negotiations with the girl's father, who is an eminently respectable old gentleman, and the clerk of Mr. Justice Bigham of the High Court of Justice. An offer of the same salary as that drawn by Edna May was too big a plum to refuse, and he at once brought his daughter home from the Brussels school (where she had been all the time) and next week Phyllis Dare is to appear in Edna May's discarded part. All London is agog to give the young actress a right royal reception, and it is indeed said that King Edward himself has signified his wish to be present on the first night of her appearance. What the house will be that first night, and what the houses will be while the craze of resentment and wish to honor a maligned actress lasts, can be imagined.

On the first appearance of Seymour Hicks at the Aldwych Theatre, where he and his wife are playing in "The Beauty of Bath," he had an ovation. In verity 'tis an ill-wind that blows nobody good. It is said that Edna May, despite the fact that Charles Frohman has taken her side of her grievance and says she was perfectly right, is not passing such a magnificently victorious time in retirement at Brighton as she had hoped for. So deeply does Frohman feel for her that he has severed his partnership with the Gattis.

Cockaigne.

London, September 29, 1906.

Following are the candidates for Governor of the several States holding elections in November:

State.	Republican	Democratic
Alabama.	None	P. B. Comer
California.	James N. Gillett	Theodore A. Bell
Colorado.	Henry A. Euchtel	Alva Adams
Connecticut.	Rollin S. Woodruff	Charles F. Thayer
Idaho.	F. R. Gooding	C. O. Stockslager
Iowa.	Albert B. Cummins	Claude R. Porter
Kansas.	E. W. Hoch	William A. Harris
Massachusetts.	Curtis Guild, Jr.	John B. Moran
Michigan.	Fred M. Warner	Charles H. Kimmerie
Minnesota.	A. L. Cole	John A. Johnson
Nebraska.	George L. Sheldon	A. C. Shallenberger
Nevada.	John F. Mitchell	John Sparks
New Hampshire.	Charles M. Floyd	Nathan C. Jameson
New York.	Charles E. Hughes	William R. Hearst
North Dakota.	E. Y. Sarles	John Burke
Pennsylvania.	Edwin S. Stuart	Lewis Emery, Jr.
South Carolina.	None	Martin F. Ansel
South Dakota.	Geo. I. Crawford	J. A. Stransky
Tennessee.	Henry Clay Evans	Malcomb R. Patterson
Texas.	Carey A. Gray	T. M. Campbell
Wisconsin.	James O. Davidson	John A. Aylward
Wyoming.	B. B. Brooks	S. A. D. Keister

In addition to the above tickets the Prohibitionists and Socialists have candidates in nearly every State. All of the above will be voted for November 6. Arkansas, Georgia, Maine, Oregon and Vermont have held their elections this year. In Kentucky the election will be held November 5. Third tickets have been put in the field in several States. In Texas Col. E. H. R. Green is running as the candidate of the "reorganized" Republicans. In Pennsylvania Mr. Emery is the candidate of the Lincoln Party as well as of the Democrats. In Nebraska fusion exists between the Democrats and the Populists. In Colorado Judge Ben B. Lindsey is running as an independent candidate for governor. In California W. H. Langdon is the candidate of the Independence League.

The future of the beet sugar industry in northern Nebraska depends upon the question of personal ethics. "Shall girl beet weedeers at work in the fields wear overalls or skirts," is the issue. The girls themselves and beet raisers declare for overalls, which are now generally worn by women in field work. Rev. Charles Savage, the Omaha evangelist who a short time ago became famous by causing a minister and his wife to become "brother and sister" when he preached against divorce, has now condemned the practice as "immoral and leading to the destruction of modesty." The girls and women declare they can not make a living working in skirts, as they are paid by the row.

HEMMED IN BY FIRE.

Thrilling Experience of a Cripple in a Burning Theatre.

What a feast that was for me! For five years I had been confined to my arm-chair by paralysis. Occasionally I would be carried down to an open carriage, and taken to ride for an hour or two through the city, or on the roads of the neighboring country. My legs—well, there is no necessity to speak of them; one of my arms was still able to move, and, thanks to it, I could still eat alone. But my eyes were good, and my hearing was acute. When I was vexed and peevish there was an infallible means of pacifying me, which my relatives never failed to employ. They played for me some favorite old operatic air, or some new harmony of surpassing excellence, and, like King Saul, I recovered my serenity.

One day, when the time was extremely dull, and I had been painfully excited by an alarming crisis, I fancied that I would regain complete calmness if I could hear an opera. My friends remonstrated, but I insisted—in fact I was imperious—and they yielded. My nephew hastened to the theatre. I can not tell how happy I was—I was going to be filled with music, good music. By an unexpected chance they played "Le Prophete," one of the works that I had always preferred. At last the hour came. My little niece, a brunette of sixteen, was to accompany me. Two strong men carried me in my chair. Fortunately, we did not live very far from the theatre. On the way people regarded me with pity; the neighbors saluted me with an air of commiseration, and seemed to think, "Would it not be better to leave that poor man at home?"

But I saw nothing, heard nothing; I was absorbed in my childish joy. I was conveyed into the vestibule of the theatre—my nephew had thoughtlessly secured a seat in the first circle. No matter, my two bearers installed me there, me and my arm-chair. I was directly in the centre, just opposite the stage, and I saw admirably all the theatre, from the pit and the orchestra chairs to the boxes of the fourth circle, that legendary place where you are not incommoded by the chandelier—you see over it. I remained alone with my niece, who was as much enchanted as I was. But we had arrived too soon. In my eagerness I had not thought of the interminable half-hour which precedes the rising of the curtain. My little Jeanne, who had not been to the theatre three times in her life, was not tired, not she. The going and coming of the spectators, the bustle in the auditorium, which was filling up, the toilets, more or less elegant, in the boxes or in the balcony all amused her. The opera glasses, directed at her pretty little face, insolently sometimes, or at my decrepitude, caused her new sensations of pleasure, regret, or anger. At last we heard the scraping of the instruments being tuned, which seemed to me an exquisite melody. The three regulation bells were struck behind the curtain, and the short overture to Meyerbeer's opera was well executed. My heart filled with joy. They played the first act. I do not remember ever to have enjoyed in my life happiness so complete, so sweet, so heavenly. The second, third, and fourth acts were rendered in a manner that I thought perfect. I was insensible to everything except my happiness. During the intermission, my eyes were fixed on the curtain or on the orchestra. Then I noticed between two violoncellos an odd little creature, in whom I felt unaccountably interested. He was a poor, miserable fellow, excessively and shockingly deformed—a hump on his chest, a hump on his back, his legs twisted, and his arms very long; but yet he was not disagreeable to the sight. He had the sickly hue which is common with hunchbacks, but his features were quite regular. When he played, during the representation, all his body moved, writhed, and appeared to wrap itself around the violoncello in a fantastic and loving manner; forming a singular contrast, his face assumed a serious and almost austere expression, and the light of enthusiasm illumined his eyes. I saw all this through my opera glass, and commenced to form plans for the benefit of the curious fellow. Loving music very much, I intended to become the friend of this curious creature, who might come to my house sometimes and make his beloved instrument wail. Already I imagined myself very happy. He was an enthusiast in his art, I did not doubt. What more could one ask? I mused in silence until the moment when Jean of Leyde thinks that he should reveal to his accomplices that they must die with him. Then a white smoke rose on the scene through the cracks in the floor. It excited no attention, and was only thicker than the smoke usually employed; but suddenly there was an explosion and a flash that dimmed the lights in the auditorium; then all the dancers rushed toward the wings; the tenor lifted his white robe and

literally took flight, and all the other singers and choristers disappeared one after another.

"What does this mean?" demanded some of the audience, already inclined to be alarmed.

Here a young woman appeared on the stage, running. The most frightful terror was expressed in her face. Her eyes protruded from her head. She seemed to be searching for something with the haste of madness. "What is the matter?" cried the people, breathless, and no longer doubting the truth.

The poor girl, distracted, sprang into the orchestra, screaming in a choking voice:

"Fire!"

The audience started with one sound. Oh, I remember all as if it were still passing before my eyes. The musicians stopped suddenly, but not all together, for some random notes broke forth, here and there, on the air. Frantic with fear, they rushed toward the door of the orchestra, but only two or three went out. They quickly returned. The retreat was cut off. They must escape by the auditorium. Need I say that all this occurred with magical rapidity?

The auditorium! Ah, there everything was frightful, horrible, inconceivable! It was a battle-field. At first I did not appreciate the danger, and then I trembled and shook with an unnatural fear. Alone with Jeanne—alone with that child who could do nothing for me, and who remained calm, without a thought, without a movement—I realized that I must remain where I was, without being able to stir, at the mercy of the fire, which would slowly advance to lick me, to burn me alive, to consume me. Nevertheless, I did not lose my presence of mind. No. Even now I am astonished at the coolness which took possession of me, and to which, however, I was not accustomed.

"Quick!" said I to little Jeanne; "fly, my child, and hasten to find some one who will take me away, if there is time."

A young man who, without doubt, had noticed my niece, and who was not panic-stricken, hurried toward her.

"Come, little one," said he to the child. Without ceremony he pulled her along by the hand.

"But my uncle, my uncle!" cried the little girl.

"Oh, let him come," sharply answered two or three voices from the crowd who were crushing themselves without mercy at the too narrow door. They left me there. During this time the struggle was desperate in the orchestra chairs, stalls, and pit. There were only four doors, each three feet wide, for this torrent that wanted to rush out in two seconds. The terrified people used all their efforts to reach these doors. Each wished to pass those who were in advance. They pushed, cried, shrieked, and fought with fury. Two strong men braced themselves back to back near an opening that they intended to pass before any one else, and, during that time, no one, neither they nor the others, could escape. Behind them were sobs, maledictions, and imprecations, and the crowd pushed with blind fury. I saw some young men, who had already felt the heat of the flames, jump on the seats and then on the shoulders of those nearer the door. Thus they crawled along on their fellow-sufferers, whose heads bent under the weight of their bodies, hanging on to the hair and clothes of all alike, driving their nails into the shoulders of women and the faces of men. In one place the human mass, by whom they expected to be carried out, opened, and they fell heavily between two benches, where they were trampled upon and crushed carelessly, pitilessly, remorselessly.

Meanwhile the fire had spread. The scenery was burning. The flames were rapidly approaching the auditorium. The heat had become more intense. I was perspiring freely, but it was more from fear than from heat. Already the spectacle was sublime—sublime and grand. In spite of the dreadful anguish which chilled my heart, wrung my breast, and numbed my brain, I found—yes, I found something violently gay in those enormous tongues of fire, frisking before me, and caressing the front of the stage. The joy of the scourge overwhelmed me, awed me. I saw that I was lost! My marrow froze at the thought of being burned alive without possible resistance. It was the incarnation of horror driven beyond its limits; and, nevertheless, there lurked in my brain a painful persistence in seeking out that laughing flame. At the doors the contest was becoming more violent, more compact, more frantic. As the fire increased and the smoke thickened, the excitement of those who were still within assumed the proportions of complete frenzy. Oh, woe to the weak! Woe to the kind! Woe to all those who had not yet consented to become ferocious beasts! There were children, little children, who cried, while their mothers, pale, torn, scratched, and bloody, begged the men to be charitable, to be human. Ah, yes, human. But that was not the question. Not to be roasted in that furnace—that was all.

I saw a great demon, with the enormous beak of a bird of prey, his eyes distended with fear, stretch out

his hand—an immense hand, the sight of which is before me. He seized by the shoulders a young woman in front of him, and dragged her backward, so as to her place, at least. The contracted fingers of giant hand were driven into her flesh, and bruised scratched it. But she resisted madly, fighting with all strength, and trying in her turn to plunge her nails the face of the cruel man. Horrible deed! That erable wretch leaned his two hands on the poor woman bore down until she fell between two chairs, and passed over her with a howl of triumph. That day I knew by sight. He was regarded in society as a rich gentleman. Perhaps he was acquainted with the victim. Perhaps he had danced with her in the saloon of the city the preceding winter. However, he not the benefit of his horrible selfishness; for, he reached the door, he was thrown so violently against wall that, being unconscious, he also fell.

Suddenly a fireman appeared. Why had he come I called out. He heard me. He looked at me, saying to ask what I was doing there, and disappeared supposed he was coming to my rescue. Not at Little by little, however, the theatre emptied. Some those who preserved their coolness—there were many—and who had waited until the last, still had courage to draw into the corridor the vanquished in combat on whom the crowd had trampled. And them many were mortally wounded. It was time. The fire had reached the orchestra. There every showed the panic in which the musicians had fled. Stands were overturned; violins, hautboys, flutes, oboes, lay on the floor. Scarcely any one had the presence of mind to take away his instrument. On the stands, still erect, and on that of the leader of the orchestra, there were scores and sheets of music all scorched. The smoke, quite thick from the first, drawn toward the roof by some phenomenon of ventilation which I can not explain. The sheets of a curled slowly; the heat was becoming intolerable, a violin string broke from the heat of the fire. The sound of the dying instrument was heart-rending sadness. The centre of the fire increased. Soon the harp-strings snapped, one after another. This a able, exquisite instrument, seemed to sing its death in that agony, which sounded like the death-rattle it was harmonious still. A melody flew away into flame with its soul. After the harp, the strings of a bass-viol broke, with a sharp sound, like the report of a revolver. Finally, from the corner to the right explosion was heard, then another, then a third. These were the kettle-drums and the big drum, the heat which had burst from the pressure of the overheated.

At this moment I saw something which terrified me. A head rose in the door of the parterre to the left seemed to be a child's head. I did not distinguish as the smoke had regained its intensity, and commenced to blind me. However, I still saw, but as if through a cloud. There was something like curiosity mixed with astonishing resolution in the movements of that head. Soon the body entered. What could that unhappy being be doing there, and what idea had entered his brain? He turned his head toward the orchestra and remained motionless. Suddenly he took two steps forward. I screamed. It was not a child. It was the hunchback, the little, deformed musician, my friend of a moment ago, the friend that I should never know certainly I was going to die. What did he want what brought him back? Deliberately but with a windings, he walked toward the orchestra. A volley of fire stopped him. He recoiled, but appeared to renounce some mad project that he had dreamed. Seizing a favorable moment, he darted forward. He reached the first row of orchestra chairs running, his arms covering his face to protect himself, approached his place among the musicians. I did his purpose, his desire. Like every one else, a first danger the poor hunchback had saved himself, after reflection, he returned to seek his friend, his companion—his violoncello, which had, undoubtedly, soled him in many misfortunes, in many sorrow many afflictions. Yes, that was it. I saw him the instrument in both hands and try to lift it over the railing which separates the orchestra from the parterre. What folly! The fire had commenced to rage, I did not understand how this unfortunate could in one minute without being asphyxiated or mortally burned. I trembled violently with anxiety. Instantly, and in a terrible voice, I roared:

"Go away! Go away! You are tempting Providence! Miserable wretch, begone! begone!"

Probably he did not hear me, as he continued his efforts to save his instrument. The more I screamed the more excited he became. Columns of fire descended down into his face. The fire spread all around him. He stood on a chair, and then placing one foot on a separating railing, dragged his violoncello. I called out to him again: "You are mad!"

I almost forgot my own situation in the excitement of this hunchback's insane act. Poor little creature

ave, and who must have been good and intelligent, and whom I had never spoken. I see him still there, before my eyes, standing on that chair, and making those great efforts. Then, all at once, he seemed to succeed. The violoncello, finally extricated from the chairs which encumbered it, moved toward him, when, all at the same instant, all the violins and violoncellos, the light wood of which had become overheated, burst into a blaze simultaneously. That of the hunchback caught with the others. It was terrible. A bright flame shot up to a great height. The little fellow immediately relaxed his grasp, tottered, and fell forward, adlong into the orchestra, and upon his burning instrument. For some seconds I gasped and stretched out my arm—my one arm—to the place where I had seen that strange and sombre figure rise, lighted by the excessive glare of the conflagration. I saw him, still moving in the midst of the flames, extend his blackened arms, and then sink into the glowing coals. The instruments seemed to burn more joyfully than ever, the wanton flames dancing round them. They twisted while scorching and blazing and seemed to perform a frightful symphony of which I alone, of perhaps all the world, can the power and the horror. I wanted very much to if the hunchback—But what folly to hope that could save himself. Besides, I could see no more, smoke was so thick.

The flames became more violent. It was like a furnace. The cornices and other projecting parts of the front of the stage, kindled rapidly now. I could scarcely distinguish anything more. The smoke blinded and choked me. My time had come. I was going to die. There are terrors before which the bravest recoil and cease to be calm. Death by fire is one of those terrors. Nevertheless, I was nailed to my chair. The fire advanced slowly and steadily. Had I lost all hope of being saved? No, I must admit I had not. How singularly bright and tenacious is that luminescence, hope, which cheers the depths of men's hearts! I hoped still. My hopes were carefully built on the death of the poor hunchback. Since he had been able to return for his instrument, others would be able to enter in search of me, and carry me out. And then, I was the fireman of whom I had caught a glimpse; I believed he was thinking of me, and of nothing but Ah! Hope!

While I was building these imaginary castles, the fire—that is to say the fire—was steadily progressing. By degrees the wainscoting was kindled. The set of the chairs made a thick smoke. That smoke enveloped me and entered my eyes, nose, mouth, and made me cough. Occasionally, a current of air swept away, and I breathed and became visible as the one only, immovable victim of an inevitable catastrophe. It was like an immense wave, another volume of smoke enveloped and stifled me. One might have sworn that an evil spirit wished to enjoy thoroughly the suffering to which I was a prey by cruelly prolonging it to satiety. As did the negro kings in the centre of Africa drown their victims by plunging their heads in water and withholding them alternately until they died, after many hours of torture. In a short time it was not the smoke that surrounded me. Although the fire had not reached the woodwork of my box, the heat was so intense that I began to feel my blood boiling in my veins and in my brain. The sensation of burning was terribly appreciable. I knew from my condition that I would not be able to retain consciousness much more than two minutes longer. The fire was raging. My sweat ran from my forehead and temples down my cheeks and beard. All my body was deluged. I tried to place my hand on the varnish leather support of the box. I drew it back quickly. That was blazing. I brand detached from I don't know where described by the through the auditorium and fell into the box with me. My resignation could not withstand that. I did not want to die. Save me! Save me! No other wish, no other desire.

Save me! But how? It was too late for me to try to save myself. Save me! Oh, yes, save me! I wished it, I wished it. Oh, how quickly I abandoned my resignation! It was not so difficult as I thought. After all, I still had one arm not wholly useless, the strength of which, tripled by fear, had become greater. By expertly throwing myself backward, and assisting myself by catching hold of every object, I would be able to drag myself by jerks into the air. Once there it would be a respite. After a few seconds of rest, I could continue my way to the outside. Yes, I thought all that, but I did nothing, my lifeless body remained motionless, while in my mind there was a nervous excitement which I felt was making me crazy. The merciless heat still increased. I was possessed of a rage which must have been terrible—my eyes bloodshot, my mouth contracted, my beard bristling. I shook my arm—my useless arm—and uttered one of those cries which are a par-

oxysm, and with the force of which it seems the lungs must burst.

But my fury, my heart-rending cries, my frantic gestures, were all in vain. No one came. Still I did nothing. I was nailed there. Imagine an unfortunate creature tied to a stake, and slowly reached by a fire intended for him. Well, then, my suffering was more terrible and more abominable, as I was not tied, as I could easily be saved, as—as—Oh! but I did not want to be burned by inches, before being consumed. It seemed to me that my flesh was beginning to curl up under the effect of the intense heat which surrounded me. I saw nothing more. I heard nothing more except the dreadful roar of the triumphant conflagration in that immense cage of a theatre. My beard was scorching, and commencing to burn. I felt an itching sensation in my face, on my neck, and at the roots of my hair. Now I made a great effort and moved in my chair.

"There is still time," thought I. I determined to rise and walk. It was only for a moment. After inclining my body forward, I made a sudden movement. My eyes flashed. I believed I was going to walk. It was only for a moment. No, no; my legs were not willing. They remained reluctantly paralyzed. My excitement again became violent. I tried once more. I thought of that mute son of Croesus suddenly regaining his speech at the sight of his father's life being menaced by a soldier who did not know him. Why could not the same effect be produced for me in a danger more urgent, more horrible? Once more. No, no, no. Now I felt only that I was dying. It was no longer possible to endure one degree of heat more. It was over, all over. The agony was commencing to be unbearable. I thought no more, I felt no more. It seemed to me that I staggered. Before my eyes a blinding light; around me, everywhere, above me, below me, the fire. I remained passive; perhaps I fell. I know nothing more. I was abandoned.

* * * * *
Eight hours afterward, I found myself in bed again. My little niece in running for help, had fallen, and was severely wounded in the head. She had been carried away fainting, and it was only after recovering her senses that she was able to speak. Two men were dispatched to my rescue, and drew me from the furnace just as I became unconscious.

—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Camille Debans.

The building of the Mexican Central Railroad is one of the most important chapters in the history of modern Mexico. In the middle of October, 1880, operations were begun in Mexico City, and the construction of the international bridge over the Rio Grande at El Paso was commenced shortly afterwards. The line was built in two sections, one extending from the capital north, and the other from El Paso south. These two parts were joined near the city of Fresnillo, State of Zacatecas, in 1884, completing 1,224 miles of railway. Branches have since been thrown out in every direction, smaller companies bought up and amalgamated, and now the Mexican Central controls 3,300 miles of railroads.

Colorado, Utah, New Mexico, and Arizona, meet and form a point upon a spur of the Carizo Mountains. At no other place on the globe do we find four States, Territories, or provinces uniting to form such a junction, remarks the Boston Traveler. The States are so unevenly divided that there is but one "four corners" in the country. This spot is not easy of access, and few tourists ever see it, yet a monument stands at the point erected by United States surveyors and inscribed with the names of the States whose boundaries meet there.

Edward B. Wesley, long known as "the grand old man" of Wall Street, died a few weeks ago at the advanced age of 95, leaving a fortune estimated at \$3,000,000. Mr. Wesley never smoked, drank nor went to the theatre, and always attributed his success, like Russell Sage, to the fact that he began to save from his first start in life, when he sold birch beer and cakes to a crowd of people in a little New England village and made a profit of \$2 a day.

Dr. Forbes Winslow says in a London dispatch to the New York Times: "According to the statistical figures on insanity, it can be shown that before long there will be actually more lunatics in the world than sane people. The burning problem of the day is how to prevent this increase of insanity. What is the use of wasting time and energy on an education bill when we have before us this absorbing problem, the contemplation of an insane world, to deal with?"

The parrot appreciates music more than any other of the lower creatures.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

"So far Mr. Bryan has not heard from his published offer to aid Mr. Hearst," writes the correspondent of the St. Louis Republic, who is traveling with Mr. Bryan. "But," adds the correspondent, "he is not concerning himself in the matter."

Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, will be active in the Congressional campaign until election. He spoke at Bridgeport, Conn., Newark, N. J., Scranton, Pa., and Williamsport, Pa., last week. During the month he will be heard in several districts in New York State, and, it is said, will urge Hearst for Governor.

The extent of the criticism of Senator Bailey and his oil company fees in his own State is somewhat indicated by 35 comments from other Texas papers which are printed in the Houston Chronicle. Of these 35 there are 18 which are distinctly unfavorable to the Senator, while only eight or nine can be called favorable.

Congressman Samuel W. McCall, the independent member from the Harvard college district, sold such railroad bonds and stocks as he held before acting on rate bills in the last session of the Fifty-eighth Congress and the first session of the Fifty-ninth. This fact has been brought out in his campaign, but it is not paraded by the Congressman.

It has finally been decided that District Attorney Jerome shall not take the stump for the Republicans in the New York campaign. The nominal reason is that his official duties prevent; but the real reason, according to report, is that the Republicans felt that he would hurt rather than help Hughes, on account of his halting in relation to insurance prosecutions.

It is asserted that money is pouring into Colorado from all over the United States, and other countries, at the rate of \$500 a day, to assist Haywood's campaign for the governorship. Haywood is in jail. The Denver Post, commenting on the situation, says the Socialists differ from the average Republican or Democrat, or Independent, in that, if they are truly sincere, they will contribute out of small incomes to their cause, whereas the regular parties have to milk corporations, or put up rich candidates, or assess office-holders, to pay campaign expenses.

The supreme court of the United States has denied the petition of former United States Senator Burton of Kansas for a rehearing in the case in which he is under sentence of imprisonment and fine on the charge of accepting an attorney's fee in a case in which the Government was interested while he was serving as Senator. Burton and his attorneys have evidently given up the struggle to postpone his punishment, and he is now in jail serving out his sentence.

Thomas Benthall, nominated by the Democrats of the First Ohio District for Congress to run against Nicholas Longworth, President Roosevelt's son-in-law, worked twenty of the forty-four years of his life as a coal miner. He had practically no schooling until he was twenty-nine. He attended a normal school at Lebanon, O., then went to Cincinnati and attended law school for two years. He has been practicing at the bar for ten years. He is energetic and popular. It is believed that he will number among his supporters the local organized labor army. He is married and has two children.

Mrs. Nicholas Longworth's presence made Congressman Ralph Cole's campaign opening at Findlay, Ohio, the most tremendous demonstration Hancock county had ever known. At the opera house where the meeting was to be held hundreds failed to gain admittance. The box in which Mrs. Longworth sat was covered with flowers and she outshone all else. When the speaking commenced there were insistent calls for "Alice" from all parts of the house. These continued when she left the box to join her husband on the stage. She bowed to the audience but made no remarks. Congressman Longworth made a short address.

Mr. Moody's prospective retirement from the cabinet is not viewed with regret by the Chicago Inter-Ocean, a stalwart administration organ. This is because the attorney-general is thought to have fallen down badly in the Paul Morton case. "In that moment," when the evidence of Paul Morton's "wanton and confessed law-breaking" was laid upon his desk and he ignored it, "William H. Moody committed professional suicide." What, however, about President Roosevelt's part in the performance? asks the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, and adds: "Why are there no words of condemnation for the one who ordered an abandonment of the prosecution, and much censure for the officer who carried out the orders of his chief? Put the blame where it belongs. Don't try to hide the affair under Moody's doorsteps."

A TERRITORIAL GALAXY.

How Six Men of National Prominence Moved from Dakota to Fame.

Sometimes it is better to write your story and then name it, but this story follows the name. It could not be otherwise, for a few words in a recent literary note brought back the day when the first star of that cluster came into view, and in memory the other twinkling points of light quickly appeared, one after another, till all the constellation was distinct, and the title above made itself.

There are many such constellations in American literature and journalism, but they are not steadfast. The Boston galaxy was for years more nearly unchanged than any, but the greater lights are gone and the newly discovered are not so numerous. The Indiana group has scattered and formed again at intervals. It is such a temporary conjunction that this reminiscence will describe—a curious neighboring of stars in a northern sky, when, with but one instance of actual duality, six formed a figure as seemingly intimate as the Pleiades, though really little known to each other.

When Dakota was still a Territory, the second greatest national reserve, and as yet unaware of the dismembering plot festering in the sordid minds of office-seekers, there was a little weekly paper published at Estelline and named the Bell. In its column or two of neighborhood news, and frequently on what is termed by courtesy the editorial page, there appeared with every issue paragraphs of humor carrying the true American flavor of extravagance, yet racier and wittier than the common efflorescence. They were written by the editor, Fred H. Carruth, and they soon attracted so much attention that requests from other publishers for exchange copies swelled the receipts of mail at the Dakota village to more than twice its former volume. But Editor Carruth's spreading fame ministered more to vanity than to avarice.

At Sioux Falls, another Dakota town, but already a budding metropolis, lived S. T. Clover, a newspaper genius of a more practical turn of mind. He had before this made a tour of the world and not only had he paid his way with his pen, but in addition had increased his reputation and wealth with the volume that recorded his journeyings. Clover induced Carruth to join him at Sioux Falls, and of the partnership a new Bell was born, a humorous weekly of the Northwest. It lived thirteen weeks, but it was a bright and winsome child, and its passing was regretted more by those who read it free of cost than by its proprietors. The pair separated and moved swiftly eastward, not like meteors but like stars that wheel unseen in daylight. Soon afterward Hayden Carruth (the youthful Fred had been excised) appeared as a signature in the Harper publications, and for years now the owner of the name has been recognized as one of the humorists of the Manhattan circle. Clover tarried in Chicago and earned laurels and a good salary in more than one newspaper office, thence to New York, where he labored a long time, and now he is in Los Angeles, still true to his journalistic inclination.

In those earlier days, and while the Estelline Bell was still metaphorically a flower of the desert, Hamlin Garland settled with his people in a new place near the line that now separates the two States made of the Territory. It was a few miles west of the great Wahpeton and Sisseton Indian Reservation, and the nearest railroad point—eventually the county seat of that big and fertile county—was Aberdeen. There the young author, for even then Garland had begun to show the promise of his future, learned much from the wide prairies that were like a gently swelling sea, but more pleasing than a waste of waters, for in the spring they were decked with myriads of bright-hued flowers that had never before bloomed for the admiration of civilized beholders. Some of the strongest of his earliest and still his best stories were built on his dreams and experiences among the pioneers of the valley. Through that valley meanders for hundreds of miles the James river, the longest unnavigable stream in the world, and perhaps the only one that is much larger at its head than at its mouth. Garland, too, left Dakota for the East, and not long afterward his first book created a literary sensation.

From Aberdeen, a few years later, went United States Senator Kyle, whose elevation to national prominence was as sudden and unexpected as any chance of life. The minister of a congregation notable neither for numbers nor wealth, but cultured and artistic, the Reverend James H. Kyle was known and respected by a circle little larger than the limits of a prairie town. Of imposing figure and convincing speech, he was invited to make a Fourth of July address, and afterward was induced to speak on educational and economic themes at meetings of the farmers. Some chance seed thus dropped by the wayside bore abundant fruit. An unlooked-for deadlock in the State legislature on the election of a Senator brought out several impromptu nom-

inations, among them that of Kyle by a personal friend, and in the twinkling of an eye the minister was chosen. From quiet labors among his flock he was without warning drawn into the whirlpool of great interests at Washington.

One of the papers of Aberdeen was edited at that time by Frank Baum, a clever but modest young amateur of journalism, the nephew of Matilda Joslyn Gage. After a few months of interesting but unprofitable experience in newspaper work, Baum returned to his former home in Chicago, and a little later he published the first of several popular books for juvenile readers. Today he is widely known as the author of "The Wizard of Oz," and from his books, and the play made of the most successful one of them, he enjoys an income that is far beyond the wildest dreams of the former Dakota editor.

When President Cleveland chose the officials of the Territory he sent out, among others, General N. H. Harris of Mississippi to be register of the Aberdeen Land Office. Gen. Harris was a genial Southern gentleman, and none of those who sojourned in Dakota through its dry, windy, dusty summers and clear, glittering, frigid winters made more friends than he. He was the center of a bright, congenial circle there, and to his winning and entertaining personality much of its charm was due. When his term of office was over he came to San Francisco, and during his residence here his circle of admiring friends grew ever wider. General Harris was related to John Hays Hammond, and in connection with some of the mining interests of the latter he went to London and spent some of the last months of his life there.

So did six men of note come to know the delights and the terrors of life in that great wheat-field of the Northwest, and so for a time all lived within a circle whose diameter was little more than a hundred miles. All save one sought other haunts of activity, but there are many who never doubt that each carried with him rare and cheering memories of those pioneer days.

G. L. S.

San Francisco, October, 1906.

The future of the Eiffel Tower is in doubt, according to an article in the London Globe. By the terms of the inventor's contract with the city of Paris, the tower remains his property for twenty years—that is to say, until January 1, 1910, when it becomes the property of the city. The commission of "Vieux Paris," which busies itself in the work of preserving picturesque old sites is claiming that in the interests of good taste and beauty M. Eiffel's giant structure must come down, and the question has been considered by the municipal council. The tower has been a familiar object to the holiday makers of the world for some years now. It is a question whether the tower might be regarded as having accomplished its destiny and as ready for demolition. Some scientists like it as a point of observation, others aver that it acts as a lightning conductor for half Paris, and military engineers like it as a useful and ready-made station for wireless telegraphy. Under the influence of these strong credentials the city fathers have prolonged the Eiffel Tower agreement until 1915.

Subway workmen digging beneath Water Street in Philadelphia for the new tunnel station uncovered at a depth of one hundred feet what is clearly an old slave prison, reports a recent news dispatch. The pen is composed of narrow cells in three tiers, with three-foot corridors between the heavy walls. Heavy iron bars covered the windows, and in each cell were manacle supports. Directly above them is the house of Stephen Girard, the eccentric millionaire, who gave Girard College to Philadelphia and whose estate is now valued at hundreds of millions. It was in tearing down this house, which the traction company had bought from the Girard trust, that they came across the prison. It has long been handed down in local history that Girard drove a brisk slave trade and that some of the basis of his fortune came from dealing in negroes. The old Girard house is within half a square of the Delaware, and secret access by water would be easy. Girard believed in slavery, owned slaves, and had many on his Louisiana sugar plantation.

The New York Central Company will install thirty-five electric locomotives immediately to care for its suburban traffic. The initial trial has been given to one of the engines. The reports in the New York newspapers are agreed that the trial was highly satisfactory and that the electric locomotive is no longer an experiment but an accomplished fact.

Rabbits, asserts a naturalist, have white tails so that the young may distinguish their mother in case of pursuit. The natural color of the rabbit is so like the surrounding ground that this would be impossible otherwise.

EVOLUTION OF FEMININE TRAITS.

The Growth of a Peculiar Code of Morals—Woman Power and Helplessness.

A study of "the adventitious character of woman from the standpoint of biology and sociology, written by Professor W. I. Thomas, of the University of Chicago, recently appeared in the American Journal of Sociology, and has attracted no little attention. The article is scientific, but attractive in plan and phraseology. It opens with an exact yet plain statement of the beginnings of sex differences, and traces the growth and development of variability in the higher forms of animal life.

The greater intimacy between mother and offspring in the mammalian type is noted, and the pre-eminent helplessness of the human child which at first thought appears to be a disadvantage, is shown to be the source of human superiority:

Among mankind the longer dependence of children results in a correspondingly lengthened and intimate association of parents, which we denominate marriage. For Westerners quite right in his view that children are not the result of marriage but marriage is the result of children. From this point of view marriage is a union favored by the scheme of nature because favorable to the rearing and training of children, and the practicing marriage, or its animal analogue, have the best chance of survival.

In the earliest days man was a hunter and fighter. Woman and the child fixed the point to which returned:

Not suddenly, but in the course of time, he usurped primacy in the industrial pursuits, and through his organization of industry and the application of invention to the industrial processes became a creator of wealth on a scale before unknown. Gradually also he began to rely not altogether on ornament, plots, and trophies to get the attention and favor of woman. When she was reduced to a condition of dependency on his activity, wooing became a less formidable matter, and he began to negotiate for her and purchase her from her male kin.

It is more especially on the moral side that man's position to bend the situation to his pleasure placed woman in a hard position, and resulted in the distortion of her nature. Man has always insisted that woman shall be better than himself, and her immoralities are general as such as man never greatly disapproves. There has, in fact, been developed a peculiar code of morals to cover the peculiar case of women:

Morality, in the most general sense, represents the code of which activities are best carried on, and is worked out in the school of experience. It is pre-eminently an adult and a system, and men are intelligent enough to recognize that women nor children have passed through this school. It is on this account that, while man is merciless to woman from the standpoint of personal behavior, he exempts her from any in the way of contractual morality, or views her defections with regard with allowance and even with amusement.

The vitally important conclusion of the paper in these paragraphs:

As long as woman is comfortably cared for by the man, her group or by marriage she is not likely to do anything especially if the moral standards in her family and community are severe. But an unattached woman has a tendency to become an adventuress—not so much on economic as on psychological grounds. Life is rarely so hard that a young woman can not find her bread; but she can not always live and have the stimulus she craves. As long, however, as she remains with her group and is known to the whole community, she realizes that infraction of the habits of the group, any immodesty or immorality will ruin her standing and her chances of marriage and so she is kept into shame and confusion.

Consequently good behavior is a protective measure—intuitive, of course; for it is not true that the ordinary girl has intuition enough to think out a general attitude toward life other than that which is habitual in her group. But when she becomes detached from home and group, and is removed not only from the surveillance, but from the ordinary stimulation and interest afforded by social life and acquaintanceship, her inhibitions are likely to be relaxed. The girl coming alone from the country to the city affords one of the clearest cases of detachment. Assuming that she comes to the city to earn her living, she is only handicapped on the economic side to a degree which makes it impossible to obtain those accessories to her personality—the way of finery which would be sufficient to satisfy her and attract her attention if they were to be had in plenty, but she is cut off from the sight of every one whose opinion has any meaning for her, while the separation from her home community renders her condition peculiarly flat and lonely, and prepares her to accept any opportunity for stimulation.

To be completely lost sight of by all who have previously known her may, under these circumstances, become an object of the only means by which she can without confusion accept intense stimulations than are legitimate in the humdrum life of a poor home. And to pass from a regular to an irregular life for a season and back again, before the fact has been noticed, is a course much more usual than is ordinarily suspected. The girl which accounts for the short career of the fast woman and the score of an early death is well-nigh groundless. Society can not keep track of these women; and the world is so small that they reappear in the ordinary walks of life, marry and are given in marriage—and the world is no wiser. There are thousands of girls leading irregular lives in our large cities whose parents think they are in factories, stores, and business positions.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. Harry Fielding Reid, professor of geological physics in the Johns Hopkins university, as sailed for Rome as the representative of the United States at the annual meeting of the International Seismographic Association.

W. Morgan Shuster, the young Washington lawyer who has been appointed by the President member of the Philippine Commission, is just twenty-nine. His appointment carries with it a salary of \$15,000. Mr. Shuster was formerly department stenographer.

Mrs. Collis P. Huntington, when she arrived New York from Europe a few days ago, deared merchandise worth \$32,000 bought in Europe, of which \$27,000 represents two articles of jewelry. The duty amounted to about \$20,000. Mrs. Huntington holds the record for paying the largest cash amount of duty on deared articles ever handed over to the Government officials on the dock. It was \$32,000 in 1901.

Mrs. Richard Aldrich, of New York, formerly Miss Margaret Astor Chanler and granddaughter of the first John Jacob Astor, turned over to children of the poor during the summer months her handsome house in West Seventy-ninth street, New York. For years she has devoted much of her time to philanthropy, her activities during the war with Spain having been cognized by the bestowal upon her of a gold medal.

A judgment for \$138,000 in favor of Mrs. Ingersoll, widow of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, given by a lower court, has been set aside by the United States Circuit Court of appeals. The judgment was given in a suit brought by Mrs. Ingersoll to recover an amount alleged to be due for legal services by her husband in the settlement of the estate of Andrew J. Davis, the millionaire mine owner of Butte, Mont. Colonel Ingersoll's services were not successful in the contest of Davis's will.

President Fallieres of the French republic has broken with tradition, dismissed the famous chef of the presidential mansion and employs instead woman cook or "cordon bleu," as the French say. The title of "cordon bleu" for a woman cook dates back to Louis XV and Mme. Du Barry. The latter championed the cause of her sex, but the king said that only a man could cook. After he had eaten a delicious dinner

cooked by a woman he was converted, had the cook called and placed around her neck the blue ribbon of the order of the Saint Esprit, known as the "cordon bleu."

The Princess of Monaco is the second wife of the reigning prince of the little principality. She was Mlle. Heine, daughter of the rich banker of Hamburg and niece of the great poet. New Orleans gave her birth and in due course she was married to Duc De Richelieu. Her fortune on the death of the duke was said to have been \$10,000,000. She married the present prince in 1889, his first marriage with Lady Mary Victoria Douglas-Hamilton, daughter of the Duke of Hamilton, having been dissolved by the pope. She has always regarded the gaming house at Monaco with positive aversion.

John B. Henderson, Senator from Missouri from 1862 to 1869, is living in Washington, eighty years of age. Francis M. Cockrell, whose twenty years' service as Senator from Missouri ended last year, is now a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission and is seventy-two years of age. Daniel T. Jewett, ex-Senator from Missouri and a well-known attorney in Lincoln's time, died a short time ago, aged ninety-nine. Carl Schurz, Senator from Missouri from 1869 to 1875, died recently at seventy-seven. Jewett was born in Maine, Schurz in Germany, Henderson in Virginia and Cockrell in Missouri.

King Edward is a scientific bridge player, and cares little for high stakes. He loses philosophically, never loses his temper, but has certain rigid rules in playing. They are never to play with a young man under twenty-five or a girl under twenty-one, or an indifferent partner, and never to take refreshment during the play. He takes bridge seriously and plays it for the interest of its problems. Bridge was played very actively during the Doncaster week, the party at Rufford Abbey, where the king was entertained, containing the most expert player in England, Miss Thornewill. Mrs. Keppel, also a fine player, was one of the guests.

It is presumed that Secretary Taft will soon inform the President whether he intends to accept the position on the Supreme Bench held open for him since last spring. President Roosevelt has named two of the nine Associate Justices, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., and William R. Day. Of the seven remaining members of the Court three—Justice Harlan, Chief Justice Fuller and Justice Brown—have already reached

the age for retirement. Justice Brewer will be eligible to retire next June. Justice Peckham could retire on November 22, 1908. The others, Justices White and McKenna, have nine years and seven years, respectively, before they are eligible to retire. Chief Justice Fuller has been eligible to retire for three years past, but that he will avail himself of the privilege seems not probable.

The American Ambassador to Italy, Henry White, is a notable figure in Venice as he floats about in a gondola with his wife and daughter, notes a correspondent of the London Pall Mall Gazette. "He is an American," said a lady from the States. "I am sure no one but an American would be so polite to his womenkind." "Not at all," said another dame with a cockney accent. "He is an Englishman. He looks it all over, and no man except an Englishman would ever drink three cups of tea." Just then a waiter approached, and Mr. White spoke to him in the purest Italian. The ladies looked at each other in blank amazement and exclaimed: "Why, he's an Italian! Who would have believed it?"

Brigadier-General Frederick Funston was relieved in Cuba soon after his arrival by General J. Franklin Bell. The only reason for ordering Funston out of Cuba was the antipathy felt for him by the Cubans who bore arms against Spain. says a Washington dispatch to the New York World, which tells the following story: "The Cubans declare that Funston 'deserted' the Army of Liberation under Gen. Gascia. In that army the young Kansan commanded the first dynamite gun ever used in actual warfare. He took part in the battle of Las Tunas and there, his friends assert, he saw the foul murder of a Spanish major, who, under a flag of truce, came out of a block-house to negotiate for the surrender of his men. As the Spaniard met a Cuban major, a negro soldier split the Spaniard's head down to the shoulder with a machete. Funston, his friends say, saw enough to convince him that the Cuban major gave the signal for the murder. They charge, too, that when the Spanish garrison surrendered without conditions every man of them was butchered in the same way, so that the evidence that the major had been murdered would be hidden by the death of his entire command. The Cubans have never admitted that the Spanish major was murdered, and to be consistent they have insisted that Funston deserted their forces." Funston then resigned his Cuban commission in disgust, and was captured by a Spanish patrol on his way to the United States.



Hotel del Coronado
UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Enjoy California's best climate at the largest all-year seaside resort hotel in the world. All outside rooms. Guests will appreciate the new and important changes. Every modern convenience provided, including long distance telephone in rooms. Chief of national reputation. Choicest and widest cuisine of any hotel in the West. Interior court—a rare tropical garden. Fine winter fishing and hunting. Uneexcelled golf links and tennis courts. For further information address:


MORGAN ROSS, Manager
Coronado Beach, Cal.
H. F. NORCROSS, General Agent
334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles

"La Questa"

A Luscious Old Red Wine,
Highly Commended by
Connoisseurs

PRODUCER:
E. H. RIXFORD
Kohl Building, San Francisco

THE OCULARIUM
Perfect Fitting
Eye Glasses
At Moderate Prices
Lenses Replaced 50c



Henry Kahn & Co
OPTICIANS

1309 Van Ness Avenue,
Between Bush and Sutter.



See that Lea & Perrins' signature is on wrapper and label.

Beware of inferior sauces put up in bottles similar to the above.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

is invaluable to the fastidious cook. It adds zest to her Gravies and spice to her Salads, and improves the flavor of Fish, Game and Soups. Its rare rich flavor makes it the most useful of all sauces.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce is in every well-equipped kitchen

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York

VANITY FAIR.

Pittsburg, it is charged, spends \$10,000,000 a year in New York "foolishly." The estimate has the authority of the Chamber of Commerce and will not be thought extravagant, says an editorial in the New York World. It takes no account of chateaus in the French style and Fifth avenue mansions or other permanent investments, but is presumed to include pearl necklaces, automobiles, alimony disbursements, chorus-girl endowment funds and food and drink. In the matter of the last item it represents a ratio of at least one cold bottle to every steel billet. It enables many a hotel and restaurant to show a favorable balance sheet.

A generation has witnessed a radical change in the character and geographical distribution of New York's visiting "spenders." Following the rich planter of before the war came the Western bonanza kings, and in their wake in the eighties the "Chicago crowd." Now with the nation's get-rich-quick centre shifted to Pittsburg it is the turn of the steel millionaire. Cotton, gold, wheat, pork, steel—each has had its fling.

Pittsburg storekeepers feel that these millions should be spent at home. But the Pittsburg millionaire is not so dyed-in-the-wool a protectionist. He believes in buying in the best market. He purchases his pearl necklaces here for the same reason that New York buys structural steel in Pittsburg.

As a matter of fact, it is probable that the balance of trade between the two cities is largely in favor of Pittsburg. New York's annual crop of skyscrapers necessitating larger payments to the steel city than it receives back for expenditure in lobster palaces, greenrooms and other recognized channels of millionaire distribution.

A writer in the London World finds occasion to revert to the severe criticisms of society by Father Vaughan, which were a leading topic of the summer season, and says:

"Of course the chaperon question, as it is generally understood, is a middle-class one; Father Vaughan perfectly understood what he was saying when he alluded to the lack of surveillance of a properly dignified and perfectly agreeable kind from which so many girls really suffer nowadays. This is due partly to the fact that mothers do not seem to want to be bothered to look after their girls, and partly to the fact that hostesses seem to resent much 'mothering.'

"But even allowing for the fact that the preacher has not spared his colors in order to make his picture sufficiently striking, one knows perfectly well that far too much latitude is given to girls not only in country houses but in town as well. It would not be at all a bad thing for English society if we could go back to the days when people kept almost absurdly watchful eyes on the proprieties. Their vigilance may sometimes have been eluded, it is true; it may sometimes have provoked ridicule, but at least it conveyed the idea that mothers set a high standard for their girls, and were at some pains to see that they came somewhere near it.

"It was good for men to feel this, moreover, for it surely made women seem better worth the winning if they had been jealously guarded under the experienced eye of a duenna who knew man and his ways."

Madame Emma Eames-Story, who lost her entire wardrobe during the San Francisco earthquake, is replenishing, writes Malcolm Lincoln in the Los Angeles Express. The task is being performed in Paris, but she came to London this week for a lace robe for private use. This is a modest affair—"would cost \$1,000 in New York," she whispered softly through an immense veil with four patches of black that give a weird effect to her classic nose.

For her various robes in opera the Parisian modistes are slaving nowadays. Eames is an exacting patron. Her temper is not her best point, and the costumier who undertakes to please her has need of all the patience he can lay in. Worth is the designer of all, but it is the fitters who feel the strain. The fair American songstress boasts that she can stand five hours at a stretch when trying on gowns. "I have as much pleasure in the consciousness of being well dressed as my Puritan ancestors had in the knowledge that they had discovered the true way to live." But Worth tells a mournful tale of her exacting ways. She calls him a tyrant and boxes his ears when his suggestion does not suit her whim.

Madame Eames has opinions of Parisian shopkeepers that would not look pleasant to those they most deeply concern. "Don't talk to me of the Yankee cuteness. There is no tradesman on earth who can lift a dollar or its equivalent so deftly as the Parisian. It is 'Oui, Oui, Oui, everywhere, and 'Oui, Madame, Oui, Madame' at every turn; and for each of these courtesies they manage to filch a franc. I begin to think the only straightforward people are the Amer-

icans. You always know where to find them. The moral vision of continental Europe is oblique."

Artist Gibson has been credited recently with a striking portrait of a lady, done in a few words instead of a few pencil lines. The incident is described in the Philadelphia Bulletin.

"I dined with Charles Dana Gibson at Princess's Restaurant in London during the season," said a Chicagoan.

"The lofty, spacious dining-room was filled with women in pale gowns, their hair uncovered, and their arms and necks bare, and though these women were fashionable, aristocratic, they smoked cigarettes with their coffee as they watched the biocopic pictures that went on at one end of the big room, and as they listened to the singing that went on at the other.

"Amid all this feminine smoking, we Americans began to discuss and to define the word 'lady.' Was it ladylike to smoke? we asked. Would a lady ever smoke? What was a lady?"

"I think Mr. Gibson's definition of a lady was the best that was given.

"'A lady,' he said, ignoring the smoke question altogether, 'is a woman who always remembers others and never forgets herself.'"

With the resignation of Mayer Des Planches, Italian Ambassador to the United States, Ladislaus Hengelmüller, the Austrian Ambassador, becomes Dean of the Diplomatic Corps. Thus has happened an event which the social world, at least, has expected with more or less confidence, notes a Washington news dispatch.

The Baroness Hengelmüller, wife of the Austrian Ambassador, for several years figured in a quiet little warfare with Countess Marguerite Cassini, niece of the former Russian Ambassador, for social precedence. Cassini was then dean of the corps, but as the young Countess was only his niece, she could not be officially recognized as the head of his household, and the question was never satisfactorily settled. The two women were regarded as the beauties of the corps, and season after season each made a desperate attempt to outshine the other at social functions. The little by-play each winter kept society highly entertained, for it frequently happened that one would remain away from a particular function because the other was to be there. Usually it was the Baroness who was indisposed, for the Countess Cassini rarely missed anything.

It was known that Baroness Hengelmüller's chief ambition was that her husband might one day be dean of the corps, and fate has at last brought about her wish.

Baroness Hengelmüller is one of the most beautiful women in Washington and a great social favorite. She is highly cultured and her entertainments have always been exclusive and characterized by every element of novelty and attractiveness. She was born in Galzysa-Poland, and when eight years old was sent to the convent of La Dame Couronne, Paris. When she was sixteen years old she was married but in a few years she was left a widow with a little daughter. Many suitors sought her hand, but she finally became the wife of Mr. Hengelmüller and came with him to America, where he was assigned to represent his government. A little more than three years ago the Austrian Government made Mr. Hengelmüller an Ambassador.

Baroness Hengelmüller is the daughter of a member of the Austrian Parliament. Her mother belongs to a family which is able to trace its ancestry in Poland back 400 years. She is a woman of remarkable attainments, a great lover of animals and flowers and maintains a kennel in her Russian home. She has been noted for many novel fads, chief of which is a penchant for rare perfumes. She is an enthusiastic automobilist and it was said last winter that she had installed in her motor a perfume which eliminated the scent of the gasoline and filled the car with the most fragrant aroma.

The Ambassador and Mme. Hengelmüller occupy a residence just opposite the British Embassy in Connecticut avenue, for which the Austrian Government paid \$800,000. It is magnificently furnished and contains a rare collection of art treasures which the Ambassador and Mme. Hengelmüller have procured in their travels. The floors of the house are inlaid and each room is perfectly appointed.

The Kaiser has been compelled to teach his subjects good manners, so far as spying upon him too curiously is concerned.

During the maneuvers in Silesia, the Kaiser made his headquarters at Liegnitz and the people of that town were warned by the authorities against unmannerly inquisitiveness in the following notice, which was inspired by the Kaiser:

"The bad taste of turning field glasses and telescopes upon the monarch pains His Majesty excessively, and the urgent wish is therefore here-

by expressed to the populace that they will set a pattern for the whole country in respecting the susceptibilities of His Majesty."

When the Crown Prince and Princess were upon their honeymoon they were subjected to great annoyance by inquisitive people, who went so far as to look into the windows of their apartments with telescopes.

The Toy Exposition in Paris now being held at the Summer Alcazar, on the Champs Elysees, is a remarkably attractive display. Under the auspices of M. Lepine, the prefect of police, the inventions of the purveyors of amusement for children are brought to the notice of the public.

The offer of substantial prizes for the best and most ingenious ideas has induced 250 exhibitors to join in the exposition. There are some marvels of ingenuity and patience. The process of manufacture may also be watched from beginning to end, as several stands have been erected where the inventors carry on the work of turning out toys from morning to night.

Many of the articles shown are closely connected with up-to-date events. Consequently automobiles play a great part in the exposition. Toy motor cars, exactly copied from the full-sized machines, are displayed, and the frequent motor car wrecks have provided one inventor with the idea of showing an automobile which, after being wound up, smoothly pursues its dashing course for some distance and then, something going suddenly wrong with the machinery, leaps into the air and falls to pieces, throwing the toy passengers to all points of the compass, to await the succoring hand of the manipulator, who can in a few moments replace the scattered pieces of the machine and re-seat the passengers ready for another wreck.

The president of Bryn Mawr College, Miss Thomas, says she places the hazer on the same plane with the person who hurts birds, tortures kittens or teases a baby. In welcoming the incoming class of 120 girls she said that the college had been free of those rougher forms of hazing which, unfortunately, had existed in sister colleges, such as putting the girls under the pump, standing on their heads, and tearing off their clothes. But that these crude forms of hazing exist among the young lady students of America will surprise many. They should take lessons from the West Point of the past or the Harvard of the present.

Caliph, the hippopotamus in the New York Central Park Zoo, was recently moved to winter quarters in the lion house, and has been sick ever since he has been living indoors. His keeper diagnosed it as acute indigestion, and Caliph received medical treatment in the shape of a bucket of castor oil. Like 99 per cent of humanity, Caliph has an aversion to castor oil. A wedge of wood to pry open Caliph's mouth and a hand force pump overcame his aversion, and, before the crowd that filled the lion house, Head Keeper Snyder pumped in a whole bucketful of castor oil.

A San Francisco Wilderness.

A report of a meeting held in this city on the 30th of December, 1865, has a particular interest for San Franciscans at the present moment. On that date the supervisors took up the subject of the settlement of what were then known as the "outside lands," namely, the territory lying west of Van Ness avenue. The supervisors proposed to limit each intending purchaser of these lands to fifty acres. The proposition was antagonized on the ground that the lands were worthless. Joseph W. Winans, who owned 160 acres, told the Board that he would dispose of the tract for what it cost him, which was \$6 an acre. Mr. Hoadley ridiculed the idea of the lands ever becoming valuable. "They would starve a rabbit," he declared, and he added, "The United States can not give a title to these lands, because they are not 'fast,' for the wind will blow them sand away at times to the depth of twenty feet. Forty years have worked great changes in this district west of Van Ness avenue, observes the Chronicle. Before the fire there were plenty of lots which sold for fifty times as much per front foot as Mr. Winans paid for an acre. Now they are blocks on the avenue whose annual rental exceeds the price he paid for his 160 acres thirtyfold. The former wilderness is the most populous part of San Francisco and contains all the active business streets of the city. The change has been extraordinary; those resulting from the steady increase in population of the district during the forty years since the Board held its meeting to decide what to do with the despised lands, is less than those worked in the five months since the conflagration, which have converted a district once almost wholly devoted to residential purposes into a bustling business quarter.

Professor Walter E. Magee, head of the department of physical culture at the State University, has computed statistics comparing cleanliness among the men and women undergraduates which show the women on the long end of the tally sheet. According to Professor Magee, 260 baths per week are taken by each 100 women as compared with 263 baths taken by each 100 men. The estimate is taken on the baths taken in the University gymnasiums, a close record being kept of the number of ablutions per week. The undergraduates of both sexes are crowding the bathrooms to help swell the figures on the score sheet. The next scoring of the tally sheet is to take place at the end of the month.

The two large electric railway schemes which are under way in the Sacramento Valley promise to do much toward developing the northern counties. One of these lines, the Northern Electric Company, has built its road between Chico and Oroville and will soon be in Marysville. Its lines will be extended west of Yuba City to Sacramento. The northern end of the Sacramento Valley is to be covered by the Redding and Red Bluff road, which is to be an electric and steam line. The cutting up of large holdings of land has just begun and the population of the districts adjacent to the lines will be increased.

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

are now showing complete lines of

Carpets, Rugs, Furniture, Office Desks, Upholstery,
Draperies, Linoleums, Window Shades, Etc.

at their new store at the corner of

Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street

SIEVERS FLORAL CO.

Respectfully announce the opening of their Elegant Establishment

1660 California Street, near Van Ness

Phone Franklin 1015

A. HIRSCHMAN

Jeweler and Silversmith

.....Now at.....

1641 Van Ness Avenue

Between California and Sacramento Streets

Formerly Mutual Bank Building, 712 Market and 25 Geary Street.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Dramatic Notes.

Made Fealy, announced as the youngest actor on the dramatic stage, is playing in North-eastern cities in "The Illusion of Beatrice."

Enche Bates's 400th performance in David Belasco's poetic Western drama, "The Girl in the Golden West," will be reached before she leaves the Belasco Theatre in New York to take her engagements in other cities.

In his lecture on Henry Irving, delivered in London a few days ago, Bram Stoker, who was Irving's manager for years, told many new anecdotes. One was of an actor stranded in San Francisco who earned his fare to New York by standing in the gallery line and selling his hat for a week.

Virginia Harned is playing a Rejane part in the adaptation of Sardou's "La Piste" at the Theatre in New York, and is said to be successful. The play in its new arrangement is "The Love Letter," and it seems to have little in the translation. Ferdinand Gottschalk, who is a clever character actor as well as playwright, fashioned the piece for Miss Harned.

Regret Anglin and Henry Miller's success in "The Great Divide," at the Princess Theatre in New York, has been such that seats are now being held for twelve weeks in advance.

"All-of-a-Sudden Peggy," the comedy in which Henrietta Crossman is winning success this season, is by Ernest Denny, a new English playwright. Mr. Denny is well known in London throughout England. He was famous for "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy," which is his play, as a "platform actor."

It is said that Nat Goodwin and May Irwin have agreed to join forces and star together in a rather distant future.

Frances Starr, who has been leading woman in David Warfield in "The Music Master," has come out as a star under the direction of David Belasco, who has signed a five-year contract with the young actress. Miss Starr is a native of California, who made her debut in New York several years ago as a member of the company at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. It is understood that she is to replace Bertha Kalich in a play called "The Dragon Fly."

Wheeler Wilcox's Biblical play, "The Son of Man," was received coldly at the Academy of Music in New York and gave way to "Cape Cod." Wilcox's play was a failure.

News from Rome say Adelaide Ristori left Italy with very little money, owing to mismanagement of her affairs after the death of her husband. Nothing remains of her once large fortune but some souvenirs.

New York is shortly to see a production of the play "The Passes," with Henry Miller and Sarah Le Moyne in important roles.

London dispatch says Mrs. Mary Anderson Navarro has been prevailed upon by Bernard Vaughan, the smart castigator of the smart set, to emerge into the public gaze again. He has prevailed upon her to act some scenes from "Macbeth" and sing a few songs in aid of his Catholic mission during the coming winter. Mme. de Navarro lives in secluded life at Court Farm, near Worcester, Worcestershire. Since she left the stage at the age of twenty-eight, she has been able to go back to it, but has always said no. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been drawn her.

Mordaunt, a well-known actor and manager, died in a sanatorium at Bedford City, a few days ago. Arthur T. Markham was Mordaunt's real name. He was born in England, sixty-four years ago.

Ellen Terry, a sister of Ellen Terry, is going into her own in spite of the greater fame of her much admired player. In a simple but new play, "Peter's Mother," by a little-known woman playwright, Mrs. de la Tour in London a few days ago Marion Terry made a pronounced success, and there is no talk of an American tour for play and success.

Musical Notes.

Did de Reszke will sing the roles of Desdemona and Leporello at Hammerstein's New Opera House, in what the proprietor expects will be the biggest and best of his grand opera seasons.

Conried is quoted as saying that it is not enough of a cast left in Europe to give any opera more pretentious than "L'Orchestra" or "Fra Diavolo." The Musical World wonders at such an extravagant absurdity.

from the impresario, and says: "No information has been received to the effect that Berlin, Vienna, Munich, Dresden, Cologne, Hamburg, and a hundred or more other German operas are going to close their doors, forced thereto by the big opera trust at the Metropolitan."

"Dolly Dollars" has just completed a successful run at the New York Theatre. Musical plays continued indefinitely at the other New York theatres are "The Red Mill" at the Knickerbocker, "The Little Cherub" at the Criterion, "My Lady's Maid" at the Casino, "About Town" at the Herald Square, "The Tourists" at the Majestic, and "The Spring Chicken" at Daly's.

It is astonishing how much higher is the percentage of pleasure to be derived from "Marrying Mary" as presented by Marie Cahill than when the basic material of that entertainment was exploited, minus melody and show girls, under the title of "My Wife's Husbands" at the Chestnut Street Opera House some three seasons ago, remarks a Philadelphia paper. The original form of the piece was forgotten with cheerfulness and rapidity. Nat Goodwin, long since graduated from the ranks of pure farce, was not exactly a credit to the play, nor was the play a credit to Nat Goodwin.

Paderewski has canceled his American engagements, it is said, because of trouble in one of his arms.

Twenty-three boxes have been sold at the Manhattan Opera House at the rate of \$4,000 for each box for the season. This makes an income already of \$90,000 from a portion of the boxes.

While Berlin has 800 concerts a year, and will soon have halls enough to make possible seventeen concerts a night, the great composers do not seem to be often drawn toward it. Saint-Saens has just made his first appearance there in twenty-two years, and Grieg, after an absence of twenty years, will give a concert of his own compositions on April 12, 1907.

Victor Herbert has at present exactly a dozen of operatic scores earning him substantial royalties, and is at work on others. Yet he spends much of his time giving concerts. He has just concluded a successful season of concerts at Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and other cities.

Silvio Hein, the young Austrian-Italian composer of Marie Cahill's new musical play, "Marrying Mary," will send to the governing board of the Burg Theatre in Vienna, by invitation, an opera which he has almost completed, founded on Longfellow's "Hiawatha." The work, in serious vein, is intended to interpret the poetry and rude music of the American Indian. The leading character is said to be the famous Pere Marquette.

Olga Samaroff, a talented young American pianist, now appearing in concerts in New England, will come West this winter.

Anna Held, who has been in eclipse, so far as the stage is concerned, for two seasons, effected her reappearance at the Chestnut Street Opera House in Philadelphia recently. It was the first production of Harry B. Smith and Max Hoffman's latest musical comedy, "The Parisian Model." Charles A. Bigelow, Henry Leoni, Truly Shattuck, Mabella Baker and Louis B. Foley are conspicuous in the long cast.

The failure of Kubelik to come to this country after the plans had been made, is said to be due to the illness of his wife. It is expected that he will make an American tour in 1907.

A new comic opera by Walter Slaughter is among the promised productions of the current London season. It is entitled "Lady Tatters," this being the name of a strolling player with whom Charles II falls in love. She rejects his suit, for she is the sweetheart of an army officer, and the monarch then finds a pretext for having him arrested and imprisoned in the Tower. The story, which is by Herbert Leonard, ends happily.

Olive Fremstad, Olga Samaroff and Pentschnickoff will be the soloists for three orchestral concerts to be given by the St. Louis Choral Symphony Society beginning November 8.

The American tour of Moriz Rosenthal, the Austrian pianist, will include seventy-five concerts in the Eastern cities.

Grand opera at popular prices will be given at Covent Garden, London, this season by a company headed by Mme. Melba and Signorina Rina Giachetti. Two works new to the London public will be presented. One is Signor Umberto Giordano's "Fedora," a setting of Sardou's great drama, arranged by Signor Arturo Colautti. It was first performed in Milan in 1898. The other novelty will be Signor Alfredo Catalani's "Lorelei," originally produced in Turin in 1890; this is a revised version of his opera "Elda," which was brought out ten years earlier in the same city.

De Gogorza, the Spanish Baritone, to appear.

Every one who attended the Emma Eames concerts in this city will remember the veritable sensation caused by the singing of the baritone, Signor Emilio De Gogorza. At that time Manager Greenbaum was asked to bring this artist out in recital some time, as the audiences could not get enough of his delightful singing. It has been arranged to present Mr. Gogorza in two recitals, one to be given in San Francisco on Tuesday evening, October 30, at Christian Science Hall, and the second at Ye Liberty Theatre, Oakland, on Wednesday afternoon, October 31. He will sing a recital program consisting of groups of Italian, French, English, and rarely heard Spanish songs, and several operatic arias.

Mr. Paul Steindorff, the well-known orchestral conductor, will appear for the first time since he came here to the old Baldwin Theatre with Ovide Musin and Mme. Trebelli, as accompanist.

The seats will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s for the city concert, and at Ye Liberty box-office for the Oakland evening.

The Orpheum.

The Empire City Quartette, the entertaining singing comedians, will head the bill at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon. Sim Collins and Lew Hart, "Two Strong Men," will upset the audience by their burlesque on the usual feats of strength performed by athletes. Augusta Glose has been to London since visiting here and has something new and novel to show music and amusement lovers. Max Millian, a young violin virtuoso, who has made his mark in Europe and America, will be heard for the first time in this city. The six Glinsereitis, gymnasts; Hanson and Nelson, experts in singing and dancing; Burton and Brookes, the singers and comedians; Raffayette's acrobatic dogs, and Orpheum motion pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete a varied programme. Attractions of every description are to be found on the grounds of the Chutes, where the Orpheum is located.

Five men were killed and two were seriously injured by the falling of walls last Saturday in the burned district. The men were clearing away debris at the time but had been warned of their danger immediately before the accident. One man saved his life by standing close to the base of the wall when the great mass of bricks toppled and fell over him.

Helping the Homeless

The Continental Building and Loan Association

Has helped build up several interior towns and cities of California but for the next few years its funds will be used to help restore the burned homes of San Francisco.

Dr. Washington Dodge, President.
Gavin McNab, Attorney.
Wm. Corbin, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr.

Office: Corner Market and Church Streets

HOTEL RAFAEL

SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

50 minutes from San Francisco. Complete Change of Climate
TIBURON OR SAUSALITO FERRY
All Modern Conveniences.
R. V. HALTON Proprietor

Hotel Collingwood

35th St., between 5th Ave. and Broadway
NEW YORK CITY

New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district containing every modern device for comfort of guests.

Positively exclusive. Service a la carte.

EUGENE KORN

The Hatter

946 Van Ness Avenue

Formerly 746 Market St.

AUTOMOBILES

Runabouts - - - \$700

Reo Touring Cars - \$1400

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

J. W. LEAVITT & CO.

441 Golden Gate Ave.

HOTEL ST. FRANCIS

ANNEX

SAN FRANCISCO

IN UNION SQUARE
ON THE LAWNS
AMID THE PALMS
EVERY ROOM OUTSIDE
ON THE GROUND FLOOR

FAMOUS GRILL ROOM
IN MAIN BUILDING
SAME SKILLED CHEF

Amusements.

ORPHEUM.

Week Commencing SUNDAY MATINEE, Oct. 28
(Matinee Every Day Except Monday.)

GLORIOUS VAUDEVILLE!

EMPIRE CITY QUARTETTE; Collins and Hart; Augusta Glose; Max Millian; Hanson and Nelson; Burton and Brookes; Raffayette's Dogs; Orpheum Motion Pictures and Last Week of the SIX GLINSERETTIS.

Prices: 10c, 25c and 50c. Down Town Box Office at Donlon's Drug Store, Fillmore and Sutter Sts. Phone West 6000.
CHUTES and ZOO—Open Daily from 10 A. M. till Midnight. Admission 10c; Children 5c.

EMILIO DE GOGORZA

The Great Spanish Baritone

Paul Steindorff at the Piano

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HALL

Cor. Sacramento and Scott

TUESDAY EVENING, OCT. 30

Ye Liberty Play House Oakland, Wednesday Matinee, Oct. 31, 3 o'clock

Seats \$1.50, \$1.00 and 50c, on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Van Ness Ave. above Clay
Wednesday Matinee, November 7—First Greenbaum "Pop" Concert. Hugo Mansfeldt, Pianist.
Ye Liberty Playhouse.

MARCHAND'S

IS NOW LOCATED AT

1424 McAllister St.,

Between Pierce and Scott

Service as Usual

The Very Best in
the City

Telephone West 6821

BOHM-BRISTOL CO.

Presents a Finer and more
complete stock of

Diamonds
Watches
and Jewelry

Than Before the Fire

VAN NESS AVE. AND SACRAMENTO ST.

LITERARY NOTES.

Byron in Italy.

The final eight years of Lord Byron's life, except the last few months in Greece, were spent in Italy. When the self-ostracized poet left England in 1816, it was with the determination never to return to his native land, for which he cherished so many real and fanciful grievances. The beauty of Italy, her climate and her people, at once inspired the fiery Byron, and the succeeding years were the most prolific period of his literary composition. Venice was all that his poetic imagination pictured, and he writes of her as the "fairy city of his heart"; as he was later to exclaim grandly of the Eternal City: "O Rome, my country, city of the soul!"

"With Byron in Italy" is a selection of the poems and letters of the poet, which have to do with his life in Italy from 1816 to 1823, edited by Anna Bennesson McMahan. To read "Childe Harold," "Manfred," the "Lament of Tasso," side by side with the letters written to Tom Moore or to Murray, his publisher, is to catch the very spirit of the poems. Byron for all his English birth was an intense Italian. He spoke and thought and wrote in Italian; he entered into the very heart of the Italians' home-life; he made their political intrigues his own, and was the leader of a revolutionary secret society; and, of course, paid to their women the homage of devout admiration. One would hardly recommend his poems for their guide-book accuracy, but it is interesting to know that "it was the sight of the numerous English travelers following in the footsteps of Childe Harold, with Murray's handbook under their arms, that suggested the first Baedeker." The book contains sixty beautiful photographs of scenery and art masterpieces.

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$1.40 net.

Omar Khayyam and Ecclesiastes.

To paraphrase the old Hebrew book of Ecclesiastes in the manner of Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyam would seem to be a daring venture. Yet William Byron Forbush justifies the attempt in a novel and interesting volume, "Ecclesiastes in the Metre of Omar." Mr. Forbush reminds us that Ecclesiastes is the most modern book in the Bible; that it is the voice of the Jewish business man of to-day, "disillusioned and careless of orthodoxy"; that it belongs "in the class with Byron, Heine, Pascal, and Omar Khayyam." Like the Persian, the Hebrew poet-philosopher is weary of the sameness of human experiences, "What hath been is what will be . . . and there is nothing new under the sun." Therefore, says Omar, "Drink, for you know not why you go nor where"; and the Hebrew agrees: "A man hath no better thing under the sun than to eat, and to drink, and to be merry." But the author of Ecclesiastes, unlike Omar, is a bachelor, and will have none of woman. And the conclusion of each is the same, "Vanity of Vanities—all is Vanity."

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.25.

A Delightful Juvenile Story.

E. Nesbit's story "The Railway Children" was written for the juvenile reader but it will interest the older one. The three brave children, Roberta, Peter, and Phyllis have had every whim gratified until one sad day their father is arrested on suspicion of selling government secrets to the Russians. Mother takes up the burden of the little household cheerfully, but the task would have been too much for her, if the quick-witted children had not planned extraordinary means to assist her. They live near a railroad station, and in their rambles happen on a landslide which would have resulted in great loss of life if they had not flagged the train. This wins influential friends for them, who take up the father's cause and help to establish his innocence.

"The Railway Children" is a touching little story, that is destined to win a host of young admirers for Mrs. Nesbit's books. C. E. Brock's drawings add to the interest of the tale.

Published by The Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

A New California Story.

Sonoma County in the fifties is the scene of Charles D. Stuart's novel, "Casa Grande." This is Mr. Stuart's prentice effort at novel writing, although he is the author of short stories of power.

John Miller, a young Southerner, has an unconfirmed Mexican grant title to Casa Grande, a cattle range of seventy-five hundred acres. Squatters have settled on a portion of his ranch, and he orders the sheriff to dispossess them. Bailey, the sheriff, has fallen in love with Belle, the squatter girl, but he takes up the task resolutely. Then ensues a series of attacks on the

ranch, with exciting adventure, and at the end, Miller ensures himself from further trouble by marrying Belle, after an unconventional Western courtship.

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.50.

A Sailor of Fortune.

Albert Bigelow Paine has written the personal memoirs of Captain B. S. Osborn, under the title, "A Sailor of Fortune." It is a remarkable narrative of a remarkable life. Since 1838 Captain Osborn has followed the sea, with few interruptions. His memory goes back to the days when steam and the telegraph were unknown, and when South Sea cannibals, Chinese pirates, and mutineers everywhere, added excitement to a seafaring life. His first long trip was one of the most remarkable voyages ever made, from Antarctic to Arctic on a whaling vessel. Captain Osborn had stirring adventures as a commander in the Anglo-Chinese navy, suppressing the pirate industry, and subsequently as captain of a ship in the Argentine navy. He participated in most of the naval battles during the Civil War, and was signal officer for Farragut in the expedition against New Orleans. As organizer of the Mexican "navy" in 1866, his experiences were chiefly amusing, but they led to his acquaintance with Napoleon III, of whom he gives us an interesting glimpse.

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; \$1.20 net.

Famous Poems of the Sea.

Until the nineteenth century, the sea, as a theme for poetry, and, for the matter of that, for prose fiction of high quality, was singularly neglected by English writers. Nearly all the English poets, from Chaucer, "who dismisses the sea with a shudder," to Keats, have a dislike for, or a dread of, the sea, and a hatred of sea-life and no high opinion of sailors, says John Masfield. The balladists, however, sang roaring sea-songs, and some of these verses are among the most vigorous in the language.

Mr. Masfield's "A Sailor's Garland," an anthology of sea-poems, includes the best of the early and modern songs that tell of the majesty and beauty of the water, of the tempests and the terrors, of the sea-battles, of the buccaneers, and of the lass at home.

Published by The Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

New Publications.

"Joseph Vance," by William de Morgan, is a book to be read and reread. This "ill-written autobiography" purports to tell the life-story of a middle-class Englishman, from his boyhood, fifty years ago, to his successful manhood as an inventing mechanical engineer. Joe Vance, like most of us, had little of sensational happenings in his history, but there are a few tears, a deal of laughter, and a wealth of old-fashioned sentiment of excellent flavor. Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.50.

The Archbishop of Canterbury says that if man could personally question the Deity, even for an hour, the first question that would rush to his lips would be: "The life beyond—what is it? What is its relation to the life about us?" To the discussion of these questions Lilian Whiting brings the result of modern scientific research in "From Dream to Vision of Life." Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.00 net.

"Many Moods and Many Minds" is a book of indifferent verses, called "poems" by the author, Louis James Block. The John Lane Company, New York.

In "The Story of Scraggles," George Wharton James describes the emotions and behavior of a crippled fledgling sparrow, the author's constant companion while he was writing "In and Out of the Old Missions of California." Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.00.

A strong and well told tale of the Middle West is "The Upstart," by Henry M. Hyde. The "upstart" is Pat McCormick, a shiftless ne'er-do-well, who yet when his adopted country called, proved he could face a hero's death. Century Company, New York; \$1.50.

Three boys in a runaway airship, their adventures in a wild storm with a drowning man, and some gentlemanly jewel smugglers, to say nothing of several wonderful animals, are the principal features in an up-to-date romance, "The Airship Dragonfly," by William John Hopkins. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$1.25 net.

"Mars and Its Mystery," by Edward S. Morse, is a study of the planet for the general reader. The author's comments on the so-called canals and other markings upon the surface of Mars are reasonable and intelligible. Professor Morse gives the various pronouncements of Schiaparelli, Lowell, and others as to the probable character of these remarkable markings, and their

supposed significance. Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$2.00 net.

A powerful present-day romance of London political and social life is "The Master Spirit," by Sir William Magnay. The story is written along original lines, with strongly drawn characters, and is replete with dramatic incident. Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

"Side-Lights on Astronomy," and essays on scientific subjects that appeal to the popular imagination, by Simon Newcomb, is a most interesting and instructive volume. The unsolved problems of astronomy, the extent, structure, and duration of the universe, how planets are weighed, rain-making, the fairyland of geometry, and the outlook for the flying-machine, are among the themes discussed. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$2 net.

J. Morris, an authority on Japan, has written a volume of biographical essays, "The Makers of Japan." Mr. Morris gives the salient facts of the chief personages who have made modern Japan. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$3.00.

"The \$30,000 Bequest" includes Mark Twain's most recent writings, also several stories that have never appeared in book-form, and fugitive essays. The book is handsomely bound and illustrated. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.75.

A beautiful holiday edition of "The Jessamy Bride," by F. Frankfort Moore, has been issued. The volume is illustrated with six strikingly handsome pictures in color by C. Allan Gilbert. This charming tale of Goldsmith and Garrick, of Dr. Johnson and Burke, has never lost favor with the reading world since its publication ten years ago. Published by Duffield & Co., New York; \$2.00.

An amateur boy detective, with wondrous theories and deductions; a village poetess, who writes "pieces" for birthday-parties and anniversaries and weddings; a country editor, the oracle of Plainville; and Johnny Thompson, printer's devil, who tells the story, are some of the very amusing characters in "The Gentleman Ragman," by Wilbur Nesbit. The chapters in which he tells how the girls tried the barefoot cure in a stubby field, and how Johnny's mother bought clothes for the male members of the family, are rollickingly funny. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

The first three volumes of the new edition of Henrik Ibsen's writings are soon to appear from Charles Scribner's Sons. They will contain "Brand," "The League of Youth," "The Pillars of Society," "The Doll's House," and "Ghosts." For the most part the works have been translated by William Archer, who has written new introductions for each volume. The set will be complete in eleven volumes.

An interesting lesson on birds, fishes, flowers and reptiles is taught children in "The Pond in the Marshy Meadow," by Anne Helena Woodruff. Saalfeld Publishing Company; \$1.50.

A very pretty mediæval tale for boys and girls is "Gabriel and the Hour-Book," by Evelyn Stein. Gabriel mixes the colors, and grinds the gold, and gathers the pattern-flowers, for the monks who illuminate books, and the results of his own attempts at artistic work is a tender episode. There are six handsome illustrations in color, by Adelaide Everhardt. L. C. Page & Co., Boston; \$1.00.

One does not demand human interest, probability or verisimilitude from Rider Haggard's work; if, as in his earlier books, he entertains us with pseudo-mysticism, melodramatic adventure, and luxurious invention, we are satisfied. But with the passing years Mr. Haggard's fancy is fading. He returns to South Africa for the scene of his latest romance, "The Spirit of Bambaste." Buried treasure, reincarnation, and mesmerism are the materials for the story, but they are not employed with the author's best literary skill. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

Perhaps it is the approach of Thanksgiving Day that makes Alice Brown's new volume of short stories, "The Country Road," seem so seasonable. One is never very far from the kitchen and sitting-room in these delightful tales of rural New England. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

The most notable event for Thackeray lovers, since the publication of the Biographical Edition of Thackeray's Works under the editorship of his daughter, Anne Thackeray Ritchie, is the announcement that a Thackeray Club is to be started in London. A small committee of distinguished literary men has been formed to organize the Titmarsh Club, as the name will be. It is proposed to limit the membership of the club to fifty-two, the number of years of Thackeray's life. They will dine together twice a year.

Pears

"A shining countenance" is produced by ordinary soaps.

The use of Pear reflects beauty and refinement. Pear leaves the skin so white and natural.

Matchless for the complexion

ROBERTSON

NEW LOCATION

1539

Van Ness Ave., Near Pine

"Next to the White House"

Mr. Robertson calls attention to the address, which is very centrally located

Educational.

MISS HAMLIN'S

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Formerly at 1849 Jackson St., is now at 2230 Pacific Ave. near Webster St. Mid-term begins October 15. Address

Miss S. D. Hamlin, 2230 Pacific Avenue. San Francisco

PORTLAND

St. Helen's Hall

A girl's school of the highest class, of teachers, location, building, management—the best.

Send for catalogue.

School Opens September 17, 1906

Dr. H. J. Stewart

Organist of St. Dominic's Church and the Temple Sholem Israel

Teacher of Vocal Music

PIANOFORTE, ORGAN, HARMONY AND COMPOSITION

New Studio: 2517 California St.

Hours: 10 to 12 and 2 to 4 daily, except Sunday

Miss Harker's School.

Palo Alto, Cal. Home and Day School for Girls, Intermediate and Primary Departments. Certificate admitted, Vassar and Wellesley. Number limited. August 20th.

Ogontz School for Young Ladies

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia; two hours from New York. The late Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For address Miss SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal, Ogontz P. O., Pa.

A. ZELLERBACH & SONS

PAPER DEALERS

Now Located at Volkman Building

Jackson St., San Francisco.

Branch: 514 Eleventh Street, Oakland

Full Supply of all Kinds of Papers

MENNEN'S TOILET POWDER

FOR A POSITIVE RELIEF

CHAPPED HANDS, CRACKED SKIN, and all skin troubles, itching in private parts, hemorrhoids, and a host of other ailments, are relieved after a liberal use of Mennen's Toilet Powder. It is the only powder that is really "safe" and "sure." Get Mennen's (the original). Sold everywhere.

Gerhard Mennen Company, Newark, N. J.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Satire on London Society.

are introduced to several charming social scenes of London, and a few cads, in E. Lucas' "Listener's Lure." Mr. Lucas calls it "a Kensington comedy." It is told in the form of letters, and deals with the social life, the matrimonial entanglements, and the mutual bothers of the London suburb. The center of the central figure, Lynn Harberton, is the new edition of Boswell's "Johnson," Mr. Lucas an opportunity for some excellent literary fooling. The ardent epistles to Graham, Harberton's ward, from many friends, and her replies, furnish the love story. And the element of sentiment and the correspondence leading to the marriage of Harberton and Edith. The author has a very agreeable tale in "Listener's Lure." The satire is clever and good-natured, and the occasional literary preachments are of little attention. Mr. Lucas's style is admirably adapted to a story of this sort. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York, \$1.50.

Shepherds' Life in California.

meadows of the Sierras, where lean flocks at and improve their fleeces, the mesas, if spring lingers, there are young lupines, alfalfa, and "marrow-fat" weed; the foot-hill offer young and tender browsing in pastures—this is the background of Mary Austin's new book, "The Flocks." Austin tells the story of sheepherding in California from the year 1770, when Rivera y la brought up the first flocks from Velasco. Those were the days of large leisure when fall shearings there was time enough for a festa lasting two or three days, or at least for a long baile. Mission Indians tended the flocks; now the herders and shearers are Mexicans, Basques and even Manx. The author spent several years among the flocks, and she gives us faithful glimpses of their life in the open range; of the long passage on the long trail from shearing to shearing; of how the day's work is accompanied by their rivalries, and hatred of their enemy, the government ranger; of their life from the beasts of prey. There is a very interesting chapter on the sheep dogs. The volume is fully illustrated, with many pictures and chapter beadings in half-tone, and a decorative cover. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, \$1.00.

The Country of the Loire.

more charming journey may one undertake whether he pursues his trip on the actual river or by the fireside in his own home, than to leisurely along the banks of the Loire? The river richer in historic associations—of the d'Arc, Catherine de Medici, Louis XIV, Louis XVI, Charles Martel, Nantes and its Edict, the city of saints; what storied stream more rich with literary interest—of Balzac, Dumas, Rousseau, Madame de Staël and Sand; what countryside has so many monuments of Renaissance architecture—of chateaux, picturesque castles, and magnificent cathedrals? It is Milton's "Castles and Chateaux of France," is the record of three visits to the country. Nothing could be more complete than the method of the author and her party. They first followed the regular tourist route, and then they explored the country on their own way in leisurely fashion; and on their trip, they carefully filled up gaps left by previous rambles. The result is a very interesting narrative that reveals to us every detail of the old chateaux, their legends and their romantic memories. The book is illustrated by many colored plates reproduced from paintings made on the spot, by the artist, McManus. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston, \$3.00.

Books for Young People.

For readers of to-day are fortunate in the wide variety of books that are written for entertainment and instruction. Among the best books for boys and girls are: "Legends of the Child Should Know," edited by Hamilton Wright, a collection of the great legends of the world (Doubleday, Page & Co.; 90 cents); "Dolores Bacon, a selection of the best of all nations (Doubleday, Page & Co.; 90 cents); "The Tenting of the Tillicums," by Herbert Bashford, a story of boy-life on the prairie (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; 75 cents); "The Boys' Life of Lincoln," by Helen Parkes, based on the life of Lincoln by Nicolay and Bassett (Century Company; \$1.50); "Brothers

and Sisters," by Abbie Farwell Brown, fourteen interesting short stories (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.00); "The Wild Flower Book," a story of out-of-door life (F. A. Stokes Co.; \$1.50 net); and three delightful story books, "Ready, Steady, The Reliable," by Lily F. Wesselhoft, "Janet: Her Winter in Quebec," by Anna Chapin Ray, "A Sheaf of Stories," by Susan Coolidge (Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50).

A Guide to Chaucer's Poetry.

Of the interminable list of poets who have written since Geoffrey Chaucer was "nayed in his chest" and laid away in Westminster Abbey, Shakespeare and Milton may be said to be the only ones that surpass him. And well it is, as Robert Kilburn Root says in "The Poetry of Chaucer," the simple lays of the quaint old medieval story-teller are attaining an ever-increasing popularity. Professor Root's volume is a stimulating and intelligent guide to the study and appreciation of Chaucer. But one is impatient at his academic indifference to the difficulty of Chaucer's language; he dismisses the subject with the brief statement, "it is by no means so great as at first appears." That aside, the book is an admirable introduction to the "Canterbury Tales."

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Professor Flugel of the University of California is engaged on a Chaucer lexicon.

A new book called "Some Reminiscences," by William Michael Rossetti, will contain a full account of the early days of the Rossetti family and the careers of Dante Gabriel and Christina, with sidelights on the pre-Raphaelite movement, of the famous organ of which, The Germ, William Rossetti was editor.

Pierre Loti, the French author, has just been promoted from captain of frigate to captain of battleship. He has never quitted his service in the navy. His latest story, "Disenchanted" (Macmillan Co.) was reviewed in the Argonaut last week.

"When We Dead Awaken," for reasons not easy to fathom, is reported to be one of the best selling of Ibsen's plays. Perhaps, as some one has suggested, it is because the title is "catchy."

A new edition of "The North Star" by Mrs. M. E. Henry-Ruffin, is announced. This will be a very timely work on account of the new form of government lately adopted by Norway, as the hero of Mrs. Ruffin's story is the first king of that country, and his coronation took place at Trondheim, or "Nidaros" as it was anciently called, the city that witnessed the coronation of King Haakon a few weeks ago. "The North Star" has been well received abroad.

The thirty-third edition of Max Muller's "Memories" has just been put to press by A. C. McClurg & Co. The fiftieth edition of Cum-nock's "Choice Readings" is announced by the same publishers.

Two of the younger writers of New York's bohemian set were talking, as reported by the Sun, and one said: "I sold a story yesterday to Mr. Blank, editor of the Prize Winner Magazine." "That's good," responded the other, cordially. "Did you have a talk with him?" "Yes." "Odd sort of chap, but nice. Miss Dash took him a story not long ago and he declined it. She asked him if he would tell her why and he said: 'Really, Miss Dash, that story is too good for us. What we want is rot—nice, sweet rot.'"

Mr. Rowell's index to his book, "Forty Years an Advertising Agent," is what might be termed one of the curiosities of literature. Not only are references to persons and things indexed, but sentences and phrases are also thus privileged. The author of the volume compiled the index himself.

Stewart Edward White, the writer, and his wife are to be the guests of President Roosevelt during the holiday season. They recently left Los Angeles for the East.

Thomas E. Watson, who founded Watson's Magazine about eighteen months ago, and who has been editor-in-chief from the first, has resigned and will devote himself to literary work at his home in Georgia. Colonel W. D. Mann of Town Topics is the chief stockholder in the Tom Watson Magazine corporation.

A paragraph of anecdotes in Harper's Weekly about Thomas Hardy says that his first novel has never been published. It was a revolutionary story called "The Poor Man and the Lady," and he was persuaded to withhold it from publication by no other than George Meredith. According to the same paragraph, "Tess" was inspired by the sight of a real girl's face. Mr. Hardy was walking down a lane in West Dorset

when a farmer's cart rumbled past carrying a country lass. He never saw her again, but he began to weave a romance about her, out of which in due time grew "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

An unusual volume of Chinese stories by the late Lafcadio Hearn entitled "Some Chinese Ghosts," originally published in 1887, has been so much sought for of late that a new edition of the book will be brought out. Mr. Hearn stated in the original preface that in preparing the legends he "sought especially for weird beauty" and that he had culled from "the vast and mysterious pleasure grounds of Chinese fancy a few of the marvelous flowers there growing."

L. Frank Baum, author of "The Wizard of Oz," has written a new juvenile, called "John Dough and the Cherub."

In his new life of "Walt Whitman" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), Bliss Perry finds an interesting literary kinship between Whitman and Rousseau: "Both men were sentimentalists, by nature sensuous and egotistic. Both were rhapsodists, uttering wonderfully fine things about nature, education, religion. Each had the true mystic's incapacity for thought, joined with an intuitive perception of some very vital truths. They were alike in their earnestness as in their morbid self-consciousness."

A number of studies in the history of Oriental religion have been included in a volume by Dr. J. G. Frazer of Trinity College, Cambridge, which the Macmillans are publishing with the title "Adonis, Attis, Osiris." The work deals exhaustively with the Adonis myths at Byblus and Paphos, with "The Burning of Melcarth and Sandan," with "Sardanapalus and Hercules," "Volcanic Religion," together with the myths of Attis, Osiris, and other Egyptian deities.

Jack London to Face a Waterloo.

Accusations of plagiarism have already been made against Jack London, although but two installments of his latest story, "Before Adam," have appeared. Its similarity to "The Story of Ab" has already been noticed in this column. According to a news dispatch, J. T. Bramhall, one of the executive officers of the Chicago Press Club, sent a terse but expressive telegram to the publishers of Everybody's Magazine saying: "Jack London is the most clumsy kleptomaniac I ever observed."

Stanley Waterloo was in the reception room of the club and laughed. "I am not personally acquainted with Mr. London," he said, "but I am convinced that he is a clever writer when he uses other people's brains. He has accomplished in six weeks what it took me fifteen years of deep study and investigation to produce. 'The Story of Ab' was my pet, and I worked on it for fifteen long years. Jack London not only starts out with the same proposition I based my work on, but he employs in some instances practically the same language."

THE BEST BOOKS TO BUY

Mr. Herbert Paul's

History of Modern England

The work is now complete with the issue this week of the fifth volume. The price of the set, handsomely bound, medium 8vo gilt tops, cloth, is \$12.50 net.

"Since so late a period biographies are necessarily rare, . . . the book is somewhat unique."—New York Times. "Pre-eminently readable."—Amer. Historical Review. "Exceptionally usable."—Record Herald, Chicago.

Personal Recollections of

HENRY IRVING

By Bram Stoker

In two handsome demy 8vo volumes with portraits and other illustrations not hitherto published. The set in a box \$7.50 net.

"It presents such a picture of Henry Irving, from the beginning of his career to his last performance, as has not been hitherto accessible."—New York Times. "Review." "It abounds in anecdotes and is intensely interesting."—New York Tribune.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Sixty-four and Sixty-six Fifth Avenue, New York

GAS HEATERS

\$1.50

Six feet of TUBING FREE AT YOUR SERVICE

THE GAS COMPANY

500 Haight Street 421 Presidio Ave. 1260 Ninth Ave. 2965 16th St.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Marie L. Sweeney

Formerly of 121 Post Is Now Located at

1536 Bush Street

With a Complete Stock of Exclusive Styles in

MILLINERY

Attention Investors

We invite the attention of investors to some exceptionally choice securities, paying high interest and not subject to taxation.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

California and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Anita Harvey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, to Mr. Oscar Cooper.

The engagement is announced of Miss Helen Fairfax McNaught, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fletcher McNaught, of Seattle, Washington, to Mr. Edward Hamilton Geary, of this city. The wedding will take place during the winter.

The wedding of Miss Gladys McClung, daughter of the late Major J. W. McClung and Mrs. McClung, to Midshipman Nelson H. Goss, U. S. N., took place on Tuesday morning at the Swedenborgian Church on Lyon street. The ceremony was performed at 11 o'clock by the Rev. Dr. Frederick Clappett, rector of Trinity Church. The bride was given away by Mrs. McClung, and Miss Marian Huntington was the maid of honor and only attendant. Midshipman and Mrs. Goss left immediately for a brief wedding journey, and on their return will live at Mare Island until the U. S. S. Charleston is ordered elsewhere.

The marriage of Miss Anna Katharine Buck, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Shackford Buck, of this city, to Captain James Thomas Bootes, U. S. M. C., took place on August 18th on board the U. S. S. Wisconsin at Chefoo, China. Mrs. Franklin J. Drake, the wife of Captain Drake, U. S. N., commander of the Wisconsin, was the matron of honor, and Lieutenant-Commander George R. Evans, U. S. N., of the cruiser Cincinnati, was the best man. Captain and Mrs. Bootes are now in San Francisco, the Wisconsin having arrived here last week and Mrs. Bootes coming across on the army transport Logan.

The wedding of Miss Martha F. Lee and Mr. John H. Speck, whose engagement was recently announced, will take place on November 20th. Mr. Philip P. Paschel is to be the best man, and Miss Beatrice Cooley will be maid of honor. Miss Lee is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Martha Lee. Mr. Speck is a real estate broker, having been in business in San Francisco for a long time, but is a native of Pennsylvania, coming from good old Pennsylvania Dutch and Quaker ancestry. He is a director in the Western National Bank, director of the Young Men's Christian Association, trustee of the Consolidated Wesleyan M. E. Church, and a member of the Union League and Olympic Clubs.

In the Church of the Heavenly Rest, New York, on October 3, Miss Isabel Birkmaier, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George L. Birkmaier, was married to Mr. Frederick Hugo von Ullrich, son of Colonel Hugo C. von Ullrich. Only the immediate relatives were present at the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Herbert Shipman. The bride was given away by her father, but was otherwise unattended. Mr. and Mrs. von Ullrich will reside in New York.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was the hostess at a dinner on Thursday evening last in honor of her grand-daughter, Miss Anita Harvey, whose engagement to Mr. Oscar Cooper was announced on that evening. Those present were: Mrs. B. B. Cutler, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Judge and Mrs. J. A. Cooper, Baron and Baroness von Schroeder, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kohl, Miss Anita Harvey, Miss Genevieve Harvey, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Janet von Schroeder, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Maude Bourn, Mr. Peter Martin, Mr. Walter Martin, Mr. Enrique Grau, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Joseph Tobin, Mr. Thomas Magee, Mr. Frank King, Mr. Thomas Barbour, and Mr. George Cadwallader.

Mrs. George C. Boardman was the hostess at a luncheon on Thursday of last week at her home on Jackson street in honor of Mrs. A. P. Niblack. Those present were: Mrs. W. P. Har-

ington, Mrs. George W. Gibbs, Mrs. William Leahy, Mrs. I. Lawrence Poole, Mrs. Harry C. Benson, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. John Evelyn Page, Mrs. J. Windham Carey, and Mrs. Alexander Keyes.

Mrs. R. Porter Ashe was the hostess recently at a bridge party at her home in San Rafael in honor of her sister, Mrs. Frances Davis, who has been her guest. Mrs. Ashe entertained five tables of guests.

Captain and Mrs. Charles Plummer Perkins entertained at a breakfast recently on board the U. S. S. Pensacola, at Yerba Buena Island, in honor of Captain Cappamazzo, of the Italian cruiser Dogali. Those present were: Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Count and Countess Naselli, Mrs. Ynez Shorb White, Captain Cappamazzo, and Marquis Capelli.

Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase has been entertaining at her country place in Napa Valley Miss Anita Harvey, Miss Genevieve Harvey, Mr. Oscar Cooper, and Mr. Harry N. Stetson.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resume of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William Tevis and their sons, Lloyd, Willie, Gordon, and Lansing, have closed their summer home at Lake Tahoe and returned to Burlingame. They will spend most of the winter at Los Portales, their Kern County ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy (formerly Miss Lurline Spreckels) are now in their new home in Berlin, and with them is Mrs. C. August Spreckels.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn and Miss Maude Bourn returned recently from a brief stay at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Babcock have returned from Tahoe, where they have spent the summer, and are at their home in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Evans S. Pillsbury have returned from a two weeks' stay at Paso Robles.

Mr. and Mrs. Lansing O. Kellogg (formerly Miss Ethyl Hager) have returned from Monterey, where they spent their honeymoon, and are domiciled in the Wilshire house on Baker street, which they have taken for the winter.

Mrs. Richard Sprague and her family, who have been at Menlo Park during the summer, left on Saturday last for Washington, D. C. Mrs. Sprague will visit Mrs. Harold Sewall at Bath, Maine, and then go to her own home in New Orleans for the winter.

Mrs. J. W. Keeney and Miss Mary Keeney have returned to San Francisco from New York, having spent most of the time in the Catskills with Mrs. Keeney's sister, Mrs. Harding, at the latter's summer home.

Miss Alice Hager will leave shortly for a stay in Southern California, and will go abroad about the first of the year for an indefinite stay.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bryant Grimwood have returned to their home on Jackson street after a six weeks' sojourn at Sisson.

Mr. C. Wentworth Dilke of London has returned from a stay at Del Monte and is a guest at the University Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Grace, who are at present at Santa Cruz with Mrs. Grace's mother, Mrs. Dahlgren, have taken a flat on Pacific avenue for the winter and will return to the city shortly.

Mrs. Remi Chabot has closed her country house in the Napa Valley and is again at her home in Oakland.

Mr. James W. Byrne, who, with his mother, Mrs. Margaret Irvine, has been traveling in Europe during the summer, is expected back in San Francisco within the week.

Miss Emma Grimwood has been visiting Miss Frances Martin in Santa Cruz.

Miss Abby Parrott will not be here this winter, but will spend the winter abroad with her aunt, Mrs. Douglas Dick.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze has been spending some time at the Presidio as the guest of her son-in-law and daughter, Major Harry C. Benson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Benson.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Beaver, who have been spending the summer months in Berkeley, left ten days since for an Eastern trip of a few weeks' duration.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas left this week for the East and will sail from there for a brief stay in Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. John O. Blanchard (formerly Miss Bee Hooper), who have been visiting Mrs. Hooper in Berkeley since their arrival from New York, have sailed for Japan, where they will live.

Mrs. L. L. Baker and her family, who will sail from Europe for America on November 3d, have taken a house in San Rafael and will spend the winter there.

Mr. and Mrs. George Shreve have rented the Spruance home on Jackson street for the winter. Mr. Clarence Follis has arrived here for a visit, but will return in the near future to New York, where he will spend the winter.

Miss Lutie Collier has recently been the guest of Medical Director and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson at Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Wingate, who have spent the summer at Del Monte, will return next week to Oakland.

Miss Maude O'Connor has returned from a visit to Mrs. Henry E. Bothen in Ross Valley

and is at present staying with Mrs. Chauncey Rose Winslow. Miss O'Connor will leave early in November for Europe.

Mrs. Jerome Lincoln and Miss Ethel Lincoln have returned from their country place in Sonoma County and have taken Mrs. James A. Robinson's house on Scott street for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Safford Colby, who have been in Mill Valley during the summer, have returned to town and have a house on Sacramento street for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Athearn Folger, who are living at their home at Woodside throughout the year, went down last week to Santa Barbara for a brief stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Farquharson have returned from Blithedale and are at their home on Jackson street.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Judah and Miss Christine Judah will leave shortly for a two months' tour of Japan and China.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Lowenberg have returned from an enjoyable visit to Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Robert M. Howland and Miss Louise Howland have left Sausalito for Portland, Oregon, for an indefinite period.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bermingham, who had been at Del Monte for a few days, left there on the 20th for Santa Catalina, where they will stay a week.

Hon. Jackson Hatch.

From the San Jose News of October 3, 1906.

Jackson Hatch of San Jose

Who is a candidate on the State Democratic ticket for the office of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, is a native of California, having been born in Tuolumne County. He is the son of the late Colonel F. L. Hatch, a prominent lawyer whose early career was identified with Yuba County, and who at the time of his death was the Superior Judge of Colusa County. Mr. Hatch has had a varied public career, having been at the age of twenty-one elected to the District Attorneyship of Colusa County, which position he retained for four years. He then entered upon the practice of his profession, and has continued actively in it ever since. Later on he was appointed Assistant United States Attorney and retained that position in San Francisco for three years, and then came to San Jose, where he has resided for about fourteen years. Mr. Hatch has been prominently identified with the order of Native Sons, having been one of the grand officers on two occasions, and with the Order of Elks, having been exalted ruler of San Jose Lodge for three terms and a delegate to the Grand Lodge at Atlantic City. He was nominated and elected one of the Presidential electors on the Democratic ticket during one of the Cleveland campaigns. He has delivered public addresses during several political campaigns practically all over California. At the Democratic State convention in 1890, held in San Jose, he was nominated for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, and has been on several occasions prominently mentioned as a candidate for Governor. He has a wide acquaintance over California and has taken part in many of the leading law suits in courts of the State in recent years.

At a director's meeting of the Mount Tamalpais Railway Company, R. Emerson Warfield was elected a director to take the place left vacant by the death of his father, the late General R. H. Warfield; C. F. Runyon was elected vice-president. The other directors and officers remain the same as before, with S. B. Cushing as president.

Our interest does not cease with a sale. We require our patrons to come in any time and have the glasses re-adjusted.

HIRSCH & KAISER,

1757 Fillmore St.,

Optician

Build Your Home In Presidio Terrace—

San Francisco's only Residence Park.

Absolute protection afforded in home life.

No saloons, stables, laundries, flats, stores nor business structures permitted.

No spite fences.

Sun and light assured by building line restrictions.

Lots 50-foot frontage, \$6000.

Five years credit, 5 per cent. interest.

Minimum cost of residences, \$7000.

Particulars of

BALDWIN & HOWELL

1692 FILLMORE ST.

P. Centemeri & Co. KID GLOVES

New Location

1551 Van Ness Ave

Between Pine and California

San Francisco

To Let-Furnished

Crag Head; above, Blithedale, Mill Valley, for 6 months longer; one of the finest views around the bay; south exposure all day; 9 rooms; beamed ceilings; redwood paneling; acres ground; telephone, electric light; 20 minutes' walk station; \$60; view by appointment; bus from station. to MRS. E. R. HUNT, 2225 Pacific Avenue.

ROYAL
Baking Powder
Absolutely Pure

A wholesome cream of tartar baking powder. Makes the finest, lightest, best flavored biscuit, hot-breads, cake and pastry.

Alum and alum-phosphate powders are injurious. Do not use them. Examine the label.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK

THE WHITE HOUSE

Two Great Openings

..TOYS..

Main Floor Annex

Innumerable Kinds from all Manufacturing Centers. Largest Variety for Boys and Girls ever Imported

ART ROOM

Second Floor Annex--Take Elevator

Bronzes, Marbles, Furniture, Clocks, Electric Lamps, Rookwood Pottery, Brasses, English, French and American China, Ink-wells, Lamp Shades, etc.

Raphael Weill & Co., Inc.

N. W. Cor. Van Ness Ave. and Pine St.

PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed Pacific Coast points:

Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., arrived this week from Cuba, having stopped en route in Washington, D. C. General Funston has been relieved from the command of the Department of California and assigned to the command of the Southwestern Division with headquarters at St. Louis. General Funston has been succeeded as commander of this department by Brigadier-General John J. Pershing, U. S. A., who arrived on Saturday last from the Orient. Rear-Admiral Bowman H. McCalla, U. S. N., retired, and Mrs. McCalla, who have made their home in Santa Barbara since the early summer, when Admiral McCalla was retired, left last week for the East, where they will remain until about December 1st.

Colonel Elijah W. Halford, U. S. A., has assumed the position of chief paymaster of the Department of California, relieving Colonel William H. Comegys, U. S. A., who goes to Governor's Island, New York.

Lieutenant-Colonel Lea Febiger, U. S. A., acting inspector-general, has been granted two months' leave of absence to take effect upon his being relieved from duty in the inspector general department.

Major Adam Slaker, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., arrived here this week, after three weeks' leave, and assumed command of Fort Baker, relieving Captain Henry B. Clark, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who has been in temporary command since the departure of Colonel J. P. Isser, U. S. A.

Lieutenant-Commander Casey B. Morgan, U. S. N., has been ordered to additional duty as inspector of ordnance at the Union Iron Works, San Francisco.

Captain John J. Bradley, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been detailed as acting judge advocate and ordered to report to the commanding general of the Department of Columbia for duty as judge advocate of that department.

Orders issued to Captain William Chamberlain, General Staff, U. S. A., are amended to direct him upon the expiration of his present leave of absence, to repair from Fort Monroe, Virginia, to Washington, D. C., for the purpose of consulting with the chief of artillery on the subject of the fire control system being installed at San Francisco harbor, then proceed to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, for consultation with the commanding officer of the artillery sub-post on the subject of the new field artillery equipment, and upon the completion of this duty to proceed to San Francisco and report in person to the commanding general of the Pacific Division for duty as assistant chief of staff.

Captain Lorrain T. Richardson, adjutant, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., Fort McVick, has been granted two months' leave of absence, with permission to apply for an extension of one month.

Captain William S. Graves, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, has been granted one month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant Emory Winship, U. S. N., who has recently been detached from duty as inspector of ordnance at the Union Iron Works and granted three months' leave, will appear before the retiring board shortly.

Lieutenant Edwin C. Long, U. S. A., aide-de-camp to Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., returned on Saturday last from New Orleans, where he went on his way to join General Funston in Cuba. His orders were changed, however, and he returned here for a brief stay before proceeding to St. Louis with General Funston.

Lieutenant Fred W. Palmer, assistant surgeon, U. S. A. from Fort Bayard, New Mexico, has recently undergone his examination for promotion before an army medical board, of which Colonel George H. Torney is president, at the Army General Hospital at the Presidio of San Francisco.

Lieutenant Daniel F. Shean, U. S. A., and M. Shean (formerly Miss Ursula Stone) arrived on the transport Logan last week from Manila and are the guests of Mrs. Shean's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Stone. Lieutenant Shean will return early in November to the Philippines, but Mrs. Shean will remain here during the winter.

Lieutenant Robert C. Richardson, Jr., Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, has been ordered to proceed to West Point and report for duty as instructor in mathematics in the Military Academy.

Lieutenant Edward A. Sturges, Fifth Cavalry, U. S. A., who is to marry Miss Edna Montgomery, of this city, on October 30th, has been ordered to report to Major George H. Milam, Ninth Cavalry, president of an examining board at Fort Riley, Kansas, for examination for promotion.

Lieutenant Robert J. Binford, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, has been granted leave of absence for one month and fifty days.

Lieutenant William A. Duncan, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., on the transport Logan, received orders to report to the commanding officer of the Twenty-first Infantry, and accompanied that regi-

ment to Fort Logan. Upon his arrival there he will avail himself of the leave of absence granted him.

The Twenty-first Infantry, U. S. A., commanded by Colonel Charles A. Williams, U. S. A., arrived on the transport Logan from the Philippines on Thursday of last week and left on the following Saturday for Fort Logan, Colorado, relieving the battalion of the Twenty-ninth Infantry stationed there.

A general court-martial appointed to meet at the Presidio of San Francisco on Friday of last week, consisted of the following officers: Captain William H. Wassell, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A.; Captain Dwight E. Aultman, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Captain James F. Brady, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Captain John W. C. Abbott, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Alden Trotter, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Raymond W. Briggs, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Fred L. Perry, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Philip Remington, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Carr W. Waller, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Edward H. De Armond, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., judge advocate.

A general court-martial was appointed to meet at Camp McKinley, Honolulu, H. T., on Monday last. The detail for the court was as follows: Captain Ross L. Bush, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A.; Captain James V. Heidt, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A.; Captain Ralph E. Ingram, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A.; Captain John B. Schoeffel, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Kurtz, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Hiram M. Cooper, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Charles F. Conry, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., and Lieutenant William E. Roberts, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A.

ARGONAUTS FOR OUR FILES.

To complete the office files of the Argonaut the following numbers are required. In answer to notices in previous issues, many subscribers have kindly forwarded copies of the paper, and some of the volumes are now complete. We would be glad to have any of the following numbers from any disconnected copies of the Argonaut that our readers have and are willing to part with. We do not ask or expect that our subscribers will break complete sets to favor us:

Numbers Required to Complete an Argonaut File.

Volume VI, 1880—Nos. 6, 13, 15, 17, 18, 22, 24, 26.

Volume VII, 1880—Nos. 3, 8, 14, 16, 19, 20, 23, 24.

Volume VIII, 1881—Nos. 2, 11, 18, 20, 21, 23, 25, 26.

Volume IX, 1881—Nos. 1, 3, 6, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 19, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25.

Volumes X and XI, 1882—All numbers.

Volumes XII and XIII, 1883—All numbers.

Volumes XIV and XV, 1884—All numbers.

Volumes XVI and XVII, 1885—All numbers.

Volume XVIII, 1886—Nos. 1, 9, 10, 26.

Volume XIX, 1886—Nos. 1, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23.

Volumes XX and XXI, 1887—All numbers.

Volume XXII, 1888—Nos. 1, 2, 3, 7, 9, 10, 11, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 22, 23, 24, 25.

Volume XXIII, 1888—Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 17, 25.

Volume XXIV, 1889—No. 6.

Volume XXV, 1889—Nos. 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 20.

Volume XXVI, 1890—Nos. 4, 11, 13, 21, 23, 25, 26.

Volume XXVII, 1890—Nos. 1, 6, 10, 24.

Volume XXVIII, 1891—Nos. 1, 7.

Volume XXIX, 1891—Nos. 8, 12, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, 22.

Volume XXX, 1892—Nos. 6, 20, 22, 24.

Volume XXXI, 1892—Nos. 2, 3, 7.

Volume XXXII, 1893—Nos. 5, 16, 21, 22.

Volume XXXIII, 1893—All numbers.

Volume XXXVIII, 1896—No. 11.

Secretary of State Charles F. Curry has received estimates showing that the registration this year is much greater than it was two years ago. Curry believes there have been many new arrivals in the State. The figures indicate that there will be an exceptionally large vote at the coming election. The total vote in the State in 1902 was 304,473. The registration then was 384,028. The total vote in 1904 was 331,435. The voting strength of the State is now placed at 452,390.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. William Palmer Horn (formerly Miss Grace Martin) has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

The Original Vienna Cafe and Bakery, 1014 Van Ness Ave., makes a specialty of finest French pastry, fancy cakes, layer cakes, Vienna cakes, wedding and birthday cakes. Try our chocolates and cream confections.

BANKING.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Capital Fully Paid \$2,000,000
Total Assets \$10,000,000

A General Banking Business Conducted
Savings and Checking Accounts Received
Interest Paid on Deposits

MAIN OFFICE

CORNER CALIFORNIA AND MONTGOMERY STREETS

West End Branch, 1531 Devisadero St.
Near Post.

Mission Branch: 927 Valencia Street
Near Twenty-first

Uptown Branch: 1850 Geary Street,
West of Fillmore.

DAVID F. WALKER, Pres.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Mgr.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

316 Montgomery Street

Established March, 1871

Authorized Capital - - - \$1,000,000.00
Paid-up Capital - - - 500,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits - - 285,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1906 - - - 4,934,818.50

Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.
Banking by mail a specialty.

William Babcock - - - President
S. L. Abbot - - - Vice-President
Fred W. Ray - - - Secretary

Directors—William Babcock, S. L. Abbot, O. D. Baldwin, Joseph D. Grant, E. J. McCutchen, L. F. Montague, R. H. Pease, Warren D. Clark, Jas. L. Flood, J. A. Donohoe, John Parrott, Jacob Stern.



EXHIBITION

OF THE

Recent Paintings

OF

William Keith

BEING WORK DONE AT HIS STUDIO

SINCE THE

EIGHTEENTH OF LAST APRIL

At the Gallery of

VICKERY, ATKINS & TORREY

1744 CALIFORNIA STREET

Near Van Ness Avenue

Beginning October 22, 1906

WANTED TO BUY

A HANDSOME DEPOT WAGON. Two seats, removable; pole and shafts; rubber tires. Reply, giving description, maker's name, price, time in use, etc. T. D., Argonaut, San Jose.

Swain's Cafe at 1111-1113 Post St.

Have added to their heretofore Excellent Equipment

A MODERN GRILL SERVICE

With Sblitz and Wurzburger
Beer on Draught

Music Under the Direction of

Mr. Edgar Bayliss

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS

Ready for business at 1165 O'FARRELL ST., bet. Franklin and Gough

Pianos Tuned, Repaired, Moved and Stored.

SOHMER-Cecilian Piano Players

FRENCH AMERICAN BANK

Union Trust Building (Third Floor)

Ready to accommodate its customers and do a general banking business. We will collect on insurance policies for those wishing our services.

THE FRENCH SAVINGS BANK
occupies offices in the same building.

Officers—Charles Carpy, President; Arthur Legalle, Vice-President; Leon Bocqueraz, Vice-President.

Directors—J. E. Artigues, O. Bozio, J. A. Bergerot, E. J. DeSabra, J. M. Dupas, J. S. Godeau, J. J. Mack, Geo. Belaney, Leop Kaufman.

Our Branch Bank is Now Open at
No. 810 Van Ness Avenue Near Eddy St.

Mutual Savings Bank

710 Market St., Opposite Third

SAN FRANCISCO.

Guaranteed Capital - - - \$ 1,000,000
Paid-up Capital - - - 300,000
Surplus - - - 320,000
Assets - - - 10,000,000

Interest paid on deposits. Loans on approved securities.

OFFICERS—President, James D. Phelan; First Vice-President, S. G. Murphy; Second Vice-President, John A. Hooper; Secretary and Cashier, Geo. A. Story; Asst. Secretary and Asst. Cashier, C. B. Hobson; Attorney, Frank J. Sullivan.

Directors—James D. Phelan, John A. Hooper, Frank J. Sullivan, Jas. M. McDonald, S. G. Murphy, James Moffitt, Robt. McElroy, Charles Holbrook, Rudolph Spreckels.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus \$ 2,552,719.61
Capital actually paid up in cash 1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1906 38,476,520.22

F. Tillmann, Jr., President; Daniel Meyer, First Vice-President; Emil Rohde, Second Vice-President; A. H. R. Schmidt, Cashier; Wm. Hermann, Asst. Cashier; Geo. Tourny, Secretary; A. H. Muller, Asst. Secretary; Goodfellow & Ellis, General Attorneys.

Board of Directors:

F. Tillmann, Jr., Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohde, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, N. Ohlandt, J. W. Van Bergen, E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

J. S. DINKELSPIEL

Importer of

DIAMONDS, PRECIOUS STONES

1021 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

Fine Set Pieces a Specialty

JOHN G. ILS & CO.

Manufacturers

High-Grade French Ranges

Kitchen and Bakery Outfits,

624 Washington Street,

San Francisco, Cal.

Press Clippings

Are money-makers for Contractors, Supply-houses, Business Men and Corporations.

The Press Clipping Bureau

1321 4th Avenue, Oakland, Cal.



VERSE FROM RECENT BOOKS.

KHRISTNA AND HIS FLUTE.

Be still, my heart, and listen,
For sweet and yet acute
I hear the wistful music
Of Khristna and his flute.
Across the cool, blue evenings,
Throughout the burning days,
Persuasive and beguiling,
He plays and plays and plays.

Ah, none may hear such music
Resistant to its charms,
The household work grows weary,
And cold the husband's arms.
I must arise and follow,
To seek, in vain pursuit,
The blueness and the distance,
The sweetness of that flute!

In linked and liquid sequence,
The plaintive notes dissolve
Divinely tender secrets
That none but he can solve.
O, Khristna, I am coming,
I can no more delay,
"My heart has flown to join thee,"
How shall my footsteps stay?

Beloved, such thoughts have peril;
The wish is in my mind
That I had fired the jungle,
And left no leaf behind—
Burnt all bamboos to ashes,
And made their music mute—
To save thee from the magic
Of Khristna and his flute.

—From "Last Poems of Lawrence Hope," Mrs. Malcolm Nicolson.

"COUNT NOT UPON A WOMAN."

Count not upon a woman, let her be
The fragrance of the Spring, the brief delight
Of the illusive and alluring night,
That haunts and beckons thee with memory.
But in the hour of thy necessity
Seek not her hand, when Fortune takes afright

And life's foundations fail, for in thy plight
No word will wake her to remember thee.
She is not human, she is one with all
Fugitive sweetness, she is of the hour
Intangible, eternal as a flower
Whose fragrance lingers when its petals fall.
Yet, though she love thee, trust her not, nor lend
The holy, tranquil, steadfast name of friend.
—From "Love's Testament," by G. Constant Lounsbury.

THE WAY OF JUNE.

Dark red roses in a honeyed wind swinging,
Silk-soft hollyhock, colored like the moon;
Larks high overhead lost in light, and singing;
That's the way of June.

Dark red roses in the warm wind falling,
Velvet leaf by velvet leaf, all the breathless noon;
Far-off sea-waves calling, calling, calling;
That's the way of June.

Sweet as scarlet strawberry under wet leaves hidden,
Honeyed as the damask rose, lavish as the moon,
Shedding lovely light on things forgotten, hopes forbidden—
That's the way of June.

—From "Poems" of the late Mrs. Nora Chesson.

THE POET'S SEARCH.

To give to beauty her surpassing meed
As gemmed she lies immaculately fair;
To paint the hopes that end in fell despair,
While tones mellifluous every passion feed;
To follow Fancy's fairy kin that lead
Through Vales of Dream embathed in drows-
ful air,

Or on imagination's heights to dare,
What dulcet, rolling, golden words we need—
Such words as thine, thou mighty crowned one,
Who, like some inextinguishable sun,
Shall light the heavens of man forevermore;
Such words as Homer sent, long, long ago,
With music winged, through Greece's heart of
woe,

Or such as Shakespeare made divinely soar.
—From "Into the Light," by Edward Robeson Taylor.

THE CARDINAL FLOWER.

Like a peal of a bugle
Upon the still night,
So flames her deep scarlet
In dim forest light.

A heart-throb of color
Lit up the dim nook,

A dash of deep scarlet
The dark shadows shook.

Thou darling of August,
Thou flame of her flame,
'Tis only bold Autumn
Thy ardor can tame.

—From "Bird and Bough," by John Burroughs.

MATING.

The bliss of the wind in the red bud ringing!
What shall we do with the April days?
Kingscups soon will be up and swinging—
What shall we do with May's?

The cardinal flings, "They are made for mat-
ing!"

Out on the bough he flutters, a flame.
Thrush-flutes echo, "For mating's elating!
Love is its other name!"

They know! know it! but better, oh better,
Dearest, than ever a bird in Spring,
Know we to make each moment a debtor
Unto Love's burgeoning!
—From "Plays and Lyrics," by Cale Young Rice.

OEATH.

The stately silence, the perpetual peace
Of death's inscrutable, divine event
Lay on his body like a sacrament,
In calm assurance of the soul's release.
Gone forth on the great ways that never cease
With all the Mighty and Magnificent
Whose souls, like his, were strangers to con-
tent,

We knew he voyaged for Truth's Golden Fleece
And we, who, day by day and hand in hand,
Had fared with him in close community
Of high endeavor to the treacherous sand
Edging life's continent, we turned our eyes
Seaward, and there, far forth, we seemed to
see

Full-sailed and outward bound, his Argosies!
—From "The Great Adventure," by George Cabot Lodge.

JUDITH'S SONG TO HOLOFERNES.

The small green grapes in heavy clusters grew,
Feeding on mystic moonlight and white dew
And amber sunshine the long summer through;

Till, with faint tremor in her veins, the Vine
Felt the delicious pulses of the wine;
And the grapes ripened in the year's decline.

And day by day the Virgins watched their
charge;

And when, at last, beyond the horizon's marge,
The harvest moon drooped beautiful and large,
The subtle spirit in the grape was caught,
And to the slowly dying monarch brought
In a great cup fantastically wrought.

Of this he drank, then straightway from his brain
Went the weird malady, and once again
He walked the palace, free of scar or pain—

But strangely changed, for somehow he had lost
Body and voice; the courtiers, as he crossed
The royal chambers, whispered—The King's
Ghost!

—From "Judith of Bethulia," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

ACTE'S DESCRIPTION OF POPPAEA.

A woman without pity, beautiful.
She makes the earth we tread on false, the heaven
A merest mist, a vapor. Yet her face
Is as the face of a child uplifted, pure;
But plead with lightning rather than those eyes,
Or earthquake rather than that gentle bosom
Rising and falling near thy heart. Her voice
Comes running on the ear as a rivulet;
Yet if you hearken, you shall hear behind
The breaking of a sea whose waves are souls
That break upon a human-crying beach.
Ever she smileth, yet hath never smiled,
And in her lovely laughter is no joy.
Yet hath none fairer strayed into the world
Or wandered in more witchery through the air
Since she who drew the dreaming keels of Greece
After her over the Ionian foam.

—From "Nero," by Stephen Phillips.

SAILORS' CHORUS.

What calls us home,
Home from the sea?

Sailors are we,
Sailors and free,
Seaward to roam—

What calls us home?

Gray eyes and blue,
Red lips and true,
Old loves and new!

Straight o'er the foam
Love calls us home,
Home from the sea.

—From Comyns Carr's play, "Tristram and Isolt."

BUTTERFLIES.

At sixteen years she knew no care;
How could she, sweet and pure as light?
And there pursued her everywhere
Butterflies all white.

A lover looked. She dropped her eyes
That glowed like pansies wet with dew;
And, lo, there came from out the skies
Butterflies all blue.

Before she guessed her heart was gone;
The tale of love was swiftly told;
And all about her wheeled and shone
Butterflies all gold.

Then he forsook her one sad morn;
She wept and sobbed, "Oh, love, come back."
There only came to her forlorn
Butterflies all black.

—John Davidson in "Modern Love" Anthology.

TO LATAKIA.

When all the panes are hung with frost,
Wild wizard-work of silver lace,
I draw my sofa on the rug
Before the ancient chimney-place.
Upon the painted tiles are mosques
And minarets, and here and there
A blind muezzin lifts his hands
And calls the faithful unto prayer.
Folded in idle, twilight dreams,
I hear the hemlock chirp and sing
As if within its ruddy core
It beld the happy heart of Spring.
Ferdousi never sang like that,
Nor Saadi grave, nor Hafiz gay;
I lounge, and blow white rings of smoke,
And watch them rise and float away.

The curling wreaths like turbans seem
Of silent slaves that come and go—
Or Viziers, packed with craft and crime,
Whom I behead from time to time,
With pipe-stem, at a single blow.
And now and then a lingering cloud
Takes gracious form at my desire,
And at my side my lady stands,
Unwinds her veil with snowy hands—
A shadowy shape, a breath of fire!

—"Book of Songs and Sonnets of Thomas Bailey Aldrich."

THE ROADWAY.

There is a little road that winds and winds,
But never seems to come to any end,
And by it crimson lilies sway and bend
And shake down petals no one ever finds.

I think the road is hidden through the day,
But I walk on it when the twilight makes
A dusky splendor over unknown lakes
That glimmer faintly very far away.

And all the trees are hushed and full of sleep,
And all the birds are gone out of the sky,
And the white moths have not begun to fly,
And silence is about me, soft and deep.

And where the roadway goes to, mile on mile;
And why the crimson lilies are so tall
I might find out, and why their petals fall,
If only I could stay a little while.

—From "Poems" by Ella Young.

A WHITE NIGHT.

White stands the houses out in the moonless mid-
night.

Here and there a window lighted yet stands
plain,

Strange as a lifted eyelid in a face that slumbers.
The wakefulness behind it, is it grief or sin
or pain?

One by one the fixed lights grow paler and grow
fewer;

One by one man quenches what he lit; the
stars remain.

The gray sky whitens; with a shudder it is day-
light;

Cocks are crowing sleep away, and day brings
rain.

—From "Poems" of the late Mrs. Nora Chesson.

The United States Circuit Court of Appeals, with United States Circuit Judges William B. Gilbert, of Portland, Oregon, and Erskine M. Ross, of Los Angeles, on the bench, has sustained the judgment of the United States Circuit Court of Alaska in the case of Elizabeth Decker vs. E. F. Kelly. Mrs. Decker sued to recover from Kelly \$4071 damages, actual and exemplary, for having failed to supply her and their family with the necessities of life while she was his wife. The court held that the statutes do not mean that the husband is answerable to the wife for damages for failure to supply her with the necessities of life or for any other act or failure of duty connected with the marital relation.

HUNTER

BALTIMORE

RYE



THIS TRADE-MARK
REPRESENTS THE
HIGHEST STANDARD
OF EXCELLENCE, THE
AMERICAN GENTLE-
MAN'S WHISKEY.

CHARLES M. REYNOLDS CO.,
Agents for California and Nevada
San Francisco, Cal.

THE

Waldorf Hair Store

1528-30 Bush St.
Near Van Ness Ave.

BRANCH STORE
3461 Sacramento St.

Most Complete and Varied Assortment
of HUMAN HAIR West of New
York, and the Most Perfectly Ap-
pointed Establishment for

Marcel Waving, Ladies' Hair Dress-
ing, Shampooing, Manicuring,
Dyeing and Bleaching.

Special Department of Dermatology

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Wigs a Specialty
Special Appointment by Phone
EMERGENCY 620

GOODYEAR RUBBER COMPAN

Have Returned to Their Old Home, W
They Were Located Before the Fire,

573-579 Market St., near Seco

Tel. Temporary 1788

FISHER & CO., Inc.

Hatters and Furnishers

Formerly of 9 Montgomery St.
Now 726 Market St., Opp. Call Bldg.
San Francisco.

THE BEST \$3.50 AND \$5.00 HATS IN TOWN

Belvedere, California,

HILLSIDE INN.

Tiburon Ferry, 40 minutes from San Francisco.
Boating and bathing. Terms reasonable. Ad-
dress

MRS. M. J. WARREN.

ROMEIKE'S PRESS CUTTING BUR

Will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear
you, your friends, or any subject on which you want
"up to date."
A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily
and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines, in fact, every
importance published in the United States, for 5,000 sub-
and, through the European Bureaus, all the leading paper
civilized globe.
Clippings found for subscribers and passed on slips giving
and date of paper, and are mailed day by day.
Write for circular and terms.

HENRY ROMEIKE

33 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK
BRANCHES
LONDON. PARIS. BERLIN. SY

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Three Americans, traveling in the French Pyrenees, thought at dinner that they would go a little higher than the vin ordinaire included in the three-franc table d'hôte, and accordingly ordered a bottle of Margaux. The second ordered Pontet Canet. The third ordered Haut Bon. The waiter, suitably impressed with the orders, retired. But he incautiously, as he read, left the door open, and thus it was that the three stupefied guests heard him give order in these terms:

Baptiste, three bottles of the red."

In a Parisian cafe an American ordered a d'oeuvre, sole, agneau pre sale, artichoke, peche Melba, and so on, and, when the waiter brought him a bill of thirty francs, he paid it like a man. After his change was brought, he counted it, and pushed a franc toward the waiter for a tip. But the man, pushing back the franc, said in gentle reproach:

"Pardon, Monsieur, but that is the counter-franc."

A gentleman, after eating a good dinner, said to the waiter:

"I am sorry I can't give you a tip, but I find I have only just enough money to pay your bill."

The waiter seized the bill hurriedly.

"Just let me add it up again, sir," he muttered.

On the Riviera line near Ventimiglia, Italy, a train stopped suddenly. An impatient passenger put his head out and asked crustily: "Is this Bordighera?" No answer. "Guard, is this Bordighera?" he shouted again. A voice from the fore part of the train, "No, monsieur, it is not Bordighera; it is a cow." When the train had been removed from the line the passenger ambled on again. Two minutes later it stopped more came to a dead stop. "Another cow, or a horse?" shouted the testy passenger, witheringly. "No, monsieur, it is not," said the guard. "No, monsieur, it is not," said the guard. "No, monsieur, it is not," said the guard.

At an Atlanta cemetery one tomb bears at the top "Helen Vance, Wife of Harold Vance. I await you." Then, beneath, is carved, "Harold Vance. 1889. Here am I."

At the base of the inscription some one has carved:

"He took his time."

When the late Mrs. Craigie, the noted novelist, died in America last year, she was invited to give an address at a certain meeting. The chairman, a rather stupid person, introduced before her some speakers who were not on the programme at all. It was close on to 11 o'clock when he chairman, with a pleasant smile, bowed and said:

"Mrs. Craigie, the eminent author of 'Some Impressions and a Moral,' will now give us her address."

Mrs. Craigie rose and said calmly:

"My address is No. 56 Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, W., London, and I now wish you all good night, for I am far from home."

A bold bachelor bought a pair of socks and attached to one a paper with these words:

"I am a young lady of twenty, and would like to correspond with a bachelor with a view to matrimony." The name and address were given. The bachelor wrote, and in a few days got this answer:

"My mother was married twenty years ago. Evidently the merchant of whom you bought those socks did not advertise, or he would have sold them long ago. My mother handed me your letter and said possibly I might suit. I am waiting."

It was at a class in arithmetic that the following household problem was exactly solved: "Suppose there is a family of five there were only four potatoes for dinner, and the mother wants to give each of the children an equal share—how is she going to do it?" For a few minutes there was silence in the room while everybody thought hard. Finally one of the little boys put his feet and, after attracting the attention of the schoolmaster, gave his unexpected answer: "Mash the potatoes, sir."

Bianca Potter relates that a certain Baltimore brewer who was a very good judge of wines offered me very indifferent claret to a clergyman who was his visitor. Afterward his wife told him: "Mr. W., I think that was very poor claret that you left out for Dr. J." "Why," answered her husband, "but he didn't

know it. I have had one lesson which has taught me never to waste anything good on the clergy. You know how I loved Dr. A. Cleveland Cox? Well, when he left Baltimore I gave him six bottles of that X Madeira. You know its value. It is priceless. It was worth its weight in gold. In New York I went one day to Dr. Cox's rectory to lunch. At the table the rector pressed upon me all that it offered, until at length I said: 'Thank you. I am not very well; indeed, I am rather faint; and I wonder, doctor, if I could have a glass of that Madeira that I gave you when you left Baltimore?' 'Certainly,' said the rector, turning to the lady who presided at the other end of the table, 'Lucy, dear, where is that Madeira that Mr. W. gave us?' 'Why, don't you remember, love?' said the lady of the house, 'I used it to wash the baby with!'

At Atlantic City, on the boardwalk, a wheeled chair containing two ladies trundled slowly by. One lady said:

"What has become of that blonde with whom Harry Hawke was flirting all summer?"

"Thought he was flirting you mean," said the second lady. "She married him last month."

An alienist came wandering through an insane asylum's wards one day. He came upon a man who sat in a brown study on a bench.

"How do you do, sir?" said the alienist.

"What is your name may I ask?"

"My name?" said the other, frowning fiercely. "Why, Czar Nicholas, of course."

"Indeed?" said the alienist. "Yet the last time I was here you were the Emperor of Germany."

"Yes, of course," said the other, quickly; "but that was by my first wife."

"When Mark Twain was a boy at school in Hannibal," said a veteran Missourian, "the schoolmaster once set the class to writing a composition on 'The Result of Laziness.'"

"Young Clemens, at the end of half an hour, handed in as his composition a blank slate."

It was on a suburban train. The young man in the rear car was suddenly addressed by the woman in the seat behind him.

"Pardon me, sir," she said; "but would you mind assisting me off at the next station? You see I am very large, and when I get off I have to go backward, so the conductor thinks I am trying to get aboard and helps me on again. He has done this at three stations."

The champion absent-minded man called upon his old friend, the family physician. After a chat of a couple of hours the doctor saw him to the door and bade him good night, saying:

"Come again. Family all well, I suppose?"

"My heavens!" exclaimed the absent-minded beggar, "that reminds me of my errand. My wife is in a fit!"

A very mild South-of-England vicar had for some time been displeased with the quality of the milk served him. At length he determined to remonstrate with his milkman for supplying such weak stuff. He began mildly:

"I've been waiting to see you in regard to the milk which you are serving me."

"Yes, sir," uneasily answered the tradesman.

"I only wanted to say," continued the minister, "that I use the milk for dietary purposes exclusively and not for christening."

There was an old lady who rented a furnished villa for the summer, and with the villa a large dog also went. In the sitting-room of the villa there was a very comfortable arm chair. The old lady liked this chair better than any other in the house. She always made for it the first thing.

But, alas! she nearly always found the chair occupied by the large dog. Being afraid of the dog, she never dared bid it harshly to get out of the chair, as she feared that it might bite her; but instead she would go to the window and call "Cats!"

Then the dog would rush to the window and bark, and the old lady would slip into the vacant chair quietly.

One day the dog entered the room and found the old lady in possession of the chair. He strolled over to the window, and, looking out, appeared very much excited, and set up a tremendous barking.

The old lady rose and hastened to the window to see what was the matter and the dog quietly climbed into the chair.

A lady once asked Pierpont Morgan if he had ever heard the Gregorian music that is sung in the Sistine chapel in Rome. I have," Mr.

Morgan said. "And how did you like it?" the lady asked. "Those chants, you know, are said to be sung to the tunes which were used in David's time." Mr. Morgan smiled. "I could never understand till now," he said, "why Saul threw his javelin at David."

That he was a stickler for pure English is shown by the following story of Dr. Johnson, the lexicographer, who was discovered by his wife kissing one of her serving maids.

"Why, Dr. Johnson," said the wife. "I am surprised."

"No," said the recreant husband, "that is not exactly right, dear. I am surprised. You are astonished."

Del Monte Offers

During the reconstruction of San Francisco, Hotel Del Monte offers a welcome shelter to those desiring a home-like place for rest and recreation. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at the present. The entire hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families. Address Geo. P. Snell, Manager, Del Monte, California.

A Permanent Home

This Number of the Argonaut

Is sent to a certain number who are not on its subscription lists. If it should happen to fall into the hands of those who already are subscribers or readers, they are asked to hand it to any person who in their opinion may be interested in such a journal. There are many pressing topics in these stirring days. In this issue we discuss National politics, California politics, and the interesting campaigns now progressing in the various States. Likewise the questions so vital to San Francisco in her present needs—insurance, relief, rehabilitation, rebuilding, labor—all these and many kindred topics are now being discussed in the Argonaut. Our regular readers know that this journal has not missed an issue, and that practically all of the time since the disaster it has been issued in its old form. Others may not know it, hence some of these issues are sent free to strangers.

The Argonaut will be sent free up to Jan. 1st, 1907, to all new subscribers who send in one year's subscription during November and December.

The Short Way

taken by

Overland Limited

Electric lighted

68 hours to Chicago

without change of cars

Select dining and buffet service
Observation platform

Southern Pacific

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Mrs. Slummer—"Does your husband drink regularly?" Mrs. Hogan—"No, mum; my wages isn't steady."—Judge.

Farmer—"Hey, you! There ain't no shootin' here!" Boy trespasser, with gun—"They ain't, ain't they? Say, are you deaf?"—Judge.

Author—"Could you give me an appropriate motto for my essay on sea voyage?" Traveler—"Yes; 'sic transit.'—Baltimore American.

"Archie is fairly going crazy over his new automobile." "That's strange. Every time I've seen him he has been going crazy under it."—Chicago Tribune.

"So you think yachting is a dangerous game?" "Dreadfully so. Why, no less than five of our commodores have died of delirium-tremens."—Life.

"The man I marry," declared Miss Elder, "must be capable of great self-sacrifice." "Yes," murmured Miss Younger, "he'll have to be."—Cleveland Leader.

Motto over the walls of a school in Germany: "When wealth is lost, nothing is lost." "When health is lost, something is lost." "When character is lost, all is lost."

"Why in the world did Snigglesley want to marry his divorced wife again?" "It seems that she'd saved up all the alimony he paid her during the years they lived apart."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"It seems his uncle fell out of a hotel window in Europe"—"Gracious! Any bones broken?" "Not one." "No?" "No," he was merely drowned. It happened in Venice."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Anxious Parent—"Doctor, my daughter appears to be going blind, and she is about to be married." Doctor—"Let her go right on with the wedding. If anything can open her eyes, marriage will."—Stray Stories.

"There goes a woman with a history," remarked the clerk in a bookstore, as a lady passed out at the front door. "How do you know?" queried the proprietor. "Because," explained the clerk, "I just sold it to her."—Chicago Daily News.

Assistant—"Don't go in there. Editor's cussing like a blue streak."

Would-be Visitor—"What's the matter?"

Assistant—"Matter enough. Proofreader let fourteen errors slip through in his leader on the 'Wickedness of Profanity.'"—Pick-Me-Up.

"I am afraid, madam," said a gentleman who was looking for country lodgings, "that the house is too near the station to be pleasant." "It is a little noisy," assented the landlady, "but from the front veranda one has such a fine view of people who miss the trains."—Tit-Bits.

"O!" remarked the first fox-hunter, "you should have seen Mr. Nuritch take that high hedge." "You surprise me!" exclaimed the other. "I thought the horse he rode wasn't much of a jumper." "O! the horse didn't take the hedge. Mr. Nuritch did it alone."—Philadelphia Press.

His Coachman—"Professor, why is it that the moon allus shows the same face?" The Professor—"That is due to the circumstance that its revolution upon its axis is coincident with the revolution it makes in its orbit." The Coachman—"Thankee. I thort it was somethin' like that."—Chicago Tribune.

"I thought," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "that you intended to have D'Auber, the great mural painter, do some work for you." "We did," replied her hostess, "but Josiah discharged him. He tried to cheat us by paintin' on the walls. I s'pose because he didn't want to spend any money for canvas."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"They say you get 250 marks a month? I can't believe it; tell me how." "I get 110 marks salary; then I don't pay my rent, 40 marks; that's 150 marks; I owe the milkman 30 marks, that's 180 marks; my butcher 40 marks, 220 marks, and every month I raise 30 marks out of my friends, makes an income of 250 marks a month!"—Fliegende Blätter.

One of Brookline's smart young matrons, the wife of a prominent surgeon, was giving a bridge party, and consulting her husband, was advised by him to apply to one of the local undertakers for chairs. She telephoned, and was horrified at the reply: "Oh, yes, Mrs. F., let you have all you want at half price, because the doctor gives us so much business."—Life.

It fell to the lot of five-year-old Wallace Stewart, being the third son in rapid succession, to sift the family ashes, as his brothers had done before him. One morning the boy was told by his beaming father that a baby had arrived the

night before. Wallace also beamed, much to his parent's gratification. "And just think! it is our first little girl!" Wallace's smile vanished and he scowled like a pirate. "A girl!" as if it were the synonym for all that was opprobrious. "Gee! must I always sift ashes?"—September Lippincott's.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

To Pedestrians.
Be good,
Be kind,
Beware
Behind.
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

So Cheerful.

"The window's lovely character
To me is very plain,
For she lets in floods of sunshine
In spite of all her pane."
Thus spoke the Grand Piano,
His manner free from guile,
As he showed his row of ivories
In one unchanging smile.
—Osservatore Romano.

High Ground.

The moral ground some men are found
To take, is high enough;
But, after all, the highest ground,
Is frequently a bluff.
—Philadelphia Press.

W. J. B.

The Peerless bawls in lecture halls,
His candidacy's old in story;
He never quakes exposing fakes,
And Government Ownership's his glory.
Blow, William, blow! Start the wild echoes,
Bryan!
Blow brawly! Answer, echoes, "Dyin', dyin',
dyin'!"

O hear, O hark! How dim and dark,
And dimmer, darker, slimmer growing,
With crescent speed his hopes recede—
The bubble's flat, for all his blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple-visaged Bryan;
Blow, Bryan! Answer, echoes, "Dyin', dyin',
dyin'!"

—New York Sun.

Boston's Jags.

Boston, dear old Boston, on the dear old Boston Bay,

How you vex us
And perplex us
In your tantalizing way.
We've held you up as culture's throne, now
there's the deuce to pay.
For latest figures show,
We are sad that it is so—
That your average haul is seventy drunks a day.
—Indianapolis Star.

"That young physician is working hard."
"Yes," answered the veteran practitioner. "He is on the track of a discovery that will mean fame and fortune. He is trying to invent a new name that will make some old ailment fashionable."—Washington Star.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

The advertising manager was in a towering rage. "What's the trouble?" they asked. "Why, they went and placed our prima donna's testimonial for a cold cure on the same page with the announcement that she had a sore throat and couldn't sing."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

All over the world, babies have been benefited during the teething period, by Steedman's Soothing Powders.

Mr. Lappup had come home very late. "Concernin' yoor remarksh, Mishus Lappup," he said, "I failsh t'see forsh of sush arg—I failsh t'see forsh argumensh." "James," said Mrs. Lappup, as she rescued his hat, "go to bed! You talk like a spelling reformer."—New York World.

NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS.—You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

OUR STANDARDS

Sperry's Best Family
Drifted Snow
Golden Gate Extra

Sperry Flour Company

MAIN OFFICE: 133 SPEAR ST.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.
OF HARTFORD
ESTABLISHED 1850

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000.00
Cash Assets.....5,340,136.94
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,414,921.16

Benjamin J. Smith
Manager Pacific Department:
525 THIRTEENTH ST., OAKLAND
San Francisco Office:
2310 CALIFORNIA STREET

THE LATEST STYLES IN
Choice Woolens

H. S. Bridge & Co.
MERCHANT TAILORS

1176 O'FARRELL STREET

Bonestell, Richardson & Co.

Have Plenty of Every Kind of

PAPER

Phone Temporary 1273
473 to 475 SIXTH STREET,
San Francisco.

For YOUR

BREAKFAST

GERMEA

At All Grocers

THE JOHNSON-LOCKE MERCANTILE CO.

AGENTS

714 Broadway, Oakland

MT. TAMALPAIS RAILWAY

Via Sausalito Ferry—Foot of Market St.

Lv. San Francisco	Sun	Leave Tamalpais	Sun
W'kday	8:25A	W'kday	10:40A
9:50A	11:00A	1:05P	1:05P
1:45P	1:45P	2:30P	4:30P
Saturday	3:15P	4:30P	5:45P
4:35P		5:45P	9:30P

Legal Holidays, Sunday Time.

TICKET OFFICE AT SAUSALITO FERRY.

Steamship Lines

AMERICAN LINE

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON.
Philadelphia.....Nov. 3 New York.....Nov. 10
St. Paul.....Nov. 10 St. Louis.....Nov. 10

Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool
Westernland.....Nov. 3 Haverford.....Nov. 10
Merion.....Nov. 10 Noordland.....Nov. 10

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Mesaba.....Nov. 3 Minneapolis.....Nov. 17
Minneapolis.....Nov. 17 Mesaba.....Nov. 17

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE
Sailings Wednesdays as per sailing list.

Ryndam.....Nov. 7, 9 a. m. N. Amsterdam.....Nov. 14, 2 p. m.
Potsdam.....Nov. 14, 2 p. m. Statendam.....Nov. 21, 10 a. m.

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.

Zeeland.....Nov. 7 Vaderland.....Nov. 14
Kronland.....Nov. 14 Finland.....Nov. 21

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.

Oceanic.....Nov. 7 Celtic.....Nov. 14
Teutonic.....Nov. 14 Celtic.....Nov. 21
Baltic.....Nov. 21

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Cymric.....Nov. 17 Arabic.....Nov. 24

C. D. TAYLOR, Pass. Agt. Pacific Coast.
Room 207 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

SYDNEY, AUCKLAND, SAMOA, HONOLULU

S. S. Ventura sails 2 p. m. Oct. 25th.

HONOLULU only—S. S. Alameda sails 11 a. m. 3d, Round-trip, first-class, \$125.

TAHITI, SOUTH SEAS—S. S. Mariposa sails m., Nov. 23d. First-class round trip, \$125.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., General Agents, 1 foot Pacific St., San Francisco. Phone West 1273.

land office, 1168 Broadway. Phone Oakland 8818.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

ORIENTAL S. S. Co. have opened their offices at 217-221 Brannan Street,

SAN FRANCISCO

S. S. Hong Kong Maru - Nov. 9.
S. S. America Maru (Calls at Manila) Nov. 30.
S. S. Nippon Maru (Calls at Manila) Dec. 28.

Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and B streets, 1 p. m., for Yokohama and Hongkong, call Honolulu, Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamer for Manila, India, etc. cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and apply at office, corner First and Brannan Sts. AVERY, Assistant General Manager.

Thos. Cook & Son

NOW LOCATED

410 Fourteenth Street, Oakland
And North Nave Ferry Building
San Francisco

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO

Stoves and Ranges

ADAPTED FOR BURNING: COAL, WOOD, GAS, GASOLINE AND OIL.

REFRIGERATORS

Complete Kitchen Outfits for Hotels, Restaurants, Clubs & Household

COR. POLK & TURK STS.

PHONE EMERGENCY 427

The Argonaut.

Vol. LIX. No. 1547.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 3, 1906.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published weekly by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Descriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 1711 San Pablo avenue, Oakland. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States and Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Jerome A. Hart, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." To insure consideration, manuscript submitted for publication must be typewritten. Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." Take all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Bretnano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Birmingham, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue. The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear, J. J. Abernethy, and by the Denison News Company on its boats and trains. Published at San Francisco, California. Temporary Office, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, California.

THIRTIETH YEAR

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

JEROME A. HART - - - Editor

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: The State and the Civic Broil—Legislators and the People in Person—The Problems of Relief—Cannon and Gompers—The National Debt for a Century—Mr. Bell and the Constitution—Organized Labor and Murder—The Proposed Amendments—San Francisco's Business Centre—Thirty-seven Judges to Be Chosen—Earthquakes and Elections—A Concrete Auditorium Example—Boston Investigating Insurance Companies.....	189-194
ENDS OF THE COURT: A Dream and a Forgetting.....	194
OF THE NEW YORK FIGHT: Hearst Chiefs Confident and Liberal—Hughes Men Not Ready to Guess.....	194
URE OF PARIS SUNDAY LAW: "St. Martin" Describes Its Effects on Restaurateurs, Bakers, and Barbers.....	195
MIC OBSERVATIONS AT SANTIAGO: Professor Curtis Writes of the Chilean Earthquake.....	195
VER TRAGEDY: An Experience of a Logger's Life In the Redwoods.....	196
FAVORITES: "Post Homerica," by Andrew Lang.....	197
TICO-PERSONAL.....	197
OLN THE LAWYER: Importance of His Twenty-three Years of Legal Experience.....	198
INDIVIDUALITIES.....	199
ITY FAIR.....	200
GE GOSSIP.....	201
RARY NOTES: New Publications—Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.....	202-203
POEMS OF SILL.....	203
ONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy.....	204-205
HE-COMING OF DINWIDDIE.....	206
YETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.....	207
ALLEGED HUMORISTS.....	208
TUNEFUL LIAR.....	208

The State and the Civic Broil.

San Francisco is situated in the State of California." With this most San Franciscans would agree. San Francisco is an integral part of the State of California." With this most San Franciscans, with a slight mental reservation, would doubtless also agree. San Francisco is governed and controlled by the people of the State of California." With this most San Franciscans would stoutly disagree. It is even probable that many of them would be amazed at such an extraordinary assertion. That such is the case has been shown conclusively by the recent intervention in the San Francisco courts by the Attorney General of California. This intervention took place in the proceedings over impaneling a grand jury when there were two persons claiming to be district attorneys, W. H. Langdon and Abraham Ruef. It is a habit with all American cities, as they grow

populous and rich, to grow restless under their allegiance to the State government. More and more they chafe under it. They sneer at the "hayseeds," they jest at the "up-country delegates," and they are fond of poking fun at the "grangers in the legislature." And in time they come to think that they can cut loose entirely from the State government. In fact, they even push matters so far by means of a radical charter as to render their cities almost autonomous.

Almost, but not quite. For as yet there is no means provided, under our American system of government, by which any city can secede from her State. Mighty, populous, and wealthy as is the City of New York, she still is controlled by the State Legislature at Albany. Powerful as is Chicago, she must bow to the Illinois legislators at Springfield. San Francisco has enjoyed even a prouder position than they, for she has been until recent years the only large city in the western half of the continent. And under her new charter San Francisco had grown to believe that she was practically independent of the State government.

In the history of San Francisco there have been many times when she has been saved from loot and plunder by these same country legislators at whom she sneered. And it looks now as if she were again to be saved from herself by the interference of the powerful hand of the State government.

The events which led to the intervention of the Attorney General culminated with the impaneling of a grand jury in San Francisco. The continual accusations against the municipal government of San Francisco had finally resulted in concrete action. W. H. Langdon, District Attorney, had appointed F. J. Heney and W. J. Burns as assistants. Heney has won fame as a fearless prosecutor of powerful and wealthy criminals in Oregon and elsewhere. Burns is a secret-service agent renowned in Washington and throughout the United States as an adroit sleuth.

Last week we remarked that the newspaper din over this move was not calculated to subserve the ends of justice. For if the men hinted at are guilty, such an unearthly clamor would surely tend to arouse their fears and possibly enable them to cover up their tracks. Furthermore, the near approach of the election, the fact that District Attorney Langdon is a candidate for Governor, and the number and variety of personal and political ambitions and revenges involved would give rise to a more than reasonable doubt in the minds of many citizens as to the motive of those behind the movement.

The people of San Francisco seem to be divided on this issue, as on so many others that have passed before. The wealthy, the employing classes, the merchants, and the middle classes generally seem to believe that the municipal officials are guilty of the charges against them, and that Langdon, Heney, and their backers are actuated only by the purest of motives. On the other hand, the labor unions, the workingmen, and the poorer classes generally seem to believe that the municipal officials are innocent of all corruption and that the motives of those beginning the proceedings against them are purely political, selfish, and vile. That such a diametrical difference of opinion should exist between two great divisions of the people of San Francisco is most unfortunate, but that it does exist can not be denied.

But the theatrical appointment by District Attorney Langdon of Heney and Burns as assistants was followed by an even more spectacular move a few days later. Acting Mayor Gallagher preferred charges against District Attorney Langdon and immediately removed him from office, ostensibly acting under the char-

ter; he also appointed Abraham Ruef to the position of District Attorney. Ruef at once removed Heney. Langdon, who was absent on his campaign, wired his deputies to defend his office and to remove all private papers to a safe repository. The office then remained in a state of siege.

The adherents of Langdon and Heney maintained that under the charter the District Attorney can not be suspended by the Mayor or removed by the Board of Supervisors; that the office of District Attorney is a county office; that therefore he is a State official, and not removable by the Mayor; that any such provision in the charter is unconstitutional; that it has already been so held in the Supreme Court decisions affecting the status of county officers; and that no elective county official may be removed under that provision of the charter.

The adherents of Gallagher and Ruef to this reply that it is indifferent to them whether Langdon may be removed or not, but that he is removed.

The document preferring charges against Langdon is extremely long. It was read at a special meeting of the Board of Supervisors, and unanimously approved. Under it Langdon was to be given a hearing at the next meeting of the Board. The Acting Mayor suspended Attorney Langdon for "neglect of duties." The document was very adroitly drawn, and specified these charges:

That for a period of 30 days said Langdon absented himself from San Francisco without leave, and neglected his official duties, being engaged in campaigning for the office of Governor.

That the newspapers of San Francisco have published that said Langdon and others were in possession of evidence to convict certain officials of the City and County of serious crimes. Yet said District Attorney has failed to cause the arrest of said officials. And if charges so made were not true, said District Attorney had knowledge of such falsity, and yet has failed to cause the arrest of the publishers of those newspapers for criminal libel.

That said District Attorney has entered into a conspiracy for political purposes to bring unmerited discredit upon said municipal officials.

That said Langdon entered into conspiracy to injure and defame the chief executive of this city, Mayor Schmitz, as said mayor had determined to visit the German Empire, in his official capacity, to use his personal influence to cause certain insurance companies to pay losses to San Francisco citizens, and that after the mayor left a conspiracy was formed to defame, injure, and weaken said Schmitz's character and reputation in order to destroy whatever influence he might have in dealing with such insurance companies. In pursuance of this scheme it was determined to print in the newspapers of San Francisco, false, malicious, and slanderous charges, among others that said Schmitz was a fugitive from justice; that said Langdon did aid, abet, and assist said scheme.

That in 1905 one Francis J. Heney in a public speech aspersed the good name of a prominent citizen of this community, and stated that he knew him to be corrupt; and that said citizen, having instantly demanded that said Heney be compelled to appear before the grand jury to make proof of said assertions, said Heney there admitted that he had made such statements without any personal knowledge regarding same. That all these facts were well known to said W. H. Langdon, District Attorney; yet in October, 1906, said Langdon, in order to enable said Heney to use public office for revenge and malice, did appoint said Heney Assistant District Attorney.

That said Langdon knew that said Heney frequently, while intoxicated, made grave and serious charges involving the personal character of citizens of said city. Yet with such knowledge said Langdon did appoint said Heney to such office.

That said Heney was the representative of the Street Car Corporation of San Francisco in the dispute between said corporation and its employees. That appointment of said Heney to said office in regard to enforcement of law against said corporation will be detrimental to the interests of San Francisco.

That said Heney is the attorney for a private water corporation now bitterly opposed to San Francisco acquiring a water supply. That his attorneyship for such company is inconsistent with holding office as Assistant District Attorney and against the best interests of the people of San Francisco.

That since the appointment of said Heney, he and said Langdon have caused to be published threats against the Superior Judges of San Francisco for the purpose of influencing their judicial action.

That the appointment of said Heney was made by said Langdon at the dictation of certain newspaper influences and

individuals who have contributed many thousands of dollars to wreak their private revenge against said Schmitz, mayor; the Supervisors, and the Police Department of San Francisco.

When Gallagher ostensibly removed Langdon matters were left in a very delicate condition. Eighteen Grand Jurors had been selected, but one remaining to be chosen. Presiding Judge Graham, of the Superior Court, was to sit at the next session of the court. Judge Graham was reported to be not particularly friendly toward the municipal officials. But if he were suspected of friendliness toward the side of Langdon, Heney, and their friends, there remained the corrective fact that not long before Heney had denounced all of the Superior Judges of San Francisco as "corrupt." As Judge Graham was then on the bench, it is presumable that Heney included him in his denunciation. Furthermore, Judge Graham is a candidate for re-election and is to be ballotted for within a few days. If he decided adversely to Langdon and Heney, he would make enemies of the "Committee of Safety" and their followers. If he decided adversely to Ruef and the municipal administration, he would make enemies of the labor unions and the labor-union voters. Altogether it was a very difficult and unenviable position for Judge Graham.

It so happened that matters took a turn which lifted some of the judicial burden from his shoulders. District Attorney Langdon applied for a restraining order enjoining Mayor Gallagher, the Supervisors, and A. Ruef from "taking possession of the District Attorney's office" or "obstructing or hindering plaintiff, Langdon, in the performance of his duties as District Attorney." Judge Seawell granted a restraining order, setting the hearing for November 2.

The question of completing the impanelment of the Grand Jury—which proceeding both factions were endeavoring to conduct—came up before Judge Graham October 26. A crowd of several thousand people gathered around the temporary court-house. A. Ruef, the "Acting District Attorney," was accompanied by a body-guard of detectives. Heney demanded that the jurors be examined as to their bias for or against Ruef. Some heated passages were exchanged between Ruef and Heney.

The proceedings were here suddenly interrupted by U. S. Webb, Attorney General of the State. He warned the presiding Judge that these arguments taking place before the grand jurors might vitiate the panel, and suggested that a date be set for hearing argument. This was done, Judge Graham appointing October 29.

Attorney General Webb said: "It is unfortunate that either of these gentlemen have spoken here before these jurors. If this argument continues every member of the grand jury will be absolutely disqualified. I speak as a law officer of the State, empowered, I believe, to speak here. Under the law of this State it may become the duty of the Attorney General of this State, in which capacity I now speak, to offer my assistance to the court in the impanelment of the grand jury or in the conduct of criminal proceedings."

According to the Political Code "it is the duty of the Attorney General to prosecute or defend all cases to which the State or any officer thereof in his official capacity is a party"; "to exercise supervisory powers over District Attorneys in all matters pertaining to the duties of their offices"; "when required by the public service to repair to any county in the State and assist the District Attorney in the discharge of his duties."

Attorneys Jacobs and Linforth represented the Bar Association as amici curiae. They were invited by the court to give their opinion as to whether Attorney Heney had the right he claimed to examine the nineteen jurors in advance, "for the purpose of determining whether any or all of them had any bias or prejudice against a certain individual, whom he says he will present evidence against." These gentlemen differed, and the Attorney General thought that the matter of the law had better be looked up. Although he agreed with Attorney Heney in thinking that such a law would be a good one, he was not certain that it is the law. The proceedings, therefore, were postponed to the date set.

As we write, it would seem to be a drawn battle. The municipal officers of course control the police department, and nearly all the administrative machinery of

government. But Judge Graham has practically refused to recognize Gallagher's appointee, A. Ruef, as District Attorney. Furthermore, some of the other judges have recognized Langdon as still District Attorney. Therefore, that powerful place, which controls the prosecution of criminals, is still in Langdon's hands. For a time it looked as if the Gallagher-Ruef faction had distinctly the upper hand.

Two elements will tend toward cooling the hot blood of the various contestants. One is the postponement of the final decision until after the election; the other is the intervention of the State. The latter factor is particularly potent. The Federal power when called upon has rarely failed to be successful in bringing order where previously there existed conditions of riot or disorder. But this matter has seemed to be so purely a municipal controversy that there did not seem to be any points involved over which the Federal courts could have jurisdiction. But there can be no question as to the power of the Attorney General to assist the ends of justice in any part of the State. This may seem unpalatable to San Franciscans, but it is none the less true.

A year or two ago in the poor and sparsely-settled county of Modoc there was a failure to indict a murderer because the taxpayers wished to save the expenses of the trial. Thereupon, the Attorney General sent deputies from his office at the capital of the State and compelled the administration of justice which the parsimonious county denied. Modoc County is poor and San Francisco is rich. Modoc County is sparsely settled and San Francisco is populous. But before the law and in the eyes of the State they are the same. If San Francisco shall deny justice to any man or any set of men, the State may intervene and right the wrong. And there can be no doubt that many good citizens of San Francisco who have looked with apprehension on the recent turmoil will breathe more freely now that the State has taken a hand in it.

Legislators and the People in Person.

When Samuel Gompers, leading by a string the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor, called upon President Roosevelt, President pro tem. Frye, and Speaker Cannon last March, and demanded of them their influence to bring about certain legislation affecting labor interests, the Argonaut predicted trouble. History says that when The People come in person to demand certain legislation of their legislators, the legislators get scared and The People get arrogant. The result is that The People make unreasonable demands, and the legislators make unwise concessions. In a republic it is theoretically true that the people are the tribunal of last resort, but in practice it has been found wiser to entrust final decisions to a select body of old men. They seem to pass on intricate law points better than does a town mass meeting. Even in the interim stages, the popular body and the Upper House, acting as a buffer between The People and the Supreme Court, have been found not without advantages.

The visit, therefore, of Gompers and The People had the usual result. The trouble which the Argonaut predicted has come to pass. Mr. Gompers and his Federation of Labor were not satisfied with the speeches of President Roosevelt and Speaker Cannon, nor with the silence of President pro tem. Frye. Gompers announced that he would bring the administration to his feet by defeating all candidates for Congress who had refused to comply with the demands of Labor. Gompers has been attempting to carry out his threat, but has met with one rebuff, in Maine, where he failed to defeat Congressman Littlefield. But the result of his threats in the case of other Congressmen, including our own Gillett of California, remain to be settled next week.

If Mr. Gompers with his grievances shall demonstrate that The People can dictate to the President, the Senate, and the House, in any other way than through the ballot box, this republic will indeed revert to a pure democracy.

We doubt whether such reversion will prove a success. It rarely has succeeded in other lands and in other times. When the French were engaged in turning their monarchy into a red republic, The People acquired the habit of dropping into the Legislative Chamber in

squads, always armed and generally intoxicated. Thereupon, it became the task of the terrified legislator soothe The People, to brace up The People or tottering legs, and to escort The People as rapidly may be out into the outer air. At last the statesmen of France found that The People of Paris were in habit of dropping in so frequently as to render legislation not only difficult but dangerous, so they set the matter by removing to Versailles, a number of miles distant from Paris. The walking at that time was good, which fact largely deprived the legislators of the delights of The People's society.

Matters are different nowadays. Modern transportation has annihilated space and time. Twelve years ago we sent from the Pacific Coast a Coxey Army of The People, which invaded the Capitol at Washington. While it did not terrify our legislators as erstwhile those of Paris, it caused them grave apprehension. Since then the symptom has not reappeared until last March. On the late visit The People did not come in hordes, but in a concentrated and more dangerous form. This time not only the legislators, but the Executive head of the United States, found himself somewhat embarrassed by the demands of The People. It is fair to say that the President did not lose courage. He spoke, as always, frankly and bravely to the Congressional grievance committee.

The latest incident in this line of popular invasion of legislative halls took place in London. On October 23, the House of Commons was invaded by a large number of woman suffragists. They were obstinate on penetrating within the precincts of the House. The Parliamentary constables and the Westminster police both endeavored to prevent them. But, as the women had some natural reluctance to handling the women roughly, and as the women had not the least reluctance to handling the bobbies roughly, the natural result ensued. A number of the suffrage ladies succeeded in making their way to the bar of the House—the magic bar at which no non-member can be admitted. But the woman suffragists, climbing over, crawling under, made their way into the forbidden precincts in various ways. They were forced to drag them away by main strength, they clung to benches, railings, and even to the members of the House itself. But at last they were caught and dumped outside the precincts, like so many pieces of goods. On refusing to promise to keep the peace and be discharged, they were given two months' imprisonment.

London is laughing over the incident, but the legislators do not take it so lightly. They realize the extremely awkward predicament of a representative of The People standing up in his place and confronting the People in person. It is rendered all the more embarrassing when The People is feminine.

The Problems of Relief.

It is now learned that the National Red Cross Relief Fund in Washington is to be placed at the disposal of the San Francisco Relief Corporation. But, as we have already intimated, it is to be under certain restrictions. The Red Cross Executive Committee last week formulated as follows:

In order to secure certainty and accuracy in regard to the expenditure of the Red Cross Fund, the Executive Committee deems it wise that there be sent to them from San Francisco on the first of each month a statement showing the balance of Red Cross funds unexpended, and an estimate of all amounts required for the following month; that detailed accounts of figures covering all disbursements be forwarded to this Executive Committee for audit; that on receipt of the monthly statement of balances and estimates there will be forwarded one-half the amount called for in the estimates; that the Executive Committee of the American Red Cross thinks that the people who subscribed the money are entitled to an exact accounting of what it is being spent.

The Red Cross Executive Committee also stipulated that no further claims for damages be paid out of the Relief Fund. This has evidently been the cause of delay with the Eastern relief funds. The committee there were averse to paying out money intended by generous donors for the relief of destitute individuals when these moneys were being diverted to claims for property confiscated or destroyed, when such claims

uly ran against the municipality of San Francisco and against the Relief Corporation.

The maintenance of the relief camps in the squares of San Francisco is going to cause the Relief Corporation and the city no end of trouble. That there are numbers of criminals of both sexes in these camps is now undisputed. The police state that most of the thugs and crooks who now infest the city live in these camps, where it is difficult to keep track of them. They move from one end of the city to the other with the utmost ease and celerity. All sorts of immorality goes on in the camps almost unchecked. Typhoid and other diseases are rife among them, and physicians fear the camps will become centres of disease. The recommendation of the outgoing Grand Jury recommends that the camps be abolished as speedily as possible.

The Relief Corporation has been erecting two- and three-room cottages with the intention of exacting \$2.00 month per room rental. It had expected, from six hundred cottages now in course of erection, to obtain \$30,000 a month. In each camp there is a certain number of families willing to pay; there is a large number that refuse. Therefore, the willing ones refrain, reasoning, with much justice, that there is no reason why they should pay when the others are tenanted free. The refugees are headed by a number of pestilential agitators, who continually breed trouble and who advise men to pay no rent. A number of these agitators have been arrested and taken forcible possession of cottages just completed, refused to go out, and refused to pay rent. The Relief Corporation is considering ejectment proceedings. It does not seem as if such legal ejectment is necessary. Neither the Relief Corporation nor the Park Commissioners have any authority to grant permission to any person to reside permanently on public land. The refugees have purely a negative title to possession. They are there only because they are not ejected. This is the legal phase of it. But when it comes to forcibly ejecting many thousands of poor people, many of them women with children dependent upon them, it is natural that the Relief Corporation should pause.

Earthquakes and Elections.

The people who drop in from the East, from Mars, and from other distant places keep saying that we Californians have not got over our earthquake scare. They say that some of us seem to be doped, some of us seem to be hysterical, and all of us seem to be off of our base. Well, perhaps there may be something in it. The line of earthquake fissure fault was about three hundred miles long, and extended, generally speaking, from Mono County on the north to San Luis Obispo County on the south. So the people of California prudently divided selecting a nominee for Governor from the central belt. They chose Gillett, who hails from northern California, and they are going to elect him with the votes of southern California.

In the meantime northern and southern California are going with interest not unmingled with apprehension on the scene in central California, where all the factions of the parties are engaged in caterwauling, pulling hair, flinging mud, bad language, threatening each other with stinging, and holding courts with drawn revolvers. In short, the people of that part of California around the bay are in a death grapple. From out the struggling ranks arise such sounds as "Railroad hiring!"—"Rafters!"—"Boss Rule!"—"Crook!"—"Railroad Car!"—"Hearst's hired man!"—"Midnight murder!"—"Espee!"—"Caught with the goods on!"—"Corrupt Judge!"—"Citizens' Alliance!"—"Gas-pipe assassins!"—"Thugs!"

It must seem a little odd to an outsider. Perhaps we are not entirely over the effects of that earthquake yet.

Mr. Bell and the Constitution.

Editor Holman of the Sacramento Union has dug up one of Candidate Bell's speeches the statement that "the great State of California should insist that on all public work for this State eight hours should constitute a day's labor." Editor Holman is then unkind enough to dig up Article 20, Section 17 of the State Constitution, which already declares that on public work eight hours shall constitute a day's labor. When Candidate Bell

pledged his efforts, if he became Governor, to "secure the repeal of the poll-tax law," declaring it to be a grave and oppressive tax upon the poor man, and at the same time declared his "undying devotion to the public school system" in the way of increasing the school revenues, Editor Holman dug up Article 13, Section 12 of the Constitution, which provides that a poll tax shall be levied which "shall be paid into the State School fund." The Union therefore declares that even if Mr. Bell should become Governor, he could not "repeal the poll-tax law" because it is in the State Constitution. Further, says the Union, the eight-hour law is already in the Constitution, and it adds: "What must be thought of a man who for fifteen years has been a practicing lawyer and who is so unfamiliar with the Constitution of his State?"

Come, come, Mr. Holman. You are harsh with Brother Bell. What is the Constitution between friends?

The Proposed Amendments.

Fourteen proposed amendments of the State Constitution will be voted on next Tuesday. Six are distinctly valuable and should be adopted; two are doubtful; six are bad and should be rejected.

Assembly amendment No. 5 proposes to exempt from all taxation the property of the Cogswell Polytechnic College in San Francisco. Vote for it.

Assembly amendment No. 11 proposes a more equitable adjustment of the salaries of the judges of the Supreme Court. Vote for it.

Assembly amendment No. 12, relating to the pay of State offices, conflicts with Senate amendment No. 14. Vote against it.

Assembly amendment No. 13 proposes to make public bonds payable at any place in the United State. Vote for it.

Assembly amendment No. 14 is to facilitate the granting of new municipal charters. It is asserted to be in the interest of larger local self-government for cities. Its appearance is not convincing.

Senate amendment No. 2 proposes to make more effective civil-service provisions of the San Francisco city charter. Vote for it.

Senate amendment No. 14 defines the duties of the Lieutenant-Governor and enlarges them, and increases his salary. It is said to contemplate a more effective supervision of State institutions. It conflicts, on the point of salary, with Assembly amendment No. 12.

Senate amendment No. 20 proposes to extend the life of a corporation by a two-thirds vote of its capital stock. Vote against it.

Senate amendment No. 38 provides for the deposit of State, county, and municipal funds in banks furnishing adequate security, and also for the payment of interest on such deposits. Vote for it.

Senate amendment No. 40 proposes to increase the pay of members of the Legislature. Vote against it.

Assembly amendment No. 2, extra session, is proposed as an emergency measure, to enlarge the powers of the Board of Supervisors of San Francisco. Vote against it.

Senate amendment No. 2, extra session, proposes to permit the city of San Jose to adopt charter amendments without approval of the Legislature. Vote against it.

Senate amendment No. 8 proposes to reverse the present law compelling the mortgagee to pay the taxes on real estate. Vote for it.

Senate amendment No. 12, extra session, proposes to permit San Francisco and San Jose to issue bonds running for seventy-five years. Vote against it.

Organized Labor and Murder.

Last week the Supreme Court of the United States heard arguments in the case of Charles D. Moyer, W. D. Hayward, and G. W. Pettibone, officers and members of the Western Federation of Miners, who are imprisoned in Cannon County, Idaho, under the charge of murdering the former governor, Steunenberg, of that State. The case is sent up to the Federal Supreme Court on an appeal from the decision of the Idaho Federal Court refusing to grant writs of habeas corpus. The men are all residents of Colorado. It is alleged by their attorneys that they were kidnapped in pursuance

of a conspiracy, to which the governors of Colorado and Idaho were parties; that they were taken from Colorado, and brought into the jurisdiction of Idaho; that therefore such jurisdiction was acquired by fraud. One of the attorneys for the prisoners was C. S. Darrow, of Chicago; the act of the authorities in arresting the prisoners was denounced by the attorney as "a flagrant usurpation and a treacherous betrayal of justice."

W. H. Harley, attorney for the State of Idaho, contended that the extradition proceedings had been entirely regular. As for the foregoing and similar reflections upon the authorities of Colorado and Idaho, he said that the Federal courts could not afford to countenance such denunciation of high officials by counsel. Even if it were true, he said, that the Governor of Colorado had connived at the removal of the Mining Federation officials in an irregular way, their remedy was an action for damages.

The infamous and cowardly murder of Governor Steunenberg is fresh in the minds of most men. These high officials of the Western Federation of Miners, now under arrest, are accused of being accessory to his murder. This journal and most other conservative newspapers have refrained from expressing any opinion upon the guilt or innocence of these men. Their case remains to be tried. The evidence is not yet submitted. This proceeding before the United States Supreme Court is merely a preliminary one concerning the question of jurisdiction. But what has been the attitude of Organized Labor? Have the political leaders and newspaper organs of Organized Labor maintained the same fair-minded attitude toward the courts, the community, and the accused? Not so. The political leaders and the labor newspapers have indulged in violent vituperation and abuse of the Executive, the State officials, and the courts of Idaho; they have been engaged in raising money for the defense of these persecuted men; and they are proposing to send armed men to be present in the courts of Idaho in order to intimidate the judges and the jurors when these cases come to be tried.

Is that the way any body of American citizens should act when crimes are being investigated? Is that the attitude of any set of honest men toward the courts when persons accused of crime are brought before them? Whether the accused men are murderers or not, no one denies that foul murder has been done. Is that the attitude of Organized Labor toward murder?

San Francisco's Business Centre.

In the September number of "Building Management," a technical journal published in Chicago and New York, is an article entitled "The Rise of a City Ruined but Unconquered." It relates to the upbuilding of San Francisco. This article is from the pen of Wm. F. Burbank, and it contains a careful study of topics now interesting many San Francisco property owners. An answer is suggested to the question, "What is to be San Francisco's business centre?" Mr. Burbank discusses the sudden jumping into prominence of Fillmore street and Van Ness avenue. His conclusion is that Fillmore and Van Ness are "emergency streets mainly, that there is no natural congestion of business on these new avenues of trade, and that the former sections of the city are deemed certain to regain their importance." He goes on to ask, "What is the value of business real estate in the burned district?" He thinks that in the choicest part of the retail business district, such as "Post and Geary streets, west of Kearny and including Union Square, also Market street from Montgomery west to Powell, the depreciation may amount to 15, 20 and 25 per cent." He thinks that this disparity may disappear after a few years, as modern buildings are erected. About the burned residence district, he says that many believe that "a third of its value has departed from it, and this view is held by the assessor." He adds that values there are extremely problematical, because the day of its upbuilding is more distant. The first pronounced move into the former business centre he thinks will be that of the real estate men. His article was apparently written about three months ago, and his judgment in this regard is already being verified. When the office buildings shall be ready for occupancy, he predicts that "The lawyers

will flock there, tired of doing business in back parlors, basements, and bed rooms." In three years' time he thinks that the best stores will move away from Van Ness avenue, where insurance rates are extremely high, and where the danger from fire is great, and where there is little or no fire protection.

Concerning the suggestions for remodeling the plan of the city, making some streets of fire-resisting width, shortening distances by diagonal avenues, creating a civic centre, etc., Mr. Burbank does not speak with much hopefulness. He gives the situation as it appears to him, and says, "So the great hopes of a magnificent city according to the ideas of modern scientific thinkers may be lost and lost forever." The article, an extremely interesting one, to outsiders as well as San Franciscans, closes with some statistics concerning the number of buildings erected, the number of firms doing business, bank clearings, etc.

The main topic touched upon—that of the future business centre of San Francisco—is one which many property owners seem unwilling to discuss. Mr. Burbank has large interests in San Francisco, and his frankness is unusual. However, his article is worthy of attention not only for its evident sincerity but for the reason that it represents the views of one having large property interests.

Cannon and Gompers.

Our picturesque Speaker of the House, Uncle Joe Cannon, was one of the men marked for decapitation by Emperor Gompers. But Uncle Joe seems to be walking around with a certain amount of cheerfulness, considering that he is so near his political funeral. As his district is overwhelmingly Republican it is considered doubtful whether Emperor Gompers will attack the Speaker in his district or not. Probably not.

The Speaker was interviewed the other day concerning the outlook "out West." Uncle Joe replied: "Gompers has not got there yet. The railroads, you know, are not giving free transportation any more. Still, I expect to see Gompers out there, and I hope he will have a damn good time!"

Perhaps we should leave out this wicked word, but it must be admitted that Uncle Joe swears at times. This will probably prevent him from ever becoming President. All of our Republican Presidents have been truly good men. Hayes was a good man. Arthur was a good man. Harrison was a good man. McKinley was a good man. Roosevelt is a good man.

But to resume: Uncle Joe thus continued his remarks to the reporter: "Still, I hope Gompers has a good time. It's a nice district, and a man can enjoy himself there. There are lots of Organized Labor men out in my district. Men who work with their hands ought to organize. Only out in my district they have not got used to regarding labor unions as organized for political purposes. I believe in Organized Labor myself, and the Organized Labor men out in my district are mostly Republican, but they all walk around under their own hat-bands."

Speaker Cannon knows his district intimately. We are inclined to think that his opinion about the Organized Labor men in his district could be applied to many other districts. In the ranks of Organized Labor in California there are a great many Republican workingmen. But, like Speaker Cannon, we do not think they are owned by Emperor Gompers, but that they walk around "under their own hat-bands."

Thirty-Seven Judges to Be Chosen.

At the election next Tuesday no less than thirty-seven judges will be chosen in California.

Two associate justices of the Supreme Court will be elected for the full term, and one associate justice to fill the unexpired term of Justice Walter Van Dyke, deceased.

For the new District Courts of Appeal, nine judges will be chosen—a presiding judge and two associate judges for each of the three districts.

Every voter may express his choice for the above judges.

Four judges of the Superior Court will be chosen in San Francisco, six in Los Angeles County, four in

Alameda County, two in Fresno County, and one each in Alpine, Kings, Madera, Riverside, Plumas, San Bernardino, San Joaquin, Shasta, and Solano Counties. Voting for these judges is restricted in each case to the county named.

There is no more important duty before the elector than that of choosing carefully his candidates for positions on the bench. Good State officials and good laws are alike inefficient and inoperative when corrupt judges thwart the one and misconstrue the other.

The names of candidates for the several State offices have become familiar to the voters; not so the candidates for judges. There is especial need of close scrutiny and careful choice of names in that section of the ballot.

Boston Investigating Insurance Companies.

The Boston Traveler of October 20th prints a list of insurance companies, divided into "Class I," and "Class II," which is part of a list printed in the San Francisco Chronicle. It likewise prints a letter from the editor of the Argonaut, in reply to a letter from the editor of the Boston Traveler, on the insurance situation in San Francisco.

The Traveler remarks that "householders in Boston are interested in knowing whether the companies on which they depend for reimbursement in case of loss are standing by their promises in San Francisco." In its comments on the list it prints, however, the Traveler is slightly ambiguous. The companies which it places under "Class I" have practically all been paying in full. Some have required a two per cent discount for spot cash, to which they are entitled under the provisions of their policies, but paid in full on 60 days' time. Five of the companies in "Class I" have not even demanded this two per cent discount, but have been paying as adjusted, 100 per cent spot cash. Those in the Traveler's list under "Class II" are so obscurely adverted to in its comments that they would seem to stand on the same footing as those in "Class I," for the Traveler says of both classes of companies that "taking it all in all, they have settled their claims in an honorable fashion."

We can assure the Boston Traveler and its readers that this statement is not correct of the companies it mentions under "Class II." A great many of them have settled their claims in a very dishonorable fashion. Some of them are old and wealthy companies and not in straits for money. When a company is poor and weak it can not be condemned for trying to make settlements on the best terms possible. But when a company is rich and strong, and yet tries to evade its just liabilities, it is deserving of the contempt of all honorable men. And we can assure the Traveler that in the list of companies it prints under "Class II" there are a number that belong in this dishonorable category.

A further criticism we have to make is this: to bracket the companies in "Class I" beside the companies in "Class II" is a rank injustice to the first list. The companies in "Class I" are deserving of every honor. They went through the storm and stress of a conflagration unequalled in the history of the world. Yet at no time did they falter. Many of them had lost completely every record. Many of their policy-holders had lost their policies. Yet these companies patiently began to pick up the shreds of evidence that remained and reconstructed evidences of their obligation to their clients. It has cost them a great deal of money. But it will all come back to them.

If the Boston Traveler does not wish to print the entire list of insurance companies doing business in San Francisco, as they are—that is to say, as honest companies, as weak companies, as weak and dishonest companies, as bankrupt companies, and as fraudulently bankrupt companies—we would advise it to print only the list of square and honest companies. This the Traveler already has done under the heading "Class I." If it feels averse to printing the names of others as "welching" companies when it has insufficient evidence—and we can readily understand its reluctance—then we would suggest that it content itself with printing only the names of those that it is certain are honest and straight. And it may rest assured that the list it prints

under "Class I" belong in that category, with the exception of the last.

Close of the Campaign.

The Argonaut goes to press so far in advance of date that we are writing these lines exactly one week before election day. Ordinarily it would be difficult to forecast the close of the campaign so far in advance. But this campaign presents, to our thinking, no difficulties.

From the beginning of the campaign Gillett has steadily grown in strength. There have been sudden unexpected changes in the alignment of voters, but they have not been in the Republican ranks. They have been in the camps of the Democrats, the Labor Union party, the Socialists, and the Independence League. The Republican phalanx standing behind Gillett remains unmoved.

Only two charges have been made against Mr. Gillett; the first, that he is the "railroad candidate"; the second, that he is "an enemy of labor." Both of these are false. Even if we were not inclined to believe in Mr. Gillett's denial—and he is a truthful and honorable gentleman—there is abundant evidence to the contrary which has been set forth in these columns. It is unnecessary to repeat it here, but we may add to what we have already said that last week in the Los Angeles Times Ex-Senator Bulla gave at length his conviction as to Gillett's independence, saying: "Gillett will be the real chief executive, and not the creature of machine, corporation, or clique, when he is elected Governor." Bulla has been an anti-railroad politician many years, and he was the man for whom Gillett voted steadily for weeks when Burns was the railroad candidate for Senator. This disposes of the first assertion.

As to Gillett's stand on the labor question, he himself in his youth was a laborer and has worked his way up. He has been a friend of labor throughout all his career. He has voted for and worked for practically every measure in the interests of labor in the California Legislature and the House of Representatives. The statement that he voted in Congress against the "Anti-Injunction Bill" demanded by Gompers is false, because that bill has never yet reached a vote in the House. We believe Gillett is opposed to the Gompers bill, and if so, we think he would have voted against it if it had come up, for he is honest and has the courage of his convictions. Furthermore, we think the bill is a bad bill and that he would have done right to vote against it.

It is useless to make forecasts on the eve of an election, but as we write it would seem as if Gillett's election is an assured fact. In round numbers the vote of the State is a little over 300,000. Of this number Pardee polled about 147,000, a trifle under half. Of the remaining half, Lane polled about 144,000, the Socialists about 10,000, and the Prohibitionists about 5,000. There is reason to believe that Gillett will poll a much larger vote than Pardee. But suppose we give him only 3,000 more, say 150,000 votes. Assuming, for the purpose of argument that the vote of the State is about the same as four years ago, Gillett would leave 150,000 votes to be divided between Bell, the Democrat; Langdon, the Independence Leaguer; Lewis, the Socialist; and Blanchard, the Prohibitionist. The Socialist vote this year will probably be larger than four years ago, as the candidate then had an unattractive personality. The candidate this year is Austin Lewis, who is a lawyer, married, a father, young, well educated, good looking, and full of enthusiasm. Internecine troubles in the organized labor camp are driving many of the extreme members into the Socialistic camp. Correspondingly many radicals in the Democratic party will vote for Lewis rather than for Bell.

The following of Langdon is an unknown quantity. It will not be decreased by the startling events in San Francisco during the past fortnight. The prestige of success will certainly swell Langdon's vote. Where can this accretion come from but from Bell? There is no reason why any Republican voter should decide to abandon Gillett because Langdon was forced to indict Bell labor union followers, who had brought shame on themselves and the unfortunate city of San Francisco.

refare, we say that Gillett's phalanx of 150,000 men still stand as they stood at the beginning of the campaign, like Stonewall Jackson's stone wall. The winning, the balking, the readjustment—all this will place in the other 150,000. Concerning the defeat of this readjustment the Argonaut is not particularly interested, and such predictions and calculations at present would for us have a merely mathematical interest. Whatever the changes may be, whether from Bell to Langdon, from Langdon to Lewis, or from Lewis to Bell, they can not affect Gillett. His election may be predicted as certainly as anything human can be.

The Argonaut has not believed from the beginning of any attempt to placate Organized Labor by throw-
sops to it would result in any gain of votes for Gillett.

We believe that the Republican workingmen intended to vote for him from the beginning, and that still so intend. Therefore, we resented the attacks upon him by the howlers of Organized Labor. One of our Republican contemporaries have been much disturbed over this course of the Argonaut, and have kicked and clucked thereat like setting hens. They warned us of the danger of saying anything against McCarthy, Mr. Tveitmae, Mr. Parry, and numerous Labor Union Ministers, who have been performing exercises on their hot-air bazoos. We thank our contemporaries for their counsel, but we have no use for Labor Union yappers. They are out for themselves first, the Democratic party next, and the Republican party last. Is Mr. Gompers opposing any Democratic Congressmen? Not on your life.

We would like to call our contemporaries' attention to the fact that in the last days of the campaign Mr. Gillett, when informed that he had been hissed at a Labor Union meeting in San Francisco, said in a public speech: "Thank God that audience hissed my name and not cheer it. If there could have been any question in the minds of honest men as to where I stood, that question must have dissipated it. If Bell were to be elected Governor he would undoubtedly turn over to the leaders of this Labor Union meeting the control of State government, just as the control of the government of San Francisco has been turned over to them. They would have to reward McCarthy, Tveitmae, and Parry, and he would have to turn over the State to them for such a reward. God forbid that the time shall ever come when the State shall fall into such hands."

This is not dissimilar in tone to an editorial we printed weeks ago, and which greatly shocked our Republican contemporaries. We told them then that the Democrats and the Labor Union men were gulling them with the idea that "the railroad" is the issue in this campaign. We told them that the issue was whether the Organized Labor leaders should rule this State, or whether the people of California should rule their own State. We told them it is working out our way, for that is the issue.

This issue—which the Argonaut laid down in the beginning of the campaign—was not selected by a campaign committee, or by a campaign committee, or by this newspaper. Neither did Mr. McKinley or Mark Hanna select the gold standard issue in the campaign of '96. They wanted to stand on the tariff. But the silver issue would not down. So it is in California in this campaign. It is folly for campaign committees or stump-speakers to attempt to discuss issues which are not in the people's minds and which they will not discuss. The issue of this campaign is not "the railroad." The people are not thinking or talking of "the railroad." The people of this State are looking at poor San Francisco, paying in pity, partly in scorn. They see her in the hands of Organized Labor—a Niobe among cities—uncared for, discredited, outraged, ashamed. And the issue in the campaign in the minds of the people of the State is whether California shall be turned over to Bell and the Labor Union buccaneers to be dragged in the mire with all like the hapless city, San Francisco.

Let us say here that the Argonaut is responsible for its utterances; the "organization" and the candidate are not responsible for what we say. The San Francisco Star in copying some of our remarks against the alleged dictation of Organized Labor, says: "The

San Francisco Argonaut is Mr. Gillett's principal newspaper organ." This phrase it repeats frequently, adding that "Gillett's organ, the Argonaut, denounces laboring men as helots, slaves, and a danger to the State." This is not true. We do not consider working men a danger to the State. In fact, they are the most necessary element in a State. But we do consider the attempt of Organized Labor Unions, led by walking delegates, to bring about class government, as a danger to the State. In regard to the accusation of the Star that "The Argonaut is Mr. Gillett's principal newspaper organ," we have only to say that the editor of the Argonaut does not know Mr. Gillett, never met Mr. Gillett, never saw Mr. Gillett, never wrote to Mr. Gillett, never was written to by Mr. Gillett, and never has had any communication whatever with Mr. Gillett. None the less, we have a great admiration for Mr. Gillett, and have done all we can in our wrong-headed way to help his election. If we have injured his cause, we are sincerely sorry.

But we do not think we have. It is our belief that after next week's election, Congressman Gillett will be called "Governor-Elect Gillett."

Bell is the Labor Union Nominee.

"S. C. M." writes us and says: "You state in your last issue that Mr. Bell, Democratic candidate for Governor, is the nominee of the Labor Union party. Yet the cards of the various Republican candidates nearly all say 'Republican Nominee' and 'Labor Union Nominee.' Which party is it that is affiliated with the Labor Union party?"

It is the Democratic party, as a party. Mr. Bell is the head of the Democratic ticket, has been nominated by the Labor Union party, and has accepted their nomination. While various Republican candidates, judicial, municipal, and State, may have been individually endorsed by the Labor Union party, Mr. Gillett has not accepted any such endorsement. He is the head of the ticket. Therefore the Republican ticket is not affiliated with the Labor Union party. The Democratic ticket is.

FRIENDS OF THE COURT.

A Dream and a Forgetting.

Scene—A Court of Justice in San Francisco.

On the right, *Grafters' District Attorney*, supported by Prize Fighters, Detectives, and Uniformed Police.

On the left, *Anti-Grafters' District Attorney*, supported by Prominent Citizens, College Students, and Amateur Fighters. All are heavily armed.

From without is heard the howling of a mob, one faction shouting "Hang the Grafters!" to which come counter-cries of "Down with the Citizens' Alliance!"

The doors are heavily barred. From time to time a door is opened slightly by a Police Officer, whereupon a Prominent Citizen or a Grafters is popped through the aperture like a cork out of a bottle.

The police proceed to search the *Anti-Grafters' Attorney*. A violent altercation arises in consequence. The Grafters accuse the Anti-Grafters of being assassins. The Anti-Grafters retort that their opponents are thugs.

At this moment *A Stranger* arises and attempts to address the Court.

The Judge (speaking to *The Bailiff*)—"Who is this person?"

The Bailiff—"I think he's wan of them Citizens' Alliance guys, yer anner."

The Stranger—"If the Court please, I am the Attorney-General of the State."

The Court—"Attorney-General?"

The Attorney-General—"Yes, your Honor."

The Court—"Attorney-General of the State?"

The Attorney-General—"Yes, your Honor. If the Court please —"

The Court—"Of what State?"

The Attorney-General—"Of California."

The Court—"Are you a member of the bar?"

The Attorney-General (with surprise)—"Yes, your Honor, I am admitted to the bar of the Federal Supreme Court."

The Court (wearily)—"I am not speaking of the

Federal Supreme Court. We have very little to do here with Supreme Courts, Federal or State."

The Attorney-General—"I am also admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of California."

The Court—"California again! But I asked you, sir, if you are admitted to the bar of San Francisco."

The Attorney-General (confusedly)—"Really, your Honor, I was under the impression that —"

The Court (turning to the grafting and anti-grafting *District Attorneys*, who with their henchmen are glaring angrily at the stranger)—"I believe, gentlemen, that a condition of comity exists between the courts of San Francisco and those of California. This gentleman purports to be a law official of California. Is there any objection, gentlemen, to the Court hearing him?"

The Grafting District Attorney—"Your Honor, I protest! What is this man doing here? What have these high-handed satraps from afar to do with the courts of this municipality? Who is this man claiming to be the Attorney-General of California? Why is he butting in here? Let him show his hand. If, as I have every reason to believe, he is on the side of the bulldozing gang of rich and corrupt Citizens' Alliance men who are attempting to stifle justice here, I denounce him! I call upon your Honor to refuse him a hearing within the walls of this temple of justice where he has no right to stand. I hold him up to public scorn. I spit upon —"

He stops to expectorate. His rival swiftly takes advantage of this and jumps in.

The Anti-Grafting District Attorney—"If the court please, I denounce the person who has just sat down as an infamous liar and blackguard. Further, I believe he is the secret ally of this unknown person who is trying to inject himself into this case. This self-styled Attorney-General has nothing to do with us. We know nothing of his designs. Who is the Attorney-General of the State of California, anyway? What has the State of California to do with us? What has it to do with the proceedings of this court? What concern have we with the California Department of Justice? Is this a court of justice? No—a thousand times no! It is a court of law. It is a San Francisco court. I call your Honor's attention to the fact that we in the city of San Francisco are working under a charter which gives us complete autonomy. What has this hayseed pettifogger here to do with the case at bar? I call upon your Honor to bid him withdraw, and if he refuses let him be imprisoned for contempt of court!"

The Court (moodily, gazing at *The Stranger*)—"You hear, sir. If you choose to divest yourself of your pseudo-official character—and I wish to call your attention to the fact that I have no judicial knowledge of the fact that you are Attorney-General of the State of California, or that it is a State, or that it is called California, or that you are its Attorney-General, or that you are an attorney at all—if, I say, you temporarily allay the natural suspicions excited by your extremely dubious entry into this case, and appear solely as an attorney, a member of the bar —"

An Amicus Curiae (rising)—"If your Honor please, I represent the San Francisco Bar Association in these proceedings. May I ask whether this person belongs to the Bar Association?"

The Attorney-General—"I take pleasure in informing the gentleman that I have the honor to be a member of the Bar Association."

Three or four *Amici Curiae* confer feverishly in whispers, and then take notes.

First Amicus Curiae—"Do you claim, sir, that you are a member of the San Francisco Bar Association? My learned friends here by my side, also amici curiae, all profess the utmost ignorance of you."

The Attorney-General—"I am a member of the State Bar Association of California."

The Amici Curiae confer again.

Second Amicus Curiae (rising)—"Your Honor, it is evident that the gentleman belongs to some other Bar Association of which we have no knowledge. It is probable, however, that there is a California Bar Association, and we may assume, purely for purposes of argument, that it is an association in good standing and that

this person is a reputable attorney. Therefore, your Honor, the representatives of the San Francisco Bar Association temporarily withdraw their opposition—without prejudice—to the court hearing what this person has to say."

The Grafters and Anti-Grafters come together and confer, glaring the while at the *Attorney-General*. A messenger is sent to the crowd without. The previous yells of opposition die away, and shortly the cries of the crowd are heard in one unanimous yell, "Hang the *Attorney-General*!"

The Attorney-General (rising)—"If the court please, I beg to say that my appearance here today is forced upon me by the Political Code. I regret it extremely. I know that this is purely a family quarrel with which the State has nothing to do. I am aware, also, that the judiciary, the bar, and the citizens of San Francisco resent with justifiable indignation any attempt by the officers of the State to interfere in their affairs. It is true that you have a municipal charter, but, unfortunately, we all of us are governed by the codes as well. This is true, even in San Francisco. Under the Political Code it is my duty to repair to any county in the State when the District Attorney's office is threatened with any trouble, external or internal. I regret very sincerely this disagreeable duty. I shall make my functions purely nominal. I hate to intrude. I agree to say nothing which could offend anybody, and I will promise to do nothing at all. I only ask your permission, as the law is so stringent, to attend at these proceedings. The people of the State seem to think that I ought to do something. I know they are very unreasonable, but there are nearly two millions of them. Dear, good, kind, San Francisco, do not be too severe on them and me."

At this moment loud knocking is heard at the barred doors of the courtroom, which shake under the assault from without. Wild cries are heard: "Hang him! Hang him! Hang the *Attorney-General*!"

The Court (coldly)—"You see, sir, to what a pitch of justifiable indignation your unwarranted conduct has wrought up the citizens of San Francisco. I shall be forced to place you under restraint for the purpose of protecting you from physical violence. You will understand, sir, that this is not to be considered in the light of imprisonment, but merely as a formal protection. This court, sir, does not consider itself responsible for your safety since you have seen fit to intrude where you were not wanted, but considerations of common humanity impel us to grant to you that protection which you certainly do not deserve. The bailiff will escort you to a place of safety."

The Bailiff (catching hold of the *Attorney-General* by the collar)—"Come on, you. G'wan now!" (pushing him through the door). "We'll put you where the b'ys won't be after persuadin' you wid a gas-poipe."

The *Attorney-General* is put in the cooler, while the little family dispute up-stairs is resumed with renewed vigor, the outside cries gradually changing to "Hang the Judge!"

JUDGE JAMES A. COOPER'S SUPPORT.

Judge James A. Cooper is receiving active support from the leading members of the bar of San Francisco. An active canvass is being made in Judge Cooper's behalf by such leading legal lights as G. W. McEnerney, Charles W. Slack, Francis V. Keesling, Jos. S. Tobin, Chas. S. Wheeler, Reuben H. Lloyd, C. P. Pomeroy, W. P. Cope, J. F. Sullivan, Alexander P. Vogelsang, I. I. Brown, William Denman, Oscar Sutro and John S. Drum. These gentlemen stand for the dignity and integrity of the profession, and are recognized everywhere as leading lawyers. This endorsement is itself a distinguished honor, and in the politics of California has seldom before been achieved by any candidate.

Judge Cooper is at present an Associate Justice of the District Court of Appeals for the First District, and in the position since his appointment in 1905 he has written more than five hundred opinions, covering almost every phase of the law, and many of these have become leading cases. During his present term of office his friends point with pride to the fact that not one of his decisions has ever been reversed by the Supreme Court. His qualifications are unusual, his integrity unquestioned.

There are now thirty-one negro banks in the United States, with a combined capital of \$350,000. Their deposits amount to \$1,192,000. Twelve are in Mississippi, four in Georgia, six in Virginia, two in Tennessee, two in Arkansas and one each in North Carolina, Alabama and Florida. There are also two in Muskogee, I. T.

END OF THE NEW YORK FIGHT.

Hearst Chiefs Confident and Liberal—Hughes Men Not Ready to Guess.

Hearst's meetings in New York City continue to be notable exhibitions of enthusiasm. This is a paragraph from a report sent out on the 24th inst.:

The greatest demonstration of the night was at the close of his fourth and last speech, which he made at a theatre in the North End. He had hardly finished when the crowd swept upon the stage and practically mobbed the candidate. It was all the police and the committee could do to rescue Hearst from the enthusiasts.

At Saratoga Mr. Hearst's lieutenant, Shearn, made a great hit by a sudden personal allusion:

The crowd howled with delight when Clarence J. Shearn began his speech with these words: "Mr. Chairman, Jefferson Democrats, Lincoln Republicans, and Senator Brackett."

He had, indeed, spotted the Republican leader at Saratoga, the most popular citizen for whom every man would delight to vote for any office up to the presidency. The discovery that Brackett was in the same boat with themselves tickled his fellow-townsmen, and they roared with laughter.

"There he is over there," shouted Mr. Shearn. "You know him. He was too honest for the corporation Republicans at the convention here a few weeks ago. What use had they for him—for a man who had the courage to introduce a resolution demanding the resignation of Tom Platt and Chauncey Depew?"

In Boardman Hall at Cornell College a campaign meeting was held by the Cornell Hughes Club, and this report is printed:

The principal address was made by Professor Henry A. Sill, of the Department of History, a one-time Democrat. Professor Sill accused Hearst of insincerity, unscrupulousness and demagoguery.

"Which one of his gifted staff wrote his last speech?" he asked. He called Hearst an unscrupulous politician. He lauded the World for exposing the falsity of Hearst's "quotation" from Lincoln, and accused Hearst of deliberately lying. In conclusion he urged the students to support Hughes.

Speaker Cannon spoke at White Plains, New York, a few evenings ago, and mentioned Hearst once and Hughes not at all. An explosion of flashlight powder startled him during his speech and he said:

"That is the second of those things, and I think two is enough." Mr. Cannon told of the record of W. J. Bryan as a Congressman. "And," he said, "this peerless one is going to be the next candidate of the Democratic party for the presidency of the United States, if Hearst doesn't crowd him out. But, if you put all of that kind in a bag together and shake them up they'd come out either skunk or polecat. One man wants to cure our ills by tearing up all the railroad tracks in the United States. God bless you, I haven't any sympathy with such men. You can't put any dependence in a man who says he'd tear up every damn railroad track in the country if he had his way."

A hand accompanied Speaker Cannon from the Omawaupeum Hotel to St. John's Hall. He walked the few blocks between the two points. Before leaving the hotel he drank a large cup of hot water. He complained of indigestion, and when pressed to take something that would keep him warm, said that there would be plenty of time when the meeting was over.

Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the Century Magazine, felt called upon to write a letter denouncing Hearstism and Hearst methods, and it was given to the press. This is the comment it provoked, an editorial, probably by Arthur Brisbane, in the Evening Journal:

Did you ever see the sensitive, little, quivering nose of the sensitive, little mouse?

Then you have seen Richard Watson Gilder. Who would hurt him?

One of our friendly readers writes: "Have you seen the letter against Mr. Hearst written by Richard Watson Gilder? Why don't you go at him and rip him up?" Our answer is: "Reader, you surely have never seen Mr. Gilder."

We should as soon think of "ripping up" the fluffy, feebly-scratching incubator chick as to attack Mr. Gilder. The tender apple-blossom blowing in the spring wind has more manliness in it than Mr. Gilder's body and soul. He is a zephyr, a breath. In face, in form, in voice, and in movement he is a pathetic imitation of a young girl. Nobody would hurt him.

Has our reader who asks for such harsh words ever seen a quivering little sensitive mouse slip across the floor in search of a crumb?

That is, to the very life, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, with his gray hair falling around his little mouse eyes, and his thin body shivering in his black cape, gliding into a room among men.

The man who would attack Mr. Gilder by word or deed would be capable of attacking the eleven-ounce baby in the Coney Island incubator.

Like the apple blossom in the wind, the mouse in the great steel building, the premature citizen in the hot incubator, Mr. Gilder is to be admired for the fact that he is alive at all. Only our kind thoughts are for him.

The correspondent of the World furnished this picture of a meeting between Mr. Hearst and a discontented delegate:

There was a strike on by the newsboys against the man who handles the Hearst newspapers in Rochester. A local speaker

at the Germania Hall meeting spoke of it and said: "It first strike Mr. Hearst ever had, and this won't last an hour, he learns of it, if there is any merit on the boys' side." Hearst, on his way to Germania Hall five minutes late startled by a ragged boy, who jumped on his carriage stuck his head inside. In two minutes he had finished a word which told the newspaper proprietor all about the Mr. Hearst said he hadn't heard of it. He thanked the boy said he would take the matter up as soon as he reached York.

The Chicago Chronicle describes a recent occurrence in the Illinois metropolis as an illustration of the manner in which Mr. Hearst is supposed to condemn:

William R. Hearst and Victor F. Lawson, publishers of cent afternoon newspapers, formed an agreement to advance price of their papers from fifty cents per 100 to sixty cents per 100. As this reduction cut down the already small margin carriers' profits to the vanishing point, a certain proportion of the carriers exercised their undoubted rights and declined to handle the American and the News. The next morning Tuesday morning—these carriers found themselves locked out of every morning newspaper establishment with the exception of the Chronicle. They were thus given to understand that they did not carry the Hearst and the Lawson afternoon papers, or at least without any profit, they could not have the papers to serve to their patrons. This was and is a more flagrant and outrageous from the fact that the law is committed at the behest of William R. Hearst.

At the close of last week the Hearst leaders confident and generous in their estimates of the popularity of their candidate would receive. Tammany Leader said 74,000 in the city; Chairman of the State Committee, William J. Connors, said 148,000; Max sen, Hearst's campaign manager, said 150,000. Accompanying these reports is this from the Herald:

During the day Timothy L. Woodruff, chairman of the Republican State Committee, and State Committeeman V. Barnes, Jr., of Albany, talked with thirty-one of the sixty chairmen of the Republican party throughout the State. Various chairmen reported the conditions of their home counties. Asked what the reports were, Mr. Woodruff said:

"I don't care to discuss them."

"Will you say anything about the political situation throughout the State?" Woodruff was asked.

"Yes," he replied. "I think about 9 o'clock on the morning of November 6 I shall say something."

Visions of possible action by Hearst in the gubernatorial chair are called up by some apprehensive politicians:

The possible removal from office of Mayor McClellan, District Attorney Jerome by Mr. Hearst, if elected Governor of New York, is apparently agitating many minds. Under the constitution of the State, Hearst would have the power to remove them both, and scores of other officials in addition. President Roosevelt, when Governor, exercised this prerogative and manly removed District Attorney Gardiner, of New York, Sheriff Guden, of Kings County.

As usual in New York large sums are being wagered on the result of the election. This report was sent last Friday:

As a result of a great influx of Hearst money in the hours of the afternoon, the odds dropped from 3 to 1 on Hughes to 2 to 1 and 2½ to 1. It was reported in the curb market that about \$100,000 had been placed at that price.

The Los Angeles News has these editorial notes on the situation:

Among the correspondents of important papers who are sending daily dispatches from New York on the campaign, are Hornaday of the Indianapolis News and Raymond Patten of the Chicago Tribune, both men of the highest standing in the profession, and both are convinced that Hearst is likely to win. They comment particularly upon the great crowds which attend the Hearst meetings everywhere. As to this the Indianapolis News remarks editorially, that in 1872 another newspaper editor (Mr. Greeley) ran for office in similar circumstances and when he made his tour, the crowds that greeted him were enormous. But no candidate ever was more badly beaten. People wanted to see him. They cheered him, too. Election day, "the great American sterling common sense" won its way.

The largest factory in the country for the making of fine writing-paper is to be erected in Holyoke, Mass. The estimated cost of the six buildings, together with the necessary machinery, is about \$700,000. Nearly 400 operatives will be employed. The plant will have a capacity of thirty tons of writing-paper daily. The mills will form an extension of the American Writing Paper Company's property, which now includes sixteen factories.

It was Admiral Dewey who said the Filipinos are as capable of self-government as the Cubans, observing that the Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution, and asks: Hasn't the hero of Manila Bay?

FAILURE OF PARIS SUNDAY LAW.

Restaurateurs Perplexed, Barbera and Bakers in Confusion and Distress.

It has been attempted many times to make each and every day happy by law, and still the attempts are to be counted by failure than of success. At this moment in Paris we are in the excitement of a new effort to force employers to make their holidays more frequent and longer. As before, the accomplishment is uncertain. Because of Socialist and Radical demands, a new law to enforce a weekly day of rest was produced, and for some time the government has endeavored to carry out its provisions. To the surprise of many well-meaning persons, the ones to be benefited are making the enforcement a work of difficulty. The law does not require that in all cases Sunday shall be chosen for the holiday. Employers of labor desire to obey the law, but without interruption to their business and great inconvenience to the public. They planned with their workmen for alternate rest-days, a part of the employees to have their holiday while others worked. But the plan failed, and confusion and actual want of the necessities have followed.

To present the spectacle in its absurdity: The barbers on the Boulevards St. Germain and St. Michel heard the decision of the Prefect of Police that they must close their establishments Sundays, but they preferred to work Monday. The workmen gain from Sunday tips were well pleased. But the barbers from other establishments which had closed, surrounded the ones still open and demanded that work should cease, and making to quiet their demands the workmen laid down their razors and scissors. Patrons were left in their stalls still draped and with soaped and half-shaven faces. The dogs were like Russian poodles, partly shorn. Waiting lists of idlers and watching deputations jeered the few admitted ones.

It was much more annoying, but not without amusement. In other departments of trade and labor there were disturbing incidents. About the bakeries there were throngs of inquirers of two species—workmen who demanded that the fellows should cease from labor and join them, and others desiring Sunday supplies. Three thousand families were affected by the declarations of the workmen. Where bakers persisted in their duties there was disorder. Windows were broken, sand and stones thrown, unbaked bread. Master bakers who had closed their factories went in parties to bakeries that remained open, bought all the bread ready for sale and distributed it without cost to the people. One prosperous poplectic proprietor was so affected by the outcry and struggles that he fell in a fit and did not recover. That meant loss and endless difficulty for some was a source of gain by others. At the wine-shops in the districts there were procured, for the first closed day, supplies of bread for the demand foreseen, these loaves were bought eagerly by the poor, but at exorbitant prices. With all this there were many who could not be supplied, and fresh bread was not to be had on the Monday following. Stale loaves only can be found in the bakeries now on Mondays.

At the restaurants there are even more insurmountable obstacles to a complete enforcement of the law. The Sunday dinner is not only the necessity of the individual, but the need of the family that on other days dines in their own apartments. But the chefs must rest, and to take their places no competent ones can be found. Waiters, too, must for one day desist serving and accepting the tips of the served. The police have complete control of the employees at each cafe and restaurant, and enforce the rule that only six days of labor shall be performed by them. Those who would rest on another day and work on Sunday are prevented, if possible, by those who are not employed. The Limonadiers' Union, which includes the better part of the restaurant and cafe proprietors, seriously considers the proposal to close entirely and allow the government to observe the distress of the public that would result. This is not to be regarded calmly.

A change is already to be observed in the appearance of the boulevards. There is less of gayety, good humor,

and holiday aspect. From place to place of anticipated disagreement go parties of dissatisfied workmen. It does not seem possible that Paris shall come to present such scenes of desolate quiet as the streets of London on Sunday.

There is yet a large and important division of laborers not affected by the law. For seven years railroad engineers and firemen have been assured legally one day of rest in every ten; conductors, guards, and starters, one day in every fifteen; agents at the stations two half-days in the month. In the railroad workshops, however, and in the luggage and goods transportation departments, are many thousands for whom no provision has been made. They will add their appeals for consideration to the differing complaints of those who have been contemplated by the new law, but who are still discontented. Without doubt there will be a revision of the law. A day of rest is an agreed necessity, but it seems beyond possibility that it may be made of general application for the same day of the week for all in one department of industry. The most determined Socialists and Radicals will not longer insist upon such a regulation. The experiences of the past month have swept away unnumbered illusions.

St. Martin.

Paris, October 9, 1906.

"It has probably not escaped the attention of William Jennings Bryan that the Democrats who are denouncing Hearst are the men who bolted his nomination for the Presidency in 1896 and 1900," remarks the Oakland Tribune. "Belmont, Ryan, Jerome and all that crowd opposed Bryan with all their might each time he was a candidate. The New York Times, New York World, New York Evening Post and Brooklyn Eagle could no more stomach the Nebraska statesman than they can Hearst. They found an ideal candidate in Alton B. Parker, but Parker was the worst-beaten man that ever ran for President. The majority against him in his own State—New York—was phenomenal. Hearst will probably be defeated, but it is quite certain that no other Democrat is able to poll the vote he can. The fact is, that the Democracy of the Empire State is split into two factions as far apart in aims and purposes as the poles. A negative, colorless man might get the nominal support of both factions, but could poll the full strength of neither and would satisfy nobody. The bolters are prominent by reason of their wealth and position, but they are numerically insignificant."

Daniel Drew added to the language; Theodore Roosevelt is subtracting from it, remarks the Washington Post. Drew's contribution was "watered stock," and it grew out of the fact that when he sold a drove of oxen he weighed them to the buyer immediately after they had drank copious quantities of water. After the old drover got to be a magnate of Wall street, this practice of his gave addition to our financial nomenclature. Commodore Vanderbilt was the first to practice it, and for the reason that it was the only way in the world to keep the New York Central Railroad as then chartered out of perpetual bankruptcy. At this reading the "water" the old commodore put in the Central is worth \$1.44 to the dollar.

Senator Edward Wolcott had a more genial view of William McKinley than is expressed by John S. Wise in his recent book, notes Harper's Weekly. "I go into the White House," said he to a friend in the Senate, "for some of the luscious fruit of patronage hanging on its inner walls. The gracious gardener receives me so sweetly that I go away satiated with the rich odors of the things I seek, and it is only when I see you and other friends of the administration that I realize—so sadly—that the fruit itself is hanging there still."

In accepting his renomination to Congress, Nicholas Longworth declared to the Republican convention in Cincinnati: "Upon questions of party policy I am first, last, and all the time a follower of President Roosevelt. Not because he is my friend and counselor in many things; not because we are of near family connection; not because of my admiration for him as a man, but because, upon great public questions, I believe that he is right, and because that, by following his leadership, I shall be doing that which is right."

In Alabama, a couple of weeks ago, at a Republican convention, there was not a negro present—one of the details indicating a general drift of the Republicans in the South toward leaving the negroes out of their politics.

SEISMIC OBSERVATIONS AT SANTIAGO.

Professor Curtis Writaea of the Chilean Earthquake and Its Effect.

The earthquake at Valparaiso and Santiago, Chile, was four months after the San Francisco convulsion, lacking two days, and the events of that fateful night, August 16, and the succeeding week of continued tremors, are now being described with calmness and completeness. A few days ago Professor Kroeck, of the Pacific University at San Jose, received a letter from Professor Heber D. Curtis of the Santiago observatory, which gives an account of many striking scenes and incidents of the catastrophe. Professor Curtis was for many years connected with the Pacific University, and later was at the Lick Observatory. He was put in charge of the observatory at Santiago, equipped through the generosity of D. O. Mills, when work began there. He says:

I think we can go California one better as far as simon-pure earthquakes are concerned. Chile has been pretty hard hit, as most of her wealth and resources are situated in this central portion of her territory. On the whole her people are standing it as well as could be expected of this kind of people, but not like San Franciscans of course.

As in San Francisco, the first shock was the most severe:

The California shock was about one minute in length; here it lasted four minutes and fifty seconds! The din and shrieks of the natives made a great uproar, and the ground shook so that it was difficult to walk. . . . All Santiago slept outdoors that night despite the rain, in coaches, public and private, street cars, or in the open; all, except fool foreigners like ourselves. None of us slept, however, except the two younger children and my wife, who has no nerves and is probably the only woman in Santiago who undressed and went to bed that night. I stayed up on guard and got a few "cat-naps" between shocks. There were 23 that night and the total number of after-shakes since then must now be well over 130.

The Chilean weather bureau had vaguely predicted seismic disturbances for the 16th, basing them on an alleged conjunction between the moon and Jupiter, although, as Prof. Curtis points out, the conjunction occurred on the 14th. It was thought that the astronomers could give further information concerning the future:

For a week our little home was literally besieged with thirsters after earthquake information, poor peones, detachments of mounted police from every station in the city and several from the chief army officers, and even a brilliant aide-de-camp from His Excellency the President of Chile, all with the same question, "Will there be another terremoto tonight?" I assured them all that, in my opinion, all danger had passed, there was no probability of another heavy shock, though the small after-shocks might continue some time.

I gave to the press similar statements, and have recently, owing to the prevalence of rumors of other shocks predicted by "los astrónomos yanquis," sent out a statement that shocks had absolutely no connection with astronomical phenomena, that the observatory had never predicted and would never attempt to predict the time of an earthquake shock, and that all such rumors were absolutely false.

Dread significance was given by the Chileans to the most trifling things, especially if there was any mystery connected with them:

Some picnickers had previously placed on the highest point of Mount San Cristobal, about a quarter of a mile from the observatory, a small flagstaff with a white flag at the top and a bunch of brush tied beneath it. This had been in full view of the city for nearly two months. But this day it got on their nerves. Why was this black flag being displayed from the Cerro? Was "el astrónomo yanqui" predicting another terremoto? This and other rumors took possession of the people. Paddock and I and two helpers were at the top all day and so knew nothing of the panic till the afternoon, when some mounted policemen came to the top to ask the meaning of the "black flag." I was much puzzled, but when I found out the trouble I urged them to cut down the pole at once, and finally did it myself just as a mounted policeman was sent up for the purpose. That night there came an emissary from the president asking the meaning of the signals which I was displaying from the Cerro, and would I favor them with a code? I explained in a letter, which was published the next day, the harmless character and age of this "flag" and told where it could now be found.

Prof. Curtis is convinced that the shocks were tectonic in character:

A commission has been appointed to study the shock and its causes. I published a statement that the primary cause was doubtless the same as at San Francisco, the slipping or sliding of one stratum past another, due to the well-known geological fact that the coast of Chile is very slowly rising. I learn since that the Bay of Valparaiso is now ten feet shallower. So I think that the displacement in this shock will prove to be mainly vertical. It may be that the centre of disturbance was under the sea, as Valparaiso suffered much more than Santiago.

Among those who handle high explosives there runs this proverb: "In this business a man never makes more than one mistake."

A RIVER TRAGEDY.

An Experience of a Logger's Life in the Redwoods.

The Mendocino redwood country is not the pleasantest place in the world to be in during rainy weather. Once the wet season has regularly set in, the belt that stretches for miles north of the Gualala River along the coast presents about as cheerless and dismal a prospect as a depressed imagination would care to picture. Life, however, is stirring at such times. The freshets which then occur upon the river carry down immense quantities of timber to the coast, where it is collected, assorted, and held ready for transport to San Francisco or other commercial centers. This, of course, entails activity commensurate with the fall of the rain and the extent of the freshet.

The Gualala River is the natural drain for the great basin of the Mendocino redwoods, and though its actual course is short compared with other California rivers, its north, middle, and south forks together form a very respectable aggregate of water highway, the logging business on which is by no means the least of the industries of the State. Two or three winters ago I chanced to be in this section of the country, just as the first heavy rains were setting in. and, as luck would have it, had got caught in the district lying between the middle and south forks of the Gualala River. When heavy rains set in it is no uncommon thing for the dwellers between the forks to be kept water-bound for several days at a time, with the alternative of either crossing the swollen torrent or making a difficult passage over the plashing, soggy mountain divides to the stage road in the interior of the country. Such was the state of affairs when I found myself unexpectedly caught at a small logging camp near the banks of the creek, thankful enough, however, under the circumstances, to have shelter over my head, a roaring fire to sit at, and a bunk to turn into when I got ready.

"Rain's a-comin' down purty lively," remarked one of the three woodsmen who occupied the cabin, as he finished cleaning the supper dishes and lit his pipe. "Startin' in purty early, ain't it, Jim?"

"Waal, no," replied the party addressed from the bunk, where he was lying stretched upon his blankets, reading some old papers by the light of a candle. "I reck'lect it comin' down heavier nor this afore January. Seventy-six, warn't it, Bill, when the forks was a-boomin', an' we cudden make the Point for nigh onto two weeks?"

The third personage, addressed as Bill, assented with a nod of the head, from a stool before the fire, where he sat with his chin upon his hands.

"No, nor I wouldn't keer to make the Point on sech a night as this," observed the first personage who spoke, as he drew up a stool beside Bill and myself, and puffed away at his pipe.

"It's a matter of some difficulty then, crossing the river, is it?" I asked, with the tinge of anxiety, as I knew very well that the "Point" alluded to was the settlement of Stewart's Point, toward which I was then traveling, and to get there it was necessary to cross the fork of the river we were now on.

"Well, stranger, I should remark," said Bill, who had hitherto said nothing, looking up. "The fords is all up, the crick hez riz more'n five feet senst mornin', and there's nary bridge 'cept ye take the logs, and it's a mighty dang'rous thing to do, ev'n fur a 'sperienched hand, let alone a tenderfoot. Why, fust thing ye know'd, the hull pile might break up, an' ye'd find yerself at the Point quicker'n ye had use fur, ev'n s'posin' ye didn't git crushed to sawdust or drowned afore ye was fifty feet on yer way." And the old logger relapsed into meditation, with a cough in which I thought I could detect a tinge of pity.

The slight smattering which I possessed of woodcraft was enough to tell me that the remarks just made related to an enormous pile of heterogeneous logs and trunks of trees, that formed a compact mass bridging the stream some quarter of a mile above, the slippery and treacherous nature of which might well prove fatal to a tyro in the redwoods, should he attempt to cross that rude and perilous causeway, which, I noticed on

passing in that afternoon, constituted then the only practicable connection between shore and shore.

The company had relapsed into silence, only broken by the swish of the driving rain upon the cabin's walls, when suddenly the door was thrown open and a fourth woodsman stepped unceremoniously in.

"Hello, Dan Higgins!" exclaimed the trio, almost in a breath, as the newcomer brought his dripping, oilskin-clad figure nearer the fire.

"What's brought ye out in sech a night as this?" said Bill, making room for him: "I'd ha' thought you'd rather ha' stayed in doors wi' the old woman. I shud, in your place, you bet."

"I came down to borrr yer hook," returned the person addressed as Dan Higgins, shaking the rain from his clothes; "mine's broke."

"What ye want with a hook t'night?" chorused the crowd.

"Gwine ter cross the creek an' git med'cine for the little gal," replied Dan. "She's took awful bad wi' the newmoany, and nothin' 'll do the old woman but to git medicine from the Point right away. Whar's yer hook? Oh, thar it is in the corner," he continued, walking to one end of the cabin and taking up a long pole tipped with steel, something like a boat-hook, used occasionally by loggers to steady themselves upon such passages as Dan now proposed to make.

"How were the logs lookin' as ye come along, Dan?" asked Bill, reflectively.

"The water was lappin' 'em purty lively," replied Dan; "but that there big trunk's layin' right 'cross stream below, and it'll take a might big push to start her. Guess she's all right for a day or two yet, anyways."

"Waal, ef ye're bound to make it," said Bill, getting up and suiting the action to the word, "I'll see ye acrost the creek with the lantern;" and so saying, both men stepped out into the dark, pulling to the cabin door with some difficulty behind them.

It might have been ten or fifteen minutes after, that a low, deep sound, quite distinct from that made by the wind and rain dashing outside, or the swirl of the water lapping the banks of the stream some fifty yards below the cabin, suddenly fell upon our ears. Both the woodsmen in the cabin jumped to their feet simultaneously, and I did likewise.

"The logs hez busted!" cried Jim, "an' the chances is as how Dan Higgins an' Bill hain't got acrost yet. Like enough they's got caught, an', ef so, God help em!" and the logger caught up a lantern and jumped out of the cabin without waiting to put on his hat, speedily followed by his partner and myself, all of us making our way in the direction of the creek. The muffled sound, like the deep, distant rumbling of thunder, came heavier, and began to resolve itself into the grinding and groaning of the trunks of the gigantic trees, now rather felt than seen, moving down the creek slowly to the position where we stood.

"Thar they are!" exclaimed Jim, his already blanched face looking even more ghastly beneath the rays of the lantern carried in his partner's hand. "Thar they are, both the two o' them! Don't yer see their lantern shinin' up from the front logs?"

There certainly, about a hundred yards up stream, flickered and danced a fitful spark, oscillating from side to side with the motion of the log on which the men evidently stood, though I could not distinguish their forms through the darkness and blinding rain.

Two minutes more and the dread procession had approached near enough for us to distinguish the figures and their peril. They were standing near the hither end of a gigantic redwood trunk, the foremost of the floating squadron of trees and logs, coming down, as inexorable rear guard, directly upon it, and threatening to overwhelm, or snap, or crush it by sheer weight if it offered the least obstacle to their majestic onward sweep. The two woodsmen had evidently chosen, or rather shifted, their position as near to the shore as possible, where they could now see their friends standing by our lantern, just as we saw them by theirs. But the unequal distribution of gravity which this very step of self-preservation involved, was every moment causing the tree to assume a more and more transverse position to the stream, so that it became evident to an experienced

eye that it was only a matter of time before it would again stretch the same barriers from shore to shore it had done before starting upon its compulsory voyage. This, however, ineffectual as it would have been to protect the lives upon it from the irresistible force being projected against it, was not destined to be accomplished. Foot by foot the wall of trees and behind it was approaching, owing to the decreased momentum of the transversely floating tree in front.

Suddenly a shriek divided the comparatively stillness of the night, so intent had all the actors been the pressing necessity of the moment, even to hazy exclamation. A female figure came flying down slope from the camp above, and as she dashed to bank of the creek it became evident that she was swinging a riata above her head. The leather thong whirled through the air straight for the men, standing now more than fifty feet abreast of us on the trunk of tree. Bill, who was holding the lantern, caught noose, and, slipping it over the head of Dan Higgins till the thong caught around his waist, said, in a voice we could hear from the bank:

"Thar ye are. I kin ketch on to the back o' the tree an' make the bank's quick's yerself. I hain't got time to waste on my wife 'n' family to s'port, noways. Jump!"

So saying, both men leaped headlong into the air, eight strong arms straining every energy to catch them through the eddy made by the tree, now relieved of its weight, swinging slowly around toward length of the stream. Thirty feet and both men would have been safe, but, at last, the great supporting beam being driven sheer endways down the channel, shorter logs, now with free room to play, surging driving past it on every side. One of these bore straight down upon the woodsmen. With a gigantic effort, both men, from the deadly danger before them, the pull upon leather rope by the men on shore seemed for a moment to make the nearly submerged bodies fairly leap from the water. Next moment both men disappeared from view beneath the ponderous trunk, and when, five or six seconds later, the burden at the end of the riata dragged to shore, it was lighter by one.

Nothing could be done for the generous and venturesome man who had in a measure sacrificed his single life to save that of his married partner—for might well have appropriated the saving noose. When, three days afterward his body was washed back from the bar at the river's mouth, not an eye was cast at it, and not a man was absent from the funeral procession of the rude woodsman who was not known—and, as far as my inquiries could stretch, never had been known by any other name than that of "Bill."

The lavish establishment and entertainments of the Ambassador Reid, which have amazed even the English, have frequently given rise to comment on the extent to which our diplomatic service is becoming limited to very wealthy men, notes the Springfield (Mass.) Republican. The American embassy at Berlin presents for the moment an even more striking example. Ambassador Tower himself is reputed to have a very large fortune. But just now American society in Berlin impatiently waiting the coming of Spencer Eddy, new first secretary. The special cause of interest in Mr. Eddy is that he comes from his last post in St. Petersburg with "a reputation for magnificent living that he has 'seven automobiles' and that since leaving St. Petersburg he has married Miss Spreckels, the San Francisco heiress of the famous sugar family. A second secretary at Berlin is Robert Garrett, a Baltimore millionaire in his own right, while the third secretary, Nelson O'Shaughnessy, is the son of a New York corporation lawyer said to be worth more millions still.

The neatest town in the world is Brock, in Holland. So tidy are the inhabitants that they will not allow horses in the streets. It contains a population of 270 and the chief industry is the making of Edam cheese.

Dr. Edward Hoeber of the staff of the Berlin Tageblatt, who not long ago wrote an article on how to avoid Alpine accidents, was killed the other day while climbing the Little Zinne, in the Dolomites.

Lenenhock and Humboldt both say that a single pound of the finest spider webs would reach around the world.

Only five in each 1000 English people own land. In Russia 140 out of every 1000 are landowners.

POST HOMERICA.

By Andrew Lang.

As one that for a weary space has lain
Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine
In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,
Where that Aegean isle forgets the main,
And only the low lutes of love complain,
And only shadows of wan lovers pine,
As such an one were glad to know the brine
Salt on his lips, and the large air again—
So gladly, from the songs of modern speech
Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,
And through the music of the languid hours
They hear, like ocean on a western beach,
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

PISIDICE.

The incident is from the "Love Stories of Parthenius," who
ed fragments from a lost epic on the expedition of Achilles
Lesbos, an island allied with Troy.]

The daughter of the Lesbian king
Within her bower she watched the war,
Far off she heard the arrows ring,
The smitten harness ring afar;
And, fighting from the foremost car,
Saw one that smote where all must flee;
More fair than the Immortals are
He seemed to fair Pisidice!

She saw, she loved him, and her heart
Before Achilles, Peleus' son,
Threw all its guarded gales apart,
A maiden fortress lightly won!
And, ere that day of fight was done,
No more of land or faith recked she,
But joyed in her new life begun—
Her life of love, Pisidice!

She took a gift into her hand,
As one that had a boon to crave;
She stole across the ruined land
Where lay the dead without a grave,
And to Achilles' hand she gave
Her gift, the secret postern's key,
"To-morrow let me be thy slave!"
Moaned to her love, Pisidice!

Ere dawn the Argive's clarion call
Rang down Methymna's burning street;
They slew the sleeping warriors all,
They drove the women to the fleet,
Save one, that to Achilles' feet
Clung, but in sudden wrath cried he:
"For her no doom but death is meet."
And there men slayed Pisidice.

In havens of that haunted coast,
Amid the myrtles of the shore,
The moon sees many a maiden ghost—
Love's outcast now and ever more.
The silence hears the shades deplore
Their hour of dear-bought love; but thee
The waves lull, 'neath thine olives hoar,
To dreamless rest, Pisidice!

HOMER.

Homer, thy song men likened to the sea,
With all the notes of music in its tone,
With tides that wash the dim dominion
Of Hades, and light waves that laugh in glee
Around the isles enchanted; nay, to me
Thy verse seems as the River of source unknown
That glasses Egypt's temples overthrown
In the sky-nurtured stream, eternally.

No wiser we than men of heretofore
To find thy sacred fountains guarded fast;
Enough, thy flood makes green our human shore.
As Nilus Egypt, rolling down his vast,
His fertile flood, that murmurs evermore
Of gods dethroned, and empires in the past.

HOMERIC UNITY.

The sacred keep of Iliou is rent
With trench and shaft; foiled waters wander slow
Through plains where Simois and Scamander went
To war with gods and heroes long ago.
Not yet to tired Cassandra, lying low
In rich Mycenae, do the Fates relent;
The bones of Agamemnon are a show,
And ruined is his royal monument.

The dust and awful treasures of the Dead
Hath Learning scattered wide, but vainly thee,
Homer, she mateth with her tool of lead,
And strives to rend thy songs; too blind to see
The crown that burns on thine immortal head
Of indivisible supremacy!

TWO SONNETS OF THE SIRENS.

Les Sirenes estoient tant intimes amies et fidelles-compagnes
Proserpine, qu'elles estoient toujours ensemble. Esmues du
euil de la perte de leur chere compagne, et enuyees au
ir, elles s'arrestèrent a la mer Sicilienne, ou par leurs

chantes elles attiroient les navigans, mais l'unique fin de la volupte
de leur musique es la Mort," Pontus de Tyrad, 1570.]

I.

The Sirens once were maidens innocent
That through the water-meads with Proserpine
Plucked no fire-hearted flowers, but were content
Cool fritillaries and flag-flowers to twine,
With lilies woven and with wet woodbine;
Till forth to seek Aelnaen buds they went,
And their kind lady from their choir was rent
By Hades, down the irremeable decline.
And they have sought her all the wild world through,
Till many years, and wisdom, and much wrong,
Have filled and changed their song, and o'er the blue
Rings deadly sweet the magic of the song,
And whoso hears must listen till he die
Far on the flowery shores of Sicily.

II.

So is it with this singing art of ours,
That once with maids went, maidenlike, and played
With woven dances in the poplar shade,
And all her song was but of lady's bowers
And the returning swallows, and spring-flowers,
Till forth to seek a shadow-queen she strayed,
A shadowy land; and now hath overweighed
Her singing chaplet with the snow and showers.
And running rivers for the bitter brine
She left, and by the margin of life's sea
Sings, and her song is full of the sea's moan,
And wild with dread, and love of Proserpine;
And whoso once has listened to her, he
His whole life long is slave to her alone.

"A horse who has always been made to obey quickly
will respond to commands from any one, whereas the
creature who has been petted and talked to accords,
unless hungry, scant attention to any one. We talk to
horses altogether too much, and it is a silly and danger-
ous custom," declares F. M. Ware in "Outing Maga-
zine." The animal's attention is kept if you are silent—
he does not know what you will do next, and as he dis-
trusts and merely tolerates you, even as he fears you, his
anxiety is always to find out what you wish done, or
what move you will next make.

The better Chinese are reported to have a strong feel-
ing against the enormous extension of the growth of the
poppy throughout the empire. A Pekin correspondent of
the London Times indicates that China will ask India
to consent to an annual reduction in the import of opium
to China, which would have the effect of extinguishing
the trade in ten years, and as an evidence of good faith
will issue an Imperial edict condemning the use of opium
and forbidding the employment in the Government ser-
vice of any opium eater, and order an annual reduction
in poppy cultivation leading to its extinction in ten years.

Congressman John Sharp Williams, the Democratic
leader in the House, aspires to a seat in the Senate. He
intended to open his campaign at Brookhaven, Mass.,
October 5, where it was expected that Governor Var-
daman would speak from the same platform, as he had
announced his candidacy for the Senatorship. The lat-
ter, however, sent word that he would make no speeches
this year, and, accordingly, Mr. Williams confined his
address to a general statement of Democratic principles,
and will refrain from urging his candidacy at other
appointments.

The annual report of Robert J. Tracewell, Compt-
roller of the Treasury, has been issued and the title-
page reads "controller." When the President issued
his simplified spelling rules the Comptrollers of the Cur-
rency and the Treasury pointed to the fact that the law
provided for "comptrollers" not "controllers." Mr.
Tracewell often tells the story of how President Grant,
desiring to have a comptroller change a decision, re-
marked that while he could not compel the comptroller
to change his views, he could change comptrollers.

The multiplication of electric car lines and the rapid
increase in the use of automobiles do not warrant the
conclusion that horses are going out of use or growing
scarcer. From an investigation by the Government it
appears that the aggregate of horses in the United
States, the first of the year, stood at 18,718,578,
against 14,364,367 on the corresponding date of 1897.
The supply of mules has also been growing, for
whereas there was record in 1897 of 2,215,654, there
were 3,404,061 in 1906.

Twenty long columns in recent issues of New York
papers, filled with small type, present a mere list of the
polling places in the city for the coming election.

During the nineteenth century fifty-two new islands
rose from the sea by volcanic action and sixteen disap-
peared.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Should George H. Utter, of Rhode Island, be re-
elected Governor next week it will be his third term. He
is the Republican candidate.

The London magazine which was threatened with a
libel suit by Richard Croker will print a retraction and
apology. It had charged Mr. Croker with having used
his office as chief of Tammany Hall for purposes of
financial profit.

Governor Folk, of Missouri, traveled with William J.
Bryan on a recent campaign tour and spoke from the
same platform, but he opposes Bryan's idea of Govern-
ment ownership of the railroads. He proposes, instead,
a Government supervision of the roads, similar to that
exercised over the national banks.

Oscar S. Strauss, the announcement of whose pend-
ing appointment to the position of Secretary of Commerce
and Labor has been made, will be the first citizen of the
Hebrew faith to enter the cabinet. He was born in
1850, and is well known as a merchant, diplomat, and
author. He represented the United States as minister
to Turkey on two different occasions and was appointed
by the President to fill the vacancy caused by the death
of former President Harrison as a member of the perma-
nent court of arbitration at The Hague.

An Associated Press dispatch of October 23 said
that the following statement regarding prospective condi-
tions in President Roosevelt's cabinet had been made
public at the White House: "On the retirement of
Secretary Shaw and Attorney-General Moody from the
cabinet the following changes will be made: Secretary
of the Treasury, George B. Cortelyou; Postmaster
General, George Von L. Meyer; Attorney-General,
Charles J. Bonaparte; Secretary of the Navy, Victor
H. Metcalf; Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Oscar
S. Strauss."

The California State Bar Association has issued an
address to the citizens of San Francisco recommending
that Judges Coffey, Graham, Lawlor, and Hosmer be
returned to the Superior bench by the electors of this
city and county. The address concludes with these
words: "The past services of these men entitle us to
indorse them as absolutely honest judges, well qualified
to perform the duties of their office. Without regard
to political faith we recommend to the citizens of San
Francisco, for the best interests of our city and our peo-
ple, that Judges Coffey, Graham, Lawlor and Hosmer
be retained at the coming election in their present positions
as judges of our Superior Court."

The first public utterance by President Roosevelt
touching on the campaign in New York State was con-
veyed to a mass meeting at Cooper Union, October 27,
in the form of an indorsement of the gubernatorial can-
didacy of Charles E. Hughes. The message follows:
"Anyone who believes or who tries to convey the im-
pression that I am not heart and soul for Mr. Hughes
is either willfully or inadvertently laboring under a
delusion. I am first, last, and all the time for Mr.
Hughes, because I know and feel that he stands pre-
cisely for the same principle that I stand for. I authorize
you to make that statement to your friends and my friends
on the East Side with all the emphasis that is in you."
The expression from the President was received with
tremendous applause.

Illustrating Speaker Cannon's methods on the stump,
the following is given from a report of his speech at Rum-
ford Falls, Maine: Citizen—"Mr. Cannon, how is it
that the trusts sell their goods cheaper in Europe than
they do here?" Mr. Cannon—"What is your name?"
Citizen—"Never mind my name. That doesn't matter.
Answer my question." Mr. Cannon—"My name is Joe
Cannon. What's yours?" Citizen—"I say again that
doesn't matter. Answer my question." Mr. Cannon—"Do
you work? Do you earn an honest living?" Citizen—"Yes,
I work for the paper company up here thirteen hours a day for 90 cents." Mr. Cannon—"Come out to Illinois and you can find a better job."

Senator Foraker of Ohio delivered an address at the
reunion of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland
at Chattanooga a few days ago which is claimed to have
contained a veiled attack on President Roosevelt. The
portion of his speech criticised is as follows:

It is important to protect Cubans in Cuba, but it is even more
important to protect Americans in America. It is as important
as the regulation of trusts and railroads and business corporations,
on account of which we have been invoking the powers of the
Federal Government and with respect to which powers the Presi-
dent has recently announced in public speech that they are
hampered and hindered by decisions of the courts that he does
not hesitate to say are, in his opinion, erroneous and which should
be, therefore, I presume, in some manner reversed or avoided. If
I understand what decisions are referred to I do not believe they
were erroneous, and I do not like the veiled suggestion that they
should be reversed, for I am less afraid of the greed of avarice
than I am of the greed of power.

LINCOLN, THE LAWYER.

Importance of His Twenty-Three Years of Experience.

Lincoln's twenty-three years' experience as a lawyer has been dismissed by the biographers with a paragraph or a chapter; most of them use the great President's legal career as a peg on which to hang time-worn and usually apocryphal stories. But it was while traveling the circuits of the Eighth District of Illinois that Lincoln developed the wonderful latent powers that gave to the country an extraordinary legal mind to guide her in her great crisis. Frederick Trevor Hill has written an exhaustive summing-up of the War President's career at the bar in a readable and valuable volume, "Lincoln, the Lawyer." Lincoln's work as an attorney has been so little dwelt upon by other writers that one is surprised at the extent and activity of his legal experience. Mr. Hill says:

In his twenty-three years at the bar, Lincoln had no less than one hundred and seventy-two cases before the highest court of Illinois, a record unsurpassed by his contemporaries; he appeared before the United States circuit and district courts with great frequency; he was the most indefatigable attendant on the Eighth Circuit and tried more cases than any other member of that bar; he was attorney for the Illinois Central Railroad, the greatest corporation in the State, and one which doubtless had its choice of legal talent; he was also counsel for the Rock Island Railroad, and other corporations and individuals with important legal interests at stake; he was sought as legal arbitrator in the great corporation litigations of Illinois and he tried some of the most notable cases recorded in the courts of that State.

Many stories of doubtful authenticity are told of the youthful Lincoln's legal apprenticeship. We know, however, that he was a great reader, and that he borrowed every book he could lay his hands on. One of these volumes, a musty, dry-as-dust copy of the Revised Statutes of Indiana, was his first law-book. Popular tradition says he read it "with all the excitement and avidity with which an ordinary boy would read the romances of Dumas." Mr. Hill proves this statement to be absurd, for the book is "dull as only statute law can be dull, about as easily memorized as the dictionary and of no enduring authority." After Lincoln's return from the Black Hawk War, a dissolute fellow named Berry proposed a partnership in a grocery store. Lincoln grasped the opportunity as it would allow him some leisure for study:

Lincoln afterward remarked that the best stroke of business he ever did in the grocery line was when he bought an old barrel from an immigrant for fifty cents and discovered under some rubbish at the bottom a complete set of Blackstone's Commentaries. That was a red-letter day in his life, and we have his own word for it that he literally devoured the volumes. They must, indeed, have been refreshing after the dry Indiana statutes; and if Lincoln's choice of a profession must be attributed to a law-book, no more plausible selection than Blackstone's Commentaries could possibly be made.

Berry and Lincoln virtually lived on their stock of merchandise. Berry drinking and Lincoln eating it up, and matters soon reached a crisis which drove the junior partner into the fields again, where he undertook all sorts of rough farm labor, from splitting rails to plowing. As a man-of-all-work, however, Lincoln did not prove altogether satisfactory to his employers. He was too fond of mounting stumps in the field and "practicing polemics" on the other farm hands, and there was something uncomfortable about a plowman who read as he followed the team, no matter how straight his furrows ran. Such practices were irritating, if not presumptuous, and there is a well-known story about a farmer who found "the hired man" lying in a field beside the road, dressed in his not too immaculate farm clothes, with a book instead of a pitchfork in his hand.

"What are you reading?" inquired the old gentleman.

"I'm not reading; I'm studying," answered Lincoln, his wonderful eyes still on the pages of his book.

"Studying what?"

"Law, sir."

The old man stared at the speaker for a moment in utter amazement.

"Great—God—Almighty!" he muttered as he passed on, shaking his head.

Lincoln was admitted to the bar in March, 1836, and immediately was offered, and accepted, a partnership with Major Stuart of Springfield, Illinois. Mr. Hill gives this interesting account of professional life at that period:

Illinois was only just emerging from the condition of a frontier state in 1836, and all departments of the government were still very simply administered. The judges were, in some respects, still very superior to their brethren of Indiana, but they were not overburdened with learning, and although Governor Ford's "History of Early Illinois" records the names of half a dozen of attorneys of reputed ability and

scholarship, it is doubtful if the rank and file of the primitive bar knew much more than laymen of equal intelligence.

Most of the court-houses were log built, as in Indiana, but in some districts the sessions were held in the bar rooms of taverns, and the absence of all formality in the proceedings is best illustrated by the fact that in the Circuit Court of Washington County, held by Judge John Reynolds, the sheriff usually heralded his honor by singing out: "Come in, boys! Our John is a-join' to hold court!" to which cordial invitation those having business with the law responded.

Another sheriff in Union County made a laudable effort to meet the requirements of the occasion by shouting this singular announcement:

"O, yes! O, yes! O, yes! The honorable judge is now opened!"

But the pioneer judges were prudent in civil as well as in criminal cases. They never instructed the jurors on the legal effect of testimony, and rarely told them what they could or could not find from the facts. Occasionally, however, some Solon, bolder than his fellows, would depart from this noncommittal practice, with results not always satisfactory. In one case a judge who desired to display his learning instructed the jury very fully, laying down the law with didactic authority; but the jurors, after deliberating some hours, were unable to agree. Finally the foreman rose and asked for additional instructions.

"Judge, this 'ere is the difficulty," he explained. "The jury want to know if that thar what you told us was r'ally the law, or on'y jist your notion."

The firm of Stuart & Lincoln soon built up an extensive practice. His skill at the rough-and-tumble debates at the general store, the village forum, won many admirers for the junior partner, but his ungainly appearance seems to have been a real disadvantage when he came in contact with strangers. Mr. Hill mentions the following incident:

Shortly after he became associated with Stuart, the latter sent him to try a case in McLean County for an Englishman named Baddeley, giving him a letter of introduction which advised the client that he could rely upon the bearer to try his case in the best possible manner.

Baddeley inspected his counsel's partner with amazement and chagrin. The young man was six feet four, awkward, ungainly, and apparently shy. He was dressed in ill-fitting homespun clothes, the trousers a little too short, and the coat a trifle too large. He had the appearance "of a rustic on his first visit to the circus," and as the client gazed on him, his astonishment turned to indignation and rage. What did Stuart mean by sending a bumpkin of that sort to represent him? It was preposterous, insulting, and not to be endured.

Without attempting to conceal his disgust, Baddeley unceremoniously dispensed with Lincoln's services and straightway retained James A. McDougall, later a United States Senator from California, to take charge of the case. History does not relate whether the irate Englishman won or lost the cause, but we know that he lived to become one of Lincoln's most ardent admirers.

This was not the last time Lincoln's personal appearance was to prejudice him in the practice of the law. Many years later, Stanton, then one of the leading lawyers in the country, was to snub "the long-armed creature from Illinois," who presumed to assist him in a celebrated case; and he also lived to revise his judgment and acknowledge the superiority of the man he flouted.

Joseph Jefferson describes Lincoln's defense, in 1839, of a company of strolling players. Mr. Hill quotes the following from Jefferson's Autobiography:

"Springfield being the capital of Illinois, it was determined to devote the entire season to the entertainment of the members of the Legislature. Having made money for several weeks previous to our arrival, the manager resolved to hire a lot and build a theatre. . . .

"In the midst of our rising fortunes a heavy blow fell upon us. A religious revival was in progress at the time, and the fathers of the church not only launched forth against us in their sermons, but by some political maneuver got the city to pass a new law enjoining a heavy license against our 'unholy' calling. I forget the amount, but it was large enough to be prohibitory. Here was a terrible condition of affairs. All our available funds invested, the Legislature in session, the town full of people, and we, by a heavy license, denied the privilege of opening the new theatre. . . .

"In the midst of these troubles a young lawyer called upon the manager. He had heard of the injustice and offered, if they would place the matter in his hands, to have the license taken off, declaring he only desired to see fair play, and would accept no fee, whether he failed or succeeded. The young lawyer began his harangue. He handled the subject with tact, skill, and humor, tracing the history of the drama from the time when Thespis acted in a cart to the stage of today. He illustrated his speech with a number of anecdotes, and kept the council in a roar of laughter; his good humor prevailed, and the exorbitant tax was taken off. . . .

"This young lawyer (continues Mr. Jefferson) was very popular in Springfield and was honored

and beloved by all who knew him, and after the time of which I write, he held a rather important position in the Government of the United States. He now lies buried near Springfield, under a monument commemorating his greatness and his virtues—and his name was Abraham Lincoln."

The young practitioner early won a reputation for fairness; he had his own ideas of professional ethics, with an "old-fashioned lawyer's sense of morality." He always advised his clients to keep out of litigation, when possible. His advice to lawyers was:

"Discourage litigation. Persuade your neighbors to compromise whenever you can. Point out to them how the nominal winner is often the real loser—in fees, expenses, and waste of time. As a peacemaker the lawyer has a superior opportunity of becoming a good man. There will always be enough business. Never stir up litigation. A worse man can scarcely be found than one who does this. Who can be more nearly a fiend than he who habitually overhauls the register of deeds in search of defects in titles, whereon to stir up strife and put money in his pocket? A moral tone ought to be infused into the profession which would drive such men out of it."

It has been truly said that these words should be posted in every law office in the land, and it will be seen, when Lincoln's record is fully examined, that it was not a mere theorist who wrote them, but an active practitioner of wide experience who lived up to his own teaching.

That Lincoln's standing was high among his brother lawyers is evidenced by his second partnership, that with Stephen Logan, one of the leading attorneys of the country. Lincoln cared little for office routine, and as junior partner of Mr. Logan, and later as senior partner of the firm of Lincoln & Herndon, he spent most of his time "traveling the circuit." Of that picturesque feature of pioneer days, Mr. Hill writes:

In those days lawyers in active practice spent a great part of their time following the local judges, on horseback or afoot, from one town to another, journeying in small parties, and stopping at the same taverns, like a company of players on the road. Some of the leaders, like Judge Logan, had cases to try in the various villages and towns on the route, but others picked up business on the way, and, from all accounts the pickings must have sometimes been painfully lean, for Douglas's fees on one trip amounted to only five dollars, and his was an unusually magnetic personality. There was hardship and discomfort in this work, but even in those early days, when the roads were almost impassable and the hotel accommodations belied the name, the life had its peculiar charms, for the members of the bar were persons of no little distinction in the eyes of the country villagers, and the advent of the nomadic court was the red-letter day of the country calendars.

Riding and tramping the circuit month after month brought Lincoln into close touch with almost all the local members of his profession and he took high rank among them almost from the start. There is a story that he used to be sent ahead as a scout when the rivers were swollen, to test the fords with his long legs, and doubtless it is true; but there is another story that he once interrupted a too personal debate as to the proper length of a man's legs by remarking, "I should think they ought to be long enough to reach from your body to the ground," a quiet retort which is said to have put some of the debaters in the air.

It is easy to understand the fascination of the circuit life. The members of the bar formed a bright, congenial company who strove mightily with each other in the court rooms, but ate and drank as friends. They were persons of credit and renown in the eyes of all the assembled country-side, oracles to the political gossips, and leaders of public opinion whose words were often law. Every man knew every other man, and the close, daily contact in the court rooms and on the road created a spirit of comradeship which no mere professional interest could supply. There was little of dull routine in the life, less of cold formality, nothing of the anxieties and cares which characterize modern practice, and the "play-instinct" which few men ever entirely outgrow, was strongly in evidence at every term of court. One group of the merry company founded a mock tribunal which formulated all sorts of ridiculous charges against their fellow-practitioners and tried the offenders with burlesque pomp and severity, to the delight of all beholders. Others were good at song and story, and many of the evenings passed in the judge's private room were all-night sessions of mirth and good-fellowship which made for lasting friendship and an esprit de corps destined to have a marked effect on more than one career.

So valuable was this experience to Lincoln that the author believes it is possible that without it he would never have been called to his high station. Mr. Hill adds:

It was Judge Davis and a handful of men who had learned to know and appreciate Lincoln as a lawyer—a small group of his fellow-practitioners on the Eighth Circuit: Davis, the judge; Swett, the advocate; and Logan, the leader of the bar, but especially Davis—who

forced Lincoln upon the Chicago Convent 1860, and thus gave him to the nation.

Lincoln was known as the best all-round lawyer of his day in Illinois. The effect of his method is illustrated in the following

A successful jury lawyer must needs be a thing of an actor at times, and during his prentice years Lincoln displayed no little trionic ability in his passionate appeals to juries. Indeed, his notes in the Wright show that he occasionally reverted to first principles even after he had reached the age of cretion. This case was brought on behalf of the widow of a Revolutionary War soldier whose pension had been cut in two rapacious agent, who appropriated half of sum collected for his alleged services. The aroused Lincoln's indignation, and his oration for summing up to the jury is as follows: "No contrast. Not professional ices. Unreasonable charge. Money ret by defendant—not given by plaintiff. Revolutionary War. Describe Valley Forge tions. Ice. Soldiers' bleeding feet. Plaintiff. Soldier leaving home for army. defendant. Close."

Mr. Herndon, who quotes this memorandum, testifies that the soldiers' bleeding feet and pathetic properties were handled very effectively, and that the defendant was skinned to entire satisfaction of the jury.

On one occasion when he was defending a case of assault and battery, it was proved the plaintiff had been the aggressor, but opposing counsel argued that the defendant had protected himself without inflicting injury on his assailant.

"That reminds me of the man who was tacked by the farmer's dog, which he killed a pitchfork," commented Lincoln.

"What made you kill my dog?" demanded the farmer.

"What made him try to bite me?" retorted the offender.

"But why didn't you go at him with the end of your pitchfork?" persisted the farmer.

"Well, why didn't he come at me with other end?" was the retort.

Lincoln not only made effective use of a with the jury, but frequently employed in arguing to the court, and he once completely refuted a contention that custom makes law, an anecdote drawn from his own experience. "Old Squire Bagley from Menard," he once came into my office and said: "Lincoln want your advice as a lawyer. Has a what's been elected a justice of the peace right to issue a marriage license?" I told him had not. "Lincoln, I thought you was a lawyer he retorted. 'Bob Thomas and me had a on this thing, and we agreed to let you do it; but if that is your opinion, I don't want for I know a thunderin' sight better, been Squire now eight years, and I've do all the time!'"

Lincoln's national reputation dates from early 27, 1860, when he delivered the memorable address at Cooper Union, New York, on the slavery issues. This speech, as Mr. points out, could have been made only by a fully equipped lawyer, and his triumph was direct result of three and twenty years of ice in the courts. The men who made his at Chicago for the presidential nomination, lawyers who learned his worth on the Eighth Circuit of Illinois. His last visit to his office to attend to some business on the day his departure for Washington is told in a characteristic episode:

"After all these things were disposed relates Mr. Herndon, 'he crossed to the posite side of the room and threw himself on the old office sofa, which, after many of service, had been moved against the for support. He lay there for some moments his face toward the ceiling, without either speaking. . . . He then recalled some cidents of his early practice and took pleasure in delineating the ludicrous features many a law suit on the circuit. . . . The gathered up a bundle of books and papers wished to take with him, and started to go before leaving he made the strange request the sign-board which swung on its rusty h at the foot of the stairway should remain. it hang there undisturbed,' he said, with significant lowering of his voice. 'Give clients to understand that the election of President makes no difference in the . . . If I live, I'm coming back some and then we'll go right on practicing law nothing had ever happened.' . . . lingered for a moment as if to take a last at the old quarters, and then passed into narrow hallway."

Mr. Hill's book is a great contribution to the literature of Lincoln. The illustrations in a new portrait of Lincoln, and reproduction of historical documents and interesting manuscripts.

Published by The Century Company, New York; \$2.00 net.

Mrs. Edith Wharton's new novel will be titled "The Fruit of the Tree." All that is disclosed concerning it deals with a tremendous problem of vast and intricate human interest. The action for the most part takes place in the country and in a town of old-fashioned institutions brushed by the fringe of active metropolitan

INDIVIDUALITIES.

is understood at Washington that Lloyd G. Com. at present American ambassador at Brazil is to be transferred to St. Petersburg in place of Ambassador Meyer when the latter becomes a member of President Roosevelt's cabinet.

The German Socialists, through Herr Bebel, their leader, have sent \$5000 to M. Jaures, the Paris socialist editor, who recently announced that he would have to suspend the publication of his paper, Humanite, unless his followers supplied him with funds.

King Haakon and Queen Maud of Norway will spend the month of November in England. They will be the guests of the King and Queen, both at Sandringham Hall and at Windsor Castle. It is believed that the King of Denmark will also pay a visit to England this year.

The celebration by Prof. Edward Zeller, who is ninety-three years old, of the seventieth anniversary of his promotion to the doctor's degree, will take place simultaneously with the retirement of Prof. Kuno Fischer, eighty-two years old, from Heidelberg University, and the completion of his seventieth year by Prof. Ranke, once again. It suggests the probability that brain work is conducive to longevity.

The news that Mrs. Phoebe Hearst will settle in Paris for the next two years has been somewhat of a surprise to her friends there. She has tied herself with the marriage of her young daughter, Miss Antonia Cistue, whose wedding to M. Dacquin, the correspondent of the Hearst papers, has just taken place. The bride is a daughter of a Spanish friend of Mrs. Hearst, the Infanta Eulalia, who was at the wedding breakfast.

Mr. Thomas Lipton, replying to a female interviewer who questioned him on the subject of his matrimonial intentions, replied that he would not be married long ago if he had only been a woman. This recalls the reply made by Sir Richard Burton, the famous oriental traveler, to a jealous mother who asked him what his intentions were concerning her daughter. "Ah, my dear lady," said Sir Richard, "in a country like Great Britain where a man is allowed but one wife at a time he can not be too careful."

According to report, the most heavily dowered among American girls who have married abroad was the Duchess of Roxburgh—born

Miss Goelet—with a fortune of \$40,000,000. Others in the list are: The Duchess of Marlborough, \$10,000,000; Lady Curzon, \$5,000,000; the Countess Castellane, \$15,000,000; Mrs. Vivian, \$12,000,000; Lady William Beresford, \$3,000,000; the Countess von Larrisch, \$4,000,000. It is estimated in London that over \$200,000,000 of American money has gone to titled foreigners through their marriage with rich Americans.

The serious illness of Joseph Chamberlain has been made more of by American correspondents than by the English papers. Mr. Chamberlain's secretary writes that he "is improving steadily, but his medical adviser imperatively orders a complete rest for several months." The attempt to conceal the true character of Mr. Chamberlain's illness from the British public is inexplicable, remarks the New York World. It will be almost a miracle if he is ever seen in public again. Gambling on his chance for life is going on at Lloyd's, where ten guineas per cent. must be paid to insure him for six months, fifteen guineas for a year.

Mrs. Patton Fleming, a native of Dundee, who has just been elected a member of the Royal Astronomical Society, is not the only British woman who has succeeded in comprehending the mysteries of the heavens. Miss Henrietta Leavitt discovered twenty-five new variable stars some years ago. Lady Huggins diligently helps her husband, Sir William Huggins, in his astronomical observations. In their house in South London they possess a very finely equipped observatory, which contains the enormous telescope presented by the Royal Society to Sir William in recognition of the work accomplished by Lady Huggins and himself in astrophysics.

Miss Harriet Freebey, of Los Angeles, will soon begin the practice of law in Washington, D. C., where she is now serving as librarian of the department of arts and sciences in the George Washington University. Miss Freebey's career has already been notable. She studied in the University of Chicago, and to secure funds to meet her expenses, acted as principal of the Lincoln public school at Chicago Heights. Afterward, she taught in a normal school in Manila, Philippine Islands. During the year that she remained, Miss Freebey studied Spanish procedure in Manila, under Calderon. She won her LL. B. from the law department of the University of Michigan, and later obtained the degree

of LL. M. from the George Washington University.

Unlike some Latin-American ex-presidents, Mr. Palma will not proceed from Havana to Paris and live like a millionaire. Mr. Palma began to be a Cuban president over 30 years ago, during the 10-years' insurrection against Spain, when he was made the head of the revolutionary government, which never really governed. After his capture and imprisonment in a Spanish dungeon in the Pyrenees, he always described himself to his jailers as "president of the Cuban republic." Spain banished him from Cuba when peace was restored, and it was during the ensuing 20 years that he conducted a private school in a small interior town of New York State. Our government considered him the ablest and safest man available for the Cuban presidency in 1902, but he had lived so many years away from the island and its people that he had lost touch with the new generation. Mr. Palma is now 71 years old.

Georges Clemenceau, who is spoken of as the Warwick of French politics, as minister of the interior is demonstrating his capacity as a constructive statesman and a rigid disciplinarian. He is rather below than above the middle height, with a squarely built, strong but elastic figure, a fine head and capacious forehead, with coal-black eyes of almost dazzling brilliancy, and close-cropped hair. Clemenceau's right-hand man at the ministry of the interior is Albert Sarraut, the under secretary, and when, a while ago, Sarraut fought a duel with Pugliesi-Conti, the liberal deputy, his famous chief acted as his second. When he was only 19 he was thrown into prison for shouting "Vive la republique!" at a medical students' meeting. He was kept three months in jail for this, and the experience left an indelible impression on his powerful and rebellious character. As soon as he was released he started for the United States. Here he spent four years, and was married, but his American wife is now divorced from him. His attitude on the religious question will be of prime concern. He has pretty well established his record on Socialism.

A cablegram from Liverpool announces the successful launching of the steamship "Adriatic," the newest and finest addition to the White Star Line fleet. The "Adriatic" is larger than the "Baltic" (exceeding 24,000 tons), will have all modern improvements and will take her place in the New York-Liverpool service in May, 1907.



Hotel del Coronado

A gem set in semi-tropical surroundings. Dryest marine climate known. No winter, but perpetual spring or early summer. Outdoor sports 365 days in the year. Golf, Polo, Tennis. Fishing, Boating, and Bathing. Choicest cuisine of any hotel in the West. American plan only. All modern conveniences. All outside rooms. Send for illustrated booklet.

MORGAN ROSS, Manager
Coronado Beach, Cal.
H. F. NORCROSS, General Agent
334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles

"La Questa"

A Luscious Old Red Wine

For Sale by

L. M. WALTER Corner California and Devisadero Sts.
AND

McCAW BROS. - 401 Devisadero

PRODUCER:

E. H. RIXFORD

Kohl Building : : : San Francisco

THE OCULARIUM

Perfect Fitting

Eye Glasses

At Moderate Prices

Lenses Replaced 50c

Henry Kahn & Co
OPTICIANS

1309 Van Ness Avenue,
Between Bush and Sutter.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Indispensable as a seasoning for Soups, Fish and Gravies

John Duncan's Sons, Agts., N. Y.

"The Secret of my
Success"



VANITY FAIR.

The progress of the Lord Mayor of London through the streets of Paris is an international incident more picturesque than the visits of kings. Just what the Parisians imagine is the real rank of the worthy merchant who happens to be the present representative of his fellow traders is a question to be guessed only by those who are familiar with the average Frenchman's vague notions of all other nations.

In all likelihood they look upon him as a noble of lineage as ancient as that of any duke in the peerage, remarks the New York Evening Mail. He is "milord," and that is the one English title, as "prince" is for all Russians. Ruler of London means that he governs all the millions of that mighty capital. They know nothing of the survival of the ancient City within the city. The "Lormaire" is surely a sort of co-ruler with the king. The "entente" is popular. So the good-humored Parisians cheer the visitors in much the same spirit as they welcomed America in the person of Buffalo Bill.

Reverence for gilt coaches decked with "naughty, naked cupids"; for fat men in scarlet robes; for ribboned horses and attendant flunkies was lost by the Parisians some 114 years ago. They still love dearly any pageant. But they are not fools in their frolics, and it is not surprising to learn that the bewigged and corpulent coachman was promptly christened Louis Seize and received an ovation equal to that of his master.

Two national traits stand out in striking fashion. The Lord Mayor in his mediæval finery; head of a city that is less fact than tradition; followed by his gorgeous train of aldermen and councilors, a corporation corpulent and ablaze with every tint of tinsel, is a sign of Britain's conservatism clinging stubbornly to all that is British, even when it is useless and an anachronistic absurdity. Their hosts, municipal councilors of Paris, entitled by law to wear uniforms little less gay than the apparel of their guests, explain their presence in black coats by saying simply that they had never thought to have their uniforms made. France has its faults, but it is still strong in the simplicity, economy, and common sense of its citizens.

"El Camino Real" does not mean "The King's Highway," but the true road, says the Los Angeles Herald, and the Oakland Tribune makes rejoinder in forthright terms: "Whatever the term may mean, there never was any 'Camino Real' in California. There were roads of a kind, to be sure, connecting the missions and settlements up and down the coast, but the tale of a great highway traversing California from south to north is a pure fiction. It was not the work of Spanish hands, but of the Gringo imagination.

"A vast deal of sentimental rubbish has been written and spoken about this mythical grand road, and it is about time the bubble of nonsense were pricked. Every public road of whatever kind or character was denominated the King's Highway, just as all public highways are now called county roads, and any public road in Spain is today termed 'El Camino Real.'

"But there never was a decent road in California till the Americans came, and no great continuous thoroughfare stretching from one end of the State to the other. There was no need of one, for the ordinary means of conveyance for travelers and freight were the saddle-horse and the pack-mule. The Spanish have never been noted as road builders, save in a few instances, and the poetic fiction of their building a great highway hundreds of miles in length where there were few people to travel it, save Indians and vaqueros, and hardly any vehicles, is about the rankest moonshine that was ever palmed off on a gullible public.

"What has become of this road, if it was ever built? Works of that kind can not wholly disappear for centuries, and here we have one reputed to have vanished utterly within the lifetime of living men. Old Spanish documents refer in places to 'El Camino Real,' but such references are merely to whatever passed for a public road at any point, all roads being legally denominated the King's Highway."

"Early American settlers, accustomed to use the descriptive terms employed by the native Californians of Spanish extraction, called a public road 'El Camino Real.' Out of the fact that there were a few stretches of primitive road in California during the days of Spanish sovereignty called by custom 'El Camino Real,' a lot of shallow-pated humbugs have manufactured a great military road from Sonoma to San Diego. It is about the rawest fiction that was ever imposed upon a credulous public," continues the Oakland critic. "A fool architecture has been evolved out of the simple fact that the Spanish friars built their missions in a form to which the constructive material—adobe—was best adapted, and the varied uses—sanctuary, fort, corral, and

habitation—for which they were designed. A halo of mock romance has been created to envelop these kindly, hardworking, unromantic, unselfish missionaries and the lazy, dirty aborigines they strove so hard to Christianize and civilize. Lastly, to cap the climax, as the public has swallowed every other sort of fable and nonsense relating to the early Spanish occupation, there has been invented this Munchausen 'El Camino Real,' along which marched mythical cohorts of Spanish soldiers and over which came rich old dons with their ravishing daughters and sour duennas, in coaches with liveried outriders, guarded by retainers. It is all a fantastic echo of Washington Irving's 'Spain.'"

"The whole romantic business of the early days is rank with bathos and cheap humbug," concludes the Tribune. "The early Spaniards were pioneers, and they lived under exceedingly primitive conditions. Their wealth was mainly in horses and cattle of wild, inferior breeds, the latter being chiefly valuable for their hides and tallow. They owned vast areas of land, but what is land worth that is only valuable for grazing mustang horses and wild cattle? There was hardly any money in the country, and few of the comforts of life as we understand them. The amusements were restricted to mescal, the fandango, the tinkle of the guitar, horse racing, and gambling. There was little furniture, and no ornamentation in the adobe houses. A bath robe would have been regarded as a swell ball dress by a majority of the women. The diet was as limited and simple as the wardrobes of the women and men. There was not at any one time a regiment of Spanish soldiers in all California. A fake taste for antiquarian research has given us a phantom society and a phantom military state, and for the accommodation of the two has constructed a phantom highway."

No sooner had Dana Gibson turned his back on Paris than European newspapers commenced to cast doubts on the hitherto unquestioned beauty of the "Gibson Girl." One scribe actually likened the figure and carriage of the "Gibson Girl" to what he scornfully terms "an emaciated kangaroo."

After all the popularity that the "Gibson Girl" has enjoyed this denunciation comes as a shock.

Eustace Miles, the exponent of physical culture, said in an interview in Paris: "I think the 'Gibson Girl' not only untypical of the American female, but also far from the ideal of womanhood.

"In the first place, she has an unpleasant expression, as if she were far superior to the people around her. Such an expression may not be intentionally haughty; it may be the result of dyspepsia. The American woman is not—and does not look—haughty. So far as externals are concerned, she is pleasant and facile.

"In the second place, she has an exaggerated and almost grotesque carriage. Although it is a common fault of women to obtrude the elbows and abdomen forward, and not to hollow the back sufficiently, the 'Gibson Girl' goes to the other extreme. She appears unnatural.

"The average American girl of the age of the 'Gibson Girl' is I think, not only more agreeable in expression, but also less exaggeratedly stately in pose. She has larger hips and larger ankles."

At the doorways of the New York garages, not only children, but grown men and women gape and stare as the chauffeurs come and go in the shining, big, new motors. For the masses, there is the same swagger and pride, the rakish bearing and affected hauteur in the present-day chauffeur that won admiration for the old-time jockey, the soldier on leave, and the animal tamer in the circus cages—only this chauffeur is a brand-new product. He is the idol of the sporting classes, the terror of pedestrians, invaluable to his employer, and at the same time the problem of his master's household. More often than not there is no "master."

The chauffeur is greater than the cook, says the New York Evening Post. He is boss of his boss, boss of the household, and frequently a disturber of the domestic peace. So far as he is concerned, he is not "hired help," and has no rating with servants. He is a mechanic, if you please, and good enough to hohob with his employer and the latter's friends. No livery togs for him, if he can help it. No matter if he is driving the "missus" out to five o'clock tea, to a reception, or for a round of calls, he is just as likely to appear in tattered blouse, leather breeches, and puttees as he is to get into his "Sunday best." Broadway, in the gasoline belt, is the place to see the driver in his element. He is king of the pavement, and as he passes by, the small boy, the clerk, the scrub woman, and delivery lad will turn and stare. "There goes Castorhill's chauffeur," they say, or "That is Huggenheimer's man. He gets all kinds of money, he does. Ain't he swell?"

If you stand by a garage entrance and watch

these drivers switch their cars out or in, there is no better place to get a line on them. They take the turn from doorway to pavement at a smart clip, one hand on the steering gear and the other carelessly lying free. No one appreciates the lime-light more than they. The power in their cars gives a confidence and boldness that they otherwise might not possess. This is most noticeable in a jam of carriages in the shopping district or on the Avenue, where the chauffeurs have the heretofore obstreperous "cabbies" cowed into meekness and submission.

A new solution of the theatre-hat problem has been devised during the last season by the proprietor of the casino at one of the Mediterranean watering places, according to the Journal des Debats. He made no attempt to compel women to remove their hats. Hatted or hatless they were allowed to enter the auditorium without question.

The rule was rigidly enforced, however, that all women wearing hats should take seats on the left-hand side of the house, while those who were bareheaded were placed on the right. Naturally, all men unaccompanied by women joined the hatless crowd on the right, so that the left-hand half of the audience was practically a solid mass of hats.

The women who were seated there found it absolutely impossible to see the stage. The gaps which the hatless usually furnished in the barrier of finery were lacking and when they tried to peep between the hats immediately in front of them those still farther forward blocked their vision.

After a few object lessons of this sort the left side of the house became practically empty every night, and the rule fell into disuse for lack of occasion.

A half-moon of eighteen boxes, which form the grand tier of the new Manhattan Opera House, on Thirty-fourth street, near Fifth Avenue, furnishes the secret for the necessity for such an institution, even though opera apparently has been adequately housed in the Metropolitan, says the New York American.

Not all of the eighteen boxes have been sold, but enough have become the property for a long period of wealthy New Yorkers to prove that the Metropolitan, and particularly its famous horseshoe, in reality have become too small for the city's enlarged musical and social demands.

When many persons found they could not get

grand tier boxes at the Metropolitan one man saw his chance, and the Manhattan was built.

Among the holders of grand tier boxes in the Manhattan are Charles M. Schwab, E. J. Thomas, Joseph Pulitzer, Frederick G. Bourne, J. R. De Lamar, F. W. Woolworth, E. C. Coerver, James Gayley, W. E. Corey, and Mrs. S. Levy.

Three boxes have not been sold, and while applications are in for the remaining five they have not been assigned. Mr. Hammerstein, owner of the new opera house, has made his list of grand tier box holders a matter of great secrecy, but the names given show how far it completed.

New York history repeats itself in the erection of the Manhattan Opera House. In 1883, when the demand for boxes in the Academy of Music at Irving Place and Fourteenth Street, had greatly outgrown the capacity of the house, the Metropolitan Opera House was opened. From 1883 until the opening of the Metropolitan, the Academy had been the home of grand opera in New York. Boxes purchased years before the demand for a new opera house made itself felt became family property and were passed down from father to son. Five years after the Metropolitan was opened the old Academy found itself out of the race entirely and entered the dramatic field.

Among the men who formed the corporation that rebuilt the interior of the Metropolitan after it was destroyed by fire in 1892, and most of whom are yet box holders, were George G. Haven, Adrian Iselin, Elbridge T. Gerry, Edwin Cooper, J. Pierpont Morgan, S. D. Babcock, S. P. Wetmore, Perry Belmont, D. O. Mills, Henry Clews, John Jacob Astor, and Cornelius Frederick, and W. K. Vanderbilt.

Mr. Hammerstein originally announced the opening of the Manhattan for November 19, but when it was seen that the big building could not be completed by that time the date was postponed until December 3. He spent the greater part of the summer on the continent, signing the artists with whom he hopes to rival the performances in the Broadway house.

Midwinter will find a dual opera season in full swing in New York.

Specially adapted to Asthmatics; always relieves, generally cures. Brooks' Homoeopathic Cough Syrup; 25c, at druggists.

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

are now showing complete lines of

Carpets, Rugs, Furniture, Office Desks, Upholstery,
Draperies, Linoleums, Window Shades, Etc.

at their new store at the corner of

Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street

J. S. DINKELSPIEL

Importer of

DIAMONDS, PRECIOUS STONES

1021 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

Fine Set Pieces a Specialty

ANNOUNCEMENT

Marie L. Sweeney

Formerly of 121 Post
Is Now Located at

1536 Bush Street

With a Complete Stock of Exclusive
Styles in

MILLINERY

GAS HEATERS

\$1.50

Six feet of TUBING FREE
AT YOUR SERVICE

THE GAS COMPANY

500 Haight Street 421 Presidio Ave.

1260 Ninth Ave. 2965 16th St.



STAGE GOSSIP.

Dramatic Notes

Henry Woodruff, who is known for his act in the "Brown of Harvard" play, and with N. Goodwin in "When We Were Twenty-or" has been forced to leave the stage on account of throat trouble.

Mr. Sothorn and Miss Marlowe deferred the production of their play, "John the Baptist," which was announced to open the third week of their engagement at Philadelphia, October 25, as a courtesy toward Henry B. Irving, Jr., who made his debut in that city Monday evening.

Eda Rehan, whose return to the stage has been expected, has decided not to act this season. She is now at her cottage near Drigg, in Cumberland, on the shore of the Irish sea. Miss Rehan intends to remain in England for some time.

"The Hypocrites," Henry Arthur Jones's latest success, is beginning its third month at Hudson Theatre in New York.

President Roosevelt has under consideration an invitation from George H. Brennan and John Sinclair to attend the first performance of "The Jungle," a dramatization of Mr. Sinclair's novel of the same title, at Trenton, N. J., November 5.

William Gillette is appearing in his latest play, "Clarice," at the Garrick Theatre in New York, and it is said the piece is a weak bit of mentalism. Marie Doro, in the title-role, is noted for newly developed emotional strength.

Raymond Hitchcock, now playing the title-role in Richard Harding Davis's farce, "The Operer," is one of the few successful comedians who has never yearned for an opportunity to play "Hamlet" or "Richard III." "It is not that I thought I could do something else better than what my friends tell me I am fitted for," says the actor, "but the truth is, musical comedy reached a point where either myself or the actor in the white duck suit had to go. Not that I was at all jealous of the long pale man who sings 'My heart is bursting for love of you—oo-oo-oo,' but I objected to being compelled to sit on a green bench beneath an artificial tree eight times a week and hold hands with the musical comedy aunt of the baby-faced man trying to marry, while that confounded operer is interrupting the action of the piece."

Samuel Clemens produced his play, "Samuel Clemens," at the Garden Theatre in New York City a few days ago, and won some praise from the critics, but all say the piece is too long and unconvincing in its emotional passages. The comedy scenes are said to be more taking.

Thomas Q. Seabrooke and Pauline Hall, backed by a company of five, are appearing in New Orleans in a one-act playlet entitled "The Eight Favorites."

A gambol of the Lambs Club a night or two ago, Edwin Stevens entertained the members with a monologue in the shape of a joint debate between Mr. Hughes and Mr. Hearst. It made the leading vaudeville managers want to hear Mr. Stevens in it.

Nearly every theatre in London the officials of the house applaud at the end of each act, when the "star" makes his or her appearance. But it is only in a couple of big variety theatres in the West End that a paid claquer employed to applaud all the year round. The manager of a London theatre said to a Daily Mail representative recently: "My people do their duty here better than it is done in Paris. There they see the claquer at work; here you would suspect its existence. My men watch the performance apparently with the keenest interest, and what they do seems genuine."

George V. Hobart, who has won fame with the "Dinkelspiel" stories, went from New York to Baltimore to witness the first production of his new play, "Mrs. Wilson—That's All," in which Miss May Irwin appeared at the Academy of Music.

Edmund Stoker is not the only one to appear in an effort to revive the popularity of the lecture in England. He will give reminiscences of Sir Francis Burnand, long the editor of Punch, will speak on famous contributors to the humorous weekly; Walter Emanuel will do the same, in another lecture, his work on the same paper; E. T. Reed, still another Punch writer, will give an illustrated talk on humorous pictures; Spencer Leigh Hughes, a newspaper reporter, will lecture on oddities of Parliament; Professor Hubert von Herkomer, R. A., will lecture on art; Mme. Sarah Grand will also appear and renew her triumphs of former years.

William H. Crane and Ellis Jeffreys are continuing in a revival of "She Stoops to Conquer." George Giddens will play Tony Lumpkin and Mrs. Fanny Addison Pitt will play

Mrs. Hardcastle. Margaret Dale will take the role of Constance Neville, and Walter Hale that of young Marlow.

The effectiveness or propriety of apparitions upon the stage has long been a matter for critical discussion. The subject again arises in Percy Mackaye's generally admirable "Jeanne d'Arc," which the Sothorn-Marlowe alliance gave for the first time at the Lyric Theatre in Philadelphia two weeks ago. The marvelous and supremely beautiful story of Joan of Arc can not be presented without reference to her celestial visitations, and these visitations can not be treated like Macbeth's "false creation." They must be actually shown upon the stage or the entire tale loses point and purpose. The spirit of Mackaye's play as given at the Lyric is wholly and deliberately medieval. The spectator views it strictly from the standpoint of the Maid; the visions all are concretely represented; the abiding faith of the Deliverer of France triumphantly confirmed, and the beauty of the drama thereby increased manifold. Some complaint has, indeed, been registered of a superfluity of angels in "Jeanne d'Arc." Inadmissible as regards the central figure, the objection may have some force as applied to other characters in the play. It has been very plainly Mr. Mackaye's intention to tell his story from Joan's point of view—Joan believed and the angels were real to her. Therefore, let them be seen by the audience. But does it not lessen the effect to vouchsafe such privileges to both the Dauphin and the Duc d'Alencon? Mr. Mackaye may argue that the spirit of the naive Middle Ages in which his play is undoubtedly conceived admits of such license.

Musical Notes.

Yvette Guilbert and Albert Chevalier are drawing well on their tour of one-night appearances, but succeeding notices are not so generally laudatory as those printed in advance.

A young San Francisco musician is being heralded in this style by an energetic press agent: "Pietro Marino, the youthful violinist who attracted the attention of American musicians when he came to this country as leader of Mascagni's orchestra, has been signed by Henry W. Savage as concert master for the Madam Butterfly orchestra. Although only twenty-four years old, Marino is spoken of abroad as the coming violin virtuoso of Europe. He is a pupil of Ysaye, and when eighteen years old won the Royal Conservatory first prize at Berlin. During the past two years he has been concertmaster at the La Scala Opera House, Milan. In addition to his other duties he will be first violinist in the Butterfly orchestra, which is to consist of sixty-five musicians. Signor Marino will arrive from Europe next week with Conductors Walter Rothwell and Alfred Feith from the Royal Opera in Berlin." Young Marino played the violin for a turn at the Orpheum a year or two ago, and has been heard in other resorts of San Francisco.

A Vienna lawyer has recently attempted to prove that Wagner's earlier works, from "Rienzi" to "Lohengrin," are under a previously existing copyright law and have consequently been free for performance without royalties for a long time. While he has not been able to prove this conclusively, the National Theatre at Prague has nevertheless made use of this legal loophole to incorporate "Der Fliegende Holländer" in its repertoire.

The orchestra, chorus, and technical personnel of the Budapest Court Theatre are threatening a strike, unless higher salaries are promised for January 1. A deputation from the company called upon Director Mahler and stated that unless a concession were granted them the entire force would refuse to appear. As the question is one that must be controlled by a budget from the Parliament, which does not convene until June 1, the opera will in all probability be closed. The strike is so consolidated that even those members of the orchestra who are eligible for the pension list for twenty-five years of service have cast in their interests with the others. The management hopes either to secure a special appropriation from the Parliament, or to get together a new ensemble, which would be ready for public performances in six weeks.

A series of lectures on "Great Books" by Professor Charles Mills Gayley, of the University of California, is announced by Miss Sarah D. Hamlin. The lectures will be given on Tuesday afternoons at 2230 Pacific street. The schedule will be as follows, after the opening lecture, which was Tuesday afternoon of this week: November 6, Ibsen, "Rosmersholm" and "The Doll's House"; November 13, Goethe's "Faust"; November 20, Maeterlinck in general and "Les Aveugles"; November 27, Maeterlinck, "Pelleas and Melisande" and "Aglavaine and Selysette."

Popular Matinee Concerts in Oakland.

The first of the series of Wednesday matinee concerts to be given at Ye Liberty Theatre, Oakland, during the winter under the management of Will L. Greenbaum, will be given Wednesday afternoon, November 7, at three o'clock, the attraction being that well-known but rarely-heard piano virtuoso, Hugo Mansfeldt. Mr. Mansfeldt was a favorite pupil of the great Liszt and belonged to that famous class in which Rosenthal, Sauer, Reisenauer, and other celebrities studied.

The program to be offered is as follows:
Mozart—Sonata, A major; Beethoven—Sonata, C sharp minor (Moonlight Sonata); Schubert—Minuet, B minor; Schumann—Romance, F sharp; Aufschwung; Warum?; Scherzo, F minor; Nocturne, F major; Weber—Perpetual Motion; Chopin—Berceuse; Nocturne, F sharp; Funeral March; Waltz, A flat; Elkus—Song Without Words; Liszt—La Campanella (the little bell); Wagner-Liszt—Romanza (Tannhauser); Mendelssohn-Liszt—Wedding March and Fairy Dance (Midsummer Night's Dream).

The prices for seats at these "Pop." concerts are \$1.75 cents, and 50 cents, which includes reservation. General admission will be 50 cents.

The second of the series will be given the Wednesday following, and this will be a grand orchestral concert by an organization of selected musicians under the direction of Mr. Paul Steindorff.

The Orpheum.

Vasco, known all over the world as "The Mad Musician," will make his first appearance in America at the Orpheum Sunday afternoon. He comes from London, via Australia, and, during the course of his act, plays on twenty-seven musical instruments. Mlle. Alexandra and Mons. Bertie, novel and refined French aerialists, will give a graceful but perilous act, entitled "After the Ball." The Wilson brothers, German fun manufacturers, promise fifteen minutes of hilarity. Frances D'Arcy, a soprano of renown, will be heard, but her engagement is limited to one week. The members of the Empire City Quartette promise a complete change of entertainment. Augusta Glose will vary her musical monologue; Max Millian, the talented young violinist, will be heard in new selections, and Collins and Hart, the amusing "strong men," and Orpheum motion pictures will complete a program that should prove popular. Election returns will be announced from the stage Tuesday evening. On the grounds of the Chutes, where the Orpheum is located, amusement devices of every conceivable kind are to be found.

Signor Donatelli and his Italian band of fifty artists will give a grand concert this afternoon and evening at Grauman's, the new pavilion, corner Page and Fillmore streets. There is every indication that this new amusement enterprise will very soon be popular with the public. There is no skating during the concert hours.

HOTEL ST. FRANCIS

ANNEX
SAN FRANCISCO

IN UNION SQUARE
ON THE LAWN
AMID THE PALMS
EVERY ROOM OUTSIDE
ON THE GROUND FLOOR

FAMOUS GRILL ROOM
IN MAIN BUILDING
SAME SKILLED CHEF

Amusements.

ORPHEUM.

Week Commencing SUNDAY MATINEE, Nov. 4
(Matinee Every Day Except Monday.)

A VAUDEVILLE SWEEP!
VASCO; Mlle. Alexandra and Mons. Bertie;
Wilson Brothers; Frances D'Arcy; Collins
and Hart; Augusta Glose; Max Millian;
Orpheum Motion Pictures and the
EMPIRE CITY QUARTETTE
Election Returns will be announced from the stage
Tuesday Evening

Prices: 10c, 25c and 50c. Down Town Box Office
at Donloo's Drug Store, Fillmore and Sutter Sts.
Phone West 6000.
CHUTES and ZOO—Open Daily from 10 A. M. till
Midnight. Admission 10c; Children 5c.

Ye Liberty Playhouse

OAKLAND

Direction, H. W. Bishop

Will L. Greenbaum's First Wednesday
Popular Concert Nov. 7, at 3 O'Clock

HUGO MANSFELDT, Pianist
A Most Interesting Program.

Prices \$1.00, 75c and 50c. General Admission, 50c

Second "Pop." Wednesday Afternoon, Nov. 14
Grand Orchestral Program and
Beethoven's Septette.

PAUL STEINDORFF, - - - Director

Belvedere, California,

HILLSIDE INN.

Tiburon Ferry, 40 minutes from San Francisco
Boating and bathing. Terms reasonable. Ad-
dress

MRS. M. J. WARREN.

F. W. KRONE
Proprietor

The Original San Francisco POPULAR DINING ROOM

NOW OPEN

911-913 O'FARRELL ST., Bet. Van Ness
and Polk
Former patrons invited to
Largest and handsomest Dining Room in the City—An Ideal Kitchen.
call and inspect our new rooms and equipment.

GRAUMAN'S

Cor. Page and Fillmore

NEXT SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3,

at 1 p.m., sharp, the doors open of the largest and most finely appointed
amusement enterprise in America.

Nicolo Donatelli

Recognized as the greatest Italian Band director and his fifty selected artists will give a
Grand Concert from 2 to 3 in the afternoon,
and from 8 to 9 in the evening.

During these hours no Skating will be allowed. The opening programme
which has been so carefully prepared can not fail to please the most critical music lover.

General Admission 25c

Including Reserved Seats

Specially Reserved Seats 50c

The reserved seats now on sale at 10 a. m., corner of Page and Fillmore Streets.

The seating capacity of the pavilion, 8000. We request that everybody secure seats in advance. Owing to
the splendid attraction the demand will greatly exceed the supply. Skating commences daily at 1 sharp, and continuous
music will be played for the skaters.

The skating floor is one of the largest, 375x100, and of pure, white maple. The
lights number 4600.

LITERARY NOTES.

Travels and Researches in Persia.

"Persia, Past and Present," by A. V. Williams Jackson, professor of Indo-Iranian languages in Columbia University, is the result of years of preparation, an enthusiasm for his subject, and three years of travel and research among the antiquarian remains of the land of Zoroaster and Hafiz. Professor Jackson has consulted his fellow-laborers in the field, from Herodotus to Curzon. Historically Persia is, of course, one of the great nations of antiquity, one, moreover, that alone preserved its independence and individuality from Grecian and Roman dominancy. Rawlinson, the English explorer, has made us familiar with the great archaeological wealth of the arid desert stretches; Persian literature has fascinated and influenced Occidental writers from Shakespeare to Tom Moore and Fitzgerald; and in its religions, the picturesque Empire is most interesting. It was Professor Jackson's interest in Zoroaster and the ancient faith of the Magi that led him to traverse the territory the Prophet himself made celebrated.

The book contains a mass of important data about the little-known cities of Persia, their people and customs. The author labored hard to obtain accurate information, and the book throws light on a number of historical points which were not previously clear. Among his achievements was the scaling of the precipitous rock of Behistan to confirm the copies of inscriptions made many years ago by Rawlinson, whose accuracy had been challenged.

The book is illustrated from a collection of photographs made by the author on his journey. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York; \$4.00 net.

Miriam Michelson's New Story.

One can not successfully compare Miriam Michelson's new story, "Anthony Overman," with her first novel, "In the Bishop's Carriage," so unlike are the tales in theme and in method of treatment. Miss Michelson has written a clever story in "Anthony Overman."

The title character is a dreamer, an altruist, a reformer, a crank, if you will. Jessie Incell, a rather disagreeable heroine, is a newspaper woman, "who walked into people's holy of holies or most grisly skeletoned closet with clicking heels." Jessie is sent by her editor to visit a strange colony of "Renunciants" in the high Sierras, where recent happenings promised a good "story." Her interest in Overman, one of the leaders of the cult, grows into love. The altruist follows her to San Francisco and becomes editor of a labor journal during one of our perennial strikes. Newspaper work has left the reporter with few ideals, and the contrast between her own sophisticated character and Overman's primitive faith attracts her to him. The destinies of both are worked out logically and the story ends sanely and happily.

The novel is illustrated by some pleasing drawings in color by John Cecil Clay.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$1.50.

Life in Social London.

There is nothing that appeals more to the average feminine novel-reader than a story of a neglected wife who, too early faded, rejuvenates herself, turns the tables on a rival, wins admiration and love, and finally, with the magnet of social success, attracts to herself again the chilled regards of a husband whose indifference has emancipated her from the slavery of an absorbing love. Such a story has Netta Syrett told in "The Day's Journey," a bright, clever, entertaining novel of life in social London.

There are plenty of sharply silhouetted characters, and an ingredient of crisp satire, which, softened by a strong romantic interest, and by an agreeable atmosphere of upper classdom, renders "The Day's Journey" a highly acceptable accompaniment to a few hours of leisure.

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co.

New Publications.

"To every little girl who has wished for an hour to be a little boy," is dedicated Beulah Marie Dix's "Merrylips," an historical novel for young folks. "Merrylips" is an exciting story of the times when King Charles and the Roundheads went to war. The Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

There are a dozen readable essays in "Friends on the Shelf," by Bradford Torrey. The life and works of Hazlitt, FitzGerald, Thoreau, Stevenson, and Anatole France are sketched interestingly in the volume. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.25 net.

A new edition of George W. Cable's famous tales of old New Orleans, "Old Creole Days," is beautifully illustrated and attractively made

up. There are eight full-page pictures, and head and tail pieces in photogravure by Albert Herter. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$2.50.

The Mystic Maid of Domremy is the central figure in a five-act drama, "Jeanne D'Arc," by Percy Mackaye. Mr. Mackaye has given us a more human Jeanne than the traditional warrior girl. The Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.25.

Turn your steps where you will in Paris, and you will scarcely ever be out of sight of some historic house whose walls have sheltered soldiers, statesmen, preachers, teachers, workers in art and letters, illustrious men of all sorts and conditions. If every other guide to historic Paris were destroyed, "The Stones of Paris," by Benjamin Ellis Martin and Charlotte M. Martin, would be all sufficient. A new and attractive illustrated edition of this book has just been republished. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$2.00.

Sill's Poems.

Editor Argonaut:—In the Household Edition of the "Poetical Works of Edward Rowland Sill," edited by Mr. William Belmont Parker, and just published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., occurs the following poem:

HER FACE.

I stood in sombre dreaming
Before her image dear,
And saw, in secret wonder,
Living my darling appear.

About her mouth a smile came,
So wonderful and wise,
And tears of some still sorrow
Seemed shining in her eyes.

My tears, they too were flowing,
Her face I could not see,
And oh! I can not believe it,
That my love is lost to me.

I have before me an old volume of "Eighty-two Songs with Pianoforte Accompaniment, by Franz Schubert," edited by E. Paner, printed by Breitkopf & Hartel, in Leipzig and published by Sugener & Co., London; year not stated. In this book appears the following:

IHR BILD.

Ich stand in dunklen Traumen
Und startt ihr Bildniß an,
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lacheln wunderbar
Und wie von Wehmuths thränen
Erglantzte ihr Augenpaar.

Auch meine Thränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab—
Und ach, ich kann es nicht glauben,
Dass ich dich verloren hab?

And accompanying and preceding the German text is the following translation:

HER PORTRAIT.

Before her charming portrait
I stood in waking dream,
And those beloved features
Seem'd with life's movements to beam.

Around her lips grew slowly
A smile of wondrous grace,
And as of mournful weeping
Her eyes show'd the glis'ning trace.

And my tears, too, are flowing
Adown these cheeks pale and wan,
Alas! I can not believe yet
That thou my darling art gone.

Is not this song by Heine? And is it exactly fair to an author of Sill's originality and genius, or to any author, or to the public, to publish his translations, however beautiful, of others' work, with no note to indicate the origin?

But perhaps I am wrong. Is Sill's the original? I have now no convenient access to Heine's works. But the German is so much more beautiful than either Sill's, or the other, English version, that I think I am not mistaken. Perhaps the fire spared some of the Argonaut's German poems, and you can tell us. H.

Palo Alto, October 29, 1906.

Middle-aged poets may consider themselves squelched by Paul Bourget's dictum in his "Etudes et Portraits": "The poetic gift dwindles with the years. It remains, saving a few exceptions, the privilege of youth. Most of the poets resemble those birds who sing only in the love-time." The "exceptions" in this matter, if one casts one's eyes back over the history of poesy, appear to outnumber the instances, remarks the New York Evening Mail.

Robert Roosevelt, Sportsman and Author

In a series of reminiscences, "Some Authors I Have Known," W. L. Alden, an American journalist now living in London, writes: "I was for some time sub-editor of a weekly New York paper, which was owned and edited by Robert B. Roosevelt, the uncle of President Roosevelt. When I read of Mr. Roosevelt's death the other day at the age of seventy-nine I could hardly realize that the vigorous athletic man whom I knew in my youth had nearly reached his eightieth year. He was a short, stout man, a clever and forceful writer of leading articles, many of which he furnished to the New York Herald, an enthusiastic fisherman, a *bon vivant*. While Roosevelt never indulged in dissipation of any sort he was certainly what most people regarded as a free liver, and the fact that he lived to be nearly eighty certainly seemed to justify his disapproval of a regular life. He was a genuine humorist, and he wrote a book entitled 'Five Acres Too Much,' a burlesque of a book that was popular at the time and which undertook to show people how to grow rich by cultivating ten acres of land. Roosevelt's book was immensely funny, but it is nearly forty years since it was published, and it was long ago forgotten.

"Mr. Roosevelt wrote a number of other books, chiefly books dealing with fishing and kindred sports. He could throw a fly further than any other man in the United States, and proved it in various contests. He was a good yachtsman, although he never went in for racing. In politics he was a Democrat, and at one time was the leader of a faction of the Democratic party in New York City which revolted against the rule of Tammany Hall. However, he ultimately made his peace with the Tammany wing, and was nominated and elected by Tammany to Congress.

"I notice that several papers have spoken of Mr. Roosevelt as one of the destroyers of the Tammany ring. That is a mistake, for, as I have said, he made his peace with Tammany. The real destroyer of the ring was Louis Jennings, late Member for Stockport, and at one time the political mentor of Lord Randolph Churchill. Jennings was for some years the editor of the New York Times, and his attacks on the Tweed ring were begun without the help of any one, and at the cost of no little peril to himself."

Pears'

There's a unique adaptability about Pears' Soap. It makes the child enjoy its bath, helps the mother preserve her complexion, and the man of the house finds nothing quite so good for shaving.

Have you used Pears' Soap?

Pears' the soap for the whole family.

ROBERTSON'S

NEW LOCATION

1539

Van Ness Ave., Near Pine

"Next to the White House"

Mr. Robertson calls attention to the above address, which is very centrally located

These trade-mark cross lines on every package
Cresco Grits and
(Formerly called **CRUTCH Grits**)
BARLEY CRISTALS,
Perfect Breakfast and Dinner Health Cereals.
PANSY FLOUR for Pastry, Cake and Biscuit.
Unlike all other goods. Ask grocers.
For book of sample, write
FARWELL & RHINES, WATERTOWN, N. Y., U. S. A.

A New Novel by the Author of "The Breath of the Gods"
and "Truth Dexter"

The Dragon Painter

By MARY McNEIL FENOLLOSL. (Sidney McCall)

"The Dragon Painter" represents Mrs. Fenollosa's ripest and most artistic work, in which she again reveals the inner depth of Japanese feeling, but along quite different lines.

Ume-ko, the dragon maiden, a sweet and heroic character, promises to become as great a favorite as the author's lovable heroine, "Truth Dexter."

Illustrated by Gertrude McDaniel. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.50, Postpaid.

Published by **LITTLE, BROWN & CO. Boston** At All Booksellers

NOW READY

THE
SILENT
WAR

BY

JOHN AMES MITCHELL

Author of "Amos Judd," "The Pines of Lory," "The Villa Claudia" and other works.

Price \$1.50

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
NEW YORK CITY

LITERARY NOTES.

A Tale of the Renaissance.

Italy of the early sixteenth century, when the life of the Renaissance was struggling through a veil of feudalism and scholasticism; when every city was a cockpit of murderous factions; when showy pageant and glittering parade stalked blackest misery heedlessly; when saint and spot were each typical of the times—this significantly picturesque period of paradoxes is the scene of Egerton R. Williams's romance, "The Coming of the Dawn." Ridolfo "the magnificent Baglione" is the incarnate diabolical war-lord, splendid in his despotism and his magnanimity; the lovely Gismonda, who rises on the dark mind of Ridolfo the spirit of kindness and love, is a type of the unconsidered but heroic women who did so much that great crisis; and Fra Bernardo, living life utterly at variance with the pomp and fishiness of the times, has a prototype in Saint Bernardino of Perugia. Mr. Williams has written a powerful historical novel that will be read with gripping interest. J. C. Leyendecker has interpreted the spirit of the story with fine success in his illustrations in color. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$3.00.

Rambles Along the Riviera.

To the "personally conducted" tourist and envious stay-at-home, the strip of Mediterranean coast-line known as the Riviera suggests memories only of Cannes, Nice, Mentone, and not a "beautiful, subtle, sinister place, Monte Carlo." Very lovely is nature at these conventional resorts, and very luxurious are the palatial hotels and casinos, but the author of "Rambles Along the Riviera," Francis Moulton, believes the region is not the peer of southern California in geography or climate. Mr. Moulton bids us our next trip abroad to visit the wonderful up of Provencal towns and the mountain country lying but a few miles back from the sea which "have what California never has had, a tory-strewn pathway traversing its entire length." Starting from Marseilles for his trip along the Riviera proper, and from Arles for a journey through romantic Provence, the author takes us on a delightful tour chiefly by highway and byway, in and out of the beaten track, the most beautiful touring-grounds of the world. The book is illustrated from paintings made on the spot by Blanche McManus. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; \$5.00.

A Dominion Story.

Marguerite Merington has acquired the habit of the confirmed playwright, and it is now almost impossible for her to write a story that is not suggestive of stageland. "Scarlett of the Mounted," her latest novel, is a case in point. From beginning to end it is crammed with theatrical unrealities, situations that fairly gallop to a certain climax, repartee that recalls the twining of wits in "Captain Letterblair," and a perfectly open and unaffected appeal to the official tastes of the confirmed play-goer. Scarlett is a sergeant of the mounted police in the mining precincts of the Dominion of Canada. She is impossibly Quixotic; the girl she loves is possibly impractical; the Klondike miners are possibly spectacular, and it is quite out of the question to regard the story, from the point of view of plausibility, as anything but impossible. All the same, it has qualifications that allow one to recognize its possibilities of effectiveness if properly translated to the domain to which it belongs—the light, ephemeral stage literature of the day. Published by Moffatt, Yard & Co.; \$1.25.

Where London Amuses Itself.

F. Berkeley Smith asks us not to expect instruction or serious information from his new book, "In London Town." He guides his reader to the music halls and the coziest "pubs," along the Strand, chatting entertainingly the while, but there is not a reference to the Tower, the British Museum, in the volume. His impressions might have been gained "by any traveler who crossed the Channel, hired a hansom at Charing Cross, and lost himself in the throng." Mr. Smith is plainly disappointed in the night-life in the British metropolis. Piccadilly is a "nocturnal centre of sordid gaiety," streets with that which is purely bad, for it is that sole redeeming feature, charm. "Kings Road, Chelsea, is the nearest approach to the Quartier Latin in London," but there is not enough "color" in the artistic life of Chelsea to justify even a one-page leaflet on the subject. And Englishmen make sad work of their attempts at Bohemianism. "No matter if three-quarters of their lives have been passed in the Quartier Latin of Paris, they remain in thought the character British to the end, amused at the

show, seldom, if ever, a part of it. I have never seen a Frenchman and an Englishman pals." However, the author finds plenty of frolic in London town, and describes his rambles in a sprightly and impressionistic style.

There are upward of fifty illustrations by the author and other artists. Frank Reynolds's pictures are notably good.

Published by The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; \$1.50 net.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"Industrial Peace," edited by Arthur H. Dutton and published in Stockton, Cal., is a new magazine, to be the organ of the National Industrial Peace Association. It has for its aim the end of warfare between capital and labor.

The Maine coast, and the fisher and sailor people, do duty in two books to be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Clara Louise Burnham's novel, "The Opened Shutters," and Henry Rideout's three tales grouped under the title, "Beached Keels."

Bronson Howard, once foremost among American dramatists, offers for the first time a play in book form. His new play, "Kate: A Comedy," makes its appearance, first, in a reading version, to be published at once.

The Macmillan Company publishes this week Marion Crawford's new novel, "A Lady of Rome"; and the fifth and final volume of "A History of Modern England," by Herbert Paul.

"The Gate of Death: a Diary," a book about death and the life after death recently published anonymously in England, is now generally credited to Arthur C. Benson, author of "From a College Window" and other notable works. Mr. Benson also wrote "The Upton Letters" anonymously.

There is announced for publication this week, "Why They Married," by James Montgomery Flagg. The book is issued by the Life Publishing Company, as may be imagined, for Mr. Flagg is a regular contributor to that sparkling weekly. Last year his "If: A Guide to Bad Manners," was one of the successes of the day.

Mrs. Mannington Caffyn's ("Iota") new story, "Smoke in the Flame," begins in Ireland, but most of the action takes place in a remote corner of Switzerland. It will rely, as most of the novels by the author of "A Yellow Aster" have done, on the development of character rather than upon dramatic qualities.

Washington, D. C., is called a "Lucille" town by those who know that Owen Meredith's story in rhyme was written in that city. More copies of the book are sold in the national capital than in any other city in the country.

Charles Scribner's Sons' publications for October include W. T. Hornaday's "Camp Fires in the Canadian Rockies"; Oliver Herford's latest verses, "A Little Book of Boredoms"; Ernest Peixotto's travel book, "By Italian Seas"; essays by Barrett Wendell, "Liberty, Union, and Democracy"; "Real Soldiers of Fortune," by Richard Harding Davis; "Industrial America," by Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin; "The Prisoner at the Bar," by Arthur C. Train; "The First Forty Years of Washington Society," from the letters and journals of Mrs. Samuel Harrison Smith.

Owen Davis, the well-known playwright, has practically completed the dramatization of Arthur Stringer's recent novel, "The Wire Tappers," and arrangements are now under way for its early production.

A merry war is going on in the advertising columns of English newspapers between the publishers and the London Times Book Club. The book club insists that the difference between the technical cost of producing a book and its price is 800 per cent on the cost, of which the publisher gets an unfair share; also that the book trade is in a decadent condition because books are far too expensive. The publishers reply with vigor.

Among the publications just issued is "The Silent War," by John Ames Mitchell, author of "Amos Judd," "The Pines of Lory," "Villa Claudia," and other volumes. This is announced as a story "based on the greatest problem of our time—the millionaires against the masses"—and it discusses "the mysterious conspiracy of the People's League." It is illustrated by William Balfour Ker. Many people think Mitchell's book, "Amos Judd," one of the most notable of recent years, while "Villa Claudia" was by no means far behind it. Therefore his new book will be looked to with much interest.

Struggling young authors may find help in the following suggestions for new and striking titles, offered by a literary man in the Washington Star. They are supposed to contain hints as to

locale and treatment: "The Appeasing of Alice Alpaca," "Sadness of Sadie Sinsabaugh," "The Primness of Priscilla," "Swayback Sue's Sauciness," "The Meddlesomeness of Mickey," "The Fascinations of Fannie," "The Joking Jockey's Josh," "The Roguishness of Rosie," "Sensitiveness of the Senator," "The Fickleness of Friskie Fitzsimmons," "The Sameness of Sarah's Sayings."

"The Stars and Stripes and Other American Flags," the title of a comprehensive history of our national standards, is announced for early publication by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. (Price, \$3.00 net). Pelag D. Harrison, the author, has been at work on this history for years. The book includes not only the origin and history of our flags, but the army and navy regulations concerning the national standard and ensign.

Miss Anna Rearden's Bequest.

The death of Miss Anna Rearden, a former school teacher, occurred recently at her home in Cleveland, Ohio. Miss Rearden was seventy-two years of age. She was a teacher in the Cleveland public schools for more than forty years. Her will provides that the income from her share in her mother's estate, together with her savings, shall be applied to the publication of "Sappho."

This is the work of her deceased brother, Judge Timothy H. Rearden, of San Francisco. Judge Rearden was a native of Wooster, Ohio, and was graduated from Kenyon College. After his removal to California he became the associate of Bret Harte and other literary lights. "Sappho" was intended as a kind of compendium of all that is known of the Grecian poet and her works. Miss Rearden took a deep interest in her brother's work. She had helped to educate him. The manuscript of "Sappho" was destroyed in the San Francisco disaster. But a corrected proof was found in an old haversack that the judge had carried during his service in the Civil War. It was safe in his library and is now in the hands of Mrs. Badger, a sister, in Kenilworth, Ill.

Del Monte Offers

During the reconstruction of San Francisco, Hotel Del Monte offers a welcome shelter to those desiring a home-like place for rest and recreation. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at the present. The entire hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families. Address Geo. P. Snell, Manager, Del Monte, California.

A Permanent Home

SALOME

BY

OSCAR WILDE

with the original Beardsley illustrations. \$1.00 net.

"AT THE SIGN OF THE LAMP"

JAMES D. BLAKE, Mgr.

643 TURK ST., near Van Ness.

Oscar Wilde's Complete Plays: The Importance of Being Earnest; A Woman of No Importance; An Ideal Husband; Lady Windermere's Fan; The Duchess of Padua; Vera, or the Nihilist; and Salome, 3 vols., \$3.75, net.

A. ZELLERBACH & SONS

PAPER DEALERS

Now Located at Volkman Building, 416 Jackson St., San Francisco.

Branch: 514 Eleventh Street, Oakland
Full Supply of all Kinds of Paper.

A. HIRSCHMAN

Jeweler and Silversmith. Now at 1641 Van Ness Avenue, bet. California and Sacramento Streets.

MRS. DYE'S LATEST BOOK

McDONALD
OREGON

By EVA EMERY DYE

AUTHOR "McLOUGHLIN AND OLD OREGON," "THE CONQUEST," ETC.

MRS. DYE has now established her unequalled position as the historian-novelist of the Northwest. Not only is her knowledge and authority beyond question but she has developed the possibilities of history in fiction form farther than any other American writer.

The chance casting away of a party of Japanese on the Oregon coast many years ago inspired Ranald McDonald, a fully historical personage, to enact a similar drama in his own proper self with the characters and continents reversed. In Japan he was permitted to establish a school, and it was actually his pupils who acted as interpreters during the negotiations with Commodore Perry. Mrs. Dye learned her facts from McDonald's own lips and only deferred publication until his papers finally reposed in her hands.

WITH PICTURES BY WALTER J. ENRIGHT. \$1.50

"It is so good, I read it three times."

AGNES C. LAUT, Author "Lords of the North," etc.

"From the moment of its writing, it is become a part of the undying history of our country."

DETROIT TIMES.

"McDonald should be in every household in the Oregon country."

THE PORTLAND OREGONIAN.

A. C. McCLURG & CO., Publishers, CHICAGO

FOR SALE AT ALL BOOKSTORES

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Burney Owens, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Owens, and Mr. George Herrick will be celebrated in February.

It is announced that the marriage of Miss Lavina Hoffacker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Hoffacker, to Mr. Raymond Splivalo, will take place on Thursday, November 15th.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Edana Collins, daughter of Mrs. John Collins, to Naval Constructor Thomas F. Ruhen, U. S. N., will take place on Saturday evening, November 17th, at the home of the bride, 702 Miner avenue, Seattle, Washington.

The marriage of Miss Edna Montgomery to Lieutenant Edward A. Sturges, U. S. A., took place on Sunday evening, October 21st, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Montgomery, on Russian Hill. The ceremony was performed at 8 o'clock by Father Prendergast. Miss Alice Poorman was the maid of honor and Mr. Laurence Harris the best man. Lieutenant and Mrs. Sturges went to the Grand Canyon on their wedding journey, and thence to Fort Riley, Kansas.

The marriage of Miss Ella McClure, daughter of Captain W. G. McClure, U. S. A., and Mrs. McClure, to Lieutenant Stanley Koch, Fifth Cavalry, U. S. A., took place on Monday morning of last week at Santa Barbara. The ceremony was performed at 10 o'clock by the Rev. W. C. Merrill. Miss Helen Burton was the ring-bearer and only attendant. Lieutenant and Mrs. Koch have gone East on their wedding journey and will go, on their return, to Huachuca, Arizona, where the groom is stationed.

The engagement is announced of Miss Martha Gottig and Captain A. P. Lundin. The wedding will take place some time in November in New York, where the young people will make their permanent home.

The Gayety Club has reorganized for the winter and Miss Lucy Gwin Coleman is elected president and Miss Maizie Langhorne the secretary. The hostesses at the dances will be Miss Natalie Coffey, on November 21st; Miss Frances Howard, on December 11th; Miss Louise Boyd, on January 16th, and Miss Emily Wilson and Miss Gertrude Josselyn together on February 20th.

Mrs. James A. Robinson was the hostess at a dinner last week in honor of Rear-Admiral Swinburne, U. S. N., at which she entertained Commander Charles R. Gove, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gove, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Hooker, Miss Ethel Cooper, Lieutenant Constern, U. S. N., Lieutenant Potet, U. S. N., and Mr. Porter Robinson.

Miss Jeannette Hooper was the hostess at a luncheon in honor of her sister, Mrs. Oscar Beatty, of Woodside, on Friday of last week. Her guests were: Mrs. George Somers, Mrs. Alfred Suto, Mrs. Alexander Baldwin, Miss Emma Grimwood, Miss Anne Field, and Miss Bertha Sidney Smith.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway has set November 16th as the date of his birthday dinner, which is to be given in the banquet hall of the new Palace Hotel.

Commander Richard T. Mulligan, U. S. N., of the United States gunboat Yorktown, was the host at a dinner on Wednesday of last week, given on board the vessel at Mare Island. Those present were: Captain and Mrs. Alexander McCrackin, Medical Director and Mrs. Frank

Anderson, Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. George R. Slocum, Naval Constructor and Mrs. Holden A. Evans, Mrs. Mary Turner, Commander Cameron McCr. Winslow, and Ensign Robert A. Dawes.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resume of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Francis T. Underhill (formerly Miss Carmelita Dibblee), who have been in Santa Barbara since their marriage last month, will leave on Monday next for a trip around the world.

Mrs. James A. Robinson expects to spend the winter at the Hotel Dorchester, leaving in the early spring for Europe, where her daughter, Miss Elena Robinson, is at present.

Mr. Peter Martin left last week for New York, where he will join Mrs. Martin, and they will sail for Europe on November 4th with the intention of spending the winter in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt Allen have been guests recently at Del Monte.

Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Miss Margaret Newhall, Miss Marion Newhall, and Miss Elizabeth Newhall are in Paris, where they expect to spend the winter.

Mr. George T. Page will leave in January for Europe to join Mrs. Page and Miss Leslie Page, who have been abroad for a year. They will travel through Spain and Italy, touching at Athens and points of interest on the Mediterranean.

Mrs. Albert J. Dibblee has returned to her home in Ross Valley, after a two months' stay in Columbus, Ohio, as the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan and Miss Emily Carolan will return from San Rafael this week. They expect to spend the winter at an uptown hotel.

Mrs. Thomas Magee is expected to return very shortly from her Eastern trip.

Mrs. Edward Barron and Miss Marguerite Barron, who have been at their country place near Mayfield since the fire, left last week for New York, where they will spend a part of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hellmann, who have been in Belvedere all summer, have returned to town and are at their home on Gough street.

Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin and Miss Grace Baldwin have returned from a visit to Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels have arrived in New York for a stay of some duration.

Miss Lily McCalla has been visiting friends at San Rafael.

Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Breyfogle have been staying at Lakewood, New Jersey, recently, but will spend some time in New York and may go abroad before returning to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Kline, Miss Eliza Kline, and Mr. Russell Kline have rented their Pacific avenue home in this city and are in Berkeley for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren D. Clark and their family have returned to their home in town after spending the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, who have been at Belvedere during the summer, have determined to remain at Belvedere through the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Chenery have taken an apartment at Pacific avenue and Baker street for the winter.

Miss Mary Bailey and Miss Helen Bailey, who went out to the Philippines early in the summer, are at present visiting their brother, Dr. Howard Bailey, U. S. A., in Mindanao.

Mrs. Mary P. Huntington and Mrs. Gilbert Brooke Perkins sailed from Europe for America on November 1st.

Mrs. J. W. McClung has been the guest, since the marriage of her daughter, Miss Gladys McClung, and Midshipman Goss, U. S. N., of Mrs. John D. Tallant at the latter's home on Green street. She will go later to Mare Island.

Mrs. Richard Sprague, who spent the summer at Fair Oaks, is now in New York. Mr. and Mrs. Sprague will spend the winter on their plantation in Louisiana.

Major and Mrs. Ben C. Truman, who have divided the summer between Lake Tahoe and Del Monte, are returning this week to their home in Los Angeles.

Miss Molly Pierce has returned to Berkeley from a visit to Captain and Mrs. U. B. Seabury on their ranch near Guerneville.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Mansfeldt have moved to the Parkhurst, at the corner of Fell and Shradler streets.

Dr. and Mrs. Milan Soule will leave this week for Europe. They expect to winter in Algiers and Tunis.

Dr. David Cohn has left his Sutter street residence and is occupying that of Dr. Barkan, 2209 Laguna street.

Miss Marietta Havens of Oakland is visiting in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland and Mr. Joseph Eastland left on Sunday last for New York. They expect to be absent about six weeks.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Walkington (formerly Miss Elsie Harrison) has been brightened by the advent of a son in their home.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Greer has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

Sale of a Club House.

The Lotus Club of New York has been installed in its present club house for not very many years. It seems but a short time ago that it was "downtown," as was the Union Club. But both of these, as well as other clubs, secured new quarters on upper Fifth Avenue. Just as the Union Club is settling itself into its new quarters, however, the Lotus Club is preparing to move out. The Union Club men do not manifest any too much satisfaction over their new location, and the Lotus Club men have concluded that they would rather be elsewhere. Therefore they have sold their property for \$750,000, and they will make a tidy sum in profit over what they paid for it. The president, when interviewed, said that the Club had sold its property for the reason that it desired to get "quarters in a quiet side street." Shades of Father Knickerbocker! Who would have believed—when the Lotus Club left its old quarters not so many years ago—that upper Fifth Avenue would have been found so busy that a club would be driven, in self defense, to move out? Yet such is the fact. Nowadays, Fifth Avenue from Central Park to Washington Square is a mass of vehicles, and "little old New York" is one of the noisiest cities on earth; it is probable that other clubs will soon seek quieter and more agreeable neighborhoods, following this movement in which the Lotus is the pioneer.

W. V. Stafford, Commissioner of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, has submitted a statement to Governor Pardee on the cost of living in San Francisco as compared with what it was before the fire. His investigation covered 175 dwellings, 18 of which are new. On the old 157 dwellings there was a total rental of \$3,896 prior to April 18th. The same 157 dwellings are renting today for \$4,953.50, an increase of \$1,057.50 making a percentage of increase of the present over the rates prevailing before the fire of 27.1 per cent, which he takes to represent the actual increase in rentals in San Francisco. Investigation shows that pine lumber has increased 19.3 per cent in cost and redwood has increased 12.2 per cent; redwood shingles have increased 33.3 per cent and cedar shingles 23 per cent, according to the actual schedule prices. No discounts are allowed for cash, and this represents an increase of about 4 per cent. He failed to discover any material difference in the cost of living in this city outside of house rent. Meats, if anything, are a little cheaper; clothing apparently just about the same. Some dairy and poultry supplies have been a little cheaper than in previous years, no doubt, through the lack of cold storage facilities.

The Board of Regents of the University of California have decided on plans for the establishment of an academy of Pacific Coast history, with the great Bancroft library as a foundation upon which to build up a great collection of works dealing with the ethnology, geography and history of the whole Pacific Coast, Hawaii, Alaska and Spanish America. It is proposed to house this vast library in the new building which will be constructed with the Charles J. Doe bequest of \$750,000. It is estimated the expense of maintaining the institution will be \$10,000 a year. Aid will be sought from the Bureau of Historical Research, recently established in Washington by the Carnegie Institute, and an active campaign will be inaugurated to secure sufficient funds for the proper maintenance and increase of the collection.

A handsome loving cup was presented to Raphael Weill a few days ago as a token of esteem by the women of San Francisco. More than five hundred women were interested in the fund subscribed for the token, and all were glad to show their recognition of his generosity as a citizen and appreciation of his many beneficent acts at the time of the recent disaster. Following the fire and earthquake Mr. Weill gave away five thousand dresses and suits to the refugee women of San Francisco. This act, it is said, carried more happiness into the camps than any other single item in the relief work, and it was done so unostentatiously that few people outside of the relief workers knew of Mr. Weill's generous act.

Herman W. Hellman, one of the prominent and wealthiest business men of Southern California, died at his residence in Los Angeles, October 19. Mr. Hellman was associated with many financial institutions of Los Angeles and Southern California. He was the owner of the Hellman block and much other valuable realty in this city. Mr. Hellman was born in Recken-dorf, Germany, September 25, 1843. With his brother, Isaac W. Hellman of San Francisco, he came to California in 1858. He was married in Italy July 26, 1874, to Miss Ida Heilmann. The widow and four children, two sons and two daughters, survive Mr. Hellman.

Glasses are said to have been invented by Alessandro di Spina in the 13th century.

The glasses which we make are examples of the perfection which has been reached in their manufacture.

HIRSCH & KAISER,

1757 Fillmore St.,

Opticians

Build Your Home In Presidio Terrace—

San Francisco's only Residence Park.

Absolute protection afforded in home life.

No saloons, stables, laundries, flats, stores nor business structures permitted.

No spite fences.

Sun and light assured by building line restrictions.

Lots 50-foot frontage, \$6000.

Five years credit, 5 per cent. interest.

Minimum cost of residences, \$7000.

Particulars of

BALDWIN & HOWELL

1692 FILLMORE ST.

P. Centemeri & Co KID GLOVES

New Location

1551 Van Ness Ave.

Between Pine and California

San Francisco

JOHN G. ILS & CO.

Manufacturers

High-Grade French Ranges

Kitchen and Bakery Outfits,

624 Washington Street,

San Francisco, Cal.

Press Clippings

Are money-makers for Contractors

Supply-houses, Business Men

and Corporations.

Allen's Press Clipping Bureau

Kohl Building.



Get "Improved," no tacks required

Wood Rollers

Tin Rollers

ROMEIKE'S PRESS CUTTING BUREAU

Will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear in your papers, or any subject on which you want "up to date."

A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines, in fact, every paper of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers and, through the European Bureaus, all the leading papers in civilized globe.

Clippings found for subscribers and pasted on slips giving name and date of paper, and are mailed day by day.

Write for circular and terms.

HENRY ROMEIKE

33 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK

BRANCHES

LONDON.

PARIS.

BERLIN.

SYDN

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Healthful cream of tartar, derived solely from grapes, refined to absolute purity, is the active principle of every pound of Royal Baking Powder.

Hence it is that Royal Baking Powder renders the food remarkable both for its fine flavor and healthfulness.

No alum, no phosphate—which are the principal elements of the so-called cheap baking powders and which are derived from bones, rock and sulphuric acid.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK

PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Major-General James W. Forsyth, U. S. A., retired, who commanded the Department of California from 1894 to 1897, is recovering from a severe illness at his home in Columbus, Ohio, where he has lived since his retirement.

Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., who arrived in San Francisco on Saturday, expects to leave today for St. Louis to assume command of the Southwest Division, with headquarters in that city. He will be accompanied by his aides, Lieutenant Edwin C. Long, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Burton C. Mitchell, U. S. A.

Brigadier-General John J. Pershing, U. S. A., commander of the Department of California, been detailed, by order of the President, as member of the army retiring board at San Francisco, vice Colonel Charles Morris, Artillery, U. S. A., relieved.

Colonel John A. Lundeen, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been granted one month's extension of his leave of absence. He is at present in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Colonel George M. Dunn, U. S. A., judge advocate of the Department of California, has been granted one month's leave of absence to effect about November 1st, and will go to Washington, D. C. Colonel Dunn will probably go to the Philippines in the spring.

Colonel John L. Clem, U. S. A., chief quartermaster of the Department of California, will be today for Cheyenne, Wyoming, where he has been ordered for consultation with General Mas H. Barry, acting chief of staff, U. S. A. Colonel Clem will be absent about one week.

Colonel Lea Febiger, U. S. A., acting inspector-general, returned on Thursday of last from a six weeks' tour of inspection of the posts in the Department of Columbia. He has been granted two months' leave of absence to effect upon his being relieved from duty in inspector-general's department, which will probably be about November 1st.

Commander William Winder, U. S. N., who is well known on this Coast, has been detached from the Naval War College, Newport, and ordered for general court-martial duty at Navy Yard, Boston.

Commander F. W. Coffin, U. S. N., is detached from the Naval Station, Cavite, P. I., ordered to the Naval Hospital, Mare Island, for treatment.

Major Parker West, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has arrived in this division from the East at his station, Fort Walla Walla, Washington.

Captain Hanson Black, U. S. A., chief signal officer of the Department of California, left on Tuesday of last week for Fort Rosecrans, California, to inspect the installation and fire of that post.

Captain P. E. N. Walker, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., and Lieutenant S. D. Noyes, Third Infantry, U. S. A., who have been at the General Hospital here for some time, have been ordered before an army retiring board.

Captain Walter C. Chidester, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., has been granted leave of absence about November 1st to January 15th, at the end of which time his resignation of his commission as an officer of the army, which has been accepted by the President, will take effect. Lieutenant D. S. Mahony, U. S. N., is detached from the Cleveland and to duty at Navy Yard, Mare Island, in the department of steam engineering.

Lieutenant Burton C. Mitchell, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., aide-de-camp, who will accompany General Funston East, will go on about November 15th, and will then rejoin his regiment at Niagara, New York, his aide having expired.

Lieutenant Joseph R. McAndrews, First Cavalry, U. S. A., who has been a patient at the General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, has been ordered to proceed without delay for proper station, Fort Clark, Texas.

Lieutenant Paul C. Potter, Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's extension of his leave of absence.

Lieutenant Douglas MacArthur, Engineer, U. S. A., left on Tuesday evening of last week for Washington, D. C., where he is assigned to the Engineer School.

Lieutenant Aubrey Lippincott, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has arrived from the Presidio and assumed temporary command of the Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., relieving Lieutenant Robert C. Richardson, Jr., U. S. A., who has been ordered to West Point to act as an instructor in mathematics.

Lieutenant J. C. Pryor, U. S. N., who was for years stationed on this Coast, has been detached from duty at the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., and ordered to additional duty at the United States Naval Medical School at Washington, D. C.

Contract Surgeon Leonard S. Hughes, U. S. A., department Rifle Range, Point Bonita, has been granted one month's leave of absence to effect about November 10th, with permission to apply for an extension of two months.

Lawrence S. Adams, who has been visiting mother, Mrs. William T. Goldsborough, during the summer, has returned to

Norfolk, Virginia, where her husband, Naval Constructor Adams, U. S. N., is stationed.

Paymaster John Irwin, Jr., U. S. N., is detached from the Lawton and ordered to temporary duty at the Navy Yard, Mare Island.

Paymaster G. M. Lukesh, U. S. N., is detached from the Navy Yard, Mare Island, and ordered to duty on the Lawton.

Mrs. Franklin K. Drake left last week for Bremerton Navy Yard, where she goes to join her husband, Captain Drake, U. S. N., who is commanding the Wisconsin.

The Real Property Investment Corporation will put up a two-story store and office building on the land on Montgomery street, which it purchased from Mrs. Oelrichs before the fire, formerly the site of the Lick House. It is expected that it will require six months to complete the structure after the work is started. This will be one of the biggest office and store buildings in the city. The property has a frontage of 200 feet on Montgomery street and 315 feet on Sutter, including Lick alley. There is also a frontage of 85 feet on Post and 275 on Lick alley. There will be ten stores on Sutter street, eight on Montgomery, one on Post, to cover a space of 85x100, and ten stores on Lick alley. On the upper floor there are to be 142 offices.

The publication of the late Queen Victoria's letters written and received by her during the most interesting part of her reign, has again been postponed. The real truth is that so many painful family revelations, which would affect living members of well-known families, have been discovered that a wholesale revision of the three volumes is now being made. Many heads of families have approached the King on the matter, fearing lest their private affairs should be made public, with the result that His Majesty has now ordered that no letter shall be printed until it has been read and approved by himself. Thus the three volumes will be robbed of much "spice," but they are expected to be of absorbing interest in spite of the liberal "cutting."

Several receptions and banquets have been given during the past week in honor of Captain Roald Amundsen, the Norwegian navigator who accomplished the Northwest passage in his vessel, the Gjoa. City officials, the presidents of the two universities, and numerous citizens joined in honoring the hero of the Arctic journey. The Norwegian societies have been especially active in attentions to their famous countryman.

The exhibition of recent paintings of William Keith, at the gallery of Vickery, Atkins & Torrey, is a source of delight for all art lovers. Among the favorites of the visitors may be mentioned especially, "The Oak Farm," "Golden October," and "Afternoon Sky." There are sixty-eight paintings in the collection.

Madame Gadske has started on a tour with the pleasing prospect of all time being booked solidly up to Christmas, when she returns to Germany. Considering that this is the prima donna's third successive American concert tour, this record is something to cause comment.

Another feature of the Original Vienna Cafe and Bakery, 1014 Van Ness avenue, is the dainty service. Breakfast, lunch and tea, hot rolls, delicious coffee and chocolate served by natty young ladies.

HOTEL RAFAEL
SAN RAFAEL, CAL.
50 minutes from San Francisco. Complete Change of Climate
TIBURON OR SAUSALITO FERRY
All Modern Conveniences.
R. V. HALTON Proprietor

FISHER & CO., Inc.
Hatters and Furnishers
Formerly of 9 Montgomery St.
Now 726 Market St. Opp. Call Bldg.
San Francisco.
THE BEST \$3.50 AND \$5.00 HATS IN TOWN

AUTOMOBILES
Runabouts - - - \$700
Reo Touring Cars - \$1400
IMMEDIATE DELIVERY
J. W. LEAVITT & CO.
441 Golden Gate Ave.

ELECTRO SILICON

Unequalled for
Cleaning and Polishing
SILVERWARE.

Send your address for a FREE SAMPLE, or 10c. in stamps for a full sized box.

Grocers sell it.
THE ELECTRO SILICON CO., 30 CHIT ST., New York.

Educational.

MRS. J. E. TIPPETT
(CLARA BEUTLER)
Teacher of Singing
Coaching
Studio, Pierce Building, Copley Square,
Boston, Mass.

Miss Harker's School.
Palo Alto, Cal. Home and Day School for Girls. Intermediate and Primary Departments. Certificate admits to Stanford, Vassar and Wellesley. Number limited. Reopens August 20th.

Ogontz School for Young Ladies.
Twenty minutes from Philadelphia; two hours from New York. The late Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circulars, address Miss SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal, Ogontz School P. O. Pa.

Presidio Heights' Private School,
314 Cherry Street, San Francisco. Academic, Intermediate and Primary Departments. Elizabeth Crane, Principal. Teachers: Elizabeth Crane, Agnes Bowman, Ottilie Gilliland.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt
Announces his removal to 2090 Fell St., corner of Sistrader.
Telephone West 1736.

Miss Eleanore Joseph
(Lately from Paris and Berlin)
SINGING AND PIANO.
1915 Baker St., near Sacramento San Francisco



EXHIBITION
OF THE
Recent Paintings
OF
William Keith
BEING WORK DONE AT HIS STUDIO
SINCE THE
EIGHTEENTH OF LAST APRIL
At the Gallery of
VICKERY, ATKINS & TORREY
1744 CALIFORNIA STREET
Near Van Ness Avenue
Beginning October 22, 1906

WANTED TO BUY
A HANDSOME DEPOT WAGON. Two seats, removable; pole and shafts; rubber tires. Reply, giving description, maker's name, price, time in use, etc. T. D., Argonaut, San Jose.

Swain's Cafe at 1111-1113 Post St.
Have added to their heretofore Excellent Equipment
A MODERN GRILL SERVICE
With Schlitz and Wurzburger
Beer on Draught
Music Under the Direction of
Mr. Edgar Bayliss

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS
Ready for business at 1165 O'FARRELL ST., bet. Franklin and Gough
Pianos Tuned, Repaired, Moved and Stored.
SOHMER-Cecilian Piano Players

BANKING.

California
Safe Deposit and
Trust Company

Capital Fully Paid \$2,000,000
Total Assets \$10,000,000

A General Banking Business Conducted
Savings and Checking Accounts Received
Interest Paid on Deposits

MAIN OFFICE
CORNER CALIFORNIA AND MONTGOMERY
STREETS

West End Branch, 1531 Devisadero St.
Near Post.

Mission Branch: 927 Valencia Street
Near Twenty-first

Uptown Branch: 1850 Geary Street,
West of Fillmore.

DAVID F. WALKER, Pres.
J. DALZELL BROWN, Mgr.

FRENCH AMERICAN BANK

Union Trust Building (Third Floor)
Ready to accommodate its customers and do a general banking business. We will collect on insurance policies for those wishing our services.

THE FRENCH SAVINGS BANK
occupies offices in the same building.

Officers—Charles Carpy, President; Arthur Legallet, Vice-President; Leon Bocqueraz, Vice-President.

Directors—J. E. Arriaguet, O. Bozio, J. A. Bergerot, E. J. DeSblla, J. M. Dupas, J. S. Godeau, J. J. Mack, Geo. Belaney, Leon Kaufman.

Our Branch Bank is Now Open at
No. 810 Van Ness Avenue Near Eddy St.

Mutual Savings Bank

710 Market St., Opposite Third
SAN FRANCISCO.

Guaranteed Capital	\$ 1,000,000
Paid-up Capital	300,000
Surplus	320,000
Assets	10,000,000

Interest paid on deposits. Loans on approved securities.

OFFICERS—President, James D. Phelan; First Vice-President, S. G. Murphy; Second Vice-President, John A. Hooper; Secretary and Cashier, Geo. A. Story; Asst. Secretary and Asst. Cashier, C. B. Hobson; Attorney, Frank J. Sullivan.

Directors—James D. Phelan, John A. Hooper, Frank J. Sullivan, Jas. M. McDonald, S. G. Murphy, James Moffin, Robt. McElroy, Charles Holbrook, Rudolph Spreckels.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS
AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus	\$ 2,552,719.61
Capital actually paid up in cash	1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1906	38,476,520.22

F. Tillmann, Jr., President; Daniel Meyer, First Vice-President; Emil Rohde, Second Vice-President; A. H. R. Schmidt, Cashier; Wm. Hermann, Asst. Cashier; Geo. Toumy, Secretary; A. H. Muller, Asst. Secretary; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.

Board of Directors:
F. Tillmann, Jr., Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohde, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, N. Ohlandt, J. W. Van Bergen, E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

Helping the Homeless
The Continental Building and Loan Association
Has helped build up several interior towns and cities of California but for the next few years its funds will be used to help restore the burned homes of San Francisco.
Dr. Washington Dodge, President.
Gavin McNab, Attorney.
Wm. Corbin, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr.
Office: Corner Market and Church Streets

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS
Ready for business at 1165 O'FARRELL ST., bet. Franklin and Gough
Pianos Tuned, Repaired, Moved and Stored.
SOHMER-Cecilian Piano Players

HOME-COMING OF DINWIDDIE.

How the Dormitory Joined in His Appeal to the Closed Door.

Mr. Dinwiddie was a very nice, innocuous little man, begins Huntley Murray, in the Broadway Magazine. Indeed, there was something almost obtrusive about his harmlessness. He shrank from a strange child with looks of pathetic appeal to the bystanders. He always said, "No, thank you," to clamorous newsboys, and it is a miracle that his respect for Mrs. Dinwiddie had ever relaxed enough to allow him to marry her. She was a large, gusty woman. When she spoke to you it seemed that she was perpetually about to shake her first in your face, while in conversation with Mr. Dinwiddie, one never got rid of the uneasy sensation that he was keeping his fingers crossed behind his back.

It was out of regard for his Better Two-Thirds that Mr. Dinwiddie came to the university town just before Commencement time. Mrs. Dinwiddie had been a prom. girl in her lighter days, and wished to behold those scenes again. The first evening of their visit, Mr. Dinwiddie was packed off to the club to meet people, with strict orders not to come home too early. Mrs. Dinwiddie went with Lucy and the girls to a musicale.

At seven minutes past one the next morning Mr. Dinwiddie picked his way daintily across Alden street and turned down Glen street to his temporary home. The left side of Glen street is lined by dry, little, late-Colonial houses; on the right rise, cliff-like, the long, red, many-windowed walls of a University Dormitory. Mrs. Dinwiddie's sister's husband's house was the fifth—a thin, ashamed house, with concrete urns in the front yard. Let it be understood past question that, in spite of the hour, Mr. Dinwiddie was profoundly sober. He was not feeling very well, because he had been drinking horse's necks while the other men drank Black-and-White highballs; and he had conscientiously kept even—and five bottle of ginger ale at a sitting is a strain.

Mr. Dinwiddie found the fifth house, verified the number, looked at his silver watch, went through the gate sidewise, and with a sigh of relief rang the bell. He glanced across at the dormitory and a vague thought sniffed at the skirts of his mind—a thought which, had Mr. Dinwiddie been Wordsworth, would have resulted in the sonnet on Westminster Bridge. He sighed and pushed the button again. An aching stillness followed. A cab clacked down Alden street and lumbered out of hearing. Mr. Dinwiddie's face hardened. He leaned long against the button, until he could faintly hear the querulous voice of the bell. He listened until his own pulses were as the tread of multitudes hurrying to open the door. Still held the hollow hush. Had Mr. Dinwiddie been a scholar he might have reflected that the Greeks and primitive people generally have been quite correct in locating the seat of the emotions. Instead of philosophizing, he groaned gently and alternated his bell-ringing with such tentative batterings at the door as it seemed must arouse the neighborhood. But Glen street is insured to nocturnal noises, and all its mighty heart continued to lie still. Mr. Dinwiddie desisted, listened at the keyhole—then delicacy abdicated. He retreated to the sidewalk and called his wife's name aloud in the public street. "Mary," wailed Mr. Dinwiddie, "Oh, Mary! Let me in!"

Across the way a restless sophomore with a headache heard that wail, and rose. Leaning half way out of his window, he contemplated the serenader.

"Mary! Mary! Open the door!"

The sophomore reached for the water bottle on his windowsill, uncorked it, and slowly drank one pint. Then he wetted his head. Other students awoke and roused their roommates. The invocations in the street gained volume. The psychic sense of something doing pervaded the dormitory. Presently every window held one or two mist-white wraiths, observant, grinning. A handful of matches spattered on the sidewalk, raising little pale flames. A voice cried, "Fi-er!" and the multitudinous amusement became audible. Mr. Dinwiddie started and grew hot. His hair itched. He was desperate.

"Mary! Mary! Let me in! It's I—it's Arthur!" The sophomore nearly threw himself past his balance. "Now, then, fellows, all together!" Three hundred pairs of sturdy lungs filled at the word. "Are you ready? One, two, —"

"Oh, Mary! Stick-your-head-out-of-the-window!"

Mr. Dinwiddie nearly fainted with shame and rage. His heart was alternate flame and ice. He shook his thin fists overhead and remonstrated passionately. But by this time a foghorn would have been inaudible. The strains of "Don't You See I'm Lonely?" at one end of the building contended with a hastily extemporized version of "Everybody Sleeps But Arthur" at the other. The splatter of matches was incessant.

All the more noisy domestic animals were imitated at once. One man was firing blank cartridges, another was displaying his ignorance of the bugle; flaming newspapers, floating earthward or sticking among the telephone wires, cast a gruesome light over the scene. And from an upper window a stentorian wretch with a megaphone was conjuring Mary by all known gods of classic and modern times to cut out pounding her ear and produce poor Arthur's nightie.

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" shrieked Mr. Dinwiddie in a momeotary lull, "consider! How can you—"

"Bottle night!" roared a senior. And immediately every man in the building hurled his water-bottle crashing into the street, and followed it with his washbowl and pitcher. Broken glass slithered over the stones, bottles rang and clashed, pitchers popped, washbowls boomed. And amid the scattering fire of the last ammunition the Dormitory chanted with one organization:

"Ain't dat a shame—
A measly shame—
To keep your honey
Out in the rain?"

A carriage with frightened horses drove crunching through the fragmentary potsherds. Therefrom descended Mary, indignant, and the family of her sister. Mr. Dinwiddie tucked himself under her arm, with a squeak of joy. And as the door of the house with the concrete urns in the yard banged after the company, the sophomore, weak with laughter, sent forth with his last remaining breath the immemorial amen of midnight carousals:

"All O-o-ver!"

L'Envoi.

(For any ten-cent magazine.)

When Earth's last scandal is printed and the forms are battered and pied,
When the newest muck-heap has crumbled and the oldest raker has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an aeon or two,
Till Saint Teddy, the Master Critic, shall find us something to do.

And those that were good shall be happy; they shall sit on a cloud and rail
At the swing of the stars in their course and the curve of a comet's tail—
Thomas and David and Upton, Sammie and Ida and Ray,
They shall censure and kick and cavil, and never be tired a day.

And only Saint Teddy shall praise us, and only Saint Teddy shall blame;
And no one shall kick for money, and no one shall kick for fame,
But just for the joy of kicking; and each shall be perfectly free
To change and arrange Creation as he thinks that it ought to be.

—Puck.

HOTEL RULES AND REGULATIONS.

One of the first things the delegates to the annual convention of the Rocky Mountain Hotel Men's Association, recently held in Denver, were called on to consider, was the adoption of new rules for use in their hostilities. According to the Tourist, the following rules have been recommended by the Denver contingent:

Travelers without trunks will be fastened to the bedpost with a chain and the chain will be locked. The key will be placed in the safe over night. Any one caught filing the chain will be charged \$2 extra.

The elevator in this hotel has been running for three years and must now be about 11,987 miles away. Those who fall down stairs when they don't feel like it do so at their own risk.

There are three departments—upstairs, downstairs, and outdoors. Outdoors is the cheapest. If the sun shines in your room too feverishly, notify the clerk and he will remove the sun to the other side of the house.

When a bride and groom appear at the table for the first time, nobody must refer to them as tablespoons under a penalty of sixty cents and ten years in jail.

Washing not allowed in rooms. Ladies giving an order to "put me on a flat iron" will be put on one at any hour of the day or night.

Corner froot rooms, upon only one flight, for each guest.

Any guest who thinks his bill exorbitant may argue the matter with the bull terrier in the backyard, who is kept hungry for that purpose.

If the bellboy doesn't come when you call, run down to the office and report the matter. The exercise will do you good; besides, this is the bellboy's day off.

In case of fire jump out of the window, turn to the left and go three blocks north.

The imitation ice in the pitcher is copyrighted and must not be removed from the premises.

Children will be welcomed with delight and are requested to bring hoops, wagons, dogs, etc., to bang furniture, run through the halls, fall down stairs, carry away dessert in their pockets and make themselves as disagreeable as the fondest mother could desire.

Guests who would invite the proprietor to have a drink with them are reminded that he drinks but three times a day—before meals, after meals, and between meals.

Guests wishing to get up without being called may have self-rising flour for supper.

Guests afflicted with hay fever will please not sneeze when passing grass widows.

"My gracious, Mary," said Mr. Wappley, "why do you keep these trunks and satchels here in the hall where people have to fall over them every time they try to get into the house? We've got a storeroom for such things, haven't we?" "Well, what's the use going to Europe and getting labels pasted on your trunks if they are to be hid away in storerooms? You ain't got any more family pride than a Navajoseph Indian."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Funny-Paper Whiskers Out.

The gentlemen who make cartoons for humorous periodicals of the East long ago decided that the typical citizen of Oklahoma was a lean, hungry-looking individual, with a moustache that could be tied behind his ears, or whiskers that expanded generously over his moustache and were beautifully tinted with tobacco juice, remarks the New York World.

The Oklahoma Journal of Commerce has issued an illustrated edition which shows a little caricaturist often know about their business. Of its 105 portraits of more or less prominent citizens there are only five exhibits of whiskers and four of these are as closely cropped as Vice President Fairbanks'. The sole exception is a type of funny-paper whiskers, but of the old-fashioned American beard that is believed have had its roots in the fertile soil of the Western Reserve.

Mustaches are more numerous. There are twenty-five among the 105—not Alkali like mustaches, but rather of the well-trimmed New York kind. None of these Oklahoma mustaches would attract particular attention in Wall Street.

But beards and mustaches are in a hopeless minority. Out of eight editors seven have smooth faces. Seventeen out of twenty-nine Republican politicians are smooth-faced, and only two have beards. In the Democracy whiskers are held even less esteem, forty-four out of fifty-two prominent Democrats being smoothly shaven.

A good story is going the rounds on President Jordan of Stanford University (says the San Francisco Chronicle).

At 10 o'clock on the morning of April 1 Dr. Jordan prophesied that there would be no other earthquake. He ordered all persons connected with Stanford University to get out of the houses and be prepared. He gave similar orders in regard to his own home.

As an upper servant was getting things shape for the expected temblor, he observed there was a fire in the kitchen. He at once went down to have it out with the Chinese cook.

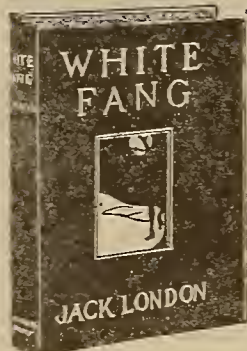
"Put the fire out," he said. "Didn't you tell me what the doctor said? There will be another shake."

"Umph," grunted the cook. "If Doctor Jordan's second shake come, why he no teller first shake."

President Eliot, of Harvard, is no believer in the Rooseveltian spelling reform. Once it was a student who was a candidate for the degree of doctor of philosophy. This man adopted spelling reform as his particular line of work and as commencement day drew near he went to President Eliot with a request.

"You know, Mr. President," he said, "you are proposing to make me a Ph. D. Now I have a specialty of spelling reform and always spell philosophy with an f. I therefore called to ask you if you could not make degree F. D. instead of Ph. D."

"Certainly, my dear sir," replied the president of Harvard. "In fact, if you insist we will make it D. F."



READY THIS DAY

Jack London's

NEW NOVEL

WHITE FANG

There has been nothing since his "The Call of the Wild" at all like this story of a wolf-nature tamed, of the fight for life of men and animals with the still cold of the north, stronger than either. It is written in the same spirit of adventure as "The Call of the Wild," but with vastly different incidents, and even more dramatic development.

WHITE FANG

By JACK LONDON, whose "The Call of the Wild" swept the country, in an exceptional success, "marvellously interesting," said the Times; "wholly satisfying," The New York Sun.

Illustrated in Colors, \$1.50.

Published by

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY



STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

I taking testimony in the Colton will case last in Washington, a quick-witted old lady been on the stand for some time on behalf of the proponents of the will. She had testified, among other things, that she was the editor of the Book of Lineage of the Daughters of the Revolution—of which the late Mrs. Colton had a member. Joe Redding took her under examination and he commenced in a casual

suppose, my dear madam, that you and Colton may have compared your recollections in some of your conversations?"

"Never," replied the old lady: "I never asked her. I would not dare take such a liberty with myself."

Redding made one more effort. "Ah!" said the attorney, "but I can find out both of the ages in the Book of Lineage of the Daughters of the Revolution?"

"No you can not," replied the dame. "It is not the constitution to mention any member's age it would break up the society."

And Joe gave up in despair.

Gladstone was once addressing the House of Commons on the Irish question. An observation of the honorable gentleman tickled the fancy of Mr. Labouchere. "The honorable member

said the G. O. M. "No," said Mr. Labouchere shortly. "I hear him do it," said Gladstone promptly, and then the whole House was heard to smile. It was in the same

that an impassioned Irish member declared: "The Government is taking a leap in the dark compared with which all previous leaps were mere flea bite," and when the uproar had

subided, Mr. Labouchere interposed to say he had no doubt that what the honorable member meant to say was a mere flea leap.

Gladstone once declared that "we must make our stand on the shifting sands of politics that are hatched from day to day." A

known member once ended an impressive oration as follows: "All classes, all creeds, all ranks—from the Queen sitting on her throne

to the laborer sitting on his cottage," etc.

A ambassador of a well-known European church was riding in the streets of Constantinople when one of the Sultan's carriages

passed by. Seeing it was guarded, his curiosity got the better of him, and when the carriage

passed him he was daring enough to peep in at the passenger.

He was surprised and pained to receive a look in the face from an attendant in charge.

With rage, he demanded audience of the Sultan.

The Sultan listened attentively, and for a moment appeared lost in thought. At last he

said: "My dear —, I have gone carefully into the case and see exactly how it stands.

Moreover, of course, a gentleman, therefore you will never have committed such a breach of

manners as you allege to have taken place. Therefore no attendant could possibly have

tried you. The whole affair seems to be a product of your fancy. Let us dismiss it."

An engineer from Sunderland was spending a few days in London with a friend, and after

by morning sightseeing the Londoner chose to go to a restaurant for luncheon, thinking it

would be a novel experience for the man from the north. The visitor appeared to enjoy his

luncheon, but kept looking in the direction of the door. "What are you watching?" asked his

landlord, rather annoyed. "Well," was the quiet reply, "A's keepin' an eye on a

ma topcoat." "I don't bother about that," said the other, "I don't see me watching mine."

"No," observed the guileless engineer, "these things call to—it's ten minutes sin' thine went."

B. Wright is a country storekeeper in Pennsylvania, and went to Philadelphia to purchase a

lot of goods. The goods were shipped immediately and reached home before he did. When

boxes of goods were delivered at his store by the payman his wife happened to look at the

label; she uttered a loud cry and called for her husband. A neighbor, hearing her screams,

came to her assistance, asking the cause of the trouble. The wife, pale and faint, pointed to the

had been well known as a stern opponent of the use of tobacco. But presently Bishop Eastburn rushed to the sideboard and got a box of cigars, at the same time remarking lugubriously, "Dr. Potter, I presume that you don't smoke."

"Whenever I get a chance, I do," answered Potter.

Whereupon Bishop Eastburn's face broadened into a smile, and he exclaimed, "Thank God! I was afraid you had inherited the detestable prejudices of your father!"

P. R. Lund, chief train-agent of the Southern Pacific, has recently been promoted, after years of service (says the San Francisco Chronicle) and is getting congratulations from all sides, including the fair sex.

"Oh, Mr. Lund, delighted," said one. "Isn't the train-agent the man who holds up the trains?"

There was a general laugh, and it was explained that a "road-agent" performs that office for the company.

"It's all the same," said one of Lund's friends. "A road-agent holds up the trains and a train-agent holds up the company."

A senator hurried into the United States Senate chamber one morning early, and said to a page:

"Young man, did you find a \$10 bill on my desk last evening? I wrote a letter, intending to inclose the bill, but somehow I failed to do so, and left it behind on the blotter."

"Yes, Senator," said the page, taking out his wallet, "I did find that bill, and here it is. And it's a lucky thing for you, sir, that none of the other senators happened in before I saw it."

When Queen Victoria visited Manchester, one thing she did was to go over a certain convent there. In every department she visited, the Sisters made profound curtsies. This annoyed the Queen, and she said reproachfully to her guide:

"Ah, mother, I thought I told you emphatically that I wished to be treated quite as an ordinary visitor. Why, then, is every one curtsying?"

"Your wishes, madam, have been obeyed," the mother replied. "The reverence shown by the Sisters is not intended for you, their queen, but for me, their superior."

The Vixen was bought for the Spanish War. How she got her present name is a favorite navy story. Commander Alexander Sharp, Jr., now

of the cruiser Chattanooga, was naval aid to Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, at the outbreak of the Spanish War, and he applied for the command of a vessel. He

was then only a lieutenant, and was not entitled to a large ship. John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy, decided to assign him to command the

Josephine. "Mr. Secretary," said Sharp, "my wife's name is Josephine, and I wish you would change the name of the yacht I am to command."

"And what does Mrs. Sharp say?" asked Mr. Long.

"She said," answered Sharp, "that if you kept the name, it would be the only Josephine I ever commanded."

"Ah," said the Secretary of the Navy, "I shall change the vessel's name to the Vixen." And the Vixen she became.

One day a man, apparently white, came into the best restaurant in Atlanta. The head waiter looked him over and thought he had negro blood in him. In fact, he was a very light quadroon.

"Here you," the head waiter said, "you are colored!"

"Oh, no, I ain't," the man replied. "Not in the sense you mean."

"But you are mighty dark."

"I know I am, but that is because I am a Malay."

The head waiter was nonplussed. He looked again and then asked suspiciously: "What is a Malay? Where is he from?"

"Why," said the man easily, "Malays are from Malasia."

Victor Hugo had a very exalted opinion of his own importance. Walking with a friend one day, he abruptly asked, "Can you imagine what I would say to the Creator, should I meet him?"

"Yes," replied his friend. "You would say 'My dear Confre!'"

A meteorite fell on a Vermont farm in 1896. It was a valuable meteorite, and the landlord at once stepped up and claimed it. "All minerals and metals on the land belong to me," he

said. "That's in the lease." But the tenant demurred. "This meteorite," he said, "wasn't on the farm, you must remember, when the lease was drawn up."

The landlord perceived the justice of that

claim. He thought a moment. Then he said, decisively: "I claim her as flying game."

But the tenant was ready for him. "She's got neither wings nor feathers," he said. "Therefore, as ground game, she's mine."

They continued their argument, and in the heat of it a revenue officer, arriving with a truck, proceeded to put the meteorite aboard. "I claim her for the Government," he said, "as an article introduced into the country without payment of duty."

Charles Hawtrey once when making a trip through Europe found himself in a small village minus his luggage and razors. There was no barber's shop, but having heard of a man in the village who occasionally had shaved people, the famous actor sent for him, and was astonished at being requested to lie flat on his back before operations were commenced. Thinking it a custom of the country, he lay down, and was shaved with ease and dexterity. He asked the man the reason why he requested his customers to adopt so peculiar a position. "Because, sir," was the naive reply, "I never before shaved a live man!"

A senator from a central Western State sought an interview with the President, asking him to appoint to a foreign consulate an applicant to whom the senator was in some way bound, but who was heartily disliked by reason of his offensive persistence in seeking favors.

"Where do you want him sent?" the senator was asked.

At this the senator took a step or two to the center of the room, where stood a large globe. Putting one arm around it as far as he could reach, the senator said:

"I don't know what locality my finger touches, but please send him there!"

Among the passengers on an Atlantic liner when it left New York recently was a charming young woman from St. Louis, who was making her first trip abroad. The vessel had not proceeded far when the fair passenger approached the captain and said:

"The ship appears to be stopping, captain. Why should we stop here?"

"We stop here to let the pilot off," was the reply.

"To let the pilot off?" exclaimed the young woman in a tone of polite incredulity. "Do you mean to say that the pilot doesn't cross the ocean with us and direct our course?"

"I mean just that," answered the captain.

The fair passenger pondered for a bit. Then smiling as if a bright idea had occurred to her, she added: "Oh, I suppose after he has set the rudder pointing to the right direction that there's nothing left for him to do, so he goes."

When Frank Stockton started out with his Rudder Grange experiences he undertook to keep chickens. One hen brought out a brood late in the fall. Stockton named each of the chicks

after some literary friend, among the rest Mary Mapes Dodge. Mrs. Dodge was visiting the farm some time later, and happening to think of her namesake, she said:

"By the way, Frank, how does little Mary Mapes Dodge get along?"

"The funny thing about little Mary Mapes Dodge," said he, "is that she turns out to be Thomas Bailey Aldrich."

Matrimonial tickets are supplied by the Canadian Pacific Railway to settlers in the Northwest Territory who wish to make a journey in order to secure a wife. On presenting the return coupon and the marriage certificate the settler is entitled to free transportation for his bride.

MOST ANCIENT AND GLORIOUS OF CORDIALS



MOST ANCIENT AND GLORIOUS OF CORDIALS

LIQUEUR

PÈRES CHARTREUX

— GREEN AND YELLOW —

This famous cordial, now made at Tarragona, Spain, was for centuries distilled by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, France, and known throughout the world as Chartreuse. The above cut represents the bottle and label employed in the putting up of the article since the Monks' expulsion from France, and it is now known as Liqueur Pères Chartreux (the Monks, however, still retain the right to use the old bottle and label as well), distilled by the same order of Monks, who have securely guarded the secret of its manufacture for hundreds of years, and who alone possess a knowledge of the elements of this delicious nectar.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafes, Baiter & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Sole Agents for United States.

This Number of the Argonaut

Is sent to a certain number who are not on its subscription lists. If it should happen to fall into the hands of those who already are subscribers or readers, they are asked to hand it to any person who in their opinion may be interested in such a journal. There are many pressing topics in these stirring days. In this issue we discuss National politics, California politics, and the interesting campaigns now progressing in the various States. Likewise the questions so vital to San Francisco in her present needs—insurance, relief, rehabilitation, rebuilding, labor—all these and many kindred topics are now being discussed in the Argonaut. Our regular readers know that this journal has not missed an issue, and that practically all of the time since the disaster it has been issued in its old form. Others may not know it, hence some of these issues are sent free to strangers.

The Argonaut will be sent free up to Jan. 1st, 1907, to all new subscribers who send in one year's subscription during November and December.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"What makes you think he married her for her money?" "She does."—Cleveland Press.

Every man has his faults, but no man has as many as his wife thinks he has.—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Weren't you fired by the college spirit when at Yale?" "No. By the president."—Cleveland Press.

"Will they hang the prisoner?" "Not yet. His lawyers managed to hang the jury."—Baltimore American.

"I would share your every sorrow." "But I have no sorrows." "Wait till we're married."—Cleveland Leader.

"You kiss like an expert," said the pretty maid. "How do you know I do?" queried the mere man.—Chicago News.

"How much did he make out of that latest graft scheme?" "A clean million." "You mean a million."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. Hoyle—I hear that your son had to leave college. Mrs. Doyle—Yes; he studied too hard, learning the football signals.—Puck.

Friend—"Well, did you get your copy right for that last work?" Author (mournfully)—"I did, but the printers didn't."—Baltimore American.

"What do you think of this theory of living out of doors?" "It all depends on whether you leave the house voluntarily, or are put out."—Detroit Free Press.

"Bobby, did you have a good time at the picnic?" "Yes, mother." "Why didn't you stay until it was over?" "What was the use, mother? We were through eating."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

"The ancients thought the world was flat." "Well, I don't blame 'em. They had no chorus girls, no cigarettes, no bridge, no society journals. It must have been in those days."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Here's something about the Dutch stealing one of the Philippine Islands. I wonder what Uncle Sam will do about it?" "Well, it would serve them right if he refused to take it back."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I suppose your motto is, 'Be sure you're right, and then go ahead.'" "Not in the financial game," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "My motto is, 'Be sure you're ahead; then you're all right.'"—Washington Star.

"Alas!" sighed the poet. "We can no longer keep the wolf from the door." "Oh, I don't know," rejoined his wife. "You might sit on the front step and read one of your poems aloud."—Chicago Daily News.

Ascum—"Is your boss going to give you the raise you asked for?" Clark—"Well—er—I'm afraid to say. I told him I thought my pay should be commensurate with the amount of work I do and he promptly agreed with me."—Philadelphia Press.

No Nerve—Chuggerton—"How's your new chauffeur?" Carr—"Had to fire him; he used to be a motorman." Chuggerton—"Too reckless, eh?" Carr—"Reckless, nothing! Why, I couldn't break him of the habit of slowing up at crossings!"—Puck.

"You'll find I'm hard to discourage," said the persistent suitor melodramatically. "Some day I'll make you admit you love me, and then—and not till then—I will die happy." "I'll say it now," replied the heartless girl. "I don't mind telling a lie for a good end."—Philadelphia Ledger.

First Esperantist (volubly)—Lend me a couple of louis, old fellow. Second Esp.—I beg your pardon? First Esp.—I am begging the loan of a couple of louis. Second Esp. (thoughtfully)—Strange, after all, there are still a few words of the new tongue I don't understand.—Figaro.

Hotel Clerk (suspiciously)—"Your bundle has come apart. May I ask what that queer thing is?" Guest—"This is a new patent fire escape. I always carry it, so in case of fire I can let myself down from the hotel window. See?" Clerk (thoughtfully)—"I see. Our terms for guests with fire-escapes, sir, are invariably cash in advance."—New York Weekly.

He was romantic, but bashful for his age. At 25 it is expected nowadays that a man should be matter of fact. She was his equal in romance, but a trifle older, old enough indeed to be a widow. The conversation had turned on the ever-important subject of mothers-in-law. There was a lull in the argument. Gazing far, she sighed and said: "Ah, me! I shall never have another mother-in-law." He looked at her

with interest for a moment and then suddenly blurted out: "My mother died when I was very young." It was an inadvertence, but he could not draw back. She threw herself into his arms and they have lived happily—up to now.—Pittsburg Press.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Fall Weather

And now upon the days we flit
When Mabel's nose
Is very like, I must admit,
A red, red rose.
—Washington Herald.

A Wail.

Oh, for the summertime again,
For Mildred was, I vow,
Content with ice-cream soda then,
She wants broiled lobster now.
—Washington Star.

Progressive Youth.

Johnny took his spelling-book
And gave it just a passing look.
"I shall not study it," said he;
"Tis not revised enough for me."
—Washington Star.

The Reaper.

The youth who sows wild oats, 'tis true,
Must reap as he hath sown;
But then his father ought to do
Some thrashing of his own.
—Philadelphia Press.

The Unreformed Poet.

"Mother, may I go learn to spell?"
"Yes, my daughter Julia;
Be sure you learn the standards well,
Don't let reformers fulia."
—Mexican Herald.

The Hasbeens.

Full many a sport of fame in other days
The verdant meadows and the cornfields hide;
Full many a baseball hero gathers in
Your nickel when you take a street-car ride.
—Cleveland Press.

A Wail from Billville.

They've gone an' cut the free pass out o'er all
The land so wide;
An' now the Billville brethren must flash the
cash to ride!
It brings up sad reflections—that's jest the word
I say!
When yer mother-in-law is comin', how will you
git away?
—Atlanta Constitution.

The Home Telephone Company has been granted a franchise to construct, maintain and operate a telephone system in San Francisco the Board of Supervisors, by an affirmative vote of ten, deciding finally to pass the ordinance. The company secured the resolution of intention and the passage to print of the ordinance granting the privilege over three months ago, paying \$25,000 for the right and donating \$75,000 to the city's relief funds.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

Charles S. Fee, passenger traffic manager of the Southern Pacific Company, announces that the Southern Pacific Company will make low rates, both next spring and next fall, to California to induce workmen and laborers to come to San Francisco and colonists to come to the State generally.

All over the world, babies have been benefited during the teething period, by Steedman's Soothing Powders.

More than \$100,000 in stock has been taken in a new hotel projected for San Mateo. Among those who have secured stock are: John Barneson, Levy Bros., J. H. Coleman, Eugene de Sabla, E. A. Husing, Antoine Borel, W. F. Turnbull, Thomas Alton, F. C. Janssen, W. J. Ball, Brown Bros., J. E. Casey, J. T. Jennings and H. N. Royden.

NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS.—You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths; all for \$7.50. Try it.

TO LEASE

3 Story and Basement Brick Building, California St., between Drumm and Davis; Lot 45x70. Building Completed Dec. 15, 1906.

Will build on Union Square 7 Story and Basement Building.

PARTICULARS AT OFFICE.

GUY T. WAYMAN
519 Market St.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.
OF HARTFORD
ESTABLISHED 1850

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000.00
Cash Assets.....5,340,136.94
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,414,921.16

Benjamin J. Smith

Manager Pacific Department:
525 THIRTEENTH ST., OAKLAND
San Francisco Office:
2310 CALIFORNIA STREET

THE LATEST STYLES IN
Choice Woolens

H. S. Bridge & Co.
MERCHANT TAILORS
1176 O'FARRELL STREET

Bonestell, Richardson & Co.

Have Plenty of Every Kind of

PAPER

Phone Temporary 1273
473 to 475 SIXTH STREET,
San Francisco.

For YOUR

BREAKFAST

GERMEA

At All Grocers

THE JOHNSON-LOCKE MERCANTILE CO.

AGENTS

714 Broadway, Oakland

MT. TAMALPAIS RAILWAY

Via Sausalito Ferry—Foot of Market St.

Lv. San Francisco		Leave Tamalpais	
W'kday	Sun	Sun	W'kday
9:50A	8:25A	10:40A	1:05P
	9:50A		2:30P
1:45P	11:00A	4:30P	4:30P
Saturday	1:45P	5:45P	9:30P
4:35P	3:15P		

Legal Holidays, Sunday Time.

TICKET OFFICE AT SAUSALITO FERRY.

Steamship Lines

AMERICAN LINE

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON
St. Paul.....Nov. 10 | St. Louis.....Nov. 10
New York.....Nov. 17 | Philadelphia.....Nov. 17

Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool
Merion.....Nov. 10 | Noorland.....Nov. 10
Haverford.....Nov. 24 | Merion.....Nov. 24

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE
NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Minneapolis.....Nov. 17 | Mesaba.....Nov. 17
Minechaba.....Nov. 24 | Minnetonka.....Nov. 24

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE

Sailings Wednesdays as per sailing list.
Potsdam.....Nov. 14, 2 p. m. | Statendam.....Dec. 5, 10
Noordam.....Nov. 21, 10 a. m. | Ryndam.....Dec. 19, 7
N. Amsterdam.....Nov. 28, 3 p. m. | Potsdam.....Jan. 2, 6

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.

Kroonland.....Nov. 21 | Finland.....Dec. 5
Vaderland.....Dec. 5 | Zealand.....Dec. 5

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL

Teutonic.....Nov. 14 | Celtic.....Nov. 14
Baltic.....Nov. 21 | Baltic.....Nov. 21
Oceanic.....Dec. 5 | Majestic.....Dec. 5

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Cymric.....Nov. 15 | Arabic.....Nov. 15

G. U. KOEPEL, Pass. Agt. Pacific Coast.
Room 207 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

SYDNEY, AUCKLAND, SAMOA, HONOLULU
S. S. Ventura sails 2 p. m. Oct. 25th.

HONOLULU only—S. S. Alameda sails 11 a. m.
3d, Round-trip, first-class, \$125.

TAHITI, SOUTH SEAS—S. S. Mariposa sails
m., Nov. 23d. First-class round trip, \$125.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., General Agents, P.
O. Box 1168, San Francisco. Phone West 1273.
land office, 1168 Broadway. Phone Oakland 8818.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

ORIENTAL S. S. Co. have opened their general offices at 217-221 Brannan Street,

SAN FRANCISCO

S. S. Hong Kong Maru - - - Nov. 9, 1
S. S. America Maru (Calls at Manila) Nov. 30, 1
S. S. Nippon Maru (Calls at Manila) Dec. 28, 1

Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and Brannan streets, 1 p. m., for Yokohama and Hongkong, calling Honolulu, Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and touching at Hongkong with steamer for Manila, India, etc. cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passenger apply at office, corner First and Brannan Sts. W. AVERY, Assistant General Manager.

Thos. Cook & Son

NOW LOCATED

410 Fourteenth Street, Oakland
And North Nave Ferry Building
San Francisco

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

Stoves and Ranges

ADAPTED FOR BURNING: COAL, WOOD, GAS, GASOLENE AND OIL.

REFRIGERATORS

Complete Kitchen Outfits for Hotels, Restaurants, Clubs & Households

COR. POLK & TURK STS.

PHONE EMERGENCY 427

The Argonaut.

Vol. LIX. No. 1548.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 10, 1906.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published weekly by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 1711 San Pablo avenue, Oakland. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States except Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Jerome Hart, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." To insure consideration, manuscript submitted for publication must be typewritten.

Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal."

Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear, W. J. Abernethy, and by the Denison News Company on its boats and trains.

Published at San Francisco, California. Temporary Office, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, California.

THIRTIETH YEAR

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Jerome A. Hart Editor

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: The Japanese in our Schools—Mayor Schmitz's Opportunity Lost—Our National Debt for a Century—Is There a Postal Deficit?—Our One-Man Charter—A Concrete Auditorium Example—A Committee of Safety—Cubic Air for Hoboes—Sir and Ma'am—The Elections.	209-213
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	213
ERONIMO'S MEXICAN RAIDS: The Apache Chief's Apology for His Crimes in the Light of Border History.	214
EARSTON ON HIS CONTEMPORARIES: Villard, Bennett, Laffan, and Pulitzer Assailed in the Closing Speeches of the Campaign.	214
THE PATH OF AN INTERVIEWER: Cosmopolitan Virtues and Gifts of Versatility Along Its Course.	215
POLITICO-PERSONAL	215
THE DEVIL'S REVENGE: A Tragedy in Which Satan Played the Leading Role. From the French of Theophile Gautier	216
FOUR FAVORITES: "The Sonnet," by Richard Watson Gilder; "Ariel's Song," by William Shakespeare; "Epitaph on Shakespeare," by John Milton; "On the Late Massacre in Piedmont," by John Milton; "Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke," by Ben Jonson; "Bugle Song," by Alfred Tennyson; "The Sisters," by Alfred Tennyson; "The Three Troopers," by George Walter Thornbury; "The Pen-palour," by George Walter Thornbury; "Fare Thee Well," by Lord Byron; "Abraham Lincoln," by Tom Taylor.	217
ENRY IRVING AND AMERICA: The Great Tragedian's Affection for This Country.	218
DIVIDUALITIES: Notes of Prominent People All Over the World.	219
AGE GOSSIP: Dramatic Notes—Musical Notes.	220
THE PASSION OF A POET'S PLAY	220
TERARY NOTES: New Publications—Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.	221-223
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy.	224-225
ANITY FAIR: Editor Bok's Experiences in New York—Carelessness and Insolence of Street-Car Men—Suggestions by Mrs. Ella Rawle Reader	226
ORRYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise	227
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS	228
THE TUNEFUL LIAR	228

The Japanese in Our Schools.

After the fire of April 18th, the San Francisco School Department temporarily housed Japanese and other Asiatic children in the school houses with the white children. As soon as it was possible, however, the school Board provided a separate building for these Asiatic children, in compliance with the school law of California. This led to a formal remonstrance from Tokio through the Japanese Ambassador at Washing-

ton. It was followed by a protest from the Japanese Consul at San Francisco, and the institution of proceedings in the Federal Court to compel the San Francisco School Board to admit a Japanese pupil to be seated side by side with the white children in the San Francisco schools. These formal court proceedings were presumably with the approval of the Japanese Consul, as a Japanese attorney assisted his learned white brother at the bar.

President Roosevelt at once directed a dispatch to be sent by Secretary Root to the Japanese Imperial Government, apologizing for the action of the San Francisco School authorities, and explaining that the local exigencies due to the recent calamity, and the present labor disturbances had probably led to this action. The implication in this dispatch was that the Federal Government would at once take steps to remove the causes complained of by the Japanese Government, and the corollary was that the Federal Government would thus right a wrong. Pending action by the Federal Government toward removing the wrongs alleged to be due to the action of the school officials of California, the Japanese Government has refrained from further action. In accordance with this same course, and probably at the direction of the Japanese Imperial Government, the suit brought in the Federal Court under the direction of the Japanese Consul against the San Francisco School Board, has been dismissed.

In the meantime, Secretary Metcalf, head of the Department of Commerce and Labor, has been sent post haste to San Francisco by President Roosevelt to investigate the matter. Secretary Metcalf has held conferences with the Japanese Consul, the United States District Attorney, Federal Judges Henshaw, Gilbert, and Ross, and the San Francisco School Board. He has expressed no opinion, and has given out nothing for publication. As the Secretary is a discreet man, and particularly on these vexatious Asiatic topics, we are convinced that he will keep his own counsel until he reports to the President. The only significant utterance made by the Secretary was when he asked President Altmann how California defined the word "Mongolian" in that clause of her statute where it provides that separate schools shall be provided for "Indian children" and for "children of Mongolian or Chinese descent." From this it is evident that the Administration will probably hold that the Japanese are not Mongolians.

It seems to us that President Roosevelt need only look out of his windows to note that we need no more race troubles. If he goes along Pennsylvania avenue from the White House to the Capitol he will see more negroes in a mile than he can see of Japanese in San Francisco in ten. Yet already ominous troubles are beginning here over a few score thousand Japanese. In fifteen years from now, if the Administration assumes this welcoming attitude toward the east coast of Asia, we shall have millions of Asiatics on the west coast of America. Are not the thousands of idle and lazy negroes whom President Roosevelt may see any day in Washington an object lesson of the undesirability of further race problems in the United States. Yet the Washington negroes are far superior to the negroes of the Black Belt. We have had the negroes with us for a couple of centuries, and our troubles with them seem but to have begun. We have had the Japanese with us for less than half a century and we are having more trouble with them already on the Pacific Coast than with any other race, not excluding the Chinese.

It was on December 18, 1865, that the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution went into effect abolish-

ing slavery. It was in July, 1868, that the Fourteenth Amendment went into effect making the negroes citizens, giving them civil rights, and enumerating certain of those civil rights. This amendment also cut down the representation in Congress of such States as denied to negroes the right to vote. But no Southern State, as a result of this penalizing, ever enfranchised the negro. It was on February 26, 1869, that the Fifteenth Amendment was proposed by Congress; it declared that "the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." It went into effect March 30, 1870, ratified by thirty States. It was rejected by California, Oregon, New York, and seven other States.

It is thirty-six years since the Fifteenth Amendment gave to negroes the right to vote. Does President Roosevelt think that negroes freely exercise the right to vote in the Southern States? We do not think so. It is thirty-eight years since the Fourteenth Amendment gave to negroes civil rights. Does President Roosevelt think that negroes are granted equal rights in theatres, hotels, railway trains, or street cars in all the States, Southern or Northern? We do not think so. It may be said that the Federal courts can coerce the States into giving "equal rights" to the negroes. We do not think so. But if there may be those who doubt the soundness of our judgment, we may add that the United States Supreme Court in the celebrated "Slaughter-house cases" decided that the Fourteenth Amendment does not deprive the States of police powers; that court upheld the right of the States to regulate their domestic affairs; it decided that there is a citizenship of the States as well as of the United States; it decided that the States could vest certain privileges and immunities with their citizens. This decision was opposed by many extremists, as the war feeling still ran high. Congress thereupon passed a measure known as "the Civil Rights Bill," which was intended to extort from the white citizens of the Southern States the recognition of the negroes' "equal rights." This law, when brought up before the Supreme Court, was declared to be unconstitutional. In the light of these facts we do not believe that the Federal Government can coerce the State of California in this matter of its school laws.

Since the fire we have not had at hand a copy of the treaty with Japan. It is true that treaties are a part of the supreme law of the land, but we do not believe that even the Constitution could empower the Federal Government to force Chinese or Japanese or other Asiatic children into the California public schools. We believe that the conduct of the public schools is purely a domestic matter with which the Federal Government has nothing to do. That Government is a government of delegated rights, and the States never delegated to it the right to control their public schools.

But, even if this reasoning is wrong, we assure President Roosevelt, Secretary Root, and Secretary Metcalf that it is immaterial to the people of California what construction may be put on treaties and laws in so far as they affect the right to enter the public schools of this State. The people of California will never permit children of Asiatic descent to sit at the same desks and occupy the same rooms with their white children. The Government of the United States is powerful, but it is not powerful enough for that. If it should attempt to force into the public schools of California the children of alien, semi-servile, and pagan races, it may perhaps do so under the Federal law, for the citizens of this State are law-abiding. But the attempt will only result in the school-houses of this State being turned over to

the Chinese, Japanese, Ceylonese, Filipino, and Lascar proteges of the Federal Government. And the white men and white women of California will educate their children in schools of their own.

Mayor Schmitz's Opportunity Lost.

Mayor Schmitz has been followed on his vacation with more assiduity than is usually paid to a traveling San Franciscan. Not only have his movements been chronicled, but the size of his hotel bills has been faithfully set forth by his friend, the Examiner. Doubtless Mr. Schmitz could dispense cheerfully with some of this minuteness. One of the drawbacks of this assiduous following was not unamusingly set forth in two cablegrams which reached San Francisco on the same day, October 29. One of these was from Berlin, and stated that the Berlin Fire Insurance Company and the Prussian National Fire Insurance Company had voted to increase their capital stock and pay their San Francisco losses. The other cablegram was a brief one from London, in which Mayor Schmitz was reported as expressing his views on the Japanese question in the San Francisco public schools. The awkward part of this for the Mayor is that he was on his way to Berlin. Had he not been so closely followed by the cable, his arrival in Berlin would have been almost synchronous with the declaration of the two German companies to pay their just debts. At such a distance it is difficult to time a man's movements with a stop-watch. The policyholders here would naturally have believed that the Mayor's arrival in Berlin had something to do with the sudden determination of the insurance companies to plunk up. But as Sir Boyle Roche said, "Nobody but a bird can be in two places at the same time." And it is quite evident that Mr. Schmitz could not have been on October 29 in both Berlin and London.

Our National Debt for a Century.

It is a good thing to know that we, the people, keep a number of bookkeepers busy in Washington figuring out just how much we have, just how much we owe, and just what the debts are. Some of us are not good at bookkeeping. Were it not for those who seem devoted to that sort of thing, and manage, somehow, to make something out of it, we might never know whether we really have anything or owe anything. Sometimes, unfortunately, it is not pleasant to learn the exact condition of our balance, debit or credit.

However, there is nothing saddening or individually oppressive in the statement just completed by O. P. Austin, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics in the Department of Commerce and Labor. It is, on the whole, rather encouraging. The statement brings the figures—with the present year partially estimated—down to June 30, 1906, and reaches back to 1800 for purposes of comparison. Some will be surprised to learn that Americans had become familiar with big figures more than a hundred years ago. The public debt was almost eighty-three million dollars then, and we had been doing business as an independent national concern only twenty-four years. Considering that we started without any paid-up capital, perhaps that may be taken as evidence of business ability. The debt amounted to more than \$15 for every inhabitant of the young republic, but economy was a national custom and in forty years the government owed only three and one-half millions, and that divided up among the people represented a liability of only 21 cents each. We were never nearer out of debt than in that year, and it seems a pity now that we did not somehow scrape together enough to balance the books.

Before 1850 we had incurred the expense of the Mexican War, and the debt per capita had run up to \$2.74. We had gained some energetic citizens and a lot of productive land, however, and by 1857 the national indebtedness had been cut down to 99 cents for each person. If everybody had sent a dollar in to the national treasury then, on the recent campaign fund plan, we would not only have been out of debt but would have had something laid up for a rainy day. In 1865 the high-water mark of national indebtedness was reached. At the end of the Civil War we owed more than two and one-half billions—to be exact, \$2,674,-

815,856.76, or \$76.98 per capita. From that time to 1893 the big balance against us was steadily reduced, coming down to \$839,000,000, or \$12.64 for each inhabitant. There was another upward movement till 1899, then a decline to 1903. In 1905 another raise is noted, but it has declined since, and now the debt is \$964,435,686, or \$11.41 apiece. Closing the review of this portion of the statement, it may be said that no uneasiness need be entertained concerning the indebtedness. We owe most of it to ourselves.

We have other liabilities, however, besides the national debt. There are State, county, municipal, and school district debts, aggregating on June 30, 1905, the eminently respectable figure of \$1,864,195,826. This, added to what the government owes, brings the total up to \$35.49 per capita.

There is, perhaps, more satisfaction in noting our growth in wealth as a nation, though the figures on this account do not reach back so far. We incurred debts long before we took an account of stock or even faintly realized what our resources were. Not a good example, by the way, for the young financiers now at their lessons, but there is extenuation in the circumstances. It is estimated that in 1850 there were a few more than twenty-three millions of us, and that all of our property was worth \$7,135,780,000, or \$307.69 apiece. Notwithstanding the waste of the war, in the decade of 1860-70 the national wealth nearly doubled, rising from sixteen billions to thirty billions. In 1900 it was six times as great as in 1860, amounting to \$1,235.86 for each man, woman, and child. The rapid increase continues. It will be noticed that six years ago we could pay off everything, clear the books from the national treasury down to and including the school houses, and still have \$1200 apiece left, figuratively and collectively, if not individually and absolutely.

Is There a Postal Deficit?

The widespread popular impression that there is an enormous postal deficit, and that this deficit is caused by too low a rate for newspaper postage, is concisely set forth in the following communication:

Editor Argonaut:—In your article on "A Permanent Postal Tribunal," it seems to me that you wish to convey the idea that a great deal of shortage in handling second-class matter is caused by abuses from transporting department "truck," consisting of furniture, etc. As a matter of information, I would like to know what it costs the Government to handle newspaper publishers' business and the amount of loss it entails. I have been informed that the difference counts up to eighty millions—that is, it costs that much more than the Government receives for the business. If the rail transportation is \$136.80 per mile for 5000 pounds per annum, it would be \$410,400 for a distance of 3000 miles, and the Government would collect but a cent per pound, or \$50 per day, or \$18,250 per annum, showing a loss of \$392,150 per annum. If that is the condition, is it right?

Following is a fair example how the publishers of Everybody's Magazine must be being benefited by this condition:

In the November number of Everybody's Magazine, the publishers state that their average monthly circulation is 600,000, and that the "ads." are bringing in \$74,000 per month—to say nothing about the selling price of the magazine for \$90,000—and that they are doing a most profitable business. The magazines weigh twenty-two ounces each, or 825,000 pounds, for the entire circulation; at the Government rate charged by the railroads and the collection of a cent a pound from the magazine owners, it seems there is a very large loss to the Government in assisting these publishers to conduct their business at the profits above mentioned.

Any information that you could give in this matter would be appreciated. Yours respectfully, George W. Hendry.

We would like to answer our correspondent's question: "What it costs the Government to handle the newspaper publishers' business and the amount of loss it entails," but nobody knows, and apparently the Postoffice Department the least of all. It is our belief that if there is a postal deficit—and we very much doubt whether such a deficit in reality exists—it is due to a variety of causes, and by no means can be ascribed to the newspapers alone.

We frequently see figures quoted even higher than those given by Mr. Hendry—figures saying that "the Government's loss on newspaper transportation amounts to eighty million dollars." Among those giving these figures are some of the advocates of one-cent letter postage, who make the following claim:

During the year 1904, there was of second-class matter 610,000,000 pounds, costing to mail 16 2-3 cents per pound, a total of \$101,626,000; receipts from second-class matter being only \$5,697,198, showing a loss to the Government from publishers' "subsidy" of \$95,928,802.

This enormous sum is often given as the "subsidy" donated by the Government to the newspaper publishers. However, the Postoffice Department and the Government auditing experts generally usually estimate the "postal deficit" at \$15,000,000 per year. Therefore we will assume that it is the smaller amount. Assistant Postmaster-General Madden estimates the cost of handling the mail at seven cents a pound—five cents for carriage, and two cents for collection, sorting, and delivery. Postal Expert Adams, of the Loud-Walcott inquiry, estimates the average net cost of carriage at from three to three and one-quarter cents per pound.

Under the franking privilege the Postoffice Department pays the expenses of carrying the mails of the Department of Agriculture, of the Treasury, of the Interior, of War, of the Navy, of State, of Commerce and Labor, and of Justice. Likewise, it carries free the mail matter of the Senate, of the House of Representatives, and of all their large force of attaches. Likewise, it carries through the mail all the documents and correspondence of the various departmental bureaus scattered throughout the country, including the Bureau of Chemistry, the Weather Bureau, the Bureau of Plant Industry, the Bureau of Animal Industry, the Bureau of Entomology, and the Bureau of Forestry. There are forty-five Government stations of agriculture in the various States, whose bulletins are continually passing through the mails free. Nearly seven hundred publications issued by the Agricultural Department passed free through the mails last year, including the Year Book, which alone, if paid for at book rates, would bring in twenty-eight cents per copy. There also pass through the mails free, paid for by the Postoffice Department, heavy cases of freight, including postal cards, postal supplies, typewriters, cancelling machines, printing presses, and even, as we said, office furniture, roll-top desks, chairs, and tables.

During the past month both the Republican and Democratic campaign committees have been mailing free from Washington many tons of campaign literature under Congressional franks.

The money-order system is a great convenience to the people, but it is conducted at a loss of two million dollars a year. The registry system is also a great convenience to the people, but it is also conducted at a heavy loss; the postoffice books are so curiously kept that the postoffice experts disagree as to the amount of this loss. The rural free delivery system is a great convenience to the people, but it is conducted at a loss of over fifteen millions of dollars a year, which is increasing yearly. And we will hint that carrying publications at one-cent per pound is also conducted at a loss, although if they were properly classified we do not see why this should be so. For there are many kinds of publications. The great metropolitan newspapers rarely circulate freely more than a hundred miles around the cities where they are published. Eighty miles is about the average limit. Yet it has been demonstrated that the United States Postoffice can carry them nearly three hundred miles for a cent a pound. The express companies would carry them this distance for half a cent a pound, but are too slow for the dailies. The great magazines use the express companies for their short hauls because they are cheaper than the mails. But on the long hauls of several thousand miles the great magazines use the mails at a cent a pound, because then the mails are cheaper than the express companies.

Last April, David J. Foster, speaking of the Postoffice Appropriation Bill, said in Congress:

The mail coming from the various government departments and carried free, when weighed, shows that in the year 1905 it cost the Postoffice more than \$9,000,000. It is safe to say that it costs the Postoffice not less than \$20,000,000 to carry free the mail of the legislative and executive departments of the Government.

It must not be forgotten that Congressman Foster is an expert on this matter of mail sent out by the legislative and executive departments. He goes on:

But I will be conservative, and say that the expense of carrying all the franked matter, including that of the Postoffice Department itself, amounts to \$20,000,000, and then allow \$5,000,000 for the Postoffice franked matter; there then remain \$15,000,000, charged to the Postoffice Department now; this in no way belongs to it, and should be charged up to the other departments of the Government.

This statement, when made, was not controverted on the floor of the House, and no reply has been made to it by the Postoffice Department, by the Executive, or the Legislative Departments, or by any of the various departments or bureaus of the Government. Therefore, it may be considered as incontrovertible. It is apparent, therefore, that when the Postoffice Department announced a deficit for its last fiscal year of \$14,600,000, there was not only no deficit at all, but that in reality it had a profit of \$400,000, as it had done fifteen million dollars' worth of work gratis, which was justly chargeable to the other departments. In short, it would seem as if the Postoffice Department is the only one which does not cost the Government anything, that it is making money, and that its apparent deficit is caused by a faulty system of bookkeeping.

In this same speech Congressman Lloyd declared that when the mail matter was weighed to determine the rate of pay for railroad transportation, it was found that *more than half of the mail matter consisted of "equipment";* that is, mail bags, heavy cords, cord fasteners, tags, locks, keys, and such things. Congressman Lloyd also averred that there were then in service 1,600,000 mail-bags and pouches, and that if they were all in use and the same amount of mail placed in each, there would be *less than two pounds of mail in each mail sack.* Furthermore, this equipment is charged for by the railroads on its return as "empties." It would be easy to calculate what transporting 1,600,000 mail-sacks and pouches costs, when carried thus on fast mail trains at the railroad rate to the Government as mail instead of freight. The sum is high up in the millions. But it does not seem to us that the money thrown away in this foolish procedure should be charged up in the Post-office bookkeeping as part of "the deficit caused by the transportation of newspapers at the second-class mail rates."

Our correspondent will remember that we did not in our article declare that the present second-class mail rate on newspapers is a just one, or that it is not abused, or that it should be continued without investigation. What we did declare for was the establishment of a permanent postal tribunal which should pass upon all these questions. As shown above, we do not believe that the popular impression regarding the existence of a gigantic postal deficit is correct; nor do we believe that if such a deficit exists it is justly chargeable to the second-class newspaper mail rate. But we agree with him in thinking that many publications abuse the privileges of the mails. The magazines of which he speaks are notable examples. The second-class privilege was granted to newspapers and periodicals by the act of March 3, 1879, which stated explicitly that such publications "must be originated and published for the dissemination of information of a public character, or devoted to literature, the sciences, arts, or some special industry, and having a legitimate list of subscribers; provided, however, that nothing herein contained shall be so construed as to admit to the second-class rate regular publications, designed for advertising purposes."

There can be no question that of recent years this provision of the law has been abused. While the magazines which carry such enormous quantities of advertising may not consider themselves "publications designed for advertising purposes," they are quasi-advertising publications, for they subordinate their reading matter to their advertising. The advertising pages often exceed in number the reading pages. Congress never contemplated carrying at a cent a pound such tons of paper bearing advertisements when the law was passed "for the dissemination of literature, sciences, the arts, or some special industry." This abuse of the second-class privilege has gradually grown up in the publishing business. It is confined only to a few publications, it is true, but he many will now be made to suffer for the sins of the few.

There are many inequalities which the present law permits. For example, Harper & Brothers publish books; likewise, they publish a magazine. In the magazine they print advertisements of their books; this printed matter circulates through the mails at one cent a pound. Were it printed outside of the magazine, as booklets, it would cost to circulate it through the mails eight cents a pound. That is what it costs the publishers who have

no magazines. It is only fair to add that Harper & Brothers are not peculiar in this practice, for it is followed by all publishers who possess magazines. It has even been suspected that the incomprehensible existence of some sickly magazines is due to the desire of their owners, who are publishers, to advertise their wares cheaply and circulate these advertisements at one-eighth the postage paid by those of their competitors who own no magazines.

The institution of such a tribunal as we advocate would tend to diminish and perhaps entirely remove these abuses. For that they are abuses no fair-minded man can deny, whether he be a publisher or not. The argument is made that it would not be possible to pay the large expenses of a modern magazine without the abnormal quantities of advertising such magazines carry. Yet this very argument proves that they are "publications designed for advertising purposes."

If a magazine can not live without going through the mails under false pretenses, then it had better die.

Our One-Man Charter.

When San Francisco's present charter was submitted to the electors some years ago, the Argonaut vigorously opposed it. In the minds of many worthy citizens this caused a condition akin to stupefaction. They came in person to protest. "Why," said they, "do you not see what manner of men constitute the free-holders? Have you not observed that among them is the Honorable Blank, Judge Thingummy, and Colonel Blow? Can you conceive of such men formulating a charter which would be other than a good one? And last, but most important, do you not see that the new charter is based upon the new idea of one man who is responsible? Hitherto, we have divided the responsibility. Under this proposed new charter we shall have centered the responsibility. The Mayor practically controls the whole outfit. The Mayor appoints most of the working officials of the city, and the Mayor is responsible for them all. Thus, it is impossible for us to have a bad government. Now, good Argonaut, can you explain to us why you oppose our new-fangled charter?"

We did. We explained repeatedly and at length. We stated that we did not believe in a one-man power in a republic. We said that while the scheme of the Honorable Blank and Judge Thingummy would work admirably under ideal conditions, that the ideal conditions probably did not exist in the United States, and certainly did not in San Francisco. With a one-man power, we maintained, even a good man might give a bad government, while a bad man certainly would. And we pointed out the significant fact that San Francisco had been governed for half a century under a charter which was based on checks and balances; on recognizing the infirmities of human nature; on admitting that many men need watching; that most of them are helped by it; that under the old Consolidation Act the responsibility was divided; it is true, but that each official was responsible to his master, the people; that under this same charter the city had done business for fifty years and had no debt; that in addition to doing business for half a century without a debt, it practically had done business without a defalcation. When we were informed that the reason the city had no debt was because it had acquired no new things for which to create debt, we replied that under the new one-man charter, San Francisco would speedily have a debt without acquiring any new things.

We regret that our prediction has come true. The difference is that under the old charter we had no new things and no new debts, and under the new charter we have plenty of new debts and no new things.

Our worthy burghers remained unconvinced by the Argonaut's argument. "You are too slow," they said. "You are not up to the times. The latest municipal idea is to place large powers in the hands of the Mayor, and then make him responsible. Thus you will get an ideal government." The deluded burghers did not seem to see that even a good mayor may be selfish, and even an honest mayor may be weak, either of which would partially wreck their ideal system of government, while a bad or dishonest mayor would totally wreck it.

The Argonaut is quite satisfied with its record on charters. We opposed the present charter because we

were convinced that the one-man theory would prove a failure. It has proved an utter failure. It has practically collapsed. We would like to ask of the worthy citizens who so earnestly pressed the Argonaut to support their one-man charter some years ago, how they like the workings of a one-man power as exemplified in San Francisco now?

A Concrete Auditorium Example.

So nearly completed that a season of grand opera has opened this week in its auditorium—a theatre with a seating capacity of 5000, yet only one of the features of the great composite structure—Los Angeles announces the possession of the largest reinforced concrete building in the world. The Auditorium, as it has been named, is an imposing edifice outwardly and even more remarkable in purpose and inner arrangement. It has a frontage of 165 feet on Fifth street, and a depth ten feet greater. Its central portion, 40 by 60 feet, rises to a height of ten stories. There are two wings, 60 by 60 feet, seven stories high, and the connecting portions, covering the main floors of the structure, are three stories in height. Within are the audience hall first mentioned and two smaller halls, closely connected, of 1000 and 900 seating capacity respectively. A banquet-room capable of holding tables for 1000 guests, with kitchen, buffets, and other appurtenances, is a distinct feature. Six ground-floor rooms for stores and 150 offices take up the remaining space. The building is considered to be fireproof, as the woodwork in it is of the least possible proportions.

In the construction of the building the architect met and overcame many difficulties. Steel and cement were his materials, and they were handled with skill and daring. The roof trusses have a clear span of 112 feet, and weigh fifty tons each. In the theatre is a 26-foot cantilever balcony without obstructive supports. The dome is 68 feet above the theatre floor, and has a central skylight 30 feet in diameter, of stained glass. In perfection of appointments—stage and dressing-rooms, proscenium and mezzanine boxes, lighting and general seating facilities—the theatre is declared to be equal to the best in the country.

The needs of a church and congregation prompted the study of plans for such a building, and the realization of their wishes, that seemed at first beyond hope, is a triumph hardly to be measured. Although the structure was made possible by the organization of a stock company, it was a church affair strictly in the beginning and members of the Temple Baptist Church hold one-third of the stock. The Reverend Robert J. Burdette, well-known humorist, lecturer, and minister, is at the head of the church, and his wife, a woman of wealth and progressive spirit, furnished the first important contribution to the funds of the enterprise and has been an inspiring force in its development and culmination. On Sundays the main auditorium will be occupied by the church for regular services, and the adjoining audience-rooms, Berean and Choral Hall, will be used for Sunday School and association meetings. A grand pipe-organ is already in place in the auditorium.

Los Angeles regards the structure and its capabilities with just pride. It is one of the many presentments of material evidence that the municipality is the home of progress and public spirit. In many ways the people of that beautiful and striking city have proved their distinction, and that they will continue to show pride in their possessions, unflagging energy in adding to them, and enduring faith in a glorious future founded on their works is certain. They hope to be known as the city of great meetings, and look forward to the coming of large conventions, which they are now in a position to entertain with every comfort and facility.

San Francisco had no opera house of inviting appearance and adequate size, no convention hall of more than ordinary dimensions, before the disaster of last April. There is no promise in the immediate future of such an opera house or convention hall. The lack is more than a deprivation of artistic opportunity—it is a cumulative injury and material loss. There should be little need of appeal to pride of place or public spirit for the building of an auditorium of capacity and attractiveness. Such a building would be a sterling business investment.

In Los Angeles the stock of the new Auditorium is already above par. The building will pay good interest on its cost. There is no possibility that a larger opera house and convention hall would be a disastrous venture in a greater community.

There are still many wealthy men in the city now rising from its ashes, and among them there should be some who could well seize this opportunity to build an enduring monument and at the same time gain not only the applause of the multitude but a willing recompense. Street-car complications and labor difficulties have not diverted the attention of Los Angeles capitalists from pressing needs and profitable projects. Discordant issues of municipal life, greater or lesser, should not be allowed to clog the activities of the builders of the New San Francisco.

A Committee of Safety.

Recently a mass meeting was held in Union Square, San Francisco, called together by a committee of citizens who had met a week previous for the purpose of formulating measures for the clearing of the city of crooks, and for putting a stop to graft, municipal and otherwise. When the meeting convened it was evident that there were some dissonant elements. It was apparent that certain factions there present looked upon the meeting as levelled at them or their friends, and were determined to break up the meeting, or to seize it and shape it to their own ends. Therefore, a committee appointed by the original meeting hurriedly called the meeting to order, hurriedly read certain prepared resolutions, and adjourned with equal hurry. Thereupon, the opposing faction called another meeting. Its chief men were associated with or representative of the Administration and the labor unions. The meeting practically broke up in disorder. Hardly any speaker was permitted to end his remarks without interruption. But the labor men held possession of the meeting at the end.

For some days after the meeting there was considerable unrest in the camp of the labor unions. This finally shaped itself into resolutions denouncing the Committee of Safety; denouncing any attempt at "interfering with the municipal government"; and proffering aid to the municipal government from the labor unions in the shape of "five hundred men, physically strong and capable," and well armed, for the purpose of aiding in patrolling the city and in suppressing vice and crime.

After this move the party of the "Committee of Safety" either changed its tactics, or ceased to divulge them if they were not changed. It was then given out that the "Committee of Safety" had no ulterior object other than the purification of the city.

A few weeks ago we printed a narrative of certain events connected with and following the great Vigilante Committee of 1856. That was San Francisco's second experience with extra-legal government. It is not the fashion in San Francisco to admit that the Vigilance Committee of 1856 was other than supernaturally wise and good. But there are other sides to the Vigilante story, and one of them is told by General W. T. Sherman. Part of his narrative we reproduced three weeks ago.

Experience shows that when the reins of government are seized by mobs—or by any persons acting illegally or extra-legally—good rarely comes of it. It is of course possible that the men enrolled in the ranks of vigilance committees are always not only brave, but always honest, honorable, unselfish, and patriotic. It is of course possible that in the ranks of such illegal bodies there never are bad men. But it is not probable. In other communities on the Pacific Coast vigilance committees have been known—in Nevada, in Montana, in Idaho. The moment any such movement began there, the gamblers, crooks, thugs, and blacklegs made haste to enroll themselves in the ranks of the vigilance committee. As such organizations are secret, and as all the members are not known to each other during the process of enrolling, such criminal reinforcements were not easy to thwart. The result was in some of these communities there soon took place numerous executions by the vigilance committees, and frequently the honest men found themselves at the wrong end of the rope. In short, the thugs and crooks at once availed themselves of the opportunity so kindly furnished to them by the

honest men to set aside the normal workings of the law; the crooks controlled at the sittings of Judge Lynch's court, and thus they rid themselves of honest men whom they feared.

We do not say that the Vigilance Committee of 1856 resembled in these respects the vigilance committees in Nevada, Montana, and Idaho. On the contrary, that committee was a very remarkable body, and was composed largely of honest and patriotic citizens. But no man can read the Vigilante narrative printed in the Argonaut without seeing the danger attendant upon the assumption of official functions by those not entrusted with such functions by the law.

To which it may be added that the San Francisco of 1906 differs very greatly, in more ways than one, from the San Francisco of 1856. Most of the Vigilantes of that day are dead, and the Vigilantes' sons, step-sons, foster-sons, and sons-in-law are not made of the same metal as their strenuous sires.

More Cubic Air for Hoboes.

San Francisco has an ordinance providing a minimum number of feet of cubic air for each occupant of a building. It would seem that this ordinance has been violated repeatedly of late. Owing to the destruction of the public buildings, the authorities have been forced to house criminals in comparatively restricted quarters. Inasmuch as the criminal element is unusually large in San Francisco, this has resulted in overcrowding. The authorities have not constructed or repaired any public buildings as yet—not even jails, of which they seem to have more urgent need than of anything else. Therefore the authorities are in danger of violating their own ordinances concerning cubic air. In order to prevent the present municipal government from violating any law, we would suggest that they turn out their hoboes, crooks, thugs, burglars, and other criminals not capital, set them to work in a chain-gang by day, and let them sleep in a stockade at night. The glorious winter climate of California is so mild that life in the open air is prescribed even for people far gone in consumption. It surely would not hurt robust hoboes. Furthermore, it would be easy to construct shelters inside the stockades which would keep off the rain which falls from Heaven on the unjust.

There are many miles of streets in San Francisco which are still encumbered with debris. It is an open question whose business it is to remove it. The property-owners hold that clearing their own lots is all that they should be asked to do, and that the city ought to clear the streets. But the city authorities claim that the debris fell from the buildings of the property-owners, and if the property-owners do not clear away the debris in front of their lots, the city will do so at their expense. It has adopted the somewhat wasteful plan of clearing the streets by throwing the debris onto the lots of the property owners. Thus, the material will have to be handled twice and paid for twice, for the city is assessing the charge for handling it to the property-owners, who subsequently will have to pay for a second handling when they clear their lots.

How simple it would be for the authorities to set their jail-birds to work in a chain-gang. Little impression has yet been made on the encumbered streets, but with a little enforced labor they could speedily be cleared. This plan would have the double merit of cleaning the streets of debris and of clearing the city of criminals. For we in San Francisco are now receiving more than our share. Criminals and crooks are now hastening hither from all over the country, partly for the advantages of a bland winter, and partly for the chances offered by a benevolent government. This benevolent government affords them every opportunity to steal and kill, and then punishes them mildly, if at all.

Across the Bay the Oakland authorities have concluded they have a surplus of criminals, and have started a chain-gang. As a result, all the criminals who are out of jail have hastened to San Francisco. A hobo was brought before a humorous police judge in Oakland and pleaded that he was in poor health, could not work, and hence had been obliged to take to stealing. The Judge remarked: "We will put you where you will be under the care of a good physician for six months.

Dr. Ewer, the City Physician, will prescribe for you." Dr. Ewer, the City Physician, immediately prescribed the rock pile for the hobo, hoping thus to build up his muscular system and overcome that tired feeling.

"Sir" and "Ma'am."

A question has arisen in Los Angeles concerning the proper form of address inculcated in the public schools. It seems that the children there are taught to say "Sir" and "Ma'am." Some of the parents consider this "provincial," and think that they should be taught to add the name of the person addressed. But the Los Angeles school teachers say that children can not remember the names of many people, and it would be impossible so to burden their memories.

Is the contention correct of those parents who think that "Sir" and "Ma'am" thus used is a provincial usage? There can be no doubt that this usage is found much more frequently in rural districts than in cities. It is certainly a very old usage. It is etiquette thus to address the King and Queen of England. It is not etiquette to address him as "Your Majesty," but simply "Sir." Among well-bred American men the habit of using "Sir" is not common except in addressing strangers, or possibly men of advanced age, or men for whom great veneration is entertained. Among equals the custom, in ordinary conversation, does not exist. We speak more particularly of city dwellers. There can be no question that the use of "Yes" and "No" without any supplementary title is somewhat curt, but there can be no question also that among the educated city dwellers of the United States the custom of using "Sir" and "Ma'am" has fallen into desuetude.

The Elections.

As the Argonaut goes to press (Wednesday morning) the returns of the elections are far from complete, but the result is in doubt only in details.

In New York Charles E. Hughes has been elected Governor by a majority of about 50,000. Mr. Hearst ran far behind his ticket but carried New York City and Brooklyn handily.

In Massachusetts, Governor Guild, Republican, was re-elected by an increased plurality over John B. Moran, the Democratic candidate.

Pennsylvania, in spite of division in the party, elected Edwin S. Stuart, Republican, for Governor, by a plurality approaching 100,000, over Lewis Emery, Jr., the fusion candidate.

Colorado has elected a complete Republican State ticket and a Republican legislature that will elect a successor to Senator Patterson, Democrat.

Washington, Utah, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Indiana and Connecticut are Republican as usual.

The Democrats have won in Idaho, Nevada, Minnesota, and Oklahoma, but there has been no marked uprising of the party anywhere.

Some apprehension had been felt concerning the political complexion of the next Congress, but it is asserted that the ante-election estimates of sanguine Democratic forecasters have been proved fallacious. There will be no remarkable accession of Democratic Congressmen.

In Illinois the Democrats have gained two congressmen, but Speaker Cannon is among those who triumphed over active opposition aided by forces from outside the districts.

California Returns.

James N. Gillett has been elected Governor of California by a good plurality. The Argonaut has never doubted for a moment since his nomination that he would be successful. He is able, honest, and energetic, and the people have honored themselves in their choice.

The Republican State ticket was elected without exception.

It is believed that the Congressional delegation from California will continue solidly Republican. The State Legislature is safely Republican, as usual.

In the city of San Francisco there were numerous surprises, and nearly all gratifying ones. Gillett was given a majority. Three judges were chosen who had the endorsement of the bar and the reform element of the people.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Redaction Oblige.

If people think that editing the Argonaut is a soft job, they would change their minds when looking over one of the letters we receive. Most of them we do not print because they expose our ignorance. Our readers can ask more complicated questions in a day than the wisest of men could answer in a month. However, they put us on our p's and q's, and make us careful of what we say. For if we make mistakes, our readers, though they seem to like us, also seem to like to trip us up and lay us by the heels.

A few weeks ago we printed a paragraph of twelve words, out of which the printer left two. We have been hearing from that paragraph ever since, and the latest note to hand is from the heart of Mexico. It is as follows:

Editor Argonaut:—On page 57 of the issue of the Argonaut September 8 is a passage stating "Mails now go in 10 days from Liverpool to Hongkong, crossing America." I regret that it did not allow of a more detailed itinerary of such mail routes. The shortest mail route that I can figure over that line would mean an average of something over fifty miles an hour in speed. So I'm stumped. How do they do it? The Argonaut is nearly always right about things, hence this inquiry.

Yours very truly,

A. H. Charles.

Oaxaca, Mexico.
Oct. 19, 1906.

After printing the above bit of misinformation we made honorable amends by printing all the facts concerning this trans-oceanic and transcontinental mail. This paragraph appeared in the Argonaut two weeks later. By this it was apparent that the misprinted paragraph in the Argonaut meant that the mails now go in ten days less from Liverpool to Hongkong.

We have now received another letter from Manitoba in which the writer holds us to an equally strict account. The Argonaut's reputation for accuracy is pleasant but not new. This subscriber says:

Griswold, Manitoba, Oct. 8, 1906.

Editor Argonaut:—I notice in a recent issue of your valued paper that you refer to the Canadian firm of "Gordon Ironsides & Fares as large holders of Mexican lands." Knowing you are very particular, I venture to correct your spelling of the last name of that firm; it is not "Ferris," the correct spelling is Fares. For some years I have enjoyed your interesting paper. It never gets long in the wrapper when it arrives here.

Yours truly,

Alf. E. Hill.

Helene Dineon.

We have received the following letter, inspired by the article in a recent number signed "Pasquino," and entitled "A Midnight Supper":

"Pasquino." Dear Sir:—Your picturesque article in last week's Argonaut, "A Midnight Supper," so fascinated me that I want to tell you of a chance meeting I had with some of the people you mention. Perchance it may be of interest to you. A few days after the dreadful disaster of April 18th I was looking after an old lady and her daughter, friends of my family, anxious to see how they had fared. On entering their little apartment I noticed what looked like two bundles of women's apparel on opposite chairs. These proved, on closer approach, to be two human beings, but neither spoke and scarcely moved. My old friend presented—"This is Mme. von Steiglitz—This is Mme. Dineon." Madame Dineon was over eighty; she could not hear, and was too feeble to speak. The other bundle, "Madame von Steiglitz"—was—Helene Dineon! Poor Helene! Think of it! She was a helplessly paralytic from the waist down, an old, grey-haired woman. Only her saucy little nose and an occasional merry twinkle in her eyes remained to call to mind the once charming soubrette.

The two helpless women had been brought by some kind person in an express wagon to my dear friend's house, given such comforts as the little flat could offer. They are living, I believe, on a slight income left by papa Dineon. Helene's husband, a careless Austrian, a "man of excellent family"—comme toujours—forgot to provide for his actress wife. What an end for a pretty, piquant, clever little woman! I do not know what became of them after that dreadful April, and I only write you thinking this little interlude to your remembrance article might interest you.

Sincerely yours,

A. S. F.

The Argonaut by Dog-Sled.

We have before remarked on the interest shown in the Argonaut by readers who are in out-of-the-way corners of the world, such as the interior of China, of Siam, of Java, and in other places where the paper is not forwarded beyond the limits of the postal lines.

Here is a case in point in our own country—for Alaska, although non-contiguous, is a part of the United States. From this it will be seen that there is one Argonaut subscriber who is so anxious to receive his paper that he has it enclosed in an envelope and paid for at letter postage rates to entitle it to be hauled by dog-sled over the vast wastes of Alaska.

St. Michael, Alaska, October 14, 1906.

Editor Argonaut:—Enclosed please find P. M. O. for \$4.50 for which please send me the Argonaut for the six months commencing November 1st, 1906. Please send same in sealed envelope as first-class mail, thereby insuring safe delivery via dog team, during the winter. I got them all right that way during the winter of 1904-05.

Yours truly,

John Gebhardt.

The Argonaut on the Liners.

Chateau Frontenac,

Quebec, Canada, Oct. 29th, 1906.

Editor Argonaut:—It has been quite a disappointment not to receive the Argonaut in Europe where I have been lately for some little time. I had requested my copy to be forwarded from home, but for some reason it was not sent. Now I am returning to my home (Newark, N. J.) and shall take much pleasure in opening the back numbers and "posting" myself on the news of the past three months.

Why can you not place some file copies of the Argonaut on the ocean steamers? I am sure it would be a popular move. Every one who reads the Argonaut wants the paper in the future.

Yours truly, Schuyler B. Jackson.

For One "At Sea."

In our mail the other morning there came a letter dated "At Sea." It enclosed a postoffice money order for \$12.00, with three addresses to which the Argonaut was to be forwarded. Enclosed was an old bill of the year before, with the same addresses, showing that the writer had been in the habit of sending the Argonaut to the same persons in the past. The letter ran as follows:

On Board Steamship ———,

At Sea, Oct. 31st, 1906.

Editor Argonaut:—Please continue sending the Argonaut for another year to the same addresses. Postoffice order for \$12.00 enclosed.

The well beloved Argonaut is now the only connecting link between the late No. ——— Street (my former home and my treasures) and my present quarters, the Stewardess's room on the Steamship ———.

Even for the sake of saving money to get on my feet again, I can not do without my Argonaut; nor yet can I deprive my relatives of the pleasure they receive from the Argonauts I send them.

The grit and backbone the Argonaut has shown have greatly helped me, and no doubt many other readers who also came out of the quake and fire with nothing but what they stood in have been by it encouraged to make the best of things.

I beg to thank you for the knowledge (true and terse) and the pleasure the Argonaut has always given me.

May the Argonaut be more and more read, pondered over, and acted upon, is the prayer of

Yours always,

We know nothing about the circumstances of our subscriber, but from the tone of her letter it would seem as if she had been forced to do the work of a stewardess to gain her livelihood. She certainly could not have been in pecuniary straits before the disaster, for many rich people would hesitate before laying out twelve dollars in sending periodicals to relatives. In any event, it is a touching thing that a woman who leads so laborious a life—for if following the sea is a hard life for a man, what must it be for a woman?—should out of her hard-earned wages lay aside such a sum to send her favorite paper to distant relatives!

Advertising Our Conditions.

Deep River, Conn., Oct. 6, 1906.

Editor Argonaut:—In the Argonaut of some weeks since was an article suggesting to the Promotion Association, Merchants' Association and other organizations of San Francisco, that they advertise the conditions of the city at the present time. In the Hartford Courant of the 4th inst. was an article following out the ideas suggested by the Argonaut. I have been here in Connecticut some four weeks, visiting friends in different sections of the State. I think that the ideas and suggestions in the Argonaut article will be of great benefit to San Francisco, judging from the many questions regarding insurance matters, expense of living, rents, wages, etc., asked by the people that I have met. It is difficult for the people of the East fully to understand or comprehend the magnitude of the task San Francisco has set for herself in rebuilding and reconstructing, and the urgent need of mechanics in all branches of labor. Therefore it seems to me that advertising in the manner suggested by the Argonaut can not prove other than extremely useful.

Yours truly,

A. E. Buckingham.

From New Zealand.

Auckland, September 8, 1906.

Editor Argonaut:—Please find postoffice order for the sum of £1 6s. 3d. in payment for my subscription to the "Argonaut" and "Munsey's Magazine."

I regret that the pressure of business during stock-taking period caused me to overlook forwarding this subscription. I am the more sorry because recent events in San Francisco have doubtless

contributed not a little to your financial and other anxieties. I have been a regular subscriber for many years, and should be exceedingly sorry to miss my copies of your valuable paper.

Sincerely yours,

H. J. Edminston.

From Turkey.

Merziroum, Oct. 8, 1906.

Dear Sir:—I have had a good fortunate reading of your Weekly, named "The Argonaut," and desired to have some specimen copies for my friends.

Then Dear Sir:—

Please send me from that and after receiving them I will write to you being subscriber or not.

Yours truly,

A. Andonian.

(My address.)

Alexander Andonian,
(Teacher) Merziroum,
(Turkey)

Insurance Articles.

Seattle, Washington, October 24, 1906.

Editor Argonaut:—Enclosed find check for one year's subscription to Argonaut. I have been buying the Argonaut for the past twelve years through newsdealers here, but lately they have been coming irregularly. Your insurance articles alone are worth ten times the price of subscription.

Yours truly,

Isaac Brown.

A Long-Time Reader.

San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 25, 1906.

Editor Argonaut:—Buying the Argonaut from the dealers has become uncertain, and therefore, you will find enclosed \$4.00 for a year's subscription. I have read the Argonaut for about twenty-two years. First, it was mailed to me by a San Francisco friend to a New York town where I was living, then it was read by my people in New York and re-forwarded to me to Nebraska, then to Seattle and Portland, and finally, when I first came to San Francisco, a number of years ago, the Argonaut completed the circle and was re-mailed here, after being read first in San Francisco, and then in New York. At no time could I do without it, still less since the earthquake and fire, when the Argonaut put on tremendous vigor and has since kept up the pace.

Yours truly,

Ransom Pratt.

The Belle Fourche irrigation project, as it is known, will reclaim 90,000 acres of practically arid land lying north of the Black Hills, and \$2,100,000 has been appropriated by Congress for the work. Contrary to the usual belief, the United States does not put up the money for these irrigation projects, thirteen of which are now under way, but the money comes from a fund which each State has to its credit in Washington, derived from the sale of public lands. The work, however, is under the direct supervision of the Government, but will become eventually the property of the water association, which will be composed of all the people holding land under the project. These irrigation projects, eventually, will cost nothing, either to the Government or to the State, because the yearly assessments paid for ten years by the people owning land under the project will meet the cost of the work and will be turned back to the credit of the State. The cost of putting through these irrigation schemes differs in different localities, but ranges from \$20 and \$30 an acre, with an average of about \$25. It is estimated that the cost for the work being done here will be about \$33 an acre; thus each settler will pay about \$3.30 a year for ten years. At the end of five years he is given title to his land, though the payments go on for five years longer and constitute a lien upon his land. At the end of ten years the settlers under the scheme own the water and the State is reimbursed for the cost.

A clever business woman of Florence, S. D., has just been married. She was Miss Emma Sheppard, but a few days ago she became Mrs. W. P. Austin. The unique thing about her marriage was, and is, that she is the only woman in Florence, and that every single man in the town was her suitor. Florence was a boom town when Miss Sheppard, over in Iowa, heard that there was money waiting there for any woman who would go out there and start a boarding house. She had taken a course in domestic economy at Ames college and she decided to realize on it. Her dining room proved to be so attractive that the denizens of the boom town flocked thither. Then began an eager rivalry for her hand. W. P. Austin finally won the favor and the whole town was invited to the wedding.

The uproar raised in Italy because the contract for furnishing armor plate to the Italian navy was given to the Midvale Steel Company of Philadelphia, while the native iron works company at Terni was debarred, has determined the ministry of marine to abrogate the contract. This will also be done with a view to preventing litigation with the Krupps, who allege that the Midvale company copied their patents. Popular indignation has been appeased, as the work will now be given to a native firm, the supposition being that it will benefit home industries.

GERONIMO'S MEXICAN RAIDS.

The Apache Chief's Apology for His Crimes in the Light of Border History.

As a fighter who made good, in the old primitive heroic way, like an Ulysses or an Achilles—a classic Greek or old Roman in brown skin and eagle feathers—Geronimo the Apache will live in our history. He is a splendid possession, from the crown of his head to the tip of his toes.

Geronimo hated and fought both Mexicans and Americans with absolutely good reason.

Thus, the New York Mail. It is typical of a number of Eastern expressions that have been called forth by a recently-published autobiography of the old Apache chief. The following is also typical, not of twentieth century glorification of the Apache, but of the news columns of frontier papers during the years of Geronimo's early activity. It is from the Houston Telegraph of March 20, 1860:

The Indians killed ten persons, carried off some captive, and horribly abused others, especially two young ladies, whom, after abusing with all the brutality which Indians and white outlaws know so well how to practice, they stripped off their clothing and turned them loose to die of cold and hunger, or to fall again in the hands of the brutes who infest the country, or to be torn to pieces by savage beasts of prey.

Coincidentally with the sympathetic reception of Geronimo's memoirs, comes this Associated Press dispatch:

Washington, October 18.—Three Apache Indians, representing the 250 members of the Geronimo band held prisoners at Fort Sill, Oklahoma Territory, called on Secretary Taft and urged that they be allowed to take up lands in New Mexico and Arizona.

The dispatch does not say how the Government considered the petition of the Indians, and the relatives of hundreds of victims of Apache atrocities are also to be heard from. There is nothing in the annals of Indian warfare comparable to the history of the Apaches, under Geronimo's leadership, for wanton murder, unspeakable outrage, and savage horror generally. But terrible as were his bloody raids in the country to which he now asks to be allowed to return, they are minimized by his inhuman career in Mexico. "I was always glad to fight the Mexicans," he says, and adds:

I have killed many Mexicans; I do not know how many, for frequently I did not count them. Some of them were not worth counting. It has been a long time since then, but I have no love for the Mexicans. With me they were treacherous and malicious. I am old now and shall never go on the warpath again, but if I were young, and followed the warpath, it would lead to Old Mexico.

But the Mexicans of the border towns counted their dead, and the Governor of Sonora says that between 500 and 600 persons were assassinated by Geronimo's band in the Apache's last campaign.

Since the Texan war, until the surrender of the Apaches to General Miles, the Mexican frontier was constantly invaded by Indian tribes. The Comanches, Kiowas, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, and others penetrated into the country, marking their path with bloodshed, but it was the Apaches whose invasions were particularly ferocious and relentless. After the frontier had enjoyed a long period of peace, when the settlers were highly prosperous, and the pasture grounds were filled to overflowing with all kinds of cattle, it was one of the tribes composing the Apache nation who brought their allies, the Comanches, on a marauding expedition into Mexico—the first of a series of incursions that lasted without interruption for nearly half a century. The entire border line from Sonora to the Gulf of Mexico was the theatre of their crimes, and so persistently and ceaselessly did they harass the country that entire Mexican states were ruined. So widespread were the horrible butcheries by the Indians, and so extensive the robberies that a narrative of their incursions would fill volumes.

The experience of the sufferings of a single one of the districts in the State of Zacatecas is illustrative. In Marzapal there were 400 persons killed, wounded, and taken captive—a fact that must startle even those most familiar with the bloody history of the border. And Colonel Trevino, of Zacatecas, in one of his numerous engagements, recovered from the savages 8000 stolen horses. This was in 1857, a significant date, for Geronimo claims that the Apaches were at peace with the Mexicans at that time, and that the treacherous murder of his family in 1858 was the cause of his subsequent attacks. Of course, Zacatecas was not the scene of the Apaches' outrages, but the other states suffered as severely. The towns of Nuevo Leon lost more than 1000 souls, and their monetary losses were over \$4,000,000. There were ninety-four Indian raids in one year in Coahuila, which was literally inundated by thousands of Comanches and Lipans, a tribe of the Apaches, now happily extinct. And the San Antonio Herald of March 24, 1859, says that the Comanches alone had in their possession in October, 1858, over 400 Mexican captives. The report of the mayor of a

small town in Nuevo Leon to the Governor after an Indian foray, gives a pathetic and characteristic picture of the misery following an Indian foray:

The savages, to the number of about one hundred, have invaded this municipality, committing acts of the most horrid cruelty at the place called Penuelo, where they murdered all the inhabitants, consisting entirely of defenceless women and children, the men being all in the country tending their cattle. These lamentable occurrences have thrown this town into the greatest consternation. It would be difficult, excellent sir, to describe the fearful picture presented by the estate where the tragic event occurred. But we must pause in our grief to warn other communities, and to bury the dead. The innocent blood of more than two hundred victims is still reeking in the fields of Penuelo calling aloud for vengeance.

It is extremely improbable that the Mexicans entered into a peace agreement with the Apaches in 1858. Only a few years before that date a war of extermination was declared against them and the Comanches. The authorities were solemnly commanded by the general government to grant no peace or truce with the two tribes, and to wage a vigorous war to preserve the country from utter ruin and desolation. Taking into account the deserts, the hiding-places offered by the mountains, the agility and endurance of the Indians, and their peculiar cunning in their mode of warfare, rules were drawn up for the guidance of the military forces along the frontier. This decree was in force when the episode occurred that Geronimo pleads as an excuse for his ravages of late years.

D. A. D.
San Francisco, November, 1906.

The following suggestions for a premium list for an esteemed contemporary are offered by the Boston Traveler. They are reprinted as notable among the humors of a dead and gone campaign:

NEW PREMIUM LIST FOR 1907 OF BILL R. HOIST (INC.)
For one new subscription to the American and the murder of one corporation lawyer,

A Hoist Campaign Button.

For two new subscriptions to the American and the murder of one trust magnate,

Two Hoist Campaign Buttons.

For three new subscriptions to the American and the murder of one Democratic or Republican State Governor,

A Volume of Jerry Watson's Speeches.

For four new subscriptions to the American and the murder of a President,

Ten Hoist Campaign Buttons and a Volume of Jerry Watson's Speeches.

For the murder of any citizen who will not vote for Hoist, A Year's Subscription to the American and One Hoist Campaign Button.

The agricultural class of the Philippines, comprising probably over ninety per cent of the population, does not think deeply upon American control, says Hamilton Wright, in the World Today. They feel the results. We have done absolutely nothing to better the condition of the vast population engaged in agriculture or of the people as a whole. They are worse off than they were under Spanish rule. These people are simple, friendly, and very industrious for tropical workers. They are mainly interested in purely local affairs, in the village in which they live, their amusements, their family. They are of a common Malay stock and consequently, it may be added without disparagement to them, are totally ignorant as a class of the privileges or responsibilities of a republican form of government as we know it. They do not particularly care for independence, as the Anglo-Saxon mind conceives it, for it means nothing to them.

To the Democrats of New Jersey, who are seeking a candidate for United States Senator, the New York World suggests Grover Cleveland, saying: "Mr. Cleveland is by no means too old for the Senate. He is only 69. Senator Allison of Iowa is eight years older than Mr. Cleveland; so is Senator Cullom of Illinois, who will be re-elected in January for his fourth term. Senators Hale and Frye of Maine are older than Mr. Cleveland, one by a year and one by six years, while Senator Teller of Colorado is Mr. Cleveland's senior by seven years and Senator Proctor of Vermont by six years. These veterans are all active leaders in the Senate. Two former Presidents served in Congress after they left the White House, John Quincy Adams as a Representative and Andrew Johnson as a Senator, but no precedents are needed to justify the New Jersey Legislature in choosing Mr. Cleveland."

Hawthorn buds are known among English children as "bread and cheese," and are sometimes eaten by them. They have, however, poisonous qualities, due to the presence of calcium oxalate, and the other day a girl at Penrith died after eating some.

The State of Washington has joined the ranks of those who are striving, in the face of his defiant and invulnerable opposition, to make Mr. Roosevelt run again for the Presidency, remarks the Baltimore Sun.

HEARST ON HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

Villard, Bennett, Laffan and Pulitzer Assailed in the Closing Speeches of the Campaign.

All political campaigns in New York are notable for the vigor displayed by the newspapers of the metropolis. Not only in reporting the movements and speeches of the candidates, but in attempting to gather reliable advance information of the result of the elections, are the great dailies put to their greatest expense and most strenuous effort. The campaign that closed last Monday evening was one of the most remarkable that the New York press has ever seen, and the manner in which its exigencies have been met is unique in many particulars. Mr. Hearst's candidacy for the governorship was opposed by all the leading dailies, excepting only Mr. Hearst's own publications, but there was no little variety in the position. Among the great dailies the World alone printed Mr. Hearst's speeches with little effort, abbreviate or to soften his most sensational utterances. As an example, the following extracts are given from Mr. Hearst's speech attacking the prominent newspaper editors and owners, and in which Mr. Pulitzer, the owner of the World, is most bitterly assailed. The World printed the speech in full, calmly and without comment.

You are deserted and betrayed by the public officers. I should sustain you, and by the so-called free press that should support you.

You know the character of men that own the newspapers New York. You know that Villard, the editor of the Post, sued by his own sister, who alleged that he had tried to rob of her share in her father's estate.

You know that Bennett, the editor of the Herald, has been indicted by the United States Grand Jury for obscene and indecent advertisements in his papers and sent them through the mails and into the homes of American citizens.

You know that Laffan, of the Sun, is the mortgaged man of Morgan, and that the tame Ochs, of the Times, is indebted to the Traction Trust and the life insurance companies even for building that he prints his paper in.

You know that Pulitzer, of the World, has his money invested in coal stocks and in the Vanderbilt roads that I have attacked and follows the tips of Wall Street speculators more than he does the interests of the people.

Instead of helping the people in this emergency, this traitorous sheet, the World, gloats over this situation and lies about it.

Mr. Hearst described his gift of his yacht to the United States Government during the Spanish War, and said the World declared that the vessel was seized smuggling:

These personal matters are of no importance, however. The only thing for you to consider is the untrustworthiness of news sources and the treachery of these papers that betray American principles under which they have prospered.

When Mr. Pulitzer was building up his paper he had principles, or at least he professed principles. When he was appealing for the pennies of the people he proclaimed himself the champion of the people.

When he came from abroad, a penniless immigrant, and landed on these shores he approved, or pretended to approve, American liberty.

When he slept on the benches in the park and then rose to a waiter and coachman, he appreciated the advantages of American equality.

When he went into politics and became at once Police Commissioner and champagne agent, and blackmailed his goods in questionable resorts, he understood and exercised a good measure of American opportunity.

When he was court-martialed in the army and indicted for attempted murder in St. Louis, he experienced some part of American justice.

When he first came to New York, when he had no money to invest in Wall Street, when his only chance of profit or preferment lay in the support of the people from whom he came, he did spell the word people "peepul" or call their cause anarchic.

In his old age, when he has amassed his fortune and has invested in gas stocks, and railroad stocks, and other Wall Street securities, when the pennies of the poor seem small and the faith of financiers looms large, he repudiates the principle that made him and betrays the people that supported him.

False to his principles, false to his own people, he fawns up and truckles to a class that uses him while it despises him. His career is the career of a coward, traitor, and sycophant.

It is doubtful if the attitude of personal enmity toward Mr. Hearst, assumed by nearly all his contemporaries, and the studied misrepresentation of the striking features of his campaign, affected the result materially. There is little doubt that Hearst's papers have inflicted more wounds than the combined forces against him.

For the first time in two hundred years New Orleans will open a system of underground sewers. Hitherto the city sewage has been run off through surface drains some covered, more uncovered.

The New Orleans Board of Health has officially recognized the mosquito (*Stegomyia fasciata*) as the true and only disseminator of yellow fever.

THE PATH OF AN INTERVIEWER.

Cosmopolitan Virtues and Gifts of Versatility
Along Its Course.

The newspapers of Boston are not the same as those of New York; there is a greater difference between those of Chicago and New Orleans; and what is a "first-class story" in Philadelphia would be moved farther back in San Francisco to make room for another sort of sensation suited to the peculiar taste of its readers. But the subtle distinctions do not perplex the resourceful newspaper reporter. He comes from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast and in a week his "stuff" is true to the paper that has engaged him. He goes to the East from what is called the "unconventional" West, and in a month his work is in no wise to be distinguished from that of men who have begun and continued in the service of New York dailies. For proof, an important newspaper may be considered. In five years it probably has had scores of reporters, may have had two or three different city editors, and perhaps as many managing editors, yet the tone of the paper from page to last is unchanged. In fact, that distinct, individual flavor often persists in spite of efforts to change it. It would be easy to name a score of papers in the country that are identical in dominating characteristics and tone with their issues of earlier years, in spite of the fact that their owners and the entire staff have changed more than once.

The true cosmopolitan is the newspaper reporter. It is easy enough to appear content in any quarter of the globe, and in Rome to live as the Romans do, but the reporter does more. He is Norwegian and Italian, Arabian and palace-wise, Republican and Democrat, and times each day, and the narrow provincialism of the metropolis is as much his as the freedom and the long perspective of the mining camp. It is versatility, more than temperament, that distinguishes him. A citizen of the world, with a nose for news, a supernatural ingenuity in obtaining it, a pretty knack of deduction, and the ability to be always in the mood for what might make an average reporter. The good reporter who becomes editors have additional faculties, not cultivated, but indigenous. The study of one reporter's career will furnish illustrations.

Edmond Lamont, in recent years the editor of the New York Evening Post, and last July made the editorial head of its able and dignified weekly issue, the Saturday Review, has passed over the full course. He is a Harvardsman and was a classmate of Clyde Fitch, the playwright. While in college he was for a time the tutor of John Jacob Astor. Newspaper work attracted him, and when he finished at Harvard he went to Albany and began as a reporter on one of the daily papers of New York's capital city. A year or so after he had an attack of Western fever and found himself one morning in Tacoma.

It was in 1890, when all the towns of the Sound country were prosperous, and Tacoma was struggling for recognition as the leader among them. Seattle had been humiliated down the year before, but it was growing up, and, seemingly, all the more rapidly because of the disaster. Lamont soon decided that Seattle had the best of the race for supremacy and transferred his allegiance. He joined the city editor's staff of the Post-Intelligencer in August, when the largest dry goods store of the town was still occupying a tent, waiting for a new building which would give it a bigger and more home than it had before the fire, and all the life of the town was temporary, but promising for the future.

The newspaper industry of Seattle at that time demanded more than a line in passing. There were perhaps thirty thousand people in the town, and of these one-third had come within a year, and without intention to remain, but there were five daily papers and the Post-Intelligencer—or P.-I., as it is more familiarly known—the oldest and best equipped, with a circulation of nearly 50,000, for it covered a large field in the northwest corner of the United States. Five reporters for the three morning papers scoured the town for news from noon till midnight, and smaller but no less active band of item-hunters for evening issues began at daylight and worked till the sun set in the afternoon.

Among these news gatherers Lamont easily found a place for himself and work in abundance. In some ways he was better fitted to obtain "exclusive" stories than his contemporaries. His address was easy and unassuming, and newcomer from Alaskan fur fields and obedient visitor from London or Berlin were alike to him. His interviews were "features," but when a house burned at midnight or a big police story told another man for late watch at headquarters, his readiness was as apparent as his facility in description when he came in from a detail. He was popular with his fellow-workers, though it was known that he was a college man, and with the exception of a single occasion when before his startled associates he appeared in the glory of what the water-front man called

"a steel-pen coat and U-shaped vest," a costume regarded by all with more of awe than admiration, he at all times earned their fraternal consideration.

His evident familiarity with the conventions of society brought him at least one embarrassing assignment. Late one night came the news by wire that an ex-treasurer of Seattle had been drowned at Anacortes, having fallen from the gang-plank of a steamer up-Sound. Immediately the city editor of the P.-I., a master of all the intricacies of newspaper work, called in from the reporters' room three men to gather the details of the late official's career. One was told to get his political record, another to discover the history of a charge of misappropriation of funds that had been hanging over his head for years, and Lamont was instructed to carry the news to the family, as yet unaware of their bereavement, and to ask for biographical facts. The three-column story next morning was a "beat" for the P.-I., and Lamont's part in it was not the least important, even if it did not have the greatest share of space.

Perhaps it was in Albany that Lamont took his first observations of political fine work, but his experience in Seattle added to his understanding. In the winter of 1890-91 came the campaign of Senator Squire for reelection. His political manager was Sheriff McGraw, afterward Governor of the State, and the fight was an interesting one. Squire was a Seattle man—his greatest property interests were at Snoqualmie, a few miles north of Seattle—and his opponent, Calkins, was endorsed by Seattle's rival, Tacoma. The strength of the two candidates in the Legislature was nearly equal. Neither was confident, but Squire's manager was straining every political line to return the incumbent to Washington for another term. Seattle and Tacoma partisans aligned themselves under Squire or Calkins banners for the honor of their towns. Lamont suddenly disappeared in the last week of the campaign, and for several days his desk was unoccupied. He reappeared as suddenly, and when the result of his absence was published, his adventure was quietly described. Governor Ferry, of Washington, was spending a vacation at Santa Barbara, California, either as an aid to health or an avoidance of political difficulties at home, and to him Lamont had gone, and with the practiced art of the adroit interviewer, had gained an unequivocal, if reluctant, endorsement of Senator Squire's claims for reelection. Senator Squire was re-elected, and to City Editor Parry of the P.-I., and to Reporter Lamont, no little credit for that consummation is due.

For about two years Lamont remained in Seattle, gaining steadily in reputation and in influence. When he returned to the East it was to accept the offered chair of Professor of English in Brown University. Then again the call of the press—hardly to be resisted, once the inky virus is in the blood. After several years he was offered the editorship of the New York Evening Post, a position long filled by William Cullen Bryant, and after him by Garrison. Now, Lamont is editor of the Nation, and faithful to the inclination and ideals that have governed his career from the first. He knows the whole story of the making of a newspaper, and by practical experience in all of its fascinating, yet exacting details. He has been in California more than once since his Seattle sojourn, and has lectured before the students of the State University. A volume on English composition, the fruit of his leisure hours, has lately come from the publishers.

Governor Pardee on October 29 announced the following appointments:

Member State Board of Harbor Commissioners—Senator John G. Matton, Jr., of Centerville, Alameda County, vice John D. Mackenzie, term expired. Board of Regents University of California—Charles S. Wheeler, of San Francisco, vice self, term expired; R. T. Taussig, vice J. W. McKinley, term expired. Trustee San Diego Normal School—C. C. Chapman, vice self, term expired; L. M. Ward, vice self, term expired. Trustee Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Berkeley—A. J. Ralston, vice self, term expired. Trustees Napa State Hospital—J. H. Steves, vice self, term expired; E. Z. Hennessey, vice self, term expired; Richard Belcher, of Marysville, vice R. M. Swain, term expired; S. W. Bush, vice self, term expired; H. M. Meachen, of Napa, vice Max Goldberg, term expired. Trustee State Hospital at Agnews—Isaac Upham, vice self, term expired; David Rutherford, of Oakland, vice Adolph Greeninger, term expired. Member State Board of Prison Directors—Senator C. M. Belshaw, of Antioch, vice J. W. Wilkins, term expired. Trustee State Normal School at Chico—Alden Anderson, vice E. B. Edson, deceased. Trustee California Polytechnic School at San Luis Obispo—E. L. Wixson, vice self, term expired.

It is apparent that this is not exactly a year for reforms, says the Boston Traveler. La Follette was beaten decisively in Wisconsin, Mayor Weaver met the same fate in Philadelphia and Churchill really won nothing but self-advertising in the New Hampshire fight.

The police of Vienna carry small portable telephone appliances, which they can affix to specially constructed boxes along their beats, and so communicate with the central police station.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Secretary Metcalf is in San Francisco for the purpose of investigating the complaints of Japanese residents that their children are excluded from the public schools.

W. J. Bryan insisted in his last campaign address that Secretary Taft's speech at Omaha was a defense of the trusts and an apology for them more than a denunciation of them, saying that the only warmth the Secretary manifested was when he insisted that they should be regulated rather than destroyed.

Speaker Cannon indulged in some characteristic animadversions on the Hearst candidacy while in New York. "Was Hearst ever in Congress?" he is quoted as repeating in answer to a question: "I'll be d—d if I ever saw much of him." The Speaker was asked what he thought of the Hearst platform and repeated what he once said of a Bryan national platform: "Hearst's platform," he said, "reminds me of a woman's mother Hubbard. It covers everything and hides nothing."

United States Senator Isidor Raynor, of Maryland, made a speech at Baltimore last week in which he said that the bill prohibiting corporations from contributing to Federal elections was not favored by the President or the Republican party, and concluded with this declaration: "The bill would have been a great blessing to the country, and I am anxious to see, at the next session of Congress, whether, as Speaker Cannon calls it, that body will be in a sufficient judicial frame of mind to pass this enactment."

One of the pertinent paragraphs in Richard Watson Gilder's letter attacking Hearst, the letter that called out Brisbane's editorial saying Gilder was a mouse, is as follows: "The victims of yellow journalism are many; the distress to individuals, the injured lives and the debasing effect upon those who run its disreputable errands—all this is well known. Mrs. Edith Wharton cut to the heart of the matter when she said that to write for the yellowest of journals in order to influence the masses for good was like visiting the poor and afflicted in clothes infected with smallpox."

Edward H. Clark, attorney of the Hearst estate and until recently president of the Morning Journal Publishing Association, made answer in New York last week to the questions asked by the State Republican Committee, concerning the charge that W. R. Hearst was the employer of Chinese in California. Mr. Clark said that "the Hearst estate is wholly and absolutely the property of Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst. The entire amount of Senator George Hearst's property was left to his widow. W. R. Hearst has not and never has had the slightest interest in the Hearst estate. He has never had the slightest part, directly or indirectly, in the management of the Hearst estate."

The advancement of Mr. Cortelyou to the head of the Treasury Department is not pleasing to the New York World. It says: "It was Cortelyou upon whose assurances Mr. Roosevelt relied when he denied with heat the true statement of Judge Parker in 1904 that corporations had bought with campaign contributions the valuable gratitude of the Republican National Committee. It was Cortelyou who accepted the money stolen from insurance companies and given to him to establish, in Platt's cynical phrase, a 'moral obligation' upon the dominant party. Cortelyou should not be in the Cabinet. He should not be in public life at all. To make him Secretary of the Treasury will be a needless affront to the American people."

Now that William H. Taft, Secretary of War, has declined an appointment as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, it may be set down for a fact beyond contradiction that he is on the list of Presidential possibilities, and there to stay, declares the Washington correspondent of the Portland Oregonian. In some quarters it was believed that Mr. Taft would relinquish all hope of the Presidency in order to take the vacancy on the bench left by the retirement of Justice Brown. But those who knew him were well aware that he would not seriously entertain such a proposition. If Mr. Taft had been offered the place of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court he might have accepted, but the present Chief Justice shows no signs of retiring.

Discussing the changes in the President's Cabinet, the Philadelphia Ledger deprecates the change in the head of the Postal Department, which certainly requires for its proper supervision the intimate knowledge to be gained only by long acquaintance. And, continuing, remarks: "Whatever qualifications Mr. Cortelyou may possess for his present office, there is no evidence that he has the experience or the equipment for the Treasury portfolio to which he is to be transferred. In the case of the Navy also, the retirement of Mr. Bonaparte, however well fitted he may be for the Attorney Generalship, will interrupt the excellent service he is giving where he is. And the transfer of Mr. Metcalf to the Navy Department from that of Commerce and Labor affords no guarantee that the country will be the gainer."

THE DEVIL'S REVENGE.

A Tragedy in Which Satan Played the Leading Role.

It was toward the end of November; the Imperial Garden of Vienna was deserted; a sharp breeze was whirling the saffron-colored leaves, shrunk up by the early cold; the rose-bushes, tormented and broken by the wind, let their branches drag in the mud. Still, the grand alley, thanks to its covering of sand, was dry and passable. Although devastated by the approach of winter, the Imperial Garden was not without a certain melancholy charm. The long alley prolonged far away its reddening arcades; beyond, the view stretched over the Prater and Danube; it was such a promenade as a poet would have desired.

A young man was striding up and down this alley with visible signs of impatience; his costume, somewhat theatrical in its elegance, consisted of a frock-coat of black velvet, with gold facings, and bordered with fur, gray woolen pantaloons, top-boots, with tassels, coming half way up his legs. He might have been twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age; his pale and regular features were full of finesse, and irony lurked in the creases around his eyes and the corners of his mouth. At the university, which he appeared to have quitted recently, for he still wore the student's cap with oak leaves, he must have plagued the Philistines and shone in the front ranks of the burschen and the foxes.

The narrow limits within which he circumscribed his walk showed that he was waiting for some one—probably a lady, for the Imperial Garden of Vienna in the month of November is hardly propitious to business rendezvous. Soon a young girl appeared at the end of the avenue. A turban of black silk covered her rich blonde hair, whose ringlets had been slightly uncurled by the dampness of the evening; her complexion, ordinarily of waxen whiteness, had taken a rosy tint from the bite of the cold. Veiled and wrapped, she was in a mantle trimmed with marten skin. A little terrier accompanied her—a convenient chaperon, on whose indulgence and discretion you could count.

"Imagine, Heinrich," said the pretty Viennese, taking the young man's arm, "I have been dressed and ready to go out for more than an hour, and my aunt kept on with her sermons on the dangers of waltzing, on recipes for Christmas cakes and carp with blue sauce. I went out on the pretext of buying some gray boots, of which I have no need whatever. It is for you, Heinrich, that I tell all these little lies, which I am constantly regretting and constantly beginning over again. What an idea it was of yours to take to the stage! What was the good of studying theology so long at Heidelberg? My parents liked you, and we might have been married to-day but for that. Instead of meeting on the sly under the bare trees of the Imperial Garden, we should be seated side by side before a fine porcelain stove in a nice, warm room, talking of the future of our children. Would not that be a happy lot, Heinrich?"

"Yes, Katy, very happy," replied the young man, as he pressed under the satin and fur the dimpled arm of the Viennese, "but I can not help it. The theatre attracts me invincibly. I dream of it by day; I think of it by night; I feel the desire to live in the creation of the poets; I seem to have twenty existences. Every role that I play makes me a new life; all those passions that I express I feel. I am Hamlet, Othello, Charles Moor. When one is all that, he can with difficulty resign himself to the humble condition of a village pastor."

"That is very noble. But you know that my parents will never have an actor for a son-in-law."

"No, certainly, not an obscure actor; a poor, ambulant artist; a puppet of managers and the public. But a great actor, covered with glory and applause, who earns more money than a minister, they will not refuse, however scrupulous they may be. When I shall come to ask your hand in a handsome yellow coach, the varnish of which will be able to serve as a looking-glass for the astonished neighbors, and a tall lackey covered with gold lace will let down the steps for me, do you think they will refuse me?"

"I do not think they will. But who says, Heinrich, that you will ever come to that? You have talent, but talent is not sufficient; you must have much good luck besides. By the time that you shall have become the grand actor of whom you speak the best time of your youth will have passed, and then will you be ready to marry Katy, grown old, when you have at your disposal the loves of all those princesses of the theatre, who are so joyous and so gaily decked?"

"That future," replied Heinrich, "is nearer than you think. I have an advantageous engagement at the theatre of the Corinthian Gate, and the manager is so satisfied with the manner in which I played my last role that he has made me a present of two thousand thalers."

"Yes," replied the young girl, with a serious air, "that role of a demon in the new piece. I confess

to you, Heinrich, that I do not like to see a Christian assume the mask of the enemy of the human race, and pronounce words of blasphemy. The other day I went to see you at the Corinthian Theatre, and at every moment I was afraid that a veritable hell-fire would issue from one of the traps where you were swallowed up in flames of spirits of wine. I returned home all confused, and I dreamed horrible dreams."

"My good Katy, that is all imagination; to-morrow, too, will take place the last performance, and I shall no longer put on the black and red costume which so much displeases you."

"So much the better; for my mind is a prey to a vague feeling of alarm, and I fear that the role which has been so profitable to your glory will not be profitable to your salvation. I am afraid, too, that you will contract bad habits in the company of those horrible comedians. I am sure that you no longer say your prayers; and I dare wager that you have lost the little cross that I gave you."

Heinrich justified himself by showing the little cross, which was still shining on his breast.

While they were talking thus, the two lovers had arrived at the Thabor Strasse, in the Leopoldstadt, in front of the shoemaker who was famous for the perfection of his gray boots. After chatting some time at the door, Katy entered, followed by her terrier, but not without having abandoned her pretty, slender fingers to the pressure of Heinrich's hand.

Heinrich tried once more to get a glimpse of his mistress between the dainty boots and shoes that were symmetrically arranged on the brass rods in the window, but the fog had silvered the glass with its moist breath, and he could only distinguish a confused silhouette; then, taking a heroic resolution, he turned on his heel and went, with deliberate step, to the inn of the Two-Headed Eagle.

That night there was a numerous company at the Two-Headed Eagle; the guests were of the most mixed description. The Two-Headed Eagle was one of those blessed cellars celebrated by Hoffman, with steps so worn, so greasy, so slippery, that you can not put your foot upon the first one without at once finding yourself at the bottom, with your elbows on a table, a pipe in your mouth, between a pot of beer and a measure of new wine.

Everybody was eating and drinking; the drink consisted of strong beer and a mixture of new red wine with old white wine; the food, of slices of cold veal, ham, or pastry.

Heinrich went to the end of the cellar, and sat at a table where were already seated three or four persons of joyous mien and merry humor.

"Ah, Heinrich!" cried the eldest of the band; "mind yourself, my friends; foenum habet in cornu. You know you had a truly diabolical look the other night; you almost frightened me. Who would think that Heinrich, who drinks beer as we do, could put on such venomous, wicked, and sardonic airs, and that with a single gesture he could make a whole theatre shudder?"

"Eh! Why that is the reason Heinrich is a great artist, a sublime comedian. There is no glory in playing a role that is in your character; the triumph, for a coquette, is to excel in playing ingenuities."

Heinrich sat down modestly, called for a large glass of mixed wine, and the conversation continued on the same subject. On all sides it was admiration and compliments.

"Ah! if the great Wolfgang Goethe had seen you!" said one.

"Show us your feet," said another. "I am sure you have a cloven hoof."

One man only, seated at a neighboring table, seemed to take no part in the general enthusiasm; his head thrown backward he was thrumming distractedly with his fingers on the crown of his hat a military march, and from time to time he uttered a sort of humph, singularly dubious.

The aspect of this man was of the strangest, although he was dressed like an honest burgher of Vienna, enjoying a modest fortune; his gray eyes were shaded with green tints, and shot out phosphoric lights like the eyes of a cat. When his pale, flat lips parted, they showed two rows of teeth, very white, very sharp, and very wide apart, of the most cannibal and ferocious aspect; his long nails, shining and curved, took a vague appearance of claws; but that physiognomy appeared only by rapid flashes; to the eye that watched him fixedly his face rapidly resumed the bourgeois and debonaire appearance of a retired Viennese merchant, and you felt astonished that you could have suspected of villainy and devilry a face so vulgar and trivial.

Altmayer, the youngest member of the company, the warmest admirer of Heinrich, could not endure this coldness, and addressing the strange man as if taking him to bear witness to an assertion that he advanced, he said:

"Is it not so, sir, no actor has ever played the role of Mephistopheles better than my comrade here?"

"Humph!" said the stranger, flashing his green eyes and cracking his sharp teeth. "Mr. Heinrich is a young man of talent, whom I esteem very highly; but he wanting in many things necessary to play the role of devil."

And suddenly drawing himself up: "Have you ever seen the devil, Mr. Heinrich?"

He put this question in such a strange and mocking tone that all the company felt a shudder run down their backs.

"That, however, would be necessary for the truthfulness of your play. The other evening I was at the theatre of the Corinthian Gate and I was not satisfied with your laugh; it was, at the utmost, a sly laugh. My dear Mr. Heinrich, this is the way you ought to laugh."

And thereupon, as if to give him the example, he burst into a laugh so sharp, so strident, so sardonic, that the orchestra and the dancers stopped at that instant, and the glass in the windows trembled. The stranger continued this pitiless and convulsive laugh several minutes and Heinrich and his companions, spite of their terror, could not help imitating it.

When Heinrich had recovered himself, the vault of the tavern were repeating, like a feeble echo, the notes of that broken and terrible laugh, and the stranger was no longer there.

* * * * *

Some days after this strange incident, which he almost forgotten, or which he remembered only as a joke of an ironical burgher, Heinrich was playing part of the demon in the new piece. On the first of seats in the orchestra was seated the stranger of the tavern, and at every word pronounced he shook his head, winked his eyes, smacked his tongue against his palate, and showed signs of the liveliest impatience.

"Bad, bad!" he murmured to himself.

At the end of the first act the stranger rose, as he had taken a sudden resolution, strode over the big drums, the cymbals, and trombone, and disappeared through the little door that leads from the orchestra to the stage. Heinrich, waiting till the curtain rose, was walking up and down in the wings, and when he came to the end of his short promenade, what was his terror to see him turned, standing in the middle of the narrow corridor, a mysterious personage clothed exactly as he was, and looking at him with eyes whose greenish transparency had a strange profundity in the darkness; the wide, sharp, wide-set teeth gave something ferocious to his sardonic smile.

Heinrich could not fail to recognize the stranger whom he had seen at the Two-Headed Eagle, or rather the devil in person, for it was he.

"Ah, ah, my young friend! you wish to play the devil? You were very middling in the first act, and you would decidedly give a very poor opinion of the citizens of Vienna. You will allow me to repeat this evening; and, as you might interfere without I will send you to the cellar, below the stage."

Heinrich recognized the Prince of Darkness and himself lost. Putting his hand mechanically to the cross that Katy had given him, he tried to call for help and to murmur his formula of exorcism; but he choked him; he could only utter a feeble rattle. The devil seized Heinrich with his hooked hands by the shoulders, and pushed him by main force through the floor; then he entered upon the scene when his came, like a perfect actor.

His incisive, biting, venomous, and truly diabolical acting at first surprised the spectators. What especially produced a great effect was that sharp titter like the grating of a saw, that laugh of the damned blaspheming the joys of Paradise. Never had an actor attained the power of sarcasm, such a depth of villainy; the audience laughed, but they trembled. All the audience was panting with emotion; phosphoric sparks glinted on the fingers of the terrible actor; trains of sparkling sparks ran from his feet; the light of the lustres grew paler; footlights shot out reddish and greenish flashes; a sulphurous smell reigned in the theatre; the spectators were, as it were, delirious, and thunders of frantic applause greeted each phrase of the marvelous Mephistopheles, who often substituted verses of his own invention for the verses of the poet, and the substitution was always happy and accepted with transports.

Katy, who was in the theatre, was in a state of extraordinary alarm; she did not recognize her dear Heinrich; she presaged some misfortune with that spirit of divination which love gives.

The performance ended amidst indescribable enthusiasm. When the curtain fell the public called for Mephistopheles with loud cries. He was sought in vain; but at last a scene-shifter came and told the manager that Heinrich had been found in the cellar, where he had probably fallen through a trap.

The hapless actor was taken up. His clothing was burned in places, and on his shoulders were deep scratches. They spoke to him, but he did not answer.

Heinrich Falkenstein was dead.—From the French of Theophile Gautier.

OLD FAVORITES.

[Editorial mention was made in the Argonaut for October 13 of some favorite poems, a dozen or more in number, and following the comment on their qualities many requests have come for a reprinting of the verse in full. Of those mentioned, Stedman's "John Brown of Osawatimic," was republished in the Argonaut for September 8; Andrew Lang's "Invocation to Homer," in the issue for November 3. Following are nearly all those noted in the editorial referred to.]

The Sonnet.

What is a sonnet? 'Tis the pearly shell
That murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea;
A precious jewel carved most curiously;
It is a little picture painted well.
What is a sonnet? 'Tis the tear that fell
From a great poet's hidden ecstasy;
A two-edged sword, a star, a song—ah me!
Sometimes a heavy-tolling funeral bell.
This was the flame that shook with Dante's
breath,
The solemn organ whereon Milton played,
And the clear glass where Shakespeare's
shadow falls;
A sea this is—beware who ventureth!
For like a ford the narrow floor is laid
Mid-ocean deep to the sheer mountain walls.
—Richard Watson Gilder.

Ariel's Song.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I heard them—ding-dong, bell.
—William Shakespeare, "The Tempest," Act I.

An Epitaph on the Admirable Dramatic Poet, W. Shakespeare.

What need my Shakespeare for his honour'd
bones,
The labor of an age in piled stones;
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a star-pyointed pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such dull witness of thy
name?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a lasting monument;
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endavouring
art,
Thy easy numbers flow; and that each part
hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took;
Then thou, our fancy of herself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.
—John Milton.

On the Late Massacre in Piedmont.

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints whose
bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones.
Forget not: In thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Blain by the bloody Piedmontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their
moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
to Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes
sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant, that from these may grow
A hundred-fold, who, having learnt Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.
—John Milton.

Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke.

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.
—Ben Jonson.

Bugle Song.

The splendor falls on castle-walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.
Oh hark! oh hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
Oh sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
low, let us hear the purple glens replying;
low, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.
—Alfred Tennyson.

The Sisters.

We were two daughters of one race;
She was the fairest in the face;
The wind is blowing in turret and tree.
They were together, and she fell;
Therefore revenge became me well;
O the Earl was fair to see!
She died; she went to burning flame;
She mix'd her ancient blood with shame.
The wind is howling in turret and tree.
Whole weeks and months, and early and late,
To win his love I lay in wait;
O the Earl was fair to see!

I made a feast; I bade him come;
I won his love; I brought him home.
The wind is roaring in turret and tree.
And after supper, on a bed,
Upon my lap he laid his head;
O the Earl was fair to see!

I kiss'd his eyelids into rest;
His ruddy cheek upon my breast.
The wind is raging in turret and tree.
I hated him with the hate of hell,
But I loved his beauty passing well.
O the Earl was fair to see!

I rose up in the silent night;
I made my dagger sharp and bright.
The wind is roving in turret and tree.
As half-asleep his breath he drew,
Three times I stab'd him thro' and thro'.
O the Earl was fair to see!

I curl'd and comb'd his comely head,
He look'd so grand when he was dead.
The wind is blowing in turret and tree.
I wrapt his body in the sheet,
And laid him at his mother's feet.
O the Earl was fair to see!
—Alfred Tennyson.

The Three Troopers.

DURING THE PROTECTORATE.

Into the Devil Tavern
Three booted troopers strode,
From spur to feather spotted and splash'd
With the mud of a winter road.
In each of their cups they dropp'd a crust,
And stared at the guests with a frown;
Then drew their swords, and roar'd for a toast,
"God send this Crum-well-down!"

A blue smoke rose from their pistol-locks,
Their sword-blades were still wet;
There were long red smears on their jerkins of
buff,
As the table they overset.
Then into their cups they stirr'd the crusts,
And showed their teeth with a frown;
They flash'd their swords as they gave the toast,
"God send this Crum-well-down!"

The gambler dropp'd his dog's-ear'd cards,
The waiting-women screamed,
As the light of the fire-like stains of blood
On the wild men's sabres gleam'd.
Then into their cups they splash'd the crusts,
And cursed the fool of a town,
And leap'd on the table and roar'd a toast,
"God send this Crum-well-down!"

Till on a sudden fire-bells rang,
The troopers sprang to horse;
The eldest muttered, between his teeth,
Hot curses—deep and coarse.
In their stirrup-cups they flung the crusts,
And cried as they spur'd through town,
With their keen swords drawn and their pistols
cock'd,
"God send this Crum-well-down!"

Away they dashed through Temple Bar,
Their red cloaks flowing free,
Their scabbards clash'd, each back-piece shone—
None liked to touch the three.
The silver cups that held the crusts
They flung to the startled town,
Shouting again, with a blaze of swords,
"God send this Crum-well-down!"
—George Walter Thornbury.

The Pompadour.

Versailles! Up the chestnut alley,
All in flower, so white and pure,
Strut the red and yellow lacqueys,
Of this Madame Pompadour.

"Clear the way!" cry out the lacqueys,
Elbowing the lame and poor
From the chapel's stately porches—
"Way for Madame Pompadour!"

Old bent soldiers, crippled veterans,
Sigh and hobble, sad, footsore,
Jostled by the chariot-horses
Of this woman—Pompadour.

Through the levee (poet, marquis,
Wistful for the opening door),
With a rippling sweep of satin,
Sail'd the queenly Pompadour.

Sighs by dozens, as she proudly
Glides, so confident and sure,
With her fan that breaks through halberds—
In went Madame Pompadour.

Starving abbe, wounded marshal,
Speculator, lean and poor,
Cringe and shrink before the creatures
Of this harlot Pompadour.

"Rose in sunshine! Summer lily!"
Cries a poet at the door,
Squeezed and trampled by the lackeys
Of the witching Pompadour.

"Bathed in milk and fed on roses!"
Sighs a pimp behind the door,
Jammed and bullied by the courtiers
Of this strumpet Pompadour.

"Rose of Sharon!" chants an abbe,
Fat and with the voice of four,
Black silk stockings soil'd by varlets
Of this Rahab Pompadour.

"Neck so swan-like—Dea Certè!
Fit for monarchs to adore!"
"Clear the way!"—was still the echo,
"For this Venus—Pompadour."

Open!—with the jar of thunder
Fly the Portals—clocks strike four;
With a burst of drums and trumpets
Comes the king and Pompadour.
—George Walter Thornbury

Fare Thee Well!

Fare thee well! and if forever,
Still forever, fare thee well;
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again!

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
Every inmost thought could show!
Then thou wouldst at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee—
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe.

Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arms be found,
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet, oh yet thyself deceive not;
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away.

Still thine own life retaineth—
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;
And the undying thought which paineth
Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead;
Both shall live, but every morrow
Wake us from a widowed bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,
When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say "Father!"
Though his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall press thee,
When her lip to thine is pressed,
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,
Think of him thy love had blessed!

Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou nevermore may'st see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,
All my madness none can know;
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
Wither, yet with thee they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken;
Pride, which not a world could bow,
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now;

But 'tis done; all words are idle—
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we can not bridle
Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well!—thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Seared in heart, and lone, and blighted,
More than this I scarce can die.
—Lord Byron.

Abraham Lincoln.

You lay a wreath on murder'd Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,
Broad for the self-complaisant British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrow'd
face.

His gaunt, gnarl'd hands, his unkempt, bristling
hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please;

You, whose smart pen back'd up the pencil's
laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were
plain;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity or people's pain—

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you?

Yes: he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil and confute my pen;
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter, a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learn'd to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more
true;
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows;

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be;
How in good fortune and in ill the same;
Not bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work, such work as few
Ever had laid on head or heart and hand,
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace
command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden
grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his pleasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting
mights—

The unclear'd forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron bark that turns the lumberer's axe.
The rapid that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks.

The ambush'd Indian and the prowling bear—
Such were the deeds that help'd his youth to
train;
Rough culture, but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destin'd work to do,
And lived to do it; four long-suffering years'
Ill fate, ill feeling, ill report lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood,
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he
stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reach'd from behind his back, a trigger prest,
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim.
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to
rest.

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to
men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame.
Sore heart, so stopp'd when it at last beat high!
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came!

A deed accurs'd! Strokes have been struck
before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly
out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er the grounds, stoutly and nobly striven.
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.
—Tom Taylor.

HENRY IRVING AND AMERICA.

The Great Tragedian's Affection
for This Country.

For thirty years Bram Stoker was an intimate friend of the late Sir Henry Irving. During most of that period Mr. Stoker was, as Irving's business manager, his daily associate. It is the record of those eventful years that Mr. Stoker has chronicled in "Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving." The author assures us he is not a panegyrist, but no proper account of Irving, the artist, and Irving, the man, could be less than panegyric, and Mr. Stoker's boundless affection and reverence for the dead tragedian are manifest on every page. Irving had a genius for friendship; there is not a more charming personality in the history of the stage, and Mr. Stoker could not have done better than "to convey the sense of Irving's worthiness by showing him among his friends." The list of persons who fell under the spell of his winsome courtesy, his gentle sympathy, his manly sincerity, would form an index to those of note of the time. Irving delighted to give midnight suppers in the famous Beefsteak Room of his Lyceum Theatre. Of the guests at these functions, Mr. Stoker says:

A list of the names of those who have supped with Irving there would alone fill chapters of this book. They were of all kinds and degrees. The whole social scale has been represented, from the prince to the humblest of commoners. Statesmen, travelers, explorers, ambassadors, foreign princes and potentates, poets, novelists, historians, writers of every style, shade, and quality. Representatives of all the learned professions; of all the official worlds; of all the great industries. Sportsmen, landlords, agriculturists. Men and women of leisure and fashion. Scientists, thinkers, inventors, philanthropists, divines. Egotists, ranging from harmless esteemers of their own worthiness to the very ranks of Nihilism—philosophers, artists of all kinds. In very truth, the list was endless and kaleidoscopic.

Irving never knew how many personal friends he had, for all who ever met him claimed acquaintanceship for evermore—and always to his great delight. Let me give an instance: In the late "eighties" when he took a house with an enormous garden in Brook Green, Hammersmith, he had the house rebuilt and beautifully furnished; but he never lived in it. However, in the summer, he thought it would be a good opportunity of giving a garden party at which he might see all his friends together. He explained to me what he would like to do:

"I want to see all my friends at once; and I wish to have it so arranged that there shall be no one left out. I hope my friends will bring their young people who would like to come. Perhaps you may remember our friends better than I do; would you mind making out a list for me—so that we can send the invitations. Gunter can do the commissariat. Of course I should like to ask a few of our Lyceum audience who come much to the theatre. Some of them I know, but there are others from whom I have received endless courtesies and I want them to see that I look on them as friends."

I set to work on a list, and two days afterward in the office he said to me:

"What about that list? We ought to be getting on with the invitations."

"No use," I said. "You can't give that party—not as you wish it!"

"Why not?" he asked amazed; he never liked to hear that anything he wished could not be done. I held up the sheets I had been working at.

"Here is the answer," I said. "There are too many."

"Oh, nonsense, my dear fellow. You forget it is a huge garden." I shook my head.

"The other is huge. I am not half through yet and they total up already over five thousand!"

And so that party never came off.

Henry Irving had the honor of calling many distinguished Americans by the name of friend, among them Presidents Arthur, Cleveland, McKinley and Roosevelt. The actor's affection for the country was large and sincere. He made a number of tours of the United States, but none more memorable than the first one in the autumn of 1883. Mr. Stoker writes of his first appearance in New York:

When on the evening of Monday, October 29, the curtain rose on the first scene of "The Bells," there was the hush of expectation, prolonged till the moment when the door of the inn parlor was thrown open and Irving seemed swept in by the rushing snowstorm. The tempest of cheers seemed just as though the prolongation of that last moment in London; and for six or seven minutes—an incredibly long time for such a matter on the stage—the cheering went on.

The welcome which Irving received on that night of October 29, 1883, lasted for more than twenty years—until the night of March 25, 1904, when at the Harlem Opera House he said "Good-bye" to his American friends—forever! Go where he would, from Maine to Louisiana, from the Eastern to the Western Sea, there was always the same story of loving greeting; of appreciative and encouraging understanding; of

heartfelt au revoir, in which gratitude had no little part. As Americans of the United States have no princes of their own, they make princes of whom they love. And after eight long winters spent with Henry Irving amongst them, I can say that no more golden hospitality or affectionate belief, no greater understanding of purpose or enthusiasm regarding personality or work has ever been the lot of any artist—any visitor—in any nation. Irving was only putting into fervent words the feeling of his own true heart, when in his parting he said:

"I go with only one feeling on my lips and in my heart—'God bless America.'"

During his visit to this country in 1888, Irving expressed a wish to play to the cadets at West Point, and permission was granted by the War Secretary. The author thus describes this unusual performance of "The Merchant of Venice":

Of course it was not possible to use scenery in the space available for the performance; so it was arranged that the play should be given as in Shakespeare's time. To this end notices were fastened to the curtain at the proscenium: "Venice: A Public Place;" "Belmont: Portia's House;" "Shylock's House by a Bridge;" etc. As it happens the Venetian dress of the sixteenth century was almost the same as the British; so that the costumes now used in the piece were alike to those worn by the audience as well as on the stage at the Globe Theatre in Shakespeare's time. Thus the cadets at West Point saw the play almost identically as Shakespeare had himself seen it.

I think that we all in that hall felt proud when we saw over the proscenium of the little stage the flags of Britain and America draped together and united by a branch of palm. It thrilled us to our heart's core merely to see.

It was a wonderful audience. I suppose there never was another on all fours with it. I forget how many hundreds of cadets there are—I think four or five—and they were all there. As they sat in the benches, they looked at the first glance like a solid mass of steel. Their uniforms of blue and gray with brass buttons; their bright young faces, clean shaven; their flashing eyes—all lent force to the idea.

The attention and the understanding of the audience could not be surpassed. Many of these young men had never seen a play; and they were one and all chosen from every State in the Union; each one having been already trained or being on the way to it to command an army in the field. There was not a line in the play, not a point which did not pass for its full value. This alone seemed to inspire the actors, down to the least important. At the end of each act came the ringing cheers which are so inspiring to all.

When the curtain finally fell there was a pause. And then with one impulse every one of those hundreds of young men with a thunderous cheer threw up his cap; for an instant the air was darkened with them. There was a significance in this which the ordinary layman may not understand. By the American Articles of War—which govern the Military Academy—for a cadet to throw up his cap, except at the word of command given by his superior officer, is an act of insubordination, punishable with expulsion. These splendid young fellows—every one of whom justified himself later on the deadly heights of Santiago or amid the jungles of the Philippines—had to find some suitable means of expressing their feelings, and they did it in a way that they and their comrades understood! Strange to say, not one of the superior officers happened to notice the fearful breach of discipline. They themselves were too much engaged in something else—possibly throwing up their own caps; for they were all old West Point men.

Right sure I am that no one who had the privilege of being present on that night can ever forget it—men, women, or children; for behind the corps of cadets sat the officers with their wives and families.

When Irving came to make the little speech inevitable on such an occasion he said at the close:

"I can not restrain a little patriotic pride now, and I will confess it. I believe the joy-bells are ringing in London to-night, because for the first time the British have captured West Point!"

He spoke later of that wonderful audience in terms of enthusiasm, and Ellen Terry was simply in a transport of delight. For my own part, though I have been in the theatre each of the thousand times Irving and Ellen Terry played the "Merchant of Venice," I never knew it to go so well.

American literary men were always welcome guests at the Lyceum Theatre when Irving was in London. From Mark Twain to George Ade, from Walt Whitman to the latest writer of promise, scores of authors were sought out and entertained by the great-hearted tragedian. James Whitcomb Riley was an especial favorite of Irving's, as Mr. Stoker relates in the following paragraphs:

Irving, like all who have ever known him, loved the "Hoosier" poet. We saw a great deal of him when he was in London; and whenever we were in Indianapolis, to meet him was one of the expected pleasures. Riley is one of the most dramatic reciters that live, and when he gives one of his own poems it is an intellectual delight. I remember two specially delightful occasions in which he was a participant. Once in Indianapolis when he came and supped on the car with us whilst we were waiting after the play for the luggage to be loaded. He was in

great form, and Irving sat all the while with an expectant smile whilst Riley told us of some of his experiences amongst the hill folk of Indiana where conditions of life were almost primitive. One tale gave Irving intense pleasure—that in which he told of how he had asked a mountaineer who was going down to the nearest town, to bring him back some tobacco. This the man had done gladly; but when Riley went to pay him the cost of it he drew his gun on him. When the other asked the cause of his offense, which he did not intend or even understand, the mountaineer answered:

"Didn't I do what ye asked me? Then why do you go for to insult me? I ain't a tobacco dealer. I bought it for ye, an' I give it to ye free and glad. I ain't sellin' it!"

The other occasion was a dinner at the Savoy Hotel, July 29, 1891, to which Irving had asked some friends to meet him. "Jamsey"—for so his friends call him—recited several of his poems most exquisitely. His rendering of the powerful little poem, "Good-bye, Jim," made every one of the other eight men at the table weep.

Edwin Booth had no greater admirer than his English brother actor. Irving played Laertes to Booth's Hamlet in 1861, as the author informs us in the following:

The occasion of Irving's producing "Othello" during his own management was due to his love and remembrance of Edwin Booth. In 1860, at the Theatre Royal, in Manchester, Irving began a long engagement. In the bill his name is announced: "His first appearance." In November of the following year Booth appeared as a star, playing "Othello," Irving being the Cassio; also "Hamlet," Irving being the Laertes; and "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," he of course taking Sir Giles Overreach, and Irving Wellborn. For his benefit Booth gave on Friday night "Romeo and Juliet," in which Irving played Benvolio to his Romeo. Often, when we talked of Booth some twenty years afterwards, he told me of the extraordinary alertness of the American actor; of his fierce concentration and impetuous passion; of the blazing of his remarkable eyes. It will be seen from the comparison of their respective parts in the plays set out that the difference between them in the way of status as players was marked. Twenty years afterwards, when the younger man had won his place in the world, and when his theatre was becoming celebrated as a national asset, Booth again visited England. Whoever had arranged his business did not choose the best theatre for him. For in those days the Princess's in Oxford Street did not have a high dramatic cachet. He got a good reception of course; but the engagement was not a satisfactory one, and Booth was much chagrined. There were even some who did not hesitate to say that Booth had not been fairly received in London. Irving jumped to the difficulty, went at once to Booth and said to him:

"Why don't you come and play with me at the Lyceum? I'll put on anything that you wish; or if there is any play in which we can play together, let us do that."

Booth was greatly delighted, and took the overture in the same good spirit in which it was meant. He at once told Irving that he would like to appear in "Othello," Irving said:

"All right! You decide on the time; and I'll get the play ready, if you will tell me how you would like it arranged."

Booth said he would like to leave all that to his host, as he had not himself taken part in the production of plays for years and did not even attend rehearsals. So Irving took all the task on himself. When he asked Booth whether he would like to play Othello or Iago—for he played both—he said that he would like to begin with Othello and that it would, he thought, be well if they changed week about; and so it was arranged. The performance began on May 2, 1881. The success of "Othello" was instantaneous and immense. During the seven weeks the arrangement lasted the houses were packed.

One night at supper in the Beefsteak Room, Irving told me an amusing occurrence which took place at Manchester when Booth played there. He said it was "about 1863," so it may have been that of which I have written, of 1861. "Richard III." was put up, Charles Calvert, the manager, playing Richmond, and Booth, Gloster. Calvert determined to make a brave show of his array against the usurper, and being manager was able to dress his own following to some measure of his wishes. Accordingly he drained the armory of the theatre and had the armor furnished up to look smart. Richard's army came on in the usual style. They were not much to look at, though they were fairly comfortable for their work of fighting. But Richmond's army enthralled the senses of the spectators, till those who knew the play began to wonder how such an army could be beaten by the starvelings opposed to them. They were not used to fight, or even to move in armor, however; and the moment they began to make an effort they one and all fell down and wriggled all over the stage in every humiliating effort to get up; and the curtain had to be lowered amidst the wild laughter of the audience.

San Franciscans who witnessed Irving's wonderful performances, will remember the great beauty and historical accuracy of the costumes and stage settings. Irving counted no expense of money or energy too great in the preparation of a play. Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir Charles Villiers Stanford or Sir Julius Benedict were chosen to write the incidental music; Sir Edward Burne-Jones, or other noted artists, were glad to

design costumes and scenes; eminent authorities on the history of the period, advised as to the accuracy of the smallest details. Apropos, the author tells this amusing story of Alexander Murray, keeper of the Greek section of the British Museum:

When "The Cup" had been running for a considerable time, Dr. Alexander Murray, whom at first we had in vain tried to persuade, came to see it. We were all anxious to know how the Greek-Eastern effect impressed him, and I made it a point to see him at the end of the play. When I asked him how he liked it, he said:

"Oh, I liked it well enough at first; but when the Temple scene came it was different. At the beginning two girls came on bearing a great amphora; but you will hardly believe me when I tell you it had red figures on a black ground, instead of black figures on a red ground. I need not say that after that I could enjoy nothing!"

Both forms of using the colors were practiced in the history of Etruscan art, and our people, since the time of the play was somewhat indeterminate, used the older one.

Some curious effects in stage perspective were noticed when Irving first brought out "Henry VIII." As the period was that of the Field of the Cloth of Gold there was naturally a good deal of cloth of gold used. Seymour Lucas, R. A., who undertook to superintend the production, had a number of samples of the cloth hung along the front of the stage, and the artists who were employed in the preparation of the play sat in the stalls to note the effect. The result was interesting:

Something like the following took place as the painter's eye ranged along the fabrics:

"That first one—well, fair. Let it remain! The next, take it away. No use at all! Third and fourth—put them on one side—we may want them for variety. Fifth—Oh! that is perfect! Just what we want!"

When the examination was finished we all went on the stage to look at the specimens accepted and discarded. There we found the second so peremptorily rejected was real cloth of gold at ten guineas a foot; while the fifth whose excellence for the purpose we had so enthusiastically accepted, was Bolton sheeting stencilled in our own property-room, and costing as it stood about eighteen pence a yard.

Again, very fine jewelry—stage jewelry—had been prepared to go with the various dresses. In especial in the procession at the beginning of the fourth act the collars of the Knights of the Garter were of great magnificence. One of the actors, however, was anxious to have everything as real as possible, and not being content with the splendor of the diamond collars provided, borrowed a real one from one of the dukes, whose Collar of the Garter was of a magnificence rare even amongst such jewels. He expected it to stand out amongst the other jewelled collars seen in the procession. But strange to say, amongst them all it was the only one that did not look well. It did not even look real. Stage jewels are large and are backed with foil, which throws back the fierce light of the "floats" and the "standards" and the "ground rows" and all those aids to illusion which have been perfected by workmen competent to their purpose.

The biography, which is in two volumes, is crowded with anecdotes and personal touches concerning prominent men of every nation. The work is illustrated by many portraits of the actor in famous roles.

Published by The Macmillan Company, New York; \$7.50 per set.

The State University has just learned of the gift of \$100,000 by the widow of the late Judge Boalt to the University authorities for the construction of a new law building on the campus at Berkeley. Mrs. Boalt has placed property worth over \$100,000 in the hands of three trustees with the stipulation that \$100,000 shall be expended toward the erection of the Boalt Law Building on the campus, as a memorial to her husband. The building is to contain class-rooms and studies for the members of the faculty, and a library which will be sufficient to contain from 50,000 to 100,000 volumes. There is already a nucleus for a good law library, and the law library endowment, created by Mrs. Jane K. Sather, of Oakland, which now amounts to \$16,500, will add much to the value of the law library to be installed in the new building.

The greatest victory won for the metric system of an English-speaking country within a generation was recorded in recent cable dispatches—the adoption of the metric standard in the great manufacturing works of Kynoch, Limited, at Birmingham, England. This step will revive the hopes of the friends of reform in weights and measures and intensify the struggle between the meter and the inch. The significance of the event lies in the fact that this firm is one of the first, outside of a strictly limited field, to abandon the old standards, and to attempt to overcome the apparently insurmountable obstacles to the change.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

ir William Henry Perkin, the English chemist, was recently honored by the Chemists' Club of New York with a medal commemorative of his valuable discoveries of the commercial products of coal-tar.

aron de Paszthory's picture, "The Tempter," painted by Father Bernard Vaughan's sermons on the "Sins of the Smart Set," is attracting crowds of people to the gallery in High-street, Kensington, London. Father Vaughan himself went specially to view it.

arvara Smolianoff, who drives a cab in Moscow, is the only woman licensed driver in Russia. Her father, a cabman, lost his life in trying to save that of a police sergeant, and the authorities thereupon transferred his license to his daughter, in whose cab many ladies like to ride.

Mrs. William Ziegler, widow of the patron of Arctic explorers, will begin the publication of a magazine for the blind, and will furnish the material free of charge to all blind people. Walter J. Holmes, who will put the magazine under the name of "The Blind," is now busy obtaining the names and addresses of the 70,000 sightless people of the country.

Mrs. V. F. Church, cashier of the Bank of St. Louis, Mo., and only woman bank cashier in the United States, recently stated before the American Bankers' Association that women are more conscientious than men, that women officers would be a great asset to any bank, and if they were more generally employed there would be much fewer failures and embezzlements.

Thomas Lipton has by no means given up his idea of lifting the America's Cup. He will issue a challenge through the Ulster or the Red Yacht Club, on his return home. But Sir Thomas wants to challenge for a race between two yachts that will be constructed under the new measurement rules, and entirely different from the yachts that have been racing in previous years.

Prince Francis of Teck, brother of the Prince of Wales, has been adopted by Mr. von Andre, an immensely wealthy cosmopolitan, according to English reports. Mrs. von Andre is a widow of Mrs. Chauncey Depew. The von Andres have a beautiful London residence, No. 11, Piccadilly, which has been offered, with its contents, as a gift to the prince. In Paris they have another place, where the prince is

made at home. Prince Francis will spend the winter with the von Andres on the Riviera, and it is said that his fairy-like good fortune is very gratifying to his sister, as his lack of resources was a drain on her purse.

William A. Pfeffer, once prominent as a Populist member of Congress, is now one of the quietest citizens of Washington. He has lived in the national capital almost continuously since his term in the Senate expired. Mr. Pfeffer is engaged upon the work of indexing the reports of Congress for the Senate and draws a satisfactory stipend from the Senate contingent fund for this service.

General Picquart, the defender of Dreyfus and now the French minister of war, has defined his attitude towards his old prosecutors in the army. When an officer who was involved in the conspiracy that banished Picquart to the border of the Sahara, entered the minister's office and began to stammer out a statement on the subject Picquart stopped him, saying: "I only know one thing and that is that you have always been an excellent officer. You may be sure that I shall not forget that."

Dr. Wiley of the bureau of chemistry of the Department of Agriculture, whose "poison squad" has attracted considerable attention throughout the world, now proposes to try the effects of alcoholic beverages of various kinds upon the human system. But he has run into opposition at the very suggestion of the idea, the head of one branch of the W. C. T. U. offering serious objection to his making such an experiment upon any one except brewers, distillers, and dealers in such liquors.

Herr Bebel, the Socialistic doctrinaire of the German Reichstag, declared a year ago in a speech at Jena for the general strike in popular warfare. At the recent "Party Day" or annual congress of Socialists at Mannheim he expressed himself in a manner which contradicted his former utterance. He said: "The Prussian monarchy and the Junkers and magnates would put down such an attempt to paralyze industry. Nor can strikes be brought about artificially; they are only possible when the masses become animated by a general excitement." He declared, moreover, that the general strike had failed in Russia just for the reason that general public opinion was not favorable to it.

Gardner F. Williams, the American mining engineer who directs the diamond output of the



Hotel del Coronado

A gem set in semi-tropical surroundings. Dryest marine climate known. No winter, but perpetual spring on early summer. Outdoor sports 165 days in the year. Golf, Polo, Tennis, Fishing, Boating, and Bathing. Choicest cuisine of any hotel in the West. American plan only. All modern conveniences. All outside rooms. Send for illustrated booklet.

MORGAN ROSS, Manager
 Coronado Beach, Cal.
 H. F. NORCROSS, General Agent
 334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles

"La Questa"
 A Luscious Old Red Wine
 For Sale by
L. M. WALTER Corner California and Devisadero Sts.
 AND
McCAW BROS. 401 Devisadero
 PRODUCER:
E. H. RIXFORD
 Kohl Building : : : San Francisco

THE OCULARIUM
 Perfect Fitting
 Eye Glasses
 At Moderate Prices
 Lenses Replaced 50c




Henry Kahn & Co
OPTICIANS
 1309 Van Ness Avenue,
 Between Bush and Sutter.

LEA & PERRINS'

SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE FOR STEAKS, CHOPS, BIRDS, AND COLD MEATS.



FISH, SOUPS, SALADS, GRAVIES, etc.

THE PEERLESS SEASONING.

John Duncan's Sons, Agts., New York

STAGE GOSSIP.

Dramatic Notes

"In the Bishop's Carriage," Channing Pollock's dramatization of Miriam Michelson's novel, was given its first presentation in California at Los Angeles last Monday night. The company will play the cities of the interior following its week's engagement in Los Angeles, and reach Oakland November 16. The next week the company, which supports Jennie Busley in the title-role, will appear at the Colonial Theatre in this city.

Louis Evan Shipman has made a story of his play, "D'Arcy of the Guards," and it is running as a serial in a daily paper of Philadelphia, the city where the scenes of the play are laid. Plays are often made of stories, but the reverse system is not common.

The New York courts have recently decided that a theatre ticket is a contract entered upon between the purchaser and the management. Now, when a woman buys a ticket to the Astor Theatre she contracts to remove her hat. Wagenhals & Kemper, the managers, have printed this clause on all their tickets: "This ticket is sold with the understanding and agreement that if a lady uses the same she will remove her hat upon request of an employee of the management."

For the first time in the play's history in America, Sudermann's "The Sunken Bell," was played to a full house at the Lyric Theatre in Philadelphia, October 25, by E. H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe, Mr. Sothorn appearing as Heinrich, the bell founder, and Miss Marlowe in the role of the elfin creature, Rautendein. Since the play was produced there seven years ago the public taste has changed, and though Hauptmann's fairy tale did not meet with popular approval then, the interest this time is notable.

May Irwin, once reported to be the fiancée of David Bennett Hill, was much interested in the New York campaign, and to a reporter declared her sympathy for Hearst. In speaking of Jerome the actress caught herself. "Mercy!" she exclaimed, "if I say anything against Jerome he may have me arrested for singing coon songs!"

Friday afternoon of last week a benefit performance in aid of the veteran comedian, L. R. Stockwell, who is seriously ill and threatened with loss of sight, was given at the Liberty Theatre in Oakland. A large number of sympathizing professionals took part and the amount realized will be an appreciable and appreciated gift to Mr. Stockwell.

Technically the laws of New York State prohibit Sunday theatrical performances in full costume, but such a play was produced Sunday night by William A. Brady. There was no police interference with Mr. Brady's plans, as no tickets were sold and all of the audience were his guests. George Broadhurst's "The Man of the Hour," was the play, and it was given in the Manhattan Theatre. It was a performance with the curtain, make-up, and the full scenic equipment that would be used on any other night in the week. The purpose was to get the views of the critics before a general public performance.

R. L. Blanchard, a newspaper correspondent, writes from Vienna: "Actors' and singers' salaries have doubled in Europe in the last few years. It is because new theatres are constantly being built, while no new talent is coming forward. No less than thirty new theatres have been opened in Germany and Austria since 1900. But there are no new actors to come on these stages. Director Heinrich Conried says the unhealthy standard of modern plays is responsible for this. Such writers as Ibsen, Sudermann, Hirschfeld, and, on the English stage, Pinero, have brought it about. Young people who visit the theatre are no longer enthusiastic about it when they return home. They have not the slightest desire to see themselves appearing upon the stage. Formerly, when they went to see Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller, and such great authors played, they went home wild with delight. They recited, declaimed, gesticulated, acted, and vowed the stage was the only possible career. But the new plays contain no characters which appeal to or interest them greatly."

Richard Mansfield produced Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" in Chicago Monday night, October 29, in a brilliantly-mounted fashion, with Edward Grieg's music, written for the poem-play. Of the opening night, Amy Leslie, dramatic critic of the Chicago News, wrote an appreciative description from which these notes are taken: "Mansfield lays bare the shuddering mysticism in the depths of the story, but he makes bright and simple a charming play which lies over the dragon's teeth of threat and ominous reflections, walling it about with sermons and moral tempests; a play of a wild boy who loves lightly, drinks foolishly, dreams, fights, seeks fortune, loses, all and lies, lies, lies all over the world

and back again, deserving the ladle of the but-ton-maker in the end. The message in Henrik Ibsen's turbulent poem is shot far above the heads of eager play watchers into the fertile pastures of thought, psychological inference, and the dreamland of politics, human events, towering fatalism, and religious tumult. . . . He sings a song exquisitely, he dances in elfish fantasies, he weeps, laughs, tells fairy tales, battles with gnomes, phantoms, and storms at sea, fights out delirium from drink in the wilds of a mountain and holds forth imperially upon his own idea of himself and lesser beings, all of which means exhausting the entire treasury of splendid dramatic genius and art. In some respects it is the most colossal and imposing work Mr. Mansfield has ever accomplished, and whether or not his always worshipful and awed public receive it with acclaim he has with customary blind enthusiasm on the side of the highest, the most unique and perpetuating art, flung out another indestructible banner in the stalwart march of American stage history, unfurling a device of pride and honor."

Virginia Cameron, a clever young woman of the "Veronique" Company, assumed an important role recently at the Colonial Theatre in Cleveland. Gladys Ure, the original impersonator of the part, was taken suddenly ill, and with a few hours' notice Miss Cameron was called upon to fill the place. Her work was favorably received, but the praise went to Miss Ure, whose name appeared on the program. Miss Cameron is a San Francisco girl, who studied for several years under Anna Miller Wood, of Boston. She is pretty and has a pleasing and well-trained voice. Last year she achieved some notice by giving a concert in the Greek open-air theatre at Berkeley.

Musical Notes.

Miss Mary Carrick, of San Francisco, gave a piano recital in Berlin, German, her debut in that city, on October 30, and was very successful, being recalled several times. Her programme included five numbers from Liszt and Chopin, the B minor Sonata of the former composer being given for the first time in Berlin. Miss Carrick was graduated from the Notre Dame Convent of San Francisco, and was afterward a pupil of Hugo Mansfeldt. Her farewell recital in this city is remembered by music lovers and was a fair promise of her success abroad.

Margarethe Bruntsch, a young California alto, has been engaged at the Berlin Comic Opera, where she will shortly make her debut. The young lady appeared successfully in concert last winter. She has a sympathetic voice of remarkable range.

The Hawaiian Band, it is alleged through bad business management, was stranded in the Middle West, and a subscription fund is being raised in Honolulu to bring the members home. Good audiences have greeted the band at nearly all its engagements.

The American production of "The Belle of Mayfair," with Christie MacDonald in the part created in London by Edna May, is touring New York State and will be seen at Daly's Theatre in New York on November 19.

A letter has been received in Boston from Miss Christine La Barraque, the California blind girl, whose voice charmed music lovers in that city last winter, in which she says that she had an enjoyable voyage, and that she has already commenced her vocal lessons under Vannacenni, the famous Italian instructor.

Paul Steindorff, Ferris Hartman, and many of the old Tivoli Theatre Company, are giving "The Tar and the Tartar" at Idora Park, Oakland, and will follow that piece with "Don Cesar de Bazan."

May Yohc, with a voice so husky it was said to be of little use, appeared at the Berkeley Theatre in New York a few days ago in the first presentation of "Mlle. Champagne," a vapid musical melange. The work of the company in the piece was pronounced even worse than the play.

Music, out of Italy, has always been an incentive to personal gain, and the very nature of its conduct became productive. The copyrights of Verdi brought 100,000,000 francs to the Ricordi publishing house. Out of the "Cavalleria Rusticana" 6,000,000 francs have been garnered; out of Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" the Sonzogno firm has received 4,000,000 francs, and without a statement to its composer, who must accept the decision on profits without a murmur. Probably this very fact, the profit on publishing, animated composers; the fact that the piano and vocal score running up to 450,000 copies without reserve of the "Pagliacci" was sufficient to create a new supply of works. The 450,000 copies of the piano and vocal score belong to Leoncavallo, but the pecuniary profit went to Ricordi, and under such conditions, en-

tirely apart of Ricordi, genius not only does not flourish; it dies. In Italy the composer, supposing him to be the librettist, as is the case with Leoncavallo, receives thirty per cent of the net income of the performances and nothing whatever of the publishing income. A publisher like Ricordi may sell 1,000,000 copies of an aria and profit \$100,000 from the publishing, and yet the composer gets nothing; and he has no chance to go to another publisher, because if he stays with Ricordi, Sonzogno will not entertain him, and if he goes to Sonzogno, Ricordi will not listen to him. Thus the monopoly in Italy is complete.

Bohemian Club Annals.

The Board of Directors of the Bohemian Club announce that Captain Robert H. Fletcher, the Historiographer of the Club, saved from the fire the manuscript of the third volume of the Annals of the Club. Members are informed that their subscriptions will be received at once, the price of the volume being \$3.50. The Board further announce that as all copies of Volume 1 (1872-1877) and Volume 2 (1877-1884) in the possession of the Club for sale, were destroyed by the fire, and as doubtless most of the copies owned by individual members were also so destroyed, it has been thought desirable to make reprints of those two volumes. Before the fire Volume 1 sold for \$20, and Volume 2 for \$10. The series of three volumes can now be purchased for \$10, or any single volume for \$3.50. The edition will be limited and the plates destroyed. The period comprised in the last volume now about to be published runs down from 1884 to 1897, and naturally, being more recent, will be found more interesting to most members. For there are not many of the present generation whose membership antedates 1884, which is nearly a quarter of a century ago.

The Orpheum.

Gus Edwards' "School Boys and Girls" will make their first appearance in this city at the Orpheum Sunday afternoon. This band, ten in number, call their skit "Primary, No. 23," which is described as a riot of music, comedy, and dancing. The three sisters Herzog-Camaras, direct from Europe, will give an acrobatic act. Lillian Apel will offer a decided novelty to San Francisco music lovers in her original "Piano-logue." Lee White, a singer of good songs, promises a distinct surprise. The Empire City Quartette has been retained by request and promise an entire change of act; Vasco will continue his musical eccentricities. Mlle. Alexandra and Mons. Bertie, the trapezists; the Wilson brothers, German conversationalists, and Orpheum motion pictures will complete a capital program. On the grounds of the Chutes, where the Orpheum is located, are to be found all kinds of attractions. There is a matinee at the Orpheum every day except Monday.

IT IS EASY WITH ELECTRO SILICON

to Clean and Polish
SILVERWARE

Send address for a FREE SAMPLE, or 15c. in stamps for a full box. Electro-Silicon Soap has equal merits.
THE ELECTRO SILICON CO., 30 Cliff St., New York.
Grocers and Druggists sell it.

M. H. FAY

Importer and Book-seller

1534 Bush St.

Bet. Van Ness Ave. and Franklin Street

English and American Editions
of the Best Authors

THE LATEST FICTION

HOTEL ST. FRANCIS

ANNEX
SAN FRANCISCO

IN UNION SQUARE
ON THE LAWN
AMID THE PALMS
EVERY ROOM OUTSIDE
ON THE GROUND FLOOR

FAMOUS GRILL ROOM
IN MAIN BUILDING
SAME SKILLED CHEF

Amusements.

ORPHEUM.

Week Commencing SUNDAY MATINEE, Nov.
(Matinee Every Day Except Monday.)

A VAUDEVILLE VICTORY
GUS EDWARDS' "SCHOOL BOYS AND GIRLS"; Three Sisters Herzog-Camaras; Lillian Apel; Lee White; Vasco; Mlle. Alexandra and Mons. Bertie; Wilson Brothers; Orpheum Motion Pictures last of the

EMPIRE CITY QUARTETTE
Prices: 10c, 25c and 50c. Reserved Seats at
Lon's Drug Store, Fillmore and Sutter Sts.
Phone West 6000.
CHUTES and ZOO—Open Daily from 10 A. M.
Midnight. Admission 10c; Children 5c.

Ye Liberty Playhouse

OAKLAND

Direction, H. W. Bishop

Will L. Greenbaum's Second Popular
Concert Nov. 7, at 3 O'Clock

HUGO MANSFELDT, Pianist
A Most Interesting Program.

Prices \$1.00, 75c and 50c. General Admission
Second "Pop" Wednesday Afternoon, Nov.
Grand Orchestral Program and
Beethoven's Septette.

PAUL STEINDORFF, - - - - Director

BRACELETS

THERE IS NO LARGER NO
FINER STOCK OF THIS

The Most Popular
Form of Jewelry

THAN THAT OFFERED BY

Bohm-Bristol Co.

SOUTH-WEST CORNER OF

Van Ness Ave. and Sacramento

FISHER & CO., Inc.

Hatters and Furnishers

Formerly of 9 Montgomery St.
Now 726 Market St. Opp. Call Bldg.
San Francisco.

THE BEST \$3.50 AND \$5.00 HATS IN TOWN

MENNEN'S BORAT TALCUM
TOILET POWDER
A Positive Relief
For
CHAPPED HANDS, CHAFED
and all skin troubles.
"A richer in price perhaps
unfashionable, but a reason
delightful after shaving and
the. Sold everywhere, awarded on
25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample
Gerhard Mennen Company, - Newark, N. J.

LITERARY NOTES.

Miss Bonner's New Novel.

A marital tragedy in the first families of The City That Was, not the very first families, chronologically, but those whose fortunes and social elevation date from the bonanza days, is the theme of Geraldine Bonner's new story, "Rich Men's Children," a novel of remarkable power. And who shall say that the social affairs of this interesting class—"the royalty of Far Western millions, knowing its own ramifications, having its own unprinted Almanach de Gotha"—is not a subject big with possibilities for the novelist? For two decades the lookers-on in Vanity Fair in two continents have witnessed with ever-increasing astonishment, the steady rise to dizzy social heights, of young men and women whose fathers were day laborers and miners, and whose mothers were camp washer-women. But Miss Bonner does not take us out of California in this dramatic story, and San Franciscans will find themselves substituting well-known names for the novelist's nomenclature.

Bill Cannon and his lovely daughter, Rose, leave their Nob Hill residence for a winter visit to the Sierra mining towns, the scene of Cannon's early labors. They are snow-bound in the hotel of Antelope, where they have as fellow-guests, among others, a strolling actor. The monotony of their enforced stay is broken by the news that a traveler who had started to walk to Antelope from Rocky Bar was lost in the storm. A search party is organized, and rescues the belated pedestrian, who proves to be Dominick Ryan, scion of another family whose millions were made on the Comstock. Dominick had married the woman who had been his mistress, and who made life so wretched for him that he left home to wander aimlessly through the mining camps. Rose nurses Dominick back to health, and nurse and patient speedily fall desperately in love. Cannon learns of their affection, and takes his daughter home. Dominick also returns to San Francisco, and agrees to live again with his wife, on her tearfully protesting that past unpleasantness would not be repeated. It is young Mrs. Ryan's ambition to be received at the home of Dominick's mother, who has steadfastly refused to meet her son's wife. The elder Mrs. Ryan is willing to go to any length to separate the couple, and, at Cannon's suggestion, a fortune is offered the young woman if she will leave San Francisco for a year, and obtain a divorce. The size of the bribe is increased from \$50,000 to \$300,000, but she savagely scorns the offers. The woman's cupidity is excited, but she has discovered the love of her husband and Rose, and jealousy deadens even her desire for money. In the meantime, Rose, who has avoided Ryan since she learns that he is married, learns of the attempt to force his wife to obtain a divorce, and indignantly champions her cause. Even the determined old millionaire is willing to acknowledge defeat at this unexpected turn of affairs, but the appearance of an actor, their chance acquaintance in the Antelope Hotel, solves the problem. He accidentally meets Mrs. Ryan in a Mexican restaurant, follows her home, and calls the following evening. He tells his story to Dominick; that he had been deserted by a faithless wife in Chicago several years before; and that he had seen her enter the Ryan residence. Dominick's wife enters at the end of the conversation, and proves to be the recreant woman. Before Cannon is told of this dramatic episode she calls on him, agrees to leave the State, demands \$50,000 for expenses and finally agrees to accept \$35,000. But Bill Cannon is not much disturbed by the incident.

"Why didn't the damned fool stick out for the whole fifty thousand? I'd have given it to her as soon as not."

The rich men's sons in Miss Bonner's story are a worthless lot, except Dominick Ryan, a decent sort of chap, who is easily forgiven his unfortunate liaison. The rich men's daughters are charming young San Franciscans, frank, and mildly unconventional, with "that matter-of-fact sturdiness, that absence of softness and mystery so noticeable in California women."

There have been several notable novels by California authors published this autumn, but if we mistake not, "Rich Men's Children" will win more readers, and arouse more discussion than any San Francisco story that has appeared in recent years.

Published by The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; \$1.50.

"Lincoln and Gettysburg."

Henry Sweetser Burrage has written a history of the famous scene of General Meade's victory over the Confederate forces under General Lee on July 3, 1863. Major Burrage's book, "Gettysburg and Lincoln," opens with a description of the decisive three days' battle. Shortly after the battle was fought, David Wills, of Pennsylvania, proposed that Cemetery Hill,

the key to the Union line of defenses, be purchased as a national cemetery for the dead heroes. The ground was consecrated on November 19, 1863, and the ceremonies were made memorable by Lincoln's famous address, which was written in half an hour at Mr. Willis's residence, at Gettysburg. Lincoln said, after the delivery of the address, which ranks among the historic speeches of the world: "That speech won't scour. It is a flat failure. The people are disappointed." By act of Congress, 1895, the battlefield of Gettysburg was set aside as a National Military Park. The book is illustrated by maps and photographs.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$1.50 net.

Crawford's Latest Story of Rome.

When we are told that Marion Crawford has written a new story of modern Roman society, we know what to expect from the tale, and we generally get it. There is a strong family resemblance to all his characters, and we constantly meet old names and old localities in Mr. Crawford's latest book, "A Lady of Rome." For all that, the story ranks with the author's best novels.

We are introduced to Maria, Countess of Montalto, on the first page. Seven years before, the count had left her to take up his residence in Spain with his aged mother. Maria was married almost straight from the schoolroom to the count, although her true love was a handsome young soldier, Baldassare del Castiglione. After the marriage Castiglione continues to push his suit, and gossip said there had been some indiscretions, and something more than that. Montalto had learned the truth, and, to avoid public scandal, spread the report that he must accompany his invalid mother to Spain. Maria and the captain meet during the count's absence, but both repent their sin; never again will she dishonor her husband, and Castiglione, save for that one sin of passion, is without offense. On the death of his mother, the count returns, forgives his wife freely and takes up his residence with Maria and her boy, whose eyes are blue, like Castiglione's. Stirring incidents happen, and the story reaches its climax with the death of the count. The book closes with Maria and her little son at tea.

"I wish the Captain were here, mamma," he says, suddenly. "It would be such fun to ride together. I don't see why you shouldn't ask him for a few days."

"Not now, little man," says Maria, pouring out the boy's tea. "But perhaps he may come another year and stay a long time."

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

Land of Missing Links.

Stories of strange adventure, in which ingenuity of inventiveness on the author's part, properly exerted, is rewarded by the flattering attention of adults as well as minors, has encouraged Philip Verrill Mighels to depart from the realms of pure romance and write "The Crystal Sceptre." In this novel story, told in the first person, the narrator, upon falling from a wrecked balloon, finds himself in a community of "Missing Links," as he terms them; creatures just short of being human, who treat him kindly, and venerate him for his superior attainments.

Mr. Mighels forswears geography in his peculiar tale, which flows along fluently and absorbingly, all the better for being unhampered by the restrictions demanded by observing the probabilities. His hero has many strange adventures, while turning the talents of civilization to account in the jungle, not the least of which is his rescue of an imprisoned white girl from her perilous position as goddess to another and hostile band of "Missing Links." Plenty of imagination, any amount of adventures, a frequent introduction of the element of suspense that gives the reader delightful thrills during the recital of the numerous perils that encompass the hero, make up a total that will hold jaded men as well as fresh-faced boys in the grip of an absorbing interest and lend "The Crystal Sceptre" the vogue it deserves.

Published by Harpers, New York; \$1.25.

This November Sunset.

Sunset for November is a seasonable and interesting number. Warren Cheney's article on "Commercial Berkeley" describes the astonishing advances made in manufacturing during the past few years in the college town. Oscar N. Taylor and James Lanagan discuss the Rugby football game. Other readable and brightly illustrated papers are "Oregon's Outlook," by G. A. White; "Philippine Prospects," by Hamilton Wright; "Astoria's Odd Festival," by A. W. Mann; and "The California Country House," by Herbert D. Croly. Adeline Knapp has a humorous short story, "Peers in Judgment," and the departments are, as usual, attractive and up to date.

Notable Books and Gift Booklets



Putting the Most Into Life

By Booker T. Washington

Author of "Up From Slavery." 12mo, cloth, 75c., limp leather, \$1.50.

(Postage 8 cents)

A series of practical addresses before the students of Tuskegee Institute, well worth printing in permanent form for readers generally. The author's ability to draw forceful truths needs no comment.

Every Man a King

or, Might in Mind Mastery

By Orison Swett Marden

Author of "Pushing to the Front." 12mo, cloth, \$1.00.

(Postage 10 cents)

The latest of Dr. Marden's popular books is a powerful plea for mental control, the mastery of self, and the training of latent forces to the highest ends.



The Spirit of the Orient

By George William Knox

Special type designs. 30 illustrations from photographs. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50 net. Postage 15 cents.

No more important problem is now engrossing the attention of the civilized world than this of the awakening Orient. The present is one of the clearest, sanest, and most enlightening studies of the subject that has yet appeared. India, China and Japan—their national traits and attitude to the world about them—are explained from within and logically.

THE CHISWICK SERIES

SIX NEW VOLUMES. The finest line of dainty gift books obtainable at their price. Each book contains distinctive features of workmanship in the way of special type or illustrations. 12mo, cloth, each, 50 cents net. (Postage 5 cents.)



The Beauty of Kindness. By J. R. Miller. A popular ethical booklet, fully illustrated by Harold Copping.

Friendship. By Henry D. Thoreau. One of his most delightful essays. Beautifully printed.

Germelshausen. Translated from the German of Friedrich Gerstaecker by Clara M. Lathrop. The quaint tale of a buried German village which came to life again one day in each hundred years. Frontispiece by E. Boyd Smith.

Longfellow Calendar. By Anna H. Smith. Appropriate quotations from this "household poet" adapted to each day in the year. Special type designs.

Saint Francis of Assisi. By Oscar Kuhns. A delightful study of the life of this famous church saint. Illustrated from rare prints.

The Man Without a Country. By Edward Everett Hale. A classic of patriotism which everyone who has not read should read. Frontispiece by Clyde De Land.

Send for Free Illustrated Book List

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO., 426-8 W. Broadway, New York

LITERARY NOTES.

Kipling's Tales of the Olden England.

If another than Rudyard Kipling had written "Puck of Pook's Hill," we would read the ten fresh and pretty stories in the book as half fairy tales, half historical romances, and would be grateful for the entertainment they gave us. But Mr. Kipling is imperialist, poet, patriot, mystic, even, to grown-ups, so we must sacrifice some of the delights of reading the stories as pure and purposeless fancy, and search for symbolism and underlying ideas. If, then, there is a purpose in the stories, it is to remind Englishmen, lest they forget, of the ancient glories of their country, that they daily tread ground made memorable by valiant deeds, that their isle "is not any common earth, or water, or wood, or air." But to the stories.

A little boy and his sister are playing hits of "Midsummer Night's Dream." A fairy ring in the Sussex hills is their theatre, and the play is going beautifully, when Puck himself, the last of the Good People, appears. The two children and Puck become great chums and he tells them the story of Weland's sword. On later days he introduces them to the shade of Sir Richard Dalyngridge, a knightly follower of William the Conqueror, who tells them the stirring tales of the Conquest; Parnesius, a centurion of the Thirtieth Legion, who tells them of the Romans in Britain and their wars; Kadmuel, a Jew of Bury, who lent money to King John, unfolds a lively tale, and the brave deeds of other loyal heroes are celebrated.

Very vivid and real are these first-hand pictures of the England that is dead and gone. Seldom has the splendid military history of the past been portrayed more graphically and with finer imagination. And not brute force and physical prowess are celebrated, but justice and mercy.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$1.50.

Poems of Edward Rowland Sill.

California may, perhaps without dispute, claim Edward Rowland Sill as one of her sons; here he spent his best years, and here he wrote his best poems. Sill does, it is true, hark back to his early New England home, even in some of his writings on avowedly Californian themes, but his sweetest verses were composed at that period of his life when from his home in the shadow of the Berkeley hills he could see the waters of the Golden Gate dancing in the sunlight. Sill occupied the chair of English literature at the University of California from 1874 until 1882, when failing health put an end to his teaching. A book of his poems was privately printed at Berkeley in 1883, and four years ago the first attempt was made to gather all his verses into a single volume. The compiler of the latter edition, William Belmont Parker, has edited a new and complete collection of Sill's work, wherein all the poems are arranged as nearly as possible in their chronological order. Sill was accustomed to say, without affectation, that he was "a teacher who occasionally wrote verses," and between that modest description and the compiler's dictum that there are "three strains in his music, Emersonian, Arnoldian, if you please, Tennysonian, perhaps," is Sill's true position as a poet. "The Fool's Prayer," "Opportunity," "Five Lives" and "His Lost Days" place him in the front rank of our minor poets.

Sill's Poetical Works is well printed and bound, but the illustrations were better omitted. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

A Volume of Finished Essays.

Herbert Paul is an English classicist with a sense of humor, even if he does take issue with the Oxford dons on the old academic question of the compulsory study of Greek, and then attempt to convince us that an intimate acquaintance with the classics is necessary to the cultured. Not all the essays in Mr. Paul's book of distinguished prose, "Stray Leaves," will appeal to American readers, unless for the charm of the author's style. It may be that our bishops have not the scholarship or literary attainments of their English brethren, but an essay by an American on contemporaneous "Bishops and Historians" would bring the query. What bishops? The paper on "Charles Lamb" is scarcely less artistic and delightful than one of the gentle Elia's essays.

Published by The John Lane Company, New York; \$1.50.

Burlesque Burglars.

The Splendid Twenty of "The Robberies Company, Ltd." Nelson Lloyd's new story, are a body of highly cultured artists, scientists, and literary men who spend their days and nights planning spectacular burglaries. They work on an extraordinary "theory of worthless rubbish";

that silverware, jewelry, expensive furniture, anything that may be dispensed with, is an incubus, and that if they steal this useless impedimenta they will assist men to revert to nature. But as they would be open to the charge of sordidness if they kept their loot, these gentlemen crackmen return everything they pilfer. This would appear to deprive the object lesson of its value. We have to be satisfied with the bead burglar's weak explanation that their robberies "upset society." But with all its demands on our credulity, the story is one to be heartily enjoyed. The imprisonment of the wealthy New York bachelor in his own home while the company takes possession for weeks, is humorously worked out. There is a love story, with episodes agreeably sentimental, and several symposiums on fantastic philosophical themes.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

A Biography of Walt Whitman.

It is more than fifty years since "Leaves of Grass" was first published, but it has not yet been settled whether, as Tennyson says, its author was "no poet," or if, in the words of Bliss Perry, Whitman's latest biographer, his work possesses "a nobility and beauty such as only the world's very greatest poets have surpassed." No American poet has been praised more extravagantly or condemned more bitterly than the good, gray poet. Symonds testifies that "the 'Leaves of Grass' influenced me more than any other book has done, except the Bible; more than Plato, more than Goethe." Stevenson spoke of it as "a book which tumbled the world upside down for me." And Swinburne says that "Mr. Whitman's Eve is a drunken apple-woman, indecently sprawling in the slush and garbage of the gutter amid the rotten refuse of her overturned fruit-stall." The obstacles to the popular acceptance of the work, on which Whitman's claim to fame must ultimately rest, are the strangeness of its form and its so-called immoral tone: "Of physiology from top to toe I sing."

Mr. Perry disposes of the charge of obscenity by saying that, "At worst, Whitman was immodest rather than indecent."

All are agreed that Walt Whitman was one of the most unique personalities in American literature, and Mr. Perry tells several new episodes of his career. The book is the first attempt to present a full biographical and critical study of Whitman.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.50 net.

An International Courtship.

In "A King's Divinity," Dolores Bacon tells the story of the love of an heir to a European throne for a well-bred American girl. Of course, Rouvenia isn't much of a country. We agree with the prince that his toy throne is not worth occupying, and admire his good taste when he scorns the crown and marries the lovely American.

When the Follensbee family visited Rouvenia, Miss Alecia had no intention of setting the tiny court by the ears. She accepted the attention of the Duke of Galleria, who seemed to be a manly chap, and reciprocated his affection. But a ferocious state official informs Alecia that Galleria must marry a certain Princess Olga, if he wishes to be king, but the government would not object to a morganatic marriage. Alecia breaks off the engagement indignantly, but when Galleria assures her that he was not a party to the proposal of the diplomat, and has decided to quit the king business, anyway, they set the date for the marriage. The path of their love is unusually rough. There are two other claimants to the throne who add to the interest of the tale, one an imbecile, who is addicted to hashish; the other a degenerate who spends most of his time in the Parisian Elysee Montmartre.

There are some stirring and romantic episodes, but the author is seldom serious, and there is a good deal of humor in the story.

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.50.

Books for Juveniles.

The list of holiday books for children is a long one this season. The following charmingly written books for little people are prettily bound and illustrated: "Kristy's Rainy Day Picnic," by Olive Thorne Miller, is a story for winter evenings (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.25); "Nancy Rutledge," by Katharine Pyle, is a Christmas-time story (Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25); "Boy Blue," by Etta and Mary Blaisdell, is Mother Goose in a new role (Little, Brown & Co.); "The Flight of Puss Pandora," by Caroline Fuller, is a humorous story of an apartment cat (Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50); "Joey and the Fair," by James Otis, is a story of New England farm life (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; 75 cents); "Meg and Others," by Harriet T. Comstock, is a Christmas tale (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; 75 cents).

New Publications.

"You can keep no men long, nor Scotchmen at all, off moral or theological discussion," says Stevenson. It is, however, difficult to interest pupils in a study as abstract as ethical principles. In "Everyday Ethics," Ella Lyman Cabot arouses the student's interest at the outset, by the discussion of live topics, and holds it firmly to the end. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.25.

Calvin Dill Wilson has rewritten the "Canterbury Tales" in simple prose for young readers. The book is very attractively bound and printed. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$1.00 net.

A reprint of "Ancient Law," by Sir Henry Sumner Maine, which has passed through many editions since it was originally published forty-five years ago, has appeared. The present edition of this invaluable work on ancient law, its connection with the early history of society and its relation to modern ideas, has an introduction and notes by Sir Frederick Pollock. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.75 net.

In "Buff: A Tale for the Thoughtful," by A. Physiopath, the author aims to furnish a correct basis for perfect physical endowment by showing that nature should furnish the standard for medical practice. Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.00.

Pears'

Pears' is essentially a toilet soap. A soap good for clothes won't benefit face and hands. Don't use laundry soap for toilet or bath. That is, if you value clear skin.

Pears' is pure soap and matchless for the complexion.

Sold in town and village

A NEW ROMANCE OF CALIFORNIA BY A NEW CALIFORNIA AUTHOR

CASA GRANDE

By Charles Duff Stuart. 12mo. \$1.50

A prose pastoral of the California range in the early fifties. A young Southerner has some trying experiences while making good his title to an unconfirmed Mexican grant in the picturesque Sonoma Valley. The heroine, one of the squatter folk, develops from a mannish cowgirl into a lovable woman. The spice of outdoor life in the sunshiny state mingles with the stress and suspense of the time.

"Truly a pastoral, warm with love of nature and clean and wholesome throughout . . . some fine bits of description . . . the love story is quite idyllic."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Unique, very well done."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Another striking novel by a new California author is Charles T. Jackson's *Losers Luck*, a tale of filibusters who fought for a woman.

SUPERB HOLIDAY GIFT BOOKS

Stone and Beebe's THE LOG OF THE SUN

A chronicle of nature's year. 52 brief essays fitting each week with its proper seasonal accompaniment, by C. WILLIAM BEEBE. 52 plates in color by WALTER KING STONE. 200 illustrations from photographs. Octavo, full gilt. Boxed, \$5.00 net. By mail, \$5.33.

Beebe's THE BIRD: Its Form and Function

American Nature Series. Group II.

By C. WILLIAM BEEBE, Curator of Birds in the New York Zoological Park, author of *Two Bird Loovers in Mexico*. With frontispiece in color and 370 illustrations from photographs. 496 pp., sq. 8vo. \$3.50 net. By mail, \$5.80.

Lester and Knowles's A CHEERFUL YEAR BOOK

With a Prolog and Epilog by Carolyn Wells. Over 600 humorous drawings by C. F. LESTER, with remarks to match by F. M. KNOWLES. There are weekly engagement blanks, each faced by a picture. 12mo., full gilt. In a box, \$1.50 net. By mail, \$1.62.

E. V. Lucas's THE OPEN ROAD

An anthology of prose and verse for the wayfarer. In a new binding, 7th American edition. Also, LUCAS's *The Friendly Tour* (just published), an anthology of prose and verse for the urbane. Both books have illustrated cover linings. Full gilt, cloth \$1.50 each. Leather \$2.50 each. The set in leather, boxed \$5.00.

NEW BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

By MARION AMES TAGGART, author of *Miss Lochinciar*, etc. Illustrated. \$1.50 each.

DADDY'S DAUGHTERS

A good new book for older girls and boys.

NUT BROWN JOAN

"A wholesome and pretty story of a family of young people."—*Outlook*.

By CARROLL WATSON RANKIN. Illustrated. \$1.50 each.

THE GIRLS OF GARDENVILLE

"The secret of Mrs. Rankin's charm is her naturalness . . . real girls. As original as amusing . . . positively refreshing."—*Boston Transcript*.

DANDELION COTTAGE

"A capital story. Real little girls, with sensible, ordinary parents, girls who are neither phenomenal nor silly. Simple, wholesome, and withal most entertaining."—*Outlook*.

Mrs. Lipsett's A SUMMER IN THE APPLE TREE INN

A charming story of play at housekeeping for younger children. Illustrated. \$1.25.

CHAMPLIN'S YOUNG FOLKS' CYCLOPAEDIAS

New Up-to-Date (1906) Editions of *Persons and Places* and *Common Things*. Each volume contains over 500 new articles, and old articles have been carefully revised. \$2.50 per volume.

Recent additions to the series are *Young Folk Cyclopaedias of Literature and Art, Games and Sports and Natural History*. \$2.50 each. Most useful and entertaining books for public or private libraries. Over 150,000 volumes have been sold.

NOTEWORTHY NEW NOVELS

Arthur Colton's THE CRUISE OF THE VIOLETTA

In the vein of his earlier humorous and dramatic yarn, "The Belted Seas." \$1.50.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser's IN THE SHADOW OF THE LORD

A Romance of the Washingtons, by the author of "A Maid of Japan," "Letters from Japan," etc. Mary Washington and George Washington are the central figures. Second printing. \$1.50.

Burton Stevenson's AFFAIRS OF STATE

The experiences of two American girls in a diplomatic mystery in Holland. Second printing. Illustrated. \$1.50.

Mrs. Dolores Bacon's A KING'S DIVINITY

An international romance, with a regal American girl for the heroine, which perhaps shows a king's humanity more than his divinity. Illustrated. \$1.50.

Wm. De Morgan's JOSEPH VANCE

"Even 'The Divine Fire,' the book of recent years which comes nearest to the mark, must yield place to this."—*N. Y. Times Review*.

May Sinclair's AUDREY CRAVEN

By the author of "The Divine Fire," etc. \$1.50
"Audrey" exhibits high gifts . . . an author whose novels may be said to make paper of most of the fiction of a season."—*Literary Digest*.



HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY 29 W. 23rd ST. NEW YORK

LITERARY NOTES.

London's Story of a Wolf-Dog.

Jack London has written another story of the type of "The Call of the Wild" in his new tale of the North, "White Fangs." From his puppyhood, in a pack of Arctic wolves, White Fangs, a wolf with a quarter strain of dog, was the enemy of his kind. For the first five years of his life he was bitter and implacable. As leader of the sled team of Grey Beaver, the Indian, his rips were long remembered for the havoc he wrought amongst the dogs of the Yukon villages. But when he was purchased by a brutal white man, and was goaded and tormented and kept in rage, that he might be exhibited as "The Fighting Wolf," White Fangs became the enemy of all things. A new life begins for him when he is rescued from the jaws of a bulldog by a few white master, who attempts to tame White Fangs by kindness. The task seems hopeless, but in the end he learns to be trustful and law-abiding. And when he takes the long journey to the Santa Clara Valley in California, he comes to be known as the Blessed Wolf, for he saves his master's family from the murderous vengeance of an escaped criminal.

Jack London is at his best when he depicts the primitive in nature. The development of the loved and ferocious White Fangs into an affectionate servant and protector is a thoroughly interesting study, although the narrative is not so impressive as the adventures of the dog in "The Call of the Wild."

The book is illustrated by seven striking pictures in colors by Charles L. Bull.

Published by The Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

Moliere and His Times.

When Boileau was asked by Louis XIV what great writer had most honored his reign, he replied, "Moliere, sire." "I think not," Louis said; "but you know better than I." Posterity is confirmed Boileau's judgment. Although the plays of the great French comic dramatist are more familiar out of France than those of Moliere or Racine, there have been but two full and adequate English biographies of Moliere. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor has now written a scholarly and interesting history of the dramatist and his times in "Moliere: A Biography." Mr. Chatfield-Taylor spent fourteen months in research and investigation in Paris, and received material assistance from the French government officials.

Beyond knowing generally that he enjoyed the best training of his times, we know little of Moliere's early life; his first years as a provincial actor are obscure; but from 1658 to 1673 his career is a part of the public history of France. During the latter period one may follow Moliere from day to day. A conspicuous figure in an age of memoirs and letter-writing, the biographer has many contemporaneous sources of information, albeit most of the personal details concerning Moliere are due to enemies. And if Moliere's personality does not come to us halo-crowned, it must be remembered that in the seventeenth century the actor was under a social ban, and the dramatist a player, playwright, and manager from the time he was twenty-one until the evening of death. The author of the present life has lectured everything of value relating to his subject, and as one may not appreciatively read Moliere's comedies without a knowledge of his life, he gives vivid descriptions of the picturesque social, literary and political history of the reign of Louis XIV.

The illustrations are by Jacques Onfroy from original documents and plates in the archives of the Comedie Francaise and the Bibliotheque Nationale.

Published by Duffield & Co., New York; \$3.00 net.

Colossal Blackmail.

A curious story is "Max Fergus"; one that is decidedly out of the ordinary. It reminds one somewhat of the spirit in which Balzac wrote his "Comedies Humaine," so merciless and unscrupulous is the dissection of the motives of its characters.

The author, Owen Johnson, who will be remembered as the writer of "The Arrows of the Night," has not a vestige of sentimentality. Men and women in his novel are sordid money-worshippers, loving nothing but luxury and power, and nobody but themselves. They are of the class who live by their wits, writhing through life in a tortuous pathway of scheming and deceit. The most highly placed man in the book has, for his great ambition, a colossal scheme for blackmailing all New York. The heroine is a cheap actress who fails in her profession; a selfish, luxurious creature who catches a miser in her matrimonial net, and damns him to eternal misery. In her turn she is a victim, marked for blackmail by a shyster lawyer.

Yet with this soiled and tawdry group for characters the author has built up a work of some power and dignity; one in which the terrible retribution that is compassed by an avenger with an icy heart and a relentless will recalls the march of grim fate in the Greek tragedies.

Published by the Baker & Taylor Co.; \$1.50.

Across the Highest Sierras.

In his new book of mountain sketches Stewart Edward White takes us once more into the highest California Sierras. "The Pass" is a narrative of a trip across the magnificent snowy crowned peaks and canyon tops whose wonderful panorama the Yosemite-bound traveler sees on the summit, before he dips toward the Valley. This is the wildest and most rugged part of the Sierras, and there is doubtless undiscovered grandeur in its vast wilderness. One result of the trip described in "The Pass" was the discovery of Elizabeth Pass, a short cut between the south fork of the Kings River and the headwaters of the Kaweah. The detail and vividness of the author's pen pictures give one the impression that the book was written in camp.

"The Pass" is illustrated by a frontispiece in color by Fernand Lungren, and ten striking photographs.

Published by The Outing Publishing Company, New York; \$1.50 net.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The first complete history of the four centuries of canal agitation and attempts at creation is soon to come from the publishing house of Henry Holt & Co. It is by Dr. Willis Fletcher Johnson, and is entitled "Panama and the Panama Canal."

Lord Rosebery's life of Lord Randolph Churchill has just been brought out in America. In England the work attracted instant and wide attention. It is the story of the career of one titled and famous statesman told by another titled statesman equally famous, and is said to be rich in inside views of English politics.

Joel Chandler Harris will be editor and active manager of a new periodical to be published in Atlanta, Georgia, beginning early in the year, and to be called Uncle Remus's Magazine. The monthly will be illustrated and national, not merely Southern, in scope.

If the plans which have been begun are carried out, the English-speaking world may soon have an opportunity to read in English the works of Juan Antonio Mateos, the celebrated Mexican poet, novelist and orator. His principal romances are "Cerro de la Campanas" (Hill of the Bells), a narrative of events which took place during the French invasion, and "Los Insurgentes" (The Insurgents), another work which deals with the time of the Mexican independence.

One of the charming passages in George Brandes' Reminiscences, just published by Duffield & Company, is his account of an acquaintance in Rome with the American sculptress, Virginia Ream. He draws with much zest a picture of her that is typical of the modern American girl, buoyant, self-confident, free and unconventional. The young girl whom the great critic admired so much had received at fifteen a commission to execute a life-size statue of Abraham Lincoln, and later a heroic statue of Farragut, which stands in Farragut Square, Washington, the only statues ever ordered by the United States Government of a woman. She is now a resident of Washington, having married an officer of the engineer corps, Richard L. Hoxie.

Charles Dickens's daughter, Mrs. Kate Perugini, has written a book about her father and his work. It is called "The Comedy of Charles Dickens."

Ten authors are represented in "Right Reading," the new volume brought out by A. C. McClurg & Co., devoted to good counsel on the choice and use of books, but what is said covers nearly all that can be said on the subjects.

Beatrice Harraden, the English story writer, is leading a crusade against the street noises in London. She has headed determined committees which have besieged the Hampstead borough council in an effort to have the streets paved with wood to lessen the sound of traffic.

It is a somewhat curious coincidence that Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's new story, now running in the Century Magazine, is called "The Shuttle," and Sir Gilbert Parker's novel, appearing serially in Harper's Magazine, is entitled "The Weavers."

During one of Rudyard Kipling's voyages a quartermaster of the ship died. Next day the notice board bore the brief intimation: "Sermon by a layman at 9 p. m." The curious crowd which gathered discovered Kipling standing on an improvised platform, from which he preached a fifteen-minute sermon. The best testimonial to his eloquence lay in the result. From a congregation numbering less than 200 the sum of over \$350 was raised.

Common sense in place of metaphysics is said to be the feature of a treatise on "The Principles of English Verse," by Professor Charlton M. Lewis, recently published by Henry Holt & Co. It should commend itself to those who find the simplicity, depth, and beauty, of some of the poets made little of by modern critics.

The unusual spectacle of a father sharply rebuking his son, and that father no less a person than W. T. Stead, is noted in an English exchange. The Fortnightly Review for October contains an article by Alfred Stead on "Pan-Islamism: Some Dangers and a Remedy." Alfred Stead's father, in the Review of Reviews, characterizes the article as "clever but mischievous," and says he read it with concern and surprise. "It is difficult," he writes, "to find a word to express its extreme lack of political common sense."

Kipling's "Kim" has been translated into Chinese by a prominent London scholar, Dr. Crogon.

Mrs. Anne Warner, who has written two books about Susan Clegg, having been persuaded to talk of her work, gives good advice to young authors and confesses that since the beginning of 1902 she has written 249 stories and two books. Previously she had had a joke in Life; had sent a poem to a manuscript bureau, which sold it for \$2 and stole a story sent at the same time. The moral of her discourse is that a writer must succeed by merit, and not by favor.

Miss Braddon, after a silence of several years, will shortly publish a new novel, "The White House."

Mrs. Riddell, who died in England a short time ago, had a successful career as a novelist for many years. Her literary reputation was made by "George Geith, of Fen Court," which appeared in 1864, and this book went through many editions. Until 1902 she usually brought out a novel every year. For some years she was editor of the "St. James's Magazine," having succeeded S. C. Hall in that post in 1868. The periodical ceased to appear many years ago.

"Go Tell It to the Marines."

The saying, "Tell it to the marines," is traced to Pepys, the author of the famous "Diary," and it is said by him to have originated with Charles II of England. The reference has been noted by the Army and Navy Journal. "It so befell," as the story goes, "that his light-hearted Majesty, with an exceedingly bored expression on his swarthy face, was strolling in the shade with his ingenious Mr. Pepys, secretary to the admiralty. 'I had speech yesternight at Deptford,' said Mr. Pepys, 'with the captain of the Defiance, who hath but lately returned from the Indies, and who told me the two most wonderful things that ever I think I did hear in my life.' Among the stories told were of fish flying in the air. 'Fish flying in the air,' exclaimed his Majesty. 'Ha! ha! a quaint conceit, which 'twere too good to spoil!' keeping! What ho! sir—he turned and beckoned the colonel, Sir William Killigrew, of the newly raised maritime regiment on foot, who was following in close conversation with the Duke of York—'We would discourse with you on a matter touching your element. What say you, colonel, to a man who swears he hath seen fishes fly in the air?' 'I should say, sire,' returned the sea soldier simply, 'that the man hath sailed in southern seas. For when your Majesty's business carried me thither of late I did frequently observe more flying fish in one hour than the hairs of my head in number.' 'Mr. Pepys,' said he, 'from the very nature of their calling no class of our subjects can have so wide a knowledge of seas and land as the officers and men of our loyal maritime regiment. Henceforth ere ever we cast doubts upon a tale that lacketh likelihood, we will first tell it to the marines.'"

PAUL BANCROFT
Real Estate and Financial Agent
729 Market Street

LOANS LEASES INVESTMENTS

ROBERTSON'S
NEW LOCATION
1539
Van Ness Ave., Near Pine
"Next to the White House"
Mr. Robertson calls attention to the above address, which is very centrally located.

In Harper's Magazine for November there are eight striking short stories, a dramatic instalment of Gilbert Parker's great novel which has just begun serially and articles by famous writers on science, travel, history, literature, legend, reminiscence, nature, etc., etc. There is nothing about politics, "graft" or crime.

HARPER'S
BOOKS

Sophy of Kravonia

By Anthony Hope

In his new novel Anthony Hope returns to romance and in the absorbing vein of *The Prisoner of Zenda* writes of another mapless little kingdom—Kravonia. Here an English girl is the centre of an exciting story. Court intrigues, conspiracies, daring adventure, and escapes follow one another in quick succession.

"Love and the clash of arms are in this story. The atmosphere is full of the magic of high romance. For its excitement, charm, picturesque and splendid effects, *Sophy of Kravonia* can never be forgotten."—*London Sketch*.

Beyond the Rocks

By Elinor Glyn

A captivating new novel by the author of *The Visits of Elizabeth*. It portrays another sprightly, engaging heroine whose unusual situation commands the reader's interest from the start. The dialogue is bright and amusing; the story depicts a situation that piques the imagination at every turn.

HARPER & BROTHERS

SALOME
BY
OSCAR WILDE
with the original Beardsley illustrations. \$1.00 net.
"AT THE SIGN OF THE LAMP"
JAMES D. BLAKE, Mgr.
643 TURK ST., near Van Ness.
Oscar Wilde's Complete Plays: The Importance of Being Earnest; A Woman of No Importance; An Ideal Husband; Lady Windermere's Fan; The Duchess of Padua; Vera; or, the Nihilist; and Salome, 3 vols., \$3.75, net.

P. Centemeri & Co.
KID GLOVES
New Location
1551 Van Ness Ave.
Between Pine and California
San Francisco

EUGENE KORN
"The Hatter"
946 Van Ness Avenue
Formerly 746 Market St.

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Mrs. Flora Louise Clement, widow of the late Mr. Victor Clement, to Captain Sydney A. Cloman, U. S. A.

The engagement is announced of Miss Hattie Belle Goad, daughter of Mr. J. W. Goad, of Colusa, to Mr. Charles A. de St. Maurice, also of Colusa. The wedding will be celebrated early in December.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Chandler Howard of Yokohama announce the engagement of their daughter, Gladys, to Mr. Charles W. Atkinson, also of Yokohama. November 22 is the date set for the wedding.

The wedding of Mrs. G. S. Bowers, of Redlands, and Mr. C. B. Saunders, vice-president of the Metropolitan Trust and Savings Company, took place on Thursday, November 1, in Denver.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Mary Marriner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Marriner, to Lieutenant Wallace Bertholf, U. S. N., will take place at the bride's home in Berkeley on Wednesday afternoon, November 28. Miss Roberta Deal will be the maid of honor and the bride's only attendant.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Gladys Howard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chandler Howard, to Mr. Charles Atkinson will take place in Yokohama on November 23.

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Josephine Tillman to Mr. C. Maitland Cline will take place on Tuesday, November 11.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Fred Kohl entertained at a Halloween dinner on Wednesday evening of last week at their home in San Mateo in honor of Miss Anita Harvey and Mr. Oscar Cooper. Those present were, besides the guests of honor, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Godey, Miss Genevieve Harvey, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Linda Cadwallader, Miss Maude Bowen, Miss Charlotte Wilson, Miss Janet von Schroeder, Miss Marjorie Josselyn, Miss Virginia Jolliffe, Mr. Horace Pillsbury, Mr. Harry Stetson, Mr. George Cadwallader, Mr. Baldwin Wood, Mr. Frank King, Mr. Stuart Lowrey, Mr. Joseph Tobin, and Mr. Ward Barton.

Major Charles McKinstry, U. S. A., and Mrs. McKinstry entertained at dinner on Thursday evening at the Burlingame Club. Their guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. E. Duplessis Beylard, Mr. and Mrs. George Armsby, and Mr. Henry Bowie.

Mrs. Alpheus Clement was the hostess at a tea on last Saturday afternoon at her home in Oakland in honor of Mrs. Frank Van Ness. Among the guests were: Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mrs. Edward Lacy Brayton, Mrs. Augustus S. Macdonald, Mrs. William Denman, Miss Constance Borrowe, Mrs. George Wheaton, Mrs. Royal Macdonald, Mrs. George McNear, Jr., and Miss Bessie Palmer.

The Saturday Evening Dancing Class gave the first of their dances on Saturday evening last. The patronesses are: Mrs. James Potter Langhorne, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. Louis Findlay Monteagle, Mrs. George Ashton, and Mrs. George A. Moore.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resume of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Margaret Irvine and her son, Mr. J. W. Byrne, who have been traveling in Europe for some months past, returned to San Francisco last Saturday evening. They expect to go soon to Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Pillsbury have returned from a brief visit to Montecito.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin sailed early this week for Europe, and after a brief stay in

Paris, will go to the south of France for the winter.

Vicomte and Vicomtesse Philippe de Tristan (formerly Miss Josephine de Guigne) and Countess Lalande arrived last week from Europe and are in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock were guests at Del Monte last week, but have returned to their home in San Rafael.

Mrs. Henry F. Allen, who has been staying at Santa Barbara, has gone to Hotel del Coronado for a brief visit.

Miss Elizabeth Keyes has arrived from the East and will spend the winter in Ross Valley with her aunt, Mrs. Albert J. Dibblee.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Miss Emily Wilson, and Miss Charlotte Wilson, who have been spending the summer at San Mateo, have returned to their home on California street.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant has returned from a business trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Riley expect to spend the winter at Nice.

Miss Lucy Gwin Coleman has returned from a visit to Mrs. Alexander McCrackin at Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Grace will come to town next week from Santa Cruz to spend the winter here.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Grimwood have returned from several weeks' stay in New York.

The Right Rev. William Ford Nichols, D. D., left on Monday last for a trip to New York and Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., have returned to town from Burlingame, where they spent the summer.

Miss Elizabeth Murison, accompanied by Miss Hannah Du Bois, of San Rafael, and Miss Elizabeth Bruce, left on Saturday last for New York and Washington, D. C., and will sail shortly from the former city for a year's travel in Europe.

Mrs. Walter Martin returned on Monday of last week from a six weeks' stay in New York, and is at her Burlingame home.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Chauncey Boardman have returned from a trip to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard have returned from a stay in Europe of several months' duration.

Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase will leave shortly for Santa Barbara, where she will spend the winter.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge have returned from a three months' stay in Ross Valley, where they occupied the Albert Dibblee home.

Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, who has been at Del Monte for several months, has decided to spend the winter there.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian Reis, who have been at their country place at Menlo Park during the summer, have taken a house on Vallejo street for the winter.

Mrs. S. P. Stow and Miss Margaret Stow, who have been abroad for the past year, have returned to their home in Santa Barbara.

Judge and Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet left recently for a two months' stay in the Eastern States.

Miss Alida Chirardelli, who has been studying art in Paris for the past four years, has returned to San Francisco.

Mrs. Henry E. Bothin has come to town for the winter from her country place in Ross Valley, where she has been during the summer.

Mrs. W. M. S. Beede has returned to the city after a brief visit to Stockton.

Mrs. Carroll A. Devol will leave on Friday with Major Devol for their new home in Washington, D. C. She will go to New Orleans to visit her relatives before arriving at the capital city, Major Devol going first to Fort Russell on official business.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Schmidt have sailed for Europe to be gone for six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler B. Jackson (nee Fisher, of San Francisco) have returned to their home in New Jersey, after an extended tour in England and Switzerland during the past summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Pohli and their sons will remain in their Mill Valley bungalow during the winter. They have leased their attractive town house to a bride and groom, Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Walsh.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze and Miss Louisa Breeze, whose beautiful old home on Bush street burned last April, have gone down to Del Monte, where they expect to spend the entire winter.

Recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs include: Mr. J. W. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Lewis, Mrs. C. Stacy, Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Sill, Mr. Robert Chapman, Miss H. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Flint, Mr. William Giselman, Dr. M. Silverberg, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkham Wright, Sheriff R. R. Veale, and Dr. C. L. Abbott.

In the work of tearing down the ruins of the Palace Hotel smoldering fire is uncovered. Flames burst forth when the heated portions of the basement are uncovered, and water too hot for workmen to touch is found frequently. It is more than six months after the fire heated the iron and bricks which are still uncooled.

The Prussian Diet has brought an action against the Erfurt Tribune because that newspaper characterized the Diet as "a house of shame."

A curious luminous centipede was discovered in the forest country of British Guiana by British scientists, who have lately returned to London. The animal, which was two or three inches long, bore a red light in its head, and a series of eleven or twelve white phosphorescent spots along its body, one to each segment.

... OPENING ...

The Sugar Plum

—AT—

937 Van Ness Ave.

The Finest of CONFECTIONS,
Daintiest of FROZEN DISHES,
served. Courteous and prompt
attention. : : : : :

JOHN WICHMAN
Proprietor.

HIRSCH & KAISER,

1757 Fillmore St., Opticians.

Spend Your Thanksgiving

Make your plans to spend Thanksgiving at Hotel del Monte and avoid all home cares. You can leave San Francisco Wednesday at 3:00 o'clock and enjoy a few days' vacation, returning Sunday or Monday. Special round trip rates. For more details address GEO. P. SNELL, Manager, Del Monte, California.

At Hotel del Monte

THE WHITE HOUSE
ART ROOMS

Second Floor ANNEX

ENTRANCES from Main Building, Van Ness Avenue;
Also California Street, above Van Ness Ave. ELEVATOR

Best Selected and Most Varied Stock Bric-a-brac and Objects of
Art of a Direct Importation

Art Furniture, Art Glass and
Rock Crystal, Electric Port-
ables, Clocks, China, Bronzes.

A Specialty of Frames for Photographs. Agents for the Celebrated
ROOKWOOD POTTERY

Raphael Weill & Co.

If you are going East use the

California Limited

The Finest Train Across the Continent

Palace, Pullmans, Observation, Library,
Smoking, Dining Cars.

Every luxury will be found on this train.

See the

SANTA FE AGENT,

FERRY BUILDING,
SAN FRANCISCO



Royal

Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

DISTINCTIVELY A CREAM OF
TARTAR BAKING POWDER

Royal does not contain an atom of phosphatic acid (which is the product of bones digested in sulphuric acid) or of alum (which is one-third sulphuric acid) substances adopted for other baking powders because of their cheapness.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

PERSONAL:

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Colonel William A. Simpson, military secretary in addition to his present duties, will take charge of the office of the inspector of small arms practice, relieving Lieutenant Edwin C. Lo, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., aide-de-camp.

Colonel William H. Comegys, assistant paymaster-general, U. S. A., who has until recently been chief paymaster of the Department of California, has been announced as chief paymaster of the Department of the East, with station in New York City.

Lieutenant Colonel John P. Wissner, U. S. A., who was recently appointed military attaché to the American Embassy at Berlin, has, since his arrival in Washington, D. C., been the guest of Major Mrs. George T. Marve.

Lieutenant Parker W. West, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., who has recently been ordered to Fort Huachuca, has been detailed as acting inspector-general, to date from November 1, and will proceed to Washington, D. C., to report to the inspector-general of the army for assignment to duty as assistant in his office.

Captain William G. Haan, U. S. A., until recently stationed on this Coast, has been assigned as military secretary on the staff of the Adjutant-General J. F. Bell, United States Commander of the First Expeditionary Brigade, at Havana, Cuba.

Captain Julius A. Penn, U. S. A., is relieved of further duty at Newport News, Virginia, and ordered to proceed to Washington, D. C., to report to the chief of staff for duty.

Captain Frank C. Jewell, quartermaster, U. S. A., who has just returned from leave of absence spent in New York, reported for duty as quartermaster of the transport Logan, which sailed Monday last. On his return he will temporarily relieve Captain Wendell L. Simpson, quartermaster, U. S. A., who will continue on temporary duty as assistant to the depot quartermaster at San Francisco.

Captain Charles F. Humphrey, Jr., quartermaster, U. S. A., has been temporarily relieved of his duties as depot and constructing quartermaster and as officer in charge of the army transport service at Honolulu. He will be succeeded by Captain James V. Heidt, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A.

Colonel Charles H. Noble, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., having attained the age of sixty-two, has been retired and will proceed to his home.

Captain Arthur W. Chase, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty as quartermaster to take effect when his services are no longer required, and will join his regular station.

Captain Rupert C. Dewey, assistant quartermaster, U. S. M. C., has been ordered from San Francisco to Washington, D. C., to report in person to the brigadier-general commandant.

Captain William G. Powell, assistant paymaster, U. S. M. C., is detached from duty in

charge of the office of assistant paymaster, Marine Corps, Berkeley, Cal., on December 1, and will proceed to Manila, P. I., via the transport sailing from San Francisco on December 15. On his arrival in Manila he will assume charge of the office of brigade paymaster, First Brigade, U. S. Marines.

Paymaster Gray Skipwith, U. S. N., is detached from duty as general storekeeper, naval training station, Newport, R. I., and as pay-officer of the Constellation, and ordered to the Navy Yard, Mare Island, for duty in connection with fitting out the Milwaukee, and for duty as pay-officer on board that vessel when commissioned.

Lieutenant John W. McClaskey, U. S. M. C., is ordered detached from the Mare Island Barracks, and to proceed to Washington, D. C., to report in person to the brigadier-general, commandant.

Lieutenant Oliver P. M. Hazzard, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., will, in addition to his present duties as assistant to the chief quartermaster, take charge of the office of the judge advocate of the Department of California during the absence of Colonel George M. Dunn, judge advocate on leave of absence.

Lieutenant James P. Castleman, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, has been ordered to proceed to the Presidio of San Francisco for duty with Troop I, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., relieving Lieutenant Aubrey Lippincott, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A. Upon being thus relieved, Lieutenant Lippincott returned to his proper station, Presidio of Monterey.

Lieutenant Christian A. Bach, Seventh Cavalry, U. S. A., Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, has been granted one month's leave of absence, on surgeon's certificate of disability.

Lieutenant Hunter Kinzie, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., is detailed as judge advocate of the general court-martial appointed at the Presidio of Monterey, vice Lieutenant Robert J. Binford, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., relieved.

Lieutenant Horace N. Munro, First Cavalry, U. S. A., whose marriage to Miss Heydenfeldt of this city took place recently, has been ordered to proceed to Hot Springs, Ark., to the Army and Navy General Hospital at that place for observation and treatment.

Contract Surgeon Julius M. Purnell, U. S. A., will, in addition to his duties at the department rifle range, Point Bonita, render such medical attendance as may be necessary at Fort Baker during the absence of Captain Louis Brechmin, Jr., assistant surgeon, U. S. A.

Contract Surgeon Henry du R. Phelan, U. S. A., Fort Rosecrans, San Diego, has been ordered to proceed to the Presidio of Monterey, reporting upon arrival to the commanding officer for duty, relieving Contract Surgeon Julius M. Purnell, U. S. A., who will proceed to Point Bonita.

A board of officers to consist of Captain Edward Hill, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Frederick L. Dengler, Artillery Corps; Lieutenant Charles J. Ferris, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been appointed to meet at Fort Rosecrans, San Diego, to examine into and report

upon the qualifications of Sergeant William J. Murphy, Twenty-eighth Company, Coast Artillery, U. S. A., for the position of sergeant-major, Artillery Corps, junior grade.


Some New York clubs have done very well in Fifth avenue real estate. This is realized by the Lotos Club's sale for \$750,000 of the property between Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth streets for which it paid \$230,000 only thirteen years ago. In 1905 the New York Club sold a Thirty-fourth-street corner on the avenue for \$1,100,000, which was about \$207 a square foot. For its old property at Twenty-first street the Union Club received enough money in 1902 to make easy its establishment in a new \$550,000 house at Fifty-first street. The Reform Club, with building and campaign debts running over \$300,000, put itself \$50,000 to the good after the free-silver battle of 1896 by the sale of its place at Fifth avenue and Twenty-seventh street.



THE BOUQUET AND EXQUISITE FLAVOR OF

HUNTER RYE

IS DUE TO ITS HIGH CHARACTER AND THE REFINEMENT OF AGE



CHARLES M. REYNOLDS CO., Agents for California and Nevada, San Francisco, Cal.

BANKING.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Capital Fully Paid	\$2,000,000
Total Assets	\$10,000,000

A General Banking Business Conducted
Savings and, Checking Accounts Received
Interest Paid on Deposits

MAIN OFFICE
CORNER CALIFORNIA AND MONTGOMERY STREETS

West End Branch, 1531 Devisadero St. Near Post.

Mission Branch: 927 Valencia Street Near Twenty-first

Uptown Branch: 1850 Geary Street, West of Fillmore.

DAVID F. WALKER, Pres.
J. DALZELL BROWN, Mgr.

FRENCH AMERICAN BANK

Union Trust Building (Third Floor)
Ready to accommodate its customers and do a general banking business. We will collect on insurance policies for those wishing our services.

THE FRENCH SAVINGS BANK
occupies offices in the same building.

Officers—Charles Carpy, President; Arthur Legallet, Vice-President; Leon Bocqueraz, Vice-President.

Directors—J. E. Arizgues, O. Bozio, J. A. Bergerot, E. J. DeSablé, J. M. Dupas, J. S. Godeau, J. J. Mack, Geo. Belaney, Leon Kaufman.

Our Branch Bank is Now Open at
No. 810 Van Ness Avenue Near Eddy St.

Mutual Savings Bank

710 Market St., Opposite Third
SAN FRANCISCO.

Guaranteed Capital	\$ 1,000,000
Paid-up Capital	300,000
Surplus	320,000
Assets	10,000,000

Interest paid on deposits. Loans on approved securities.

OFFICERS—President, James D. Phelan; First Vice-President, S. G. Murphy; Second Vice-President, John A. Hooper; Secretary and Cashier, Geo. A. Story; Asst. Secretary and Asst. Cashier, C. B. Hobson; Attorney, Frank J. Sullivan.

Directors—James D. Phelan, John A. Hooper, Frank J. Sullivan, Jas. M. McDonald, S. G. Murphy, James Moffitt, Robt. McElroy, Charles Holbrook, Rudolph Spreckels.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus	\$ 2,552,719.61
Capital actually paid up in cash	1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1906	38,476,520.22

F. Tillmann, Jr., President; Daniel Meyer, First Vice-President; Emil Rohie, Second Vice-President; A. H. R. Schmidt, Cashier; Wm. Hermann, Asst. Cashier; Geo. Tourny, Secretary; A. H. Muller, Asst. Secretary; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.

Board of Directors:
F. Tillmann, Jr., Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohie, Ign. Steinhaas, I. N. Walter, N. Ohlandt, J. W. Van Bergen, E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

Helping the Homeless

The Continental Building and Loan Association

Has helped build up several interior towns and cities of California but for the next few years its funds will be used to help restore the burned homes of San Francisco.

Dr. Washington Dodge, President.
Gavin McNab, Attorney.
Wm. Corbin, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr.

Office: Corner Market and Church Streets

Press Clippings

Are money-makers for Contractors
Supply-houses, Business Men
and Corporations.

Allen's Press Clipping Bureau,
Kohl Building.

L. KREISS & SONS

CABINET MAKERS
UPHOLSTERERS
DECORATORS

Dealers in Fine Mahogany, Early English Oak Furniture; reproductions of rare examples of Antique Fabrics of all important periods of English, French and Italian arts in Tapestries, Brocaded Silks, Damasks, Embroideries, Etc.

Our stock is complete and contains many Odd Pieces suitable for Gifts.

1219-23 POST ST.
Above Van Ness Ave. San Francisco, Cal.

Duck Shears and Carvers

Made for the Express Purpose of Carving the Portions of a Duck with Ease and Comfort.

Shears Have a saw edge---made of Henckel's best German Steel---different handles. Prices, \$2.25, \$3.00, \$3.50

Carvers Same high-grade steel, handles, etc., Prices, \$1.75, \$2.25, \$3.00, Set

ATHAN-DOHRMANN CO

1520-1550 Van Ness Ave.

JOHN G. ILS & CO.

Manufacturers

High-Grade French Ranges

Kitchen and Bakery Outfits,
624 Washington Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

Belvedere, California,

HILLSIDE INN.

Tiburon Ferry, 40 minutes from San Francisco
Boating and bathing. Terms reasonable. Address

MRS M. J. WARREN.

HOTEL RAFAEL

SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

50 minutes from San Francisco. Complete
Change of Climate
TIBURON OR SAUSALITO FERRY
All Modern Conveniences.

R. V. HALTON Proprietor

Hotel Collingwood

35th St., between 6th Ave. and Broadway
NEW YORK CITY

New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district containing every modern device for comfort of guests.

Positively exclusive. Service a la carte.

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS

Ready for business at 1165 O'FARRELL ST., bet. Franklin and Gough
Pianos Tuned, Repaired, Moved and Stored.

SOHMER-Cecilian Piano Players

VANITY FAIR.

If ever a lost art was represented by a people it is the art of courtesy among those who serve the public in New York city, remarks Editor Bok, of the Ladies' Home Journal, in describing his recent experiences in Manhattan. Motormen, conductors, cabmen, salesmen and even the policemen seem to vie with each other as to who will excel in the art of bad manners. Every question asked is too much, so that a courteous and helpful answer is the exception, and the bewildered stranger is indeed "put to it" to get his bearings in the great "Empire City".

Stand on a New York street corner, for instance, and hail a trolley; car after car will whirl by you with the motormen as absolutely regardless of you as if you did not exist. Four of these cars rushed by me the other day and I jumped on the fifth, took my stand near the motorman and called his attention to four women at the next corner whom he passed.

"Didn't those women want to get on?" I asked.

"They did," was the illuminating answer.

"Don't you stop this car when people want to get on?" I continued.

"I do when I think it's right—see?" he answered, and then turning to me he politely added, "And I can do it without your help, too."

Two blocks farther up the motorman noticed a man standing on the crossing, with two women, hailing the car with one hand while in the palm of the other he showed a quarter! The car stopped instantly; the man got on the front platform, and as he passed the motorman he slipped the quarter into the latter's coat-pocket. The passenger took a seat in the car. I went in and sat next to him.

"Pretty expensive, that sort of thing, isn't it?" I ventured.

"It is," said the man; "but I've found it's about the only way to get these fiends to notice you, and I'm in a hurry."

And so, I thought, it has come to this in New York: twenty-five cents to stop a car and five cents to ride in it!

An old-time lady tried to get on the car, was a little timid, and it took her a moment or two to collect her skirts and take a firm hold on the platform-rail, says Mr. Bok.

"Come on, old lady, step lively," said the conductor. "Can't keep this car waiting all day." And to facilitate her he grabbed the dear old woman by the arm and literally pulled her on, and pushed her into the car! I saw the blood rush to her face, and as she sat opposite to me I could see the flustered state of mind and the hot indignation of that dear old soul.

And that was New York's tribute to old age. "Does this car go to the Pennsylvania Ferry?" asked a woman of the conductor on a Twenty-third Street car.

Not a word of answer, although the conductor had plainly beard.

I insisted that he answer his passenger.

"Well, can't she see for herself?" he scowled. "The sign is on the car, isn't it? Can't she read?"

"Yes," I said, "she can read a sign which you forgot to change from your last run. It reads 'Grand Central Depot.'"

"Well," he dodgily growled, "if you worked as hard as we have today I guess you'd forget a thing or two."

But no apology to the woman; nothing but a brutal indifference to a stranger's polite question and a look as black as a thunder-cloud for me all the way to the ferry!

I went to a theatre box-office and asked for two seats for the evening's performance and their location, continues the Philadelphian.

"Four dollars," came the reply as two tickets were slid under the glass window.

"Let me see the diagram, please," I asked.

"I want to see where the seats are."

"Good seats," came the answer. "Take them or leave them?"

"I'll answer that question, my friend," I replied, "when I see the diagram, and I'll keep this line behind me waiting until I do see it."

And then there was slammed down in front of me the diagram, and the two seats were back of a post, of course!

"That was the right thing to do," said a man in the theatre during the evening. "Those fellows ought to be taught to be polite."

"But why don't you New Yorkers do it?" I asked.

"Oh," he replied, "we're hardened to it. I guess. We don't expect politeness here any more. It's a dead art."

And it is, no doubt of that!

Already lower than any other city in the United States, the standard of good manners is rapidly fading out altogether in New York City. Go to the Brooklyn Bridge any evening between five and six o'clock. Board an elevated car or

a subway train at those hours, and see if anything is left but rudeness and rowdyism; not a vestige of even human consideration for woman or child, and the guards and policemen from whom some security is expected are appealed to in vain by frail women and frightened children!

Only the other day I was witness to an inhuman crush which crowded three well-mannered and quiet girls against the off guard-gate on the platform of an elevated railroad car until they shrieked, while the men who created the crush were forgetful of everything save their personal proximity to the girls which the crowding afforded. I watched the guard of the car—he merely winked and smiled at some men standing near him who put the finishing touch to the scene by making coarse jests at the expense of the girls!

Mrs. Rawle Reader, the American millionairess, has just propounded a novel theory for the proper conduct of business. She says that business needs sympathy between employers and employed. To insure this, when she ran a typewriting office in New York, she kissed her sixty girl employees morning and evening. A newspaper, commenting on Mrs. Reader's suggestion, says: "The idea is good, and worth the consideration of business men and women."

Whether male employees would quite take to this policy of embracing is a question, remarks the Manchester Chronicle. It would be unpleasant when a clerk was half an hour late in the morning if he had to go and hug the boss before he started to work. It would be more

awkward if he wanted to slip away a little earlier at night and yet knew that the boss would feel slighted if he missed his good-night kiss. Besides, heads of businesses would be apt to over-value their caresses. "No, I can't possibly give you any advance, but I appreciate your services, and you may come and kiss me whenever you go to dinner."

However, in cases where the employees are all ladies, there is more to be said for the policy. In fact, it may be said that sympathetic kissing of lady employees has already been tried by more than one business man.

The American Society of Equity, which its organizers and members frankly admit is a gigantic farmers' trust, has established headquarters in Chicago. The organizers now have 3400 counties in thirty-eight states thoroughly combined, and when the 400 remaining counties are taken in, the trust will be "ready for business." It is proposed to have all orders placed through the society, and prices will be arbitrarily fixed. It is expected to work in harmony with labor unions, each boycotting anything not bearing the label of the other. Half a million farmers are already enrolled in the society, and the promoters say that only speculators will be hurt by the combine. Kentucky is thoroughly organized, with the result that tobacco growers are receiving twice as much for their product as before. Fruit growers, especially, are expected to benefit by the combine, as the society proposes to handle the entire product and demand uniform prices.

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

are now showing complete lines of

Carpets, Rugs, Furniture, Office Desks, Upholstery,
Draperies, Linoleums, Window Shades, Etc.

at their new store at the corner of

Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street

J. S. DINKELSPIEL

Importer of

DIAMONDS, PRECIOUS STONES

1021 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

Fine Set Pieces a Specialty

ANNOUNCEMENT

Marie L. Sweeney

Formerly of 121 Post
Is Now Located at

1536 Bush Street

With a Complete Stock of Exclusive
Styles in

MILLINERY

GOODYEAR RUBBER COMPANY

Have Returned to Their Old Home, Where
They Were Located Before the Fire,

573-579 Market St., near Second

Tel. Temporary 1788

North German Lloyd Steamship Co.

TEMPORARY OFFICE

756 VAN NESS AVENUE

ROBERT CAPELLE

General Pacific Coast Agent

To the Policy Holders of the Traders Fire Insurance Company of Chicago.

It is very important. In order to secure immediate and effective action for the benefit of the policy holders in the Traders Insurance Company of Chicago, that those holding claims should combine in their action. With that view, the TRADERS POLICY HOLDERS COMPANY was formed at a general meeting of the policy holders. Its object is not for profit, but for mutual protection at the very lowest cost. Inasmuch as the affairs of the Traders Insurance Company are in the hands of a Receiver, an opportunity is offered to secure prompt and favorable results by united action. If individual claimants act separately, nothing can be accomplished without great delay and enormous expense. For that reason, your co-operation is earnestly requested.

If you desire to be represented in this association, please call at our office, No. 827 Eddy street (Phone Emergency 636) or communicate with the secretary, Mr. John S. Partridge.

THE TRADERS POLICY
HOLDERS COMPANY,
By MARSHALL HALE,
President.

San Francisco, Nov. 3, 1906.

Educational.

MISS HAMLIN'S
BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL
FOR GIRLS

Formerly at 1849 Jackson St., is now at 2230 Pacific Ave. near Webster St. Mid-term begins October 15. Accredited Address

Miss S. D. Hamlin,
2230 Pacific Avenue. San Francisco

Miss Harker's School.

Palo Alto, Cal. Home and Day School for Girls. Immediate and Primary Departments. Certificate admits to Ford, Vassar and Wellesley. Number limited. Res. August 20th.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt

Announces his removal to 2090 Fell St., corner of St. Telephone West 1736.

Miss. Eleanore Joseph

(Late from Paris and Berlin)
SINGING AND PIANO.
1915 Baker St., near Sacramento San Francisco

G. B. GALVANI

Vocal Teacher

814 OAK STREET, OAKLAND, CAL.

Ogontz School for Young Ladies

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia: two hours from New York. The late Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For address Miss SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal. Ogontz! P. O., Pa.

PORTLAND OREGON

St. Helen's Hall

A girl's school of the highest class. Co. of teachers, location, building, equipment—the best.

Send for catalogue.

School Opens September 17, 1906.

A. ZELLERBACH & SONS

PAPER DEALERS

Now Located at Volkman Building,
Jackson St., San Francisco.

Branch: 514 Eleventh Street, Oakland
Full Supply of all Kinds of Paper.

Clubbing List for 1906

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price both sides, we are enabled to make following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in newing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date expiration in order to avoid mistake.

American Magazine and Argonaut	\$4.00
Argosy and Argonaut	4.00
Atlantic Monthly and Argonaut	6.00
Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut	6.00
Century and Argonaut	7.00
Commoner and Argonaut	4.00
Cosmopolitan and Argonaut	4.00
Criterion and Argonaut	4.00
Critic and Argonaut	5.00
Current Literature and Argonaut	5.00
English Illustrated Magazine and Argonaut	5.00
Forum and Argonaut	4.00
Harper's Bazar and Argonaut	4.00
Harper's Magazine and Argonaut	4.00
Harper's Weekly and Argonaut	4.00
House Beautiful and Argonaut	4.00
International Magazine and Argonaut	4.00
Judge and Argonaut	4.00
Leslie's Weekly and Argonaut	4.00
Life and Argonaut	4.00
Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut	4.00
Littell's Living Age and Argonaut	10.00
Mexican Herald and Argonaut	10.00
Minnsey's Magazine and Argonaut	10.00
Nineteenth Century and Argonaut	10.00
North American Review and Argonaut	10.00
Out West and Argonaut	10.00
Overland Monthly and Argonaut	10.00
Political Science Quarterly and Argonaut	10.00
Puck and Argonaut	10.00
Review of Reviews and Argonaut	10.00
Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut	10.00
Smart Set and Argonaut	10.00
St. Nicholas and Argonaut	10.00
Sunset and Argonaut	10.00
Theatre Magazine and Argonaut	10.00
Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut	10.00
Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) and Argonaut	10.00
Weekly New York World and Argonaut	10.00



**HARTSHORN
SHADE ROLLERS**
Bear the script name of Stewart
Hartshorn on label.
Get "Improved," no tacks required
Wood Rollers Tin Rollers

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An English gentleman had occasion to go to an eminent physician, and said to him: "You will be tired of opening the door to me." "Not at all, sir," was the gracious reply; "you are but a hunit in the bocean." Another James was accustomed to say during his sister's occasional absences: "You had better be hoppedite. There's a very respectable man opposite as we often sends to when Sir William is habsent. His name is Jenner."

A colored preacher took some candidates for immersion down to a river in Louisiana. Seeing the alligators in the stream, one of them objected.

"Why, brother," urged the pastor, "can't you just the Lord? He took care of Jonah, didn't he?"

"Y-a-a-s," admitted the darky, "but a whale's frent. A whale's got a mem-ry, but ef one dem 'gators wus ter swaller dis nigger, he'd jes' ter sleep dar in de sun an' fergit all 'bout it."

Judge John M. Harlan and James B. McCreary canvassed Kentucky together as the Republican and Democratic candidates for Governor thirty years ago.

They traveled about the State on a joint de-ling trip, and in many small mountain places to sleep in the same bed. They were warm personal friends, and so did not object to this intimacy.

One night Mr. Harlan got into bed first. Senator McCreary was not far behind, and just as he entered the bed Judge Harlan raised his body form—he is a large man—and said in his storian voice: "McCreary, there is one thing again, the next Governor of Kentucky is in this bed."

As he spoke the bed slats broke and Judge Harlan rolled to the floor. Senator McCreary caught and held himself in bed, and as Judge Harlan reached the floor, said:

"John, you are right, the next Governor of Kentucky is still in this bed."

During the siege of Kimberley the editor of the locally daily paper there was often hard put to it for enough news. One day in a clubroom he found Cecil Rhodes reading a fairly new paper from Cape Town. He borrowed it and rushed to his own office, where it soon appeared as a special edition, selling like hot cakes. That same evening he met Mr. Rhodes, who inquired: "Where's my Cape Town paper?" "Oh, I cut it up for the printers," was the reply. "Please let me do that again," said Rhodes mildly. "That paper came through by native runners and cost me \$1000."

A well-known American writer automobilized through Scotland, and at a hotel in the highlands was treated with the greatest incivility.

"I complain in particular," he said to the manager, "about my waiter in the dining room. The attention and insolence of this man are insupportable."

The manager sought out the waiter, a raw-boned, red-haired highlander.

"Bugal," he said, "the American visitor accuses you of inattention and insolence. What do you say?"

The highlander snorted and hotly replied: "It's no' to be expeckit that a self-respectin' man could wait on him w' civility. Wasna it at said we took to the kilt because our feet were too large to get through trousers?"

Ambassador Leishman at Constantinople, for some weeks after his elevation to ambassadorial rank failed to secure an audience with the Sultan. The other day Assistant Secretary Adece was humorous, and said the situation at Constantinople was like that of a man with a rent in his trousers. The man went into a tailor shop and displayed a sign, "Trousers mended while you wait." He retired to the inner room and gave his trousers to the tailor to fix up.

After waiting about two hours he called to the tailor: "Haven't you fixed those trousers yet?"

"Not yet," replied the tailor.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked, somewhat impatiently. "Your sign says, 'Trousers mended while you wait.'"

"That's all right," answered back the tailor, "but the slightest trace of a smile, 'you're waiting yet, ain't you?'"

Ambassador Leishman, said Mr. Adece, is still waiting.

A suit recently tried in a Virginia town a lawyer of limited experience was addressed by the jury on a point of law, when, good-

naturally, he turned to opposing counsel, a man of much more experience than himself, and asked:

"That's right, I believe, Colonel Hopkins?"

Whereupon, Hopkins, with a smile of conscious superiority, replied:

"Sir, I have an office in Richmond wherein I shall be delighted to enlighten you on any point of law for a consideration."

The youthful attorney, not in the least abashed, took from his pocket a half-dollar piece, which he offered Colonel Hopkins with this remark:

"No time like the present. Take this, sir, tell us what you know, and give me the change."

In a certain town are two brothers, who are engaged in the retail coal business. A noted evangelist visited the town, and converted the elder brother of the firm.

For weeks after his conversion the brother who had lately "got religion" endeavored to persuade the other to join the church. One day, when the elder brother was making another effort he asked:

"Why can't you, Richard, join the church as I did?"

"It's all right for you to be a member of the church," replied Richard, "but if I join who's going to weigh the coal?"

F. K. Gregory, assistant general passenger agent of the Santa Fe, who has his office in the Ferry building, has set a new fashion in railroad circles (says the San Francisco Chronicle).

The winds from the bay are getting chilly, and Gregory has put a small oil stove in his office, at which the officials poke fun, although they occasionally sit around it and get warm.

The stove is placed over in one corner, where a stool formerly stood, and in the darkness it is hard to tell them apart.

"Where's that stove I've been hearing so much about?" said Fred Prince, as he walked into the office.

Gregory was silent, so Prince took a seat, and arose with a howl.

"Did you find it?" asked Gregory, with the ghost of a smile.

In the cook's absence the young mistress of the house undertook, with the help of a green waitress, to get the Sunday luncheon. The flurried maid, who had been struggling in the kitchen with a coffee machine that refused to work, confessed that she had forgotten to wash the lettuce.

"Well, never mind, Eliza. Go on with the coffee, and I'll do it," said the considerate mistress. "Where do you keep the soap?"

An actor in a London lodging house, who had discovered his landlady's propensity for "swiping," numbered and listed his things. One night he roused the household by shouting down from his attic a demand for "No. 8."

"No. 8?" shouted the landlady back. "What No. 8?"

"I want cube No. 8 of my lump sugar," he replied.

Thenceforth the provisions in his cupboard were unmolested.

Specially adapted to Asthmatics; always relieves, generally cures. Brooks' Homoeopathic Cough Syrup; 25c, at druggists.

Once at a dinner Hawke praised the conversational talent of a man across the table. He said to Mr. Field:

"Do you know him?"

"I have met him," Field answered.

"Well, he is a clever chap," Hawke said. "He can talk brilliantly for an hour at a stretch."

"Then, when I met him," said Mr. Field, "it must have been the beginning of the second hour."

A. HIRSCHMAN

Jeweler and Silversmith. Now at 1641 Van Ness Avenue, bet. California and Sacramento Streets.

At a certain ducal mansion in the early Victorian days economy was the ruling passion of the hosts, and it was impossible for the guests to obtain any coal for their bed-rooms. Remembering his discomfort on this account during a previous visit, one guest brought an extra portmanteau filled with coal. Unfortunately this burst open as it was being carried upstairs, and the contents were scattered. He was never asked again.

DRS. BARKAN & SEWALL

Specialists for Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, are now located at 1700 California street, corner Van Ness avenue.

BURNS'

HAMMAM TURKISH AND RUSSIAN

=BATHS=

815 EDDY STREET, Near Van Ness

FORMERLY GRANT AVENUE

SAN FRANCISCO

NEXT TO TAIT'S

SUNSET ROUTE

2 Trains Daily

SAN FRANCISCO—NEW ORLEANS

Making Close Connections at New Orleans with Trains for Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Washington, and New York.

Also

With Southern Pacific Steamship Line New Orleans to New York.

Dining and Observation Service

Tourist and Pullman Sleepers

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

THE ARGONAUT will be sent free up to January 1st, 1907, to all new subscribers who send in one year's subscription during November and December.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

President Roosevelt is a lucky man. This Cuban business gives him a fine opportunity to let go the tail of the simplified-spelling bear.—Providence Bulletin.

"What's the matter with these United States?" asks William Allen White in Collier's. Too many dad-burned magazine knockers for one thing, Bill.—Buffalo Evening News.

Mr. Nervous—I love the smell of motor cars! Hostess—Really? What an extraordinary taste! Why do you like it? Mr. Nervous—Because when you smell it you know the danger's past.—Topeka Journal.

"Well, Tommy," said the visitor, "I suppose you like going to school?"

"Oh, yes," answered Tommy, "I like goin' all right, and I like comin' home, but it's stayin' there between times that makes me tired."—Chicago News.

"They say you allow your husband to carry a latchkey now." "So I do. But the key doesn't fit the door. I just let him carry it to humor him. He likes to show it to his friends, you know, and make them think he's independent."—Los Angeles Times.

Footpad (with revolver)—Hold up yer hands! Victim—You can go through me if you want to, but I'll be dad-dinged if I'm going to hold up my hand any more! I'm tired of doing it. You're the third since I left the lodge.—Chicago Tribune.

An applicant for the post of mistress in a country school was asked: "What is your position in regard to the whipping of children?" She replied: "My usual position is on a chair with the child held firmly across my knees, face downward!"—Rural World.

"If ye please, mum," said the ancient hero, in an appealing voice, as he stood at the back door of the cottage on washday, "I've lost my leg —" "Well, I ain't got it," snapped the woman fiercely. And the door closed with a bang.—Ladies Home Journal.

A Bostonian died, and when he arrived at St. Peter's gate he was asked the usual questions: "What is your name, and where are you from?" The answer was, "Mr. So-and-So, from Boston." "You may come in," said St. Peter, "but I know you won't like it."—Hoboken News.

"Well," said the optimist, "I suppose you are through kicking about the warm weather."

"Oh, yes," responded the pessimist cheerfully. "I'm kicking about the cold weather now. That's the good point about the weather. You can nearly always kick."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"My dear," said the caller, with a winning smile, to the little girl who occupied the study while her father, an eminent literary man, was at his dinner, "I suppose you assist your papa by entertaining the bores?" "Yes, sir," replied the little girl gravely; "please be seated."—Washington Journal.

"For some time past I've been buying a dozen eggs every week at this store, and I invariably find two bad ones in every dozen. Something's got to be done about it," said an irate housekeeper. "Well," said the new clerk naively, and with a quiet smile, "mebbe if you only bought half-a-dozen you'd only get one bad one."—Grocer's Literary Gazette.

"Did ye get damages fer being in that railway accident, Bill?"

"Sure; fifty dollars for me and fifty fer the missus."

"The missus? I didn't hear she was hurt." "She wasn't; but I had the presence o' mind to fetch her one on the head with me foot."—Harper's Weekly.

Martha's mistress often boasts of her readiness of resource. "The best nursemaid in town," she calls her. One day she came home from a drive, to be confronted with the startling news that the baby had swallowed a button.

"And what did you do, Martha?" she asked in some anxiety, although trusting that it had been the right thing.

"Why," said Martha, "I made him swallow a button-hole right away!"—Youth's Companion.

Wilbur J. Carr, of the State Department, had occasion to call at the house of a neighbor late at night. He rang the doorbell. After a long wait a head was poked out of a second-floor window.

"Who's there?" asked a voice.

"Mr. Carr," was the reply.

"Well," said the voice as the window banged shut, "what do I care if you missed a car? Why don't you walk and not wake up people to tell them about it?"—New York World.

Mrs. Reginald DeKoven said of a certain piece of cruelty: "It reminds me of the action of a Chicago girl. 'Why have you thrown over

Mr. Smith?' a friend said to this girl reproachfully. 'Oh,' she replied, 'I could never marry a man with a crooked leg.' 'What made his leg crooked?' 'I ran over it with my motor car.'"—Woman's Home Companion.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Not a Clam.

He talks like a book, his Admirers all say. What a pity he doesn't Shut up the same way.

—World Today.

Alas!

I can not sing the old songs I sung long years ago. And neither can the lady Who lives in the flat below.

—New York Evening Mail.

Mary and the Flea.

Mary, on her pretty arm, Found a little flea; Every time she grabbed at it, It would "23."

Fido saw her acting up And the cause he knew— Fido smiled and said, "Ah, ha! Mary's got 'em, too."

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Timely Wish.

Because old winter's close at hand, I wouldn't mind, b'gee, If some accommodating chap Would make it hot for me.

—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Not Reassuring.

"Time flies; perhaps I've made my call Too long," he said. Said she: "Oh, no; it wasn't long at all— It only seemed to be."

—Philadelphia Ledger.

Burns Revised.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us To see oursel's as ither see us!" Or, better still, make ither swells To see us as we see oursel's.

—Philadelphia Press.

Isn't This Awful?

There once was a girl named Miss Mary, Whose mother baked excellent doughnuts. One day the girl married A man with a hare-lip. Let's lean up against the deep river.

—Denver Post.

A Flitting.

A fly and a flea and a flea Were imprisoned, so what could they do? Said the fly: "Let us flee." Said the flea: "Let us fly." So they flew through a flaw in the flea.

—Pearson's Weekly.

The great astrologer pointed to an ominous group of stars. "They tell me that you will be robbed by a dark man before another moon," whispered the prophet. "Have you any idea who this dark man can be?" The domestic man smiled sadly. "The coal man, of course," he sighed.—Chicago News.

MOTHERS BEWARE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

"It is strange how some people cry at weddings." "Yes, but you've probably noticed that it's never the single people who cry." "Well?" "Well, it is only the married ones who realize the tragedy of it."—Houston Post.

All over the world, babies have been benefited during the teething period, by Steedman's Soothing Powders.

First Church Member—How is your choir getting along? Second Church Member—We are thinking of asking Taft to become provisional governor.—New York Sun.

NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS.—You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50 Try it.

OUR STANDARDS

Sperry's Best Family
Drifted Snow
Golden Gate Extra

Sperry Flour Company

MAIN OFFICE: 133 SPEAR ST.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.
OF HARTFORD
ESTABLISHED 1850

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000.00
Cash Assets.....5,340,136.94
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,414,921.16

Benjamin J. Smith
Manager Pacific Department:
525 THIRTEENTH ST., OAKLAND
San Francisco Office:
2310 CALIFORNIA STREET

THE LATEST STYLES IN
Choice Woolens

H. S. Bridge & Co.
MERCHANT TAILORS
1176 O'FARRELL STREET

Bonestell, Richardson & Co.

Have Plenty of Every Kind of

PAPER

Phone Temporary 1273
473 to 475 SIXTH STREET,
San Francisco.

For YOUR

BREAKFAST

GERMEA

At All Grocers

THE JOHNSON-LOCKE MERCANTILE CO.

AGENTS

714 Broadway, Oakland

MT. TAMALPAIS RAILWAY

Via Sausalito Ferry—Foot of Market St.

Lv. San Francisco	Sun	Leave Tamalpais	Sun	W'kday
W'kday	8:25A	Sun	10:40A	1:05P
9:50A	9:50A			
1:45P	11:00A			
	1:45P		2:30P	4:30P
Saturday			4:30P	Saturday
4:35P	3:15P		5:45P	9:30P

Legal Holidays, Sunday Time.

TICKET OFFICE AT SAUSALITO FERRY.

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO

Stoves and Ranges

ADAPTED FOR BURNING: COAL, WOOD, GAS, GASOLINE AND OIL.

REFRIGERATORS

Complete Kitchen Outfits for Hotels, Restaurants, Clubs & Households

COR. POLK & TURK STS.

PHONE EMERGENCY 427

Steamship Lines

AMERICAN LINE

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON.
St. Paul.....Nov. 10 | St. Louis.....Nov. 17
New York.....Nov. 17 | Philadelphia.....Nov. 24

Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool
Merion.....Nov. 10 | Noorland.....Nov. 17
Haverford.....Nov. 24 | Merion.....Dec. 1

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.
Minneapolis.....Nov. 17 | Mesaba.....Nov. 24
Minnehaha.....Nov. 24 | Minnetonka.....Dec. 1

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.
Sailings Wednesdays as per sailing list.
Potsdam.....Nov. 14, 2 p. m. | Statendam.....Dec. 5, 10 a. m.
Noordam.....Nov. 21, 10 a. m. | Ryndam.....Dec. 19, 7 a. m.
N. Amsterdam.....Nov. 28, 3 p. m. | Potsdam.....Jan. 2, 6 a. m.

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.

Kronland.....Nov. 21 | Finland.....Dec. 5
Vaderland.....Dec. 5 | Zealand.....Dec. 12

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.
Teutonic.....Nov. 14 | Celtic.....Nov. 21
Baltic.....Nov. 21 | Baltic.....Dec. 5
Oceanic.....Dec. 5 | Majestic.....Dec. 12

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Cymric.....Nov. 15 | Arabic.....Nov. 22

G. U. KOEPEL, Pass. Agt. Pacific Coast,
Room 207 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

ORIENTAL S. S. Co. have opened their general offices at 217-221 Brannan Street, SAN FRANCISCO

S. S. Hong Kong Maru.....Nov. 9, 1900
S. S. America Maru (Calls at Manila).....Nov. 30, 1900
S. S. Nippon Maru (Calls at Manila).....Dec. 28, 1900

Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and Brannan streets, 1 p. m., for Yokohama and Hongkong, calling at Honolulu, Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and meeting at Hongkong with steamer for Manila, India, etc. cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Sts. W. L. AVERY, Assistant General Manager.

Thos. Cook & Son

NOW LOCATED

1168 Broadway, Oakland

And North Nave Ferry Building

San Francisco

AUTOMOBILES

Runabouts - - - \$700

Reo Touring Cars - \$1400

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

J. W. LEAVITT & CO

441 Golden Gate Ave.

The Argonaut.

Vol. LIX. No. 1549.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 17, 1906.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 1711 San Pablo avenue, Oakland. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States except Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Jerome Hart, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." To insure consideration, manuscript submitted for publication must be typewritten.

Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal."

Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., 5 Breams Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear, W. J. Abernethy, and by the Denison News Company on its boats and trains.

Published at San Francisco, California. Temporary Office, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, California.

THIRTIETH YEAR

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

ROME A. HART

Editor

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: A Man Against a State—Abnormal Criminals—Elections in the East—San Francisco's Water Question—Ever Faithful Alaska—War Department Reports on the April Disaster—Japanese in American Schools—San Francisco and the Navy—The California Campaign	229-232
ELECTION RESULTS AND RECKONINGS: Aftermath of the New York Campaign—Prominent Winners and Losers—Concerning States and Territories—California Gains and Losses	233
HITS AGAINST INSURANCE COMPANIES	234
"PAY PAY" AND "PEARSON'S": How the Irish Member of Parliament Bested the Big Publishing Company, Told by "Cockaigne"	235
POLITICO-PERSONAL	235
THIEF OR THUG: Showing That There Is Aristocracy in Rascaldom	236
FRISIAN MOB AT RACE COURSE: Bookmakers' Booths Stormed, Robbed, and Burned in Spite of Police	237
OLD FAVORITES: "The Death of the Flowers" by William Cullen Bryant	237
LETTERS OF A WAR SURGEON: Striking Incidents Chronicled by a Physician with the Union Army	238
INDIVIDUALITIES	239
UNITY FAIR	240
SAGE GOSSIP: Dramatic Notes—Musical Notes	241
LIBRARY NOTES: New Publications—Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip	242-243
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy	244-245
JOHN'S SEAFARING ANCESTORS	246
SORNETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise	247
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS	248
THE TUNEFUL LIAR	248

A Man Against a State.

There has just come from the press a volume containing the memoirs of the late John H. Reagan, once Postmaster-General of the Southern Confederacy. Judge Reagan was a bitter hater of "the Abolitionists," and an ardent secessionist. Yet when imprisoned at the close of the war he wrote, from Fort Warren, his place of confinement, an earnest address to the Southern people and the people of his State. In this he urged them to submit to the abolition of slavery, to the enfranchisement of the negro, and to the other measures of reconstruction, which he saw were inevitable.

Judge Reagan had been widely loved and honored. His this unpalatable advice was ill received. So ill was it received that it is not exaggeration to say that from the day of its utterance until he was in his grave Judge Reagan was never fully forgiven by the people of his State and the people of the South. Yet it was good

advice. It was true. It was wise. And events have shown that his prophecies were infallible.

What is the duty of a public man in the United States? Should he do that which is right? Or that which is popular? Should he follow the dictates of his own conscience? Or should he obey blindly the cries of the fickle people? Shall he run counter to the will of the people, as did Secretary William H. Seward in 1862 when he released Mason and Slidell, the Confederate commissioners wrongfully taken by us on the high seas, and thereby prevented war with Great Britain? Or shall he run counter to his own wishes and his own wisdom, and yield to popular clamor, as did William McKinley in 1898, when he reluctantly consented to a war with Spain?

In a recent periodical Senator Culberson of Texas has an interesting chapter from the inside of Secession. It details some of the events in Texas at the outbreak of the Civil War. It is the first time we have seen these happenings set down in detail, and we think they are probably little known outside of that State.

It must not be forgotten that Texas occupied a very different position in the Federal Union from any other commonwealth. The old colonies had banded together in fear of Great Britain. Louisiana had been purchased. California had been conquered. Texas had herself won her independence from Mexico with the sword. She had existed as an independent republic from 1836 to 1845. She had come into the Union of States full armed in all the panoply of an independent State which had won her own independence. She was not one of the original thirteen colonies which had been held together by a compact against Great Britain. She was not one of the later States which were carved out from the colonies as was Maine from Massachusetts, or as the Middle Western States were cut from the "Western Reserve Territory" of Connecticut and other New England States. Nor was Texas one of the western tier of trans-montane Southern States, which had once formed part of the southern coast colonies. In short, Texas was an independent republic which had become a part of the United States at her own request and desire.

Traces of her independence are still found in her organic law. In the other States of the Union the public lands belong to the Federal Government. In Texas they belong to the State. In other commonwealths two sections of every township are devoted to the public schools. Texas may devote all of the proceeds of the public lands in a township to public schools or other public buildings if she so elects. Furthermore, Texas has reserved to herself the control of her own boundaries. She can refuse to be cut up into smaller States by the Federal Government unless she so desires. Neither can she be annexed to another State without the consent of her own people. In that respect she differs from the people of Arizona and New Mexico. If those Territories had won their freedom from Mexico with the sword as did Texas, and had they come into the Union as Texas did, they would not occupy today their present abject condition. For although this Union of ours is ostensibly made up of self-governing communities, it seems as if the fate of Arizona and New Mexico may depend entirely on the will of the President and Congress. Let us hope it is not so.

When the mutterings of Civil War were heard in 1860 Sam Houston was Governor. He was a Virginian; a veteran of the Creek Indian War; had been a Representative in Congress from Tennessee; a Governor of Tennessee; General and Commander-in-Chief of the Texan Army which won independence from Mexico; twice President of the Republic of Texas; United States

Senator; finally Governor of the State of Texas. His inaugural message to the Legislature on January 14, 1860, expressed warm attachment to the Union. But the election of Lincoln led the secessionists to make violent demands on him to assemble the Legislature in extra session. This he finally did on January 21, 1861. In the meantime a convention was called coming directly from the people. This convention Governor Houston repeatedly denounced as unauthorized. Yet both Legislature and convention assembled in the same city at the same time.

Strong efforts were made, both North and South, to win over Governor Houston and the State of Texas. But Governor Houston remained steadfast for the Union. He called together a number of gentlemen who, like himself, were opposed to secession, and informed them that he had a special message from Mr. Lincoln; it was that at a proper time the President would land a large body of Federal troops on the Texas coast, if Governor Houston would undertake to hold the State in the Union. He called for the opinion of the youngest man present, according to the usage of councils of war. This gentleman urged the acceptance of President Lincoln's proposition. Mr. Culberson, the next youngest, differed; he said that no force of troops could prevent the secession of Texas; that as secession and war were inevitable, Texas, by reason of its great distance from the seat of war, would escape many of its horrors; but that if Federal troops were landed the State would at once become the theatre of active hostilities, and the land be devastated by fire and sword. The council finally accepted this view. General Houston said to them: "Gentlemen, I have asked your advice and I will take it, but if I were twenty years younger I would accept Mr. Lincoln's proposition and endeavor to keep Texas in the Union."

The people's convention finally adopted an ordinance of secession on February 21st, 1861. It was ratified by the people of Texas on February 23d by a vote of about forty thousand against fourteen thousand. General Houston issued a proclamation on March 4th stating the result of the vote, and on March 5th an ordinance was passed uniting Texas to the Southern Confederacy. The secession convention passed an ordinance ordering all State officials to swear to support the Southern Confederacy. As Governor Houston declined to do so, he was formally deposed March 16th, 1861. When Edward Clark, the Lieutenant Governor, and an intimate personal and political friend, entered the executive office and demanded its archives, Houston wheeled slowly in his chair, faced him, and asked with deliberate scorn: "What is your name, sir?"

During this secession controversy General Houston, who was a popular orator of a high order, spoke repeatedly in different parts of the State. At times he was hissed, and once a group of young women showed such disapprobation of his remarks that he said: "These young ladies here do not appreciate the import of the present crisis, but I tell them that before their sweethearts return from the impending war the valleys of the South will run with blood." He was a master of stump speaking and bitter invective. Once while addressing a large audience he was interrupted and asked what he thought of a certain politician; without hesitation he replied: "He has every characteristic of a dog except fidelity."

It is a striking commentary on the gratitude of republicans that there is no monument over Houston's grave. In this land of free thought and free speech, it is a warning to men who support that which they believe to be right yet which they know to be unpopular. It is a warning

to such men of what their fate may be. The sole recognition and reward that General Sam Houston received after his death from the people of Texas was an ordinance providing that the remainder of his salary as Governor should be paid to his widow.

It is a pathetic picture, that of this fine old veteran struggling against his State, for while he was attached to the Union he passionately loved his State. During the dark days of the Civil War he lived in retirement, and died on July 23, 1863.

What is the moral of these bits of history? In great crises, what shall an American statesman do? Shall he do that which he believes to be right, even if unpopular, and wreck his career? Or shall he stifle his conscience, do that which he believes to be wrong yet knows to be popular, and die loved and honored?

Abnormal Criminals.

During the carnival of crime which has prevailed in San Francisco for a number of weeks, a certain series of brutal crimes terrified the community and puzzled the police. These were usually perpetrated in the day-time and were the work of two men, who would enter a bank, shop, or other place of business, with a third on guard outside. One of the first of these crimes was the robbery of a Japanese bank and the murder of its manager, M. Munekata. In this affair two men entered the bank ostensibly to cash a check; while the manager was examining it one of them beat in his skull with a gas-pipe, killing him, while the other attacked another Japanese in the bank with a similar bludgeon, leaving him senseless. They then took what cash was in sight and fled. In the case of William Friede, the two men entered his shop under the pretense of buying goods; this unfortunate man was also beaten with a gas-pipe and left dying while his assailants robbed the store and fled. The murder of John Pfitzner was conducted in exactly the same way. William Gillian's hardware store was attacked by the same thugs, but they failed to murder the store-keeper. J. H. Dockweiler, a civil engineer, was held up on the street and robbed, and his description of his assailants tallied with that given by the few who thought they had seen the gas-pipe thugs of the store robberies. Ex-Coroner Leland, who was also held up and robbed, gave a description of his assailants which strongly resembled that of the gas-pipe criminals. For the robbery of Leland a man named James Sutton is now serving a forty-year sentence in San Quentin prison.

For weeks the police moved heaven and earth to find some clue to the perpetrators of these cold-blooded and cowardly crimes. They made a number of arrests, but in every case failed to find conclusive proof. That the thugs were finally caught is not due to the skill of the police, but entirely to the dogged courage of their latest victim. Last week three men entered the jewelry store of Wm. Behrend on Steiner Street in San Francisco and asked to see some watch chains. The dealer was on the look-out for thieves, and had a revolver and a club lying on the shelf behind the counter. But when he was tendered a twenty-dollar gold piece he naturally turned to his safe against the wall to get the change. The moment he did so the three men rushed behind the counter and began beating him over the head, one with a gas-pipe wrapped in a newspaper, another with a piece of railroad iron. Although Behrend was bleeding freely and half-dazed, he clung to two men with his hands, got the finger of another in his teeth, and fought with all three through the little store, until all four fell out on the sidewalk, crashing through the window. The noise of the breaking glass at once attracted the attention of two plain-clothes policemen who were off duty in a saloon across the street; these at once rushed to the scene. Two of the thugs had fled, but the one with whom Behrend had grappled was unable to disengage himself. He was arrested, and the unfortunate jeweler was taken to the hospital.

When the criminal was taken to the police station he was found to be a mere youth. It was not long before he broke down under the process of police "sweating." He gave his name as Louis Dabner. He confessed that he and a man named Siemson or Simpson were the perpetrators of the series of crimes above enumerated. From

Dabner's confession the police learned that Simpson is a half-caste Kanaka, the son of a German father and a Hawaiian mother; that he is a man of good education and some accomplishments; that he had served in the United States Army in the Philippines, was habituated to the use of weapons, and is a desperate criminal. Dabner, who made the confession, is only eighteen years old, and six months ago was a pupil in the High-School at Petaluma, a little city in rural California. He became acquainted with Simpson while they were working at a stable, and he claims that the half-caste led him into a criminal career.

It is remarkable that this series of desperate crimes is not the work of old and hardened villains—it turns out to have been committed by two young men who are native products. The police have darkly intimated that dangerous "strong-arm men" had arrived here from the East in gangs; the labor unions asserted that the carnival of crime was the work of strike-breakers imported by the United Railroads. Yet both are wrong; it now develops that the criminals are both products of the Pacific; one comes from a primitive little island in the ocean, recently annexed, and the other is a school boy from a pastoral little California town.

The half-caste Kanaka seems to be a bloody-minded monster. In Hawaii there is no lack of indigenous criminals who are sent "to the reef," as they say down there. But the ordinary Kanaka criminal seems to be more of a moral idiot than a monster. He seems to have little sense of what is right and wrong, but he does not seem to have a taste for hideous and cruel crimes unless he is inflamed with native or foreign intoxicants. Still, he is possessed of great physical strength, is of a rudimentary mind, is a moral idiot, and is a dangerously potential criminal. Such a being when crossed with the criminal blood of a higher race naturally becomes more dangerous. Such is the half-caste Simpson. He would seem to possess German brutality, thoroughness, and determination, which blood has been blended with the Kanaka strength, madness, and absence of all moral ideas. In short, he is a dangerous animal, all the more dangerous because he has received some of the training of civilization. He seems to be absolutely destitute of any feeling of morality or any sense of shame. He boasts of his crimes; when confronted with his victims he tells them that they were "lucky they threw up their hands."

The story told by these two young criminals is indeed extraordinary. They spent their money like drunken sailors ashore. They have been living as lodgers in the house of a respectable shoe dealer, who treated them in the most friendly manner. In return they had learned the combination of his safe in order to have it to fall back on in case of need. They had made the acquaintance of another family with two young daughters, one of whom the Kanaka half-caste secretly married. They were in the habit of taking these girls to a "manicure parlor" which was apparently used by them as headquarters for their bloody deeds. On the day of the attack on the jeweler Behrend, the Kanaka took his girl wife to this manicure parlor. He left her there at one o'clock, and returned at half-past one with a bleeding finger mutilated by the jeweler's teeth; this he explained on the ground that he had been "held up and robbed." He even had the amazing effrontery to go with this story to police headquarters, wishing to pick up information about his pals. The gang was carefully watching a rich widow who owned the property where the manicure parlor is situated, and who was in the habit of frequenting it. As she always went about loaded with jewels, they had determined, on a favorable opportunity, to rob the woman, but circumstances had as yet prevented them from doing so.

There has been a great deal of windy talk in San Francisco about vigilance committees, lynching, and hanging to lamp posts. We would suggest that here is an excellent opportunity for this city to give to criminals a long rope and a short shift. Usually a criminal trial in San Francisco extends over many months and sometimes years. Not long ago there were some sixteen unhung murderers in the county jail. Some of them had been there for several years. A little of the energy which, misdirected, would lynch criminals and bring shame on the city, might, judiciously applied to the judges and

juries, succeed in hanging these young criminals in a few weeks instead of in a few years.

Elections in the East.

Throughout the country generally the Republicans have carried the day except in New York State. The Charles E. Hughes, Republican nominee for Governor is at the head of the poll, but the Democratic State ticket has been elected by about 60,000 majorities. Hearst, the head of the ticket, received about 60,000 plurality in Greater New York, but Hughes came out the Bronx with a plurality of about 120,000, which Hearst failed to overcome.

The causes ascribed for the defeat of the head of the fusion ticket are diverse. Many Republicans ascribe it to the direct personal interposition of President Roosevelt. But were this true it seems to us that all, or nearly all, of the Republican State ticket would have been elected along with Hughes. Others ascribe Hearst's defeat to the farmers in rural New York. Outside the cities the rural voters, both Democratic and Republican, are said to have voted for Hughes in large numbers through their dislike for Hearst. But this reason seems to us open to the same objection as that ascribing Hearst's defeat to the personal influence of President Roosevelt. If the farmers voted so largely for Hughes through their fear and dislike of Hearst, why did they swallow Hearst's followers? Why did they vote for Hearst ticket? The ticket was largely the work of Hearst. To our thinking the explanation of Hearst's defeat is Tammany treachery. Murphy agreed to support Hearst, but he either could not or would not deliver the goods. McClellan, McCarron, and their followers fought Hearst bitterly. Therefore, the election of the Republican candidate as Governor of New York is not so much a Republican victory as it is a Hearst defeat.

Throughout the country at large the Republican gubernatorial majorities have been very good for an year. The newly elected House of Representatives for the Sixtieth Congress will contain 222 Republicans and 164 Democrats, a Republican majority of 57. The Fifty-ninth Congress contains 249 Republicans and 137 Democrats, a Republican majority of 112. The Democrats have gained twenty-seven members.

The Argonaut takes great pleasure in recording that Gompers and his gang have been signally routed at the polls. Their defeat was foreshadowed by the return of Congressman Littlefield in Maine. Speaker Cannon was marked out by Gompers for slaughter, yet he had been elected by 2,000 more majority than two years ago. And so with most of the other candidates whose door-lintels were sprinkled with blood by Gompers.

San Francisco's Water Question.

The question of a water supply for San Francisco has been a firebrand in municipal politics for a quarter of a century. It does not seem to have been improved by the events of last April. At that time the earthquake put the Spring Valley Water Company partially out of commission by the rupture of its principal mains. The water company has since struggled vigorously to rehabilitate its system, and has measurably succeeded. But there is a deep-rooted belief on the part of the citizenry that the enormous loss by fire was due to the breaking of the Spring Valley mains. This belief has led the public to consider the replacement of the old system a new one more favorably than ever before.

Some months ago there were offered to the city five practicable sources of mountain water supply. The best sources which seemed most prominent were the Tuolumne system, controlled by James D. Phelan and his associates, and the Bay Cities Water Company's project controlled by W. S. Tevis and his associates. In the "era of good feeling" which followed the great disaster the Board of Supervisors called upon three eminent engineers to consider and report on the merits and availability of these respective claims. The gentlemen called were Major Charles H. McKinstry, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A.; Professor S. D. Marx, of the faculty of Stanford University, and Mr. A. M. Hunt, prominent engineer of Berkeley, Alameda County. These names met with immediate favor. All three were

men of high standing in their profession, and all three were practically free from any local surroundings which might affect the impartiality of their judgment. Major McKinstry, by reason of his position in the army, is necessarily a citizen of the whole country rather than of any one locality, although his family has been for years a prominent one in San Francisco, and his father once occupied a seat on the Supreme Bench of California. Professor Marx is a member of the faculty of an institution which, while situated in California, is national in its scope, and he has no more marked interest in San Francisco than any other citizen dwelling in another place could have. So, too, with Mr. Hunt. These three gentlemen accepted the charge somewhat reluctantly. There went with it no pecuniary compensation, and their experience of men must have told them that it would be a thankless task. Doubtless their sympathy for the stricken city may have impelled them to take up the burden.

Then an extremely odd circumstance occurred—the San Francisco Supervisors at once appropriated \$250 for the expenses of this Board of Engineers. While no one expected that their expenses would be very large, such a petty sum would not pay for a stenographer's services or for postage stamps. The appropriation looked inauspicious.

The weeks rolled on, and there were a number of executive meetings of the Supervisors, but nothing was given to the public about the water question. Suddenly the Board of Engineers resigned, unanimously, and without giving any explanation as a board. But it leaked out that the Board of Supervisors approached the Board of Engineers shortly after their appointment and informed them that but one source of supply would be considered. This (according to the Chronicle) was the project of the Bay Cities Water Company. From this it naturally followed that the Board of Engineers would be obliged to confine their functions to considering and reporting on the availability of this proposition alone. The friends of the Board of Engineers say that inasmuch as this amounted to forcing them to endorse a single proposition which might not be the best of the five, and as they were not afforded an opportunity of examining into the merits of all of the five, they determined to resign at once, without expressing any unfavorable opinions concerning the Bay Cities water project, but also without endorsing it or any other. They believed that it was their duty to the people of San Francisco to examine into all and to recommend the best.

These events were followed in not many days by an article in the San Francisco Bulletin, signed by James D. Phelan, in which he practically asserted that the Bay Cities water scheme was a "job"; that it involved the payment by the city of San Francisco of over ten million dollars; that much of this money was to be corruptly used, and that the scheme which he and his associates represented was to be placed at the disposal of the people of San Francisco practically without cost. This communication was answered by Mr. W. S. Tevis, president of the Bay Cities Water Company, who denounced Mr. Phelan and the editor of the Bulletin as "liars and slanderers."

Immediately thereafter, in the midst of the campaign, there was advertised an "Indignation Mass Meeting in Hamilton Hall," at which the citizens were called together to denounce the action of the Board of Engineers. This call was signed "John E. Bennett," who is an attorney of the Bay Cities Company. Only one paper reported the meeting, the Chronicle; the other papers did not notice it. Mr. Bennett (according to the Chronicle's report) addressed a very small gathering, and denounced, in unmeasured terms, those persons who were attacking the Bay Cities Company's water scheme. He insinuated (as reported by the Chronicle) "that Engineers Marx, Hunt, and McKinstry had resigned from the water commission in obedience to Spring Valley influence." The Board of Engineers have not as yet replied, as a board, to this accusation. Professor Marx, however (as reported in the Examiner), thus stated:

The Supervisors designed to limit the Board of Engineers to two or three weeks and to confine the scope to one water scheme. I met the water committee in the office of Mayor Schmitz; with them came Mr. Ruef, and it was with Ruef that I carried

on my entire conversation. I do not remember that any member of the water committee made any remark of note during the entire time. The committee apparently took it for granted that Ruef was carrying on the negotiations. Mr. Ruef said that the number of propositions should be reduced to one, and that this should be reported on within two or three weeks. I left the committee within a few moments after that, and on the Wednesday following, after a meeting with Major McKinstry and Mr. Hunt, we did the only thing we could as honest men, and handed in our resignations.

John E. Bennett, in his speech at the mass meeting referred to, and in numerous advertisements since in the daily papers, concerning the people who speak slighting-ly of his clients, says:

They invent their falsehoods to distract public attention from the water situation, to submerge the city administration with filth, and to utterly destroy public faith and confidence in it, so that they may feel safe that one-third of the voters will vote against the water bonds which these same Supervisors and the Mayor who are being so defamed must submit to the electorate. Yet the Spring Valley Water Company's market for its insufficient quantity of inferior water is gone, and the value of its stocks and bonds is sadly depreciated. Is it not then probable that that company and those whose interests lie with it would do all they possibly could to make these engineers feel that they were liable to discredit themselves by in any way facilitating the city authorities in their search for a source of supply for the municipal water system?

That is about the present situation, as it is to be gleaned from the daily papers. Of course, we need not say that these extremely inflammatory statements are not given on the authority of the Argonaut. They are merely set forth as given in the daily press. The latest rumor is one set forth in the Call to the effect that the Spring Valley plant would soon be acquired by the city at a high figure; that Abraham Ruef, Mayor Schmitz, and Acting-Mayor Gallagher had been purchasing Spring Valley stock; that powerful outside interests had been interested in "cornering" Spring Valley stock; that Walker Brothers, the Salt Lake bankers, and Ladenburg & Thalmann, the New York bankers, had also been financing this deal. The Call even goes so far as to say that "these outside influences which have been gathering in Spring Valley stock are not unfriendly to the Bay Cities project." The implication is that the Bay Cities Company, if it made a deal with the city, would probably have to purchase the distributing system and the city reservoirs of the Spring Valley Company, which would be almost indispensable to any new water company.

Ever Faithful Alaska.

We have received the first number of a handsomely printed periodical entitled "The Boston Alaskan." As its name implies, it is devoted to the interests of Alaska, and the titles of some of the articles are as follows: "The Alaska of the Tourists," "The Agricultural Possibilities of Alaska," "The Story of Mining in Alaska," "The Church's Activity in Alaska," "Alaska's Fisheries," and similar subjects. It is published by the Boston Alaska Society, whose constitution says: "This Society, being founded on a recognition of the fact that the time has arrived for a steady advance in the development of Alaska, should have for its objects the dissemination of truth about a section of the country hitherto misrepresented and misunderstood."

We extend our good wishes to the new journal and the society which publishes it. We sincerely hope that they may accomplish their ends. Uncle Sam talks so much about his desire to build up his new and old territories that the Boston Alaskan Society is doubtless enthusiastic over the outlook.

But there rises up the memory of another journal, published some thirty or thirty-five years ago, which was also "devoted to the development of Alaska," which also intended to "disseminate the truth about a section of the country hitherto misunderstood," and which was called, if we remember rightly, "The Alaska Appeal." Furthermore, it was not edited in Boston, but in Alaska. Its head was not the Honorable John G. Brady, President of the Alaska Society, but it was presided over by one Ivan Petroff, who was a Russian by birth, and if we mistake not, became an American citizen by the cession of Alaska to the United States. Naturally, he was earnestly devoted to the upbuilding of what was perhaps his native land. But in the flight of a third of a century the Alaska Appeal is dead, perhaps Ivan

Petroff is dead, and Alaska is still sleeping, waiting for Uncle Sam attired as Prince Charming to prink gaily over the tundra and wake her up.

Our compliments to Editor Brady and the Boston Alaskan. We hope he will succeed better than Editor Petroff and the Alaska Appeal.

War Department Report on the April Disaster.

The War Department has issued the report of General A. W. Greeley on the relief operations of the military around San Francisco at the time of the April disaster. With it is incorporated the report of General Funston, who was in command from April 16 to April 22, when he was superseded by General Greeley, who promptly returned from his leave, leaving the wedding of his daughter unattended. The report is the only precise and detailed narrative of the events immediately following the earthquake and fire that has yet been printed. General Greeley chronicles that during the three days of disaster there were "only nine deaths by violence. Of these, two were killed by National Guardsmen, one was shot by members of a so-called 'Citizens' Vigilance Committee,' one by a police officer for looting, and one by the combined action of a special police officer and a marine. The remaining four deaths of unknown parties occurred at places not occupied by the regular army."

There has been much question as to the hour when the flames appeared in certain quarters of the city; the hour when certain blocks were attacked by the flames; the hour when certain buildings were dynamited, by whom, and under whose orders; the result of the dynamiting, and whether it checked the flames or not. Very many of these questions are answered in this report. The military officers seem in nearly every case to have exacted written orders from the civil authorities before destroying buildings. When the authority was conflicting or in doubt, they required verbal orders from the Mayor, or the Board of Works, or the Fire Department officials in the presence of witnesses. Lists of buildings demolished appear in this report with the orders for destruction appended as Exhibits A, B, C, D, etc. For example, the permission to dynamite the Phelan Building, the Odd Fellows Building, Prager's Building, the Academy of Sciences Building, the Masonic Temple, and other structures, is addressed "Captain Coleman, Officer in Charge Dynamiting Squad," is dated April 26, 1906, and is signed "J. A. Deneen, J. Mahoney, George F. Duffey, Members of the Building Committee." The dynamiting of many other buildings and blocks of buildings is thus authorized by the municipal authorities. The demolition of the Concordia Club, which shattered some dwellings opposite, is also touched upon, and it is stated in the report that it was done "by the authority of the Sub-Committee on Buildings, presided over by George F. Duffey." The value of keeping records in the methodical manner required in the Army and Navy is strikingly shown in this report. There is scarcely anything the troops did during those dreadful days in which the date and the hour is not set down—from the arrival of the two companies of engineers who marched from Fort Mason to department headquarters, arriving at 7:45 A. M., April 18, to "General Order No. 42," withdrawing the United States troops, and dated July 2.

This report will doubtless be supplemented by the reports of civilian bodies, such as the United States Coast Survey, the State Geological Survey, and others. We advise those interested to secure these reports in time, as they may not be reprinted, and will almost certainly become rare. They are extremely valuable historical documents.

Japanese in American Schools.

As the Administration has been good enough to interest itself in California's way of conducting her public schools, it is no more than neighborly that California should interest herself in the way in which the Administration conducts the Nation's schools at West Point and Annapolis. The Administration does not believe that we ought to exclude Japanese children from the schools conducted by the white citizens of California for

their white children. California does not agree with the Administration in its policy of benevolent assimilation as applied to American and Japanese children. Nor does California agree with the Administration in its further ideas of benevolent assimilation as exemplified in taking Japanese youths into the military and naval schools of the United States. A Japanese cadet has just been permitted to resign at Annapolis. The reason is not stated officially. It is given out extra officially that the young man was not able to keep up to the standard. This we very much doubt. Whatever other allegations may have been brought against the Japanese, we have never heard them accused of being dull. The Japanese cadet was probably not dropped because he was not smart enough. We think he was probably dropped because he was too smart. If he was behind-hand in his studies, it was probably because he was over-worked in writing letters back to his dear old home. We would suggest to President Roosevelt, to Secretary of the Navy Bonaparte, and to Secretary of State Root that after they have finished straightening out matters in the public schools of California, they turn their attention to the military schools of the United States. After they have studied the Japanese students there and looked into the number of Japanese "servants" on American warships, they may find that instead of trying to force Japanese pupils into the public schools of California, they had better lay aside their own policy of training Japanese students in our ships and military schools in the art of war.

The California Campaign.

James Norris Gillett has been elected Governor of California by a plurality of about 14,000. Those who consider this a small plurality may be reminded that it is some 12,000 larger than Pardee got four years ago. Furthermore, Dr. Pardee had the loyal support of Mr. Gillett and the entire Republican party, while Mr. Gillett did not have the loyal support of Dr. Pardee. To this we may add that the daily press of San Francisco were very indifferent toward Mr. Gillett's candidacy—not to say treacherous. If the conductors of those journals should claim that they had done nothing to help elect Gillett's opponents, we have only to reply that nine-tenths of the hostile campaign material we have seen printed in the Democratic press was copied from the San Francisco Chronicle and the San Francisco Call. In fact, so indifferent—not to say disloyal—was the conduct of these so-called Republican papers that it would have excited apprehension in the minds of many Republicans were it not known that their influence works backward. Therefore, we are glad to be able to chronicle this curious fact, that when Dr. Pardee four years ago was supported by the San Francisco Republican dailies, he lost San Francisco by nearly ten thousand votes; that this year, when Gillett was practically abandoned by the San Francisco dailies, he defeated his opponents by a plurality of twelve hundred votes in a labor-union stronghold.

Here we may be pardoned for remarking that we are especially gratified at the shape this election took for these reasons: The Argonaut did not agree with its Republican contemporaries as to the issue in this campaign. We did not believe that the people were paying any attention to "the railroad" roorback raised by the opposition. The people did not believe that Gillett had been nominated by "the railroad," or that he was controlled by any boss, or that he had promised the State patronage to Ruef and Schmitz. We did not believe that the people paid the slightest heed to these assertions. We sincerely believed and said that Gillett's nomination was brought about by the ardent and assiduous crusade begun by his friend George Knight long before Gillett returned from Congress to California. If Walter Parker, Judge McKinlay, and the railroad forces from Southern California fell in behind the Gillett band and finally climbed into the Gillett bandwagon, it was because they thought that he would lead the Republican hosts to victory. It is our belief that Mr. Gillett is not tied up in any way to any boss or bosses, or to any corporation or organization.

Thus, therefore, the Argonaut believed that the issue was not "the railroad," but that it was the defense of our present system of a government by the people against

a threatened system of Government by Organized Labor. A labor union conspiracy was plotting to replace our republican system of government by a system of class government. The Argonaut at once denounced this plot to seize the government of a great State. We denounced the foreign labor leaders like Compers, who attempted from a distance of three thousand miles to dictate to the citizens of California who should govern them. And we denounced the local labor leaders, like McCarthy, Parry, and Tveitmoe who were using the masses of less intelligent workmen to further their own ends and to feather their own nests.

Our denunciations excited alarm among some of our Republican contemporaries. A certain number urged upon us the wisdom of silence on this topic. Others attacked us for our "hostility to labor," and loudly proclaimed their own devotion to the sacred cause of unionism and Comperism, while they hysterically scratched, squalled, and spat at the Democrats who were solemnly adjusting the perforated pumpkin-lantern of their railroad roorback.

But the Argonaut insisted on forcing the issue. We showed that Bell was indorsed by the State Convention of the Union Labor party; that he thereby became the Organized Labor nominee; that he thus stood on the platform of Organized Labor; that his indorsement was jobbed through by its leaders; that in the event of election, he would necessarily call to power such men as McCarthy, Parry, Tveitmoe, and other local labor leaders. This was so plain and incontrovertible that our further query as to how the State of California would like to be ruled by such men, met with no reply from the Democrats, and only with abuse from the labor union leaders.

We pointed to the terrible condition to which a government by Organized Labor had reduced San Francisco in five years; we showed that there was no safety for life, limb, or property in the State's chief city under a Government by Organized Labor; we recalled how California twelve years ago was ruled by Organized Labor for three weeks, and how a great State then lay paralyzed and helpless under the foot of brigandage; we pointed out that such a fate was waiting California if she chose again to place herself under the control of Organized Labor. To these statements there came no reply. Our faint-hearted Republican contemporaries ceased to sermonize the Argonaut, but were still too timid to talk of anything except to repel the insinuations of railroad influence.

One of these, in remonstrating with this journal's tone, said: "The Argonaut will array Organized Labor against the Republican party. It is not the policy of any of Mr. Gillett's friends to place him in a false position by making appeals which can be construed as hostile to the interests and aims of the working class." This and similar diatribes almost led us to fear that the Argonaut was doing harm rather than good to Gillett's candidacy. So far did the reproaches of Republican journals go that we felt ourselves forced to make a disavowal of being an inspired organ. The San Francisco Star, the Sacramento Bee, and other journals spoke of the Argonaut as a "Gillett organ," as "the mouth-piece of the candidate," etc. As our utterances were entirely uninspired, and as we had no acquaintance with and no communication with Mr. Gillett, we assured the press, Republican and Democratic, that what we said represented our own convictions only.

Fortunately for our peace of mind, there came solace at the end. During the closing days of the campaign Mr. Gillett, in a public speech, when informed that he had been hissed in a labor union meeting in San Francisco, said:

Thank God that audience hissed my name and did not cheer it. If there could have been any question in the minds of honest men as to where I stood, that hissing must have dissipated it. If Bell were to be elected Governor he would undoubtedly turn over to the leaders of this labor union meeting the control of the State government, just as the control of the government of San Francisco has been turned over to them. Bell would have to reward McCarthy, Tveitmoe, and Parry, and he would have to turn over the State to them as such a reward. God forbid that the time shall ever come when the State shall fall into such hands.

This made it plain that the Argonaut had not embarrassed the Republican candidate in its voicing of the issues of the campaign, even if it had so greatly shocked

its Republican contemporaries. And the outcome of the election has shown that the issue was not "the railroad," but whether the people of the State of California desired to be governed by the nominee of one of the old-established political parties, or by the nominees of a bastard pseudo-political organization, based on class hatred.

The people have decided.

San Francisco and the Navy.

The following communication has reached the Argonaut. Although it is unsigned, it is postmarked "Bremerton," and therefore presumably is from an officer of the Navy:

Although the battleship Wisconsin was built at San Francisco and has had a most successful career—carrying off the honors in great gun practice from all ships of the Navy for 1906—she sailed into San Francisco Bay proudly waving the battleship trophy pennant from her mast, and hardly a line of recognition was given her by the press of California. Why is San Francisco so utterly indifferent to the Navy and the fine ships that add to the splendor of her mountain-crowned bay? It is very different in the Eastern States; the feeling for the Navy is cordial; every ship excites interest, every one knows more or less about them; their doings and movements are chronicled as important as they really are, to the nation, to the people, and as guardians of the peaceful homes, honest pursuits, and valued possessions of all Americans.

We hope our Navy friends will absolve San Francisco of this venial sin. Rarely has it happened that she has shown herself indifferent to the Navy. The writer of the note above must not forget that some of the best ships of the Navy were built in San Francisco at the Union Iron Works, and sailed their measured miles either in San Francisco Bay or in Santa Barbara Channel. He must not forget that the Oregon, the San Francisco, the Monterey, the Olympia, the Charleston, the Marietta, the Wheeling, the Farragut, the Wisconsin, the Ohio, the Wyoming, the Paul Jones, the Preble, the Perry, the Tacoma, the California, the South Dakota, and the Milwaukee, were built in San Francisco, and, above all, he must not forget that that magnificent warship, the "Oregon," was not only built here, but sailed from this Coast on her memorable voyage of some thirteen thousand miles to take part in the naval operations around Santiago de Cuba. If he had ever been here when these fine ships were launched; when they made a record, as many of them did, or when they sailed into what we may call their home port with the long coach-whip pennant flying from their masts, he would know from the roar of greeting which rose up from San Francisco that she has never neglected the Navy.

But nowadays, any day, every day, is San Francisco's busy day. The poor city is so engrossed in finding herself, in reconstructing her old lines, in getting in out of the wet in tents, shacks, and shanties, in trying to go to business without being held up by thugs, choked by garroters, or killed by street cars, and generally is so bent on taking the clutch of official grafters from her throat, that her citizens are obliged to neglect some of the courtesies of life, indispensable and agreeable as they are in less strenuous times.

In Russia, translations of English and American works, as well as of French, German, and Italian books, are very soon published and widely circulated in spite of the censorship. A book like Kautsky's "History of Socialism," of which only a section has been translated into English, two editions of the complete work were issued in Russia, one each in Warsaw and Odessa, each edition consisting of twenty-five thousand copies. These editions were circulated in spite of the police. A later edition, used in Warsaw, was seized by the police and cooked. The Government has devised a plan of reducing all confiscated books to pulp, extracting the ink by chemical process, and sending the pulp to the mint to be made over into paper for bank-notes.

The production of gold in the mines of South Africa for the month of June was the greatest ever recorded. In the first six months of the current year the production was nearly \$6,000,000 greater than in the corresponding time last year.

Assemblyman P. A. Stanton, re-elected from Los Angeles, is spoken of already as a candidate for Speaker of the House.

A bachelor is forced to wear skirts in Korea and can not don trousers until he marries.

ELECTION RESULTS AND RECKONINGS.

Aftermath of the New York Campaign.

The following telegram was sent by the defeated Democratic candidate for Governor of California to the successful Republican candidate for Governor of New York:

Charles E. Hughes, New York, N. Y.: Accept my sincere congratulations. I rejoice in your magnificent victory. Theodore A. Bell."

While the election in New York State defeated W. R. Hearst and repudiated Hearstism, it may land Hearst in the mayor's chair in Greater New York. The possibility of this extraordinary outcome of the State campaign has aroused intense interest in political circles. William S. Jackson, of Buffalo, the Democratic candidate for Attorney General, elected by about 10,000 plurality over Attorney General Mayer, may make easy way for a recount of the ballots cast at the mayoralty election last fall and thereby settle the contention of Hearst that he defeated McClellan and was counted out.

By the election of Democratic State officials in New York, excepting only the Governor, a vast amount of political patronage is directed from former channels. Republicans have held many subordinate positions for years under former administrations, and there will be numerous changes when the newly elected officials are installed. The Canal Fund Commission is one of the largest plums secured by the Democratic victory.

The Portland Oregonian has the following editorial comment on the result in New York:

Had Hearst won, he would have become at once the leading power in the Democratic party; he would have made himself the director of its course, the arbiter of its fortunes. This morning would have begun the work of his paid clacquers in New York to make him the candidate for the presidency, and the work could have been extended speedily to every State of the Union. The man who could carry New York at this time would have been acclaimed as the man who could carry it in 1908. This one would have forced his nomination for the presidency, and the contest whose features would have been the most deplorable presented in our politics—a class contest, stirring the worst passions and dividing the people of the whole country against each other, business, property and orderly government on one side, and all their negations on the other—would have been the consequence. Hearst has passed the zenith, he will soon reach the nadir, of his political fortunes.

At a Prohibition rally held in a Methodist church in New York on the eve of the election, Frederick A. Victor, chairman of the county committee, declared that William R. Hearst had offered the Prohibition party \$50,000 for its nomination for Governorship. Continuing he said:

Many of us here remember that midnight meeting at Binghamton. It was denied a week later, but we know that Mr. Hearst not only made the offer, but you know that he made it to me personally and offered me the money.

In a statement made soon after the election, W. J. Bryan said:

President Roosevelt cannot find very much cause for rejoicing in the New York returns. To have his own State go Democratic cannot be gratifying to him, and to find that his personal attack upon Mr. Hearst had little influence on the result, compared with the influence exerted by McCarren, Croker and McClellan, will not gladden his Thanksgiving day. The President's personal attack on Mr. Hearst was in bad taste, to say the least. The Republicans have had an effective campaign cry in "Stand by the President." Two years from now that appeal will be of no avail, or the President will not be in office after March 4, 1909. Even if he were a candidate—which no friend of his can assume after his repeated declarations—he would have to confront the third-term issue, and I should say that that issue alone would lose the President enough votes to make his race hopeless. The popular vote, as indicated by the Congressional elections, shows that the Republicans even now have a narrow margin to go on, and that margin will be quickly wiped out if the President allows himself to be drawn into a race for a third term.

"Fingy" Conners, chairman of the Democratic State Committee, and next to Murphy the most important in giving Hearst the Buffalo nomination, said to his followers in Buffalo: "I have Hearst's word for it that he day after the election his Independence League goes out of existence."

The English press is a unit in regarding the Hearst candidacy and President Roosevelt's expressions in the campaign as the most notable features, but there is a variety of opinion concerning the results. The London Outlook says:

The election from first to last is among the most dramatic episodes of American politics. President Roosevelt in his tremendous indictment of Mr. Hearst imperiled his own credit. Nothing but the overwhelming response of the people could have justified his extraordinary appeal, and this was not forthcoming.

Many bets which were given wide publicity by certain brokers in New York City for advertising purposes

were never made. The largest wager actually laid was one of \$30,000 to \$10,000 on Hughes, the long end of the bet being taken by John W. Gates. Allen McGraw & Co., representing a client, took the Hearst end.

Prominent Winners and Losers.

Speaker Cannon seems to have profited by the aggressive opposition of Samuel Gompers, as his plurality is larger by 2000 than that he received two years ago.

Democratic gains in Iowa include seventeen members of the legislature and a Democratic Congressman, but Governor Cummins, Republican, was re-elected by a plurality of 22,000.

Gilbert M. Hitchcock of Omaha was elected to Congress, the only Democrat in the Nebraska delegation.

The famous kissing charge made by Mrs. E. W. Stanley against Governor Hoch almost lost him the governorship of Kansas. In the State a majority of 30,000 was expected for him, but he barely squeezed in for a second term. Governor Hoch vigorously denied the kissing episode, but it was made a campaign issue by his opponents and campaign orators expatiated on it. Mrs. Stanley made her charge on the eve of the Republican State Convention. In spite of the sensation and the declaration of delegates that "the campaign will be a nightmare to us," Hoch was renominated. In her public statement, Mrs. Stanley, wife of a former governor, declared Governor Hoch attempted to kiss her in his private office, when she consulted him on business.

In Pennsylvania strenuous efforts were made to defeat Congressmen Dalzell, Dale, and Deemer, in districts where the labor unions were strong. The national secretary-treasurer of the mine workers was the candidate opposing Deemer, and the district president of the mine workers opposed Dale. President John Mitchell made speeches for the miner candidates, but the men refused to follow their leaders in masses large enough to defeat the Republican nominees.

Congressman Nicholas Longworth of Ohio, the son-in-law of President Roosevelt, was re-elected. The day before the election he received this telegram from the President:

"If anything is desired from me, you print what Root said about my desire for the election of a Republican Congress, and reprint portions of my letter to Congressman Watson."

Governor Johnson of Minnesota, Democrat, was re-elected by a vote larger than that given to him two years before, but all other candidates on his ticket were defeated by their Republican opponents.

John Sibley Whalen, the newly-elected Secretary of State in New York, is a labor-union man. He aided in the organization of the Tobacco Workers' International Union, and has served three terms as president of the Central Trades and Labor Council of Rochester. He is 38 years of age and has never held political office.

Congressman J. W. Wadsworth, for many years chairman of the House Committee on Agriculture at Washington, was defeated in the Thirty-fourth New York District, and Congressman Babcock, of Wisconsin, formerly Chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee, failed of election.

Senator Dubois of Idaho, Democrat, will not be re-elected, as the new legislature of the State will be strongly Republican.

Governor J. L. Toole of Montana, Democrat, who had pledged himself to his party to hold his office to the end of his term, and only a few weeks ago was released from that pledge that he might be available as a candidate for United States Senator, will not be tempted, as the new legislature will have a heavy Republican majority. Senator Clark will probably be succeeded by Congressman Dixon.

Senator Thomas M. Patterson, Democrat, of Colorado, will fail of re-election, as the new legislature is Republican.

Concerning States and Territories.

The Republican Congressional Committee closed its headquarters in New York City two days after the election. Before Mr. Sherman, the chairman, left for his home in Utica he said:

The result of the congressional campaign throughout the country is exceedingly gratifying to this committee. The Sixtieth Congress will be Republican by 58 majority. These figures correspond exactly with the prediction given out by the committee on the Thursday before election. Of the districts throughout the United States which the committee marked as certainly Republican, we failed in carrying but four. We have carried more than we marked as probably Republicans.

There was a Republican majority in every county of the State of Washington, though the total is only one-half that given Roosevelt two years ago.

It was remarked with frequency in the Rhode Island campaign that one citizen of that diminutive State has as much voice in the United States Senate as seventeen citizens of New York, but this is not more remarkable than the fact that one voter in the town of West Greenwich, R. I., has as much influence as 450 voters in Providence, so far as a seat in the upper house of the Rhode Island legislature.

The Washington correspondent of the Providence (R. I.) Journal wrote, just before election:

"It became apparent some days ago that there was danger of Hearst's election. It tied up the work of the various departments. Mr. Roosevelt was almost the last to take alarm. His cabinet officers were scurrying over the country on political missions or writing campaign speeches to be delivered in the closing hours of the contest in a last desperate effort to destroy the menace of Hearstism. Then the importunities for him to take a hand in the fight became so insistent that he inconspicuously fled, going to his 'shooting-box' in Virginia, 'Pine Knot,' for a few days of recreation and outdoor exercise, which he so sadly needs. The humor of this is heightened by the knowledge that the President has indulged in recreation and outdoor exercise a good part of the time since returning from his three months' vacation at Oyster Bay."

All the Democratic candidates in Florida are elected. The legislature is unanimously Democratic. The proposition advocated by Governor Broward to drain the Everglades was defeated.

The Democratic vote cast in Texas was the lightest for many years. There were two Republican State tickets in the field and the contest between the two factions brought out a heavy vote of that party. The Democratic plurality will be upward of 200,000 for Colonel Tom Campbell for governor. Two Republican representatives and possibly one Republican senator were elected to the legislature. Of the 141 members of the legislature elected about sixty-five are said to be opposed to the re-election of Senator W. J. Bailey. Bailey was not voted on in the election.

Arizona defeated the joint-statehood proposition with emphasis and the vote against the movement was larger than expected in New Mexico. They will remain two Territories until they become two States.

In the Territory of Hawaii J. K. Kalaniana'ole, Republican, was re-elected Delegate to Congress. The Hawaiian legislature will be made up of 35 Republicans and 10 Democrats.

Julie Larriana, the Unionist candidate for Commissioner of Porto Rico to the United States Congress, received a majority of 42,000 votes. The Federation of Labor party polled approximately 1,500 votes. The Federation claims an island membership of 30,000.

California Gains and Losses.

Congressman J. C. Needham, Republican, of the Sixth California District, was re-elected as usual, but by increased majorities. He carried Fresno County by 1780 votes, though all the Democratic candidates for county offices were elected.

California elected women as superintendents of public instruction in several counties. Miss Florence Boggs, Democrat, defeated her Republican opponent in Stanislaus County, and was re-elected, a deserved recognition of her energy and ability. Miss Lehner, Democrat, defeated the Republican incumbent in San Luis Obispo. Mrs. N. E. Davidson, Democrat, defeated her Republican opponent, Miss Inez Covert, in Calaveras County. Miss Irma McCarty, Democrat, was defeated in Solano County by her masculine opponent.

Langdon beat Bell in one county—Alameda. There the Union Labor strongholds all gave Langdon heavy pluralities, showing that Bell got very little of the labor vote in that county. The great bulk of the labor vote in San Francisco also went to Langdon, the remainder being divided between Bell and Gillett.

Truxtun Beale, who was a candidate for the State Senate from the district including Kern, Kings and Tulare, was defeated.

Frank H. Short, of Fresno, Republican, was defeated by George Cartwright, Democrat, for State senator. Short was considered by his friends before the election a promising candidate to oppose United States Senator Perkins for re-election, but his dream has faded.

Assemblyman Warren M. John, Republican, a newspaper man of San Luis Obispo County, was re-elected, and is now the oldest member of the lower house of the California legislature in point of service.

Sacramento county elected Democratic officials for county officers and endorsed some of the Democratic candidates for State offices, but Secretary of State Charles F. Curry and State Controller E. P. Colgan, Republicans, were given substantial majorities.

State Senator Frank French, one of the principals in the boodle scandal of the last session of the California legislature, and who sought a nomination for re-election

and vindication, was defeated. His district is in the city of San Francisco, and he did not carry the precinct in which he lives.

Less than three-fourths of the voters in San Francisco went to the polls on election day. The registered numbered 51,634; the vote was 37,554. In Alameda county, which includes Oakland, Berkeley, and Alameda cities, only about two-thirds of the registered voters expressed their choice among the candidates on the several tickets. In Los Angeles county only a little more than one-half of the registered voters were numbered at the polls.

Suits Against Insurance Companies.

Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Waterhouse & Price Co. vs., \$5,000.
Transatlantic Fire Ins. Co., Attorney J. C. Bates vs., \$1,200.
Transatlantic Fire Ins. Co., Anna J. Murphy vs., \$4,000 and \$6,000.
Westchester Fire Ins. Co., Leopold Berger and Sarah Berger vs., \$500.
Anchen & Munich Fire Ins. Co., C. Scilling & Co. vs., \$36,000.
Palatine Ins. Co., William Tevis vs., \$8,000.
New Brunswick Fire Ins. Co., William M. Hoag vs., \$2,467.50.
North German Fire Ins. Co., Barbara Schlageter vs., \$3,000.
Hamburg-Bremen Fire Ins. Co., John F. Hennig, Mary Elizabeth Hennig, and the Humboldt Bldg. & Loan Association vs., \$8,000.
Spring Garden Ins. Co., C. A. Gwynn vs., \$800.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Josephine E. Preston vs., \$5,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Edward W. Howard vs., \$5,000.
Transatlantic Fire Ins. Co., C. T. Boldsdorff vs., \$1,000.
Pennsylvania Fire Ins. Co., F. L. Kredt vs., \$800.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Uman, Seelingshon & Brown vs., \$25,000.
British American Assurance Co., Henry Neuman vs., \$2,500.
Fire Association of Philadelphia, Haskins & Schwabacher vs., \$2,500.
Philadelphia Underwriters, Haskins & Schwabacher vs., \$2,500.
United Firemen's of Philadelphia, Haskins & Schwabacher vs., \$1,500.
Hartford Fire Ins. Co., Charles Tanzer vs., \$6,000.
Girard Fire & Marine Ins. Co., Berthe M. Lent vs., \$5,000.
Atlas Assurance Co., Raglan Tuttle, as assignee of On Wo & Co. vs., \$1,000.
Transatlantic Fire Ins. Co., The Judah Boas Co. vs., \$5,000.
North German Fire Ins. Co., The Judah Boas Co. vs., \$5,000.
Transatlantic Fire Ins. Co., Ng Jiu vs., \$400.
United Firemen's Ins. Co. of Philadelphia, Pacific Saw Mfg. Co. vs., \$50.
Rhine-Moselle Fire Ins. Co., George W. Caswell & Co. vs., \$5,500.
Rhine-Moselle Fire Ins. Co., Maguire Company vs., \$34,000.
Rhine-Moselle Fire Ins. Co., Dunham Carrigan & Hayden vs., \$29,586.
Rhine-Moselle Fire Ins. Co., A. Schilling & Co. vs., \$29,571.
Rhine-Moselle Fire Ins. Co., Goldberg, Bowen & Co. vs., \$3,500.
Rhine-Moselle Fire Ins. Co., Thomas Francis Maguire et al vs., \$10,975.
Rhine-Moselle Fire Ins. Co., Gutta Percha Rubber Mfg. Co. of N. Y. vs., \$6,000.
Rhine-Moselle Fire Ins. Co., Elizabeth Wreden vs., \$2,500.
Rhine-Moselle Fire Ins. Co., F. W. Krone vs., \$14,500.
Rhine-Moselle Fire Ins. Co., Waterhouse & Lester Co. vs., \$4,500.
Girard Fire & Marine Ins. Co., Baker & Hamilton vs., \$6,000.
Eagle Fire Ins. Co. of New York, Baker & Hamilton vs., \$2,500.
Hamburg-Bremen Fire Ins. Co., Baker & Hamilton vs., \$5,000.
New Brunswick Fire Ins. Co., Baker & Hamilton vs., \$5,000.
Palatine Ins. Co., Otis Elevator Co. vs., \$1,500.
Caledonian Ins. Co., Otis Elevator Co. vs., \$3,500.
Norwich Union Fire Ins. Co., R. R. Thompson vs., \$7,000.
Fire Association of Philadelphia, Valentine Kehrlein vs., \$1,000.
Spring Garden Ins. Co., Julius Levin vs., \$500 and \$2,500.
Caledonian Fire Ins. Co., Heller, Bachman & Co. vs., \$22,000.
Phoenix Assurance Co., The Sunset Press vs., \$1,200 and \$5,000.
Insurance Co. of North America, L. Oppenheimer vs., \$4,000.
Fire Association of Philadelphia, L. Oppenheimer vs., \$4,000.
Prussian National Ins. Co., Baker & Hamilton vs., \$7,500.
North German Fire Ins. Co., Korbel Box Factory vs., \$1,290 and \$750.
Transatlantic Fire Ins. Co., Korbel Box Factory vs., \$600.
North River Ins. Co., Meyerstein Co. vs., \$10,000.
Eagle Insurance Co. of New York, Meyerstein Co. vs., \$2,500.
Girard Fire & Marine Ins. Co., Meyerstein Co. vs., \$5,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Christina Strobel vs., \$1,999.
Globe and Rutgers Fire Ins. Co., Rightway Shoe Co. vs., \$1,500.
Globe and Rutgers Fire Ins. Co., Rosenthals vs., \$4,000.
Palatine Fire Ins. Co., Ltd., H. Bancroft and others vs., \$10,000.
Phoenix Assurance Co., W. F. Cornell vs., \$1,400.
Phoenix Ins. Co. of Boston, California Housewrecking Co. vs., \$500.
American Ins. Co. of Boston, Exchange Realty Co. vs., \$10,000.
North German Fire Ins. Co., Herman Heyneman vs., \$8,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Improved Real Estate Co. vs., \$17,500.
Caledonian Ins. Co., John Rothschild vs., \$2,500.
United Firemen's Ins. Co., Max & Jules Levy vs., \$7,500.
North German Fire Ins. Co., Raphael's, Inc. vs., \$4,000.
Transatlantic Fire Ins. Co., Chan Cheung vs., \$2,000.
Girard Fire & Marine Ins. Co., Western Sugar Refining Co. vs., \$2,500.
Spring Garden Fire Ins. Co., Western Sugar Refining Co. vs., \$7,500.
Northwestern Ins. Co. of Wisconsin, George B. Benham vs., \$650.
Caledonian Ins. Co., Gottlob, Marx & Co. vs., \$1,000.
Germania Ins. Co., Fannie L. Reis vs., \$8,000.
Fire Association of Philadelphia, A. Abrahamson and Fannie Abrahamson vs., \$8,000.
Pennsylvania Fire Ins. Co., American Glove Co. vs., \$1,500.
Royal Exchange Assurance Corporation of London, Dempster Estate Co. vs., \$3,000.
Thuringia Ins. Co., Max Brooks vs., \$5,000.
Prussian National Ins. Co., Annie L. Stone vs., \$3,000.
Royal Exchange Assurance Corporation, H. F. Dugan & Co. vs., \$1,000.
Transatlantic Fire Ins. Co., Caroline Taubles vs., \$300.
Home Ins. Co. of New York, Dudley Cross vs., \$8,000.
Sven Ins. Co. of Gothenburg, Sweden, Isaac Levy vs., \$18,700.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Heine Piano Co. vs., \$4,000.
Eagle Fire Ins. Co. of N. Y., W. J. Sloane & Co. vs., \$2,500.
North German Fire Insurance Co., S. C. Denson vs., \$2,000.

Concordia Fire Ins. Co. of Wisconsin, Western Sugar Refining Co. vs., \$12,500.
North German Fire Ins. Co., Henry Semeria vs., \$2,500.
National Fire Ins. Co. of Hartford, J. Baumgartner vs., \$1,000.
Western Underwriters' Association, Exchange Realty Co. vs., \$70,000.
German Ins. Co. of Freeport, Exchange Realty Co. vs., \$6,000.
Indemnity Fire Ins. Co. of N. Y., Dunham, Carrigan & Hayden vs., \$5,000.
Norwich Union Fire Ins. Society, Dunham, Carrigan & Hayden vs., \$10,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Power & Pike vs., \$4,150.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Mechanics' Institute vs., \$4,000.
Pennsylvania Fire Ins. Co., Martha H. Richardson vs., \$1,000.
Anchen and Munich Fire Ins. Co., A. Schilling & Co. vs., \$6,000.
Phoenix Insurance Co. of Brooklyn, Elvetza Ferrari vs., \$2,500.
Glen Falls Ins. Co., V. Gamba vs., \$5,000.
Hamburg-Bremen Fire Ins. Co., Antonia Cogliandro vs., \$1,500.
Transatlantic Fire Ins. Co., Fred Those vs., \$750.
Fire Association of Philadelphia, Max Levy and Jules Levy vs., \$3,000.
Fire Association of Philadelphia, Jake Zelman vs., \$400.
Hamburg-Bremen Fire Ins. Co., I. Green vs., \$1,250.
Transatlantic Fire Ins. Co., C. C. Hall & Son vs., \$5,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Charles Schlessinger vs., \$3,000.
Alliance Assurance Co., Ltd., J. J. Foley vs., \$1,500 and \$750.
Germania Fire Ins. Co., M. A. Gunst & Co. vs., \$2,500.
North River Ins. Co., Bender-Chaquette Co. vs., \$3,500.
Nassau Fire Ins. Co., Bender-Chaquette Co. vs., \$3,500.
Hamburg-Bremen Fire Ins. Co., Starr Estate Co. vs., \$750.
North German Fire Ins. Co., Denah Honig vs., \$2,000.
Rutgers Fire Ins. Co., Uhlman, Seelingsohn & Brown vs., \$500.
Eagle Fire Ins. Co., B. Sheidman, Inc. vs., \$5,000.
Germania Fire Ins. Co., J. B. Whitney vs., \$1,000.
Globe and Rutgers Fire Ins. Co., The Emporium Co. vs., \$10,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Improved Real Estate Co. vs., \$7,500 and \$5,000.
United Firemen's Ins. Co. of Philadelphia, Jules Levy & Brother vs., \$7,500.
Caledonian Ins. Co., John Rothschild vs., \$5,000.
Globe and Rutgers Fire Ins. Co., D. N. & E. Walter Co. vs., \$7,600.
Transatlantic Fire Ins. Co., Cornelia J. Pringle vs., \$5,000.
Duchess Fire Ins. Co., Cornelia J. Pringle vs., \$5,000.
Transatlantic Fire Ins. Co., W. A. Sabin vs., \$1,500.
Transatlantic Fire Ins. Co., Juliet J. Mezes vs., \$11,500.
Transatlantic Fire Ins. Co., P. George Gow & Co. vs., \$5,500.
Transatlantic Fire Ins. Co., De Fremery & Co. vs., \$3,200.
Transatlantic Fire Ins. Co., A. Vignier Co. vs., \$3,000.
Duchess of Poughkeepsie, Ella Lolar vs., \$2,500.
Duchess of Poughkeepsie, Louis Weiner vs., \$4,000.
American of Boston, Louis Weiner vs., \$4,000.
American of Boston, W. J. P. Lawton vs., \$1,000.
Rhine and Moselle Ins. Co., Neustadter Brothers vs., \$21,500.
Rhine and Moselle Ins. Co., E. Martin & Co. vs., \$5,000.
Rhine and Moselle Ins. Co., Goodyear Rubber Co. vs., \$5,000.
Rhine and Moselle Ins. Co., Henry Kahn vs., \$8,000.
Rhine and Moselle Ins. Co., Carlson-Currier Company vs., \$3,390.
Rhine and Moselle Ins. Co., Nathan, Dohrmann & Co. vs., \$13,500.
Rhine and Moselle Ins. Co., Muller, Byrne & Co. vs., \$5,000.
Austrian Phoenix Ins. Co., Fritz Habenicht & J. W. Van Bergen vs., \$3,864.
Austrian Phoenix Ins. Co., American Central Ins. Co. vs., \$15,594.
Transatlantic Ins. Co., Charles H. Crowell vs., \$3,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., C. Schilling & Co. vs., \$5,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Joseph Musto vs., \$4,000.
Anchen and Munich Fire Ins. Co., Caroline S. Wenban vs., \$10,000.
Anchen and Munich Fire Ins. Co., Clarence Musto vs., \$2,500.
Anchen and Munich Fire Ins. Co., Joseph Musto Estate Co. vs., \$1,050.
Anchen and Munich Fire Ins. Co., Joseph Musto & Sons vs., \$1,450.
Hanover Ins. Co., Caroline S. Wenban vs., \$5,000.
Caledonian Fire Ins. Co., Bushnell Photo Co. vs., \$8,000.
North German Ins. Co., Wm. J. Herrin vs., \$2,000.
Alliance Assurance Co., Otis Elevator Co. vs., \$2,000.
North German Ins. Co., Charles Maier vs., \$1,000.
Rhine and Moselle Fire Ins. Co., Charles Maier vs., \$1,500.
Girard Fire & Marine Ins. Co., Joseph Musto Estate Co. vs., \$5,000.
American Ins. Co., Joseph Musto Estate Co. vs., \$4,000.
Fire Association of Philadelphia, Neustadter Brothers vs., \$5,000.
Insurance Co. of North America and Fire Association of Philadelphia, Neustadter Brothers vs., \$5,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., F. R. Talcott vs., \$6,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., H. M. Levy vs., \$3,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., W. W. Montague & Co. vs., \$5,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Rosenthals Inc. vs., \$5,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Crown Distilleries Co. vs., \$500.
Merchants Ins. Co., Fireman's Fund Ins. Co. vs., \$5,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Lina Reuben vs., \$1,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., C. Buckley vs., \$5,000.
Girard Fire & Marine Ins. Co., Philadelphia, Luigi Drago vs., \$5,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., I. Magnin & Co. vs., \$5,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Leon Willard vs., \$5,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., S. L. Dinkelspiel et al vs., \$5,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Compressed Air Machinery Co. vs., \$5,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Ed. Barron Estate Co. vs., \$5,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Roos Bros. vs., \$5,000.
National Fire Ins. Co. of Hartford, Jane McKee vs., \$5,000.
Union Assurance Society of London, Chas. H. Brown vs., \$9,980.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Ed. Schlammel et al vs., \$5,000.
Pennsylvania Fire Ins. Co., Maggie Mahoney et al vs., \$5,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., H. H. Lengstacken vs., \$5,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Schoenholz & Elsbach vs., \$5,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Chas. E. Foye vs., \$2,500.
Royal Ex. Assurance of London, M. Dal. Pogetto vs., \$1,300.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., J. Kashel vs., \$2,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., V. Travers vs., \$2,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Sarah A. Isaac vs., \$1,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., McNab & Smith vs., \$1,000.
Austrian Phoenix Imperial Ins. Co., Fred Hector vs., \$5,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., The Baird Estate vs., \$5,000.
North German Fire Ins. Co. of Hamburg, Mrs. R. A. Feubner vs., \$5,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., United Policy Holders Co. vs., \$5,000.
North German Fire Ins. Co., W. Doell vs., \$500.
North German Fire Ins. Co., P. L. Manson vs., \$1,000.
Transatlantic Fire Ins. Co., Ellis Rosenberg vs., \$5,000.
Spring Garden Ins. Co., Ellis Rosenberg vs., \$5,000.
Dutchess Ins. Co., Ellis Rosenberg vs., \$5,000.
German Ins. Co. of Freeport, Meyer H. Levy vs., \$5,000.
Austrian Phoenix Ins. Co., M. H. Levy vs., \$5,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Calif. Safe Deposit & Trust Co. vs., \$5,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Pacific Heating & Ventilating Co. vs., \$1,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Mary Hoe vs., \$2,000.
National Fire Ins. Co. of Hartford, Paul Reuben vs., \$5,000.

Phoenix Ins. Co., Ed. J. Laveaga vs., \$500.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., H. W. Maugels vs., \$5,000.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Geo. W. Towle vs., \$4,100.
Girard Fire & Marine Ins. Co., G. H. Wichman vs., \$2,500.
Dutchess Ins. Co., Geo. H. Wichman vs., \$2,500.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Samuel Dusenberger al vs., \$4,000.
Palatine Ins. Co., F. J. Corriea Co. vs., \$1,000.
Palatine Ins. Co., M. S. Lemos vs., \$780.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., Florence G. Perri vs., \$7,476.
Globe & Rutgers Fire Ins. Co., The John Breuner Co. vs., \$2,500.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., United Policy Holders Co. vs., \$40,550.
Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co., J. W. Schonten & Co. vs., \$1,000.
Transatlantic Fire Ins. Co., Jacob Stern vs., \$1,000.
Transatlantic Fire Ins. Co., John E. Gardner vs., \$1,999.
Austrian Phoenix Ins. Co., Benj. Curtaz & Son vs., \$2,500.
Commercial Union Assurance Co. of London, Thomas Bergin vs., \$6,500.
Anchen & Munich Fire Ins. Co., Harry Gutzert vs., \$10,000.
National Union Fire Ins. Co., Margaret Kelly vs., \$2,500.
German American Ins. Co., Francis W. Smith vs., \$2,500.
North German Fire Ins. Co., Buckingham & Hecht vs., \$5,000.
London & Lancashire Fire Ins. Co., Minerva D. Kellor vs., \$2,000.
Prussian Fire Ins. Co., Alphonsine Davis vs., \$1,000.
Girard Fire & Marine Ins. Co., C. Scilling & Co. vs., \$10,000.
North River Ins. Co. of New York, C. Schilling & Co. vs., \$10,000.
Queen City Fire Ins. Co. of South Dakota, C. Schilling Co. vs., \$5,000.
New Brunswick Fire Ins. Co., C. Schilling & Co. vs., \$5,000.
Eagle Fire Ins. Co. of New York, C. Schilling & Co. vs., \$7,500.
North German Fire Ins. Co., Associated Property Owners vs., \$5,000.
North German Fire Ins. Co., L. Scatena Co. vs., \$5,000.
North German Fire Ins. Co., Washington Realty Co. vs., \$25,000.
Rhine & Moselle Fire Ins. Co., Del Monte Milling Co. vs., \$1,000.
German Ins. Co. of Illinois, George K. Frink vs., \$8,800.
Hamburg-Bremen Fire Ins. Co., Basch Auction Co. vs., \$8,500.
Alliance Ins. Co., Ltd., Basch Auction Co. vs., \$8,500.
Alliance Assurance Co. of London, Raphael Welli & Co. vs., \$20,000.
Franklin Ins. Co. of Philadelphia, J. J. Truman vs., \$1,800.
Eagle Fire Ins. Co. of New York, John Lindberg vs., \$1,800.
Austrian Phoenix Imperial Royal Co., J. W. Van Berg vs., \$6,000.
Austrian Phoenix Imperial Royal Co., F. Habenicht vs., \$3,864.
Rhine and Moselle Fire and Ins. Co., Educational Publishing Co. vs., \$2,500.
Rhine and Moselle Fire and Ins. Co., Whitney Estate Co. vs., \$30,000.
Rhine and Moselle Fire and Ins. Co., Whitney Estate Co. and S. F. Savings Union vs., \$10,000.
Rhine and Moselle Fire Ins. Co., A. Abrahamson and W. L. vs., \$20,000.
Rhine and Moselle Fire and Ins. Co., C. A. Murdock & Co. vs., \$4,000.
Rhine and Moselle Fire and Ins. Co., Butler, Schultz & Co. vs., \$17,000.
Rhine and Moselle Fire and Ins. Co., Filippo Buschini vs., \$35,000.
Rhine and Moselle Fire and Ins. Co., Fred Oehlert vs., \$5,000.
Rhine and Moselle Fire and Ins. Co., Sanborn, Vall & Co. vs., \$17,500.
Rhine and Moselle Fire and Ins. Co., Murphy, Grant & Co. vs., \$67,500.
Rhine and Moselle Fire and Ins. Co., H. S. Crocker Co. vs., \$10,000.
Rhine and Moselle Fire and Ins. Co., Society of California Pioneers vs., \$9,671.
Rhine and Moselle Fire and Ins. Co., Neustadter Bros. vs., \$9,000.
North German Fire Ins. Co., Neustadter Bros. vs., \$9,000.
Caledonian Ins. Co., S. & G. Gump Co. vs., \$3,500.
Transatlantic Fire Ins. Co., Pelton Waterwheel Co. vs., \$5,144.
Prussian National Fire Ins. Co., Carrigan & Hayden Co. vs., \$2,500.
Eagle Fire Ins. Co., H. M. Barry vs., \$2,500.
Hamburg-Bremen Ins. Co., C. Schilling & Co. vs., \$10,000.
Nassau Ins. Co. of Brooklyn, McCullough Provision Co. vs., \$1,500.
Hamburg-Bremen Ins. Co., John Garber vs., \$5,000.
Franklin Fire Ins. Co. of Philadelphia, John Garber vs., \$5,000.
Caledonian Fire Ins. Co., Neustadter Bros. vs., \$10,000.
Palatine Insurance Co., Ltd., of London, Union Trust Co. vs., \$10,000.
Hamburg-Bremen Ins. Co., Alphonso Sollmena and Pasquale Sollmena vs., \$2,000.
Hanover Fire Ins. Co. of New York, Union Trust Co. vs., \$2,500.
Hamburg-Bremen Fire Ins. Co., P. H. Armstrong vs., \$10,700.
North German Fire Ins. Co., Colonial Club vs., \$500.
North German Ins. Co. of Hamburg, Schultz Scale Co. vs., \$2,000.
North German Ins. Co. of Hamburg, Charles Weisel vs., \$1,500.
North German Ins. Co. of Hamburg, Williams-Marvin Safe Co. vs., \$5,000.
North German Ins. Co. of Hamburg, B'nai B'rith Hall Assn. vs., \$3,000.
North German Ins. Co. of Hamburg, Schloss Crocker Co. vs., \$1,600.
North German Ins. Co. of Hamburg, May Layman, Rudolph F. Mary Helen, and Emil Adolph Layman vs., \$10,000.
North German Ins. Co. of Hamburg, George Schafer vs., \$5,000.
North German Ins. Co. of Hamburg, William Hans vs., \$4,000.
Eagle Ins. Co. of New York, W. W. Montague & Co. vs., \$25,000.
North German Fire Ins. Co. of New York, Louise E. and Marshall Frank vs., \$1,000.
Royal Exchange Assurance Co., Annie Lemos vs., \$3,500.

A Massachusetts Democrat is said to have resented an expression of sympathy on receipt of news that Moran candidate on the Democratic and Prohibition tickets for Governor, had been defeated. "You know the story of the professor whom the student tried to scare," the Yankee said. "He saw the ox-hide and horns, and the tiger teeth, but did not tremble. 'It is an impossible combination. There is no such animal,' said he. Well Democratic tusks and Prohibition horns are such a combination. There is no such animal." The story is new in fact or application, however, as it was told of Franklin K. Lane in his unsuccessful campaign for the governorship of California four years ago.

Immigrants from Italy outnumber those from Ireland four to one.

"TAY PAY" AND "PEARSON'S"

How the Irish Member of Parliament Bested the Big Publishing Company.

I take it for granted that most people know who both "Tay Pay" and "Pearson's" are. For those who don't, I will briefly point out that "Tay Pay" is T. P. O'Connor, the Irish Member of Parliament—such being the name he is best known by all over England—and "Pearson's" is the title most commonly applied in London to the conglomerate hotch-potch of journalism made up of various magazines and newspapers, and legally designated "C. Arthur Pearson, Limited." Of C. Arthur Pearson, presently.

Shortly before Mr. O'Connor went to the United States on his Irish Home Rule mission in the hope of raising funds for the hopeless cause out of the pockets of the Irish laborers and chambermaids of America, he read a little deal with "Pearson's Limited" and neatly bested them. O'Connor is a forcible speaker with an unobtrusive manner, and a pleasing writer of the sincerest of truths. But when it comes to business all the flies have been shoo'd away. He knows his way about with a man. This is how it happened.

A few years ago, O'Connor started a weekly journal in London and called it M. A. P. The oddness of the name itself attracted notice, and the fact that it stood for "Mainly About People" fixed popular interest in its contents. It caught on from the word Go! It was meant to deal almost solely with the doings and sayings of the famous and the famous, the prominent people of the moment, and, besides being edited by him, was written chiefly by O'Connor himself, in a breezy, readable fashion that didn't weary readers. "Tay Pay" has a light, interesting style with his pen, and the paper all over was spattered with his thoughtful brain. He never said anything grossly ill-natured, like Labouchere in the House, and did not perambulate the streets, like that gentleman, in fear of a thrashing. However, there was a touch of spice in the columns, and rapier-pointed satire. He liked the paper. There was a virility in its tone that suited the masculine mind, and wherever you saw him going by train they always took a copy of M. A. P. with them. In club reading rooms it never lay on the shelf. Somebody always had it. And so it won a large circulation and advertising patronage, and was making money hand over fist for the clever Irishman with the gift of the gab in ink.

About the same time—it does not signify exactly when—C. Arthur Pearson had been looming up as a journalistic power in London. His Daily Express was beginning to crowd the Daily Mail more than Harmsworth liked. In fact, Pearson was a sort of eager imitator of Harmsworth's methods, for, like him, he began to pick up and absorb every magazine and cheap penny paper he could find for sale. A few he started himself. In this way he became the proprietor of—besides the Express—the Royal, Pearson's, and Novel magazines, the Rapid Review, Pearson's and Smith's weeklies and some other smaller fry periodicals of trifling importance. People wondered where the capital for it came from, for Pearson not so very long ago was a reporter or compositor—some people tell you both—on George Newnes's Tit-Bits. He did a little free-lance journalism at the same time, but never made any money. He lived at Wimbledon in one room—so a lady friend who knew him there tells me—glad to be invited to dinner or other entertainment, by his neighbors. There is nothing against him. But it was what made people wonder where the money for the papers was possible. Many persons naturally supposed Newnes supplied the sinews of war. I have been assured that this was not so, but that quite another individual was the financier.

Letty soon Pearson coveted M. A. P. It was just the sort of thing he wanted. But he was wise enough to see that he must have "Tay Pay" with it. So, he prevailed upon O'Connor to sell him his sparkling paper, at a good round figure, on the agreement that O'Connor would stay on as editor for a year or more. O'Connor had shortly before founded another paper called T. P.'s Weekly, and was glad to sell at so good a price. However, as time went on he couldn't stand being directed and interfered with. The tone of all of Pearson's periodicals is the rankest Tory—what is known in fact as the Chamberlainism. "Tay Pay" was nothing without a Tory. He pined to kick a loose leg again. Therefore he gave notice that he'd leave when his first year was up. Consternation reigned in the "Pearson's" camp, for O'Connor wouldn't reconsider, though the salary was doubled. Then it was discovered that O'Connor had about to start a new weekly on M. A. P.'s lines, and all it P. T. O., meaning "People Talked Of." Pearson's at once applied for an injunction, but couldn't get it, and so "Tay Pay" walked off whistling.

His new paper has now been published about three months, and as it has returned to M. A. P.'s early style it is a huge success, leaving M. A. P. away behind. Rather hard on Pearson's, it is, but good business for O'Connor. You can imagine, too, the sort of literary food the readers of M. A. P. are being now offered when I tell you that O'Connor's successor in the editorial chair is Lady Colin Campbell. One is sorely tempted to quote the old line beginning "It is but a step."

As can be imagined, the paper has utterly lost its virility. It is gradually being moulded into a lady's journal, and has already been jocularly dubbed "The Penny Gentlewoman," there being a "Gentlewoman," a ladies' fashion paper that costs a shilling. But all the life and spice have flown, and the dull heavy respectability that permeates Pearson literature has taken its place. Even in the Express you find the same sort of thing. There are double headed head lines till you can't rest, for the editor is Ralph Blumenberg, an American from Wisconsin. He does his best, poor chap, to give the paper such American tone as flavors of Oshkosh and Baraboo. But he's handicapped like O'Connor was. Take the Standard. When Pearson's took possession of it, about eighteen months ago, it had a splendid opening, an uncommon opportunity. I can't say all I should like of the editorial staff, for there were some rattling good men on it. But it was, and is still, weighted down by dull wits. For example, the editor, H. W. Gwynne. He is a sleepy-eyed Irishman of aldermanic proportions, and unsuited to the editorial chair of a daily paper. He is much too heavy in every sense. His chief recommendation for the post was, I believe, that he accompanied Joseph Chamberlain to South Africa in 1902, as a sort of useful secretary—just about what he's best fitted for. As an editor, his sole aim and object is to keep anything out of the paper that might be tortured into what it should be best that old-fashioned young ladies of Charlotte Bronte's day, ought not to read. You can imagine the sort of reading that men and up-to-date girls find in the Standard under Gwynne.

No one wants the paper to be coarse and vulgar. That is not the point. But no paper can be made to pay where only the tastes of nice old ladies and goody-goody males are consulted. Now, William Goode, the news editor, is the exact opposite of Gwynne. If he had the running of the Standard it would be the biggest daily in London today. The Times would be a memory, the Telegraph occupying a seat far in the rear. Goode is a young man and the best-looking journalist in London, tall and straight, with clear-cut Grecian features. He learned his journalism in America under Melville E. Stone, when the latter had the Chicago News. During the war with Spain he enlisted in the Fourth U. S. Cavalry, and for some time was stationed at the Presidio. If he had his way the Standard would hum, but he's blocked at every turn by the chief sub-editor, a mite of a Scotchman named Maxwell, whose overweening caution is backed by enormous spectacles and an immense moustache. He prefers treatises on the "Auld Brig o' Aire" and things like that. Saunders, the foreign editor, with the clever face of a king's counselor, is one of the best men on the staff. Stanhope Sprigg is another. He is at present manager of the Standard's agency in New York. But with these, there is too big a leaven of mediocres and slow coaches.

Perhaps it doesn't signify so much whether the paper becomes a success or not. Pearson's only bought it from its former owners eighteen months ago for one object, to wit, to have another daily with the Express to boost and boom Joe Chamberlain and his son Austen. Both papers do that, if they do nothing else. People who used to wonder where the cash came from to stake Pearson's have been pretty well satisfied on the subject of whom the mysterious individual backer is, since the purchase of the Standard.

Cockaigne.

London, October 26, 1906.

An interesting feature in water transport appears in the completion of the latest and largest addition to the fleet of river steamboats plying on the Hudson. The Hendrik Hudson, 400 feet in length, 82 feet wide, and yet but 7 feet 6 inches draft, costing \$1,000,000, represents the extreme development of the modern American river steamboat. With ample room for 5000 passengers this fine ship forms an interesting contrast to the tiny Clermont, Fulton's first steamboat, which, curiously enough, made its first trip between Albany and New York just ninety-nine years before.

For the first time in its history since it became a British possession, St. Helena is without a garrison. All the troops have been withdrawn as a measure of economy, the guns and ammunition have been removed and the island is left entirely defenseless. The outlook for the islanders is dark, as they practically lived off the garrison and will now have no market for their products.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

C. M. Hammond, brother-in-law of President Roosevelt, was defeated in his race for the State Senate in the Fourth California district by J. B. Sanford of Ukiah, a Democratic editor.

Senator Foraker, of Ohio, sees in the victory at the polls which has given the political control of the State into the hands of himself and Senator Dick, an encouragement of his aspiration to the nomination for President.

"Fingy" Conners, of Buffalo, who was nominal chairman of the New York State Democratic Committee, had no illusions concerning his position. He said: "This ain't no campaign. It's a Punch and Judy show and I'm Judy."

Governor John C. W. Beckham, of Kentucky, who has just won the nomination for United States Senator at the direct primaries, which is equivalent to election, is the youngest Governor in the United States. He comes from a distinguished Kentucky family and is 37 years of age.

Congressman Rockwood Hoar, of Massachusetts, died at his home in Worcester last week. He was the son of United States Senator George Frisbie Hoar, who died in 1904. He was educated in the public schools of his native place and at Harvard College, where he was graduated in the class of 1876. His term in Congress would expire next year.

A movement has been started in the American colony in Berlin to have Professor Burgess recalled to the United States. Professor Burgess is lecturing at the University of Berlin under the plan of exchange of American and German universities. In his first lecture he boldly asserted that the Monroe doctrine is "obsolete" and that our high tariff works great injustice to the people and builds up monopoly.

Congressman John James Jenkins of Wisconsin never signs his name to any of the numerous letters he receives from his constituents, nor does he use a rubber stamp, as do many of his colleagues. His typewriter does the work for him. Another of his peculiarities is that whenever possible he avoids using the telephone. Ex-Senator Cockrell, in all the unbroken service of thirty years in the Senate, replied by hand to every communication he received.

In a campaign speech at Denton, Md., Secretary Bonaparte likened the trusts to "a pen of pigs in which the big, strong, overfed hog crowded the little ones away from their feed and got far more than its share. The Democrats propose to cut off the supply of swill, or in other words, to destroy our prosperity by unsettling all our business relations. No doubt this process would soon make the big hogs as thin as razor backs, but would the small ones fare any better?"

Frank H. Waskey, the first delegate to Congress from Alaska, now on a visit to Washington, is a tall, alert, smooth-shaven man of 31, who looks one full in the eye and talks in straightout fashion. His term expires March 4 next, but he expects to accomplish a good deal by that time. Though himself a Democrat, he was elected on a strictly miners' ticket, and will refuse to follow Democratic leadership when by doing so he might go against Alaska's interests. He says that the legislation most needed by the vast section he represents is a special act to improve the system of granting land titles and mining claims.

A. E. Crane, a lawyer of Holton, Kan., is about to bring a number of suits to recover fines paid by "bootleggers" convicted of selling liquor to Indians. He claims that all red men who have taken allotments are citizens; that such persons have a constitutional right to drink whisky if they want to and that consequently the convictions complained of were irregular. On one occasion Mr. Crane, while pleading in the United States Supreme Court, addressed the Justices as "you fellows." The expression evidently was uttered without the slightest thought of disrespect, and the court took no special notice of the slip, though the Justices stared for a moment and other members of the bar gasped in astonishment. The Kansas lawyer won his case, too.

Early returns seemed to indicate the election of Charles W. Lefler, the young lawyer who ran on the Republican ticket for Congress as the successor of William R. Hearst, and was opposed by Charles V. Fornes, ex-president of the board of aldermen. His district is one of the geographical curiosities of modern politics. Beginning at Sixtieth street on the Hudson River, it runs south to Bleecker street, and across town until it hits Third avenue. Its outlines turn at right angles thirty-six times, besides running a half dozen times on the oblique. It was made up to meet the practical demands of the experienced and altogether practical politicians who made it up. Mr. Lefler's slogan was "Brush the cobwebs from Hearst's seat."

THIEF OR THUG.

Showing That There Is Aristocracy in
Rascaldom.

"The sentence of the court is," said Judge Bucklilam, "that you be confined in the State Prison at San Quentin for the term of two years."

A modest flush, born of the pride he could not entirely conceal, passed over the face of the youth in the prisoners' dock. "San Quentin—and only eighteen," was his glad, unspoken thought. The boys beside him—there were three of them—strove to look composed and indifferent, as boys will under the circumstances, but their envy, tempered by friendship as it was, was clearly apparent. Each of them had his secret hopes, and each had been disappointed. And Jimmy Picklock had, without merit that they could see, gained the coveted prize. Only the House of Correction awaited them. Only varying terms of months and years, which would be entirely thrown away in an institution dignified by the presence of not one notable; an institution whose diploma was a shame rather than an honor, since it stamped them as mere tyros in the gallant calling of theft.

Jimmy went down the stairs scarcely feeling his chains. He strove to appear modest, not to manifest offensively his recognized superiority over his companions, but he was none the less exuberant in spirit, and they were none the less glum. Jimmy was a tall, slender youth. He had a frank, intelligent face, with the lines of ambition visible under the delicate, interesting pallor which the unfortunately confined air of our jails creates. His hair was tastefully plastered down upon his white forehead and puffed in airy circles behind. His clothing was dark and fashionable in cut, and there was a keen, fearless look on his face that had often excited the envious ire of the brass-buttoned hirelings of the city, paid to interfere with other people's business by the arrogant class who had simply stolen enough, in the channels of trade, to own houses, and gained money-power sufficient to claim legitimacy for their business methods. So Jimmy smoked his cigarette calmly and sedately as the guarded quartet marched along to the jail and said little. His new sense of importance had greatly altered him, however. It lent dignity to his carriage, his expression, and his gait.

That afternoon Tansy Mollie came up to the jail to bid him good-bye. He saw her to the visitors' room. She was more than ever tender, more than ever worshipping, in her simple, Tar Flat way. She congratulated him warmly, but he paid little heed. He was scarcely considerate. He did not attempt to thrash or kick her; was scarcely profane, even. And though she hoped against hope, the poor girl's doubts of his love grew greater and greater in the face of this undeniable change in him. Jimmy was getting too high for her now; Jimmy was a regular convict—an amateur no longer. And despite the consolation of her favorite stimulant, Mollie's heart that night knew the bitterness of love unrequited, just as woman's heart will till all time and love shall end.

Over the shining bay waters, with Deputy Marion Wilson, Jimmy rode expectantly next day. He smiled in superior complaisance at two tenderly unwise old ladies who were "coony" enough to pity him. They little knew. And when he had arrived at the old brick prison, and passed through the outer gate and the inner, and stood at last on the flag-stones of the walk within the walls, and viewed the gray stone cell buildings, and the men in stripes, who were his superiors no longer, he felt the warm glow of self-contentment that comes to one as each hoped for rung in the ladder of fond ambition is attained.

The preliminaries he underwent with the assumed composure of an old "con." He was diplomatic, was Jimmy, and he did not propose to be thought any the less of because it was his first seclusion. He submitted with dignity to being stripped and having his description entered; was properly authoritative to the barber, who deftly altered his scalp to the hirsute beauty of a match-scratcher. His clothes he picked out carefully, trying on several pairs of trousers and pledging his first plug of tobacco to the "imitation zebra" dressed gentleman in charge. When fully panoplied he felt something like an angle-worm externally, but he was a very happy angle-worm withal. He was conducted to one of the "house-cells," instructed in the regulations, and shown to his bunk, on which he lay down immediately, "just to try it," with a boy's ambitious delight.

All was rose-colored and scented for half an hour. Then the horizon was speckled with the first baby-cloud of gloom. He met an old friend.

"Hello, Jack!" he cried, warmly.

"Hello, Jimmy!" returned Jack, quite unmoved.

"Who's here?" he asked, with admirable sang froid.

"Oh, the usual run," said Jack, indifferently.

"Where's Bart?"

"Bart who?"

"Black Bart. I want to meet him."

"Oh, you do, do yer? Got your salt yet?"

"My salt? No. Where do I get it?"

"Over at San Rafael. The next time you take your mornin' walk, buy a ton or two at the grocery, an' git the man to sprinkle it on yer. Jest tell him you're so fresh you're 'fraid yer'll spoil," and Jack turned contemptuously away.

Jimmy blushed to the roots of his stubble. To crown all, a tall, dignified, imposing-looking man walked slowly by, nodded to Jack, and said pleasantly:

"Hello, Dolan!"

"Hello, Bart!" returned Jack.

It was Black Bart, the famous highwayman. Jimmy's discomfiture was complete.

It was pretty rough. He could not understand it. Instead of flattering recognition he received only evident contempt. Jack and he had been playmates, school-mates, and friends in the years ago. Born side by side, as it were, in two houses that touched each other on Tehama Street, they had been equally looked up to by theurchin-dom of Tar Flat. Together they had "belted" Chinamen, pirated around the Mail Dock, pillaged the freight cars at Fourth and Townsend, and shared their first cell in the city prison for the same eccentricity. They had been together for years, till time separated their paths, and why all the old friendship had disappeared on Jack's side his saddened friend could not fathom.

He saw one thing, however; he must be modest. He must win his friends by those rare personal qualities which had gained him popularity hitherto. An opportunity came that very evening.

When the iron doors were locked and the resonant clanging of metal locks on iron doors had ceased, the two coal-oil lamps were lighted in the big "house-cell." Jimmy was quietly admiring its picturesque shadows on the wall, the tiers of bunks, and the faces of the men in the shadows, when he heard the thrum of a banjo, followed by similar sounds in different parts of the room, as if instruments were being tuned.

"What is it?" he asked of the man lying below him.

"Concert," answered the man, gruffly.

Jimmy's spirits rose. The Silver Floss Banjo Band gave a concert that evening from eight till nine, the lights being banned after that hour. Jimmy was a "world-beater" on the banjo, according to the virtuosos of the Industrial School, and was eager for recognition of his talent in his new circle. After the band, composed of three banjos, a guitar, and a triangle, had assassinated "Waltz Me Around," and a pallid gentleman had done up "Killarney" in a falsetto that was very rare indeed among its kind, Jimmy seized the opportunity of silence that followed the applause to remark, confidently, to the banjo gentleman:

"Lemme hit that wunst. I kin play."

"Rattling Jack looked at him with undisguised surprise. Silence fell on all the company. They were quite indignant.

"Don't hit him, Jack," said a voice; "he don't know no better."

"Annie Laurie," said the leader. The music struck up, and the thing was passed over. Jimmy never opened his mouth again that night.

For a week this state of affairs continued. His expected happiness had turned to misery. Every anticipated sweetness of recognition by the honored men of his profession had been gall instead. He could not understand it. He was a stranger in a strange land. Even the boys in the tin-shop where he had been put to work, refused to chum with him, claiming a superiority over him that was a mystery. He grew bitterly ashamed of his clothes; they were so strangely, degradingly new. He was utterly lonely and disconsolate; he almost wished at times that he had not come.

One day, however, as he was passing by the east end of the cell-building he was accosted by a short, wiry, grizzled old man, who sat smoking a pipe on the lowest step of the balcony stairs.

"Got any terbacker?" asked the man.

Jimmy eagerly gave him his whole plug in exchange for a friendly word.

"I've been watching you for a couple o' days," his friend said; "your name is Picklock, ain't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"I used to know a Picklock in Sonora, in sixty-eight. Him and me was askin' stage drivers the time o' day all that winter. Any relation o' his'n?"

"I don't know. My father was a street contractor in San Francisco."

"Same man. Got to be Supervisor, didn't he? Yes? Well, I'm glad to see yer, my boy, glad to see yer. How's the old man?"

"He's dead."

"No! Ye don't mean it! Never seen a man I'd druther work with. Daisy, the old man was. What he didn't know about a mail-bag and express-box wa'n't wuth knowin'."

Jimmy felt a sense of pride in his father that was new to him. He inherited reputation, at all events. He determined to appeal to his friend.

"What's the matter with all these fellers?" he asked. "How?"

"They won't have nothin' to do with me."

"Guess yer been puttin' on airs. Small canaries is little too proud o' their cage sometimes."

"No I haven't. I give 'em straight business eve time."

"Wat kind of an accident got yer here? Wat d the guilty party as throw'd the blame on you get a he of?"

"An overcoat."

"Off'n a hat-rack?"

"Yes."

"Day-time?"

"Yes."

The old man looked disappointed.

"You've made a bad mistake, sonny. The best y kin do is to mind yer eye, and do wot you can to k'n it. Wat's a great, big, smart boy like you a-doin' snea thievin'? Ain't ye got no ambition?"

Jimmy understood it all now. His crime filled h with bitter regret. If only—if only he had thought a done a burglary!

"Ye see, my boy," his Mentor went on, kind, "ther's suthin' expected o' sech as you. A man grov ain't got no right to fool away his time on baby pla if he ever expects to accomplish anythin'. Ther's 'Fris boys no older nor you as is known, an' well-known Chicago an' New York. Sneak-thievin' is mean. I low down. Anybody kin sneak, an' no self-respect gentleman would think of it. The sneaks here is most Chinaman, and I'm glad to see the boys has draw the line."

"Jack Dolan ain't done much better," ventured Jimmy.

"Ain't he now? There is a boy for yer," said t old man admiringly. "Didn't yer read the pretty but lary he come over on? Didn't yer read it? As fine piece of work at his age as ever anybody heerd o. And three more before it—every one a credit to hi. Jack got 'em all in the papers soon's he was sentence and it gave him standin' the minute he got here. I wasn't goin' to let no other feller git credit for his wor. Why, Jimmy Hope, the great New York bank burglar the day Jack got there, Jimmy Hope, he says in th very yard, an' a dozen standers-around to hear it:

"'Mr. Dolan,' says he, 'I'm glad to meet yer. Y has a future before yer, me boy, or I'm a chump.'"

Jimmy turned green with envy. He, too, had look forward to meeting Jimmy Hope; had thought over t speech he would make to that quiet, modest, emine man. Alas! all had turned out so differently, and had only himself to blame.

"Then there ain't no show at all, is there?"

"Not much. I won't disappoint yer. But I've g some influence myself," he added, complacently. "a I will do what I can for the sake o' yer dad. It's th way, an' here's yer only chance. There's a hot fight the 'Independent Order o' Knights o' the Dark,' t burglars' socation. Jimmy Hope's been president t terms, an' some o' the boys swears they won't have third-term Caesarism in theirs. The 'lection comes next Wensday, an' Jimmy's only got sixty-seven vote. He wants eighty-two to be 'lected. Ten-Pin Bill h fifty-five, and they're huntin' for more. I might"—closed his eyes reflectively—"I might get yer in."

"Do you belong?"

"Scarcely, my boy," he said, with evident pride, belong to the 'United Order o' First Degrees.' Tha the top notch in these diggins."

"What are they?"

"Gen'elmen as happened to be standin' round wh somebody got hurt mortually. The second degree me bers has formed a society. Call themselves the 'Mah Aforethought,' but the bluff won't work. We're t aristocracy here. Bart's our president."

"Does Jack belong to the Knights?"

"Yes, he does; an' he's the dark horse for the pre dency, too."

"Mebbe he would help me."

"That's yer best holt. You better try him."

Jimmy went to sleep that night with renewed hop. In the yard next day he found Jack in busy conve over the election with two fellow-knights. He wait modestly for him to finish, and then pleaded for aid. Jack was touched.

"I can't do it, Jimmy; I can't do it, nohow," he peated. "It will cost me the election. But I'll tell y what I'll do—oh, Scraggsy!" he called.

Scraggsy, a fat, freckled young burglar, with t merry eyes and red head, crossed the yard in respo to the call.

"Mr. Mullony, Mr. Picklock," said Dolan.

The two bowed and shook hands. "Glad ter me

yer?" said Scraggsy. Jimmy said: "I am honored, Mr. Mullony," and scored a point. Though a craftsman who stood high in his line, Scraggsy was human. "I want you to put Mr. Picklock up for election, Scraggsy," said Jack. "Get Fat Andy to second him, an' do the best yer can. Don't say nothin' about his record. He's got good stuff in him, and I'll go bail for him; but it's on the q. t. far's I'm concerned."

For three days Jimmy alternated between hope and fear. The voting took place in a large tin box hung at the corner of the cell-building nearest the jute factory. At last it was over. Jimmy awaited the result with palpitating heart.

But Scraggsy's face told the story before he spoke. It took only ten black balls to reject, and Jimmy had received twenty-seven. Clearly they would not have any sneak-thief in their number.

At first he despaired utterly. Then he honestly made up his mind to reform; to compensate as best he could for lost time. He remembered how, in the years preceding, Jack had improved his time while he, Jimmy, had idled. How, at the Industrial School, Jack was studying and getting information, while he had smoked cigarettes and loafed. How, later, at the House of Correction, Jack had by his diplomacy and industry got first a position as house servant and afterward been transferred to the County Jail as "trustee," where his position gave him confidential and intimate acquaintance with intelligent men from everywhere. The result was clear. There was but one thing to do—listen, learn, and make up for so many wasted opportunities. And this he determined to do.

When the time came for his departure he went quietly away with high and firm resolves. He had three dollars and a badly fitting suit of clothes, but Mollie had remained in love with him, and she was in affluence.

He became valiantly intoxicated at her expense, beat her black and blue, hit the pipe, and felt like a madman. Then he looked about him.

His disgrace still burned, though he said nothing about it to his inamorata. She might pedestal him as high as she liked. The Western Addition offered a fruitful field for burglary, and, with newspaper fame in view, Jimmy purchased a revolver, bowie-knife, and slung-shot. Whenever he happened to be caught the Knights should know what a mute, inglorious Milton and Cartouche combined they had so inappreciatively scorned.

The first two operations were brilliantly successful. They were neatly done; would reflect pride on anybody. During the third, however, as Jimmy was deftly picking the lock of the silver closet in a mansion on Pacific Avenue he felt himself grabbed by some one in the dark. The old highwayman's advice came instantly to him; he twisted his right arm free, slipped the knife from his sleeve and stuck it into something soft. He heard an "Oh!" and the fall of a body.

Jimmy dashed out of the back door while a woman's shrieks were ringing. He had scarcely jumped the fence into the street, however, before brass buttons were hotly in pursuit. As he ran, he drew his revolver and peppered away like a Gatling gun at his pursuer, the policeman also shooting rapidly at him. Then a shrill whistle sounded in front of Jimmy and the shooting behind him ceased. Something struck him out of a dark doorway, the left side of his head appeared to cave in, and Jimmy knew no more, but rather less than usual.

Only three months had elapsed since his departure when he passed the iron doors again. But there was no exultation in his manner this time. He was quiet, modest, and business-like.

"How are yer, Jimmy?" said Scraggsy, cordially. "Hello, old boy. Read all about it in the papers," said Jack. "Lemme introduce you to the boys."

"I know'd there was stuff in yer; I know'd it," said the old highwayman, fond tears in his eyes as he greeted him.

And Jimmy's hopes were realized at last.

Isaac C. Renfrow has a bee farm near Sulphur, I. T., which contains 120 colonies of bees. Recently he has imported bees from Switzerland because of their habits of making long flights to distant feeding grounds. He crossed these with his black and Italian or "five-band" bees and thus his bees cover a very wide range of country. He recently paid \$50 for one queen bee from Switzerland.

Brandy and water are supplied at the expense of the Government to every member of the Belgian Parliament who makes a long speech.

The Convent of St. Catherine, on Mount Sinai, has not been entered by a woman for 1,400 years.

An Illinois preacher has arranged to deliver his own funeral sermon by means of a phonograph.

PARISIAN MOB AT RACE COURSE.

Bookmakers' Booths Stormed, Robbed, and Burned in Spite of the Police.

Longchamps racecourse, near Paris, held a throng of one hundred thousand people on Sunday, October 14, and the day will long be remembered by the many English and American visitors present, as turbulent scenes ended what was anticipated as a pleasurable event. This is a description of the beginning of the trouble that finally led to rioting, robbery, and the destruction of property:

When the signal for the start was given in the third race, known as the Free Handicap of \$3000, two of the horses became entangled in the tapes of the starting-gate, with the result that they were left. Nearly all the jockeys pulled up, expecting the recall flag to be raised, but the starter made no sign. Seeing that their chance was hopeless, the jockeys of the two horses referred to—Storm, who was a hot favorite at 5 to 1 on, and Pois Rouges—brought their mounts back to the paddock, while three others got so badly away that they were never in the race.

Immediately there came a storm of protest from the public in the stands and on the open field, and when the three horses finishing the course arrived at the winning post in the following order: Monsieur Perichon, Mlle. Markuerite, Bethsaida, there was tremendous hooting and shouts of "No race! It's a swindle." Monsieur Perichon, it should be explained, was an outsider.

What particularly inflamed the fury of the mob was the fact that the whole racing enterprise, including the betting system, the Pari-Mutuel, was under a single management, and the crowd easily jumped to the conclusion that this monopoly had engineered the false start to rob the public:

The people in the five-franc and ten-franc stands began rushing toward the pesage, or reserved twenty-franc enclosure, in which the paddock and weighing room are situated, and started pulling down the barrier which separates the stand from the reserved enclosure. Their example spread to the large crowd in the lowest-price field, who rushed across the course, and began clambering over the barrier into the stand. Others made a dash for the Pari-Mutuel betting-stand, demanding their money back, and in a few moments the whole racecourse was a howling bedlam of people who seemed to have gone stark mad.

The Pari-Mutuel shed was taken by storm and torn to pieces, the money scattered and quickly pocketed by the more unscrupulous of the rioters. A company of soldiers and a body of police quickly appeared on the scene, but their efforts were powerless against such a tremendous crowd.

Women screamed as chairs were hurled into the stands, men shouted, and the wreckage of the Pari-Mutuels was piled up and huge bonfires lighted. A clump of trees were fired, and added to the confusion. In the pesage, which was literally stormed by thousands of the public, well-dressed men and women in elegant toilettes ran wildly to the gate to get out of the way of the invading crowd, and a regular panic ensued.

Next, the windows of the weighing room and committee room were smashed in, and then winning numbers which had been hoisted on the signalling board hauled down. An excited section of the crowd from the field made attempts to fire the stands, which were only partially successful. Piles of the debris were made, gasoline from motor cars sprinkled over them and torches applied. The police were unable to prevent this.

A call for troops was sent to the neighboring fort of Mont Valerien, as the police and gendarmes were not in force sufficient to control the mob:

Not satisfied with burning the betting booths, two attempts were made to burn the grand stand. Men waved rolls of bank-notes from the bookmakers' hoards, gold and silver coins hurtled through the air, and men and women scrambled fiercely for the spoils, many of them emerging with cuts, bruises, or broken bones. It was reported that no less than \$60,000 of the bookmakers' stock of coin and notes was seized and carried away.

The usual force of keepers of the peace and firemen found themselves outnumbered a thousand times:

When the firemen first came out the infuriated mob would not let them reach the burning booths. The rioters cut the harness of the horses attached to the fire engines, and the animals, which were at high tension and frightened by the noise, galloped across the course and rushed uncontrolled into the dense crowd, knocking down many persons. The police and gendarmes were powerless. Several of them were injured before reinforcements arrived. The police authorities ordered the races stopped, but the crowd refused to go home.

Meantime Lepine, the prefect of police, arrived and the crowd cheered him, but even from him they demanded that he refund their money. Lepine restored order. His reinforcements slowly and with difficulty forced the crowd to retire but not before the iron chairs ladies occupied had been hurled at the policemen.

Before the enclosure was cleared all the seventy-five betting booths were destroyed, as well as the tower from which the results were bulletined, and many men and women were injured:

Unable to quell the riot, the chief police official present telephoned to headquarters for assistance. Shortly afterward the engine from the fire brigade station at Passy arrived, and began playing on the fires, which had attacked the central office buildings. A detachment of cavalry galloped up, but it was not until past five o'clock that the disorder was quelled and the racecourse abandoned by the public. There was, of course, no racing after the

fiasco, a continuance being impossible amid the violence. Never before has such a scene been witnessed on a French racecourse.

Several members of the party who were accompanying the Lord Mayor of London in his visit to Paris were present and saw the whole of the disturbance.

A number of arrests were made later of some people returning from the course who set fire to the booth belonging to the Pari-Mutuel in the Bois de Boulogne.

OLD FAVORITES.

Death of the Flowers.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.
Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang
and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?

Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the briar rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the goldenrod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn beauty stood.
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague
on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade,
and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days will
come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees
are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he
bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died.
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.
In the cold, moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief:
Yet not unmet it was that one like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

—W. C. Bryant.

The report on the work of the medical department of the army by Surgeon-General R. M. O'Reilly, just made public, goes into that service during the calendar year 1905 and also compares the health of the different armies of the world, as far as possible, in view of the different conditions in each army. The highest rate is 13.21 per thousand men, with the American army ranking second, with 12.95, and the Russian army holding the lowest rate of 3.48 per thousand men. The British army ranks first in the death rate, with 7.13 per thousand men, the American army having the next highest, 6.28. The Prussian army has the lowest rate, two per thousand men.

Willett M. Hayes, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, has deserted the study of scientific farming and taken up the task of improving the human race. He has appointed a committee to devise means of recording the values of the blood of the different races. Dr. Hayes, while head of the Minnesota Experiment Station, worked with plants and animals and gave his heredity ideas full play, and now wants to apply his scientific deductions to human beings.

A New York concern has begun the manufacture of a specially made rope for balloon purposes. One prominent aeronaut has given it an order for 60,000 feet. Heretofore these explorers of the faithless upper regions have been compelled to import the rope needed for their excursions. The kind now being made in America is hand-spun from the finest Italian fiber and laid up with the utmost care, so as to produce the greatest possible tensile strength with a minimum weight.

There is a training school for elephants at Apl, in the Congo State, where twenty-eight elephants are taking lessons. The training operations have produced encouraging results, says the Tribune Congolaise.

Receipts of the New York postoffice are far ahead of those of any other office in the world for the same extent of territory. At the present rate, for this year, they will be about \$17,000,000.

When Hawaii was discovered by Captain Cook in 1778, it had a population of 200,000. There are now only 31,000 natives on the island.

LETTERS OF A WAR SURGEON.

Striking Incidents Chronicled by a Physician with the Union Army.

A novel contribution to the history of the Civil War is a volume containing extracts from letters written in army hospitals, in ambulances, in camp, on the march, and nearly always in the midst of a "perfect maelstrom of horror," by an army surgeon to his wife. The "Letters from a Surgeon of the Civil War," were written by Dr. John G. Perry, of the Twentieth Massachusetts Regiment, during the period from May 18, 1862, to August 13, 1864. From a field hospital two miles above Hanover Junction he writes:

I can scratch only a few lines, being up to my eyes in blood. Oh, the fatigue and endless work we surgeons have! About one night in three to sleep in, and then we are so nervous and played out that sleep is impossible.

It seems to me I am quite callous to death now, and that I could see my dearest friend die without much feeling. This condition tells a long story which, under other circumstances, could scarcely be imagined. During the last three weeks I have seen probably no less than two thousand deaths, and among them those of many dear friends. I have witnessed hundreds of men shot dead, have walked and slept among them, and surely I feel it possible to die myself as calmly as any—but enough of this. The fight is now fearful, and ambulances are coming in with great rapidity, each bearing its suffering load.

Dr. Perry cites many cases of remarkable recovery from severe wounds. The following is a striking instance:

On one of the recent days of fighting, at early dawn the troops were in line, when the order was given to charge without noise. While on the run—I following with my hospital steward about twenty yards in the rear of the men—we saw in a clump of bushes a pair of boots with soles up, as if the owner had taken a headlong leap into the hedge. Stopping to investigate, I pulled out Captain Kelliher of the Twentieth. He was horribly mangled about the face and neck, as if from a shell or solid shot; yet no gun had been heard, and no one seen to leave the ranks.

I found him bleeding freely from a laceration of the subclavian artery, showing that the injury could only have been received a moment before, else he would have bled to death. He was still living, though unconscious, and after tying the artery, so as to stop the hemorrhage, he was placed on a stretcher and carried to the rear. The fighting lasted but a short time; as the Confederates were but partially surprised, they rallied and held us in check.

As soon as the Division Hospital tents were up, I had Kelliher taken to Dr. Hayward, who, finding him still alive, though yet unconscious, decided to remove the shattered bones and clean and stitch the wounds, so as to give him all the comfort possible, but with no hope of saving his life. Under the chloroform the captain rallied still more, and a few hours after our work was finished he finally became conscious. Dr. Hayward had removed the shattered lower jaw, the whole arm, including a shoulder-blade, scapula, the clavicle, or collar-bone, and a large part of the first two ribs on the same side of the body, as all these broken bones were lacerating the flesh, and the surfaces of the lung were exposed. When the operation was completed, the line of suture for closing the wounds ran from the ear to within an inch or two of the pelvis.

I placed the patient under my shelter tent, and ordered the steward to feed and stimulate him as directed. In the night it rained so hard that I dug a trench about him to keep him from being drenched and chilled. The following day we were ordered to push on, and to place the wounded who were unable to march, in army wagons destined for the "White House Landing," which was twenty miles away. What was to become of poor Kelliher? Surely he could never survive such a strain, even though at the time he was doing well. After much deliberation I decided to consult the Captain himself, and to follow his decision. In presenting to him the situation, I offered to remain with him in case he wished to be left, and told him that we must simply make up our minds to be captured by the enemy; but his answer was clear and prompt: "I will go to the White House Landing, Doctor, and, Doctor, I shall live." So, doing what was possible to make him comfortable with the use of straw and grass by way of a mattress, I bade him goodbye, never dreaming that he could survive such a journey.

Captain Kelliher, after complete recovery, rejoined the Twentieth and was commissioned its major, and remained in active service with the regiment till the end of the war.

Many of the conscripts who were forced into the army by drafting behaved disgracefully, deserting at every opportunity. This temporarily demoralized several commands. Dr. Perry gives a graphic description of the murder of his friend, Captain McKay:

On the 5th of October, 1863, a horrible murder occurred in the camp of the Twentieth Mas-

sachusetts, and as the facts concerning it extended through many weeks, it seems well to collect and give them as a whole.

Our corps was encamped in a thick wood within a few miles of Culpeper, and its presence could only be detected by the clouds of smoke from camp-fires curling above the trees. Close to our rear was a regiment notorious for its drunken brawls and lawlessness. It was composed principally of conscripts, substitutes, and New York rioters, among them many jail-birds, and force and arms were often necessary to quell the incessant rows and disturbances among these rough characters.

On the evening of October 5, taps had sounded in the Twentieth Massachusetts, lights were out, every man was in his tent, and the silence of the night was broken only by the wind which swept fitfully through the pines. Only the officer of the day and I were in camp, the others being on a visit to another regiment, and the soft little glimmer of light which shone forth in the prevailing darkness came from the tent outside of which Captain McKay and I were seated.

The Captain had enlisted as a private when the regiment was first organized, and by his intelligence, bravery, and good fellowship had reached his present rank. Company F, which he commanded, was made up of the worst elements in the regiment, which was otherwise unusual for military deportment and manly bearing.

We sat talking of the incessant delays in hostilities, when a shout interrupted us, followed by yells and drunken laughter.

"The fellows in our rear," I said, after a moment's pause; but the Captain's face was anxious.

"No," he answered, "those are my men; they are drunk and quarrelsome; something tells me there is trouble brewing to-night; ever since I punished the ringleaders in those rows they have been sullen and out of temper. In the drill this afternoon I did not like their mood," and asking me to stand ready in case of need, he left and sauntered toward the company's tent.

I heard the Captain order his men to their quarters, but in so calm a voice that it seemed to me he dealt too gently with the brutes; and on the instant there was a shot and then a moan. I reached the spot in time to see the Captain leap into the air and fall, and to hear him cry, "Doctor, I am murdered!"

By the flickering light of the same little candle by which he had just sat, we bore him into the tent; but he was dead when we reached it. Dead! A little enough word, but with such weight of meaning!

Instantly the sergeant, then aroused, ordered the men of the Captain's company into line; the officers were sent for, and, on their quick return, the roll was called, and every gun examined. Every man was present, and each had his gun, but many of them were so drunk they could barely stand. Those who were sufficiently sober knew that they stood not only in the presence of a crime, but of their murdered Captain, whose body was now stretched upon the ground before them. Neither moon nor stars shone upon them; no other light than the uncertain glimmer of a camp fire and tent candle, which only added to the ghastly pallor of the men.

The officers gathered about the body of the murdered Captain, and after a brief consultation it was decided to dismiss the men and wait until the morning for further action. The body was removed to a large tent, where the sergeant and I watched over it for the remainder of the night. The wind moaned and whistled, things creaked and flapped in the blasts, and in this weary vigil even the monotonous tramp, tramp of a sentinel outside the tent took its place in the tragedy. The night wore on, and in the bleak and cheerless dawn all the officers of the regiment gathered about the dead Captain to hold a council. After long deliberation it was decided that the men of Company F should march into the tent one by one, kneel, kiss the Bible, and, with one hand on the heart of the murdered man, each should swear before God that he was innocent of all implication in the crime.

In the solemn silence of this Court of Officers, under the concentrated attention of all present, when not the flicker of an eyelid could escape observation, each man faced the ordeal without flinching, with no sign of guilt; and many bore themselves with the dignity of honest freedom, though in the presence of conditions before which even an innocent heart might quail. The experiment was a failure, and hours passed in which all available means to discover the assassin were fruitlessly tried. Even the lawless men of the Captain's company were shocked into good behavior, and in their bearing expressed respect and love for their dead commander.

The sergeant and I carefully watched the placing of the Captain's body in an ambulance for Alexandria, where the remains would be embalmed before the journey home.

As we were about to start we saw a stranger in officer's uniform approaching us, who asked where he could find the officer in command of the regiment. The Major, who happened to be near, heard the question, and said, "What is your business with me?"

"I hail from the same place as the Captain who was killed last night," answered the man. "I've served my time and am on my way home, and, if you like, will take charge of the body and see that it arrives safely."

The Major became interested. It seemed a most fortunate arrangement, especially in a time of so much hurry and confusion, and after a brief conference with the other officers of the regiment,

it was decided that the opportunity was too good a one to lose, and that they had better accept an offer of such disinterested services.

Letters of sympathy were sent to the fiancée of the dead Captain, advising her also that the body was being transported to the North, in care of a life-long friend. But the sequel was startling.

More weeks passed, when one day, while the officers were together at mess, an orderly handed a letter to the Major in command of the regiment.

"By Jove!" said the latter, glancing at the postmark, "this letter is from the Captain's poor girl," and tearing it open, he read the contents aloud. They stated that neither the body of Captain McKay nor the man who left the camp with it in charge had arrived; nor would they ever do so, for she was absolutely certain that that man was the assassin. Some time ago she had refused his offer of marriage and, when he heard of her engagement to the Captain, he swore he would kill him, if it were necessary to enlist for the purpose. Subsequently he had enlisted in a New York regiment, from which she also knew he was dishonorably discharged at the date of the murder.

Wider interest in the matter was raised; more funds subscribed and detectives sent in all directions. The contents of the letter soon spread among the men of the regiment, and those concerned in the drunken brawl on the night of the murder finally confessed that the man who traveled from camp with the dead Captain was the same who gave them whiskey the night he was shot; that this man did his best to incite them to the murder, and, when he failed in this, grabbed the boy's gun, crouched in the bushes, and fired the fatal shot himself.

In course of time news arrived of the capture of the murderer in a Western regiment, and that he was then on his way back to our quarters under strict guard. The satisfaction of officers and men was immense, and not one would have tossed a penny to save the wretch's life. We had all the necessary proof and every witness of the deed was present.

When the man arrived, a court-martial was immediately convened. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged; but before the execution could take place the necessary papers must be supervised in Washington, and during this delay the prisoner was strictly guarded night and day.

But there was a legal flaw in the papers, and they were compelled to liberate the prisoner. During a lull in the fighting near Petersburg in June, 1864, there was a sharpshooters' duel which Dr. Perry describes as follows:

Towards noon, yesterday, weary, I suppose, of the inaction, a Confederate sharpshooter mounted his earthwork and challenged one of our sharpshooters to single combat. Lieutenant G., a fine fellow, standing at least six feet two in his stockings, accepted the challenge, and they commenced what to them was sport. Life is cheap in this campaign! Both fired, and the Confederate dropped. G.'s great size was so unusual that his opponent had the advantage, and our men tried to make him give way to a smaller man. But, no! He would not listen, became very excited as his successes multiplied, and when darkness stopped the duelling he remained unscathed, while every opponent had fallen victim to his unerring aim.

The lieutenant was so exhilarated that he claimed with much bluster a charmed life; said nothing would kill him, that he could stand any amount of duelling, and this he would prove in the morning. When he was in his tent for the night, we officers used every argument and entreaty to convince him of the foolhardiness and criminality of such a course, and also assured him of the certainty of his death.

As we all foretold, he was finally killed, but his death was due to treachery. In the morning, true to his mistaken conviction, he stood upon the works again and challenged an opponent. Instantly one appeared, and as both were taking aim, a man from another part of the Confederate line fired and shot G. through the mouth, the ball lodging in the spinal vertebrae, completely paralyzing him below the head. We dragged the poor, deluded fellow to his tent, where, after uttering inarticulately, "I hit him any way, Doctor," he died.

We then heard a tremendous uproar outside, and found that our men were claiming the murderer of their lieutenant; but the Confederates shouted that they had already shot him for a cowardly villain, and then came praises across the line for Lieutenant G.'s pluck and skill.

An interesting letter written at the commencement of the campaign of 1864 under Grant, is replete with vivid description of unusual incidents:

Hot firing opened at daybreak, and it seemed so near that when orders came to "fall in line," the new German recruits simply would not obey. They were so terrified that they lay like logs, and no amount of rough handling, even with bayonets, had any effect upon them whatever. The order to advance was given; still these fellows clung to the ground with faces buried in the grass, and, although some were shot by the officers, literally nothing moved them.

"Go on," was the next order, and on we went, leaving the miserable wretches lying there—a few may have fallen into line, but I doubt it. We pushed forward, and very quickly were walking over rows of dead bodies piled at times two and three deep, and they lay in lines, exactly as if mowed down, showing the havoc of yesterday's fight. These lines seemed to be equally distant one from the other, as if each body of men advanced a certain distance, received a volley, then advanced again, and received another. I noticed a man lying near me in the ranks at this time singing a hymn with all his might and main. His head was thrown back, his mouth wide open, and he seemed completely absorbed in the emotion called forth to the hymn, which made him oblivious to all surroundings. I watched him curiously, and understood that it was an instinctive impulse on his part to try to hold his senses together and to steady himself under the well-nigh unendurable strain. As long as I saw the fellow, he kept his place without stumbling, and obeyed orders.

Meanwhile reserves were brought up, and among them I saw General Bartlett at the head of his brigade; but we had time only for a passing salute. Shortly after that an orderly came towards me, leading a horse, with an officer in the saddle, back from the front. The man was bent far over the horse's neck, bleeding profusely from a wound in the head, and white as death. To my dismay, I saw it was Frank Bartlett, and I called his name again and again, but did not succeed in rousing him. Passing my finger into the wound before taking him from the saddle, I found the ball had not penetrated the bone, but had simply severed an artery in the scalp; so, pressing the artery till a steward brought a ligature, I shouted, "No harm done, old boy; this is only a flesh wound; you will be all right when I tie the artery and take a stitch or two"; and this good news seemed to bring him back to consciousness. I then laid him on the ground, and, after my work was finished, gave him a good horn of whisky, and very soon he rallied completely.

"John," he said, "I thought I was done for. Well, old fellow, if I'm all right, here goes!" and before I could stop him he had sprung into the saddle, waved his hand to me, and was off to the front again as fast as his horse could carry him. Such is the mental power of the two little words "death" and "life."

The "Letters from a Surgeon of the Civil War" were edited by Mrs. Perry, who contributes an interesting chapter on the draft riots of New York. The book is illustrated from historical photographs.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

In Los Angeles the Superior Court has decided the suit of W. D. Turner, a stockholder in the American Boy Mining Company, against Governor H. H. Markham, president, and George H. Coffin, secretary of that corporation, giving judgment in favor of the plaintiff for principal and interest in excess of \$100,000. The court found that the defendants had sold 3120 shares of the mining stock for \$52,653.35 and had issued, without consideration, 2880 shares, for which they were charged \$57,800. Turner, as a stockholder in the corporation, brought suit against Markham and Coffin several months ago, charging that they had issued many shares of stock for which the stockholders had received no returns. The defendants denied that the stock disposed of belonged to the stockholders, asserting that it belonged, instead, to them individually.

The directors of the United States Steel Corporation have declared a quarterly dividend of one-half of one per cent. on the common stock. This is the same as the last dividend on the common stock. The directors also declared the regular quarterly dividend of one and three-quarters per cent. on the preferred stock. The net earnings for the quarter ending September 30, were \$38,114,624, as compared with \$31,240,532 for the corresponding quarter of last year. The unfilled orders on hand September 30 were 7,936,884 tons, as compared with 5,865,377 on September 30, 1905.

The House of Representatives of New Zealand has approved the renewal of the San Francisco mail subsidy for three years, with the proviso that new steamships shall be provided within two years, in default of which the Postmaster-General is empowered to give six months' notice of the withdrawal of the subsidy. The House also authorized the making of a contract for the Vancouver service, giving \$3000 to steamships making the trip in eighteen days, the maximum subsidy to be \$100,000.

The Parrott estate has decided to rebuild at once on the site of the Emporium on Market street. The new structure will be designed for commercial and office purposes. It will cost \$1,000,000 or more. While in general the architecture will follow the lines of the old structure the new edifice will contain an arcade with a spacious approach from Market street. It is to be a Class A building.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

General Sir Ian Hamilton, who may succeed Kitchener as commander in chief in India, has been wounded in almost every action in which he has taken part.

James Hazen Hyde, ex-vice-president of the Equitable Life Insurance Company, who is living in Paris, has arranged for a debate in French between Harvard and Yale. He has offered a prize to the team winning such a contest.

George R. Peck, the general counsel of the United States, is one of the few men in the United States who refused to go to the United States Senate. He was appointed once by the Governor of Wisconsin and would not take the oath.

The wireless dispatches received on shore during the voyage of the battleship Louisiana, commanded by President Roosevelt and party to Panama, sent by Lieutenant Frank Taylor Evans, and Admiral Evans, who was recently appointed aid to the President.

Commander Peary's seventh expedition to the Arctic regions brought him a few miles nearer the North Pole than any former explorer, but astronomer, Morris K. Jessup of New York, who had the funds for the trip, is disappointed result, as announced a few days ago.

When Arthur J. Balfour was secretary for Ireland he once asked the celebrated Father Time: "Do the Irish really hate me as much as the newspapers say?" The grim old wit replied: "My dear sir, if they only hated the devil as much as they hate you my occupation would be gone."

Captain Amundsen and the five Norwegian men who accompanied him in his three years' voyage in the Arctic regions and through the Northwest Passage, were met in Chicago on their way eastward by the disappointing news that they had withdrawn the offered prize of \$100,000, which it was believed they had won.

England's premier motorist, Charles Stewart Rolls, is in America. He is also a noted aviator. It is his first trip across the Atlantic, and on several occasions, when ballooning, he has been in it. Mr. Rolls is the third Lord Llangatock. He will make a tour of the United States in a twenty horse power car.

Mary Baker G. Eddy was visited at her home in Concord, N. H., recently by a number

of New York and Boston reporters, who were anxious to learn of her health, as the New York World had just published a sensational dispatch saying Mrs. Eddy was dying and was impersonated in public by another woman. Mrs. Eddy, who is at the head of the Christian Scientists, a wealthy and numerous organization, answered two questions concerning her health and then walked to her carriage for her daily drive. She is eighty-six years old.

The energy of the Duchess Dowager Fitz-James cost France as much as the last war and had the indirect effect of making a sober nation one of dram drinkers. The duchess in her passion for self-aggrandizement imported vines from America to plant on her estate in Nugard. They brought phylloxera there. It spread all over France and ruined for years the vintage departments. Her American vines could resist this disease; French vines could not. This loss to the Gironde alone came to 500,000,000 francs. M. Fallieres' whole family and connections were nearly ruined by phylloxera.

Eleanor, Duchess of Northumberland, who is now eighty-six, belongs to the old-world type of aristocrat, and was a great social power in England in the middle of Queen Victoria's reign. Lord Prudhoe, as he then was—the title became extinct at his death—succeeded as fourth Duke of Northumberland in 1847, five years after his marriage to Lady Eleanor Grosvenor, eldest of the nine sisters of the late Duke of Westminster. Six of this remarkable group of sisters are still living, the next in order to the duchess being Lady Macclesfield. Her grace's marriage was childless, and the dukedom passed at her husband's death in 1865 to a remote cousin.

Because of failure to disclose the identity of some of their numbers, guilty of violence and murder, the President has dismissed in disgrace from the army the entire membership of Companies B, C, and D, of the Twenty-fifth Infantry (negro), which has been stationed in Texas. He accompanied this action by an order which may amount to the court-martial of a white officer also. The actions grew out of the recent race riots in Brownsville, Texas. The white officer, Colonel William L. Pitcher, who will be tried for his offense, is said to have reflected seriously on the character of the negro troops in a public statement, and also on the policy of the Government in enlisting them.

To offset the lingering effects of the San Francisco earthquake a movement which has been shaping for the past four months has at last taken definite form in the "Development Society of California." Its avowed purpose is to expend from half a million to a million dollars in legitimate advertising of California's unrivaled resources and attractions throughout the Middle West and the Eastern States. The officers of the company are: President, J. J. McMillan, general manager of the Huntington railway lines; first vice-president, U. S. Grant, of San Diego; second vice-president and manager, W. Scott Smith; secretary, O. V. Eaton, confidential secretary of H. E. Huntington. These gentlemen, with D. A. Hamburger, Frank Short, of Fresno, and Frank Miller, owner of the Glenwood Hotel at Riverside, compose the directorate of the society.

Major-General William Rufus Shafter, U. S. A., retired, died November 12, at the home of Captain W. H. McKittrick, near Bakersfield, Cal., after an illness of only a week. Captain and Mrs. W. H. McKittrick, the son-in-law and daughter, Miss Carrie Redmond, a niece, Mrs. Courtright, and James N. Shafter, a brother, were at his side when the end came. General Shafter was 71 years old. The experience of General Shafter ranged over a vast amount of territory with the serving through two wars. He fought through the Civil War and was in command of the army of invasion in Cuba. The forces stationed at Tampa, Fla., under his charge, crossed to Santiago, where General Shafter was present at the surrender.

Commissioner General of Immigration, Sargent, has left Washington for Honolulu, where he is to supervise the landing of the 1300 Portuguese immigrants, bound from the Azores Islands. They are aboard the steamer Sueve and are scheduled to reach the Hawaiian Islands about November 30. Mr. Sargent goes to Honolulu at the direction of the President, who deems this class of immigration into Hawaii an event of great significance. The Portuguese will settle on government land.

D. M. Delmas, the well-known attorney of San Francisco, has been engaged as counsel for the defense of Harry K. Thaw, now in prison in New York charged with the murder of Stanford White.

SPENCERIAN

STEEL PENS

There's a Spencerian Pen made for you. Spencerian Pens are famous for their durability, evenness of point, workmanship and quality of metal.
Every Spencerian Pen perfect. No seconds.
Sample card of 12 pens, different patterns, sent to any address for 6 cents in postage. Address
SPENCERIAN PEN CO.,
340 Broadway, New York.

PAUL BANCROFT

REAL ESTATE

and

Financial Agent

729 Market Street
LOANS LEASES INVESTMENTS

"La Questa"

A Luscious Old Red Wine
For Sale by
L. M. WALTER Corner California and Devisadero Sts.
AND
McCAW BROS. - - 401 Devisadero
PRODUCER:
E. H. RIXFORD
Kohl Building : : : San Francisco

THE OCULARIUM

Perfect Fitting

Eye Glasses

At Moderate Prices
Lenses Replaced 50c

Henry Kahn & Co

OPTICIANS

1309 Van Ness Avenue,
Between Bush and Sutter.



See that Lea & Perrins' signature is on wrapper and label.

Beware of inferior sauces put up in bottles similar to the above.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

is invaluable to the fastidious cook. It adds zest to her Gravies and spice to her Salads, and improves the flavor of Fish, Game and Soups. Its rare rich flavor makes it the most useful of all sauces.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce is in every well-equipped kitchen

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York

VANITY FAIR.

Dr. Emil Reich, who offended many Americans by his criticism of American women in lectures to British women, has made a thrust now at the men of the United States in giving what he evidently considers a scientific explanation of the riot at the Longchamps race-course in Paris a short time ago. The professor's remarks are noted in a London dispatch.

"It was the same," he asserts, "as a theatre panic or a lynching. It is only a country where there is absolute psychological equality of men that such a thing could occur. In France or America the men are like a prairie, they are all on the same psychological level. Frenchmen and Americans are as level and like one another as the blades of grass on a prairie. Two, five or nine persons become enthusiastic about something and the whole nation goes mad."

"The American nation is simply a series of John Smiths. Any one who ventures to express an opinion that is not a general one, is looked on as a crank or a madman."

"There is the same thing in France. The people are not sufficiently individualized. They are on the same prairie level and 'egalite' is realized, not only in law, but in the whole machinery and apparatus of life."

"I have actually seen a lynching in America; have watched madness grow. Some one shouted 'Lynch him!' and the excitement spread from one man to another until it accumulated momentum and became irresistible. Every one was swept off his feet. The madness caught me, too. I felt it myself."

"I am a great admirer of both the French and the Americans, but this is the true explanation of such an outburst."

"An English crowd is composed of many individuals—a gentleman, an officer, a clerk, a workman, etc. Some one may shout 'Lynch him!' but another will say 'No! We have courts of law.' The volume of indignation is too poor; there are too many different opinions for momentum to accumulate. There is no more possibility of a feeling of equality growing in England than there is of the people talking French. If there was there would be an end to the nation."

An incident that had a sobering effect on an English visitor is described by Mrs. F. H. Burnett in her latest story in *The Century*, "The Shuttle." Some men—hard-headed, rich stock-brokers, with a vulgar sense of humor—were enjoying themselves quite uproariously, one night at a club over a story one of them was relating of an unsatisfactory German son-in-law who had demanded an income. He was a man of small title who had married the narrator's daughter, and after some months spent in his father-in-law's house, had felt it but proper that his financial position should be put on a practical footing.

"He brought her back after the bridal tour to make us a visit," said the story-teller. "I had nothing to say against that, because we were all glad to see her home and her mother had been missing her. But weeks passed and months passed, and there was no mention made of them going over to settle in the sloop we'd heard so much of and in time it came out that the sloop thing—he meant 'schloss'—wasn't his at all. It was his elder brother's. The whole lot of them were counts, and not one of them seemed to own a dime. The sloop count hadn't more than twenty-five cents, and he wasn't the kind to deal any of it out to his family. So Lily's count would have to go clerking in a dry-goods store if he proposed to support himself. But he didn't propose to do it. He thought he'd got on to a soft thing. Of course we're an easy-going lot, and we should have stood him if he'd been a nice fellow. But he wasn't. Lily's mother used to find her crying in her bedroom, and it came out by degrees that it was because Adolf had been quarreling with her and saying sneering things about her family. When her mother talked to him, he was insulting."

"Then bills began to come in, and Lily was expected to get me to pay them. And they were not the kind of bills a decent fellow calls on another man to pay. But I did it five or six times, to make it easy for her. But that didn't work well. He thought I did it because I had to, and he began to feel free and easy about it, and didn't try to cover up his tracks as much when he sent in a new lot. He was always working Lily. He began to consider himself master of the house. He intimated that a private carriage ought to be kept for them. He said it was beggarly that he should have to consider the rest of the family when he wanted to go out. When I got on to the situation I began to enjoy it. I let him spread himself for a while, just to see what he would do."

The end of the story came with the description of the son-in-law's blunt request for an allowance, after a full statement of his condescension

in marrying, and his noble deserts. The stock-broker heard him through and then got up and said:

"Well, it won't take long for me to answer that. I've always been fond of my children, and Lily is rather my pet. She's always had everything she wanted, and she always shall. She's a good girl and she deserves it. I'll allow you just five minutes to get out of this room before I kick you out; and if I kick you out of the room, I'll kick you down the stairs, and if I kick you down the stairs, I shall have got my blood comfortably warmed up, and I'll kick you down the street, and round the block, and over to Hoboken, because you're going to take a steamer there and go back, steerage-passage, to the place you came from, to the sloop thing, or whatever you call it. We haven't a bit of use for you here, and, believe it or not, gentlemen"—looking round with a wry-mouthed smile—"he took that steerage-passage, and back he went. And Lily's living with her mother, and I mean to hold on to her."

A family of Newark, N. J., has hit upon a solution of the servant problem. It is contained in the following advertisement in the Newark Evening News:

Wanted, by small family, girl to assist in general housework; no washing or ironing; mistress will do all chamber work, including sweeping and dusting; four nights a week allowed, also one whole day; night key given; private bath connected with girl's suite of rooms; no piano, but will get one if required; salary \$29 per month and perquisites; will give references. Address Reference, box 87, News office.

The purpose of putting the wages at \$29 a month is to make it easy for the applicant to say "One dollar more," thus raising her wages to \$30 before she has begun her round of pleasure. The family have overlooked none of the details of their plan of salvation. Owing to the cost of newspaper space they did not enumerate the perquisites; but applicants probably will be told that they include liberal allowances of butter, coffee, sugar, cold chicken, bottled beer, cakes, the boss's cigars and such other staples as by time-honored custom go to the housemaid's friends or relatives.

Terpsichore is to come into her own again. That which has been termed dancing but which the muse herself would have blushed to acknowledge is to give place during the coming season to the curves of the old-time waltz, the grace of which is self-evident. Such at least was the ultimatum of the United Professional Teachers of Dancing reached at the convention which was held recently, reports the Chicago Chronicle.

The gradual ascendancy of the popular skip and slide two-step has made lovers of graceful movement tremble and grow weak in the knees. More than one anticipated the day when Darwin's theory would be borne out to the letter and we should find ourselves facing a future of monkeylike, swinging steps calculated to cover the greatest amount of space in the shortest possible time.

But all this, we are told, will soon be of the past. The future will not find us emerging from our terpsichorean efforts looking and feeling as though we had just come out of the steamroom of a Turkish bath. Men will no longer go to soirees supplied with two or three clean collars to be prepared in case of necessity.

With the rejuvenation of the real waltz, whose beauties prompted the immortal Strauss compositions, it presages at least a temporary dislocation of ragtime deliriums and Avenue A rhapsodies in favor of the old, easy motion.

According to the new decree we must glide instead of slide; we must turn and reverse to dreamy musical overtures, and the sudden spurt from one end of a room to the other, with its accompanying whirl that literally carries us off our feet, must be scorned altogether. The waltz in its various phases is to reign once more.

A momentous change has been decreed in the habits of London society, initiated by the King, says a note in the society columns of a London paper. His Majesty disapproved of the tendency to make the dinner hour later and later, and has decreed that hereafter the fashionable dinner hour shall be from 6.30 to 7.30.

Before this change was instituted society dined from 8 to 9. The new dinner hour, which is a return to earlier manners, is welcomed by everybody. It will benefit the theatres, which have lost many patrons through the late dinner hour, and it will also send more people to the restaurants for supper.

People who dined at 8 o'clock were not always inclined for supper afterward, and could not reach the theatre before the middle of the performance.

Rules for Automobile Guests.

Always tell your host that this is the finest machine you ever rode in.
Ask him if it isn't the best make there is.
Say you thought so, when he says yes.
Ask him what really makes it go.
Listen while he tells you.
Ask him if he isn't going very swiftly.
Express surprise when he says the machine is merely getting warmed up, and for you to wait.
Remark that automobiling is the poetry of motion.

And that you never before knew what it meant to really live.

And that you feel an exquisite, inexplicable elation.

Admire his motoring get-up.
Tell him how well he looks in automobile togs.
Ask him if you may suggest a name for his machine.

Ask him what are the spark plugs.
Ask him how to spell carbureter.

Express no surprise at his reply.
Say that you would be afraid to go as fast if any one else were driving.

Ask to have all the parts in sight explained to you.

Inquire minutely about the others.
Introduce no subject save automobiles.

Disparage all others and praise the one you're in.—Carolyn Wells, in *Life*.

Argonauts for Our Files.

Among the many who have very kindly sent us papers and to whom we extend our thanks are the following:

Capt. S. H. Achley, Greenport, L. I., New York.

Mrs. Shaw, 492 Prospect St., Oakland, Cal.

Mr. E. W. Jones, San Gabriel, Cal.

Mr. Chas. D. Blanchard, Lincoln, Maine.

Mrs. Asa R. Wells.

Dr. David Cohn, 2209 Laguna St., San Francisco.

Mrs. Robert M. Howland, Sausalito, Cal.

Mr. C. R. Downs, Sutter Creek, Cal.

Mr. C. H. Smith, Chefoo.

The temporary Palace Hotel on the corner of Post and Leavenworth Streets is bustling with activity. The smell of fresh paint fills the rooms, but Colonel Kirkpatrick says that everything is in readiness. The first dinner in the new Palace will be served to-day, and meals will be served regularly and guests cared for from this time on.

The winter racing season at the California Jockey Club Track, Emeryville, begins to-day. The chief event is the opening handicap for a purse of \$2000. The arrangements of boats and trains are made most convenient for those who attend.

Mayor Schmitz is on his way home and is expected to arrive early next week.



**HUNTER
BALTIMORE
RYE**

THE
WHISKEY
OF
REFINED
TASTE

CHARLES M. REYNOLDS CO.
San Francisco, Cal.

Pears'

The ingredients in many soaps, require free alkali to saponify them.

The rich, cool lather of Pears' does not result from free alkali, fats or rosin.

Pears' and purity are synonymous.

Matchless for the complexion

ANNOUNCEMENT

Marie L. Sweeney

Formerly of 121 Post
Is Now Located at

1536 Bush Street

With a Complete Stock of Exclusive
Styles in

MILLINERY

EUGENE KORN

The Hatter

946 Van Ness Avenue

Formerly 746 Market St.

Press Clippings

Are money-makers for Contractors
Supply-houses, Business Men
and Corporations.

Allen's Press Clipping Bureau
Kohl Building.



**HARTSHORN
SHADE ROLLERS**

Bear the script name of Stewart
Hartshorn on label.

Get "Improved," no tacks required

Wood Rollers Tin Rollers

THE
Waldorf Hair Store

1528-30 Bush St.

Near Van Ness Ave.

BRANCH STORE

3461 Sacramento St.

Most Complete and Varied Assortment
of HUMAN HAIR West of New
York, and the Most Perfectly Ap-
pointed Establishment for

**Marcel Waving, Ladies' Hair Dress-
ing, Shampooing, Manicuring,
Dyeing and Bleaching.**

Special Department of Dermatology

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Wigs a Specialty
Special Appointment by Phone

EMERGENCY 620

ROMEIKE'S PRESS CUTTING BUREAU

Will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear on
you, your friends, or any subject on which you want
"up to date."

A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily papers
and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines, in fact, every paper
of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers
and, through the European Bureaus, all the leading papers of the
civilized globe.

Clippings found for subscribers and pasted on slips giving name
and date of paper, and are mailed day by day.
Write for circular and terms.

HENRY ROMEIKE

110 and 112 W. 26th St., NEW YORK

BRANCHES

LONDON. PARIS. BERLIN. SYDNEY

STAGE GOSSIP.

Dramatic Notes.

A temporary theatre is being planned by Gottlob, Marx & Co., to be erected on the old St. Ignatius site, at Van Ness avenue and Grove street. The building is to be constructed of fire-proof materials, and is promised for completion early in the new year.

"The Love Route," the new play by Edward Peple, produced a few days ago at the Lincoln Square Theatre in New York, gives Guy Standing, the favorite leading man a strong part, and is already a popular success.

Rex Beach has been assisted by James MacArthur in making a play out of his magazine serial story, "The Spoilers." It is said to be a series of true pictures of Alaska life. The play was produced at the New Theatre in Chicago a few days ago.

Forbes Robertson and his wife, Gertrude Elliott, produced George Bernard Shaw's travesty, "Cesar and Cleopatra," at the New Amsterdam Theatre in New York a few days ago, and made a favorable impression in the leading parts. Shaw's work is said to be very witty and sometimes startling in its unconventionalism.

Charles Ulrich, who deserted newspaper work in San Francisco to become a playwright, has two or three of his dramatic sketches on the stages of Chicago theatres.

Arnold Daly says that his bankruptcy is the result of the interdicted "Mrs. Warren's Profession," which cost him heavily and did not have an opportunity to become a popular success.

Goldsmith's comedy, "The Good-natur'd Man," first produced at Covent Garden in 1768, and a failure then, was recently revived in London, but it is still declared to be a bad piece of work for the stage.

Musical Notes.

The Lambardi Italian Grand Opera Company opened a season in Los Angeles last week at the new Auditorium, presenting "Aida." Esther Adaberto sang the title-role, Mathilde Campo-fiore was the Amneris, C. Bacchetta was the Amonasro, and D'Ottavi the Radames. On the second evening "Lucia" was given. The season will last four weeks.

Mme. Gadsby will give the first concert in a subscription course in Albany December 13.

Henry W. Savage will send the opera "Madame Butterfly" to the Pacific Coast this season.

Mme. Louise Cappiani, the noted music teacher of New York, recently returned from Europe with her arm and shoulder encased in plaster of Paris. While preparing to sail for home Mme. Cappiani had a severe fall at her Swiss villa, but the effects will not long delay her work. Mme. Cappiani, in addition to teaching many students and convent teachers, is busy in general musical work, being a director and officer of several New York City and national musical organizations.

Mme. Melba is singing at Covent Garden, London, in the season of Italian opera, but will sail for America next month. She will appear in only ten concert programmes during her stay in this country.

Camille Saint Saens, the French composer, made his first appearance in New York November 3, playing his own fantasia for the piano, "Africa," and a waltz-caprice, also his own composition, at a concert given by the New York symphony Orchestra led by Walter Damrosch.

Zoltan de T. Gyongyoshalasz, the Hungarian pianist and composer, is among the noted musicians now giving recitals in the East.

A testimonial benefit for Henry Clay Barnabee and the widow of William H. MacDonald will be given the afternoon of Tuesday, December 11, in the Broadway Theatre, New York City.

Plays that Have Earned Millions.

"Good old 'Rip Van Winkle,'" said a stage manager, "holds the record as a money maker among modern plays. 'Rip' has earned, down to date, something over \$5,000,000.

"When 'Erminie' was first produced in London, it was a total failure. But Rudolph Aronson saw the possibilities of the pretty and graceful opera, he secured the American rights, he engaged Francis Wilson, Marie Jansen, and Pauline Hall for the leading roles, and he produced 'Erminie' superbly. The result was that this opera, which had been pronounced worthless, was acted 4,800 times, and earned \$3,000,000.

"Kate Claxton played 'The Two Orphans' 500 times, making \$2,000,000 out of the play. "Denman Thompson, when he wrote 'The Old Homestead,' little thought that his wholesome drama would earn \$4,000,000 in twelve years. Yet those are the authenticated figures. "De Koven's 'Robin Hood' and Jones's 'Silver

King' have each earned \$3,000,000, and still bring in royalties to their happy authors.

"Among recent successes the greatest is Pinero's 'House in Order.' This play was put on at the St. James Theatre last February, and ran steadily through the summer. It earned at the St. James \$1,100,000, and its provincial and American runs are still to be heard from."

The Passion of a Poet's Play.

In a recent issue of "The Outlook," edited by a clergyman, appears the following notice of the play in which Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin have achieved great success:

"It is an event of significance, when an American poet who stands in the front rank of our younger group, of verse-writers, Mr. William Vaughn Moody, not only produces an acting play in prose, but avoids conventional tragedy, and, in the main, poetic sentiment, and attempts to deal with a modern, American, passionately dramatic (one may almost but not quite say melodramatic) theme. And it is notable also, entirely apart from one's view of Mr. Moody's success or failure in working out his theme, that the play, 'The Great Divide,' as presented at the Princess Theatre in New York City, has taken an immediate and strong hold upon the public, and is evidently to have a long run before crowded houses. There is no question as to the forcefulness of the terribly cruel situation about which Mr. Moody's play centers; neither is there doubt of his intention to treat this theme seriously and with ethical purpose; there is great doubt whether this last intention is carried out clearly or consistently.

"Briefly stated, the woman whose anguish is pitilessly laid before the audience is attacked in a lonely Arizona cabin by three drunken and passion-inflamed brutes, and buys her honor from the least beastly of the three by promising to marry him immediately and live with him faithfully as his wife. The compact is carried out. What one expects to follow, and what may seem to be Mr. Moody's real purpose, is the gradual change of the husband's moral nature and character through the sight of his wife's suffering, distress, and degradation, through remorse, and through the growth of an ennobled love in his own heart. But what really does take place is an almost instantaneous transformation which is no more convincing than is the first presentment of the man as an unutterably vile and despicable villain. In fact, from beginning to end, in the present writer's judgment of the play as it actually affects the hearer, the man is a moral and psychological impossibility. Hardly more credible is the final discovery by the wife (a part acted with sincerity and emotional power by Margaret Anglin) that she not only does love but has unconsciously long loved her husband. It is not at all improbable that as originally written Mr. Moody's play may have worked out its tense problems more subtly and more consistently than in the stage version, probably condensed for practical reasons; and one even wishes also that he could have had the larger scope and opportunity offered by the novel to develop his thesis. As it is, the hearer recognizes in the play vigor, audacity, and originality; quite exonerates the playwright from unworthy appeal by the use of an almost unspeakably horrible situation; but fails to find precision of purpose or reasonable evolution of character out of passion."

A London Editor on Vaudeville.

William T. Stead, the noted journalist, has visited a London music hall for the first time in his life, and this is the way he describes the effect upon him of the show:

"If I had to sum up the whole performance in a single phrase, I should say 'Drivel for the dregs.'"

"My first impression was one of unutterable boredom. For three and a half solid hours I sat, patiently listening to the most insufferable banality and imbecility that ever fell upon human ears.

"My second impression was one of wrathful indignation. It seemed intolerable that in Anno Domini 1906, the heirs of thousands of years of civilization and the product of thirty-five years of the Educational act should relish this inane drivel. It was not the immorality that roused me so much as the imbecility. I did not feel that they were vicious so much as nakedly stupid and unashamed.

"My third impression was the absence, with one or two exceptions, of anything beautiful or melodious."

"La Milo's" classical poses met with his warmest encomiums, and he declared it impossible to see anything indecent in them.

The directors of the Pavilion, which Mr. Stead visited, are considering the question of bringing a libel suit.

The Fruit and Flower Mission.

Next Thursday is Thanksgiving. As in former years some will have a surfeit of good things, some a sufficiency, some—the poor and the sick—will lack not only the appetizing dainties but even plain substantial provisions. For many years it has been the Argonaut's privilege and pleasure to bespeak the bounty of our readers for the Mission of Fruit and Flowers. Every Thanksgiving the mission gives to the needy as many Thanksgiving dinners as its friends, in their generosity, provide. It asks of them all sorts of meats, turkeys, chickens, vegetables, wines and liquors (for medicinal purposes), raisins, figs, jellies, fruits, cakes, pies, bread, flowers—in short, anything good to eat. And since money will buy everything, it asks (especially of affluent bachelors) as much of the coin of the realm as they can well spare. Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday are the best days to send these gifts. Your grocer will find the address, and the butcher, the baker, the wine dealer. Two minutes at the 'phone will do the business. If you live in the country, Wells-Fargo will transport anything you send free of charge. Address the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission, 1610 Pacific Avenue.

The Orpheum.

Nick Long and Idalene Cotton, great favorites, will return to the Orpheum Sunday afternoon after a long absence. They will present "My Wife's Diamonds," a protean playlet by Edgar Allen Woolf, in which Miss Cotton portrays four characters and Mr. Long two. Good ventriloquists are a rarity and always welcome here and there is none better than Trovollo. He comes back with his new and original ventriloquial comedy drama, "The Hotel Office." The Knight brothers and Marion Sawtelle have been seen here in the past and have always made a hit. Their act as a whole is one of the best costumed on the stage. The Kita Banzai troupe of eight Japanese acrobats, direct from the land of the Mikado, will make their first appearance in America. Their feats are said to be marvelous. Gus Edwards' "School Boys and Girls," will appear for the last times. Lillian Appel will vary her pianologue. Lee White will be heard in new songs, and the three sisters Herzog-Camaras, equilibristas extraordinary, and Orpheum Motion Pictures will complete a varied programme. There are attractions to suit every taste on the grounds of the Chutes, where the Orpheum is located.

The site of the old Russ House, on Montgomery, from Bush to Pine streets, has been leased, and an imposing and modern structure will be erected at a cost of about \$1,250,000. The papers are drawn and will be signed in a few days. William H. Crocker, president of the Crocker National Bank, and Charles E. Green, secretary and manager of the Crocker Estate Company, have secured the lease from the Russ estate for a term of twenty years. They have also secured an option to purchase the property for \$2,000,000 within five years from the commencement of the term of the lease. It is understood that the offices of the Southern Pacific will be located in the building when completed.

Mrs. Anna C. Spreckels has filed an application with the Board of Works for a permit to reconstruct the Spreckels mansion at the southwest corner of Clay street and Van Ness avenue at an estimated cost of \$200,000.

An Old Landmark in a New Place.

Our readers will welcome the news of the re-establishment of the Louvre at the corner of Eddy and Fillmore streets.

An artistic restaurant has been fitted up in a manner to call forth praise from all who have seen it—with an entrance for ladies on Eddy street and an entrance for gentlemen on Fillmore. On Thursday night, of last week, a gala dinner was given for which more than 500 reservations had been made, and where there was an exceptionally pleasant time, the greeting of old friends, and the enjoyment of an excellent dinner.

The Louvre has long been recognized as a feature in the life of San Francisco, noted all over the world for its excellent restaurants.

The Germans, as well as the Americans who have traveled or lived on the continent, and have cultivated a taste for the famous beers of Germany, have for more than a generation looked to the Louvre for the importation of such beer as Culmbacher, Hofbrau, Wurzbürger, Pilsner, etc.

Music lovers congregate at the Louvre to hear the popular and classical music by the Louvre's excellent orchestra, led by Mr. Joseph.

Mr. Jesse Meyerfeld, than whom there is no more popular restaurateur in this city of restaurants, is the president and general manager of the Louvre now, as he has been in the past.

HOTEL ST. FRANCIS

UNION SQUARE
SAN FRANCISCO

Have you had Lunch in the
FAMOUS GRILL ROOM
IN MAIN BUILDING

JUST THE PLACE TO MEET YOUR
FRIENDS FOR BUSINESS OR PLEASURE

Amusements.

ORPHEUM

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, Nov. 18
Matinee Every Day Except Monday

Mastodonic Attractions

NICK LONG AND IDALENE COTTON; Trovollo; Knight Brothers and Marion Sawtelle; Eight Kita Banzai Japs; Three Sisters Herzog-Camaras; Lillian Appel; Lee White; Orpheum Motion Pictures, and last week of Gus Edwards' "SCHOOL BOYS AND GIRLS."

PRICES—10c, 25c, 50c. Down town Box Office at Donlon's Drug Store, Sutter and Fillmore Sts. Phone, West, 6,000.

CHUTES AND ZOO—Open daily from 10 a.m. till midnight. Admission 10c; Children 5c.

RACING!

RACING!



NEW CALIFORNIA
JOCKEY CLUB

OAKLAND TRACK

Six or more Races each Week Day
RAIN OR SHINE

Races start at 1:40 P. M. sharp

For Special Trains stopping at the Track, take the S. P. Ferry, foot of Market Street, leaves at 12; thereafter every twenty minutes until 1:40 p. m.

No smoking in last two cars, which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.

Returning, trains leave the track after fifth and last races.

PERCY W. TREAT, Sec. THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, Pres.

... OPENING ...

The Sugar Plum

—AT—

937 Van Ness Ave.

The Finest of CONFECTIONS,
Daintiest of FROZEN DISHES,
served. Courteous and prompt
attention. : : : : :

JOHN WICHMAN
Proprietor.

To Lease

Lot in the residence quarter in the Marine View District. Short 50-Vara.

MADISON & BURKE

Fillmore and Sacramento Sts.

J. S. DINKELSPIEL

Importer of

DIAMONDS, PRECIOUS STONES

1021 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

Fine Set Pieces a Specialty

LITERARY NOTES.

Geronimo's Story.

Geronimo, the grim old Apache chief, has dictated his autobiography to S. M. Barrett, Superintendent of Education, Lawton, Oklahoma. Mr. Barrett first asked the officer in charge of the Apaches at Fort Sill, O. T., for permission to write the life of Geronimo and was refused; he then wrote to President Roosevelt and received authority for the publication; finally official permission was given by the War Department, with the understanding that the manuscript should be submitted for critical inspection. The story is published without the approval of the Department.

Geronimo attempts a vindication of his murderous career. His story of his life up to his thirtieth year is an idyll of the wilds; he had never seen a white man, and, at peace with the neighboring tribes, his days were spent hunting the deer, the elk, and the buffalo, or berry-gathering with his fair Alope—an Arizona Paul and Virginia. In the summer of 1858, the Apaches crossed the border, and were attacked by Mexican troops who killed, among others, Geronimo's aged mother, his wife, and his papooses. Geronimo says the Apaches were in Mexico to trade and were peaceable; but no one familiar with the history of Indian depredations in Northern Mexico at that period will sympathize with his yarn. At any rate, Geronimo had ample revenge. For the next 25 years he led scores of war parties into Mexico, burning, ravishing, stealing, murdering. The old chief says the Apaches went on the war path against the Americans because of a series of treacherous acts by the soldiers. In 1863, Mangus-Colorado, Geronimo's predecessor, and half of the tribe, accepted an invitation to live at peace with the whites at Apache Tejo, New Mexico. General Miles confirms Geronimo's statement that the Indians were murdered after they surrendered. From that time until the Apaches were made prisoners of war in 1886, the combined tribes have a record of murder and robbery, as General Howard says, "unparalleled in the history of Indian raids."

Geronimo's recital of his wrongs and his plea to be permitted to spend his last days in the lands of his fathers, will find a responsive chord in the breast of the Eastern sentimentalist; the heartless Westerner will applaud the remark of Lieutenant Purington to Mr. Barrett: "The old Apache deserves to be hanged."

Published by Duffield & Co., New York; \$1.50.

Heine and Sill.

Editor Argonaut:—Through the courtesy of Professor Rendtorff of Stanford University, I have been able to locate the original of the Lill poem referred to in your Literary Notes last week. It is one of the songs of Heinrich Heine, being number 25 of the ninety songs written by him from 1823 to 1824 and collectively published under the name of "Die Heimkehr."

Just as I finished this note, I turned to Professor Rendtorff's copy of Heine's songs to find the place (page 85, volume I) where the poem referred to occurs, when I noticed between the leaves near the back of the volume a clipping which had escaped my attention. I opened it. It is from the Literary Notes of the Argonaut of February 15, 1897, and consists of a review of William Black's Reminiscences of Carlyle, and contains the latter's reference to Heine as "that slimy and greasy Jew, fit only to eat sausages made of toads; * * * but, after all, let us remember that he wrote 'The Lorelei.'"

H.

Palo Alto, Nov. 4, 1906.

1604 Scenic Ave., Berkeley,
November 5, 1906.

Editor Argonaut:—Referring to column 2, page 202 of your valuable paper: It is correct; "Ihr Bild" is one of Heinrich Heine's lieder. The translations, reading one and then the other, are so execrable that it is like passing from a leaf-strewn wood path to a street paved with cobbles with here and there a rut.

The nouns in the German text, "Traumen," "Lacheln," and "Thranen" should have two dots over them; "Erlanze" the same, or there is no sense. Yours sincerely,

E. A. Denicke.

[We also noticed the omissions of which our correspondent speaks, but since the fire we have been forced to dispense with accents; we lost a number of circumflexes and cedillas, while a bed of young unlauts which we were raising with tender care were all destroyed.—Ed. Argonaut.]

New Publications.

An interesting historical romance, with the scenes laid in the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, is "The Queen's Hostage," by Harriet T. Comstock. Ben Jonson, Shakespeare,

the Earl of Essex, and other notable personages move picturesquely through its pages. Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.25.

The renewal of interest in the works of that exquisite artist in words, Lafcadio Hearne, since his death makes timely a reprint of his remarkable volume of Chinese stories, "Some Chinese Ghosts." Probably no one could have translated the color and imagery of the East with more graceful effect than Mr. Hearne. The author stated in the original preface that in preparing the stories "he sought especially for weird beauty." Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50 net.

"The Silver Crown," by Laura E. Richards, is another book of fables by the author of Captain January. These little stories are poetical and cheerful, but many of them are beyond the understanding of young readers. Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.25.

It has long been accepted without question that the ultimate standard of English prose is set by the style of the Bible. And the influence of the English Bible on English language and literature has been enormous. "The Bible as English Literature," by Professor J. H. Gardiner of Harvard, is a scholarly and interesting volume on the literary forms of the Scriptures, with a history of the translation into English. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$2.00.

"The Open Shutters," by Clara Louise Burnham, is the story of a charming girl, the daughter of a ne'er do well artist, and her adventures among strange people and surroundings. A picturesque bit of the Maine coast is the background of the tale. The book abounds in fine character drawing and entertaining conversation. Mrs. Burnham has never written a brighter novel than "The Open Shutters." Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

So well has the "Child's Calendar Beautiful" been received that a new edition has been published. The book is a collection of old favorites in poetry and prose to be memorized by children. The compiler, R. Katharine Beeson, has made her selections with rare good judgment. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.00.

Very artistic in binding and printing, and beautiful in illustrations and decorations, is a new edition of Max Muller's "Memories, A Story of German Love." These graceful and pathetic poems in prose, appealing as they do to the tenderest ideals of humanity, will be read when the writer's scientific work shall have been neglected. The translator of the present edition has sought to reproduce the elegant simplicity of the original in equally simple English. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$2.50.

"Realities of Christian Theology," by Clarence A. Beckwith, is a scientific restatement of theology in terms of modern thought. It is intended for the Christian who seeks for himself a rational interpretation of his faith. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$2.00.

Bryan on Newspaper Honesty.

William Jennings Bryan, soon after his return from Europe, attended a dinner given in his honor by New York newspaper men. Mr. Bryan said, during his remarks that evening:

"The problem before us is to stop in the editorial rooms the selling of consciences for a salary. No newspaper can be run without brains, and brains there must be in the editorial rooms. Men in this country who have grown rich by predatory means can not write editorials. There is one way to stop all unlawful accumulations of wealth, and that is to refuse to write one word that we can't put our consciences into."

"If a corporation starts to rob a city or a state it must have its attorney in the shape of a newspaper. Recently we had in this country a great investigation into a business, and the result of that is still fresh in our minds and we remember it with much sorrow in our hearts. Yet I venture to assert that most of the editors in this room knew as much about all this corruption five years ago as they do today. Yet you did not speak out. Why?"

"We would have lost our jobs," some one interrupted.

"Because you had not the moral courage to voice your knowledge and convictions," continued Mr. Bryan, ignoring the interruption.

"Fortune has smiled on me," said Mr. Bryan earnestly, lifting his head and talking with some emotion. "I can make my living easily. There is not a millionaire in this country who has a surer foundation for his income. I can travel around the world with my family and come back to my home with more money than I had when I left it—"

"Tell us how?" some one asked.

"With my pen and my speech," thundered Mr. Bryan, "and there's not a dollar of it all that has a single stain upon it. It may be some satisfaction to me to know where the greatest con-

tributions to campaign funds came from, but I tell you the satisfaction is swallowed up in sorrow when I think of the disgrace, and all of which might have been saved had the editors been courageous."

Sir Thomas Lipton, baronet, yachtsman, and millionaire merchant, has appeared in Chicago in the role of a stage "angel." Miss Laura Heelson, a seventeen-year-old girl, with a beautiful voice and an ambition to become an operatic star, has found a patron in Sir Thomas, who will get her a place in a London theatre and watch over her interests while she is struggling to make a name for herself. Miss Heelson sang at the banquet and reception given to Sir Thomas.

The meat trust of Mexico City, having raised prices to a figure almost prohibitive for the poor, the governor of the federal district will open stalls in the markets where wholesome meat will be sold at usual figures or lower if necessary to conquer the trust. The government has employed expert cattle buyers and butchers and will go into the business on a large scale.

A-S2 L.

QUALITY
UNEQUALEDEXCELLENCE
UNSURPASSEDGREEN
AND
YELLOWGREEN
AND
YELLOWLIQUEUR
PÈRES CHARTREUX

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés,
Bäijer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for United States.

Spend Your Thanksgiving

Make your plans to spend Thanksgiving at Hotel del Monte and avoid all home cares. You can leave San Francisco Wednesday at 3:00 o'clock and enjoy a few days' vacation, returning Sunday or Monday. Special round trip rates. For more details address GEO. P. SNELL, Manager, Del Monte, California.

At Hotel del Monte

BOOKS

FINE ART
POETRY
HISTORY
FICTION
JUVENILE

M. H. FAY

1534 BUSH STREET
Bet. Van Ness Ave. & Franklin St.

P. Centemeri & Co.

KID GLOVES

New Location

1551 Van Ness Ave.

Between Pine and California
San Francisco

ROBERTSON'S

NEW LOCATION

1539

Van Ness Ave., Near Pine

"Next to the White House"

Mr. Robertson calls attention to the above address, which is very centrally located.

NOW READY

WHY
They Married

A Book of

Humorous Drawings and Quatrains

BY

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Author of "Tomfoolery," "If," etc.

Mr. Flagg combines fun in drawing with fun in text in the fifty illustrations and quatrains contained in this book

LAUGH AND LIVE LONG

PRICE 75 CENTS. ALL BOOKSTORES

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

NEW YORK CITY

LITERARY NOTES.

A Story by Charles Egbert Craddock.

None of Charles Egbert Craddock's stories of the Great Smoky Mountain country is written with greater art than her latest tale, "The Amulet," although the climax is far from satisfactory. There are signs of impending tragedy in the early portions of the story, that lead us to expect an exciting denouement, but the incident of the surrender of the amulet, while picturesque, is disappointing.

The scene of the story is Fort Prince George, the British stronghold on the eastern edge of the Cherokee country, in the year 1763. The principal personages in the romance are two young English officers, the one an heir to a baronetcy, the other obscure and without prospects, and a young lady, daughter of the commander of the fort, who has come out from England, with a spinster aunt. The humble lover is sent on an expedition to recover three cannon that have been withheld by the Cherokees when they concluded a peace with the British. During the trip he comes into possession of a beautiful ruby, which the Indians worship as a fetish. The young heroine compels the restoration of the red stone, and is rewarded by something infinitely more precious. The conjuring jewel proves its great power to the young couple, for the episode reveals the love of the girl for the officer.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

Little Essays.

A group of new essays includes "American Character" by Brander Matthews. Printed on special type at the Merrymount Press; cloth, 75 cents; leather, \$1.50 net. "Success Nuggets," by Orison Swett Marden; cloth, 75 cents net; limp leather, \$1.25 net. "Putting the Lost Into Life," by Booker T. Washington; cloth, 75 cents; limp leather, \$1.50 net. "Great Riches," by Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard University; printed in two colors from special type designs by the Merrymount Press, with portrait; cloth, 75 cents net; flexible leather, \$1.50 net. "The World's Christmas Tree," by Charles E. Jefferson; cloth, 75 cents; limp leather, \$1.50 net.

Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York City.

Alfred Noyes's Poema.

One of the most promising of the younger poets, whose work has attracted much attention in England, is Alfred Noyes. The brilliant young author is introduced to American readers in a volume, "Poems," representing his latest verse, with selections from his earlier work. Mr. Noyes is rarely gifted, but he seldom sounds an individual note and many of his poems are reminiscent of contemporary writers. Now we get an impression of the sensuous lyrics of the youthful Swinburne, again we hear an echo of the Kipling measure, "Silk o' the Kine" is suggestive of Yeats and the Dublin singers, and "The Highwayman" is as graphic as a Thorneycroft ballad. The author is an Oxford man, but the influence of the Celtic revival is strong upon him. He has a fresh touch and a charming melody, and we may expect much from his sturdier muse.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.25.

Artistic Booklets.

A very handsome set of booklets is the "Chiswick Series," each of which has special type designs by the Merrymount Press, several of them profusely illustrated. They include "The Beauty of Kindness," by J. R. Miller; "Friendship," by Henry D. Thoreau; "Germelshausen," translated from the German of Friedrich Gerbel by Clara M. Lathrop; frontispiece by E. Lyd Smith; "Longfellow Calendar," by Anna Lyd Smith, with quotations for each day of the year; "Saint Francis of Assisi," by Oscar Reiss, illustrated from rare prints; and that immortal classic, "The Man Without a Country," by Edward Everett Hale, frontispiece by Ode De Land.

Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Company, New York; price 50 cents.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A new and cheaper edition of the novels of Ivan Turgenev in fifteen volumes is being issued by the Macmillans.

A writer in Putnam's Monthly has been studying and comparing library statistics and finds that reading habit prevails most extensively in New England and California, the States between showing varying degrees of interest in books. In New England, taken as a whole, 100 persons drew

from libraries an average of 243 books in 1903; in California 227.

Henry Mills Alden, for thirty-seven years editor of Harper's Magazine, was 70 years old on the 10th of November. A dinner party in the historic printing office on Franklin Square was arranged in his honor by Editor Harvey of Harper's Weekly.

Among the photogravure portraits in the new edition of the "Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin," to be issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. this month, is that by Benjamin Wilson, painted in 1759. This picture was taken from Franklin's home in Philadelphia by Major Andre in 1778, and carried to England by Sir Charles Grey. At the Franklin Bi-Centennial, in 1906, it was presented to the United States by the Earl Grey, the present governor-general of Canada, and is now hanging in the White House, Washington.

Lewis B. Ely, an editorial writer on the St. Louis Republic, is author of the complete novel in the November number of Lippincott's Magazine.

The novel based on the career and work of Henry George, "The Romance of John Bainbridge," written by the reformer's son, Henry George, Jr., comes this week from the Macmillans. Not only is a picture given of modern political life, but the author reveals his talents by his vivid character drawing and novel plot.

Mr. Dooley's admirers, and they are more numerous than the members of any political party, will welcome the new volume of "Disquisitions," just issued by the Harpers. The philosopher of Archey Road talks on nearly forty important topics in this latest collection of his views.

John Ames Mitchell's "The Silent War" has puzzled the critics. They do not seem to know whether Mr. Mitchell is jesting or in earnest. The seriousness of part of that story which involves a warfare between the masses and the millionaires, with the latter on the defensive, and the levity of the love romance which becomes tangled up with the more serious element in the story raise the question of whether Mr. Mitchell has put out a joke, a sociological tract or a straight romance. It is interesting from any one of these points of view.

Mrs. Mary Austin dedicates her new book, "The Flock," "to the friendly folk in Inyo and the people of the book." Mrs. Austin is at present making her home at Carmel-by-the-sea, California.

One of the best selling books in the East, but one that is never reported as such, is "The Boston Cooking School Cook Book," by Fannie Merritt Farmer. Miss Farmer has now thoroughly revised the work, introduced additional recipes, and 130 handsome half-tone illustrations. An edition of 20,000 copies, printed from new plates, has just been issued by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

It is understood that young Mr. Hall Caine is to be associated with the firm of Harmsworth in London, in publishing sixpenny volumes, one of which will be his father's novel, "The Eternal City."

Life is in trouble with the Post Office Department. The humorous weekly has widely advertised the offer of a picture as a premium to annual subscribers. It added as a postscript to the offer that the first one hundred persons who sent in their subscriptions would receive the first one hundred impressions of the plate, numbered and signed by the artist. The advertisement no sooner appeared than not only the publishers of Life but the publishers of the twenty-five or more periodicals in which the advertisement appeared were solemnly notified by the Postoffice Department that this offer was a lottery and that no publication which contained it would be permitted to corrupt the people of the United States by being carried in the United States mails.

Maarten Maartens writes under a pseudonym. Few people remember that his real name is Joost Marius Willem Van der Poorten-Schwartz.

Seumas McManus, well known as a writer of Irish stories and poetry, is visiting America and will be the guest of a number of the press clubs.

A little book likely to provoke considerable discussion among medical men and others interested in preserving health, is "Buff: A Tale for the Thoughtful," just published by Little, Brown & Co. The author views life, medical theories, and practice from the standpoint of nature, and is intent in exposing the charlatan within and without the medical profession.

Arthur C. Benson, who discusses "The Ethics of Reviewing" in the October number of Putnam's Monthly, is of the opinion that it is better, on the whole—for the author—to know what the critics make of one's work: rather than to

seclude oneself in a fool's paradise. He may not get much in the way of trained criticism, but he will at least be able to estimate the general drift of opinion.

Edwin A. Abbott, the well-known English theologian and philosopher, is publishing this week through the Macmillan Company "Silanus, the Christian," the famous student of Epictetus, who attended the master's lectures at Nicopolis about 118 A. D. The work throws much light on the origin of the Epistles of Paul, which were obtained from the Apostle by Silanus in order to defend his old teacher.

If there is no break-down in arrangements the weather forecast made in Washington will be based on reports from Russia, Siberia, and Iceland, in addition to those from the United States, Canada, and the Atlantic territories heretofore covered. The arrangement has been perfected with the Russian Government by which the daily observations at Irkutsk, Toms, and Ekaterinberg, all in Siberia, are to be cabled to Washington. With the Danish Government arrangements have been made for beginning at the same time, the cabling of the Iceland daily report from London.

Dreamland Voices.

Now sings the mated bird,
Scarce knowing why he utters golden mirth.
The thrilling leaves are stirred
With melodies of bird and sky and earth.
From far-off fields of sleep
I hear the drowsy phantom voices rise.
There are no winds to sweep
The misty murmur-echoes from the skies.

Serene, soft stars eclipse
Their full-eyed gaze with lids of love half closed.
The great world gently dips
Beneath a sea of azure, opal-rosed.

The half-wake grasses droop
Where pools of moonlight lie between the trees,
And tall night-shadows stoop
Like timid silence shrinking from the breeze.
—From "Words of the Wood," by Raley Husted Bell.

Mrs. Pearl Mary Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes), who died in London Aug. 18, left an estate of \$122,500.

Four New Novels Worth Reading

Jack London's

White Fang

Illustrated in Colors, \$1.50

"JACK LONDON has hit the mark again. 'White Fang' is absolutely true to life. A splendid book that will be read by very many thousands."—*New York Mail*.

"As good as anything the author has done . . . and no one has done better."—*Independent*.

F. Marion Crawford's

A Lady of Rome

New Novel

"A most notable novel written by Mr. Crawford since 'Saracinesca.' Tragic, human, convincing."—*Record-Herald*, Chicago.

Cloth, \$1.50

Henry George, Jr.'s

The Romance of John Bainbridge

Gives a good picture of real happenings, and of living, loving, hating men and women in a setting of present-day politics.

Cloth, \$1.50

Will Payne's

When Love Speaks

Cloth, \$1.50

Another story of modern, live material with a climax as novel as it is dramatic, and certain to arouse discussion.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Publishers, 64-66 Fifth Ave., New York

HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC DEVICES

ELECTRIC IRONS

Any Weight
Cord, Plug, Socket, Cooking Stove
Guaranteed for 1 Year

\$4.50

Radiators
Chafing Dishes
Coffee Percolators

ELECTRIC
"AT YOUR SERVICE"

Water Heaters
Frying Pans
Baking Ovens

THE GAS AND ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO.

500 Haight Street
421 Presidio Avenue

2965 Sixteenth Street
1260 Ninth Avenue

809A Turk Street



Hotel del Coronado

A gem set in semi-tropical surroundings.
Dryest marine climate known.
No winter, but perpetual spring or early summer.
Outdoor sports 365 days in the year.
Golf, Polo, Tennis,
Fishing, Boating, and Bathing.
Choicest cuisine of any hotel in the West.
American plan only.
All modern conveniences.
All outside rooms.
Send for illustrated booklet.

MORGAN ROSS, Manager
Coronado Beach, Cal.
H. F. NORCROSS, General Agent
334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles

A. ZELLERBACH & SONS

PAPER DEALERS

Now Located at Volkman Building, 416 Jackson St., San Francisco.

Branch: 514 Eleventh Street, Oakland
Full Supply of all Kinds of Paper.

Handsomely Furnished San Francisco Flat

To let for a term of months; sunny, handsomely furnished flat of eight rooms; piano, phone, gas and electric lights; no children, references; \$110.

1532 Green St., near Van Ness Avenue

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Janet Watkins, daughter of Mrs. Margaret Watkins, to Mr. Harry Dimond. The wedding will be celebrated during December.

The engagement is announced of Miss Helen Stewart Wilson, daughter of Ex-United States Senator Wilson, of Seattle, to Mr. William Wallace Chapin of Sacramento. The wedding will take place in Seattle on December 5th.

It is announced that the wedding of Mrs. Flora Louise Clement and Captain Sydney A. Cloman, U. S. A., will take place on December 6th at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Hayes Hammond, Lakewood, New Jersey. Immediately after their marriage Captain Cloman and his bride will go abroad, as he has been appointed military attaché to the American Embassy in London.

It is announced that the marriage of Miss Mary Small, daughter of Mr. H. J. Small, to Lieutenant Arthur G. Fisher, U. S. A., will take place on Wednesday, December 5th.

The marriage of Mrs. Rebecca McMullin Belvin to Mr. Francis J. Heney will take place this (Saturday) afternoon, at the home of Mrs. Betty Hays McMullin in Piedmont. There will be no attendants and only relatives will be present.

The marriage of Miss Annie Ide, daughter of Judge Ide, to Mr. Bourke Cockran, took place on Thursday evening at the St. Regis Hotel, New York. Only the immediate relatives were present at the wedding. After a brief trip Mr. and Mrs. Cockran expect to go abroad.

The marriage of Miss Cecil Mosby, of New York, to Captain Frank Jewell, quartermaster, U. S. A., took place on Saturday, October 27th, at St. Michael's Church, New York. Captain Jewell is now quartermaster of the transport Logan, but will be stationed later at the Presidio of San Francisco.

The marriage of Miss Lavina Hoffacker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Hoffacker, to Mr. Raymond Splivado, took place on Thursday afternoon at five o'clock at the home of the bride, 2007 Pacific Avenue. Miss Fanny Miner was the maid of honor and Mr. Frederick Gilmore the best man. Mr. and Mrs. Splivado have gone to Southern California on their wedding journey.

Invitations have been sent out for the first dance of the Gayety Club, which will take place on November 27th, and at which Miss Natalie Coffin will be hostess.

Dr. and Mrs. James W. Keeney have sent out cards for a tea on Saturday afternoon, November 24th, at which their daughter, Miss Mary Keeney, will make her debut.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bourn, entertained at dinner on Tuesday of last week in honor of the birthday of their daughter, Miss Maude Bourn. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. James Tucker, Miss Alice Griffith, Miss Linda Cadwallader, Miss Gertrude Josselyn, Miss Anita Harvey, Miss Genevieve King, Mr. H. Carrington Wilson, Mr. C. Wentworth Dilke, Mr. Arthur Foote, Mr. Lloyd Baldwin, Mr. Allen Kittle, Mr. Arthur Brown, Mr. Gerald Rathbone, and Mr. Richard Tobin.

Mrs. W. M. S. Brede entertained at an informal tea on Tuesday of last week in honor of her guests, Miss Musto and Miss Lenore Musto of Stockton.

Mrs. Willard Wayman was the hostess at a luncheon on Wednesday of last week at her home in Piedmont. Her guests were: Mrs. Leonard Chenery, Mrs. Ralph Warner Hart, Mrs. La Boyteaux, Mrs. W. P. Fuller, Mrs.

Charles D. Farquharson, and Mrs. Frederick McLeod Fenwick.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resume of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Francis J. Carolan arrived on Friday of last week from Chicago, where she had spent a few days en route here after a sojourn of several months in Europe and New York.

Miss Jennie Crocker, who has been in New York for several weeks past, is expected to return to California this month, to spend most of the winter.

Mrs. Joseph D. Grant has returned from a visit of several weeks to relatives in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin and Miss Helene Irwin sailed from England for New York on November 3d. They will remain in the East until after Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins and Miss Lydia Hopkins have taken apartments at an uptown hotel for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding went down recently to Santa Barbara for a brief stay. Miss Susie Blanding is still in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. James Follis are back at the Hotel Rafael, where they will remain until their new home in San Rafael is completed.

It is rumored that the reception of Mrs. Eleanor Martin, that takes place on next Thursday from 4 to 7 o'clock, is to be for the coming-out of her niece, Miss Von Schroder.

Mr. Kenneth Lee, of Manchester, England, and Mr. Frank L. Hughes, of New York, who are touring California, have been stopping at Del Monte.

Sir John and Lady Leng, with Miss Leng, of Dundee, Scotland, will be at Del Monte for some time. Sir John Leng is one of the oldest ex-members of Parliament now living, and he was for many years Lord Mayor of Dundee.

Mrs. Hyde-Smith, Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith and Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith will spend the winter in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Holbrook returned on Sunday last from a stay of a few weeks at Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Gwin and Mr. Stanford Gwin arrived here on Saturday last from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mailliard and their family have returned to their home on Gough and Broadway, after spending the summer at their cottage in Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. David T. Hanbury are spending the winter at Del Monte, and have decided to settle in California.

Mr. C. W. Clark is soon expected to return from his trip to Butte, Montana. He and Mrs. Clark are at Del Monte for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schneidell will remain for a part of the winter at Del Monte.

Judge and Mrs. W. W. Dixon are permanently settled at Del Monte.

Miss Stella McCalla arrived last week from her home in Santa Barbara for a brief visit.

Mrs. Samuel Knight has returned from a short stay at Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. William L. Ashe are at the Hotel Touraine in Oakland for the winter season.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. West of Stockton spent several days last week in the city.

Mrs. J. H. P. Howard has returned to her home in San Mateo after a brief visit to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Moody and Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle will not return to San Francisco this winter but will remain in Europe.

Among those who came to Del Monte for the week's end were Mr. R. M. Tobin, Mr. Timothy Hopkins, Mr. Walter Scott, Mr. Arthur Pillsbury, and Dr. Gardner Perry Pond.

Miss Katherine Chandler, the well-known writer, who has aungalow in Pacific Grove, was at Del Monte on Sunday with her brother, W. E. Chandler.

Lieutenant C. K. Potter and his bride, who was Miss Nella McCormack, are now at Monterey.

Miss Edith Livermore will spend the winter in Berlin.

Mrs. Wenban, Mrs. William Shaw, and Mrs. Mills, whose handsome home on Van Ness Avenue was burned, will spend the winter at the Hotel Potter, Santa Barbara.

Mr. C. Wentworth Dilke, who arrived here last month from England, sailed on Thursday for Australia.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Beaver have returned to Berkeley after a short Eastern trip.

Miss Alice Herrin has been spending some time in Fresno as the guest of Miss Thornton.

Mrs. Benjamin G. Lathrop has gone to New York, where she will spend the winter.

Mr. Frank Kink left last week for a month's sojourn in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Callin, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. T. Metzger of Philadelphia, and Mr. and Mrs. H. G. McCall of St. Paul have been at Del Monte during the week.

Mrs. James Follis, Mrs. George Pinckard, Mrs. John F. Boyd, and other prominent society ladies of San Rafael have formed a club to give a series of dances this winter at San Rafael. The initial dance takes place next Saturday night at the Hotel Rafael and refreshments will be served. Everything in way of appointments will be of the best.

Professor Payson J. Treat, of Stanford University, has left New York for Europe. He expects to take in Eastern Asia and Australasia before his return.

Dr. and Mrs. Paolo de Vecchi and their daughter and sons, who have been in Paris and sailed October 24th for New York, are at present in Baltimore where they expect to spend the winter.

Mr. A. Balfour has gone South for quail shooting at the Los Laureles Ranch. A number of Del Monte guests have been making that trip lately as the ranch is only about fifteen miles from Del Monte and the drive is a fine one.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule were at the St. Francis Hotel during the week just prior to their departure for New York where they expect to make their home.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Klein have returned from a visit of several months to New York City and are at the Knickerbocker.

President David S. Jordan who is about leav-

ing for the East, will go directly to New York to attend a meeting of the directors of the Carnegie Institute. The date of his return is not yet determined.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bancroft, who spent part of the summer in Alameda, have decided to come to town for the winter and have taken rooms in the Hemphill house on Broadway which Mrs. Hathaway has leased.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Shainwald have sailed from New York for Europe.

Mrs. Edgar F. Preston has determined to remain for a part of the winter at her country home at Portola near Woodale.

On November 9, at her home in Oakland occurred the death of Mrs. Ellen Folger, widow of the late James A. Folger, a native of Montpelier, Vt., aged sixty-nine years. Mrs. Folger is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Le Grand Canon Tibbets, and two sons, Ernest Folger, Oakland and Athearn Folger of San Mateo County.

PRACTICALLY CLEANED UP.

A. W. DAMDN, PRESIDENT

CHAS. E. GALACAR, VICE-PRESIDENT

F. H. WILLIAMS, TREASURER

W. J. MACKAY, SECRETARY

OFFICE OF

SPRINGFIELD FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE CO.

PACIFIC DEPARTMENT

KDHLL BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO

GED. D. DORNIN, MANAGER

GED. W. DORNIN, ASST. MGR.

JOHN G. DORNIN, SECOND ASST. MGR.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 26th, 1906.

TO OUR AGENTS AND CLIENTS:

With the greatest satisfaction, we are able to say that, with the exception of three claims which are yet in the hands of Committees, every claim under direct policies has been paid. A few claims reinsuring other Companies yet await settlement by them with the assured, and the presentation of proofs of loss.

The very large volume of transactions between the NATIONAL of HARTFORD and the SPRINGFIELD, due to the association of the two Companies under Mr. Dornin's management, until his resignation of the NATIONAL in May, have been adjusted and satisfactorily settled. The record, at this writing, stands as follows:

TOTAL AMOUNT PAID UNDER DIRECT POLICIES.		
Face of Policies.....	\$1,430,606.15	
Salvages	56,412.35	\$1,374,193.
PAID UNDER POLICIES REINSURING OTHER COMPANIES.		
Paid under National Claims.....		\$ 401,018.
Paid other Companies Reinsured.....		206,669.
Total Amount Paid.....		\$1,981,882.
Received Reinsurance from National.....	\$ 276,915.79	
Received Reinsurance from other Companies.....	127,855.84	
Total Reinsurance Received.....		\$ 404,771.
Net Paid.....		\$1,577,110.
LOSSES IN COURSE OF ADJUSTMENT.		
Under direct Policies (3) estimated Net Loss.....	\$ 13,500.00	
Reinsuring National, estimated.....	16,250.00	
Reinsuring Other Companies, estimated.....	31,972.00	
Total	\$ 61,722.00	
RECOVERABLE FROM COMPANIES REINSURING SPRINGFIELD.		
National, estimated.....	\$10,046.76	
Other Companies, estimated.....	20,800.00	\$ 30,846.76
		30,875.
Aggregate Losses including Estimated Claims Recoverable from Reinsuring Companies...		\$1,607,985.

The ratio of salvages under "direct" policies (4 per cent) agrees with the first published estimates made by President Damon on his visit to San Francisco early in June. It is the source of the greatest satisfaction to us, and must be to our friends and agents, that the figures, on adjustment, do not vary materially from the figures given by the Company under sworn statements to the Insurance Commissioner of New York, as of June 30th.

As published in the Journal of Insurance Economics (Boston) for August, the "Gross Amount Involved" is given at.....\$2,160,391

Reinsurance

\$1,720,087

Estimated Salvage

Estimated Net Loss.....\$1,650,000

Quoting from Manager A. J. HARDING of our Western (Chicago) Department:

"The Company, at the outset, promptly published the full amount of its liabilities, without attempting to palliate the truth by an over-statement of reinsurance or probable salvage."

"The Springfield was one of the first Companies to face the full measure of its liability and, from beginning to end, it has not taken advantage of the necessities of a single loss claim by deducting an arbitrary estimate of supposed earthquake damages."

In an interview with the reporter of the San Francisco Call, published June 5th, President Damon said:

"Our losses in San Francisco are approximately \$1,676,455. They have not varied materially from the first report sent on to the Home Office, when we thought, for a while, that the greatest damage done in San Francisco was by the earthquake. We are proceeding to settle our losses upon practically the same lines that we have followed in settling fire losses in the past."

The small percentage of "salvage" is primarily due to the fact that San Francisco is largely under-insured. Quoting Mr. Geo. E. Brewer, an experienced Adjuster from Albuquerque on the SPRINGFIELD'S staff of Adjusters:

"Your first estimate of salvage, which seemed very small, is proving remarkably correct. The percentage of insurance to values did not average over forty per cent on buildings, and sixty per cent on stocks."

The entire review, as we look back upon the strenuous work of the past six months so intensely gratifying to us, and we are glad to know, by the expressions of claimants, and many unsolicited letters of commendation received by the Home Office and by ourselves, that (quoting from Best's Insurance News of New York, the most reliable and conservative source of information concerning the financial status of fire insurance institutions, in its August issue):

"The SPRINGFIELD is entitled to the highest praise for its honorable and liberal treatment of its San Francisco creditors."

Yours very truly,

GED. D. DORNIN, Manager.

A MATTER OF HEALTH

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure
Cream of Tartar Powder,
free from alum or phosphatic acid

HAS NO SUBSTITUTE

PERSONAL

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Brigadier-General John J. Pershing, U. S. A., commanding officer of the Department of California, has been granted fifteen days' leave of absence and left on Thursday of last week for Cheyenne on private business. Colonel Charles Morris, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., assumes temporary command of the Department during General Pershing's absence. General Pershing is to be relieved from command of the Department upon his return and will go out on an early date to the Philippines, where it is probable that he will be assigned to the command of one of the brigade posts, Camp Stotsenburg or Camp McKinley. He will go to Manila way of Tokio, where Mrs. Pershing is staying at present.

Resr-Admiral Bowman H. McCalla, U. S. N., tired, and Mrs. McCalla have returned to their home in Santa Barbara after a six weeks' Eastern trip.

Colonel John L. Clem, U. S. A., chief quartermaster of the Department of California, returned on Saturday last from a brief trip to Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Colonel John J. Crittenden, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, has been granted two months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant-Colonel R. J. C. Irvine, Twenty-first Infantry, U. S. A., who has been in the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco since his return from the Philippines, is recently retired on account of physical disability.

Lieutenant-Colonel George F. Cooke, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., has been detailed as member of the Army Retiring Board, Presidio San Francisco, vice Colonel George M. Dunn, U. S. A.

Captain F. J. Drake, U. S. N., has been ordered detached from command of the Wisconsin, when that vessel is placed out of commission, and ordered home to wait orders.

Captain E. S. Phelps, U. S. N., has been detached from duty at the Naval Station, San Francisco, and ordered to duty at Mare Island Navy Yard.

Commander R. H. Galt, U. S. N., has been ordered detached from the command of the Arkansas and ordered to the Navy Yard, Norfolk, Virginia, for court martial duty.

Lieutenant Commander A. S. Halstead, U. S. N., is ordered detached from the Chicago and duty as inspector of ordnance at the Union Works.

Captain Benjamin M. Purcell, paymaster, U. S. A., who has been on duty in the Department of California, has been ordered relieved from duty in the pay department.

Captain Samuel F. Dallam, paymaster, U. S. A., having reported at headquarters of the Department of California, is assigned to duty at the office of the chief paymaster, with station at the city of San Francisco.

Captain Harry L. Hawthorne, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who has been lately on duty at the Presidio of San Francisco, arrived in Washington, D. C., last week, where he will be on duty at the War College and will spend the winter of 1922 Vermont Avenue.

Captain Lorrain T. Richardson, adjutant, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence with mission to apply for an extension of one month.

Captain Benjamin J. Edger, Jr., assistant surgeon, U. S. A., who has been on temporary duty at Fort Reno, Oklahoma, has been ordered for duty, relieving Captain Waller A. Cox, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., who has been ordered to Fort Sill.

Captain James T. Bootes, U. S. M. C., has been detached from the Wisconsin and ordered duty at the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Mare Island, Pennsylvania.

Lieutenant Emory Winship, U. S. N., has been examined by a retiring board and found incapacitated for active service on account of a disability incident thereto, so was ordered retired on October 26th.

Lieutenant Lawrence D. Cabell, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Havana, Cuba,

to take effect upon the completion of his examination for promotion, and proceed to San Francisco for duty as assistant depot quartermaster.

Lieutenant Samuel W. Bryant, U. S. N., is detached from the navy transport Lawton and ordered to the Buffalo as navigator.

Lieutenant Frank L. Beals, Sixteenth Infantry, U. S. A., having reported at department headquarters, is assigned to temporary duty with Company I, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco.

Paymaster D. Colton, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty as general storekeeper at Mare Island Navy Yard.

Contract Surgeon John P. Kelly, U. S. A., now on temporary duty at Fort Miley, is relieved from further duty at the Presidio of Monterey, and ordered to report to the commanding officer at Fort Miley for duty at that station.

Mrs. Henry W. Lyon, the wife of Admiral Lyon, U. S. N., has returned to Mare Island after a two months' stay in the East.

The Army War College, Washington, D. C., has recently begun its session for the winter with the following officers, several of whom are well-known here, on duty with the institution: Major J. C. Gresham, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A.; Major J. F. R. Landis, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A.; Captain Tyree R. Rivers, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A.; Captain Andre W. Brewster, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A.; Captain Eugene T. Wilson, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Captain Harry L. Hawthorne, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Captain Sydney S. Jordan, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Captain Frank A. Wilcox, Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A.; Captain Sherwood A. Cheney, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., and Captain Herbert J. Brees, First Cavalry, U. S. A.

Captain Francis Tuttle, U. S. R. C. S.; Captain H. B. Rogers, U. S. R. C. S.; Lieutenant G. C. Carmine, U. S. R. C. S.; Chief Engineer J. E. Dorry, U. S. R. C. S., and Chief Engineer C. M. Green, U. S. R. C. S., have been appointed a board to examine the revenue cutter Bear.

The Journal of the Military Surgeons for November contains among others the following articles: The United States Marine Hospital at San Francisco and the Great Earthquake and Fire of 1906, by Surgeon Henry W. Sawtelle, Public Health and Marine Hospital Service, and The Oregon National Guard at the San Francisco Earthquake Disaster, by Captain William E. Carll, Oregon National Guard.

Winter Sports at Coronado.

The Coronado Country club has arranged for a series of outdoor sports during the coming season that will take high rank. Golf, tennis, polo, archery, automobile gymkhana and other gymkhana games, clay pigeon shooting, horse racing, rabbit chasing and paper chases are some of the diversions planned.

The annual golf tournament for men will be held February 4. Annual golf tournament for women February 11. Men's annual handicap March 4. Women's annual handicap March 11. Bogey handicap tournaments for men and women, driving, approaching, and putting contests will be held all through the season, beginning December 16.

The regular annual polo tournament will take place about the middle of March, in which the six California teams, Frank Mackey's English teams and a team brought out from the east by Foxhall Keene will compete. A team from Honolulu and other teams from the east are also expected to participate.

Arrangements are now being made for a week's horse racing after the polo tournament. Archery, clay pigeon shooting, and other contests will continue through the season.

The home of Captain Louis R. Burgess, U. S. A., and Mrs. Burgess, who are now stationed at Fort Totten, New York, has been brightened by the advent of a son.

The new card in the Educational column of this issue offering special instruction in Mathematics and English is of general interest, as showing that the demand for individual teaching is being met outside of the schools.

Your eyes are faithful servants—give them the care and attention they require. Our business is to tell you how.

HIRSCH & KAISER, 1757 Fillmore St., Opticians.

These trade-mark crossbones on every package **CRESCO FLOUR** For **DYSPEPSIA** (Formerly **WHEAT GLUTEN FLOUR**) **SPECIAL DIABETIC FLOUR** **K. C. WHOLE WHEAT FLOUR** Unlike all other brands. Ask grocers. For book sample, write **FARWELL & RHINES, WATERTOWN, N. Y., U. S. A.**

FISHER & CO., Inc. Hatters and Furnishers Formerly of 9 Montgomery St. Now 726 Market St., Opp. Call Bldg. San Francisco. THE BEST \$3.50 AND \$5.00 HATS IN TOWN

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT FIREMAN'S FUND INSURANCE COMPANY

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that at a meeting of the Directors held on the 7th day of November, 1906, an assessment of three hundred (\$300) dollars per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately to Louis Weinmann, the Secretary of said corporation, at its office No. 401 California Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the tenth day of December, 1906, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on the twenty-sixth day of December, 1906, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

LOUIS WEINMANN, Secretary of the FIREMAN'S FUND INSURANCE COMPANY. Office 401 California St., San Francisco, California.

BANKING.

FRENCH AMERICAN BANK

Union Trust Building (Third Floor) Ready to accommodate its customers and do a general banking business. We will collect on insurance policies for those wishing our services.

THE FRENCH SAVINGS BANK occupies offices in the same building.

Officers—Charles Carpy, President; Arthur Legallet, Vice-President; Leon Boqueraz, Vice-President.

Directors—J. E. Arques, O. Bozio, J. A. Bergerot, E. J. DeSable, J. M. Dupas, J. S. Godeau, J. J. Mack, Geo. Belaney, Leon Kaufman.

Our Branch Bank is Now Open at No. 810 Van Ness Avenue Near Eddy St.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco
Guaranteed Capital and Surplus \$ 2,552,719.61
Capital actually paid up in cash 1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1906 38,476,520.22

F. Tillmann, Jr., President; Daniel Meyer, First Vice-President; Emil Rohde, Second Vice-President; A. H. R. Schmidt, Cashier; Wm. Hermann, Asst. Cashier; Geo. Tourny, Secretary; A. H. Muller, Asst. Secretary; Goodfellow & Ellis, General Attorneys.

Board of Directors: F. Tillmann, Jr., Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohde, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, N. Olandt, J. W. Van Berge, E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

Helping the Homeless The Continental Building and Loan Association

Has helped build up several interior towns and cities of California but for the next few years its funds will be used to help restore the burned homes of San Francisco.

Dr. Washington Dodge, President. Gavin McNabb, Attorney. Wm. Corbin, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr.

Office: Corner Market and Church Streets

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS

Ready for business at 1165 O'FARRELL ST., bet. Franklin and Gough Pianos Tuned, Repaired, Moved and Stored. SOHMER-Cecilian Player-Piano

HOTEL RAFAEL

SAN RAFAEL, CAL. 50 minutes from San Francisco. Complete Change of Climate TIBURON OR SAUSALITO FERRY All Modern Conveniences. R. V. HALTON Proprietor

Clubbing List for 1906

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Americana Magazine and Argonaut	\$4.25
Argosy and Argonaut	4.35
Atlantic Monthly and Argonaut	6.70
Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut	6.20
Century and Argonaut	7.00
Commoner and Argonaut	4.10
Cosmopolitan and Argonaut	4.35
Criterion and Argonaut	4.35
Critic and Argonaut	5.10
Current Literature and Argonaut	5.90
English Illustrated Magazine and Argonaut	4.70
Forum and Argonaut	6.00
Harper's Bazaar and Argonaut	4.35
Harper's Magazine and Argonaut	0.70
Harper's Weekly and Argonaut	6.70
House Beautiful and Argonaut	4.75
International Magazine and Argonaut	4.50
Judge and Argonaut	7.50
Ladies' Weekly and Argonaut	6.70
Life and Argonaut	7.70
Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut	6.20
Littell's Living Age and Argonaut	0.00
Mexican Herald and Argonaut	10.50
Mansey's Magazine and Argonaut	4.35
Nineteenth Century and Argonaut	7.25
North American Review and Argonaut	8.00
Out West and Argonaut	5.25
Overland Monthly and Argonaut	4.50
Political Science Quarterly and Argonaut	5.90
Puck and Argonaut	7.50
Review of Reviews and Argonaut	5.75
Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut	6.50
Smart Set and Argonaut	6.00
St. Nicholas and Argonaut	6.00
Sinnet and Argonaut	4.26
Theatre Magazine and Argonaut	5.75
Three-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut	4.25
Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) and Argonaut	4.50
Weekly New York Tribune, Weekly New York World, and Argonaut	5.25

ACCOUNTS

We solicit the accounts of firms, corporations or individuals. We pay interest on Checking Accounts, subject to withdrawal without notice. Our customers are welcome at all times to any advice or assistance within our power to render. Accounts of ladies are especially invited.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company San Francisco : : U. S. A.

Mutual Savings Bank

710 Market St., Opposite Third

SAN FRANCISCO.

Guaranteed Capital - - - \$ 1,000,000
Paid-up Capital - - - 300,000
Surplus - - - 320,000
Assets - - - 10,000,000

Interest paid on deposits. Loans on approved securities.

OFFICERS—President, James D. Phelan; First Vice-President, S. G. Murphy; Second Vice-President, John A. Hooper; Secretary and Cashier, Geo. A. Story, Asst. Secretary and Asst. Cashier, C. B. Hobson, Attorney, Frank J. Sullivan.

Directors—James D. Phelan, John A. Hooper, Frank J. Sullivan, Jas. M. McDonald, S. G. Murphy, James Moffitt, Robt. McElroy, Charles Holbrook, Rudolph Spreckels

...ARTISTIC ELECTRIC LAMPS...

Our present display of Electric Portables and Bronze Figure Electroliers exceed in beauty and variety anything to which we have previously called your attention.

The most exclusive productions of the world are assembled here in magnificent array.

A Visit Will be Appreciated.

Nathan - Dohrmann Company 1520-1550 VAN NESS AVE.

TWAIN'S SEAFARING ANCESTORS.

"The Reformer" and "The Admiral" of His Earliest Biography

Among the notes appended to one of his latest stories Mark Twain says:

"Along through the book I have distributed a few anachronisms and unborn historical incidents and such things, so as to help the tale over the difficult places. This idea is not original with me; I got it out of Herodotus. Herodotus says, 'Very few things happen at the right time, and the rest do not happen at all, the conscientious historian will correct these defects.'"

It is evident that the humorist was moved by the same spirit when he published his earliest biography, in 1871. From that small and half-forgotten volume the following sketches of two of Mark Twain's ancestors are taken:

Some years later we have the illustrious John Morgan Twain. He came over to this country with Columbus in 1492, as a passenger. He appears to have been of a crusty, uncomfortable disposition. He complained of the food all the way over, and was always threatening to go ashore unless there was a change. He wanted fresh shad. Hardly a day passed over his head that he did not go idling about the ship with his nose in the air, sneering about the commander, and saying he did not believe Columbus knew where he was going to or had ever been there before. The memorable cry of "Land, ho!" thrilled every heart in the ship but his. He gazed a while through a piece of smoked glass at the penciled line lying on the distant water, and then said: "Land be hanged—it's a raft!"

When this questionable passenger came on board the ship he brought nothing with him but an old newspaper containing a handkerchief marked "B. G.," one cotton sock marked "L. W. C.," one woolen one marked "D. F.," and a night shirt marked "O. M. R." And yet during the voyage he worried more about his "trunk," and gave himself more airs about it, than all the rest of the passengers put together. If the ship was "down by the head," and would not steer, he would go and move his "trunk" further aft, and then watch the effect. If the ship was "by the stern," he would suggest to Columbus to detail some men to "shift that baggage." In storms he had to be gagged, because his wallings about his "trunk" made it impossible for the men to hear the orders. The man does not appear to have been openly charged with any gravely unbecoming thing, but it is noted in the ship's log as a "curious circumstance" that albeit he brought his baggage on board the ship in a newspaper, he took it ashore in four trunks, a queensware crate, and a couple of champagne baskets. But when he came back insinuating in an insolent, swaggering way, that some of his things were missing, and was going to search the other passengers' baggage, it was too much, and they threw him overboard. They watched long and wonderingly for him to come up, but not even a bubble rose on the quietly ebbing tide. But while every one was most absorbed in gazing over the side and the interest was momentarily increasing, it was observed with consternation that the vessel was adrift and the anchor cable hanging limp from the bow. Then in the ship's dimmed and ancient log we find this quaint note:

"In time it was discovered yt yet troublesome passenger hadde gone downe and got ye anchor, and toke ye same and solde it to ye darn sauvages from ye interior, saying yt he hadde founde it, ye sonne of a ghun!"

Yet this ancestor had good and noble instincts, and it is with pride that we call to mind that he was the first white person who ever interested himself in the work of elevating and civilizing our Indians. He built a commodious jail and put up a gallows, and to his dying day he claimed, with satisfaction, that he had had a more restraining and elevating influence on the Indians than any other reformer that ever labored among them. At this point the chronicle becomes less frank and chatty, and closes abruptly by saying that the old voyager went to see his gallows perform on the first white man ever hanged in America, and while there received injuries which terminated in his death.

The great-grandson of the "Reformer" flourished in sixteen hundred and something, and was known in our annals as "the old Admiral," though in history he had other titles. He was long in command of fleets of swift vessels, well armed and manned, and did great service in hurrying up merchantmen. Vessels which he followed and kept his eagle eye on always made good fair time across the ocean. But if a ship loitered in spite of all he could do, his indignation would grow till he could contain himself no longer—and then would take that ship home where he lived and keep it there carefully, expecting the owners to come for it, but they never did. And he would try to get the idleness and sloth out of the sailors of that ship by compelling

them to take invigorating exercise and a bath. He called it "walking a plank." All the pupils liked it. At any rate, they never found any fault with it after trying it. When the owners were late coming for their ships, the Admiral always burned them, so that the insurance money should not be lost. At last this fine old tar was cut down in the fulness of his years and honors. And to her dying day his poor, heart-broken widow believed that if he had been cut down fifteen minutes sooner he might have been resuscitated.

Loyalty of a District Leader.

There never was a place born like old New York, and its got the world skinned a million miles. The cities of Europe ain't in it with this little town. I went everywhere and saw a whole lot, but, fellers, I want to say right here that I'd rather be a door-mat on the Bowery with "Welcome" on it than the King of Carlsbad. I didn't run across no nobilities while I

was over there, 'cause I wasn't looking for them. We must have been on their trail, though, for when I was in Paris I had the honor of being introduced to several waiters who used to work in palaces of kings. They showed me art goods and brick-a-bats that once belonged to Louis the Twenty-second, and I slept in a bed that had been occupied by Annie, Queen of Scots, or something like that. What surprised me in the German cities was the people eating on the streets outside the restaurants. Of course, that game never would take on the Bowery, for if a hungry gorilla came along he'd lift the first beefsteak put on for somebody else and get away with it. Another thing that 'ud draw tears from yer eyes was to see them Germans drinking beer at tables in public places. It was especially annoyin' to a feller like me, who got on the water wagon to dodge rheumatics. Yes, sir, it 'ud draw tears from yer eyes to watch them down those big steins. In Germany they call money marks, but I think the Americans who spend it are the marks. —Florence J. Sullivan, in Broadway Magazine.

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

are now showing complete lines of

Carpets, Rugs, Furniture, Office Desks, Upholstery, Draperies, Linoleums, Window Shades, Etc.

at their new store at the corner of

Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street

THE White House TOYS

First Floor Annex [levator]

Entrances—Main Building, Van Ness Ave. and Pine St., also California St. above Van Ness Ave.

The promise to make this the Greatest Christmas Season of years past, is being made good
THE TOY DEPARTMENT
is the attraction of the hour

The Cleverest and Finest Mechanical Toys for Boys
All kinds of Dolls and Playthings for the Girls

"The White House Flyer"
Automobiles, Horse Carts, Irish Mail, Coasters, Etc.

Raphael Weill & Co. (Inc.)

Van Ness Avenue and Pine Street

If you are going East use the

California Limited

The Finest Train Across the Continent

Palace Pullmans, Observation, Library, Smoking, Dining Cars.

Every luxury will be found on this train.



See the
SANTA FE AGENT,
FERRY BUILDING,
SAN FRANCISCO

IT IS EASY WITH ELECTRO SILICON

to Clean and Polish

SILVERWARE

Send address for a FREE SAMPLE, or 15c stamps for a full box. Electro-Silicon Soap is equal merits.

THE ELECTRO SILICON CO., 20 Cliff St., New York
Grocers and Druggists sell it.

Educational.

MRS. J. E. TIPPETT

(CLARA BEUTLER)

Teacher of Singing
Coaching

Studio, Pierce Building, Copley Square
Boston, Mass.

Miss Harker's School.

Palo Alto, Cal. Home and Day School for Girls, immediate and Primary Departments. Certificate admits to Ford, Vassar and Wellesley. Number limited. Re August 20th.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt

Announces his removal to 2090 Fell St., corner of S Telephone West 1736.

Mlle. Eleanore Joseph

(Lately from Paris and Berlin)

SINGING AND PIANO.

1915 Baker St., near Sacramento San Francisco

G. B. GALVANI

Vocal Teacher

814 OAK STREET, OAKLAND, CAL.

Ogontz School for Young Ladies

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia; two hours from York. The late Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For address Miss SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal, Ogontz P. O., Pa.

Mathematics and English

University and preparatory subjects; no prescribed or but assistance given in any manner desired, either personally by correspondence. Miss C. L. Williams, M. S., Mrs. Manchester, M. S., 218 El Granada Bldg., Berkeley, Cal.

Hotel Collingwood

35th St., between 5th Ave. and Broadway
NEW YORK CITY

New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and the district containing every modern device for comfort guests.

Positively exclusive. Service a la carte.

GOODYEAR RUBBER COMPANY

Have Returned to Their Old Home, Where They Were Located Before the Fire,

573-579 Market St., near Second

Tel. Temporary 1788

JOHN G. ILS & CO.

Manufacturers

High-Grade French Range

Kitchen and Bakery Outfits,

624 Washington Street,

San Francisco, Cal.

WHAT PRESS CLIPPINGS MEAN TO YOU

Press clipping information is information you can obtain in no other way. As a business aid, Press Clippings will place in your hands every scrap of news printed in the country pertaining to your business. They will show you every possible market, and they will give you every opening that you would never hear of in the ordinary way, and—give you this information in a fresh and valuable.

If you have a hobby or wish information upon any subject, press clippings will give you any subject or topic, clippings will give you all the current information printed subject.

The cost for any purpose is usually but a few cents a day.

THE INTERNATIONAL PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

the largest press clipping bureau in the world, reads and indexes 35,000 papers and other periodicals each month, and even now a subscriber to some other clipping bureau, it is you to investigate our superior service.

Write for our book about Press Clippings and our Daily News Reports, and ask about The International Information Bureau, which supplies complete manuscripts or material dresses, essays, lectures and debates, and complete and information upon any subject at a reasonable cost. Address

INTERNATIONAL PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

Boyce Bldg., Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A husband was being arraigned in court in a suit brought by his wife for cruelty.

"I understand, sir," said the judge, addressing the husband, "that one of the indignities you have showered upon your wife is that you have not spoken to her for three years. Is that so?"

"It is, your Honor," quickly answered the husband.

"Well, sir," thundered the judge, "why didn't you speak to her, may I ask?"

"Simply," replied the husband, "because I didn't want to interrupt her."

A prominent physician, whose specialty was physical diagnosis, required his patients, before entering his private consultation room, to divest themselves of all superfluous clothing in order to save time. One day a man presented himself without having complied with this requirement.

"Why do you come in here without complying with my rules?" demanded the doctor. "Just step into that side room and remove your clothing and then I'll see you. Next patient, please!"

The man did as requested, and after a time presented himself in regular order duly divested of his clothing.

"Now," said the doctor, "what can I do for you?"

"I just called," replied the man, "to collect that tailoring bill which you owe us."

At a literary club in Boston one night, there was an encounter between a Bostonian, professing a love of art for art's sake, and F. Marion Crawford the novelist.

In a slightly patronizing manner the Boston man asked:

"Have you ever aspired to write anything, Mr. Crawford, that will live after you are gone?"

"My dear sir," replied Crawford, with a broad smile, "my principal effort just now is to write something that will enable me to live while I am here."

A thief broke into a millionaire's mansion early the other morning and found himself in the music room. Hearing footsteps approaching, he took refuge behind a screen.

From eight to nine o'clock the eldest daughter had a singing lesson.

From nine to ten o'clock the second daughter took a piano lesson.

From ten to eleven o'clock the eldest son had a violin lesson.

From eleven to twelve o'clock the other son had a lesson on the flute.

At twelve-fifteen all the brothers and sisters assembled and studied an ear-splitting piece for voice, piano, violin, and flute.

The thief staggered out from behind the screen at twelve-forty-five and falling at their feet, cried:

"For heaven's sake, have me arrested!"

Richard Mansfield contributes an anecdote to the old question of the sanity of Hamlet, says the Chicago Chronicle.

"One morning in the West," he said, "I met a young friend and asked him where he had been the night before.

"I went," my young friend replied, 'to see so-and-so's Hamlet.'

"Aha, did you?" said I. "Now, tell me—do you think Hamlet was mad?"

"I certainly do," replied he. "There wasn't 100 in the house."

"What is this dish, my good Francois?" the master asked of the proud chef who had been summoned to congratulate him. "We know it some kind of wild fowl, but it has a flavor all its own—a flavor none of us ever met with before."

"That dish," the chef answered proudly, "is triumph of the culinary art. Only a Frenchman could have prepared it. It is, in one word, owl."

"An owl!" cried every one, turning a little pale.

"But how," a lady asked, "could you have been so cruel as to kill the poor bird?"

"Ah, madam," said the cook, "I did not kill it. It was dead already."

When Blaine was a young lawyer, and cases were few, he was asked to defend a poverty-stricken tramp accused of stealing a watch. He loaded with all the ardor at his command, showing so pathetic a picture with such convincing energy that at the close of his argument the court was in tears, and even the tramp wept. The jury deliberated but a few minutes, and

returned the verdict "not guilty." Then the tramp drew himself up, tears streamed down his face as he looked at the future "plumed knight," and said: "Sir, I have never heard so grand a plea. I have not cried before since I was a child. I have no money with which to reward you, but (drawing a package from the depths of his ragged clothes) here's that watch; take it and welcome."

Frederick Landis, who two years ago was elected as a representative from Indiana, is one of the most youthful-looking men in public life.

That Landis excels at repartee was proved at the time of his election, when, it is said, he appeared to be not a day over twenty.

"Say, boy," shouted a Hoosier to the candidate, as Landis was leaving the platform at a political meeting, "does your mother know you're out?"

"Oh, yes," replied Landis, with a smile, "and when the votes are counted to-night she'll know I'm in."

A Glasgow steamer was laboring in a heavy sea, the waves sometimes sweeping her decks, but the officers had assured the passengers that there was no danger, and all seemed reasonably calm with the exception of one meek-appearing little man, who, every few minutes, would approach an officer and anxiously inquire if he thought the ship would founder. "No, I tell you!" one of them finally exclaimed with impatience. "What is the matter with you? Look at those other people—they are not scared to death." "Oh, I'm not scared," the man replied, "but if the ship was going to founder I wanted to know a little ahead of time." "Oh, wanted to tell your friends good-bye, and all that?" "Well, not exactly," the man said, hesitatingly; "the fact is my mother-in-law is along with me. I wanted to say a few things to her."

A fond mother, hearing an unusual noise in the nursery overhead, hurried up stairs to find out what was the matter. She found Johnny sitting in the middle of the door quietly smiling. "Oh," said he, "I've locked Grandpa and Uncle Henry in the cupboard, and when they get a little angrier I am going to play Daniel in the lion's den."

Among the societies that have been least disturbed by the consequences of the fire, is the California branch of the American Folk-Lore Society. Though only a year old this club shows gratifying vigor, and despite recent events its officers report an increased membership. An innovation has been begun and the first of a number of informal meetings was held at the home of Professor A. L. Kroeber, on Washington street, Tuesday, October 30. Charles Keeler, the president of the society, gave an interesting talk on "Creation Myths of the Pacific Islanders." This is the first of a series of meetings to be devoted each to the discussion of the creation legends of some race.

Through their efforts to obtain laborers for work on the isthmian canal, members of the Canal Commission have found that there is a dearth of labor in all parts of the world. So great is the demand for labor in connection with railroad building and other improvements on a large scale, that countries which formerly have sent thousands of laborers to this country monthly are now using their labor at home.

Specially adapted to Asthmatics; always relieves, generally cures. Brooks' Homoeopathic Cough Syrup; 25c, at druggists.

The Salton Sea is doomed. The officials of the Southern Pacific announce that the last steps have been taken and the Colorado River will be turned into its old course, and no more water will flow into the great inland sea. The break in the banks of the Colorado River has been filled in with piles and stone. The work has cost the railroad company nearly \$1,000,000.

A. Hirschman

Jeweler and Silversmith. Now at 1641 Van Ness Avenue, bet. California and Sacramento Streets.

One of the commonest cases the New York police have to deal with is that of the woman who pawns her jewelry to get money to play the races, and then tries to quiet her husband's suspicions by pretending that the apartment was robbed during her absence.

Dr. Barkan & Sewall

Specialists for Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, are now located at 1700 California street, corner Van Ness avenue.

L. KREISS & SONS

CABINET MAKERS
UPHOLSTERERS
DECORATORS

Dealers in Fine Mahogany, Early English Oak Furniture; reproductions of rare examples of Antique Fabrics of all the important periods of English, French and Italian arts in Tapestries, Brocaded Silks, Damasks Embroideries, Etc.

Our stock is complete and contains many Odd Pieces suitable for Gifts.

1219-23 POST ST.

Above Van Ness Ave.

San Francisco, Cal.

SUNSET ROUTE

2 Trains
Daily

SAN FRANCISCO—NEW ORLEANS

Making Close Connections at New Orleans with Trains for Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Washington, and New York.

Also

With Southern Pacific Steamship Line New Orleans to New York.

Dining and Observation Service
Tourist and Pullman Sleepers

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

THE ARGONAUT will be sent free up to January 1st, 1907, to all new subscribers who send in one year's subscription during November and December.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Customer—"I want a piece of meat without fat, bone or gristle." Clerk—"You'd better have an egg, ma'am."—New York Mail.

Edward—"Why did Grace marry Fred? She wasn't the least bit in love." Edith—"Heavens no! She thought Ada wanted him."—Judge.

Mrs. Skinnum—"Why are you all hiding from 'ommy?" Little Lizzie—"Tommy is the butcher coming with his bill."—Philadelphia Record.

Gauss—"How does your dog like your new neighbor?" Matchett—"It's a little too early to say. Rover has had only one small piece."—Smart Set.

The Father (to boy back from college)—"Well, son, how much money do you owe?" The Son—"Well, er, dad, how much have you got?"—Harper's Bazar.

"The hotel is so crowded, sir, that the best we can do is to put you in the same room with the proprietor." "That will be all right; just put my valuables in the safe."—Chicago Journal.

"By the way, how did you come out with that drink cure you put in your husband's tea?" "First rate. He hasn't drank a drop since." "Of whisky?" "No, tea."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Mrs. Flip—"I have just been talking to a specialist, and he says my brain vitality has all gone to my long hair. Do you believe it?" Flip—"Well, er, I knew it had gone."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

He—"Miss Highnote is certainly a homely girl, isn't she?" She—"Well, she isn't a beauty, but when you hear her sing you will forget her face." He—"Gracious! Is her singing as bad as that?"—The Club Fellow.

Mr. Justup—"Let us go around to the De Rocks. They have just bought a Rembrandt for thousands of dollars." Mrs. Justup—"You don't say. Is it gasoline or steam, and what is the horsepower?"—Chicago Daily News.

"They've started a queer restaurant downtown; no tables, no chairs, no food, no waiters." "What are they running it on, air or water?" "Neither—Christian Science—you think you eat, so much a think."—Brooklyn Life.

"Is it a fact that your mother-in-law threw herself out of the third-story window and you did nothing to restrain her?" "Excuse me; I went to the first story to catch her, but she had already passed!"—Il Diavolo Rosa.

Laundryman—"I regret to tell you, sir, that one of your shirts is lost." Customer—"But here I have just paid you twelve cents for doing it up." Laundryman—"Quite right, sir; we laundered it before we lost it."—Harper's Weekly.

Stern Parent—"From my observation of him last night I came to the conclusion that that young man of yours was rather wild." Daughter—"It was you that made him wild. He wanted you to go upstairs and leave us alone."—Illustrated Bits.

"Come, Willie," said his mother, "don't be so selfish. Let your little brother play with your marbles a little while." "But," protested Willie, "he means to have them always." "Oh, I guess not." "I guess yes," cause he swallowed 'em."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"I can't understand this street railway situation," said Mrs. Wade Parker. "I wish you'd tell me just what you think of it." "Well, my dear," said Mr. Parker, "since you ask it, I will. But you'll have to send the children out of the room first."—Cleveland Leader.

Mr. Misfit (savagely)—"Before I married you, was there any doddering idiot gone on you?" Mrs. Misfit—"There was one." Mr. Misfit—"I wish to goodness you'd married him!" Mrs. Misfit—"I did."—Los Angeles News.

He was no advocate of race suicide, being indeed the father of seven daughters, but none the less his face lightened with a great joy when they told him that a suitor was in the parlor, talking to the girls. "What is his business?" he asked, rubbing his hands nervously. "A wine merchant," the mother answered. "A wine merchant? Heaven be praised!" the father cried. "He will be sure to prefer one of the older grades."—San Diego Union.

W. J. Clothier, the tennis champion of America, said at a dinner in Philadelphia: "Tennis is all very well in its way, but what is the excitement, what is the enthusiasm of tennis, compared to that of football? Perhaps you have heard of that Pennsylvania guard who, coming to at the end of a football game, whispered to the physician bending over him: 'Did we win, doctor?' 'Yes; hands down,' the physician answered. 'Never mind that fractured thigh, then,

doc,' he said. 'Just take these broken teeth out of my mouth so's I can holler.'"

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

In the Suburbs.
Little beds of flowers,
Little coats of paint,
Make a pleasant cottage
Out of one that ain't.
—Chicago Tribune.

How He Won Her.
He told the maiden a story—
The old, old story, 'tis true—
Yet she didn't cry "Chestnut!"
For to her the story was new.
—Chicago News.

Before Extinction.
For many years to come at least
The horse show needs must thrive,
While children come to view the beast
Their parents used to drive.
—Chicago News.

Spelling Reform.
With tragic air the love-lorn heir
Once chased the chaste Louise;
She quickly guessed her guest was there
To please her with his pleas.

Now at her side he kneeling sighed.
His sighs of woful size;
"Oh, hear me here, for lo, most low
I rise before your eyes.

"This soul is sole thine own, Louise—
'Twill never wean, I ween,
The love that I for aye shall feel,
Though mean may be its mien."

"You know I can not tell you no,"
The maid made answer true;
"I love you aught as sure I ought—
To you 'tis due I do!"

"Since you are won, oh, fairest one,
The marriage rite is right—
The chapel aisle I'll lead you up
This night," exclaimed the knight.
—New Orleans Picayune.

Rumbly Rhymes.
There once was a person named Cholmondeley
Whom the weather affected most rolmondeley;
For more than a week,
Unable to speak,
He could only gesticulate dolmondeley.
—London Chronicle.

Auto-Biography.
An autocrat in an autocart
Wailed: "Oh, this vehicle auto start!
My autotype of the guarantee
Reads 'automatic,' I plainly see.
And if autographs of the makers here
Have auto do with the running-gear,
I'd not be wasting an autumn day
In such a nonautomotonous way."
But he sat and sat, in the frosty fall,
Till an autopsy was the end of all.
—Edwin L. Sabin, in the Reader.

They told the youngster to soak his feet in a tub of salt water if he wanted to toughen them. He soaked his hands, too. "It's pretty near time for me to get a licking," he explained. "Tomorrow I'm going to sit in it."—New York Sun.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

"Now, dear," said the hero of the elopement, as they boarded the train, "we are safe from pursuit. "And also," said the young girl, radiantly, "safe from starvation. Here's a check pa made out to your order."—Philadelphia Press.

Something that concerns the Baby. When teething begins, every mother should have on hand a packet of Steedman's Soothing Powders.

"I hear your machine killed a man yesterday. Of course, you must regret it." "Regret it! Say, they're trying to make me pay the funeral expenses. And the machine was damaged at that."—Philadelphia Ledger.

NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS.—You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50 Try it.

TO LEASE

3 Story and Basement Brick Building, California St., between Drumm and Davis; Lot 45x70. Building Completed Dec. 15, 1906.

Will build on Union Square 7 Story and Basement Building.

PARTICULARS AT OFFICE.

GUY T. WAYMAN

519 Market St.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD

ESTABLISHED 1850

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000.00

Cash Assets.....5,340,136.94

Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,414,921.16

Benjamin J. Smith

Manager Pacific Department:

525 THIRTEENTH ST., OAKLAND

San Francisco Office:

2310 CALIFORNIA STREET

THE LATEST STYLES IN

Choice Woolens

H. S. Bridge & Co.

MERCHANT TAILORS

1176 O'FARRELL STREET

Bonestell, Richardson & Co.

Have Plenty of Every Kind of

PAPER

Phone Temporary 1273

473 to 475 SIXTH STREET,

San Francisco.

For YOUR

BREAKFAST

GERMEA

At All Grocers

THE JOHNSON-LOCKE MERCANTILE CO.

AGENTS

714 Broadway, Oakland

MT. TAMALPAIS RAILWAY

Via Sausalito Ferry—Foot of Market St.

Lv. San Francisco

W'kday Sun

9:50A 8:25A

1:45P 9:50A

Saturday 11:00A

4:35P 1:45P

3:15P

Legal Holidays, Sunday Time.

TICKET OFFICE AT SAUSALITO FERRY.

Leave Tamalpais

Sun. W'kday

10:40A 1:05P

1:05P

2:30P 4:30P

4:30P Saturday

5:45P 9:30P

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

Stoves and Ranges

ADAPTED FOR BURNING: COAL, WOOD, GAS, GASOLINE AND OIL.

REFRIGERATORS

Complete Kitchen Outfits for Hotels, Restaurants, Clubs & Households

COR. POLK & TURK STS.

PHONE EMERGENCY 427

Steamship Lines

AMERICAN LINE

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON.

New York.....Nov. 17

St. Louis.....Nov. 24

Philadelphia.....Nov. 24

Haverford.....Nov. 24

Noordland.....Dec. 1

Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool

Merion.....Nov. 24

Haverford.....Dec. 1

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Minneapolis.....Nov. 17

Minnehaha.....Nov. 24

Mesaba.....Dec. 5

Minnetonka.....Dec. 12

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.

Sailings Wednesdays as per sailing list.

Noordam.....Nov. 21, 10 a. m.

N. Amsterdam.....Nov. 28, 3 p. m.

Statendam.....Dec. 5, 10 a. m.

Ryndam.....Dec. 19, 7 a. m.

Potsdam.....Jan. 2, 6 a. m.

RED STAR LINE

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.

Kroonland.....Nov. 21

Vaderland.....Dec. 5

Finland.....Dec. 12

Zeeland.....Dec. 19

WHITE STAR LINE

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.

Baltic.....Nov. 21

Oceanic.....Dec. 5

Celtic.....Dec. 12

Baltic.....Dec. 12

Oceanic.....Dec. 19

Cymric.....Dec. 26

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Arabic.....Dec. 12

G. N. KOEPEL, Pass. Agt. Pacific Coast.

Room 207 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

ORIENTAL S. S. Co. have opened their general offices at 217-221 Brannan Street.

SAN FRANCISCO

S. S. Hong Kong Maru - - - Nov. 9, 1906

S. S. America Maru (Calls at Manila) Nov. 30, 1906

S. S. Nippon Maru (Calls at Manila) Dec. 28, 1906

Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and Brannan streets, 1 p. m., for Yokohama and Hongkong, calling Honolulu, Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamer for Manila, India, etc. Cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Sts. W. J. AVERY, Assistant General Manager.

Thos. Cook & Son

NOW LOCATED

1168 Broadway, Oakland

And North Nave Ferry Building

San Francisco

AUTOMOBILES

Runabouts - - - \$700

Reo Touring Cars - \$1400

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

J. W. LEAVITT & CO.

441 Golden Gate Ave.

The Argonaut.

Vol. LIX. No. 1550.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 24, 1906.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscription to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 1711 San Pablo Avenue, Oakland. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Jerome A. Hart, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." To insure consideration, manuscript submitted for publication, must be type-written.

Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal."

Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue, London, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear, and by the Denison News Company on its boats and trains.

Published at San Francisco, California. Temporary Office, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, California.

THIRTIETH YEAR

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

Jerome A. Hart - - - - - EDITOR

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: Does Japan Think of War?—San Francisco's New Harbor Front—Reform Spelling—The Passing of Steamer Day—Welching German Insurance Companies—Earthquake Cycles, Circles and Scientists—Were There Republican Defections?—Arizona and New Mexico—Gompers on San Francisco Labor.....	249-252
UNDER THE KAISER'S COAT: How the Town of Koepenick Was Taken by a Cobbler-Captain.....	253
POLITICO-PERSONAL.....	253
SINNER IN PARADISE: From the French of Chalon.....	254
OLD FAVORITES.....	255
EDITORIAL: Venerable Head of Harper's Magazine Celebrates His Seventieth Birthday.....	255
MUSICIAN'S FOUR HUNDRED PLAYS: His Earliest Success, "London Assurance," Followed by a Brilliant Train.....	256
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes about Prominent People All Over the World.....	257
LITERARY NOTES: New Publications—Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.....	258-259
AGE GOSSIP: Dramatic Notes—Musical Notes.....	259
CINEMA FAIR: Paris Fashions Reverting to Empire Lines—The Bridal Dress of Mlle. Pirmont—Influence of Napoleon's Career—Mme. Bonaparte's Court—Debt to Bernhardt.....	260
ORRYETTES: General Sheridan and the Army Mule—Engineer and Bridge Builder—Cure for Stammering—Weighing the Anchor—The Departed and the Tariff—General Sherman's Horse—Rider Hagard and the Hungarian Ballet—The Watchman's Pedometer.....	261
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy.....	262-263
ALLIED HUMORISTS.....	264
THE TUNEFUL LIAR.....	264

Does Japan Think of War?

Not a little has been printed in the Eastern press concerning Japanese feeling over the present public school imbroglio. Oddly enough, California seems quite placid, and the whole affair has aroused but a languid interest here. But the Eastern journals are engaged in comparing the warships, armor, guns and coast defenses of the United States and Japan. Without going into their minute details, it may be said that Japan has in the Pacific eleven first-class battleships and four second-class battleships; the United States has nine. Japan has in the Pacific nine armored cruisers, the United States, four; Japan, seventeen protected cruisers, the United States, five; Japan, twenty-nine torpedo boats, the United States, twenty. In the Atlantic Japan has no warships at

all; the United States has eighty-four, of which seventeen are first-class battleships. As for preparedness, Japan is probably ready and the United States probably not. It will be remembered that when we declared war on Spain we had absolutely no powder. Since then we have added to our possessions and our responsibilities without apparently adding to our fortifications. We have spent some \$400,000,000 on the Philippine Islands, and yet we have not fortified them.

We have coal at Manila and Honolulu, but as we have no guns to protect it, probably the Japanese would burn more of our coal than we would. Our flag floats over the Island of Guam, Midway Island and the Alaskan Coast in the Pacific, but we have no guns on any of them. Manila is 1700 miles from the Japanese naval base. It is about 11,000 miles from the Brooklyn Navy Yard to Manila via Cape Horn. Our fleets would have to make a harder voyage than the Russian Baltic squadron did from Cronstadt to the Sea of Japan. We do not discuss the distance from California to Manila, for we have no warships here. Even if we had them, they would be considered necessary to protect our home ports. In 1898, Boston, Nantasket, New Bedford, Providence, New London, Bridgeport, Brooklyn, New York, Hoboken, Baltimore, Savannah, and Mobile all wanted all the battleships to protect them from Cervera's fleet.

If Japan decided to fight us, she would probably do as she did with Russia, attack without warning and without a formal declaration of war. If she decided to attack us she would have at Manila fifteen or twenty battleships and armored cruisers before we knew that she had started. Before we could get a few regiments across the continent Japan could land fifty or sixty thousand men in the Philippines. And when our fleet arrived off Subig, Japan would be occupying Manila and be all ready to receive us warmly.

The Argonaut does not believe there will be war with Japan. At the same time we believe that this country should be prepared for possible war. We should at least have adequate coast defenses and enough men to man them. As it is now, we have few guns at any of our great seaports and not enough men in the artillery to fire them. The Japanese government probably does not desire or intend to attack the United States, but the Japanese people are a hot-headed lot and the government may be forced to do that which it considers unwise. Of course it would be weak and foolish for a government to do that which it knows to be foolish and weak. But, as our own government in 1898 was forced into a declaration of war when it considered the movement unwise, and when it had no powder with which to shoot off its guns, it will not be strange if a less well-balanced people than we should force its government's hand.

Apropos. In '98 and '99 the Argonaut was one of the few newspapers in the United States—and the only one on the Pacific Coast so far as we are aware—that opposed the Philippine folly. We were told at the time by a number of sapient contemporaries that the Philippines were necessary as a "strategic frontier," and that they and the Hawaiian Islands would furnish "naval bases" for the protection of this country. We paid then \$20,000,000 for the Philippines, and since we have expended about \$400,000,000 on them. In case of war with Japan, if that Oriental power

should seize the Philippines and use them to operate against Hawaii and this country, what becomes of the fine-spun theories of our sapient contemporaries? There is absolutely nothing to prevent Japan doing so next week. The California papers were the most rabid advocates of the Philippine purchase seven or eight years ago. We would like to ask those journals what they think about "strategic frontiers," "naval bases," and the Philippine folly now?

San Francisco's New Harbor Front.

A group of San Francisco citizens are now planning a system of modern docks designed to accommodate three or four times the present amount of shipping. The sum of twenty thousand dollars has already been pledged to cover the work of the engineers and draftsmen, and expert engineers have been employed to formulate plans. W. J. Bartnett of the Western Pacific Company is the leader in this movement; associated with him are James D. Phelan, Thomas Magee and other prominent citizens.

However diverse may be the views entertained by various persons concerning the future of San Francisco, no man yet has ventured to doubt that it would be a great seaport. It may not for some years to come be a great city—that is to say a metropolis, possessing all the attributes of a great city, including not only the merely material ones, such as facilities for feeding, housing and protecting its citizens, but likewise opera houses, theatres, art galleries, museums, and the many things which go to make up the higher life of communities of men. Even if San Francisco should not in a few years reach such a pitch as to command all these attributes of a great city, her position on the ocean, and on a bay which is the confluence of two great rivers, will force her to become a great seaport, even if she should not be a great city.

But a seaport to be great must have the facilities for safely and adequately harboring deep-sea vessels. In the days before the fire, it was to the observer a matter of constant wonder how the miles of shakily sheds, of inflammable piers, of rotting, teredo-pierced piling, extending along San Francisco's wonderful water front, from Black Point to Rincon Point, could endure for a single year. These flimsy structures seemed to extend a perennial invitation to fire. Yet by the irony of fate, when the great city was almost totally destroyed by fire there was little left of it along the water front save a fringe of man's handiwork—a strip consisting almost entirely of these inflammable wharves and sheds; not preserved from the fire by the interposition of Divine Providence, let us hasten to add, but because the United States Navy and the United States Marine Corps had taken charge of the water front, and supplemented the efforts of the Fire Department.

While San Francisco is rebuilding, it would be well for her to consider building her docks, piers, and wharves so that they will stand. It is the shame of America that so much of what we build is unsubstantial. Even in New York, the metropolis of the Western World, mangy, rotting slips, piers, and wharves defile the water front along the East River, the North River, and the Hoboken shore of the Hudson. So inflammable are these structures that at times they have caused the destruction of great ocean liners lying at their berths. Twice within the last five years the North German

Lloyd Company has been forced to tow its giant liners out from the Hoboken docks on account of fire. On one occasion so swift was the march of the flames that one great steamer was burned at her wharf until her hawsers parted from the blazing fabric, and she drifted down the stream, with many human beings between decks doomed to an awful death from fire. Even if the steamship lines were willing to hazard their consignors' freight at such inflammable structures, they should be unwilling to hazard their own costly ships.

In the Old World a seaport one-tenth the size of New York possesses massive stone docks and quays whose buildings are always fire-proof. At these docks lie steamships worth millions; in these ships are cargoes worth other millions—teas, silks, wines, liquors, tobacco, and countless other valuable things. On these quays are piled vast heaps of other merchandise. To expose these cargoes to fire from flimsy wooden piers and sheds seems to the European mind mere madness. Yet not only is that practice followed in San Francisco, but in New York and in all other American cities as well.

There is scarcely a city in the Old World where one does not see docks and piers built of stone or steel. Even at such small ports as Brighton and Dover on the English Coast, the wharves are supported on massive steel piers. Hundreds of acres of London's great docks are also fire-proof and substantial. The docks of Liverpool extend along the Mersey for seven miles; there are some sixty basins and sixty miles of berth space at which ships can lie. These docks also are solidly constructed of masonry. The Hamburg docks extend along both banks of the Elbe River for nearly seven miles, and the port has accommodation for five hundred deep-sea vessels, fifteen hundred large river vessels, and five thousand canal boats and small river craft. These Hamburg docks are also massive masonry constructions. Yet they have not been handed down from past generations; they are not the work of many years. They have practically all been constructed since 1890, and Hamburg has expended on her harbor in the last fifteen years over two hundred million marks. The port of Havre is also a marvel of masonry docks and piers. So is Cherbourg, another French port. So is Genoa, which has an inner and an outer harbor, with magnificent cut stone jetties protecting the shipping from the sometimes stormy Mediterranean. Rotterdam and Amsterdam also have magnificent harbors built of stone. In fact, it is difficult anywhere in the commercial world to find harbors equipped with flimsy or decaying wooden piers until one comes to America.

Therefore, in building the new San Francisco, as her first claim to supremacy will be as a seaport, the first thing to do is to build up her water front for all time. The gentlemen who have headed this movement are deserving of high praise for their public spirit and their generosity. The work of building up the harbor is more than a merely municipal one; it is a question which concerns the whole State of California. The amount of money requisite for constructing such permanent and durable works can easily be borrowed on the faith and credit of the State. It would cost the citizens of the State nothing, for the harbor returns would more than pay the interest on the bonds, and would create a sinking fund which would extinguish the entire debt in less than a generation. This present generation would need to pay nothing; all that it would need to do would be to lend its credit to the undertaking. And then, long after this and succeeding generations shall have passed away, a permanent and massive improvement would still remain for the use and benefit of future citizens of California.

Reform Spelling in Advertising.

The reform spelling advocated by the Brander Matthews Board, and which has been endorsed by President Roosevelt, does not seem to have caused

much of a boom. Very few prominent publications have taken it up. In fact, the chief use to which it has been put so far seems to be as a means of advertising. We refer here to its use by leading advertisers, like the great dry-goods houses and department stores in New York and other large cities. This paragraph was not intended as a reflection on the spelling reformers. But the quickness with which the professional advertising men divined the possibilities of spelling reform, and pounced upon it, makes one wonder whether the amateurs did not suspect its possibilities.

The Passing of "Steamer Day."

Away back in the fifties, when the water used to come up to Montgomery Street, the steamers used to sail from the Long Wharf twice a month, from San Francisco to "back East." Here repaired those rejoicing pioneers who had "cleaned up" their sluice-boxes, washed out the "riffles," and packed their gold dust safely from the diggings to the dealers here. It was from this point that they set sail for home. As the departing diggers sometimes did not settle, it was deemed advisable to collect from them before they sailed. Furthermore, the merchants then in San Francisco were obliged to make remittances to their creditors in the East on the date of every steamer's sailing. In short, the day the fortnightly steamers sailed for the East was the great settling day of all San Francisco. This dread day of collections came to be known as "Steamer Day."

Years passed, and soon two decades rolled away. When the two warring continental railways met near Ogden the East and the West were joined together. This was in May, 1869. It was not long before the steamers ceased to carry the bulk of the passengers "back East," and ceased entirely to carry the merchants' remittances. But Steamer Day did not perish. Through good report, through vile report, through good or grafting government, through Republican, Democratic, and non-partisan administrations, under the Consolidation Act, under the New Charter, under the Old Constitution and the New Constitution of 1879, through the Civil War, "Steamer Day" pursued its peaceful way. Nothing could kill it.

Occasionally strangers came to San Francisco and went into business. When these traders encountered this marvelous custom, by which an artificial stringency was created unnecessarily twice a month and when they pointed out that in other parts of the world mercantile collections were extended over twenty-eight days of the month instead of being crammed into two, these strangers were urgently requested to "go back East, if you don't like it." But no reform of the old pioneer practice was ever contemplated or entertained.

In addition to this curious and archaic custom, there continued also as an adjunct the habit of making these fortnightly settlements in specie. On "Steamer Day" in San Francisco one might see hundreds—yes, thousands—of men and boys lugging around canvas sacks filled with gold and silver. From counting-room to sales-room, from sales-room to shop, from shop to factory, these two-legged burden-bearers puffed and perspired beneath their loads, occasionally discharging cargo either at the home office or at the bank. And to crown this absurdity, all of the banks did exactly the same thing. They did not make a mutual daily settlement through a clearing house, the final balance being struck by a clearing-house check with the last bank. Instead of doing this, all the banks had messengers lugging around hundredweights of specie and each bank balanced in bullion daily with every other bank.

To distant readers all this may sound like extravaganza. It is not. It is plain, solid, sober truth.

For a number of years the *Argonaut* poked fun at these pioneer customs. At last the absurdity of their mediaeval portage plan impressed the banks and years ago they established a clearing house

association. Even then—will it be believed?—some leading banks stayed out, on the ground that they "did not want to give away their business." One of these was the Nevada Bank, under the old management.

Our habit of speaking lightly of these pioneer customs used to cause much irritation in banking San Francisco circles. Still the *Argonaut*, being a iconoclast, dared to utter these words of reproach not only against the good old plan of canvas-ba banking, but also against that sacred institution "Steamer Day." We have not hesitated also to point out to the mercantile community that the settlement of accounts by means of specie instead of checks was absurd as the system of individual clearings formerly followed by the San Francisco banks. A bank check is the ideal system of exchange; it is drawn by a specified person to a specified person for a specific sum on a specific day. It is negotiable only by the payee. If crossed or double crossed as is the usage in London, it is negotiable only through the payee's bank. The it is at once a record and a receipt.

We have at times ventured to hint also that the use of paper money need not be so strictly tabooed in San Francisco, as most of the nations of the world, including over seventy millions of our own people, transact their business with a limited use of specie. But as the two millions on this side of the American continent know a great deal more than the other seventy millions on the Eastern side, and infinitely more than all the rest of all the people in all the other countries of the world, our suggestion has met with the natural scorn which was its due.

We are therefore glad to see that the Merchant Association and the Chamber of Commerce in San Francisco have now sent out circulars suggesting the abolishing of Steamer Day. They call attention to the scattered condition of the business houses now in San Francisco; they speak of the physical difficulty of covering so large an area; they say that collectors find it impossible to get over the ground in a single day; that they are obliged to carry large sums of money through dangerous districts; that the lawless condition of the city has led to many attacks upon collectors; therefore they suggest that all bills and accounts be paid in check when due.

It is said that "several firms doing a very extensive business have tried the new method, and find that it works admirably." Doubtless the more conservative San Francisco merchants will be surprised at this latter statement. It is extremely radical. However, the custom is followed in other large cities of the world, and is said to work fairly well.

Old customs, they say, die hard. "Steamer Day" certainly is dying hard. It and its kindred folly of logging around bullion defied even the stress of civil war. The "Steamer Day" superstition embarrassed the federal government when it was in its direst straits. California refused to accept the money of the federal government during the Civil War because it was not stamped on bullion. When cornered, California passed the "Specie Contract Law," in order to legalize the discrediting of the national currency. In short, "Steamer Day" and bullion payments have aside everything, including loyalty to the nation.

It has looked as if this mediaeval custom never could be killed. We do not know whether it is even yet dead. But if it is killed, it will have required a great earthquake and a colossal conflagration to do the deed.

Welching German Insurance Companies.

It is rumored in Washington that any attempt to compel the welching German insurance companies to pay their policy holders will not receive the support of the federal government. Even before President Andrew D. White was Ambassador to Germany there had existed highly strained relations between the United States and Germany.

over our tariff. At times these relations have been strained almost to the breaking point. Mr. White did his best to adjust matters, but did not succeed. Neither have his successors. Therefore our foreign office fears that this attempt to make the German capitalists pay their just debts will lead them to retaliate by attacking our tariff laws. Therefore, our Department of State will probably urge the federal government to take no part in this California claim, but sedulously to avoid being entangled in what Secretary Root would call a purely local controversy.

This does not look encouraging for the California claimants who are endeavoring to get their just dues. It is possible that a Pacific Coast delegation might prevail on Congress to force the State Department to request consideration of these claims purely as a matter of comity. As the Republican majority will in the new Congress be about one-half what it was in the last, a united delegation from this Coast could accomplish wonders in the way of holding up a stubborn Speaker. But, when all is said and done, this is only cold comfort. When an attempt was made in Congress to relieve San Francisco of the heavy tariff on building material until the city could be reconstructed, the California delegation did not make a good record. From the extreme luke-warmness shown by our delegation in that matter, it is not to be hoped that they would show any more energy in attempting to make the German welchers settle up.

Earthquake Cycles, Circles, and Scientists.

According to some geologists, a cycle of earthquakes is running around the great Pacific earthquake circle.

Some months ago, immediately after the disaster of last April, the *Argonaut* printed some extracts from esteemed and apocryphal coast contemporaries concerning the earthquake. Most of these utterances were ostensibly devoted to sympathizing with San Francisco, but each in reality was bent on explaining why its own favored city was outside of the San Francisco earthquake zone. In referring to our files, we find, for example, this extract from the Sacramento *Capital*:

"While the sympathy of Sacramento goes forth in a plentiful measure to her stricken sister city, San Francisco, we can not help but call attention to the fact that the great interior valley of the State was practically free from the effects of the recent earthquake. It was highly civilized in character, confined almost entirely to the region around the bay. Oakland, San Jose, and other cities were suffered severely, while the shock on the peninsula where San Francisco stands was of the most terrifying description. Nothing like it has ever been known in the history of California.

"Why was this shock not felt in Sacramento? This is the reason. It is evident that the vast bed of alluvial soil lying between the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range contains acts as a sort of buffer, thus protecting us from the dreadful shocks which have desolated San Francisco the past, and which, alas, may also destroy it in the future. When we think of the dreadful fate which San Francisco barely escaped in the recent dreadful cataclysm, and when we reflect that their inevitable doom, like the sword of Damocles, hangs over the heads of the unfortunate dwellers down at the bay, we can scarcely restrain our tears."

Recoiling with a shudder from this gloomy picture, we turn for encouragement to the Portland *Tripod*. This is what we find:

"The terrible cataclysm which utterly destroyed San Francisco a few weeks ago was not felt here in Portland at all."

The Reverend Melchizedek Howler, while visiting us in the editorial room of the *Tripod* yesterday gave there a quite a luminous explanation. There is, he says, a distinct religious atmosphere pervading the State of Oregon. No such atmosphere is found in California. In California the conditions are even hostile to religion. Many there even go to the Park on Sunday. Given the presence of hundreds of thousands of persons in Oregon believing strongly in religion, will not such a belief create a religious atmosphere as to have some effect on the material atmosphere? What, after all, is belief but spiritual waves which impinge upon the ether waves of the material atmosphere? Every one knows that the atmosphere under certain conditions is highly electrical. Will not these spiritual ether waves have their effect on the electrical waves of the atmosphere? Will not the atmos-

pheric electrical equipoise be changed by the pervasion of these ether waves? The electric theory of earthquakes is generally accepted nowadays. May it not be that the strong religious feeling which creates a distinct and dense atmosphere in Oregon thus neutralizes the electric atmospheric conditions which bring about earthquakes? And as a corollary it would follow that this favored city of Portland will probably always be free from such awful instances of the divine omnipotence as destroyed San Francisco."

Clammy, frog-like, web-fingered feels this sympathetic hand-clasp of the Portland *Tripod*. With a sigh we turn from the Oregon journal's cotton-matherisms to seek a sympathetic word from the sunny southland. This is what we find in the Los Angeles *Times-Herald*:

"A total absence in Los Angeles of any tremors of the earth, no matter how slight, during the recent dreadful cataclysm which destroyed San Francisco, has attracted much attention among the favored dwellers here. When they read the accounts of what took place in San Francisco it fairly makes their blood run cold. Credible narratives are told of six-story hotels telescoping on themselves and sinking down in the bowels of the earth; cracks six feet wide and a hundred feet deep are still to be seen on Market street; the seawall on the waterfront split off from the mainland and fell into the bay; Nob Hill was split fairly in twain, and the United Railroads Company is now using the enormous earthquake crevice through that hill as a railway cutting for its track. These statements have been suppressed or minimized by the journals of San Francisco, but they are entirely true. We are informed on the best of authority that the estimate of four hundred dead is false, and that the authorities threw several thousand bodies into the ocean near Baker's Beach, whence they floated out to sea.

"We have interviewed Professor Honk, the famous geologist, and asked his opinion concerning the reason for our freedom from any earthquake shocks in or around Los Angeles. The professor informs us that a vast bed of Miocene shale surrounds this city, running to a depth of probably twenty miles. In the post-Jurassic Time it is evident that glacial action eroded the old red sandstone moraines; hence accordeon pleats were made in the selvage or edging of the folds of the mountains. [This word "folds" comes from the Spanish "faldas," showing that even in the old Colonial or Spanish times and in her Mexican days Los Angeles was entirely free from earthquake shocks.] In the Quaternary period, or Age of Man, the Mesozoic ooze saturated or impregnated this shale. This, taken in conjunction with the accordeon pleats, constitutes a vast buffer, which prevents the dreadful earthquake shocks of the cataclysmic zone surrounding San Francisco from extending to this favored neighborhood.

"On the other hand, as Professor Honk points out, San Francisco is probably one of the most awful specimens of metamorphic catastrophism known to geologists. In a very recent geological period it is quite evident that the land under the present Bay of San Francisco suddenly sunk, and the peninsula was at once thrown up violently into the air. The islands in San Francisco harbor are the tops of sunken mountains which once rose high above the Coast Range. What has occurred before may occur again. Much as we regret the recent dreadful disaster in San Francisco, we greatly fear that it will be repeated on an even more cataclysmic scale. Suppose the phenomenon should be reversed—suppose the bottom of the bay should suddenly rise up—suppose Goat Island, Alcatraz Island, and Angel Island should begin to rock and wiggle—suppose the bay should suddenly run violently down through the Golden Gate into the sea, like a herd of swine in the Bible, what would happen to San Francisco then?

"Ah, what indeed!"

Dear! dear! It gives San Franciscans a creepy feeling to read these extracts from journals at the other ends of the earthquake belt when we are in the middle. But the whirligig of time brings its revenges. Some seven months have rolled away, and Mother Earth has continued to quake in various parts of the globe. Her upheavals have brought to light a vast amount of earthquake lore, the very existence of which most of us did not suspect. Some of it is, as Mr. Mantalini would say, "dem'd unpleasant reading," for those who live in earthquake belts, or zones, or circles—for so they are variously called by the unpleasant persons who write about them. For example: Some time after the San Francisco earthquake the prediction was made by Professor George Becker, of the United States Geological Survey, that inasmuch as this city is on the great Pacific earthquake circle, other shocks might soon be expected on that zone. When Valparaiso was turned inside out, Professor Becker remarked briefly, "I told you so." Profes-

sor Becker is probably the most profound and certainly the most disagreeable person in the Geological Survey. No one hitherto has questioned his hindsight. No one in future will question his foresight.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast. Turning from the gloomy words of these contemporaneous geologists, we have resorted for comfort to some of the older text books. Twenty years ago Chancellor Dawson was an authority on "The Harmony of Geology and Revelation"; he was not so prone to scare people to death with his pictures of geologic convulsions, past, present, and to come. But now we find little comfort even in the pages of Chancellor Dawson. According to him, "the most interesting period, geologically speaking," is the Permian, whose layers lie immediately over the Carboniferous; it is one of the sub-divisions of Paleozoic Time, and was immediately succeeded by the Triassic. Chancellor Dawson points out that much of the earth at the close of the Carboniferous age had slowly subsided beneath the waves of the ocean; that it was violently disturbed at the inauguration of the Permian period; that a great succession of earth-waves began west of the Atlantic in our hemisphere; that after the lapse of countless ages these waves erected what is now called the Appalachian range; that the earth movements which threw up the Appalachian mountains were strongest to the eastward; that the ridges of rock are steepest on their west sides, the forces which caused them coming from the direction of the sea. It is as if the Atlantic bottom, wanting room, had crumpled up the edges of the continent next to it. In the Paleozoic age the earth's crust had shrunk, creating in some places rock layers, in others great folds or wrinkles. Graphic diagrams show how the earth's crust, when thus pushed laterally, wrinkles; when beds of solid rock are met in the process, they break abruptly, and cause faults or slips. As the ocean basin is sufficiently strong to resist the immense lateral pressure, the yielding must concentrate on the weak parts of the crust, near the old fractures, at the margins of the great continents. Thus, according to Chancellor Dawson, the wrinkles, or folds, or mountain ranges near the edges of continents are caused by the pushing or thrusting-up pressure from the basin under the ocean. Thus they are liable to earthquakes. He remarks, enthusiastically: "The Permian is an intensely interesting period." So it is. Our earthquake zone seems to be something like it. Doubtless some future Chancellor Dawson, many years from now, will be interested in our earth-waves, and what they did to us.

Some other geological ruffians differ. They hold to this conception: The earth is an oblate spheroid; owing to centripetal force and the swiftness of its rotation, it bulges at the equator and is flattened at the poles; this process, continued through countless ages, finally results in an overbalancing of the heavier matter constituting the globe; as the earth's axis is inclined to its orbit, it brings about a sudden shifting, by which the polar region becomes the equatorial and the equatorial becomes the polar. This theory is corroborated by the finding of fossil remains of polar bears in the equatorial regions, and of lions and tigers within the Arctic circle. This theory was advanced by Laplace or Arago, if we are not mistaken. Those who support it believe that these little slips, quivers, and cracks, such as have taken place at San Francisco and Valparaiso, are the premonitory movements before our flattened planet changes ends.

There is little consolation to be had from these earthquake experts, new or old. The latest scientist to tap with his geological hammer on our hollow-sounding coffin, the stony carth, is Professor Ralph S. Tarr, of Cornell University. Professor Tarr in a recent paper discusses at length the causes of earthquakes, on which he is an authority. He also points out some most unpleasant facts. He says that extremely destructive earthquakes are taking

place all the time, and the only reason they do not attract attention is because they break loose in desert places. For example, a violent earthquake in the middle of the Pacific Ocean or the Arabian Sea attracts little attention. But it is merely a matter of luck that it does not break out in a thickly settled country. Professor Tarr says that the great earthquake of Yakutat Bay in Alaska in 1899 attracted practically no attention at all, as that country was inhabited only by a few Indians. This shock took place in the same great mountain range which runs along the Pacific Coast all the way from the Arctic circle to Tierra del Fuego. Up in Alaska, it would seem, the same irresistible movement is taking place as here and in South America—the mountains are being thrust up out of the sea. When this Alaskan earthquake occurred, according to Professor Tarr, some of the ancient beaches which for ages had been washed by the waves were lifted up to heights varying from two to forty-seven feet above the present sea level. Fresh fractures in the rocks and raw scars on the mountain slopes are visible on every side, and the great tidal wave caused by this cataclysmic earthquake tore up by the roots great trees growing forty feet above sea level.

We will pass over the disagreeable remarks made by Professor Tarr concerning our own little earthquake of April, 1906. These remarks are calculated to produce melancholia. It will do no good to print them here. Forget it.

But we may talk of what is said by earthquake experts concerning other spots on the globe. A French authority, Count De Montessus de Ballore, has written a monumental work on earthquakes. The count is one of those irritating and statistical persons who pin you down to facts. He has charted out the earth's surface, and he finds that there are two great belts or circles within which have taken place ninety-four per cent of the recorded earthquakes on the globe. One of these belts passes through the West Indies, the Mediterranean Sea, and the Caucasus and Himalayan mountains; this belt is called by De Montessus the "Mediterranean" or "Alpine-Caucasus-Himalaya" belt. Within this zone forty-one per cent of all recorded earthquakes have occurred. Another great earthquake zone almost encircles the Pacific; it follows the Andes in South America and the various mountain ranges along the coast of Western North America; it curves around the northern Pacific Ocean, through the Aleutian Islands, and thence to Japan and the Philippines. This belt Count de Montessus calls the "Circum-Pacific" or "Andes-Japanese-Malayan" belt. In this earthquake circle have occurred fifty-three per cent of all the earthquakes that are of record. On these two comparatively narrow zones of land, therefore, practically all the severe earthquakes of the world have been experienced. Only six per cent of all the recorded earthquakes known to man have occurred outside of these two narrow zones. And it is a melancholy fact that we are in the belt where fifty-three per cent of all recorded earthquakes have occurred.

There is some comfort to be derived from the fact that the dwellers outside of these circles are not absolutely safe against earthquakes. Destructive shocks occasionally occur outside of the great earthquake circles, as at Charlestown, in 1886. But, generally speaking, the earthquakes which occur outside of these circles are minor shocks, they are few in number, and are rarely destructive. But in these two earthquake circles shocks may occur in many places and at frequent intervals, according to both Professor Tarr and Count de Montessus. "San Francisco and Santiago, for example, are situated on danger-lines in the earth's crust, as are many other places in the two great belts."

There is little comfort to be derived from the predictions of these two gentlemen, but still there is some. We would like to call the attention of our esteemed contemporaries at Los Angeles and Portland, San Diego and Seattle and other points on the coast, who consider themselves outside of the

earthquake zone, to the fact that they are distinctly in it; that instead of being three hundred miles long, it is about twenty thousand miles long; and that they can not get out of it unless they move their burghs about a thousand miles to the east and on the other side of the Rocky Mountains. There, apparently, the country has stopped growing. But the land on the hither side of the Rocky Mountain range, westward to the Pacific Ocean, may be considered geologically as in the later Paleozoic Age. It is a young and growing country, the principal objection to which seems to be that it is growing too fast for comfort, even for Los Angeles.

Were There Republican Defections?

The week before the California election the *Argonaut* remarked that most of the Republican workingmen in the labor unions would probably vote the ticket of their party, notwithstanding the attempts to bulldoze them into voting the Democratic ticket under the guise of a "State Union Labor Ticket." We further said that the swarming, bolting, and realignment among voters would take place in the non-Republican portion of the voting population of California. This seems to have been the case. True, the vote of Gillett is lower than the vote of Pardee was four years ago, but his plurality is larger. Pardee and his office-holders are responsible for a part of the diminution; of the rest of the shortage, a part went to Langdon, a part to the Socialist and Prohibition nominees, and of course a part to Bell. But it is our opinion that a comparatively insignificant fraction went to the Democratic-Union Labor ticket; most of it went to the other nominees. Our belief is corroborated by the fact that San Francisco, although a labor union town, not only failed to get the heavy plurality expected by Bell and the labor union leaders, but even went Republican. Our belief is further verified by the fact that Labor Leader Parry has been attempting to discipline a number of the Labor Union office holders in San Francisco who failed to vote the regulation ticket and take programme. These men were silent before the election, and evidently voted for Gillett. Now they are not silent, but are freely admitting that they did so. Parry and the other labor leaders are calling secret meetings for the purpose of punishing these recalcitrants. This proves what we said—that Gillett would hold the mass of the Republican voters together, and even the votes of the Republican workingmen belonging to the labor unions.

San Francisco's Municipal Investigation.

The attempt by Abraham Ruef to oust F. J. Heney, assistant to District Attorney Langdon, has failed. The courts have decided that the mayor and Board of Supervisors have no right under the charter to remove the District Attorney, he being a county official. Attorney Heney has therefore continued his crusade against Ruef and the municipal officials.

At its first two sessions the Grand Jury found five indictments against Mayor Schmitz and Mr. Ruef for extortion. They are accused of obtaining money from certain French restaurant-keepers under the threat of depriving them of their liquor licenses in case of refusal. Some of these restaurant-keepers support the allegation; others deny it. The charges, it seem to us, will be somewhat difficult of proof. If the restaurant-keepers paid the money knowing that it was to be used to bribe the municipal officials, they also are guilty. If, as some of them claim, they paid the money merely as an attorney's fee to Ruef, the charge falls to the ground. Ruef claims that he acted as an attorney, representing the restaurant keepers before the Police Commission; that he made a contract with the restaurant men: that the existence of this contract was a matter of common knowledge. Ruef fills no official position, and he can claim with much show of reason that he was

acting in this matter merely as an attorney. The attitude of the public and the Bar Association toward the methods of attorneys in this bailiwick is so lenient, not to say lax, that almost anything an attorney may do, short of manslaughter, is winked at. The daily papers state that the Grand Jury will indict for perjury those among the French restaurant-keepers who may endeavor to screen Ruef by swearing that they merely paid him attorney's fees. If the restaurant keepers swear the way they are desired to do, and if they continue swearing in the same way—which seems a trifling doubtful—perhaps the indictments will stick.

The daily papers state that the Presidio and Ferries Railway was forced to pay a large sum for its franchise to the supervisors. This statement is denied by President Geo. A. Newhall.

Supervisor F. Nicholas has been indicted for bribery. He is charged with receiving \$26 from a furniture firm which supplied \$260 worth of desks.

Rumors of remittances to the Relief Fund having been stolen have not been proved.

It is said that numerous other indictments will be found against municipal officials for demanding money for liquor licenses, for building permits, and for prize fight permits.

Arizona and New Mexico.

We rejoice to see that the result of the election in Arizona has been that the proposition for joint statehood with New Mexico was overwhelmingly rejected. In New Mexico a small majority—six thousand—declared in favor of the plan. In Arizona the vote was nearly unanimous against it—over eighty-five per cent of the voters declaring against joint statehood. If this ill-omened proposition had carried, it would have brought about the erection of a State which would from the first have been doomed to disaster. The two Territories are utterly dissimilar in blood, in religion, in training in interests, and in political faith. We regret that President Roosevelt should have been prevailed upon by interested parties to cast his great influence with the wrong side. His letter—practically addressed to the people of Arizona—strongly urged them to vote for joint statehood. But popular as the President is in the Southwest, where his old regiment was largely recruited, the people of Arizona would not listen to him. Personally we are very glad the vote was so decisive. Arizona had not scorned this marriage of convenience, it would have shown that she was not fitted for any kind of statehood, joint or other.

The New York *Journal* editorial ridiculing Richard Watson Gilder has called out many vigorous rejoinders. Jacob A. Riis published a letter describing one of Gilder's heroic acts while a Union soldier in the Gettysburg campaign. The *Boston Traveler* said: "Before Hearst was born he was a mere boy, fighting bravely in the civil war. About the time that Hearst was misbehaving himself at Harvard there existed in New York a monstrous conspiracy against the poor. Heartless landlords backed by a cruel and wicked political machine built tenement houses which coined them money and from which the undertakers reaped a rich harvest from the bodies of the children who died for want of the things which God meant should be always free—light and air. Mr. Gilder took up the fight, at first almost alone. It was a hard and a long battle. It cost him much money, unlimited time and probably caused the frailty which inspires Brisbane's sneers. But he won glorious victory. The Legislature was compelled to act. The Gilder tenement house commission exposed the conspiracy between the landlords and the politicians. Hundreds of tenements were torn down. The result was a decrease in the death rate of from 28 to 14 in a thousand, a saving of baby lives alone in New York City estimated at 12,000 a year."

The new "freeboard tables" issued by the British government allow ships to be loaded nearly a foot above the present Plimsoll mark. This is to meet the competition of German ships, which are being loaded to the margin of risk and beyond.

UNDER THE KAISER'S COAT.

How the Town of Koepenick Was Taken By a Cobbler-Captain.

There is still opportunity for ability and courage in Germany. By one bold stroke a battered old cobbler has achieved military fame, brought an obscure village into prominence before the eyes of the world, and added a new word to universal language. And all this after half a lifetime spent behind prison bars. In the story of his exploit there is rare humor.

Voigt began his preparations for the grand coup by purchasing the complete uniform of a captain of the First Guards Regiment from a second-hand dealer in Berlin. The rest was easy in spite of the fact that his figure was no semblance to a correct military bearing. His ears protrude, his shoulders are stooped, one leg is slightly deformed, his cheeks are hollow, yet when attired in the white coat of the First Guards Regiment he was described as "dashing."

His first step was to secure "accomplices." He appeared in one of the streets of Berlin just as a squad of our soldiers and a corporal from a swimming commando belonging to the Fusilier Guards, and a similar squad from the Fourth Guards Regiment, were passing on their way to their barracks. The soldiers were halted and told they were to place themselves at his disposal for special service. While they might have argued with the man, they dared not dispute the authority of the uniform, even though, as is improbable, they had any suspicions.

Koepenick, a little municipality which lies in the valley of the Spree, an hour's ride east of Berlin, was selected as the scene of the pseudo-officer's important operations:

The bogus captain placed his soldiers on the train and took them to Koepenick. Upon their arrival in the town the cobbler first visited the postoffice, where he gave orders that all communications, telegraphic or telephonic, with the town hall were to be cut off for two hours. The captain produced no orders. The uniform was sufficient to have his wishes carried out in a thorough manner.

Proceeding to the rathhaus or town hall, soldiers, with bayonets fixed, were placed on guard. The bandit coolly entered and saw the mayor, Herr Langerhans, who was immediately placed under arrest. He wanted to know why he was being arrested. "The Kaiser's orders," replied the captain. Still unwilling to be so cavalierly captured, the mayor asked to see the orders. The brigand waved a hand in the direction of his soldiers. So the mayor succumbed to the witchery of the Kaiser's coat.

Even in Koepenick there was curiosity and somewhat alarmed interest among the unsophisticated inhabitants:

When the detachment occupied the town hall a large crowd gathered, naturally attracted by the sight of soldiers with fixed bayonets guarding the doors. One of the principal police officials of Koepenick also appeared and demanded entrance, which the soldiers refused, threatening to shoot him if he attempted to pass. When the robber heard the police superintendent was before the door, he summoned him, and told him he required assistance. The superintendent, like all others, stood at attention, and, after receiving the captain's orders, proceeded to execute them. He summoned eight policemen, and directed them to keep order among the crowd.

There was one vulnerable point in the captain's armor, and a woman found it, as woman has done in all ages in similar circumstances. Had the men of Koepenick possessed her bravery and energy they might not now be famous.

The only heroic part in the drama was played by Mayor Langerhans's wife, who on learning of her husband's arrest rushed to the town hall, forced her way past the soldiers, entered the room where the mayor was held prisoner, and threw herself into his arms, declaring that she would share his fate, whatever it might be. The disguised brigand was so impressed by her energy that he permitted her to remain with her husband and accompany him when he was escorted to Berlin by the grenadiers.

Carrying out the orders of their commander, squad of the soldiers conveyed the captured mayor to the railway station and set out by train, leaving him in the hands of the military at Berlin. Meanwhile the captain set about the real object of his enterprise:

Herr von Wildberg, the town treasurer, was approached by the bogus captain, who calmly seated himself at a desk and called for the treasurer's books. The brigand intimated that some irregularity had been detected, and that by the Kaiser's orders he had been sent to Koepenick to look into the affairs of the office. When the big folios and cash books had been laid before the bold auditor, he turned the leaves over in a rapid, businesslike way, and then called to the astonished treasurer: "Make up the cash accounts!"

In the presence of the Kaiser's coat the accountant did not hesitate. He made up his accounts and handed the sh. 3559 marks 12 pfennigs, about \$900, to the important personage. The robber, in a perfectly natural manner, wrote out a receipt for the money, and signed it "v. Aloysen F. G. R.," meaning Von Aloysen, Captain, First Guards Regiment. Once the bogus captain had the money, the treasurer was handed over to the waiting police whom the robber had commanded, and was soon on his way to the mayor in Berlin.

In possession of the money, which was a mere trifle compared with the cash and securities at his disposal, the captain took his time in disappearing. After perpetrating the raid the brigand chief drove to the railway station and took a train to a junction on the

outskirts of Berlin. There he left the train, hired a cab, and drove across Berlin to the southern end of Friedrichstrasse. Entering a clothing shop he bought a ready-made suit of civilian dress. Then he re-entered the cab and drove to another railway station, and in a deserted waiting-room, exchanged his uniform for the civilian attire. His sword was found in a corner of the room. The uniform was subsequently found concealed in the bushes of Tempelhof Plain, on the southern outskirts of Berlin.

It was a matter of only a few hours for the Berlin officials to discover that a grand hoax had been perpetrated, and as soon as stupefaction had been overcome by anger all the detectives of the city were sent out to run down the audacious rogue who had imposed on soldiers, town officials, and the people. A big reward was offered and after several days the culprit was detected. His career had been a vicious one, but hardly to be accepted as likely to fit him for such an achievement:

Voigt is fifty-seven years old, a gray, haggard, sorry specimen of humanity, with marks of his criminal career indelibly printed on his hard, bad face. He has been several times confined for long terms, having received seven years' penal servitude for forgery practised on a post-office, and only last February he completed a term of fifteen years' penal servitude for robbing the safe of courts of justice at Wongrowitz, in Posen. In February he settled in Wismar, under police surveillance, and worked as shoemaker, but the eye of the law was too much for him, and he migrated to Berlin, where he took up his quarters with his sister.

He fully realizes the fame that he has achieved, and not even the prospect of spending the rest of his life in prison lessens his satisfaction. When the idea of his coup first came to him Voigt frequented music halls and other places where military officers resort that he might study them and their ways. The deference with which he observed they were everywhere treated soon convinced him that the uniform counted for vastly more than the man inside of it.

From the time when Voigt's exploit first became known up to the present he has been a hero with the public, and he will have sympathy in his punishment:

A parody on the raid was produced with great success at the Metropole Theatre, and a humorous novel, based on the arrest of the municipal officials, was published. It had a great sale. Hundreds of hawkers sold postcards in the streets bearing comic illustrations of the Koepenick capture.

"Koepenick" has been added to the Berlin vocabulary of slang. Hereafter, whenever any one has been made the victim of a practical joke or a fraud, Berliners will declare that he has been "Koepenicked."

The Emperor was greatly impressed with the audacity of the raid. He is reported to have declared to a member of his suite that "a man who could carry out such an enterprise in time of peace would be worth an entire army corps in time of war."

The result of the affair may be more than a momentary criticism of the enforced attitude of the people regarding the uniform of an officer:

As a matter of fact, the Kaiser's coat in itself is a sort of fetish, with legal privileges attached to it apart from its wearer. If a man in an officer's uniform in the broad daylight boxes citizens' ears in the Friedrichstrasse, or even if he commits *lese majeste* or smashes shop windows, neither citizen nor policeman has the right to arrest him and convey him to the lockup. The officer in uniform is a sacred person so long as he is in uniform. Should he disport himself in this manner while wearing civilian clothes he may be arrested by any one, even by a policeman. It is not the officer in himself who is immune, it is his coat.

It is pointed out that the soldiers who assisted Voigt in his coup acted correctly in obeying the orders of a man whom they regarded as a superior officer. No blame attaches to them. Forty years ago a mad officer ordered the men of his company to swim across a swollen torrent in their full equipment. Obedience to the order meant death. The men hesitated to obey the officer, who rushed at them with drawn sword, intending to compel obedience. As it was clear he was mad the men disarmed him. Every man was sentenced to lifelong penal servitude. Some died in prison, and the others were pardoned by the present emperor after serving more than twenty years.

There is in French history a notable precedent for the German hoax, though it is not probable that the Hauptmann von Koepenick ever heard of it as it took place nearly a hundred years ago. But for a slight mischance—a woman's wit—Paris, and France even, would have been captured:

Malet had been a Republican general, was ruined by the rise of Napoleon, betook himself to plotting, was arrested, and finally put in a madhouse. During the emperor's absence in Russia in 1812 Malet escaped one night from his prison, obtained a general's uniform, and with an accomplice dressed as an aide-de-camp, made his way to the prison of La Force, where the unsuspecting governor released, on his command, two other ex-Republicans—Generals Laborie and Guidal, prisoners on a like charge to his own. Together they proceeded to a neighboring barracks, announced to the commandant that Napoleon was dead, and that they were acting by the decree of the senate, ordered the troops to be paraded, and despatched bodies of men upon various duties. Some arrested Savary, the minister of police; others the police prefect; another battalion seized the Hotel de Ville. Everybody obeyed Malet implicitly, even the Prefect of the Seine and he would undoubtedly have gained possession of Paris had he not been recognized by Laborde, chief of the military police, as an escaped prisoner. He was arrested after a scuffle, the plot was unravelled, and in due course Malet, with twenty-three of his abettors, was shot.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Secretary Shaw in fifty days visited sixteen States and made ninety-three speeches, averaging an hour and a half each. He had his secretary with him, and was in daily touch with the department, conducting a large correspondence.

Oscar S. Straus, soon to be Secretary of Commerce and Labor, addressed the voters of Brooklyn Friday night before election in opposition to Hearst. Shortly before, Nathan Straus, his brother, the rich philanthropist, issued a statement telling why he intended to support Hearst.

James H. Higgins, Democrat, is 30 years of age, and Governor-elect of Rhode Island, the smallest State in the Union. He has been mayor of the city of Pawtucket, R. I., the past four years. He is popular and even his political enemies have for him only respect. His habits are exemplary, and he uses neither tobacco nor intoxicants.

Secretary of the Interior Ethan Allen Hitchcock will retire from the Cabinet on the 4th of next March, and James R. Garfield of Ohio, the present Commissioner of Corporations, will succeed him. Herbert Knox Smith, now Assistant Commissioner of Corporations, will be appointed to Garfield's place. The retirement of Commissioner Richards of the General Land Office will take place at the same time.

Harry S. New of Indiana, is said to be slated to succeed George B. Cortelyou as chairman of the Republican National Committee when Cortelyou retires from the position, which will be before January 1st, when he becomes Secretary of the Treasury. New now is vice-chairman of the committee. He was the power behind the throne in the Harrison campaigns, and also managed the last National Republican Convention.

The New England Democratic Progressive League has been formed in Boston, by representatives from five New England States, Vermont being unrepresented. Alexander Troup of New Haven was chosen president and George Fred Williams of Massachusetts of the executive committee. The *New York World* remarks of this that a few undaunted souls are planning "a Democratic revival," and concludes by saying that about the best Democratic revival it can think of would be the nomination of some candidates that Democrats could and would vote for.

Attorney-General William Henry Moody of Massachusetts, now appointed Justice of the Supreme Court to succeed Justice Henry Billings Brown, who retired some time ago, has filled the office of Attorney-General since July 1, 1904. Previous to that time he had served for more than two years as Secretary of the Navy. He had also represented his State in the Fifty-fourth, Fifty-fifth, Fifty-sixth and Fifty-seventh Congresses. It is generally expected that Mr. Moody will retire from the Department of Justice the latter part of December.

Leaders of both political parties in Colorado assert that no woman will again be nominated for a legislative office. They say that equal suffrage in Colorado is rapidly becoming a farce, and the rank and file of citizens, women included, wish the fair sex eliminated from the political game. Four women ran for the House of Representatives recently. Three of them were on the Democratic ticket and one was on the Socialist ticket. All were defeated by decisive majorities. It was during the administration of the 'Populist Governor Waite, in 1893, that woman suffrage was granted in Colorado, and since then nine different women have been elected to the House.

In commenting upon President Roosevelt's action in sending a telegram of condolence and a floral offering to the family of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, newspapers in the South do not forget an episode which concerned the husband of the dead woman, remarks the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*. In one of Mr. Roosevelt's early books were bitter references to Mr. Davis, to which he took exception on matters of fact, and wrote to Mr. Roosevelt requesting that a correction be made. This resulted in the returning of Mr. Davis's letter with these words written across it: "Mr. Theodore Roosevelt desires to have no communication with 'Mr. Jefferson Davis.'" So that incident was emphatically closed. When President Roosevelt began his tour through a portion of the South and the Southwest last year, he was called upon by newspapers of the South to make amends for that youthful action, but nothing came of it. Now it is being said that the conduct of the President toward the bereaved family, is, as one of the Southern newspapers put it, "his way of apologizing."

A SINNER IN PARADISE.

How He Crept In Under Cover of His Wife's Wing.

Never in the memory of good St. Peter had a Vauvert man been able to get into Paradise.

Not that at Vauvert they were more wicked or more quarrelsome than elsewhere, and not that they went to confession less, or cheated the housewives more than was reasonable; no, not at all; it was simply because they loved bull-fights far too well. When the bull-fight was announced all else was abandoned, and in the whole of the city, in the streets of an evening, under the trees of the sidewalks, before the cafes, and above all, upon the steps of the houses, nothing was heard but a discourse upon bulls, their origin, their form and possible strength, their agility and their power of muscle.

On days like these the occasions for sin were multiplied, and the exuberance of passions knew no limit or restraint. The Recording Angel, writing on high in his great book the actions of men, found the columns devoted to Vauvert on the evenings of these courses stretched to an interminable length.

No, a Vauvert man had never entered Paradise, whether from this or some other reason, till the day when Mark Sistra attempted the enterprise and succeeded.

This Mark Sistra was a scamp of the first water, lazy, quarrelsome, drunken, brutal, and a liar; he made a martyr of his wife, who was a veritable saint; he ran after the bull-fights like a perfect lunatic. Every time a fight was billed for Vauvert, Mark was the first to know it, to examine the animals, to proffer his advice, and then upon the day of the courses no one drank, gambled, swore, and fought as he did, till even the Vauvert people declared among themselves that, of all its many miscreants, Mark Sistra was the one for whom the devil watched with the most impatience.

Well, one evening, as the result of repeated libations, and while discussing the singular fate of the Vauvert men unable to enter heaven, Mark Sistra swore by all the heathen gods that he, at least, would enter there, and there he would remain, despite the fact of which they warned him, among other things, that he would certainly weary of passing eternity in the singing of hymns. The more they argued, the more firmly did he hold to his promise.

Meanwhile, as these scenes were occurring, Marion Sistra, worn out by chagrin, broken with sorrow, and crushed by the brutalities of her husband, was passing away, like running water. She, whom they had known in youth so gay and fresh, had become pale, wan, and shrunken as a winter leaf, and so chagrined that day and night she wept and sobbed, and, at the time of our story, was unable to leave her bed, even to go to church. The doctor, when they asked him about her, shook his head with an air of mournful augury, for well did he know that she was sick unto death.

This illness of his wife, however, in nowise hindered Mark from going as usual to pass his hours at the cafe, to play at billiards or bet at piquet with gay young bloods, who twirled their mustaches and prolonged their orgies till morning. If anything, he went more than ever. But on a certain Sunday, Marion Sistra was given extreme unction, as they knew not if she would last till night, and this same Sunday was the day appointed for a grand bull-fight at Vauvert.

Still, Mark Sistra had no idea of absenting himself from so fine an occasion of gaining cockades and prizes, and then the bulls were better than usual and conducted by a *cuadrilla* renowned from Saint-Gilles to Remoulins. He would go to show these *toreros*, whose names were posted in big letters all over the walls and fences, how they did things at Vauvert, for they had jeered at him at the cafes till he had accepted battle with a bull whose horns had been specially sharpened for the fight. Truly a "master toro," in the language of the experts, and one who had "ripped" many a better and more skillful player than Mark could boast of being.

Alas! at the very moment when he, Mark Sistra, was striving to hold his own, she, Marion Sistra, was in the last agony, all white and cold, in her little chamber with closed shutters, blessed candles at her head and feet, and the good priest of Vauvert reading beside her the prayers for the dying while neighbors came and went about the bed, sprinkling it with holy water, and walking upon the points of their toes for fear of disturbing her last hours.

Suddenly there was a terrible tumult in the street below, the cries and shouts of an excited crowd; then the sound of footsteps on the stairs, and the

entrance of two men bearing on their shoulders a stiffened corpse, pale and bloody. Marion, half dead already, raised herself with a gasp of horror—to fall back dead. Mark was already dead, his body transfixed by the bull's horns.

Chance had settled everything; the good and the bad had gone together, and their two souls, destined to a fate so different, cast off at the same instant their mortal remains to meet again upon the road precisely at the turning when one was nearing hell, the other heaven.

The black soul of the husband spoke first.

"You, Marion!" he cried, astounded, "and whither go you, my little one?"

"Where God has called me," said the soul of Marion.

"Is it far?"

"Very far; yonder on high!"

"To Paradise, then?"

"Yes, to Paradise."

"Well! How lucky we met; I'm going there too; we can go together," declared the black soul, as if he saw not the ineffable whiteness of the other, he, as black as soot itself, and spotted with sins.

"You, to Paradise?" repeated Marion; "but, Mark, do you not know that the weight of your iniquities weighs you down, and that hell awaits you?"

"Me? pooh!" laughed Mark; "calm yourself, little one. I have told you I am going to Paradise, and I tell you again I am going!"

"But how? How will you enter there? Did you take out the indispensable passport before starting? Did you die in prayer, receiving upon your body the unction of holy oils?"

"Pooh, pooh! no, certainly not; I had too much to do."

And the white soul, veiling her face, sought to flee from her companion, but Mark caught her by a wing and held her fast.

"A minute," said he; "you say that one must have a passport to enter above there? Have you a passport?"

"I? Of course."

"Good! So much the better—it will serve for both."

"What—for both?" exclaimed the white soul, in horror.

"Yes; for both. I shall hide behind you; you will present your passport, and, hoop-la! once in, I ask nothing more!"

This was too much. Horror paralyzed the white soul; she strove to murmur, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" But, without disquieting himself at the exorcism, Mark laughed and repeated:

"Yes, you must smuggle me in!"

And, with his brutal hand, he still held her fast by the tip of the wing, and still she continued to struggle.

"You are a wretch!" she cried; "a wretch, I say. Do you think for a moment I would deceive St. Peter?"

"My dear little wife! my dear little love! my precious flower! You would not abandon your husband, whom you love so much, and who loves you so well?" and Mark giving to his voice the tenderest inflection, with bowed head and lips wreathed with a smile, softly caressed with the free hand the white plumes of Marion, seeking to convince her at once by speech and gesture.

Nothing moved her, and Mark, reduced to violent means, proceeded at last to tweak out a feather, heedless of the victim's shrieks of pain.

"I'm your husband," he declared, as he pulled a second one; "your husband, whom you must obey!"

"Obey? That order? Never! never!"

And this was Marion! formerly so gentle and submissive, who dared to speak in this way! Mark tweaked all the harder. What mattered to him the prayers, lamentations, and refusals of his wife? He was too well accustomed to making her obey, to heed either pain or indignation.

The habit of the yoke is so strong, that presently, despite her horror, Marion's poor white soul, faint and conquered, abandoned itself to the worst, consented to become the accomplice of the criminal project, and to attempt the introduction of this miscreant into the kingdom reserved for the just.

So on they went together, Mark smiling and proud to be the first from Vauvert to enter the happy realms; doubly proud of the trick he was going to play upon the good St. Peter, and with Marion dragging after him, sighing and sobbing pitifully.

But why was the devil not waiting for his own at the cross-roads? Upon that day, as it happened, Beelzebub was celebrating his birthday fete, and at the moment when Mark died he was about to dine upon a truffled turkey, presented him by his

friend Belial, and so much to his taste that he would not have stirred from table to have greeted a pope. Moreover, what respectable demon would have dreamed that Mark, the miserable scamp, would have chosen a bull-fight day to depart the earth.

The one dragging the other, after long fatigues, the two souls arrived at the gate of Paradise. An what a spectacle! That great golden door, studded with precious stones, shining like an illuminator and with St. Peter, pen in hand and keys at belt, receiving upon one side the necessary passport and pushing back on the other the hypocrites and knaves who sought admission under cover of the crowd.

But when he raised his head at the name of Vauvert, and saw that it was Marion Sistra who stood before him, that noble woman who weekly burned a candle in his honor, he threw open the door without more ado.

"Enter, my child," said he.

She entered, feeling always behind her the black soul of Mark, making itself as small as possible despairingly hooked to her wing, and scarcely daring to draw a breath for fear of being discovered. And when night came, and St. Peter still pore over his hieroglyphics, in his quality of apostle reading all languages, he never for an instant suspected that Mark Sistra, that rascal watched for by the devil, had forced himself, through the complicity of his wife, into Paradise.

During the first days all went well with Mark. He filled his lungs with the delicious air; he boated upon the great blue lake, with its silver swans; he wandered under the trees from which, in a perfumed rain, fell flowers of ideal beauty; he listened to the concerts of the seraphim and the angels; he slept eight hours out of twelve—in short, he continued the life of indolence so well begun when living upon the earth.

He, the first Vauvert man—despite the fact that he had done nothing to deserve it—who had ever crossed the sacred threshold! Only to think of it! He was greatly amused, and placing his eye at one of the loopholes through which from above they regard the earth, he gazed upon his old home tranquilly sleeping upon the banks of the Vistre, even the cafe, in which he had played his billiard and paid his wages for mugs of beer, showed plainly beneath him. Mark sighed as he thought of the cafe; heaven was pleasant, but there were no cafe there.

The simple pleasure of seeing Vauvert suffice him for a while and might have continued to suffice him, had it not been that one Sunday, when the saints were all at mass and he, as usual, peeping from his hole, he saw a sight that stirred his blood. A sight indeed—a *monade* of bulls, such as Mark had never seen before; Spanish bulls escorted by *toreros* in velvet costumes, covered with *passerilles* and gay cockades; nervous and agile bull, lustrous of skin, brilliant of eye, and with long and slender tails ending in tassels of silky hair; super animals, one brown, one black, and so elegant of form, so proud of bearing, that never in its greatest day had Vauvert known the like. At the head marched the *toreros* and the *picadores*, lances in hand, behind them a gaping multitude.

From that instance Mark was weary of Paradise. He had enough of eternal promenades beneath the trees and eternal boatings upon placid lakes. The country was beautiful, truly, but there were no billiards, no cafes, no games of piquet. He was tired; tired even of the endless perfume, the long sleeps, the continual serenity of everything.

Ah! if he had not been sure that hell awaited him, and that even at that moment the devil was not rummaging the world to find him, how quickly he would have fled from this delightful sojourn that wearied him so terribly for lack of bulls and races! He had only to say the word to go, but that word—Mark was not willing to pronounce it. Satan waited with his uplifted fork to pop him in to the vat where already, for centuries, perhaps had been boiling and roasting players of games and runners of bulls such as he. Sooner than enter that yawning furnace he would continue to bore himself in Paradise, and, if needful, since it was the custom on high, to sing hymns like the other. Yet this bull-fight at Vauvert, with its *chulos*, its *ganderillos*, and its two thousand francs' worth of prizes in a lump, ran through his thoughts and dreams; and he saw always passing and repassing before him those two beautiful bulls, tossing the sharp white horns, agitating their slender tail with the tassels of hair at the end of them.

* * * * *

Perhaps you think the devil did not jump though he had dined so well on truffled turkey; when his valet came to inform him that at last Mark Sistra was dead.

"And where is he, the brigand?" he cried out, joyfully.

"No one knows, my lord."

"What? And have they let him escape?"

"My lord forgets; he charged himself personally with securing him; no one dared to forestall your ordship."

"Ha! the rascal!" cried Satan, furiously, "to profit thus by my natal fete! All the same, he doesn't escape me; wherever he is I will find and take him!" And swearing an oath that made even his myrmidons tremble, he leaped from his bed and shot like a bomb on his way to earth. But at auvert he learned nothing, save that Marion Sistra was dead, and upon the same day as her husband. In purgatory it was the same thing—no one of the name of Sistra had been heard of by the guardian of that sombre place, and none of Sistra's comrades who incumbered hell could give tidings of the missing one.

Frantic at his ill success, Beelzebub was going into a terrible rage, when suddenly an idea occurred to him; Mark Sistra was a cunning rascal, and doubtless was precisely where he had never been sought for—that is to say, in Paradise! Instantly, with excitement, the enemy of the human race spread his bat-like wings and speeded away toward the celestial heights.

"Rat-tat-tat-tat!" sounded upon the golden door.

"Who's there?" St. Peter demanded.

"Tis I, friend Peter—open the wicket."

The wicket opened, but closed immediately, not, however, without allowing to pass a cry of error, to which the devil responded with a shout of laughter.

"Ho, there!" he cried; "truly, Peter, you are stupid; do you think I have come to invade your paradise with a legion of evil spirits? No—listen to me."

As the wicket remained obstinately closed, the evil, who knew nevertheless that St. Peter was stening, resumed:

"Open it, I say; it is for a damned soul I come."

A damned soul in Paradise! Impossible! The evil was fooling him—he was too old to be mystified thus! What! he, St. Peter, allow a black bull to pass without suspecting it! And yet! Well, he had better open the wicket and see what the devil—he was too big to pass three gratings re upon the other—was talking about!

He opened a slit in the wicket.

"Ah!" cried Beelzebub, "now we can talk. Tell me, St. Peter, if in your flock of white sheep you have not one by the name of Mark Sistra, from auvert, who has departed the earth, and of whom can find no trace."

"Mark? Mark Sistra? Why, no—not Mark Sistra; but there is a Marion Sistra. She is a Saint who has naught to do with you or your infernal gions. She is—"

"Imbecile!" cried the impatient devil, "if he not on your register or in your memory, then Mark Sistra can not be here; yet, if not here, where is he be, for I have rummaged everywhere?"

"True!" said St. Peter, "and should he be here, how recognize him in so great a crowd?" Satan reflected a minute, finger on forehead.

"Ah-h!" said he, at last, "I have it; we'll find him, but I shall need your assistance, St. Peter!"

"And you shall have it—anything to discover the knave."

"Then," added Beelzebub, "be not astonished whatever happens, and presently when I return I'll knock upon your door, open it and be not afraid, for I promise you that none of mine shall pass its threshold."

"Agreed!" said St. Peter; and he closed the wicket—to open the gate as agreed upon at the pointed knock, to find before it at the very threshold a throng of—

"Devils?"

Exactly—but devils metamorphosed into gay heroes in brilliant costumes, their velvet coats and yellow breeches covered with *pasquilles* and bands of gold, the *chulos* coiffed in scarlet handkerchiefs, the *picadores* on prancing horses, and, in the midst of the throng two Spanish bulls, one brown, one black, and with tassels of silky hair on the tips of their tails. Beelzebub himself, as a superb *espada*, in a plumed *montera* and clothed like a fairy prince, headed the procession, and, preceded by the voice of a stentor, began the usual halloo, that well-known warning of the bull's approach.

Scarce had he cried it twice, when Mark Sistra, bounding barriers, leaping brooks, and mingling like a shuttle-cock thrown from a racquet, face and eyes aflame, crossed the sill of Paradise, and hurled himself into the cohort of imps

waiting to receive him. And from there, into the depths of Tartarus, falling, falling, falling, Mark Sistra shot like a shooting star.—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Chalon.

OLD FAVORITES.

Where Shall the Lover Rest?

Where shall the lover rest
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast—
Parted forever?
Where, through groves deep and high
Sounds the far hallow,
Where early violets die
Under the willow
Eleu loro
Soft shall he his pillow.

There through the summer day,
Cool streams are laying;
There, where the tempests sway,
Scarce are houghs waving;
There thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted forever,
Never again to make,
Never, O, never!
Eleu loro
Never, O, never.

Where shall the traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin, and leave her?
In the lost hattle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying:
Eleu loro
There shall he he lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false hearted;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap
Ere life be parted;
Shame and dishonor sit
By his grave ever;
Blessing shall hallow it
Never, O, never!
Eleu loro
Never, O, never!

—Sir Walter Scott.

Eveleen's Bower.

O, weep for the hour
When to Eveleen's bower
The Lord of the Valley with false vows came!
The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night
And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame
The clouds passed soon
From the chaste, cold moon,
And heaven smiled again with her vestal flame;
But none will see the day
When the clouds shall pass away
Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

The white snow lay
On the narrow pathway,
When the Lord of the Valley crossed over the moor;
And many a deep print
On the white snow's tint
Showed the track of his footsteps to Eveleen's door.

The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Every trace on the path where the false lord came;
But there's a light above
Which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.
—Thomas Moore.

The Mother's Last Song.

Sleep! The ghostly winds are howling,
No moon abroad, no star is glowing;
The river is deep, and the tide is flowing
To the land where you and I are going!
We are going afar,
Beyond moon or star,
To the land where the sinless angels are!

I lost my heart to your heartless sire,
('Twas melted away by his looks of fire.)
Forgot my God, and my father's ire,
All for the sake of a man's desire;
But now we'll go
Where the waters flow
And make us a bed where none shall know.

The world is cruel, the world is untrue;
Our woes are many, our friends are few;
No work, no bread, however we sue!
What is there left for me to do,
But fly—fly
From the cruel sky,
And hide in the deepest depths—and die?
—Barry Cornwall.

At one time British wines were a popular beverage, but foreign wines diluted with Hamburg and potato spirits have been encouraged at the expense of British manufacturers. The taste, however, seems to be reviving a little. The wines are absolutely pure; they are fermented for at least nine or ten months, and there are a score of varieties, including ginger, orange, raisin, cowslip, cherry, red currant, black currant, white currant, and blackberry.

DINNER TO EDITOR ALDEN.

Veteran Head of Harper's Magazine Celebrates His Seventieth Birthday.

Thousands of readers in the United States and scattered around the world have profited for years by the fine literary taste and cheery counsel of Henry Mills Alden without knowing it. For thirty-seven years Mr. Alden has been editor of *Harper's Magazine*, the dean of the monthlies, and though his work, has been given to every number of the periodical, and his judgment and selection have imparted a value and flavor to each sheaf of contributions, his name has never been prominent in its pages. Among writers and editors, however, his gifts are appreciated, and from the members of a wide circle of such acquaintances and friends there will come to him messages of congratulation on the completion of his seventieth year in good health.

Mr. Alden's birthday is November 10, and two weeks ago the anniversary was celebrated by a reception and dinner in the famous Harper publishing house in Franklin Square, New York City. The affair was arranged by George B. Harvey, editor of *Harper's Weekly*, and doubtless without enthusiastic endorsement by Mr. Alden, who is extremely modest.

The correspondent of the Indianapolis *Star* said:

It was considered fitting that the celebration should take place in the building in which Mr. Alden has worked for more than forty years, and where were read the first manuscripts of many of those who assembled to do him honor.

Seated at the table with Mr. Alden, the guest of the evening, were Col. Harvey, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Richard Watson Gilder, William Dean Howells, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Bishop Ethelbert Talbot of the Protestant Diocese of central Pennsylvania, and President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton University.

During the dinner letters of congratulation from President Roosevelt and Samuel L. Clemens to Mr. Alden were read. The President in his letter invited the editor to visit him at the White House, should he go to Washington this winter.

Mark Twain was kept at home by a severe cold, but sent this characteristic letter of congratulation:

"Alden, Dear and Ancient Friend—It is a solemn moment. You have now reached the years of discretion. You have been a long time arriving. How often we recall with regret that Napoleon once shot at a magazine editor and missed him and killed the publisher. But we remember with charity that his intentions were good. You will reform now, Alden."

A special correspondent of the Los Angeles *Express* gave in his account of the dinner these paragraphs:

It was a notable assembly. Men as widely asunder as Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Hayden Carruth were there, and women with as little in common, except their love for Alden, as Margaret Deland and Carolyn Wells.

Mr. Alden looked well— hale, handsome, halcyon as he was twenty years ago. Verses were read by poets of all degrees of genius, from Mr. Howells to John Kendrick Bangs. Mr. Alden bore the infliction as only a man could who had been seasoned by nearly four decades of experience with versifiers. There was not one of the rhymed offerings that he would have admitted to the columns of *Harper's Magazine*.

The account printed in the New York *American* the following morning spoke of Mr. Alden's unweary air:

The guest of honor, though he has been thirty-seven years in harness at the head of the magazine, looked younger than many of the men gathered about him, some of whose first manuscripts he read, and all of whom he had helped with advice. He was toasted again and again as "America's schoolmaster of literature," and called the pioneer of the modern magazine.

Most of the guests were men and women who have contributed to *Harper's Magazine* during Mr. Alden's term as editor. Mr. Harvey said that, in spite of his age, Mr. Alden is so strong physically and mentally that he will keep his place for many years still.

"Only the youngest of you," he declared, "will ever submit manuscripts to *Harper's* under any other management."

Those who spoke or read their tributes in the presence of the two hundred and fifty at the tables included wits as well as poets:

Those who were invited to speak at the banquet included George Ade, Richard Harding Davis, Edward Bok, Sewell Ford, Howard Pyle, Frederick Remington, Owen Wister and the Prince and Princess Troubetzkzy (Amelia Rives).

Verses in praise of Mr. Alden were read by William Dean Howells, Richard Watson Gilder, Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Edwin Markham, and Mrs. Helen Hay Whitney, daughter of the late Secretary Hay.

Others asked to do honor to the venerable editor were: Dr. Lyman Abbott, John W. Alexander, Poultny Bigelow, John Burroughs, George W. Cable, Will Carleton, Andrew Carnegie, Hayden Carruth, Julius Chambers, Grace MacGowan Cooke, John Corbin, Elizabeth Cutting, John Russell Davidson, George Cary Eggleston, Edward A. Dithmar, Eliot Gregory, Julian Hawthorne, John Luther Long, General Anson S. Cook, Thomas Nelson Page, H. S. Harper, J. W. Harper, Dr. R. F. Weir, and Richard Le Gallienne.

DION BOUCICAULT'S PLAYS.

His Earliest Success, "London Assurance," Followed by a Brilliant Train.

In the history of the theatre in the nineteenth century, the work of Dion Boucicault looms large. Actor, lecturer, pamphleteer, manager, and leading playwright of his age, Boucicault's dramas are more than pleasing memories of playgoers of the past generation. Few of the four hundred plays which Boucicault wrote, adapted and translated are seen on the stage today, although "London Assurance," "Arrah-na-Pogue," "The Colleen Bawn," "The Shaughraun," "The Corsican Brothers," "Kerry," and "The Octoroon" are among those that are still familiar. There is so much of humor, so much of pathos in his work, "it is so merry and clean," that the theatre of today surfeited with banal and neurotic dramas, might well turn to Boucicault for refreshment and entertainment.

In "Famous Actor-Families in America," Montrose J. Moses gives an interesting sketch of the distinguished playwright. While one marvels at the extraordinary industry of Boucicault, one feels like exclaiming with George William Curtis, "Ah, had the painter only taken more pains!" Of his first drama, "London Assurance," written when Boucicault was only nineteen, Mr. Moses says:

Boucicault has written his own account of his debut as a dramatist, colored with a tinge of pleasant romance; he has told in a minute way his feelings as he took the first play to Charles Matthews, who read it as a one-act piece. Surprised on seeing such a boy before him, Matthews encouraged him, though handing back the manuscript. Boucicault at the time thought that had the drama been a five-act comedy, Matthews might have taken it, so in a few days he remodeled it and astonished Matthews by his quick reappearance. The play, now a larger roll of manuscript, was read and accepted. But when put in rehearsal:

"Scene after scene," said Boucicault in his pen-picture, "was rewritten at the prompt-table and handed wet to the company. Thus the last speech of the play, which is technically termed 'the tag,' was composed and handed to Max Harkaway. The next day, or on some subsequent day, Vestris took the author aside and said: 'Farren wants to speak 'the tag.' I suppose you don't mind?' 'Well,' said the author, looking up with his Irish smile, 'will it not sound rather strange in the mouth of Sir Harcourt Courtney?' (Originally called Sir William Dazzle, the surname afterward used for another character.) 'Oh, never mind—I am sure the public will not. Bartley does not object, in fact, he approves.' And so it stood."

"'London Assurance' was made to order on the shortest possible notice," the dramatist continued. "I could have wished that my first appearance before the public had not been in this out-of-breath style; but I saw my opportunity at hand. I knew how important it was not to neglect the chance of production, the door was open, I had a run for it, and here I am!"

After the first productions of the play the youthful dramatist was accused of having stolen the plot from a drama by John Brougham. This charge was repeated often in later years. In fact, Charles Reade said:

"Like Shakespeare and Moliere, the heggar," meaning Boucicault, "steals everything he can lay his hands on; but he does it so deftly, so cleverly, that I can't help condoning the theft. He picks up a pebble by the shore and polishes it into a jewel. Occasionally, too, he writes divine lines, and knows more about the grammar of the stage than all the rest of them (the dramatists) put together."

Charles Reade was associated with Boucicault during the period between 1860 and 1872, and the novelist was himself accused of having joined in the playwright's plagiarisms. Mr. Moses writes:

In collaboration with Boucicault, he prepared a drama in 1867 from "Foul Play"; it was not only a failure, but it resulted in another accusation of plagiarism which followed closely upon its presentation. This attack Reade wholly denounced, and it is clearly seen that the public suspicion fell, not upon the novelist, but upon the playwright. The matter is fully considered in "Readiana," and excerpts produced from "Le Porte-Feuille Rouge," which was the bone of contention—the French model which was more than a

"model." Afterward, Reade made another dramatic version under the title "The Scuttled Ship."

When that novelist was dramatizing "It's Never Too Late To Mend," he let Boucicault have the manuscript. A short while passed, and a letter arrived from Dublin:

"MY DEAR READE: I have your drama 'N. T. L. T. M.' There is in it a very effective piece, but, like the nut within both husk and shell, it wants freedom."

"1st. It will act five hours as it stands."

"2d. There are scenes which injure dramatically others which follow."

"3d. There are two characters you are fond of (I suppose), but can never be played I mean Jacky and the Jew."

"4th. The dialogue wants weeding. It is more in weight than actors—as they breed them now—can carry."

"Total. If you want to make a success with this drama, you must consent to a depleting process to which Shylock's single pound of flesh must be a mild transaction. Have you the courage to undergo the operation? I am afraid you have not."

The speed with which Boucicault worked is illustrated in this story of "The Colleen Bawn."

"The Colleen Bawn" followed his "Vanity Fair," which, produced by Laura Keane proved to be a failure; the actress had thereupon turned in distress to the dramatist. "What have you to put in its place?" she had queried. "Nothing," came the reply. But that night Boucicault stopped at a bookstore and purchased the above-mentioned volume, which he read from cover to cover through the early morning. Then he wrote in all haste to Miss Keane:

"MY DEAR LAURA: I have it! I send you seven steel engravings of scenes around Killarney. Get your scene painter to work on them at once. I also send a book of Irish melodies, with those marked I desire Baker to score for the orchestra. I shall read act one of my new Irish play on Friday; we rehearse that while I am writing the second, which will be ready on Monday; and we rehearse the second while I am doing the third. We can get the play out within a fortnight."

Writing, adapting, and translating four hundred plays in about forty-nine years, Boucicault was of necessity a rapid worker, and since a large number of these pieces found quick production, he and his wife did not have far to look in order to procure a wide range of roles.

The remarkable fact throughout his career, however, was that no matter whether good or bad, original or otherwise, the Boucicault drama was eagerly sought by the theatre because it was made for the theatre. As fast as the dramatist wrote, just so fast were his manuscripts given to companies for rehearsal. Boucicault himself declared in the presence of Stephen Fiske that "he was a lucky hag out of which some managers drew fortunes and some drew blanks." Jefferson succeeded in putting his hand upon "Rip"—he did more than that, for it was he who put Boucicault's hand in the way of doing it; Frank Mayo secured "The Streets of New York"; Chanfrau reaped benefit from "The Octoroon," and Rohson and Crane were fortunate with "Forbidden Fruit."

As a manager he studied his audiences carefully, and was wont to say that he preferred middle-class audiences of a certain size:

Boucicault aimed to win the popular taste; he was often heard to say that he preferred fifty-cent audiences to any other, since they came for legitimate amusement, and did not look upon the theatre as a kind of interlude—an indispensable accessory to dinner parties. Nor did he hesitate to proclaim, whenever opportunity presented itself, that the drama was being kept decent only through the sincerity of this fifty-cent body.

"I have been able," he wrote, "to compare results, and find that when an audience exceeds a certain size, it is very difficult to establish in it perfectly this fusion of minds * * * Wherefore I am led to believe that a group of more than two thousand persons is not so susceptible to psychic influences exerted by artists, as a group of less than that number. There is a limit to the genius of the actor as regards its reach over his audience; and no auditorium should exceed in size that limit."

Boucicault seems to have been forever rushing breathlessly from one task to another. An amusing incident of the busy dramatist's career is told in the following:

Boucicault was never to be outdone, whatever the circumstances. So intent was he during the rehearsals of "The Shaughraun" regarding the other characters in the cast that on the opening night, when he reached the theatre, he suddenly realized that he had wholly forgotten to pick himself out a costume for Con. So

he rushed to the property room, and on with an old coat that had done service for Tony Lumpkin, and on with an old cap belonging to that same individual! Grabbing an odd pair of boots from a discarded chest—and he was ready! But disasters came thick and fast on this occasion. The second act called for a moon; just as the scene was about to begin, the stage orh exploded, and when the curtain rose the audience was amazed to find a black hole where the moon should have been. A burst of laughter showed their further appreciation of a slip in stage-management, for silver ripples quivered on the water—a case of moonlight with the moon left out.

Boucicault believed that "the Irish character had been associated with plays of a low, sensational class." He was a devoted Irishman as Mr. Moses points out:

Though closely identified with the history of American drama, he was himself an Irishman, both in sentiment and in appearance. His sense of humor shone genial in his plays, and as to the man personally, he was jovial in company and a moving spirit. His humor was pleasant and not in the least offensive, and he would say things in a broad brogue that came naturally. He knew well how to use the harney stone for he was ever ready to be agreeable.

As an Irishman, Boucicault was willing to stand by his remarks. A play of his was once staged called "Suil-a-Mor," and it brought down upon him the wrath of the English because of certain direct utterances expressed against the home government. A hue and cry was quickly raised and Boucicault was asked to eliminate the passages. "No," said the dramatist, "I mean just exactly what the lines convey. Rather than sacrifice my opinion, I'll withdraw the piece." This he did not have to do.

Early in his dramatic career, Boucicault sought a more equitable division of the profits of successful plays, and succeeded in establishing the royalty system in the United States and England. Mr. Moses writes:

We are often able to judge of a man by the estimate he makes of himself. Boucicault was not one to hide his talents under a bushel; he knew when to proclaim them from the housetops. Perhaps he was thrust into his rapid gait of work by the existing conditions of the dramatic copyright law, which, in America up to 1856, did nothing to protect the author. It was in 1856 that Congress decided the author did have the right to his own brain efforts, the right of production and the right to grant permission, without which it would be a legal offense to produce his plays. In France Boucicault had seen the dramatists prospering with a royalty system; for years he too fought for the same opportunity, and only succeeded finally by openly defying the Dramatic Authors' Society in England, and the managers in the United States.

This he proceeded to do about 1860 by sending forth more than one company in his own plays, and taking a proper commission for himself from the proceeds of each performance.

Boucicault, indeed, by these traveling companies of his, was instrumental in hastening the decline of the old stock system. In 1866 he preached his ideas to the French, who greeted them favorably, and by 1872 the United States had accepted them.

The royalty system was insisted upon by Boucicault after dire experience. Writing in 1879 he said:

To the commercial manager we owe the introduction of the hurlesque, opera-bouffe, and the reign of huffoonery. We owe to him also the deluge of French plays that set in with 1842, and swamped the English drama of that period. For example: The usual price received by Sheridan Knowles, Bulwer, and Talfourd at the time for their plays was £500. I was a beginner in 1841, and received for my comedy "London Assurance," £300. For that amount the manager bought the privilege of playing the work for his season. Three years later I offered a new play to a principal London theatre. The manager offered me £100 for it. In reply to my objection to the smallness of the sum, he remarked: "I can go to Paris and select a first-class comedy; having seen it performed I feel certain of its effect. To get this comedy translated will cost me £25. Why should I give you £300 or £500 for your comedy, of the success of which I can not feel so assured?" The argument was unanswerable, and the result inevitable. I sold a work for £100 that took me six months' hard work to compose, and accepted a commission to translate three French plays at £50 apiece. This work afforded me child's play for a fortnight. Thus the English dramatist was obliged either to re-

linquish the stage altogether or to become a French copyist.

Boucicault was a clever actor. It was said of him that in his own play, "Kerry," he acted "as if inspired by the genius of all that is great in Irish poetry, history and romance." His ideas on acting are given in this paragraph:

Even in acting—and he lectured many times upon the art—he averred that "could he taught only on the stage, a swimming can only be taught in the water and riding on horseback. All chamber tuition is worthless. Elocution and declamation are the last, not the first, lesson a young actor or actress should learn * * * I deny that (the art) * * * can be taught and practiced on a hearth rug. I deny that Antony can address an imaginary populace, that Romeo can make love to an absent Juliet."

Mr. Moses gives the following interesting biographical sketch of the dramatist:

The records of this dramatist's early life are contradictory. He was born in Dublin on December 26, 1822, and was christened Dionysius Lardner Boucicault after the great philologist and pamphleteer Dr. Lardner, who was satirized by Thackeray in "The Yellowplush Papers."

Samuel S. Boucicault was the father of Dion, and there is some indication that being a Frenchman, his name was spelled "Bosquet." This was further transformed into "Boursiquot," and once more changed to "Boucicault," which was the spelling retained until circa 1856, when the "r" was dropped.

On the mother's side, Boucicault received his greatest heritage; she was a Miss Darley, an Irish lady, and sister of the essayist and dramatist, George Darley, as well as of the Rev. Charles Darley, who wrote "Plighted Troth," a play which failed signally at Drury Lane. Boucicault appears to have shown some pleasure over this result, for his uncle had regarded his own first efforts as works of a schoolboy.

There are various records of his having attended London University, where he counted among his friends Charles Lamb, Kenney, a namesake of Elia. Pascoe gave Dublin as his school-center. Yet those who knew Boucicault, notably Stephen Fiske, wondered at his knowledge, and puzzled over how he secured his education.

In March, 1838, the first professional step was taken when Dion joined a dramatic company at Cheltenham, England, and was billed as Mr. Lee Morton. His maiden role was Norfolk in "Richard III." Fourteen years after he made his London debut. But before this, in 1848, he was a widower having been married since 1844 to a woman much his senior.

The public eye was already upon him at a surprisingly youthful age he had met success with the first of his dramas, "London Assurance," given its premiere at Covent Garden, on March 4, 1841. The name it bore proved to be a hasty substitution made just before the rise of the curtain for originally it was called "Out of Town." His first success was rapidly followed by other plays. "The Irish Heiress" was presented in 1842 and "Old Heads and Young Hearts" in 1844. Between these came "Alma Mater, or a Cure for a Coquette" (1842), which he was accused of appropriating from an unacknowledged source and his attempt to write a sentimental comedy at the age of twenty-one, bearing such a comprehensive title as "Woman, failed utterly. At the London Prince's Theatre, on the evening of June 14, 1853, Boucicault presented his own play, "The Vampire," it being his first appearance as an actor in that city. During this year he met Miss Agnes Robertson, who was supporting Mrs. Charles Keane, and who afterward became his wife.

Mr. Boucicault's American debut was made at the New York Broadway Theatre on November 10, 1854, when he played Sir Charles Coldstream in "Used Up." The same year Joseph Jefferson was managing John T. Ford's theatre in Richmond, Virginia, and he engaged Edwin Forrest and Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault to come to him. "The Shaughraun" was played in London on November 6, 1875, having been first produced at Wallack's Theatre on November 14, 1874. The ease with which Boucicault could shift his point of view here exhibited. Lester Wallack had commissioned him to write a play, but before it was completed another drama, more suited to his talents, had been purchased. So he went to Boucicault who had advanced some way in the mapping out of "Boys of Water," and laid the case before him. "I'll tell you what I'll do," suggested the ever-ingenious playwright, "I'll change the period of the piece, and, taking certain scenes from the manuscript, I'll build up a wholly different drama." This evolution resulted in the character of Collovala, poetic, and picturesque.

Boucicault had an interesting personality. Impulsive, extravagant, headstrong

he had most of the faults and virtues of his Irish birth. We are given this contemporary opinion of him:

Let us stop for a moment and gather a few characteristics around Dion Boucicault. One grows older with the years, but it is typical of Boucicault that he blossomed all of a sudden, that he slipped early into whatever intellectual maturity he was to possess; and thereafter he became surer in his powers, without greatly intensifying his insight into human nature. Stephen Fiske called him an enigma, "a gay, semi-fashionable, semi-Bohemian" fellow. He was impulsive, nervous, a quick worker, and as ready to flare into a rage as he was to exhibit his Irish humor.

"I knew (him)," writes Clement Scott, "in the 'Colleen Bawn' days at the Adelphi, when he had a magnificent mansion and grounds at Brompton * * * I knew him in the days of 'The Shaughraun' at the same theatre, and I met him constantly at the tables of Edmund Yates (et al.) and I was also a frequent guest at his own table when he lived, as he ever did, money or no money, credit or no credit, 'en prince' at his flat * * * Dion was a born 'viveur,' a 'gourmand,' and 'gourmet,' and certainly one of the most brilliant conversationalists it has ever been my happy fortune to meet."

"He was," said the loyal Agnes Robertson, his second wife, "excessively fond of reading, and he was one of the best informed men of his time. He was very partial in his tastes to history; John Stuart Mill was his favorite philosopher; Goldsmith he preferred to all the poets, but he enjoyed Keats and Shelley also. He was well versed in the Bible, and I have often heard him in discussion with his brother William regarding the interpretation of texts which have been battled over by the theologians through the ages."

Mr. Moses gives in his volume sketches of the members of ten families prominent in the theatrical world, and more than a score of portraits illustrate the letter-press.

Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$2.00 net.

King Edward sold the Windsor Castle collection of Whistler's etchings, some 130 in number, to an American art company last spring, and the pictures are now on exhibition in New York.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Justin Head, an Apache Indian, who had been educated at the government school at Carlisle, is charged with killing five persons in Arizona and is now a fugitive. There have been many instances of the failure of education to make an Indian good.

Mrs. Potter Palmer and six members of her family in a private car are making a three weeks' tour of California. The trip is being taken chiefly for the entertainment of the Prince and Princess Cantacuzene. The other members of the party are Mr. and Mrs. Honore Palmer, Potter Palmer, Jr., and Adrian C. Honore.

Professor Paul Milyoukov, the famous Russian liberal upon whom the government has issued a sentence of death, delivered a series of lectures in Boston at the Lowell institute in 1905. He was connected with the movement in Russia for a constitution and left this country suddenly last year in order to confer with the leaders of the liberal movement.

Baron Henri de Rothschild, the millionaire doctor of medicine, attended at the Academy of Medicine in Paris, where Dr. Poirier, at the close of a masterly lecture, expressed regret that France had no cancer institute. Baron Henri sent up a note to the lecturer expressing his pleasure at the lecture, and enclosing a "little cheque towards the preliminary expenses of the institute," which represented \$20,000.

Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester (Consuelo Yznaga, widow of the Duke), is such a favorite of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, on account of her ready wit and amiability that no sooner had she landed in England from her cruise in the Mediterranean on F. W. Vanderbilt's yacht, the *Warrior*, than she received a wire from Balmoral commanding her to stay a few days. A few years ago the Duchess was asked by an American friend why she was

so popular with royalty. "Well," she replied, "I am the court jester. I don't get a salary, but I feel sure I should earn one if there were any about."

Jacob H. Schiff, the banker, laid the corner-stone of a new synagogue in New York a few days ago, but before he was allowed to do so he became a member of Journeymen Stonemasons and Setters Union, No. 84. The press report of the incident states that with uplifted hand, the millionaire financier took a pledge not to work for less than seventy cents an hour, and never to have anything to do with a non-union job. He was initiated by William J. Skinner, business agent of the union, and then he got his card.

Miss Angelica L. Gerry received as a gift from her father, Elbridge T. Gerry, very recently, the deed for the mansion at No. 816 Fifth avenue, New York, worth more than \$300,000. The house adjoins the Clarence A. Postley home at the corner of Sixty-third street, while the big Gerry mansion is at Fifth avenue and Sixty-first street. Miss Gerry is a noted whip. With her sister, Miss Mabel Gerry, she is a favorite at Newport, where both are prominent in the younger set. They are accomplished in music and have splendid voices.

Mrs. Levi Z. Leiter is to return to Chicago soon, accompanied by her two surviving daughters, the Countess of Suffolk and Mrs. Collins-Campbell, and by Lord Curzon. She will come to revise her will or make a new one in consequence of the death of her oldest daughter, Lady Curzon. The presence in Chicago of all the persons named is necessary, as the papers relating to Lady Curzon's property are in the hands of lawyers there. Joseph Leiter, the son, is to have things arranged so that the business can be concluded and the party enabled to return in time to spend Christmas in Great Britain. Mrs. Leiter is said to have aged greatly in the last year, and Lord Curzon to be in poor health.



Hotel del Coronado

A gem set in semi-tropical surroundings
Dryest marine climate known
No winter, but perpetual spring or early summer
Outdoor sports 365 days in the year
Golf, Polo, Tennis
Fishing, Boating, and Bathing
Choice cuisine of any hotel in the West
American plan only
All modern conveniences
All outside rooms
Send for illustrated booklet

MORGAN ROSS, Mgr., Coronado Beach, Cal.
H. F. NORCROSS, General Agent
334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles

"La Questa"

A LUSCIOUS OLD RED WINE

For Sale by

L. M. WALTER Corner California
and Devisadero Sts
McCAW BROS. - - - 401 Devisadero

Producer:

E. H. Rixford
Kohl Building, San Francisco



THE OCULARIUM

Perfect Fitting
Eye Glasses

At Moderate Prices
Lenses Replaced, 50c

Henry Kahn & Co
OPTICIANS

1309 VAN NESS AVENUE
Between Bush and Sutter



Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Indispensable as a seasoning for Soups, Fish and Gravies

John Duncan's Sons, Agts., N. Y.

"The Secret of my
Success"



LITERARY NOTES.

The Masses vs. The Millionaires.

One is rather startled to find the name of an editor of a humorous journal for the smart set—John Ames Mitchell, of *Life*—on the title page of a novel that might have been written by an intelligent anarchist. In "The Silent War," Mr. Mitchell pauses in his narrative of the woes of the proletariat to amuse us by artful persiflage, as if he would not be taken too seriously, but his lighter strokes only deepen the gloom of the somber shadings. A too timid millionaire, absorbed in the story, would probably rise from the reading with a new interest in club waiters and cocktails. It is by the use of the latter agents that artistic murder is accomplished in the novel.

"The Silent War" is the story of the revolt of the American people against the plutocracy. A People's League, having millions of members, is formed, and the revolution is to be brought about, not by the tigerish methods of the peasant uprisings of history, but by meeting capitalists on their own ground, and using their own weapons. The League proposes to elect the President and the law-makers, and needs \$70,000,000 as a campaign fund. This immense sum they intend to collect from the rich men themselves, by the simple means of secret assassination if they refuse to be blackmailed. The juries, the police, the millionaire's business employees and his house servants are all members of the League, and there is no escape for the magnate who refuses to be mulcted. Four rich men in the story defy the people, and meet death, and a fifth, a man of many noble charities, is marked for death, when the love of a poor girl, and the gratitude of one of the conspirators, saves his life.

The illustrations by William Balfour Ker are striking socialistic studies, and are, in their way, quite as remarkable as Mr. Mitchell's unusual story.

Published by Life Publishing Company, New York; \$1.50.

A Poet and a Prude.

'Tis a parlous task for a book reviewer to write a novel, but when the reviewer is Miss Mary Moss, of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the story is as clever as "The Poet and the Parish," one's opinion of the tribe of critics is rather improved. Miss Moss's novel is a study of clashing temperaments, of the mating of two persons of different standards, tastes, and views of life. In real life, the romance would have speedily ended in the police or divorce courts, but in literature the poet must be allowed license in his actions as well as his verses.

When Felix Gwynne, author of erotic poems, man of the world, and unconventional to the last degree, married Adelaide Noel, a true daughter of a Puritanic family, one wonders with old Colonel Noel, what they are going to do with him. Felix plays ducks and drakes with the decorum of the Noel household. In their social wanderings, Felix does not disappoint the lionizing women who expect him to violate the proprieties of conversation, while Adelaide is expected to be grateful for remarks apropos "mortal women married to gods." No one is franker in expressing the relative merits of the couple and of his success with women than the poet himself. "Don't you realize that you are no match for me? If anything came between us, I have another passion to fall back on. Something with which you interfere."

One would not expect much harmony from a union of two so badly matched persons, but circumstances bring about a happy conclusion.

The dialogue is frequently delightfully humorous, and there is a deal of sly satire. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.50.

"The German Empire."

There has been no adequate account in English of the political construction of Germany until the recent appearance of Dr. Burt Estes Howard's "The German Empire." To the American student of world-politics, Germany in many respects is a perplexing government. Dr. Howard

gives a clear and comprehensive review of the present state of this powerful and successful nation. The book shows the relation of the empire to the individual states; the exact power with which the Kaiser is vested; the part played in the organization of the nation by the two parliamentary bodies, the Bundesrath and the Reichstag; the functions of the Imperial Chancellor; the rights of citizenship under the German constitution; the status of Alsace-Lorraine; and the administration of the armed forces.

The Kaiser has none of the imperial power that his title suggests. The German Empire is a true state; sovereignty rests with the allied governments; and all authority exercised by the Emperor is delegated authority. Dr. Howard states that the restoration of the Kaiser title was a political stroke of Bismarck's, who did not want the world to think of the Empire as an "expanded Prussia." The author gives an account of recent legislation which has relieved the peculiar conditions in Alsace-Lorraine. The relation between the German Empire and Alsace-Lorraine is not that of a federal government to one of its member states, but that of a nation toward one of its provinces.

There is no discussion or sentiment in the book, the author's aim being to impart exact knowledge, and to give a study of the German Empire, from a juristic standpoint, since its beginning.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$2.00.

New Publications.

The story of an art student in Paris, who receives a summons to pay a visit to a rich Washington aunt, and who sends a beautiful companion to impersonate her, is told in "The Impersonator," by Mary Imlay Taylor. The fraud is successfully carried out, and the complications which follow are vividly depicted. There is a charming love story and some admirable character studies in this clever novel. Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

"The Life of Alfred de Musset," by Arvede Barine, has been translated into English by Charles Conner Hayden. The biographer has been furnished with new information on the career of the author of "The Nights." The celebrated liaison of the poet and George Sand, is set forth entertainingly. The book was printed for

subscribers only by The Edwin C. Hill Company.

Nine old-fashioned fairy tales, with a modern background, are brightly told in "The Wonder-Children," by Charles J. Bellamy. The curious adventures of these remarkable children will delight a normal boy or girl. The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

A most ingenious story is "The Slave of Silence," by Fred M. White. The book will be hugely enjoyed by those who like tangled plots and mystery tales. Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

"Truegate of Mogador," by Sewell Ford, is a volume of twelve refreshingly humorous stories. Very amusing are the adventures of the good people of Cedarton, N. J. Mr. Ford tells the stories with much literary art. The pictures by A. B. Frost add to the humor of the book. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

General A. W. Greely's "Handbook of Polar Discovery" has gone into a third edition. The volume represents more than 70,000 pages of original narrative, from which the author has compiled a resume of polar explorations from the earliest voyages to the present time. Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

A glance at our democratic institutions in the light of the experiences of the last hundred years; a consideration of the evils of machine politics; and the suggestion that we must revise our democratic government from its foundation, is the theme of "Organized Democracy," by Albert Stickney, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.00.

Calvin Dill Wilson has taken the first book of Spenser's "The Faery Queen," and rewritten it in prose for young readers. The result is a wonderful fairy tale. The volume is very attractively bound. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$1.00.

LIBRARIANS TAKE NOTICE
PROBATE SALE

Full set (except 1856) of SAN FRANCISCO DIRECTORIES for sale, including Kimball's for 1850, Parker's for 1852-53, LeCount and Strong's for 1854, Langley's for 1858 to 1895 (both inclusive), and Crocker-Langley's from 1896 to 1904 (both inclusive); in good condition.

Address: JOSEPH HUTCHINSON
1117 Mission Street San Francisco, Cal.

PAUL ELDER & COMPANY

PUBLISHERS, BOOK SELLERS, ART DEALERS, STATIONERS
VAN NESS AVENUE, CORNER OF BUSH STREET, S.F. TELEPHONE FRANKLIN 646

☞ We have now ready as in former years a great variety of books and items of art interest, suitable for Holiday presentation.

☞ Our stock of fine books has lately been increased by the arrival from London of a number of rare extra illustrated books, standard sets and individual volumes in fine bindings.

☞ To the various lines heretofore found in our store, we have just added a complete stock of stationery, specially made and boxed. In connection with this we are better prepared than ever to execute orders for engraving and die stamping.

☞ Our publication department is now in New York and has reprinted from new plates most of the older and well known books, as well as a number of new books of decided interest. These may be had at the store on Van Ness Ave., as well as in our shop at Santa Barbara, which has lately moved into new and larger quarters on State Street.

L. KREISS & SONS

CABINET MAKERS
UPHOLSTERERS
DECORATORS

Dealers in Fine Mahogany, Early English Oak Furniture; reproductions of rare examples of Antique Fabrics of all important periods of English, French and Italian Arts in Tapestries, Brocaded Silks, Damasks, Embroideries, Etc.

Our stock is complete and contains many Odd Pieces suitable for Gifts.

1219-23 POST ST.

Above Van Ness Ave.

San Francisco, Cal.

We don't sell glasses off-hand. We fit them with a proper regard for the important part they play in your every-day life.

HIRSCH AND KAISER
1757 FILLMORE ST. Opticians

BRACELETS

THERE IS NO LARGER NOR
FINER STOCK OF THIS

The Most Popular
Form of Jewelry

THAN THAT OFFERED BY

Bohm-Bristol Co.

SOUTH-WEST CORNER OF
Van Ness Ave. and Sacramento St.

Holiday Books

FINE ART
POETRY
HISTORY
FICTION
JUVENILE

M. H. FAY

Importer and Bookseller
1534 Bush Street
Bet. Van Ness Ave. and Franklin St.

P. Centemeri & Co.

KID GLOVES

New Location

1551 Van Ness Ave.

Between Pine and California

San Francisco

ROBERTSON'S

NEW LOCATION

1539

Van Ness Ave., near Pine
"Next to the White House"

Mr. Robertson calls attention to the above address, which is very centrally located.

HOTEL RAFAEL

SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

50 minutes from San Francisco. Complete Change of Climate
TIBURON OR SAUSALITO FERRY
All modern Conveniences

R. V. HALTON

Proprietor

LITERARY NOTES.

A Story of Arizona Ranch Life.

A story of Arizona life during the period of the Apache troubles, without war-hoops, gun-plays, picturesque gamblers, theatrical cowboys, impossible cavaliers, and Frederic Remington Indians, could be so unlike the typical romances of the Southwest, as to attract by its very novelty. And yet Frances Charles has succeeded admirably in "Pardner of Blossom Range," in depicting life in "the country God forgot," without using the conventional figures of Western fiction. "Pardner of Blossom Range" is the story of a winsome ranch girl, her delightful old grandfather, her wonderful horse, her army of suitors—every cow puncher within a day's ride—and a captain of cavalry. A very pretty romance begins with the advent of Captain Ferris into the household of Blossom Ranch. Ferris has been sent to investigate an Apache massacre, and is welcomed by old Jed Blossom, but his lonely, the granddaughter, looks askance at the military intruder. Holly hates all soldiers, and one in particular, who is alleged to be responsible for the death of a boy private, whose horse, Pardner, came into her possession. Nothing daunted, the captain plans a campaign to win the charming little vixen's affection, and wins. The interest in the story increases when Holly learns that he is the officer she hates. Captain Ferris proves that the accusation is groundless, however, and the unpleasant incident is explained to the satisfaction of all, including "Molly," the cook, who is a person of great self-importance. Besides the love interest, there are amusing and graphic descriptions of ranch life, with exceedingly life-like characters. The author's word pictures of the limitless grey desert, the hot blue sky, the barren hills, the silence and desolation of the great uninhabited spaces, are very striking. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

Peixotto's Pictures of Italian Life.

A very beautiful holiday book is Ernest Peixotto's record of wanderings with pencil and sketch book, "By Italian Seas." The book is made notable by seventy-five exquisite drawings by the author. Mr. Peixotto ranks high as an illustrator, and has never done finer work than the sketches in "By Italian Seas." The artist reproduces with charming effect the everyday occupations, the amusements, the religious fetes, quaint architectural oddities, and the beauties of sky and sea. A villa with its gay approach, a medieval lantern, cypresses by the sea, fishing racks with painted sails, the Easter dance, Christmas toy shop, a Sicilian marionette-show—all the characteristic and colorful aspects of Italian life and landscape, are limned with daintiness of detail and admirable fidelity. Besides the studies of Italian life, Mr. Peixotto has pictured parts of Malta, Dalmatia and Tunis. The descriptive letter-press is excellent; many of the papers in the book were contributed by Mrs. Peixotto. The two wanderers set down their impressions in leisurely fashion, but we feel that the art, the language, the temperament, the history the Italians are familiar to them. The printing and paper and binding add to the attractiveness of this charming book. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$2.50 net.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"Highways and Byways of the Mississippi Valley," by Clifton Johnson, just published by the Macmillan Company, is said to have many interesting notes of odd and out-of-the-way scenes along the great river, and the illustrations are from photographs taken during the author's travels in search of matter for the book. An inexperienced new author, Miss C. Whyte, has just won \$1000 in prizes from Hodder & Stoughton, the London publishers. One price for \$500 was offered

for the best story for little children, another of the same amount for a girl's story, and, by a remarkable coincidence, Miss Whyte won them both. Her child's story, "The Adventures of Merrywink," is just out.

In its Living Masters of Music series the John Lane Company has brought out Wakeling Dry's volume on Giacomo Puccini, which pictures the composer and describes his operas with appreciation and discernment.

Noel Williams has found a subject for a fresh book of historical memoirs in Queen Margot, the wife of Henry of Navarre. It will be published by Harpers in their series of monographs on French history. The period dealt with is specially interesting and dramatic, for it includes the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Among the literary biographies of the season that of Sir Leslie Stephen, by Frederic William Maitland, announced by G. P. Putnam's Sons, should have the attention of the large circle who have profited in other days by the writings of the critic and essayist.

Sir Clements Markham has made a book on the life of Richard III which promises to unravel some of the mysteries and refute some of the fabrications that have been common possessions since the time of the first Tudor king, who took particular care to blacken the reputation of the great Duke of Gloucester and sovereign.

A book for nature lovers is almost ready for publication by Henry Holt & Co. It is "A Log of the Sun," by C. William Beebe, Curator of Birds in the New York Zoological Park, author of "The Bird," &c. The 200 illustrations, of which fifty-two are in colors, are from the pen of Walter King Stone.

The new Thackeray coterie or Titmarsh Club, held its first dinner in London Sunday evening November 4. The day was chosen to give the theatrical members an opportunity to attend.

Maxim Gorky and Mme. Maria Andrevna are in Naples for the winter. The Russian author registered himself as M. Makrof on his arrival, as he desired seclusion.

Jack London on Waterloo.

The charge made by Stanley Waterloo, that Jack London in his latest novel, "Before Adam," plagiarized Waterloo's book, "The Story of Ab," is regarded by London as something of a joke. London laughs at the accusation, but freely admits that he got his idea for "Before Adam" from Waterloo's book, says the *Examiner* in an interview with the Californian novelist. In fact, he says that the inconsistencies in Waterloo's book prompted him to write his own, which in a way is an answer to "Ab."

"Of course, both books deal with the same subject, the evolution of man," said London, "and the field is so limited that books necessarily touch upon points that are identical. But Waterloo, while he attempts to deal with the scientific phases of the evolution of man, is unscientific in the extreme. The evolution of man from brute was a process that took thousands of years—hundreds of generations—yet he attempts to crowd it all into one generation. The discovery of artificial fire, the taming of the horse and the dog, the invention of the bow and arrow, the development of human speech—all these, which took centuries and centuries in their development, he brings about during the life of one man."

"My book is on the same theme and covers much of the same ground, but I have endeavored to show, as faithfully as possible, the gradual evolution of man from the animal. If in choosing for my book the same theme as Waterloo's I have been guilty of plagiarism, then the same charge may be made against every author. It might just as truthfully be said that every writer who produces an historical novel is guilty of plagiarism; that every author who chooses for a subject a theme that has already been touched upon by another author is a plagiarist."

STAGE GOSSIP.

Dramatic Notes.

Julia Marlowe is said to have attained the highest point in her theatrical career in her impersonation of Joan of Arc.

The Victory Theatre in San Jose has been leased to Robert G. Barton, of the Barton Opera House, Fresno, for two years at \$450 a month rent. Under the new manager the house opened Thursday evening with "The College Widow." The Victory has been closed since the earthquake.

Creston Clarke, who is a favorite in New York, closed a two weeks' engagement in the Park Theatre in that city last Saturday in "The Ragged Messenger." Unlike his former productions this play is modern in plot and time, and is a big success.

White Whittlesey will remain in the East this winter. He is appearing in Boston in a play called "The Road to Yesterday," originally christened "A Midsummer Eve," by Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland.

Kyle Bellevue made a dashing, swagger Brigadier Gerard in the production at the Savoy Theatre, New York, of the play made from Arthur Conan Doyle's military romances, but the piece was not a success. The critics praised the actor's art with little disagreement.

Sarah Bernhardt opened her season in Paris, November 10, with a five-act drama entitled "Sainte Therese," by Catulles Mendes. Madame Bernhardt as Sainte Therese played with cleverness and vigor, and the piece, which lends itself to splendid sacerdotal effects of staging, is most artistically mounted.

Musical Notes.

In this sesqui-centennial year of the central figure of the trio of classic symphonists, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, it was eminently fitting that the fifteenth and final concert by the University Orchestra in the first year of its existence, last Thursday, in the Greek Theatre, should include, as chief number in its programme, the third of that group of immortal works penned in the six weeks between the 26th day of June and the 10th of August, 1778—Mozart's last three symphonies: in E flat, in G minor, and the Jupiter. The G minor was played in the Greek Theatre at the time of the Mozart Festival last spring; the Jupiter, a few weeks ago. The great companion, the Symphony in E flat, this Mozart year appropriately concluded a list to which the community may point with pardonable pride, as the first offering of the new horn University Orchestra, as yet in its swaddling clothes. Several months will pass before another symphony is heard in the Greek Theatre, but plans are making for the spring series, inaugurating the second year, which promises to be big with treasures gathered from the storehouses of the masters, old and new.

The Orpheum.

Charles F. Semon, better known as the thin half of the musical comedy team of Falke and Semon, will make his first appearance in San Francisco as a single entertainer at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon. The Musical Avoles have no equals as xylophonists. The lady and two gentlemen comprising the organization made a great hit on their last appearance here. Lina Pantzer, a dainty bit of femininity and a member of the famous acrobatic family, will offer the bounding wire act that has won her fame. Nick Long and Idalene Cotton will present their new and original comedietta "Managerial Troubles," and Trovollo, the exceptionally clever ventriloquist, will continue his comedy drama, "The Hotel Office." The Knight Brothers and Marion Sawtelle, the Kita Banzai troupe of acrobatic marvels and Orpheum Motion Pictures, showing the latest novelties will complete a striking bill for the Thanksgiving holidays. The grounds of the Chutes, where the Orpheum is located, have many new improvements.

HOTEL ST. FRANCIS

UNION SQUARE
SAN FRANCISCO

Have you had Lunch in the
FAMOUS GRILL ROOM
IN MAIN BUILDING

JUST THE PLACE TO MEET YOUR
FRIENDS FOR BUSINESS OR PLEASURE

Amusements.

ORPHEUM

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee Nov. 25
Matinee Every Day Except Monday

A Vaudeville Holiday!

CHARLES F. SEMON; Dillon Brothers;
The Musical Avoles; Miss Lina Pantzer;
Trovollo; Knight Brothers and Sawtelle;
Kita Banzai Troupe; Orpheum Motion
Pictures and Last Week of Nick Long
and Idalene Cotton.

PRICES—10c, 25c, 50c. Down town Box Office
at Donlon's Drug Store, Fillmore and Sutter Sts.
Phone, West, 6,000.

CHUTES AND ZOO—Open daily from 10 a. m. till
midnight. Admission 10c; Children 5c.

RACING!
NEW CALIFORNIA
JOCKEY CLUB
OAKLAND TRACK

Six or more Races each Week Day
RAIN OR SHINE

Races start at 1:40 P. M. sharp

For Special Trains stopping at the Track take the
S. P. Ferry, foot of Market Street, leaves at 12, there-
after every twenty minutes until 1:40 p. m.
No smoking in last two cars, which are reserved for
ladies and their escorts.
Returning trains leave the track after fifth and
last races.
PERCY W. TREAT, Sec.
THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, Pres.

THE
Waldorf Hair Store

1528-30 Bush Street
Near Van Ness Ave.
BRANCH STORE
3461 Sacramento St.

Most Complete and Varied Assortments
of HUMAN HAIR West of New
York, and the Most Perfectly Ap-
pointed Establishment for

Marcel Waving, Ladies' Hair Dress-
ing, Shampooing, Manicuring,
Dyeing and Bleaching

Special Department of Dermatology

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Wigs a Specialty
Special Appointment by Phone
EMERGENCY 620

J. S. DINKELSPIEL

Importer of
Diamonds, Precious Stones

1021 Van Ness Ave.
San Francisco, Cal.

Fine Set Pieces a Specialty

JOHN G. ILS & CO.

Manufacturers
High Grade French Ranges

Kitchen and Bakery Outfits

624 WASHINGTON STREET
San Francisco, Cal.

VANITY FAIR.

It is now more than a dozen years since the great French dressmakers issued the fiat that the fashions in the days of the Directory, the Consulate, and the early Empire were to be worn again. The idea was seized upon with eagerness, and the short waists, the eccentric lappets and hats, the classic garments of our great-grandmothers, reappeared in Paris. Now Paquin, the celebrated Parisian designer, is reverting to Empire lines.

The man of today shows no inclination to return to the extravagance in costume of the Muscadins and Incroyables coats, short-waisted to the hips, chins hidden in folds of muslin, beribboned knee-breeches, or trousers wide as women's skirts, hair falling in long ringlets, and watch-chains with trinkets falling on either side of the waistcoat. There is something incongruous in women choosing to be clothed in the same trappings. In those days a masquerade of eccentric costumes and of transparent garments came into vogue. The Incroyables ladies wore redingotes, and waistcoats, and vast neckties fastened with pins, heavy chains and enameled watches, immense hats, beribboned, beplumed, and blonde wigs. The Merveilleuses wandered about in diaphanous draperies, their throats, necks, and arms bare.

A craze for the antique had set in; tunics, jewels, head-dresses were all copied from Greek and Roman models. The painters, David, Prudhon, Gerard formed the taste of the day in classic art. The beautiful Mme. Tallien wore at a ball a transparent gown, the folds falling like the drapery of a statue by Phidias; her golden garters could be seen through the diaphanous texture; a girdle of gold, the clasp formed by an antique gem; cameos at the shoulders holding the drapery of an almost sleeveless tunic; every toe of her stockingless feet, shod in purple sandals, was laden with rings; on one arm, a bracelet of gold fashioned like a serpent, the head of which was formed of a single emerald. Mme. Pauline Leclerc, Bonaparte's sister, appeared at a ball as an animated Greek statue of a Bacchante. The lady's hair was dressed with bands of spotted fur simulating that of a tiger, surmounted by grapes of gold. Her fine India-muslin dress bordered with a gold wreath of vine-leaves; the short sleeves adorned with more cameos; a girdle of gold fastened by an antique-carved gem was placed under the bust; bracelets of gold and of cameos on the arms. No wonder those who saw her said the salon grew brighter when this fair vision glided in.

The pagan bareness of attire which is such a marked feature of the real Directory costume became modified as the influence of religion grew. Paris went wild with delight in 1799 as a bevy of veiled young girls publicly, for the first time since the revolution, appeared before the altar as communicants. The bridal dress became a pattern of modest attire. It was usually of India muslin embroidered with sprigging and open work, made with a train, high in the neck, short in the waist. The front breadth, the hem, and the sleeves were embroidered. The high frill was made of English point lace; the small cap, of Brussels lace garlanded with orange blossoms. The long veil enveloped the wearer from head to foot. This delicately virginal dress, suggestive in its softness and mystery, contrasts favorably with some of the bridal dresses of today, gowns that might be worn as ball dresses; hair elaborately "done up," as on conquest bent. The old habit of presenting the bride with a *corbeille de mariage* was revived, and when, in 1800, Mlle. Pirmont (afterwards Mme. d'Abrantes) married General Junot, she was one of the first lucky brides thus distinguished. She gives a glowing account of all the dainty stores of feminine attire that met her delighted eyes of sixteen, when, on the eve of her wedding, the great box in pink Gros de Naples, embroidered in black chenille arrived. A great regard for the fineness of their linen distinguished the men and women of that day. It was

the true note of elegance that the embroidery, the sewing, the perfume used should be exquisite, and the names of the fashionable *lingeres* are handed down to us. The pink box contained under-linen, gaufered and embroidered as only Mlle. l'Olive could embroider; handkerchiefs, petticoats, morning-jackets (short-waisted with open sleeves, and training white skirts, all embroidered at the hem) India-muslin peignoirs, night-jackets, night and morning caps, of every shape and color; and all this pretty finery edged and trimmed with Valenciennes, Mechlin, or English point lace. The wedding-casket, or *corbeille*, was shaped like a large vase covered with white and green velvet, embroidered in gold; the foot, of gilt bronze, was filled with the husband's offerings of India cashmere shawls, veils of English and Flemish point lace, Turkish stuffs brought by the general from Egypt for his future bride. India muslin, worked with silver thread, all the pretty trifles, the ribbons, the fans, the artificial flowers, the jewels dear to women's hearts. Directory and early Empire gems have a *cachet* of their own. Ladies collect them now, and they are a part of the revival of the period. It was an age of jewels, spoils brought back by Napoleon's generals from Eastern campaigns, topazes large as small apricots, necklaces and parures of cats-eyes, combs of pearls and diamonds, the inevitable, long-handled eyeglass of tortoise-shell incrustated with diamonds, sets of cameos, and medallions containing miniature portraits surrounded by brilliants and engraved antique gems.

The fashions of the day were influenced by Napoleon's restless career. The expedition into Egypt brought into favor everything Eastern. India cashmere shawls worth eight thousand, ten thousand, or twelve thousand francs, formed part of every fine lady's wardrobe. The style with which she draped the folds about her figure is interpreted as a subtle expression of her personality. Mme. Recamier, too poor to enhance the witchery of her beauty with the sparkle of gems, wore her cashmere shawl with the air of a goddess. Mme. Tallien wound hers with classic grace over a girdled peplum. Mme. Bacciochi, half muse, half pedant, founder of a society for the literary women of her day, draped herself as a sybil in her mantle as she lectured to an audience of blue-stockings. The effect of the scarlet shawl and the Greek sleeveless tunic were enhanced by the wreath of gold laurel-leaves placed under the turban of gold-and-silk embroidered muslin twined round her majestic head. The fashion of wearing turbans came in after the campaign in Italy. Mme. Mechlin, beautiful as Guido's "Cenci," appeared wearing one of fine white muslin that had the effect of a snowy cloud above her brow, from which escaped a few stray ringlets. Mme. de Stael's turban is memorable with its jeweled aigrette and its ample folds. The turban, except in a modified form, has not yet appeared on the feminine heads of today.

The Directory merged into the Consulate, and Josephine, as plain Mme. Bonaparte, held a sort of court at the Tuileries and at Malmaison. She was middle aged, and yet a charm belonged to her which made her seem young among women half her age. With the tact which is part of genius for dress, Josephine exchanged muslin, fitted for the young, for the more dignified flow and sheen of silk and satin draperies. She kept to the last the slender figure of the Creole, a fact it will be well for all stout women to remember when they contemplate following the fashion she set in dress. Her passion for flowers influenced the fashions of her time. Flowers decked her dresses, her hair, her bonnets. All her ladies wore flowers. At small dancing parties all the women who danced usually wore white crepe dresses (tulle was not worn in those days) classically made, with a glimmer of diamond clasps at the shoulders, and wreaths of flowers on their heads. In the daytime the coal-scuttle bonnet or more properly speaking, the hat trimmed with feathers or flowers,

was a characteristic feature of the walking costumes. It did not strike the wearer that the headgear and the classic draperies made an incongruous ensemble. The quaint redingote, brought into fashion in the dawning days of the Directory by the Incroyables, with its huge lappets, big buttons, and short waist, gradually disappeared, and the long, flowing, round mantle and narrow pelisse took its place. The muff, large as a pillow of fur, appeared on the scene. Under the guidance of Josephine, luxury and splendor increased. The Empire was an age of splendor. The ladies of the court wore, to please their mistress, a quantity of diamonds in wreaths, in bands, in ears of corn. Their court dresses cost at least fifty louis each; the masses of jewels with which they decked themselves were almost embarrassing, gold chains twining six or seven times round the neck, rings on every finger, earrings with three pendants, lockets covered with diamonds, three or four bracelets on each arm, diadems, long gold pins, and cameos in the hair. Josephine, with her passion for luxury, delighted in all this glitter round her. She was an easy prey to every tempter that approached her with some new personal adornment. With an allowance of six hundred thousand francs she was always in debt.

The sex owes to Sarah Bernhardt the thirty-two button glove, the revival at that time of the Empire dress, the Directory sash, and the long boa, dear to the hearts of our grandmothers. She set the fashion for Theodora hair-pins and Tosca hats, and, in fact, wielded an influence over the world of dress beyond that exercised by any other woman in the world since the days of the Empress Eugenie.

The Minneapolis Journal recently celebrated its 21st anniversary under its present management, and an entire Minneapolis theatre was filled by the employees of the paper and their families. After the first act a miniature "extra" was issued bearing on the play and containing humorous "local news" concerning the audience.

Wells Fargo & Co. EXPRESS

On and after November 19th, offices of the General Manager, Superintendents Tariff and Foreign Departments, formerly at 1033, 1035 and 1037 Franklin street, will be located at 31 Second street. Purchasing and Supply Department, formerly at Ferry Depot, will be at 41 Second street.

Principal offices for transaction of local business will be continued at Corner Golden Gate avenue and Franklin street.

Ferry Depot,
Third-street Depot.

For the accommodation of patrons branch offices have been established at
39 Second street (near Mission).
1824 Geary street (near Fillmore).
3410 Nineteenth street.
308 Clement street.

A. CHRISTESON
General Manager.

Notice of Assessment Fireman's Fund Insurance Company

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that at a meeting of the Directors held on the 7th day of November, 1906, an assessment of three hundred (300) dollars per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately to Louis Weinmann, the Secretary of said corporation, at its office No. 401 California Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the tenth day of December, 1906, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on the twenty-sixth day of December, 1906, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

LOUIS WEINMANN,
Secretary of the
FIREMAN'S FUND INSURANCE COMPANY.
Office: 401 California St., San Francisco, California.

Spend Your Thanksgiving

Make your plans to spend Thanksgiving at Hotel del Monte and avoid all home cares. You can leave San Francisco Wednesday at 3:00 o'clock and enjoy a few days, vacation, returning Sunday or Monday. Special round trip rates. For more details address
GEO. P. SNELL, Manager,
Del Monte, California.

At Hotel del Monte

ANNOUNCEMENT

Marie L. Sweeney

Formerly of 121 Post

Is Now Located at

1536 Bush Street

WITH A COMPLETE STOCK OF
EXCLUSIVE STYLES IN

MILLINERY

HOTEL COLLINGWOOD

35th St., between 5th Ave. and Broadway
NEW YORK CITY

New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district, containing every modern device for comfort of guests.

Positively exclusive. Service a la carte.

Goodyear Rubber Company

Have Returned to Their Old Home, Where They Were Located Before the Fire,

573-579 Market St., near Second
Tel. Temporary 1788

EDUCATIONAL

MISS HAMLIN'S

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Formerly at 1849 Jackson St., is now at 22 Pacific Ave., near Webster St. Mid-term begins October 15. Accredited. Address

Miss S. D. Hamlin
2230 Pacific Avenue San Francisco

PORTLAND

OREGON

St. Helen's Hall

A girl's school of the highest class. Corps of teachers, location, building, equipment—the best. Send for catalogue.

School opens September 17, 1906

U. REVEL, A. M.

Post-Graduate from Florence, Italy.

ITALIAN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

918 Alice Street Oakland

MISS HARKER'S SCHOOL

Palo Alto, Cal. Home and Day School for Girls Intermediate and Primary Departments. Certificate admits to Stanford, Vassar and Wellesley. Number limited. Reopens August 20th.

MR. HUGO MANSFELDT

Announces his removal to 2090 Fell St., corner of Shrader. Telephone West 1736.

MLLE. ELEANORE JOSEPH

(Late from Paris and Berlin)

SINGING AND PIANO

1915 Baker St., near Sacramento San Francisco

G. B. GALVANI

Vocal Teacher

814 OAK STREET OAKLAND, CAL

OGONTZ SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia; two hours from New York. The late Mr. Jay Cooke's former property. For circulars, address Miss SYLVIA EASTMAN, Principal, Ogontz School, P. O., Pa.

Mathematics and English.

University and preparatory subjects; no pre-prescribe courses, but assistance given in any manner either personally or by correspondence. Miss C. I. Williams, M. S., Mrs. G. S. Manchester, M. S., 21 El Granada Bldg., Bancroft Way, Berkeley, Cal.

Press Clippings

Are money-makers for Contractors Supply-houses, Business Men and Corporations.

Allen's Press Clipping Bureau
Kohl Building

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Gen. Phil Sheridan was at one time asked what incident in his life caused the most amusement. "Well," he said, "I always laugh when I think of the Irishman and his army mule. I was riding down the line one day when I saw an Irishman mounted on a mule which was kicking rather freely. The mule finally got his foot caught in the stirrup, when, in the excitement Pat remarked: "'Well, begorra, if you're goin' o git on I'll be gittin' off!'"

In the State of Washington, a railway bridge had been destroyed by fire, and it was necessary to replace it. The bridge engineer and his staff were ordered in haste to the place. Two days later came the superintendent of the division. Alighting from his private car, he encountered the old master bridge-builder.

"Joe," said the superintendent, and the words quivered with energy, "I want this job rushed. Every hour's delay costs the company money. Have you got the engineer's plans for the new bridge?"

"I don't know," replied the bridge-builder, "whether the engineer has got the picture drawn yet or not, but the bridge is up and the trains is passin' over it."

Julian Trask, formerly Labor Commissioner of New Hampshire, stammers greatly in his speech and this peculiarity is well known throughout the State. One day he was approached by a stranger, who said he had a son who stuttered. He was anxious to have the lad cured and asked Mr. Trask for advice regarding the matter. The Labor Commissioner reflected gravely for a few moments and then responded with all the emphasis he could command: "S-s-s-shoot him!"

A Wall-street man once suddenly evinced a great interest in nautical matters, and despite his inexperience was made the commodore of a yacht club in Maine. One day the newly fledged yachtsman shouted to an officer of a certain craft: "Have you weighed anchor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then," thundered the new commodore, "why the deuce don't you announce he weight?"

There was once a funeral in Nebraska and the preacher who had been asked to deliver the eulogy was a stranger in town and did not know the departed sister. So, after he had said all that he could, he suggested that if anybody else could say a few words about the poor dead lady it would be well.

Three or four made appropriate remarks. Then there was a pause. At last one old brother arose and said:

"Well, if we're all through speaking about the departed sister, I will now make a few brief remarks on the tariff."

General Sherman once possessed an Irish servant whose forte was asking questions and trying to find out the why and wherefore of everything he was told to do. During a battle an orderly one day approached the general and told him that his favorite horse, Ross, had been struck by a cannon ball and killed.

Calling his Irish servant the general said, "Go skin Ross."

"Why, sir, is Ross dead?" began the nan.

General Sherman rose up in his wrath, saying: "Never mind whether he is dead or not—I told you to go out and skin him." The man returned about three hours later and Sherman hailed him with the words: "Where have you been? Does it take you three hours to skin a horse?"

"No," answered Mike, "but it took me about two hours to catch him."

Rider Haggard, the author of "She," telling a good story apropos of that novel. Not long ago he heard that a ballet, based on his romance, was to be produced at

Budapest, and he wrote, asking for programmes and photographs. He received a letter in reply from the manager, saying that he had believed that the illustrious author was dead, as obituaries had appeared in the Hungarian newspapers. Mr. Haggard wrote again, and asked that the report of his death might be contradicted, but the manager replied that the editors refused to publish the contradiction, as they believed it to be a mere dodge to advertise the ballet.

A Chicago hotel had a night watchman who did not take very kindly to a system whereby he was required to go through the hotel at certain hours and touch a set of electric buttons, thus indicating his whereabouts at a given time. So a pedometer was given to him, which would register every step he took.

All went well for a time. One morning, however, the watchman was missing. On search being made, he was found asleep in the engine room, and the pedometer so attached to the piston-rod of the engine that with every stroke it registered a step. It had been traveling all night, and when taken off it registered two hundred and twelve miles.

ARGONAUTS FOR OUR FILES.

To complete the office files of the Argonaut the following numbers are required. In answer to notices in previous issues, many subscribers have kindly forwarded copies of the paper, and some of the volumes are now complete. We would be glad to have any of the following numbers from any disconnected copies of the Argonaut that our readers have and are willing to part with. We do not ask or expect that our subscribers will break complete sets to favor us:

Numbers Required to Complete an Argonaut File.

- Volume VI, 1880—Nos. 6, 13, 15, 17, 18, 22, 24, 26.
- Volume VII, 1880—Nos. 3, 8, 14, 16, 19, 20, 23, 24.
- Volume VIII, 1881—Nos. 2, 11, 18, 20, 21, 23, 25, 26.
- Volume IX, 1881—Nos. 1, 3, 6, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 19, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25.
- Volumes X and XI, 1882—All numbers.
- Volumes XII and XIII, 1883—All numbers.
- Volumes XIV and XV, 1884—All numbers.
- Volume XVI, 1885—All numbers.
- Volume XVII, 1885—Nos. 1, 2, 7, 10, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26.
- Volume XVIII, 1886—Nos. 1, 9, 10, 26.
- Volume XIX, 1886—Nos. 1, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23.
- Volume XX, 1887—Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 19, 26.
- Volume XXI, 1887—Nos. 1, 3, 4, 8, 11, 13, 22, 23.
- Volume XXII, 1888—Nos. 3, 7, 11, 18, 25.
- Volume XXIII, 1888—Nos. 3, 7, 10, 11, 25.
- Volume XXIV, 1889—No. 6.
- Volume XXV, 1889—Nos. 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19.
- Volume XXVI, 1890—Nos. 21, 23.
- Volume XXVII, 1890—No. 1.
- Volume XXVIII, 1891—Nos. 1, 7.
- Volume XXIX, 1891—Nos. 8, 12, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, 22.
- Volume XXX, 1892—Nos. 6, 20, 22, 24.
- Volume XXXI, 1892—Nos. 2, 3, 7.
- Volume XXXII, 1893—No. 16.

Argonauts for Our Files.

Among the many who have very kindly sent us papers and to whom we extend our thanks are the following:

- Mr. F. W. Purmort, Van Wert, Ohio.
- Mrs. Charles Fernald, San Francisco.
- Mr. M. H. Lazear, Santa Barbara.
- Mr. J. C. Rowland, University Library, Berkeley.
- Mrs. F. Roeding, San Francisco.
- Mr. Edgar F. Coursen 658 Lovejoy St., Portland.
- Miss Ellen Atkinson, Brunswick, Me.
- Mr. F. W. Jones, San Gabriel, Cal.

A woman has been arrested in Paris carrying in her arms a four-years-old child which had been trained to snatch watches and scarf-pins as its mother carried it through the streets. The child was seen to grab two watches and seven pins in less than half an hour.

The First National Bank

OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Corner of Bush and Sansome Streets

here presents its statement showing the condition of the bank on the 12th of November, 1906:

Resources

Loans and Discounts.....	\$10,421,816 73
United States 2 per cent Bonds of 1903.....	1,974,000 00
Premiums on United States Bonds.....	30,000 00
Other Bonds and Securities.....	28,629 75
Banking Premises.....	224,000 00
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	5,799,602 45
	\$18,478,048 93

Liabilities

Capital.....	\$ 1,500,000 00
Surplus and Profits.....	1,689,730 44
Circulation.....	1,486,800 00
Deposits.....	13,801,518 49
	\$18,478,048 93

Since the 18th of April our Deposits have increased \$3,492,531.

The Accounts of Banks, Corporations and Individuals are invited

SAFE DEPOSIT DEPARTMENT

Special advantages are offered in our Safe Deposit Boxes and Storage Vaults for the care of valuable papers, jewels and silverware

French American Bank

Union Trust Building (Third Floor)

Ready to accommodate its customers and do a general banking business. We will collect on insurance policies for those wishing our services.

THE FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

occupies offices in the same building.

Officers—Charles Carpy, President; Arthur Legallet, Vice-President; Leon Bocquerez, Vice-President. Directors—J. E. Artigues, O. Bozio, J. A. Bergerot, E. J. DeSaba, J. M. Dupas, J. S. Godeau, J. J. Mack, Geo. Belaney, Leon Kaufman.

Our Branch Bank is Now Open

at No. 810 Van Ness Avenue, near Eddy St.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus.....	\$ 2,552,719.61
Capital actually paid up in cash.....	1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1906.....	38,476,520.22

F. Tillmann, Jr., President; Daniel Meyer, First Vice-President; Emil Rohde, Second Vice-President; A. H. R. Schmidt, Cashier; Wm. Herrmann, Asst. Cashier; Geo. Tourny, Secretary; A. H. Muller, Asst. Secretary; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.

Board of Directors:

F. Tillman, Jr., Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohde, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, N. Ohlandt, J. W. Van Bergen, E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

Helping the Homeless

The Continental Building and Loan Association

Has helped build up several interior towns and cities of California but for the next few years its funds will be used to help restore the burned homes of San Francisco

Dr. Washington Dodge, President
Gavin McNab, Attorney.
Wm. Corbin, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr.

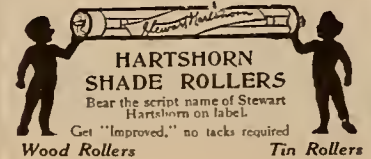
Office: Corner Market and Church Streets

A. Zellerbach & Sons PAPER DEALERS

Now Located at

Volkman Bldg., 416 Jackson St., San Francisco
Branch: 514 Eleventh St., Oakland

FULL SUPPLY OF ALL KINDS OF PAPER



SAVINGS

Savings deposited with us, subject to our liberal rate of interest, accumulate rapidly. Open an account to-day at one of our Branches.

West End Branch

1531 Devisadero St., near Post

Mission Branch

927 Valencia St., near 21st

Uptown Branch

1350 Geary St., West of Fillmore

or at our

Home Office

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company
California and Montgomery Streets
San Francisco, U. S. A.

Mutual Savings Bank

710 Market St., Opposite Third
SAN FRANCISCO

Guaranteed Capital.....	\$ 1,000,000
Paid-up Capital.....	300,000
Surplus.....	320,000
Assets.....	10,000,000

Interest paid on deposits.
Loans on approved securities.

Officers—President, James D. Phelan; First Vice-President, S. G. Murphy; Second Vice-President, John A. Hooper; Secretary and Cashier, Geo. A. Story; Asst. Secretary and Asst. Cashier, C. B. Hobson; Attorney, Frank J. Sullivan.
Directors—James D. Phelan, John A. Hooper, Frank J. Sullivan, Jas. M. McDonald, S. G. Murphy, James Moffitt, Robt. McElroy, Charles Holbrook, Rudolph Spreckels.



PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Stella McCalla, daughter of Rear-Admiral Bowman H. McCalla, U. S. N., retired, and Mrs. McCalla, to Mr. Frank Stayton, of London.

The engagement is announced of Miss Alice Meyer, daughter of Mr. J. H. Meyer, of Menlo Park, to Mr. Frederick D. Hammond.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Chandler Howard have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Gladys, to Mr. Charles Whittlesey Atkinson, on Thursday afternoon, the twenty-second of November, at Christ Church, Yokohama.

The marriage of Miss Emily Rosenstirn, daughter of Dr. Julius Rosenstirn, to Mr. Sydney Josephs, took place on Saturday last at the Hotel Potter, Santa Barbara.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway entertained at a dance on Tuesday evening last at the Palace Hotel, in celebration of his birthday anniversary.

The first dance of the Friday Cotillion Club, under the direction of Mrs. Ynez Shorb White, took place last (Friday) night at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin and the Baroness von Schroeder entertained at a tea on Thursday afternoon of last week from four to seven o'clock, at Mrs. Martin's house on Broadway, on which occasion Miss Janet von Schroeder made her formal debut. Assisting in receiving the two hundred guests who called were Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. Lansing Kellogg, Mrs. Gaston Ashe, Mrs. C. Fred Kohl, Mrs. C. O. Alexander, Miss Anita Harvey, Miss Alice Hager, Countess Naselli, Countess Fabbri, Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Bowie Detrich, Mrs. James Keeney, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Miss O'Connor, Miss Genevieve Harvey, Miss Maizie Langhorne, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Marian Huntington, Miss McKinstry, Miss Cadwallader, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Charlotte Wilson, and Miss Maude Bourn.

Dr. and Mrs. James Ward Keeney and Miss Mary Keeney will entertain this (Saturday) afternoon, at a tea from three to six o'clock, at which Miss Keeney will make her debut. Among those assisting in receiving will be Mrs. Hyde-Smith, Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, Mrs. William Taylor, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Fred McNear, Mrs. C. R. Winslow, Mrs. Frank Griffin, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Linda Cadwallader, Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Charlotte Wilson, Miss Janet von Schroeder, Miss Maizie Langhorne, Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Marguerite Barron, Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith and Miss Genevieve Harvey.

Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Van Loben Sels and Miss Van Loben Sels entertained at a large reception and dance last (Friday) night at the Claremont Country Club in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Mauritz Van Loben Sels.

Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall was the hostess last week at a luncheon in honor of Countess Lalande (nee Parrott) who is visiting here. Among those present were Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. Frederick Sharon, Mrs. Norman McLaren, Mrs. Louis Parrott, Mrs. James Otis and Mrs. George M. Pinckard.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resume of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Prince and Princess Andre Ponia-

towski (formerly Miss Elizabeth Sperry) have been spending a brief time recently in London, but have returned to their home in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark, who have been at Hotel Del Monte since the spring, will return shortly to their home in San Mateo for the winter.

Miss Jennie Crocker arrived last week from New York in her private car, and is at her home in San Mateo.

Mrs. Henry F. Allen has returned from a stay of several weeks at Santa Barbara and Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas (formerly Miss Marie Louise Parrott) have gone from England to Paris, where they have taken an apartment for the winter.

Mrs. Bowman H. McCalla has been a visitor in the city recently from her home in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin have gone East for a month's stay. On their return they will go to San Rafael to spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin returned on Thursday of last week from a stay of several weeks in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker were due to arrive this week from New York, where Mr. Crocker went to meet Mrs. Crocker and their family on their return from Europe.

Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett went down recently to Paso Robles for a brief stay.

Miss Elizabeth Livermore left on Tuesday of last week for Santa Barbara where she will spend the winter.

Mrs. Howard Huntington has arrived from Los Angeles and is the guest of relatives in Berkeley.

Miss Alice Herrin has returned from a visit to friends in Fresno.

Miss Jeannette Hooper spent last week in Grass Valley as the guest of Miss Elizabeth Foote.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack London have been the guests of Mr. George Sterling at Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Prof. C. H. Gilbert, head of the Department of Zoology at Stanford, and Prof. J. O. Snyder, have returned to Palo Alto after making their submarine survey in Monterey Bay for the United States Fish Commissioners.

Mrs. W. H. Patton, who has been in New York for the past year, sailed on November 20th for Europe, with Miss Marion Chenery, going by way of Naples. They will spend the winter in Florence.

Miss Virginia Vassault, who has been abroad for the past year arrived recently in New York and will return soon to this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin, who are at present in Paris, will leave shortly for Pau, where they have apartments for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. James V. Coleman have been in San Francisco for a brief visit from Santa Barbara, where they are to spend the winter.

Mr. Clarence Warren Stoddard, who has been staying at Congress Springs for the past six months, has gone to Monterey.

Miss Ardella Mills and Miss Elizabeth Mills left on Saturday last for the East, where they expect to spend the winter.

M. Fakharoff, a titled diplomat of St. Petersburg, with his wife and Mm. C. A. Kondratovitch and A. Glouchanousky, of the Russian army, spent a few days at Del Monte last week on their way around the world.

Mr. Clarence Follis left on Monday for New York where he will spend the winter.

Mrs. A. H. Payson, who has returned from a trip to Southern California in her motor car, is now at Del Monte.

Mrs. Edward Pringle, Miss Nina Pringle and Miss Hess Pringle, who have recently returned from Europe, are now in Mexico and will return to California early in December.

Mrs. A. D. Grimwood has returned to her home in Fruitvale after a visit to Mr. and Mrs. J. Bryant Grimwood in this city.

Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding left on Saturday, November 17, for a two month's visit to New York.

Miss Lydia Hopkins has recently been the guest of Mrs. William Babcock in San Rafael.

Gen. Wm. M. Graham has recently gone to Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. A. L. Bancroft will leave shortly for an eastern trip and will probably be away from California for several months visiting friends and relatives.

Mr. F. W. Dohrmann has sailed for Germany to be absent from this city for several months.

Mrs. Henry F. Allen, who has been spending several weeks at Coronado, has returned to her home on Pacific avenue.

Mr. F. W. Zule is about to leave on a trip to New York City.

Mrs. E. F. Preston went down from Woodside to Del Monte during the week.

Mr. Horace G. Platt has been spending a few days at Del Monte.

Visitors during the week at Del Monte include Mr. R. M. Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. T. Bonnett, Mr. A. R. Crothers, Dr. Wm. Crothers, Mr. Walter H. Cline, Mr. P. M. Loneragan, Mr. John G. Treanor, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Webster, Mr. and Mrs. M. R.

Inne, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Ingalls, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Botton, Mr. J. A. Bouvier, Mr. Frank Preston, Mr. Ralph H. Bollard, Mr. Henry Clark, Mr. F. H. Weeks, Mr. L. H.

Love, Mr. and Mrs. F. Pier, Miss Va Duayne, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Patter, Mr. N. W. Kingman, Mrs. Waldeman Weir and Miss M. Enery.

The White House TOY DEPARTMENT

DOLLS

A Full Line dressed and undressed, including Stockinette, Papier Mache, Rag, Kid and Unbreakable.

Doll Repairing Department

The repairing is in the most skillful hands and promptly attended to.

BOOKS

A carefully Selected Stock of Toy Picture and Story Books of every description, from Mother Goose, Nursery Rhymes and ABC Books to the Latest Publications by the best known Authors, and Illustrated by the Leading Artists of the Day.

SKATES

A Large Variety of all Makes from Sidewalk Skates at 75c to Ball Bearing Skates at \$6.50.

Raphael Weill & Co., Inc.

CANTRELL & COCHRANE'S

world renowned

Belfast Ginger Ale

Beware of Substitutes

WILLIAM WOLFF & COMPANY

248-258 Mission St. - - - San Francisco, Cal.
Pacific Coast Agents

Any Solid Silverware

that passed through the fire, of which there is a fragment left,

Perfectly Restored

To any person having this work to be done I can show wonderful results at my shop, having restored some of the choicest silver in the city.

Specialty of trophies and presentation cups. Suitable designs submitted on application.

Gold and Silver Plating

JOHN O. BELLIS
Manufacturing Silversmith

1624 California Street Near Van Ness Ave

If you are going East use the

California Limited

The Finest Train Across the Continent

Palace Pullmans, Observation, Library, Smoking, Dining Cars.

Every luxury will be found on this train.



See the
SANTA FE AGENT

FERRY BUILDING
SAN FRANCISCO

ROYAL Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

A wholesome cream of tartar baking powder. Makes the finest, lightest, best flavored biscuit, hot-breads, cake and pastry.

Alum and alum-phosphate powders are injurious. Do not use them. Examine the label.

PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Lieutenant-General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., in addition to his position as commander of the Pacific Division, has been assigned to the command of the Department of California.

Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., formally took command on November 13th of the Southwestern Division, the headquarters of which have been moved from Oklahoma City to St. Louis.

Orders have been issued from Washington, D. C., that Brigadier-General John J. Pershing, U. S. A., be detached from the command of the Department of California and proceed to Manila, via Tokio. He will there take command of the Department of Visayas, relieving Major-General Jesse M. Lee, U. S. A.

General Pershing, who returned on Saturday last from a fortnight's trip East, sailed on the liner Korea on Tuesday last.

Colonel John L. Clem, U. S. A., Chief Quartermaster of the Department of California, has been granted one month's leave of absence, to take effect on November 27. Colonel Clem will leave for Texas to join Mrs. Clem, who will return to the Presidio of San Francisco with him.

Major George S. Young, Eighteenth Infantry, U. S. A., was promoted on October 30th to be lieutenant-colonel, and has been assigned to the Twenty-first Infantry, U. S. A., stationed at Fort Logan.

Major Robert L. Bullard, Twenty-eighth Infantry, U. S. A., has been promoted to be lieutenant-colonel, to date from October 31st, and has been assigned to the Eighth Infantry, U. S. A.

Major George F. Downey, Paymaster, U. S. A., has been assigned to duty as assistant to the Chief Paymaster, Camp Columbia, Havana, Cuba.

Captain Benjamin M. Purcell, U. S. A., who reported recently at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, for examination for promotion, was found physically deficient and will probably be retired as a major.

Captain John J. Bradley, U. S. A., acting-judge advocate of the Department of Columbia, has been announced as judge advocate of that department.

Captain William Chamberlaine, General Staff, U. S. A., has been announced as assistant to the Chief of Staff of the Pacific Division, with station at San Francisco.

Captain William C. Wren, Quartermaster, U. S. A., has been assigned to duty as assistant to the Chief Quartermaster, Camp Columbia, Havana, Cuba.

Captain Edgar T. Collins, Quartermaster, Sixth Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed without delay to St. Louis, Missouri, to verify and ship to the respective stations of the Sixth Infantry, property left at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and afterwards shipped to Powder Depot at St. Louis, Missouri. Upon completion of his duty, Captain Collins will proceed to his proper station, Fort William Henry Harrison, Montana.

Captain Robert L. Hamilton, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted six months' leave on account of sickness.

Captain A. W. Bjornstad, Twenty-eighth Infantry, U. S. A., who is on duty with his regiment in Cuba, was recently granted 5 days' leave of absence, with permission to visit the United States.

Lieutenant Claude S. Fries, Twenty-eighth Infantry, U. S. A., reported

recently to Brigadier-General John J. Pershing, U. S. A., for appointment as aid-de-camp on the latter's staff.

Contract Surgeon Ernest K. Johnstone, U. S. A., went to Fort Missoula, Montana, on duty with the Third Battalion, Sixth Infantry, U. S. A., and upon the completion of that duty will return to his proper station at the Presidio of San Francisco.

Contract Surgeon John T. H. Slayter, U. S. A., formerly on the transport *Thomas*, went to Fort William Henry Harrison, Montana, on duty with the Headquarters Band and First Battalion, Sixth Infantry, U. S. A.

Third Lieutenant R. C. Wrightman, U. S. R. C. S., has been ordered to report to the president of a sub-board at San Francisco for examination for promotion.

In spite of her tender nature Miss Helen Gould has a caustic wit. One day she was showing some children visitors the treasures of her home. "Here," she said, "is a beautiful statue—a statue of Minerva." "Was she married?" asked a little girl. "Oh, no, my child," said Miss Gould, smiling, "she was the goddess of wisdom."

Specially adapted to Asthmatics; always relieves, generally cures. Brooks' Homoeopathic Cough Syrup; 25c, at druggists.

A. Hirschman

Jeweler and Silversmith. Now at 1641 Van Ness Avenue, bet. California and Sacramento Streets.

The great astrologer pointed to an ominous group of stars. "They tell me that you will be robbed by a dark man before another moon," whispered the prophet. "Have you any idea who this dark man can be?" The domestic man smiled sadly. "The coal man, of course," he sighed.—*Chicago News.*

Drs. Barkan & Sewall

Specialists for Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat are now located at 1700 California street, corner Van Ness Avenue.

First Church Member—How is your choir getting along? *Second Church Member*—We are thinking of asking Taft to become provisional governor.—*New York Sun.*

Korn The Hatter

Now at 926 Van Ness Avenue Near Ellis Street.

OLD POODLE DOG

Hotel and Restaurant

NOW OPEN

The appointments of our new establishment are complete, and in every sense what is expected to-day of the oldest and best known French Restaurant in the world. Formerly at Bush St. cor. Grant Ave. Now at 824-826 Eddy St., near Van Ness.

Phone for reserve, EMERGENCY 63

Ben Sheldon, veteran clerk of Fremont County, Wyoming, was defeated at the recent election by a big majority by Ralph Kimball. It was the result of a campaign conducted by the young women. Several months ago a girl employed in the county clerk's office was discharged because she insisted on wearing a peek-a-boo waist.

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

are now showing complete lines of

Carpets, Rugs, Furniture, Office Desks, Upholstery, Draperies, Linoleums, Window Shades, Etc.

at their new store at the corner of

VAN NESS AVENUE AND SUTTER STREET

Nordhoff Grill



1545 Pine Street
Below Van Ness Ave.

Finest and Largest Dining Room in the City

Merchants' Lunch 11 A. M.
to 2 P. M. Daily

Ladies' Afternoon Teas
and Dinner Parties a Specialty

SUNSET ROUTE

2 TRAINS
DAILY

SAN FRANCISCO — NEW ORLEANS

Making Close Connections at New Orleans with Trains for Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Washington, and New York.

Also

With Southern Pacific Steamship Line New Orleans to New York.

Dining and Observation Service
Tourist and Pullman Sleepers

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS

Ready for business at 1165 O'FARRELL ST., bet. Franklin and Gough
Pianos Tuned, Repaired, Moved and Stored
SOHMER-CECILIAN PLAYER-PIANOS

Come to us ONLY
For Good Knit Goods

ALL MODERATELY PRICED

Men's and Women's

Underwear

Hosiery

Highest Grades of German,
French and Scotch Hosiery

KNITTED BLOUSES
SWEATERS
SHAWLS
BATH ROBES

BED SLIPPERS
ABDOMINAL BANDS
INFANT SILK CAPS
CARDIGAN JACKETS

HUNTING AND GOLF COATS
LOUNGING ROBES
CROCHET SKIRTS
ATHLETIC and Bathing Suits

Gantner & Mattern Co.
KNITTERS

Corner Van Ness and California Street
Mills, Laguna, Grove and Ivy Ave., S. F.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"I wonder what that Chinaman is doing up so late." "Shirts, I suppose."—*New Orleans Times - Democrat*.

All the world's a stage—but the majority of us sit in the gallery and throw things at the performers.—*Kansas City World*.

Teacher—"Tommy, spell 'through.'"
Tommy—"Shall I spell it according to precedent or President?"

Ferdy—"Why did you stop calling on the Mainchance girl?"
Algy—"Why, the whole family seemed too glad to see me!"—*Life*.

Jones—"See the wicked artist painting on Sunday."
Jenks—"He might do worse." Jones (scrutinizing picture)—"I'm not so sure of that."—*Judge*.

Longhow—"What I say is true. Besides, 'Seeing is believing,' you know. Wise—Not always. Longhow—Oh, yes. Wise—No. I see you, for instance."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"Paw, when there's a big hanquet, why do they always have spoiled cheese to wind it up with?" "Because, my son, it makes you forget the earlier courses."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Describe as nearly as you can," said the judge, "the assault the prisoner made on you." "It wor just a common ordinary hrick, sor," replied the defendant.—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

Miss Ascum—"And do you really think it is possible for a man to love two girls at the same time?"
Mr. Gailey—"Sure! provided it isn't also at the same place."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"I don't see why Dashup never gets along as a salesman. He's the glihbest talker I ever knew." "That's just it. He's so smooth everybody suspects him."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Mr. Cityman—"I should think you would die of ennui out here."
Uncle Silas Corn-tassel, of Oatmealville—"No, sir; chills an' fever seems to be the prevailin' ailment."—*Philadelphia Record*.

"Is that all the work you can do in a day?" asked the discontented employer.
"Well, suh," answered Erastus Pinkley. "I s'pose I could do mo', hut I never was much of a hand foh showin' off."—*Washington Star*.

"Remember, the eyes of the public are upon you." "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "that's what worries me. A man is so closely watched in these times that he can't get away with anything."—*Washington Star*.

Rollingstone Nomoss—"When people has hydrophobia de very thought o' water makes 'em sick." *Thirsty Thingumbob*—"Is dat so? I bet I've had it all me life an' didn't know what was de matter wid me."—*Philadelphia Record*.

"I want a husiness suit now," said Slopay. "I was thinking of something in the way of a small plaid."

"And I," replied the tailor, "can't help thinking of something in the way of a small check."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Bjones—"Why the grouch?" Psmith—"My wife called me a fool." Bjones—"Cheer up, it may not be true." Psmith—"But it is. She proved it. Went and dug up a hunch of my old love letters, and read 'em to me."—*Cleveland Leader*.

"I can marry a rich girl whom I do not love, or a penniless girl whom I love dearly. Which shall I do?" "Follow your heart, man, and be happy. Marry the poor one. And say—er—would you mind introducing me to the other?"—*Cleveland Leader*.

Miss Dubley—"She was hraggin' about how successful her dinner party was. She said it wound up 'with great eclaw.' What's 'eclaw,' anyway?"
Miss Mugley—"Why I guess that was the dessert. Didn't ou never eat a chocolatz eclaw?"—*Philadelphia Press*.

Boy (after watching old sportsman miss a couple of rockets)—"Have you shot

often, uncle?"
Uncle—"Yes, my boy, a great deal. At one time, in Africa, I used to live hy my gun." Boy (thoughtfully)—"Did you. And is that why you're so thin?"—*Punch*.

"John," said Mrs. Worthington at the supper table the other evening. "I read in the paper today of a man who had one wife too many; the rest of the article was missing. How many wives do you suppose the man had?" "One, probably."—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

"Our Henry's doin' real well in town," said Mrs. Wayhack, proudly. "He's runnin' a hotel now an' it's a big one." "Land's sakes!" exclaimed Mrs. Korntop. "Yes. Got a letter from him this mornin', an' he sez: 'I'm a hotel-runner now, an' it's a real swell place.'"—*Philadelphia Press*.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Nothing New.

It's Hearst and Bryan and Parker,
It's Taft and Teddy and Root,
It's Beveridge every hour of the day
So husily tooting his toot;
It's trusts and tariffs and Cuba,
Panama, Patrick and Thaw;
It's Fairbanks, Cannon and Addicks,
Jerome and Murphy and Shaw,
The world of the old grows weary,
It longs for the new and strange,
It's sick and tired of the same old thing,
And it cries out loud for a change!

It's Tarbell and White and Steffens;
It's Bangs and Howell and Twain;
It's "Crisis" and "Pit" and "Jungle,"
And "Jungle" and "Crisis" again;
It's Dixon and Booker and Tillman,
It's negro and cotton and oil;
It's laughter and preaching and praying,
It's sorrow and suffering and toil;
It's always the same thing over,
And always the same to do,
The world goes dry and none answer the cry
When it cries out loud for the new.
—*Baltimore Sun*.

As It Happened.

She was comely, very comely,
And he gazed upon her dumbly,
With a feeling of affection mixed with awe.
"Speak," he cried, "my queenly heauty,
Tell me what shall be my duty."
Then she murmured, "Twenty-three"—
He twenty-thraw.

Once again he came a-wooing,
Came with tingling ardor suing,
For the greatness of his love could not be hid.
But, alas, his hopes were shattered,
And his dreams of joy were scattered,
For she told him to "skiddoo,"
And he skiddid.

Judge.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

German astronomers of the observatory of Berlin foretold that during the month of August there would be violent seismic disturbances in the zone comprising the site of Valparaiso, reports the *Mexican Herald*. A Valparaiso mercantile concern had contracted in Berlin for a large electric plant to arrive there in August, but the Berlin firm declined to send the machinery, etc., for the reason that the German astronomers were looking for trouble in Chile.

Something that concerns the Baby. When teething begins, every mother should have on hand a packet of Steedman's Soothing Powders.

A form of postage stamps with the names of the cities for which the stamps are issued printed on the face as part of the stamp design is proposed under the terms of the bids for a new issue for the next four years, opened in the purchasing agent's office of the Postoffice Department in Washington a few days ago.

NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS.—You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the Springs, and the entire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

OUR STANDARDS

Sperrys Best Family.
Drifted Snow.
Golden Gate Extra.

Sperry Flour Company

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. OF HARTFORD

ESTABLISHED 1850

Cash Capital\$1,000,000.00
Cash Assets5,340,136.94
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,414,921.16

Benjamin J. Smith
Manager Pacific Department:
525 THIRTEENTH ST., OAKLAND
San Francisco Office:
2310 CALIFORNIA STREET

THE LATEST STYLES IN
Choice Woolens

H. S. Bridge & Co.
Merchant Tailors
1176 O'Farrell Street

Bonestell, Richardson & Co.

Have Plenty of Every Kind of

PAPER

Phone Temporary 1273
473 TO 475 SIXTH STREET
San Francisco

For YOUR

BREAKFAST

GERMEA

At All Grocers

The Johnson-Locke Mercantile Co.

AGENTS

714 Broadway, Oakland

Mt. Tamalpais Railway

Via Sausalito Ferry—Foot of Market St.

Lv. San Francisco		Leave Tamalpais	
W'kday	Sun.	Sun.	W'kday
8:25 A	8:25 A	10:40 A	1:05 P
9:50 A	9:50 A	1:05 P	2:30 P
1:45 P	11:00 A	2:30 P	4:30 P
1:45 P	1:45 P	4:30 P	Saturday
Saturday	4:35 P	5:45 P	9:30 P

Legal Holidays, Sunday Time

TICKET OFFICE AT SAUSALITO FERRY

Steamship Lines

AMERICAN LINE

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON
New YorkNov. 17 | Philadelphia.....Dec.
St. LouisNov. 24 | St. PaulDec.

Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool
HaverfordNov. 24 | MerionNov. 1
NoordlandDec. 1 | HaverfordDec. 2

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE
NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT

MinneapolisNov. 17 | MesabaDec.
MinnehahaNov. 24 | MinnetonkaDec.

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE
NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE

Sailings Wednesdays as per sailing list.
Noordam Nov. 21, 10am | Statendam Dec. 5, 10am
N. Amsterdam RyndamJan. 19, 7 am
.....Nov. 28, 3 pm | PotsdamJan. 2, 6 am

RED STAR LINE
NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS

KroonlandNov. 21 | FinlandDec. 1
VaderlandDec. 5 | ZeelandDec. 20

WHITE STAR LINE
NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL

BalticNov. 21 | BalticDec. 1
OceanicDec. 11 | MajesticDec. 2
CelticDec. 11 | CymricDec. 1
.....Jan. 1 | OceanicJan. 1

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.
| ArabicDec. 1

G. N. KOEPEL, Pass. Agt. Pacific Coast.
Room 207 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

ORIENTAL S. S. Co. have opened their general offices at 217-221 Brannan Street

SAN FRANCISCO

S. S. Hong Kong MaruNov. 9, 1906
S. S. America Maru (Calls at Manila) Nov. 30, 1906
S. S. Nippon Maru (Calls at Manila) Dec. 28, 1906

Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and Brannan streets 1 p. m., for Yokohama and Hongkong calling at Honolulu, Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamer for Manila, India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Sts. W. H. AVERY, Assistant General Manager.

Thos. Cook & Son

Now Located

1168 Broadway, Oakland
And North Nave, Ferry Building
San Francisco

AUTOMOBILES

Runabouts = = = \$700
Reo Touring Cars = \$1400

Immediate Delivery

J. W. LEAVITT & CO.
441 Golden Gate Ave.

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

Stoves and Ranges

ADAPTED FOR BURNING: COAL, WOOD, GAS, GASOLINE AND OIL

REFRIGERATORS

Complete Kitchen Outfits for Hotels, Restaurants, Clubs and Households

CORNER POLK AND TURK STS.

PHONE EMERGENCY 427

The Argonaut.

Vol. LIX. No. 1551.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 1, 1906.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscription to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 1711 San Pablo Avenue, Oakland. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Jerome A. Hart, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." To insure consideration, manuscript submitted for publication, must be typewritten.

Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal."

Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue, in Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, 11015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear, and by the Denison News Company on its boats and rains.

Published at San Francisco, California. Temporary Office, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, California.

THIRTIETH YEAR

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

GEROME A. HART - - - EDITOR

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: The Passing of Shafter—The Shooting of the Looters—California and the Japanese—Under Which King—San Francisco Labor Needs—Permitting Policemen to Resign—San Francisco's Soiled Linen—Selling Official Influence	265-268
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	268
HOROUGHREDS AT THE SHOW: New York Society in Review at the Annual Horse Fair	269
HELD UP BY A WOMAN: How the San Luis Obispo Stage was Stopped by a Female Highwayman	270
DISCHARGED WITHOUT HONOR: Three Companies of Negro Troops Dismissed by Peremptory Order of the President	271
POLITICO-PERSONAL	271
S H. G. WELLS SEES US: Impressions Received by a Trip to America "in Search of Realities"	272
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes about Prominent People All Over the World	273
CURRENT VERSE: "How Long the Road," by Charlotte Wilson: "The Return," by John Burroughs	273
TERARY NOTES: New Publications—Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip	274-275
PAGE GOSSIP: Dramatic Notes—Musical Notes	275
UNITY FAIR: G. Bernard Shaw's Ladders of Life—Providence Charity Mis-delivered—Ethics of Motoring—Paris Distractions and Ambitions—The Kaiser in an Omnibus	276
CORRYETTES: An Automobile Doom—The Court Terrified—Unfortunate Client—Not Cloakroom Tickets—Daniel's Consolation—Throwing in a Spire—Sold the Boots Unsold—Too Hot for Real Babies—Mrs. Langtry's Reminders	277
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy	278-279
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS	280
THE TUNEFUL LIAR	280

The Passing of Shafter.

The life, the military career, and the death of the late General William R. Shafter would seem to show that modesty is not a valuable asset to a soldier.

General Shafter entered the army at the age of sixteen as a lieutenant of Michigan volunteers. He fought through the Civil War, was wounded, and was captured. But his gallantry had been so conspicuous in the engagement that his Confederate captors allowed him to retain his horse and side arms. After he was exchanged he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel, and was mustered out of the volunteer service at the close of the war as colonel. He was then commissioned lieutenant-colonel of the 41st United States Infantry, and he remained a lieutenant-colonel thirteen years. He was promoted by President

Hayes in 1879 as colonel of the First United States Infantry, and he remained a colonel for eighteen years. During all of this time he was a worthy soldier, a good disciplinarian, and an honorable man.

Fortune, they say, knocks once at every man's door. She had not knocked at Shafter's during the weary years on the frontier during the nearly two decades he wore a colonel's eagles. But in 1898 she rapped. General Nelson A. Miles had been selected to lead our invading armies forth to capture Havana. But it was suddenly announced that Cervera's fleet had entered the land-locked harbor of Santiago. It was necessary at once to send a force there to operate on land in co-operation with Admiral Sampson. General Miles declined this command, thinking that the theatre of war would be around Havana. Secretary of War Alger was a Michigan man; Senator Burrows was a friend of Alger, and he urged the Secretary to put Shafter in command of the Santiago expedition. So the President appointed General Shafter.

Probably there never was a military expedition which went forth with so many journalistic "war commissioners," so many war correspondents, so many "litterateurs," so many camera men, and so many plain ordinary reporters as went with the Shafter expedition. There were enough of them to doom any expedition to failure. They nearly settled Shafter's. If Shafter had flung them all ashore before the expedition started, or if after it started he had put them in the stoke hole and kept them there, he would have been wiser. But he did not do so. Hence there has ever since been waged a campaign of newspaper slander against Shafter. The numerous "war commissioners," war correspondents, "litterateurs," and camera men all took offense at Shafter for failing to provide for their peculiarities of dress, deportment, and diet, and so they have been taking it out of him ever since. The irascible Sherman during the Civil War banished all newspaper men from within his lines, and threatened to hang them if they returned. Shafter was more lenient. Never in the history of war has there been such gross misconduct by non-combatants as took place on the part of these camp-followers during the Shafter expedition. It came to a climax when one Sylvester Scovel, a correspondent of the New York World, had the effrontery actually to strike General Shafter for excluding him from the roof of the building on which the United States colors were being hoisted when Santiago fell. There is not one general in five hundred who would have allowed the man to live a day. But Sylvester Scovel escaped with a couple of days' imprisonment and then went off scot free.

All of the newspaper war correspondents, "war commissioners," and camera men expressed profound dissatisfaction with General Shafter's campaign in their letters at the time. Every man-jack of them wrote a book when he came home. We have them now. They occupy some seven linear feet upon our shelves, and we are glad and proud to say that we have read none of them and never intend to. But we know from hearsay that they all knock Shafter.

Despite the knocking of the "litterateurs," the "war commissioners," and the plain war correspondents, Shafter succeeded in accomplishing what he set out to do. He scared Cervera's fleet into sailing out of Santiago harbor, which led to its

destruction by the American squadron; he forced the Spanish troops around Santiago to surrender; he occupied the city of Santiago; and his campaign caused Spain to sue for peace. These are the plain facts of the case. The only test of capacity in war as well as in peace is success. Shafter's orders were: "Go with your force to capture the garrison at Santiago, and assist in capturing the harbor and fleet." What he was sent to do he did.

Yet ever since a perfect mosquito swarm of correspondents has attempted to show that Shafter did not do the things he did; that somebody else did them; that it was not the Army but the Navy that captured Santiago; that it was not the operations in Cuba but those at Manila that caused Spain to yield; that General Shafter was not actually in command at the battle of El Caney; that it was a "colonel's battle"; that the engagement at San Juan Hill was fought by the rank and file; that Shafter was fat; that Shafter was sick; that Shafter was prostrated by the heat; that they did not like Shafter anyway. If all these things be true, it would have been wise for our Government to send to the Philippines some generals who were fat, sick, and liable to heat prostration. For General Shafter accomplished what he was sent to do in a few weeks, and in the Philippines the lean and healthy generals worked for more than twice as many years without accomplishing as much as he.

As to the attempt to make it seem that General Miles was in command at Santiago—he having arrived there eight days after Cervera's fleet was destroyed—the fact remains that Shafter never relinquished his command, refused to do so, and was in command of his army up to August 25th, when he returned to the United States.

Much has been made of the fact that on July 3d General Shafter wired to Washington that he contemplated falling back to a position on high ground. This dispatch was followed immediately by a message to the Spanish commander in Santiago, General Linares, requesting him to remove all non-combatants, foreigners, women, and children, as the American army would begin shelling Santiago by ten o'clock of the following day. This caused so much alarm, and so great was the pressure by the foreign consuls, that the Spanish commander surrendered the city. This has been scornfully called a "bluff." What of it? In war it makes little difference how the results are accomplished. Shafter accomplished results.

Shafter's despatch concerning "falling back" has been persistently garbled and distorted. In it he said:

"We have the town well invested on the North and East, but with a very thin line. Upon approaching we find . . . the defenses so strong that it will be impossible to carry it by storm with my present force, and I am seriously considering withdrawing about five miles and taking up a new position on the high ground . . . at Sardinero, so as to get our supplies by railroad."

The rest of the despatch contains not a hint at despondency, and implies a siege instead of storming the city. Probably the sentence in this despatch which no newspaper general would have written was this: "The behavior of the troops (regulars) was magnificent." This was indiscreet.

Yet we end as we began by remarking that Shafter's besetting sin was modesty. If he had known one-hundredth part as well how to sound his own praises as some of the tin-horn heroes

whose self praises have since rung down the corridors of fame, he would stand much higher in the esteem of the American people today. But he was merely a modest soldier who construed his task in life to be his duty. If it meant remaining quietly in the background for a fifth of a century while juniors were being jumped over him, he remained silent and did his duty. If he were told to "go and capture the garrison at Santiago," he went and captured it. Think what meed of fame has been given by the American people to lesser heroes. Think of Winfield Scott with his manly beauty, his whiskers, and his "hasty plate of soup." Think of McClellan with his record of reverses and his strategic "changes of base."

To such an extent did the depreciation of the press go that it became more than a newspaper fashion to sneer at Shafter. Not long after the Spanish War a banquet took place in a South-western city at which was present that grim soldier, General Chaffee. One of the speakers was unwise enough in the course of his "after dinner remarks," to sneer at Shafter as lacking courage. General Chaffee was not on the programme, but he promptly rose and sharply rebuked the speaker. "I will not listen in silence," he said, "to any such reflection. Shafter is a man of flawless honor and of iron courage."

And so he was. Not only was he a man of iron courage, but he was a good soldier, and a patriotic citizen.

But General Shafter was too modest, altogether too modest. The successful soldier has no use for modesty. Shafter was the first American general in fifty years who had forced the army of a civilized power to strike its flag. Yet the conqueror of a few hundred Apaches or half a thousand naked Igorrotes in the Philippines gets greater honor from the American people than they accorded to Shafter.

The Shooting of the Looters.

The stories of the dreadful slaughter among the looters at the time of the San Francisco disaster die hard. True, the report of the War Department shows that there were neither any soldiers or any other persons shot by the United States troops, and very few by anybody else. True, the San Francisco coroner reports that all the bodies passing through his hands came to death from other causes than gunshot wounds. But the weird story still continues to crop up. Its latest appearance is in the *Philadelphia Press*. That journal tells some hair-raising tales of long lines of looters who were stood up in line and shot down by the military.

These remind us of the terrible tales told by the late Colonel Cremony, a soldier of fortune and a San Francisco Bohemian long since dead and gone. The Colonel had experienced many adventures in a fiery youth and stormy middle age, which tales he loved to dilate on in the winter of his days, which, like old Adam's, was frosty but kindly. Like other elderly gentlemen who have in their youth been slayers of men, the Colonel's tales lost nothing in their telling. He was fond of relating his experience when he once commanded a company of Mexican troops. He had given an order which the soldiers refused to obey. "Do you know what I did?" the Colonel would inquire in stentorian tones. Then, snatching up whatever might be handy—tongs, poker, or mayhap a billiard cue—he would shout, "I presented my weapon at the breast of the first mutineer and ran him through the heart." Whereupon, with the stamp of an old fencer, the Colonel would wipe imaginary gore from a shadowy blade and restore it to an imaginary scabbard. If the listener failed to be duly impressed, the Colonel killed two mutineers. In the wee small hours when his listeners were wooed by slumber or semi-saturated with strong liquors, the Colonel has been known to kill six. But as he advanced in years and grew more blood-thirsty and more garrulous, he has been known to

run every man in his company through the heart. He would go from right to left of the line, leaving nearly a hundred Mexican veterans lying bloody and grim on their backs, in their bare-footed tracks, their toes pointing up at the sky.

This story is told without any intention of reflecting on the veracity of the *Philadelphia Press*. But we would advise that journal, if it continue to tell these tales of shooting looters, to shoot more of them. It costs no more. It will terrify more Ogontz girls. And it will be much more impressive to the reader.

California and the Japanese.

The Eastern press seems to be discussing, with not a little heat, whether California shall or shall not admit the Japanese to her schools. We doubt whether the press or people in the East will have much to do with settling this question, but we have no doubt at all about the uselessness of heat. The discussion need not be an angry one. It is a pure, cold question of law that is involved. California has a law which makes it obligatory on her school boards to provide separate school houses for children of Indian, Chinese, or Mongolian blood. That law still stands on the statute books. It is a duty of the School Board to enforce it. They are enforcing it. They will continue to do so. That law, we beg to assure our Eastern friends, will be enforced until it has been set aside by the Supreme Court of the United States.

We are informed that Secretary Root thinks that this school law of California is void under Article VI of the Federal Constitution, which says that "All treaties made or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land." But Secretary Root and those who believe with him will have to prove that the treaty with Japan was made "under the authority of the United States." Who gave the United States Government any right to make a treaty running counter to the reserved and acknowledged rights of the States? To attempt to enforce any such treaty runs counter to the Constitution itself. There is no power in the federal government which has not been delegated to it by the individual States. These federated commonwealths never gave to the federal government the right to regulate their schools. In many States the white and colored races are taught in separate schools. If the Southern States can segregate the races in its schools, why may not California do so? If the United States Government can set aside the school law of California by which she segregates the white, yellow, and black races in her schools, then the United States can set aside the school laws of the Southern States which segregate the white and black races. Does the present administration consider it wise or feasible to attempt forcibly to mingle white and colored children in the schools of the South?

If the treaty which Secretary Root looks upon as "the supreme law of the land" gives the Japanese the right to demand admission for their children to the public schools of California, then that clause of it is unconstitutional. Such a provision in a treaty is absolutely null and void and the national government would have no right to enforce it. For Secretary Root to hold that an unconstitutional clause requires only to be included in a treaty and ratified by the Senate to become "the supreme law of the land," is very peculiar law and more peculiar logic. The President can not change the Constitution. The Senate can not change the Constitution. It can only be changed by three-fourths of the States of the American Union. Were Secretary Root's very peculiar ideas of law to hold, it would be unnecessary to submit any contemplated change in the Constitution to the States of the Union. It would only be necessary to incorporate the desired clause in a treaty with some pocket power like the Republic of Panama. That government is said to be extremely accommodating toward the present admin-

istration. It would approve of such a treaty. Then when the Senate had approved of this treaty and the President had signed it, you would have the Constitution changed while you wait.

How simple! How direct! How admirable!

The idea is indeed magnificent, but it is not constitutional.

Secretary Root's unconstitutional plan of amending the Constitution under the Sixth Article would arouse not only the unanimous opposition of the Southern Senators, but the determined opposition of many Senators from the North. The plan is not new. In 1845 an attempt was made to abrogate the customs duties levied by Congress. This was to be effected by treaties under which the President and Senate could conclude new conventions with foreign governments. The Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives reported that such treaties would be inoperative and that such duties could only be changed by act of Congress.

The right to make treaties is vested in the President and Senate, but the treaty-making power does not embrace all subjects. It is a trust power delegated to the federal government. It can not go outside of its strict limitations. The President may make a peace treaty, but he can not make peace on terms violating the territorial integrity of a State of the Union. He can not make a treaty invading the rights of any of the States reserved to them by the Tenth Amendment. He can not make a treaty affecting the right secured expressly to the people, such as habeas corpus, bills of attainder, and so on. The President can not make a treaty naturalizing foreigners for that right is controlled by Congress. The President can not make a treaty affecting the people's rights in matters concerning bankruptcy, patents, copyrights, or postal service. In the District of Columbia there exists a public school system where Congress has provided by law for the segregation of white and colored children, and placed them in different schools. The President can not make a treaty with the Republic of Liberia, admitting its children to the public school of the District of Columbia.

As to the power of the Sixth Amendment, on which Secretary Root relies, Judge Cooley, in his *Principles of Constitutional Law*, says:

"The Constitution itself never yields to treaty or enactment. It may be amended according to its own permission only. The Constitution imposes no restriction upon this power [the treaty making power of the President and Senate], but nothing can be done under it which changes the Constitution or robs * * * any of the States of its Constitutional authority."

Story on the Constitution, Section 1908, agrees with Judge Cooley. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Root apparently do not agree with these eminent jurists. They believe that the power of amending the Constitution has been conferred on the President and two-thirds of the Senate. If this contention of Secretary Root be correct, the President and the Senate could make a treaty with Germany by which a subject of the Kaiser would be eligible to the Presidency. Yet the Constitution restricts that office to native-born citizens of the United States. Why is it any more absurd to say that a treaty could be made setting aside that provision than that a treaty could be made with Japan robbing California of her constitutional authority to control her schools? Under the federal constitution California has the right to separate children of Indian, African, Chinese, Japanese, or Mongolian descent from her white children, just as she has the right to separate girls from boys, to separate men from children, to separate those who have been convicted of crime from those who are honest, or to separate infected children from those who are in good health.

Judge Story in his *Commentaries on the Constitution* says that the treaty-making power "is not to be so construed as to destroy the fundamental laws of a State. A power given by the Constitu-

tion can not be construed to force the destruction of other powers given in the same instrument." And Chief Justice Marshall thus held in one of his decisions:

"A treaty is in its nature a contract between two nations, not a legislative act. It does not generally affect, of itself, an object to be accomplished, but is carried into execution by the sovereign power of the respective parties to the instrument. But when either of the parties engages to perform a particular act, the treaty addresses itself to the political not to the judiciary department, and the Legislature must execute the contract before it can become a rule for a court."

The foregoing citations show plainly that if Secretary Root is right in his contention that under Article VI of the Constitution the federal government can coerce California into seating American and Japanese children at the same desks, he differs markedly with Judge Story, Judge Cooley, Justice Marshall, and other great jurists. But he also differs with a famous predecessor in his own chair. In 1840 a Canadian named McLeod was jailed at Lewiston, New York, for the murder of an American, Amos Durfee. The British government at once demanded the release of McLeod. The Department of State replied that McLeod's offense was committed within the territory of the State of New York; that it came within her jurisdiction; that in such matters every State was perfectly independent; that therefore no federal intervention would be allowed. Thereupon, Lord Palmerston, then secretary of Foreign Affairs, addressed a note to Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, "demanding the immediate release of Alexander McLeod." The British government stated that it "would not admit for a moment" the doctrine that the federal government could not interfere. Secretary Webster saw at once that he was in an embarrassing predicament. He could not interfere federally in the criminal jurisdiction of the State of New York; neither could he render up McLeod to the British government, as the Department of State had no power over McLeod's person. He therefore droittly evaded the issue by providing for McLeod the most eminent counsel, hurriedly secured his acquittal, and thus the incident was closed.

A similar affair took place under the administration of Benjamin Harrison. A number of Italians were killed by mobs in the State of Louisiana. The Italian government preferred claims for reparation and indemnity. The Department of State was obliged to admit that no way existed by which the State of Louisiana could be deprived of her jurisdiction over these criminal acts. When Italy asked what would be done if she sent a ship of war to the Mississippi to demand satisfaction, the reply was that the United States would resist the invasion by force of arms. Although the United States admitted the wrong done by the State of Louisiana, it also admitted its inability to remedy at wrong or to make reparation therefor. The matter was finally settled by our government paying what was practically blood-money to the families of the murdered men. Italy winked at the stain on the money, and the incident was closed. When a number of Chinese were slain by striking coal-miners in Wyoming, the demand of the Chinese government for reparation and indemnity was refused, as the Department of State alleged that it had no jurisdiction over criminal offenses in Wyoming. But as there is always a small "secret service fund" at the disposal of the Secretary of State, this was dipped into for the purpose of salving over the wounds of the relatives of the murdered Chinese. Here again our federal government admitted its inability to coerce the States of the Union in matters affecting their police powers, and at the same time admitted the injury done to subjects of foreign nations by paying for the injuries.

Immediately after the murder of the Italians in Louisiana an attempt was made by the Harrison administration to have a federal statute passed giving the federal courts jurisdiction over

criminal offenses committed against the person of non-naturalized foreigners, even when within the territory of the States. The attempt to pass this statute failed. This shows plainly that the American people do not desire to yield to the federal government one iota of the rights which they reserved to themselves before the thirteen colonies adopted the Constitution. This was even more plainly foreshadowed when certain of the States originally signing our Constitution withheld their assent until it was agreed that certain amendments should be added. We inherited a treaty with great Britain made in 1783 providing for the payment of debts due by Americans to British merchants, as well as the protection of loyalists or "Tories" in life, liberty, and property. Inasmuch as our merchants had not the slightest desire to pay their old debts to British traders, and as many Americans were occupying in peace and comfort the estates belonging to Tories, on which they had "squatted," it was considered by the citizens of the States extremely unwise to accept the provisions of any such treaty. Had the Constitution explicitly declared that the States should be forced in certain matters to comply with treaties made by the President and Senate, that document would never have been adopted. This has brought upon us some severe criticism by writers on international law. Yet despite these criticisms Congress has always refrained from passing laws giving the President or the federal judiciary the power to enforce treaties when they run counter to the laws of any State of the Federal Union.

Those who may be disposed to criticize this journal for not condemning what they may consider as a dishonest and immoral attitude, must bear in mind that other nations are not free from reproach. Nearly all the great powers of Europe refuse to recognize our naturalization laws; they deny the right of expatriation; they imprison citizens of the United States within their frontiers when they consider them subject to military duty. Under the existing treaties our government should demand their freedom; but it does not do so; it is silent. It is not many years since the United States Government complained to the German Ambassador at Washington concerning the sentence imposed by a Bavarian court on one Louis Stern of New York. Not even an apology was the result; the Ambassador, by authority of his government, replied that he would "decline to see the administration of justice within a State of the German Federal Union, the right to administer which belongs to the princes of the German Federal Union, treated in the form of a diplomatic claim."

Thus we see, whatever the treaties, that there are restrictions on foreigners in every land. It is so in Japan. She is assuming that her subjects are entitled to all the rights in California of citizens of California. Yet there are many limitations imposed on the liberty of an American in Japan, one of which is the right to acquire land. Japan forbids an American to acquire title to real property. She can not complain if the Japanese in California is forbidden the privilege to be educated in the public schools side by side with American children.

There is absolutely no ground for the contention that a wrong is being done to Japanese children by the existence of the California school law. They are not even forbidden an education; they are educated at the public expense. The law only provides that they shall be in separate schools.

There remains nothing of the case presented with so much heat by our Eastern contemporaries, except what they call "the moral responsibility." This, according to their idea, would seem to be that California is doing a great moral wrong by injuring Eastern trade. This is a mixture of ethics and shop-keeping which does not appeal to the California mind. We of the West think more of our own flesh and blood than we do of the dollars of New England cotton-spinners or New York

counter-jumpers. If, to gain the Japanese trade, we must seat our children side by side with the descendants of an alien, Asiatic, pagan race, we are quite willing to lose that trade. We do not give all the reasons. There is much to be said on this branch of the discussion, but it can not be printed with the same plainness as what we have said on the legal and Constitutional side. As, however, our Eastern contemporaries seem to think that California is peculiar in her view of Oriental assimilation, we would like to point out to them that exactly similar ideas exist among two other colonies of our great Anglo-Saxon family situate on the Pacific seas. One is immediately to the north of us in the Dominion of Canada. Another is the great insular domain in the South Pacific, Australia and New Zealand. In these colonies the laws are very rigid against Chinese immigration. In Australia they amount to practical exclusion. British Columbia as yet has succeeded only in clogging but not stopping the stream of Oriental immigration. But so bitterly is she opposed to it, that if the Imperial government does not desist in its attempt to coerce its Pacific colonies into accepting "Imperial ideas" in point of Orientalism, it will find some day that British Columbia, if not the whole Dominion, will cut loose from the British Empire. We may point out to our Eastern contemporaries the fact that an Imperial government attempted for many months to establish a Chinese industrial colony in the South African mines. Such hideous, such unnatural, such shocking revelations have been made of the moral conditions in these Chinese colonies, that now all men in Parliament agree, whether Conservative, Liberal, or Labor that these Chinese colonies must cease to exist, that Chinese immigration must stop. Yet this is not a prejudice against Oriental labor; it is simply the result of knowledge acquired by contact with Orientals. Our Eastern friends must not forget that we in California have been cheek by jowl with the Asiatics for half a century.

Again we say to the Eastern journals that there is no occasion in this question for a hurling of epithets or for angry discussion. Some of them consider it odd that California and Californians should seem at this juncture so extremely placid. The reason that we in California are calm in the presence of this crisis is: First, because we know we are right; second, because we hope to convince our countrymen that we are right; third, that if we fail so to convince them, we will, whatever they do or say, do what we know to be right.

Under Which King?

Captain Karl Reichmann of the United States Army has written a letter declaring that he was not appointed a member of the General Staff of our army, because he is of foreign birth. Waiving all other questions as to Captain Reichmann's availability, the fact that he would write such a letter ought to exclude him from the general staff. That branch of our army is entrusted with the military secrets of the United States. Within its circle there must be no babblers. Captain Reichmann may be a good soldier and a skillful strategist, but he is not silent enough. He knows two languages at least, English and German. He should take pattern after the great soldier, Von Moltke, who was silent in seven.

This raises an unique and interesting question in American life. Since the foundation of this nation, we have all of us been trained to believe that every American is just as loyal as every other American, no matter whether he is native-born or naturalized. This may be theoretically true. Is it practically true? Is it true in time of war, as well as in time of peace? If this country becomes embroiled in war with Germany, will its German-born soldiers and sailors fight against their Fatherland? Or will they fight against their step-father land? And if they do fight against the land which gave them birth, will they win the pure and un-

alloyed admiration of Americans for doing so? And if a man may transfer his allegiance and his loyalty by swearing something and signing a piece of paper, how about an American? May he transfer his allegiance and his loyalty? May an American become a subject of King Edward? If Great Britain should come to fight us, will the naturalized Americo-Briton fight against us, his brothers? And if so, what would we say to him? What would we do to him if we caught him? And does the same reasoning apply to men from other countries as applies to us?

San Francisco's Labor Needs.

At the 26th annual convention of the American Federation of Labor, recently held at Minneapolis, President Gompers in his annual report made the following statement in regard to the labor situation in San Francisco:

Of course, in the rebuilding of San Francisco the number of workmen in the building trades has been largely augmented; but from reports made to our headquarters it is clearly shown that there is now an abundant number there to perform the work required, and that it is inadvisable for workmen to go there in the hope of finding further employment; that the cost of living, including rent, has largely advanced and that an overabundance of workmen would necessarily tend to lower wages, particularly when they can not find employment.

There is no man in San Francisco who does not know that this statement is false. If he is a mechanic, he knows it is false; if he is a contractor, he knows it is false; if he is an architect, he knows it is false; and if he is a land owner who wishes to erect buildings, he is more than certain it is false. As a matter of fact, there are not workmen enough of any kind to perform the labor which is waiting for them in San Francisco. It seems remarkable that the statement could be made to an intelligent body of workingmen, it is so falsely foolish and so foolishly false. Eight square miles of buildings were destroyed by the fire of last April. How can it be expected that the number of workingmen usually present in San Francisco, increased only by the slight migration toward this city in the past six months, could cope with such a colossal task? The desire of the land owners of San Francisco is to re-erect their burned buildings as rapidly as possible. To bring about this result they are paying the highest wages ever known in the history of the world. In many cases they are paying an enhanced rate over the Union rate by an agreement with the individual Unions, and are paying in addition a premium over that enhanced rate to get the contractors to speed their work. Under such circumstances it would take all of the surplus workingmen from a dozen large cities like New York, Philadelphia and Chicago to meet the demand in San Francisco. Yet, as a matter of fact, all of these cities have employment for all of their workmen, and have sent no appreciable surplus here.

Probably Mr. Gompers has been misled by interested parties. We can not believe that he would deliberately make false statements to the Federation of Labor at such a juncture as this. But we can assure him, the Federation of Labor over which he presides, and the country at large, that the statements are utterly false.

Permitting Policemen to "Resign."

The San Francisco Police Commissioners have refused to accept the resignation of Policeman J. C. Laws, who is accused of robbing a wounded man, while in his charge, of \$120 some weeks ago. It is not proved that the police officer is guilty of this crime, but if he is guilty, then all the more reason for holding up his resignation. The Commissioners had better see that he is tried, and if found guilty, sentenced; then they may dismiss him in disgrace. Laying aside this case, it may be generally remarked that in the past the Police Commissioners, the Chief of Police, the Police Captains, and the patrolmen themselves all seem

to think that policemen are subject to "a higher law," and that a policeman who gets drunk, steals, or murders may salve over his offense by "resigning." We hope that the present Commissioners will convince policemen that they are not only subject to the same laws as the rest of us, but that they are held to even a stricter accountability by reason of their being officers of the law.

San Francisco's Soiled Linen.

At a meeting of the Trans-Mississippi Congress in St. Louis on November 22d, the California delegates were angered and mortified by doubts expressed concerning the disposition of the San Francisco Relief Fund. In the course of a speech Mr. John Barrett, Ambassador from North America to South America, remarked on the disappearance of sums of money, intended for the Relief Fund, by "theft and graft." Delegate John P. Irish of Alameda County repudiated this charge, and stated that the present crusade in San Francisco against grafters was purely political, and was levelled at politicians and not at the Relief Committee.

This is entirely true. It is unfortunate that the San Francisco dailies in their crusade against grafters—which, as Mr. Irish states, is political—should have so extended it as to create the impression throughout the United States that the Relief Fund had been subject to grafting. The San Francisco dailies have, in fact, made distinct allegations to this effect, but we do not believe them, and we do not think that San Franciscans believe them. The various charges of appropriating specified remittances have all resulted in finding the missing money. In most cases it had been subscribed in Eastern cities, but had not been forwarded, and therefore had not yet been received here. The only specific case that we can find where the money did disappear, is that of a remittance of \$1085 from Searchlight, Nevada, shipped in currency by Wells Fargo & Company, and addressed to Mayor Schmitz. After a search extending over some months, Wells Fargo & Company have themselves paid the money to the Relief Corporation. This would seem to be an admission that they lost it themselves, and were making the loss good. We do not believe Mayor Schmitz misappropriated this money, and we do not think the community believes it either. We have had business dealings with Wells Fargo & Company for many years, and our knowledge of that corporation justifies us in the belief that it never had and never has the slightest intention of making good any loss which was not the result of its employees' negligence.

Selling Official Influence.

A queer story has come up in the tangled tale of graft and bribery now filling the San Francisco daily papers. It is stated that the proprietors of Marchand's, an old established San Francisco restaurant, were forced to pay \$1,000 before they could obtain a license from the Police Commissioners for reopening their place. The Board of Police Commissioners stands well in the esteem of San Francisco's citizens. Two of its members are men of the very highest character, while the others, although not standing so high socially and financially, still are looked upon as good citizens. That such men should have sold a license for a sum like \$1,000—which divided up among them would amount to very little—seems certainly strange. The most surprised men in the community are the Police Commissioners themselves. They state that the delay in granting the license was merely because application was made to establish the place in a residential district; the Commissioners wished to be perfectly sure that the presence of a restaurant with a license to sell liquor would not be obnoxious to the residents, and that it was not to be conducted in an objectionable way. These facts ascertained, they granted the license. They now state can-

didly, that if the Marchand people paid \$1,000 for the right to go into business, it was money thrown away, for they could have had it for nothing.

This recalls the famous story of a judge in a Western State. For many years common rumor said that his decisions were for sale. He had a thrifty brother, who was in the habit of approaching clients having cases pending before his brother, the judge. He sounded them cautiously, and in many cases got a rise. Being shrewd as well as thrifty, he always approached the clients on both sides.

No open accusation ever smirched the honor of the upright judge. No charge of graft ever was lodged against the thrifty brother, for he played fair. If he had taken money from Smith, the loser in the case of Smith vs. Jones, he invariably returned Smith his money. If Brown defeated Robinson in his brother's court, Robinson likewise got his money back. Thus the thrifty brother acquired a reputation in his community for honesty, whatever the people thought of the upright judge.

Years passed away, and the thrifty brother suddenly died. After a decent interval for mourning, the upright judge was one day approached by a suitor before his court. The result was a row and a scandal which made the ears of the community ring. Then the curious fact developed that for many years the thrifty brother had been selling the upright judge's decisions without consulting his honor in any way. He had adopted the simple expedient of giving back to the unsuccessful litigant his money and keeping the money of the other fellow. Time, which sets all things right, thus proved that the upright judge was really upright.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Argonaut a Certificate of Character.

Just before the earthquake and fire of last April the *Argonaut* had packed up a large number of magazines, pictorials, and other periodicals to ship to our soldiers in the Philippines. As the officers' clubs and the reading rooms in Manila are well provided with reading matter, we have been in the custom of forwarding such packages to remoter posts in other parts of the archipelago. As the easiest way of distributing such reading matter, we sent it to such of our army subscribers as were stationed in the islands, preferably to the enlisted men, as the officers generally are able to purchase reading matter for themselves.

A few days before the disaster we had packed over a dozen large sacks full of this reading matter. One lot was directed to Charles W. Graves, Chief Musician of the Twenty-first Infantry, then stationed in Samar, with the request that he would distribute same to such of the men in his command as cared for reading matter. It is no great merit to give to distant soldiers reading matter for which one no longer has need. But it takes not a little time and pains to pack, label, and ship such material. This batch was all duly packed and labeled. But it never went. With everything else in our office it was destroyed.

As we had mailed a letter to Musician Graves, notifying him to look out for his package when it reached Manila we were obliged to write again, telling him not to trouble himself. In a letter just received we find that he has been transferred from an archipelago off the coast of Asia to the great continental divide, a post in Colorado. We ask his pardon for printing his letter. We do it for several reasons; one is to show the high character of many of the enlisted men in our army; another, that, as he says: "Owing to the frequent expensive moves now made by the army," he is obliged to discontinue his second copy of the *Argonaut*, which had been sent to a friend; the third reason is to point out the fact that a soldier on the very meagre sum paid by Uncle Sam can afford to subscribe for two copies of an expensive journal like the *Argonaut*, which he has "read for more than twenty-three years, and that he considered "being a subscriber to the *Argonaut* as almost equivalent to a certificate of character."

The *Argonaut* receives many letters from its subscribers and has taken the liberty of printing more of them than usual during the last six months, in order to acknowledge their kindness and their loyalty. But it has received few which have pleased us more than this epistle from Chi Musician Graves of the Twenty-first Infantry, U. S. A.

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-FIRST INFANTRY,
FORT LOGAN, COLO., NOV. 11, 1906.

DEAR ARGONAUT:—Your kind letter of the 6th at hand was very thoughtful of you to remember us with books and periodicals and they would have afforded a lot of pleasure to our men in Samar and I am grateful for the intention. Their burning was the only personal loss sustained in the disaster. It may seem strange to you

but the wreck of your beautiful city caused us much sorrow when we got the news last April, and really saddened our return to the States. I speak for the whole regiment in this matter, as I heard general expressions of regret from all classes of officers and soldiers.

Owing to the frequent expensive moves now made by the army I can not afford to take two copies of the *Argonaut*, so please discontinue the subscription to—

I have read the *Argonaut* religiously for more than 23 years, first in the post library at old Fort Shaw, Montana, and later as a subscriber. It has followed me everywhere and I have made several converts. Being a subscriber to the *Argonaut* is almost equivalent to a certificate of character.

Thanking you for your courtesy,

I am yours sincerely,

CHARLES W. GRAVES.

The Atlas Insurance Co.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Nov. 16, 1906.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—In your issue of November 17, in the record of "Suits against Insurance Companies," you note a single action against the Atlas. Although the action has been settled at a figure which the Atlas estimated as the attorney fee it would have to pay for defending the action, and the case dismissed, the fact is that the assured had no claim against the Atlas, because they had surrendered the policy for cancellation before the fire, and the books of the Atlas show this. Unfortunately, the policy itself with the endorsement of the assured was burned, and the assured, taking advantage of the circumstance that the primary evidence of cancellation could not be produced, made claim against the Atlas, and, when payment was refused, commenced suit.

Yours truly,

W. C. SHARPSTEIN,

Attorney for Atlas Assurance Company.

Boycotting Roosevelt Ballots.

The following remarkable circular letter has been received by a machinery house that does a large business with Spanish America. In sending us the letter, they say: "Knowing the *Argonaut* has a large circulation among Republicans who are inclined toward Roosevelt, we are giving you this opportunity of saving the commerce of the United States in South America by notifying the public of our grave danger. It may be that you will not consider this communication really serious, but it is apparently intended to be so taken."

In effect, the circular letter received by our correspondent is so extraordinary in nature that it seems like a joke. It may be that it is an elaborate hoax. If so, its originator has gone to a vast amount of trouble over his joke. However, it is printed as it was received, and readers may draw their own conclusions:

GRAN TEMPLO DE CARACAS, Sept. 12, 1906.

We beg to inform you that the Sublime Brotherhood of the Zaques has issued a resolution according to which the American manufacturers who vote the Roosevelt ballot in the next presidential election will be excluded from the South-American trade.

Strong measures will be taken to enforce this resolution. Our boycott organization is much better than in China. We count already 117 boycott stations, entirely independent from South American governments. We are organized on a military basis, and obey the voice of only one chief.

Those firms, which can give us evidence of adopting the Bryan ballot can be sure of our efficient co-operation to increase their trade in these Southern countries. We will give them every available facility free of charge!

The triumph of Democracy is the only salvation for the United States. Otherwise the Roughrider and his followers are going to play havoc with the happiness and prosperity of the great nation.

The Southern countries are ready to shake hands with American Democracy and to look upon her as our good sister. We have already the pledge of her sincerity. Her voice has been always heard in behalf of our interests and mutual regards of sympathy have been exchanged in more than one occasion. Those sentiments should be increased and strengthened. The South tenders a hearty welcome to all good American citizens who are disposed to fraternize with us and to treat us on an equal basis.

If we have had, up to the present time the privilege of being treated as friends by the cordial American people, we do not feel disposed to give up this honor of our greatest esteem. We endeavor therefore to eliminate those troubles which threaten a deep disturbance of our friendly relations with the United States.

President Roosevelt has said in some recent speeches that the Latin-American countries are bound to disappear for two reasons: first, because they are Latin, and second, because they are small.

This gratuitous provocation needs no reply from our part. We submit the matter to your sound judgment and to the unbiased appreciations of the American people in general. The maintenance of cordial relations which is in our mutual interest, deserves indeed, the co-operation of the Pacific and industrious citizens.

We therefore, invite you to refuse your help to the painful candidate whose discredit is so large that has roused throughout this land the greatest suspicions and the worst kind of feelings, and whose crooked ways are jeopardizing the future of your happy and prosperous nation.

Done in this our Grand Temple of Caracas in this day 12th of September of 1906, by order of the Great Zipa, Son of the Sun, Great Master of the Sublime Brotherhood and Sovereign of all tribes which inhabit the America from Mexico to Fireland.

JURY ARY.

Comendador of the S. H. Z.

In Sweden the depot waiting rooms are provided with beds for passengers, and porters call the travelers ten minutes before the arrival of trains.

THOROUGHBREDS AT THE SHOW.

New York Society in Review at the Annual Horse Fair.

Greatest of events in New York society, the one that ushers in the "season," the annual Horse Show opened at Madison Square Garden yesterday in a glory of black and gold, and while the exhibits and attendance were remarkable in the early hours of the day, the exhibition in the evening far outshone any previous opening. The highest anticipation had been indulged in, particularly by the world of purveyors who build upon this yearly period of lavish expenditure, and none had looked for such a profusion of favors as the first day and night showered upon all present or interested. Indications were distinctly favorable far in advance. High bidding marked the caution of the arena boxes, a method of allotment that had not been used for years. In all the really fashionable supper-rooms tables have been reserved for weeks. It was certain that not only those whose names are familiar to all readers of Manhattan gossip, but those who take advantage eagerly of the one opportunity to gaze at close range upon the society leaders, were seriously intent upon the show. The appearance of the immense assembly last night discounted all forecasts.

Many changes have come to this yearly exhibition since its successful inauguration in 1883, in the old Madison Square Garden. It is not the same show nor the same place, though the names are unchanged. The new Madison Square Garden, with its Giralda tower, the building planned by the late Stanford White, is better fitted for the manifold purposes of this event. The National Horse Show Association continues its original programme with a few improvements and a steadily increasing list of events in the ring, but the institution has broadened until it is no longer a New York City monopoly. Prize-winning horses come from Chicago and farther west, from Toronto and Montreal; society people of Baltimore, Washington, and Pittsburg meet in the promenade and look on from the boxes. It has grown to real national importance. It is more dignified, a greater show of dress and fashion than the Saratoga races, but it is no less cosmopolitan. There are all sorts in the throng, but they are all well dressed, all on parade. Each one may fancy himself or herself mistaken by the nearest spectator for a member of some charmed circle, and there is an uplift in the thought.

Of the animals who furnish the motive of this great gathering of those who really care only to see people or to be seen by them, there might be written pages of admiring description. It will convey no idea to the one who merely reads of them to say that the 1700 horses to be seen at one time or another in the ring are valued at much more than a half-million dollars. They represent every type of horseflesh, from ponies to carriage horses, from jumpers to pacers. Beautiful, all of them, the pick of breeders' favorites, silken-coated, fine-skinned thoroughbreds, most of them with more intelligence in their eyes than in those of the blank-faced grooms or even the imperturbable whips who handle the reins so deftly. And the care that is given them, and the equipment that sets off their appearance and capabilities bespeak more than mere expense. They win attention in spite of counter-claims, but they deserve more than the scattering applause that follows feats of quickness and exact training or the award of the cherished blue ribbon.

After a preliminary trial of saddle horses in the ring yesterday morning, and some exercising of fancy-bred stock, the judging began. Hunters and jumpers, ponies in harness, harness tandems, ponies under saddle, and roadsters and road rigs took up the three hours before the luncheon recess. In the afternoon there were pairs of ponies in the ring and some of the handsomest turnouts were shown. Reginald Vanderbilt secured second prize with his Frocks and Frills, but the first prize was won by W. H. Moore's Beulah Bennett and Bracelet. Mr. Moore, formerly of Chicago, is one of the most enthusiastic and most heavily interested exhibitors. He has more than \$100,000 invested in the stock which he has entered in the various classes. He has won the most coveted prize of the show—the Waldorf-Astoria Cup—twice, with his fine horse, Forest King, and will try for it again this year with the same animal. Should he be successful the trophy is his to keep. Twenty of the finest horses in the show will compete for the cup. Among those acknowledged to be close to first place are the entries of Reginald and Alfred G. Vanderbilt and Miss Giulia Morosini. In the jumping event yesterday, Canadian horses won,

the first prize going to Lord Minto, owned by George Pepper of Toronto, and the second to Confidence, the property of Captain W. H. Evans of Montreal.

Attractive as are the prize-winners in the contests, they are not the chief attraction. In the evening, especially, the occupants of the arena boxes have four-fifths of the attention of the spectators. In the list of box-holders are such names as William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Reginald and Alfred Vanderbilt, Mrs. Eben Wright, Oliver Harriman, Mrs. Henry Siegel, Elbridge T. Gerry, A. J. Cassatt, Henry Seligman, Senator George Peabody Wetmore, Judge E. H. Gary, Commodore F. G. Bourne, Harry Payne Whitney, E. Francis Hyde, Paul A. Sorg, and Elisha Dyer, Jr. These represent many outside the prominent families of Manhattan, and show how wide the interest is in the exhibition. A box costs something more than \$500, on an average, and that is only a small item in the expense of those who have entries in the contests. Even for those who enjoy the affairs as they do the opera, there is costly outlay. The young people, the debutantes and their set, may go in the morning or afternoon in simple elegance, but the evening display is the most extravagant expression of modes and ornaments. Furs and velvets, silks and laces, feathers and jewels, are seen in striking and bewildering combinations. Night after night new gowns are displayed, Parisian creations without doubt, and the exhibition is unique each evening with kaleidoscopic changes. The men are not entirely out of this feast of adornment. Fancy waistcoats, beyond the earlier fancies of ex-Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff, are in distinct favor during the day, and at night they give way to low-cut white ones, such as have never permitted a broader expanse of shirtfront to reflect the rays of the myriads of incandescent lamps.

The suppers that round out the full day of society dissipation are by no means the least of the enjoyments. A dinner is a necessity as has been said, the later refection is distinctly luxurious. The half-dozen best known of the New York restaurants are familiar names to all who have ever visited the metropolis. Those places are never without their crowds of patrons, but on the nights of the horse show they entertain the greatest throngs of guests whose orders are admirably fashioned to please caterers and waiters. It is reported that some of the enthusiastic horse owners expend one-third of a big income at the horse show; it may be set down as a certainty that many of those who join the supper throngs at the restaurants, to be even more seemingly intimate with wealth and fashion for an hour, spend a week's income on the terrapin and broiled quails, the salads and the champagne, that are indispensable accessories to the brief space of princely entertainment.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20, 1906.

A strange piece of legal casuistry is reported from Louisiana, where the State supreme court appears to have held that a statement which is not only true, but even sincerely commendatory, may be libelous. A New Orleans newspaper, learning that a reputable physician had effected a remarkable cure, published without consulting the physician a glowing account of what he had done. He thereupon brought suit for libel, claiming that the account of the cure—which he did not deny in any particular—was calculated to injure him professionally by giving rise to the idea that he had sought it and had "advertised" his skill, thereby placing himself among the "quacks," since medical etiquette forbids advertising. The trial court held for the defendant, that is the newspaper. But the supreme court appears to have sustained the whole theory of the plaintiff's contention.

It is not generally known that Nelson's death was the origin of the black silk handkerchief which the sailor wears under his broad blue collar, tied in a loose knot in front, says the *London Court Journal*. The scarf or handkerchief was first worn as mourning for the great admiral and by some means or other it was retained and eventually became a part of the naval man's uniform. The white stripes around the broad blue collar are unintelligible to the average individual, but they have a very significant meaning. They represent the victories at the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar.

Marrying a girl against the wishes of her parents is, next to murder, the most severely punishable crime in Lapland.

HELD UP BY A WOMAN.

How the San Luis Obispo Stage Was Stopped by a Female Highwayman.

Some years ago my business, at certain periods of the year, carried me pretty frequently up and down the road between San Luis Obispo and Soledad, on the Salinas River, as I had interests to look after in both neighborhoods. At such times, it was necessary for me to carry, now and again, considerable sums of money to pay off hands and do other things connected with my business. Of course the only practical way to do this was either to carry the money on my person or to send it by Wells-Fargo. Sometimes I did the one, sometimes the other, for though stage robberies were almost unknown in that section, I thought it as well not to show my hand, and so sometimes simply packed the coin in my saddle bags or in some of the many ways known to old-timers, and trusted to my pistols for protection. Now I look back upon it, I am surprised that such a lonely and uninhabited section, as the country lying between Monterey and San Luis Obispo was then, was not more frequently the scene of highway robberies.

At about the end of winter, I had occasion to make a trip from the neighborhood of Jim Low's—as the next station south of Salinas Crossing at Soledad is called—to San Luis Obispo on business. It was partly to get money to pay my shearers and others—all that neighborhood then was little better than a vast grazing ground for sheep and cattle, and March was one of the busiest months in the year for both classes of stock-raisers, the cattle-men being engaged in branding, and the sheep-men very frequently in shearing. I calculated that about fifteen hundred dollars would see me through, and so, as I say, about the end of March I rode into Jim Low's, and leaving my horse there, boarded the south-bound stage for San Luis when it came along.

The rivers were running pretty high that spring, I remember, and we had some difficulty in crossing the San Antonio some miles below, the sands having shifted at the regular crossing. However, we got to the Pleito Ranch all right, where we changed horses, took dinner, and again started on our journey. There was, however, one more river to cross, and that was the Nacimiento, lying between the Pleito and San Miguel, after which it was plain sailing clear into San Luis Obispo. I happened to be the only passenger in the stage that trip, and while the driver and myself were discussing the feasibility of risking the passage, a man, whom I recognized as a rancher who lived close by, rode up and advised us not to try it, as his own wagon had been nearly carried down the stream that morning. He added that if we liked, we could put up at his place all night. As the past two days had been clear, there was every probability that the freshet would go down before morning, and after a brief consultation we decided to do so.

"We shall have to pay, though," said the driver to me, with a wink as he turned his leaders from the bank; "and pretty roundly, too—mind that. Old Williams is a hard one. I've got stalled here once or twice before, and the company gave me h—l for it, you bet. It's just nuts for the old man to ketch the stage in a tight place. Did you notice how he was layin' for us as we come up? But the river's too high this trip to fool with, and I aint a-goin' to risk my life for no company, leastwise for no such wages as I'm gittin'!" and with a vicious crack of his whip to the off leader, he turned into the yard where our host was awaiting us.

I was not surprised at the caustic remarks of the driver, as old William's parsimony was the talk of the country side, although rumor had it that he was worth many thousand dollars in cash, besides herds of cattle in the foothills and roaming along the Salinas.

We passed the time as best we could till supper was called, when we went in and were received by our host's wife, a woman of about forty years of age, who had meanwhile been doing the cooking in the kitchen. The meal was really a good one, plentiful in every respect, and well cooked. Mrs. Williams's conversation and demeanor, too, were courteous and pleasant, though one could see by her face she was a woman of determined character.

After supper we were shown the sleeping accommodations, which consisted of a single apartment, or loft, on the second story of the house, directly under the roof. At each side of the room, at intervals of about four feet, were spread six camp beds, twelve in all, for Old Williams's ranch had been the supper stopping-place of the up stage

some years before, until his inordinate charges caused the stage company to remove its patronage to the Pleito Ranch. We had our pick of the beds, and I turned in and was presently fast asleep.

I am anything but a heavy sleeper, however, and can not have slept long before I was awakened. Some persons were talking close by, and as I was sleeping on the bed next a partition wall, and as the voices were male and female, I reasoned that they must proceed from the family bedroom of Mr. and Mrs. Williams.

"Marthy," said a voice that I at once recognized as that of old man Williams, "I tell you I kaint afford it. You'll ruin me with your extravagances. What with your house bills, and your dress bills, an' your gallivantin' about, an' your trips to town, I'm s'prised you should dream of such a thing. Five hundred dollars for a trip to Frisco! Why, you must be crazy!"

"It's you that's crazy, you old hunks," replied the female voice in scornful tones; "it's six years since I've been to anywheres hut San Luis. Do you think I'm agoin' to toil and slave to make money for you all my life, an' get no good out of it? I put my foot right down here, and say I won't. I'm goin' to Frisco to spend a month with my sister, an' I'm not agoin' to be laughed at when I get there, you can just bet your sweet life. Five hundred dollars an' not a cent less. Why, I hain't got a rag fit to be seen in—hain't had these six years, an' I don't propose to stand it no longer."

"But who's goin' to take charge of the ranch, Marthy, when we're both away?" queried the old man, querulously; "it'll go to rack an' ruin sure."

"Why, wouldn't Mr. and Mrs. Jeffreys be glad to come? Hain't I asked them and hain't they said so? An' hain't they got Tom an' Bill to help 'em and old man Morgan to do the chores? What're ye talkin' about?" disdainfully rejoined the female voice.

"I see it all, Marthy," rejoined old man Williams; "it's all beca'se I've got to go to the hay that you want to go too. But mine's hisness, an' you know it. Ther ain't no 'arthy use of you goin', 'cept to spend money. Now look a-here, Marthy, there's four hundred dollars, as you know, nes'ry to meet that little bill of Baxter's for that las' hit o' land. My stagin' back an' forrud, twenty-five dollars each way—that's fifty. Two days in town, two dollars—kain't do it a cent less 'cept Baxter treats—them cities is orful 'xpensive. Now there's four hundred and fifty-two dollars got to be paid. An' you want five hundred more for nothin' at all!" Here the old man groaned as if his heart would break.

"Nothin' or no nothing," replied Mrs. Williams decisively, "I'm goin' to hev it. Don't you forget that."

"Well, well, Marthy," said the old man, after a pause, in what was evidently meant for a soothing and mollifying key, "you was allus a good gal. I'll see what kin be done. Them banks in San Luis is orful close, though. You mustn't 'spect too much."

"Don't give me none o' your games," rejoined his hetter-half sternly; "you tried that once afore, an' if you go for to try it agin, you'll try it once too often. Mind what I'm a-tellin' ye."

After this the voices ceased, and as the snoring had also ceased at last I managed to fall asleep.

Next morning we found the river had gone down according to expectation, and after paying our bills for man and horse—which were certainly pretty steep—we resumed our journey at day-break, supplemented, however, by another passenger in the person of old man Williams.

"No foolin' now, Si," shouted his dame as we drove out of the yard; "five hundred or nothin'."

"Aye, aye, Marthy," replied her spouse; "I'll be back to-morrer evenin'."

Well, we got into San Luis without further mishap about noon, taking extra horses at Santa Margarita to get us over the hill and make up for lost time. In order not to delay the passengers who had arrived from Santa Barbara and southern points the night before, it was decided that as we had lost half-a-day, the same stage would start on its return trip in the course of an hour. As the only business I had to do was to draw money, I was perfectly ready to start the same afternoon. While I was in the bank getting my coin, old Williams came in and also made out a draft. I was a little curious as to the amount, and purposely hung around to see what was paid him. I noticed that the clerk counted him out just four hundred and fifty-two dollars.

At one o'clock we left San Luis, again taking extra horses to see us over the hill. There were now four passengers, old Williams, a well-known land owner in Santa Barbara, a whiskey-drummer, and myself. As the weather was cold, we all got

inside the coach, and enlivened the tedium of the route as well as we could in the various ways known to old stagers. By the time we got to San Miguel it was quite dark, and as we approached the Nacimiento River about an hour afterward, I noticed that old Williams's trepidation, which had been noticeable for some time past, became more apparent than ever. As the horses plashed out of the stream on the further bank, I remarked that the old man had retired into the furthest corner of the coach, had muffled his head in a travelling rug, and was snoring heavily.

As soon as we gained firm ground the driver whipped up and the stage bowled past the approach to old Williams's house at a lively pace. Not, however, before a female figure, in whom by the coach-lantern I recognized Mrs. Williams, had looked into the stage and detected her recreant spouse, muffled as he was, in the corner.

"I saw ye, Si," she shouted after us, as we bowed along; "ye can't fool me. I thought ye'd try to play me, you old whelp, but wait a bit—the rest of her speech was lost in the distance."

From the Nacimiento Crossing to the Pleito Ranch is some ten miles, and here the north-bound stage in these days always stopped to change horses and let the passengers eat supper. Half-an-hour afterward we resumed our journey. We began to get livelier under the influence of the good cheer to which we had done ample justice. The colonel from Santa Barbara was particularly entertaining. The drummer's best samples circulated freely, and even old Williams joined in the general exhilaration, when, all of a sudden, the coach drew up with a jerk which nearly threw us out of our seats and the familiar muzzle of a double-barreled shotgun was thrust in at the window.

"Never mind throwin' down the box, Jim," shouted a voice which I fancied I had heard before "that ain't what I'm after. Come, pile out on the road, you galoots inside, an' be quick about it. Wake up, old man," continued the voice, ironically evidently addressing old Williams, who had shrunk back into his corner dead with terror.

It is needless to say we obeyed the injunction with alacrity. People always do under such circumstances. But who shall depict our astonishment when we saw that this daring road-agent who had stopped us was a woman, and still more to my surprise I saw it was neither more nor less than Mrs. Williams.

"Hold up yer hands, gents," said our captor quietly; "tain't you I'm after; it's you, ye good for nothin' nincompoop," she continued, addressing her husband, as she covered him with the shot-gun "Jest shell out that money ye got today at the bank—all—every cent of it."

With trembling hand old Williams drew from his breast an old leather pocketbook, and handed it to his spouse who opened it and glanced at the contents, still keeping the gun leveled in our direction.

"Four hundred an' fifty-two dollars," she said slowly, after a careful scrutiny; "I thought so, ye're forty-eight dollars short. Hain't ye got no more?"

"Not a cent, Marthy," returned the terror-stricken man, "as God's my witness."

"Well, ye kin horrow it off some o' them gents. They know ye're good for it," returned his ohndurate spouse.

The whole situation was so ludicrous that we other three passengers and the driver burst into a roar of laughter. I immediately reached for my purse, but the colonel was before me, and with a low bow and benignant smile, tendered his. The woman accepted it with the utmost gravity, and took from it two twenties, a five, and three dollars in silver.

"This," she said solemnly, as she returned the purse, "is a loan to the old man. Never fear. He'll pay. I'll make him. Now, Si," she continued turning to her husband, "you'll find my horse tethered over thar. Git on his back an' go to San Luis for more money. I'm goin' to Frisco in this yer stage, if them gents has no objections. I'll meet you up thar."

We, gallantly, simultaneously, and unanimously assured her we had none. Two minutes afterward we were bowling along merrily again as if nothing had happened. Mrs. Williams was the lion, or rather the lioness, of that trip. She had, of course mounted on horseback after the stage passed the ranch, with the intention of overtaking us while we were taking supper at the Pleito, which she did with the above result.

None of us, I think, ever gave the business away not even the colonel, though he relished the joke hugely. Few people care to confess that they have been stood up by a woman.

DISCHARGED WITHOUT HONOR.

Three Companies of Negro Troops Dismissed by Peremptory Order of the President.

Three companies of negro soldiers have been discharged from the United States army without honor. When these companies were stationed at Fort Brown, Texas, last August, certain members of them shot a citizen and wounded a policeman of the neighboring town of Brownsville. General Garlington, Inspector-General of the army, was unable to discover the offenders, because, as he reported, the men "appeared to stand together to resist the detection of the guilty." In his report to the President he recommended that orders be issued discharging, without honor, every man in the three companies serving at the date of the disorder, and forever debarring them from re-enlisting in the army or navy and from employment in any civil capacity under the government. The President adopted the recommendation. This is the official order:

By order of the President the following named enlisted men who, on August 13, were members of B, C, and D companies of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, which took part in the trouble which occurred in Brownsville, Texas, on the night of August 13, 1906, will be discharged without honor from the army by their respective commanding officers and forever debarrd from re-enlisting in the army or navy of the United States, as well as from employment in any civil capacity under the Government.

The order was received at Fort Reno, Okla., on November 14, and came as a great surprise to the negro soldiers. In a few minutes the 170 men affected by the order had gathered to talk over the situation:

"Well, I'm satisfied," remarked one of the younger soldiers. "I'll be glad to get out of this place on any terms. I'd just as soon be discharged that way as to be kept inside the garrison lines a prisoner, as we've all been since August."

"You boys don't know what you're talking about. I can't believe it, I can't believe it," said an old negro who had seen 20 years of service in the army. "Men, there's nothin' that could be done to us that would be worse than this. I don't know what we old fellows will do. I don't believe the President meant it that way."

Press reports gave these particulars of the result of the President's order:

The negro soldiers dismissed by the President were formally dismissed at El Reno, Okla., on November 18. Many of the men, some of whom had been in the service more than 20 years, shed tears when they gave up their arms. Monday the dismissed troops had battalion drill without arms. The Second Battalion of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, under command of Major Charles J. T. Larke, from San Antonio, is in camp just outside the garrison limits of Fort Reno. The negro troops have shown no disposition to be ugly.

Hardly had the news of the President's judgment been made public when a shower of protests began to descend upon the War Department at Washington. Not alone from the colored people, North and South, but from prominent whites, many even in official circles, came earnest requests for a suspension of the order. President Roosevelt as away on his trip to Panama, and nothing could be done by the members of the Cabinet. Meetings were held in New York, Boston, and other cities to discuss the matter, and many speakers criticized harshly the manner in which the order was made as well as its terms. These are significant paragraphs from the *World's* report of the meeting in New York:

After President Roosevelt had been scored by Gilchrist Stewart, a negro Republican orator, the Republican County Committee last night unanimously adopted these resolutions:

"Whereas, There has been issued by the War Department of the United States, acting upon the instructions of the President as commander-in-chief of the army and navy, an order discharging dishonorably, without trial, three companies of the Twenty-fifth Regiment, United States Infantry; be it

"Resolved by the Republican County Committee of New York County, That we deplore the sacrifice of this battalion of a gallant regiment; and be it further

"Resolved, That we respectfully ask the President to rescind said order immediately, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the War Department and that we request due representation of this action to be made by the Republican Congressmen of this county to the War Department immediately."

A motion to sidetrack the resolutions by referring them to the Executive Committee was voted down with a majority. Some of the clauses which Chairman Parsons succeeded in having chopped out referred to the forty years of gallant service of the negro regiment, and to the written code of honor among soldiers which prevented the troops from "peaching" on their comrades, as the president desired. Another charged the drastic action of the President to the influence of Col. Garlington, a South Carolinian by birth, whom Mr. Stewart charged to be animated by race prejudice.

The meeting of protest at Faneuil Hall, Boston, attended by 400 people who cheered the severe charges made against President Roosevelt for his action:

William Lloyd Garrison declared it was time for the colored people to organize for lawful self-defense. Edward E. Brown, in a voice choked with emotion, said that the colored people of Boston would be false to their consciences, their mothers and fathers, and to the ten millions of their race if they did not utter a protest against what seems to be an unjust decision of the chief executive of the nation.

Mr. Grimke declared that Roosevelt was afraid to have the order issued before election, because he feared that Hughes would lose the 40,000 colored votes in New York. "Let us tonight as colored men shatter that idol," declared Mr. Grimke. "I now take the image of President Theodore Roosevelt, throw it and shatter it in the dust."

Editorial comment is free on the order of dismissal, and there are few efforts to uphold the extreme action of the President. The *New York Evening Post* says:

To our mind, Mr. Roosevelt has established a most pernicious precedent, besides doing a grave wrong to many innocent servants of the country. In his desire to let the South see that he is as ready to punish the misconduct of blacks as of whites, he has leaned over backwards. We sincerely hope that he may yet revoke an order which not only will increase his unpopularity with the army, but which reflects upon his good judgment.

In its criticism of the order the *New York World* raises a point of authority:

In army circles as well as outside them President Roosevelt's wholesale order of dishonorable discharge against every man in three companies of the Twenty-fifth Infantry is indignantly condemned. Aside from its injustice and inexpediency, its legality is challenged by competent authorities. As commander-in-chief of the army the President has absolute power to discharge any enlisted man without trial, but has he legal authority to make that discharge "dishonorable" at his caprice?

This is the sustaining declaration of the *New York Outlook*:

By this drastic action notice is served, first, upon non-commissioned officers that they are responsible for keeping informed as to the temper and conduct of the men under them; second, upon the private soldiers of the army that the United States will not tolerate them when they cease to be protectors of the people and become instead disturbers of the public peace and a menace to the lives of citizens; and, third, upon the colored population that the worst service they can do their race is to shield the members of the race who have become enemies of the community of the Nation. Unquestionably by this action some brave and innocent men will greatly suffer; but they are the victims of a false race loyalty.

Secretary Taft notified the President by cable of the flood of protests and received in reply a message from Porto Rico, where the President was at that time. This was reported in these words:

A telegram was received from the President in which he declines to suspend the order discharging the troops unless there are new facts of such importance as to warrant him. He states that the action was taken after due deliberation, and that the only matter to which he can pay heed is the presentation of facts showing the official reports to be in whole or in part untrue, or clearly exculpating some individual. If any such facts later appear he can act as he deems advisable, but thus far nothing has been introduced to warrant the suspension of the order, and he directs that it be executed.

Among the soldiers dishonorably discharged are non-commissioned officers who by long and faithful service would have soon been entitled to the benefits of the retired list. Six of the discharged men, according to the records, have medals of honor and thirteen certificates of merit. Some of these colored soldiers have seen service on the Western frontier, in Cuba, and in the Philippines. Three privates have been dishonorably discharged at Fort Riley, Kan., from the Ninth Cavalry, in which they re-enlisted this fall after their term of enlistment in the Twenty-fifth Infantry expired.

A very full house assembled at the French Chamber of Deputies to hear M. Clemenceau, the new premier, read his declaration of policy. Reading from the tribune, M. Clemenceau stated that the country had not changed in its desire to maintain peace with foreign nations—a dignified peace. Republicans were able to point to the fact that not once during the twenty-five years the republic had been in existence could it be accused of doing anything to endanger the peace of Europe. At the same time, so long as the peace of the civilized world is founded on force of arms, it is impossible for France to disarm. M. Clemenceau went on to say that an important part of the defensive power of France resided in the international understandings which France had concluded with other nations. Among the internal reforms which M. Clemenceau promised to undertake are the abolition of military courts-martial, complete secularization of all schools, workmen's old-age pensions, the purchase by the State of the Western of France Railway, an income tax, and the strict maintenance of the law separating Church and State.

A man who fails to raise his hat when a funeral is passing in Chester, England, is liable to fine and imprisonment.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Senator Wetmore in Rhode Island, and Senator Dryden in New Jersey, are threatened with displacement when their terms expire.

The *Jewish American*, which William R. Hearst started on the East Side in New York on October 15 for political purposes, quit business November 15. The employees received notice that the paper had been suspended.

Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture, is the nestor of the cabinet, and is now the only member who was one of the original group composing it at the beginning of Mr. McKinley's administration. Secretaries Root and Hitchcock were each members of Mr. McKinley's cabinet, but both entered it toward the close of his first term.

Edwin S. Stuart, the newly elected Governor of Pennsylvania, is manager of Philadelphia's most famous book store—Leary's. He is said to know more about the market value of old books than any other man in the United States. Mr. Stuart is also President of the Union League Club, the first of that league of organizations formed in the country.

Politicians gathering in Washington since the election say that unless Speaker Cannon very soon gives indication that he is going to take a more friendly view of the proposal to revise the tariff, and particularly give assurances that if re-elected speaker he will reorganize the Ways and Means Committee in favor of the revisionists, there will be started in the next few weeks a movement to depose him in the Sixtieth Congress, and put a new man in the chair who will take a more kindly view of the tariff revision sentiment.

District-Attorney Jerome, of New York, has at length made his report to Governor Higgins on the Mutual Life Insurance Company investigation. It is a voluminous document of 14,000 words, but further reports will be made on the other companies. The conclusions of the district-attorney are that there is no State law under which insurance officials can be proceeded against criminally for acts now or formerly in common practice, some of which were made public during the recent legislative inquiry, except in the cases of two officers of the Mutual Life, against whom specific charges of forgery and larceny have been filed.

Ex-Governor B. B. Odell, Jr., is frank in his criticism of President Roosevelt's interference in the New York campaign. An Associated Press report credits him with saying:

"I think the President's interference was on a par with every other instance of Presidential interference in State politics. It was disastrous to the party, just as the interference of President Arthur was disastrous, and as every other such movement has been disastrous from the days of De Witt Clinton to the present time. The people of this State have always resented the interference of a President of the United States in their local elections. I think the interference of President Roosevelt did more harm than good."

Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler, the lawyer who has been elected Lieutenant-Governor of New York, is descended from the Astors through his mother, Margaret Astor Ward, whose great-grandfather was the original John Jacob Astor. He is a cousin of Col. John Jacob Astor and of William Waldorf Astor. His father was John Winthrop Chanler, at one time a Sachem in Tammany, and for several terms a congressman. Mr. Chanler is 37 years old. He was born in Newport, R. I., and at 21 married Miss Alice Chamberlain, in London. Mrs. Chanler was one of the guests invited to the dinner given by Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt in honor of Prince Henry—an event which for the time being pruned the Four Hundred down to about 40. Mr. and Mrs. Chanler have three children.

Secretary of the Navy Charles J. Bonaparte, in a recent interview published in the *Baltimore News* seriously suggested the establishment of a legalized "boss" in each political party in each of the States and cities, the "boss" to be empowered to select the candidates for the various elective officers, thereby doing away with nominating conventions. He said:

"He ought to be elected annually by the legal voters of his party, at a primary held under all the sanctions of law, and at which only this one office, or rather position, should be filled. I think it probable that no one of the persons who have been known as bosses since I have known something about politics would have been elected at such a primary. Now by a legalized 'boss' I mean an individual authorized by one of the parties to choose all the candidates of that party for elective offices within a designated territory—to do intelligently, deliberately, and carefully the work which is supposed to be done by nominating conventions. Of course, every facility should be afforded for making independent nominations, whether within the organized parties or without."

AS H. G. WELLS SEES US.

Impressions Received by a Trip to America
"in Search of Realities."

H. G. Wells, author of fantastic romances of the time-to-come, started from his pleasant English country home early last spring for the United States, on "a search after realities," and to attempt to answer a tremendous problem: What is going to happen to the United States of America in the next thirty years or so? Mr. Wells stayed two months, and has written his impressions in an entertaining, but not always convincing, volume, "The Future in America." At the outset, the author prepares the reader for the serious character of the book, and disabuses "his mind of the idea that in writing of the Future in America, I'm going to write of houses a hundred stories high and flying-machines in warfare, and things like that." The Chinese peril, the trusts, the blacks, the socialists, the immigrants; New York's architecture, Boston's culture, Chicago's so-called sordidness—all of our familiar problems, perils, and institutions are glanced at hastily, and commented on positively.

New York's boasted skyscrapers had an effect of immense incompleteness on the imaginative tourist, and he believes that New Yorkers would welcome a fire like the San Francisco disaster, which would enable them to rebuild a bigger and a better city:

At a bright table in Delmonico's today at lunch-time, my host told me the first news of the destruction of the great part of San Francisco by earthquake and fire. It had just come through to him, it wasn't yet being shouted by the newsboys. He told me complacently of dislocated water-mains, of the ill-luck of the unusual eastward wind that was blowing the fire up-town, of a thousand reported dead, of the manifest doom of the greater portion of the city, and presently the shouting voices in the street outside arose to chorus him. He was a newspaper man and a little pre-occupied because his San Francisco offices were burning, and that no further news was arriving after these first intimations. Naturally the catastrophe was our topic. But this disaster did not affect him, it does not seem to have affected any one with a sense of final destruction, with any foreboding of irreparable disaster. Every one is talking of it this afternoon, and no one is in the least degree dismayed. I have talked and listened in two clubs, watched people in cars and in the street, and one man is glad that Chinatown will be cleared out for good; another's chief solicitude is for Millet's "Man with the Hoe." "They'll cut it out of the frame," he says, a little anxiously. "Sure."

But there is no doubt anywhere that San Francisco can be rebuilt, larger, better, and soon. Just as there would be none at all if all this New York that has so obsessed me with its limitless bigness was itself a blazing ruin. I believe these people would more than half like the situation. It would give them scope, it would facilitate that conversion into white marble in progress everywhere, it would settle the difficulties of the elevated railroad and clear out the tangles of lower New York. There is no sense of accomplishment and finality in any of these things, the largest, the finest, the tallest, are so obviously no more than symptoms and promises of material progress, of inhuman material progress that is so in the nature of things that no one would regret their passing.

Despite the foregoing reflections, Mr. Wells, later in the book, makes this astonishing statement:

New York is not simply more interesting than Rome, but more significant, more stimulating, and far more beautiful, and the idea that to be concerned about the latter in preference to the former, is a mark of finer mental quality is one of the most mischievous and foolish ideas that ever invaded the mind of man. We are obsessed by the scholastic prestige of mere knowledge and genteel remoteness. Over against unthinking ignorance is scholarly refinement, the spirit of Boston; between that Scylla and Charybdis the creative mind of man steers its precarious way.

If New York impressed him with its incompleteness, Boston, he says, produces an immense effect of finality. This is Mr. Wells's idea of "the spirit of Boston":

I do not know why the full sensing of what is ripe and good in the past should carry with it this quality of discriminating against the present and the future. The fact remains that it does so almost op-

pressively. I found myself by some accident of hospitality one evening in the company of a number of Boston gentlemen who constituted a book-collecting club. They had dined, and they were listening to a paper on Bibles printed in America. It was a scholarly, valuable, and exhaustive piece of research. The surviving copies of each edition were traced, and when some rare specimen was mentioned as the property of any member of the club there was decorously warm applause. I had been seeing Boston, drinking in the Boston atmosphere all day. I know it will seem an ungracious and ungrateful thing to confess (yet the necessities of my picture of America compel me), but as I sat at the large and beautifully ordered table, with these fine, rich men about me, and listened to the steady progress of the reader's ever unrhymed sentences, and the little bursts of approval, it came to me with a horrible quality of conviction that the mind of the world was dead, and that this was a distribution of souvenirs.

Indeed, so strongly did this grip me, that presently, upon some slight occasion, I excused myself and went out into the night.

I wandered about Boston for some hours, trying to shake off this unfortunate idea. I felt that all the books had been written, all the pictures painted, all the thoughts said—or at least that nobody would ever believe this wasn't so. I felt it was dreadful nonsense to go on writing books. Nothing remained but to collect them in the richest, finest manner one could. Somewhere about midnight I came to a publisher's window, and stood in the dim moonlight peering enviously at piled copies of Izaak Walton, Omar Khayyam, and all the happy immortals who got in before the gates were shut. And then in the corner I discovered a thin, small book. For a time I could scarcely believe my eyes. I lit a match to be the surer. And it was "A Modern Symposium," by Lowes Dickinson, beyond all disputing. It was strangely comforting to see it there—a leaf of olive from the world of thought I had imagined drowned forever.

The capacity of Boston, it would seem, was just sufficient, but no more than sufficient, to comprehend the whole achievement of the human intellect, up, let us say, to the year 1875 A. D. Then an equilibrium was established. At or about that year Boston filled up.

One of our major faults, as a people, is that we are undisciplined, the author avers. And Chicago especially, is "one hoarse cry for discipline." Here is his unpleasant picture of Chicago:

In smoky, vast, undisciplined Chicago, growth forced itself upon me again as the dominant American fact, but this time a dark disorder of growth. I went about Chicago seeing many things of which I may say something later. I visited the top of the Masonic Building and viewed a wilderness of sky-scrappers. I acquired a film of memories of swing bridges and viaducts and interlacing railways and jostling crowds and extraordinarily dirty streets; I learnt something of the mystery of the "floating foundations" upon which so much of Chicago rests. But I got my best vision of Chicago as I left it.

I sat in the open observation-car at the end of the Pennsylvania Limited Express, and watched the long defile of industrialism from the Union Station in the heart of things to out beyond South Chicago, a dozen miles away. I had not gone to the bloody spectacle of the stock yards that "feed the world," because, to be frank, I have an immense repugnance to the killing of fixed and helpless animals. I saw nothing of those ill-managed, ill-inspected establishments, though I smelt the unwholesome reek from them ever and again, and so it was here I saw for the first time the enormous expanse and intricacy of railroads that net this great industrial desolation, and something of the going and coming of the myriads of polyglot workers. Chicago burns bituminous coal, it has a reek that outdoes London, and right and left of the line rise vast chimneys, huge blackened grain-elevators, flame-crowned turnpikes and gauntly ugly and filthy factory buildings, monstrous mounds of refuse, desolate, empty lots littered with rusty cans, old iron, and indescribable rubbish. Interspersed with these are groups of dirty, insanitary-looking wooden houses.

Even amidst the sombre uncleanness of Chicago one sees the light of a new epoch, the coming of new conceptions, of foresight, of large collective plans and discipline to achieve them, the fresh, green leaves, among all the festering manure, of the giant growths of a more orderly and more beautiful age.

Our philanthropists, it appears, add to the general confusion by their promiscuous giving:

American cities are being littered with a disorder of unsystematized foundations and picturesque legacies, much as I find my nursery floor littered with abandoned toys and battles and buildings when the

children are in bed after a long, wet day. Yet some of the gifts are very splendid ones. There is, for example, the Leland Stanford Junior University in California, a vast monument of parental affection and Richardsonian architecture, with professors, and teaching going on in its interstices; and there is Mrs. Gardner's delightful Fenway Court, a Venetian palace, brought almost bodily from Italy and full of finely gathered treasures.

All this giving is, in its aggregate effect, as confused as industrial Chicago.

As we journey with the author to Washington, we cherish a secret hope that here, at least, he will be impressed with the fitness of things. But, alas, he finds our national capital to be only "a magnificent, empty city." His impressions of Washington follow:

In all Washington there is no clearing-house of thought at all; Washington has no literary journals, no magazines, no publications other than those of the official specialist—there does not seem to be a living for a single firm of publishers in this magnificent empty city.

I went about the place in a state of ridiculous and deepening concern. I went through the splendid Botanical Gardens, through the spacious and beautiful Capitol, and so to the magnificently equipped Library of Congress. There in an upper chamber that commands an altogether beautiful view of long vistas of avenue and garden to that stupendous unmeaning obelisk (the work of the women of America) that dominates all Washington, I found at last a little group of men who could talk. It was like a small raft upon a limitless, empty sea. I lunched with them at their Round Table, and afterwards Mr. Putnam showed me the Rotunda, quite the most gracious reading-room dome the world possesses, and explained the wonderful mechanical organization that brings almost every volume in that immense collection within a minute of one's hand. "With all this," I asked him, "why doesn't the place think?" He seemed, discreetly, to consider it did.

And that is the great trouble with the people of America, Mr. Wells believes: We don't think. He does some ineffectual thinking for us on all our troublesome questions—from the corruption of the plutocracy to our repudiation of Maxim Gorky. Here is a big suggestion:

I came away from Washington with my preconception enormously reinforced, that the supreme need of America, the preliminary thing to any social or economic reconstruction, is political reform. It seems to me to lie upon the surface that America has to be democratized. It is necessary to make the Senate and the House of Representatives more interdependent, and to abolish the possibilities of deadlocks between them, to make election to the Senate direct from the people, and to qualify and weaken the power of the two-party system by the introduction of "second ballots" and the referendum.

Mr. Wells sums up the result of his observations somewhat contradictorily:

After all is said and done, I do find the balance of my mind tilts steadily to a belief in a continuing and accelerated progress now in human affairs. And in spite of my patriotic inclinations, in spite, too, of the present high intelligence and efficiency of Germany, it seems to me that in America, by sheer virtue of its size, its free traditions, and the habit of initiative in its people, the leadership of progress must ultimately rest. Things like the Chicago scandals, the insurance scandals, and all the manifest crudities of the American spectacle, don't seem to be more than relatively trivial after all. There are the universities, the turbines of Niagara, the New York architecture, and the quality of the mediocre people to set against these.

As he is steaming out of New York harbor, the "prophetic habit of mind" inspires the following characteristic bit:

And suddenly as I looked back at the sky-scrappers of lower New York, a queer fancy sprang into my head. They reminded me quite irresistibly of piled-up packing cases outside a warehouse. I was amazed, I had not seen the resemblance before. I could have really believed for a moment that that was what they were, and that presently out of these would come the real thing, palaces and noble places, free, high circumstances, and space and leisure, light and fine living for the sons of men.

And so, Mr. Wells leaves us as he found us, with perils confronting us, and problems unanswered. But with all our vexations we are grateful for entertainment, and his picturesque criticisms give us that.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$2.00 net.



MORE THAN
FIFTY YEARS
AGO

HUNTER WHISKEY

WAS PUT UPON THE MARKET, AND EVERY YEAR ADDS TO ITS SPLENDID REPUTATION. RIPPENED BY AGE, ITS MELLOWED EXCELLENCE REMAINS ABSOLUTELY UNSURPASSED. IT IS TO-DAY

FIRST OVER THE BARS



CHARLES M. REYNOLDS CO.,
Agents for California and Nevada,
912 24 Folsom St., San Francisco, Cal.



Hotel del Coronado

A gem set in semi-tropical surroundings
Dryest marine climate known
No winter, but perpetual spring or early summer
Outdoor sports 365 days in the year
Golf, Polo, Tennis
Fishing, Boating, and Bathing
Choicest cuisine of any hotel in the West
American plan only
All modern conveniences
All outside rooms
Send for illustrated booklet

MORGAN ROSS, Mgr., Coronado Beach Cal.
H. F. NORCROSS, General Agent
334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles

P. Centemeri & Co.

KID GLOVES

New Location

1551 Van Ness Ave.

Between Pine and California
San Francisco

ANNOUNCEMENT

Marie L. Sweeney

Formerly of 121 Post

Is Now Located at

1536 Bush Street

WITH A COMPLETE STOCK OF
EXCLUSIVE STYLES IN

MILLINERY

Goodyear Rubber Company

Have Returned to Their Old Home, Where They Were Located Before the Fire,

573-579 Market St., near Seco
Tel. Temporary 1788

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, has decided to visit New York this coming winter. He is at present on the continent maturing his plans for a great campaign. While staying in London he had frequent interviews with George H. Cornell of New York, with a view to securing introductions in the United States.

Chief Pleasant Porter of the Creek nation is the only Indian railroad president in America. His railroad is the Indian Central. It filed its charter at Guthrie. It is capitalized at \$15,000,000 and contemplates the construction of 460 miles of railroad in Indian Territory and Oklahoma within the next two years.

Charles M. Schwab, who has had built a \$5,000,000 chateau in the metropolis, was recently asked if he found New York fascinating, and why he had chosen to live in that city. His answer was: "Business is my excuse. My business interests center here—that, for me, is a compelling reason. Otherwise, I would much rather live in Pittsburg than in New York."

Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice will probably be the next Ambassador to this country from Great Britain. Spring-Rice is at present in Persia, having succeeded Sir A. H. Hardinge at Teheran. Before that he was first secretary of the embassy at St. Petersburg. He was born in 1859 and was educated at Eton and Balliol, Oxford. In 1904 he married Florence, daughter of Sir Frank Lascelles.

John Burns, the labor cabinet minister, is now comfortably settled in his new and larger home in Lavender Gardens, London. His precious books he moved personally. Mr. Burns's books are his greatest treasures. Since his very early days he has collected books on the history of England, books of travel and volumes of vital statistics. To this day he can be seen diving into the three-penny boxes of second

hand booksellers. Mr. Burns did not occupy the whole house at Lavender Hill. For some years the top floor was tenanted by the widow of a chimney sweep.

Major Dreyfus, when reporting for duty to Lieutenant Colonel Bouisson of the general staff learned that he was to be especially intrusted with the arrangements for mobilization in case France were invaded from the north. In other words, the former prisoner of Devil's Island is to have full charge of that department of the service which he was once accused of betraying.

Oren Root, a nephew of the Secretary of State, while scarcely over 30 years of age, was recently appointed vice-president of the Metropolitan Street Railroad Company of New York. Root started at the bottom of the ladder. He began with a construction gang as a laborer and later, before going into the offices of the company, he acted as motorman and for several months rang up fares.

Winston Spencer Churchill, the parliamentary secretary of the Colonial Office, is going to the West Indies about Christmas to study the resources of the islands, especially the prospects of extending cotton growing with the viewpoint of possible government aid. The Duke of Marlborough and Sir Alfred Jones, president of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, and others interested in the islands will accompany Mr. Churchill.

Robert William Allen, a British school boy, son of an officer in the Indian army, achieved international fame in Bayerne, in the Canton of Vaud, Switzerland, by painting a statue of General Jomini, vermillion, to celebrate his departure for a vacation. He was pursued by the outraged officials of the town, captured at Lausanne, brought back and put in prison, narrowly escaping injuries at the hands of an angry mob that awaited his return. His trial is soon to take place.

CURRENT VERSE.

How Long the Road.

The woman-need is gone that made thy kiss
My manna, and a heaven of thine eyes;
The patience-preaching years have made me wise,
Till, in the woods and fields, the sturdy bliss
Of fellowship and work, I cease to miss
The throbbing ache of those old ecstasies,
Save to remember with a wan surprise,
Sometimes, how long the road that led to this.

But to be sure that somewhere, strong and whole,
Thou livest, striving, noble though beset,
Master again of the essential soul,
I doubted when my cruel wounds were wet—
This long my deepest, direst need of thee,
O, once beloved! it is granted me.
—Charlotte Wilson in *Metropolitan Magazine*.

The Return.

He sought the old scenes with eager feet—
The scenes he had known as a boy;
"Oh, for a draught of those fountains sweet,
And a taste of that vanished joy."
He roamed the fields, he mused by the streams,
He threaded the paths and lanes;
On the hills he sought his youthful dreams,
In the woods to forget his pains.
Oh, sad, sad hills; oh, cold, cold hearth!
In sorrow he learned thy truth—
One may go back to the place of his birth—
He can not go back to his youth.
—John Burroughs.

Among all the translations of Homer, that by Alexander Pope remains the most popular.

IT IS EASY WITH
ELECTRO SILICON
to Clean and Polish
SILVERWARE
Send address for a FREE SAMPLE, or 15c. in stamps for a full box. Electro-Silicon Soap has equal merits.
The Electro-Silicon Co., 30 Cliff St., New York.
Grocers and Druggists sell it.

Spend Your Thanksgiving
Make your plans to spend Thanksgiving at Hotel del Monte and avoid all home cares. You can leave San Francisco Wednesday at 3:00 o'clock and enjoy a few days, vacation, returning Sunday or Monday. Special round trip rates. For more details address
GEO. P. SNELL, Manager,
Del Monte, California.

At Hotel del Monte
These trade-mark cross lines on every package
Cresco Grits and
(Formerly called **WUTEN GRITS**)
BARLEY CRISTALS,
Perfect Breakfast and Dinner Health Cereals.
PANSY FLOUR for Cakes, Biscuits and Biscuits.
Unlike all other goods. Ask grocers.
For book of samples, write
FARWELL & RHINES, WATERTOWN, N. Y., U. S. A.

THE OCULARIUM
Perfect Fitting
Eye Glasses
At Moderate Prices
Lenses Replaced, 50c
Henry Kahn & Co
OPTICIANS
1309 VAN NESS AVENUE
Between Bush and Sutter

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE FOR STEAKS, CHOPS, COLD MEATS,

FISH, SOUPS, SALADS, GRAVIES, etc.
THE PEERLESS SEASONING.
John Duncan's Sons, Agts., New York

LITERARY NOTES.

Bright Story by a New Author.

The title of Christina Gowans Whyte's story, "The Story Book Girls," and the announcement that the tale won a prize offered by a literary journal for "the best story for young girls," give one an erroneous impression that it was written for children. Bright and wholesome and entertaining as the story is, it is hardly intended for girls under, say, the age when the mystery and perils of the split infinitive, which is the subject of an amusing episode in the story, are understood.

The four lassies of the tale live at the west end of a town, and dream dreams about four other girls at a still further west. The latter were grown up, social leaders, and "sat in their own carriages." The younger girls, who did not ride in carriages, created an existence for the Story Book Girls which would have astonished them considerably had they known. So far as practicable they took their ideas of fashions and deportment and accomplishment from the elder girls, and carried them into effect, most of the time surreptitiously, and always with ludicrous results. The Story Book Girls and the children meet, and while there is some disappointment at first, the climax is a charming surprise.

Miss Whyte is a new writer of whom it is safe to predict a brilliant future. She has a graceful and facile style, and possesses a rare sense of humor, which illumines nearly every paragraph of her story.

Published by The Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

Garden Verses.

"All the Year in the Garden," edited by Esther Matson, is a nature calendar for those who love to "come together in so fragrant a cause as that of praising gardens." The hook is made up of selections for every day in the year from authors who have celebrated the beauty of nature. Most of the selections are from the poets, from Horace to Austin Dobson, who have written in praise of a hit of ground "where the sweet flowers lie." The garden has had its poet laureate in every age and in every race, and the compiler has brought together a well-chosen body of passages. Every month has its hard who has sung its glories. "Firstly thou, churl son of Janus;" "Wan February with weeping cheer;" "March, month of many weathers;" "proud pied April;" "flowery May;" "bright and merry June;" "fervent July;" "August, flushed and warm;" "September, all glorious with gold;" "gorgeous, bright October;" "russet-robed November;" and "shrunk December"

When up the garden walk in vain
We seek for Flora's lovely train.

The hook is handsomely bound, and is illustrated from photographs. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; \$1 net.

"Why They Married."

An amusing little hook is "Why They Married," by James Montgomery Flagg, whose "If: A Guide to Bad Manners," was so well received last year. The hook consists of drawings of fifty types of couples and below each sketch is a quatrain giving the reasons why that particular couple entered the holy bonds of matrimony. For instance, below a picture of a merry-looking bride and groom is appended this explanation of their wedding:

"He thought she was wealthy; she thought he was, too,
Not thinking each other a grafter,
They found out between them there wasn't a sou—
So they laughed and lived happily after!"

Beneath the picture of a very domestic, but frankly hored couple, is the following quatrain:

"These people wed in self-defense,
All social life they missed,
They found themselves outside the fence,
For neither played bridge-whist."

Opposite and in character with each of the main drawings is a humorous miniature carrying out the same idea.

There is a considerable amount of veiled

satire in Mr. Flagg's verses and drawings, but even those who have unconsciously posed for the artist will laugh at his clever limning of their marital comedies. "Why They Married" contains the portraits of persons we all know, who have tried matrimony with indifferent success.

Published by The Life Publishing Company, New York; 75 cents.

Poems of the Civil War.

"From Old Fields," is a book of stirring poems of the Civil War, by Nathaniel Southgate Shaler, late Professor of Geology in Harvard University. The volume is dedicated to the people of Kentucky, and some of the heroes of the poems are Confederates, although Professor Shaler was a Federal officer. The author uses blank-verse most effectively in telling his war experiences. Here are comic incident and tragic adventure, self-sacrificing heroism and heart-gripping pathos; exchange of reminiscences between "ex-Yank" and "ex-Reh," and stories that are told when old comrades meet. In a style that is vivid, direct, and never dull, the poems picture war-time episodes that are strikingly real. The author has ringing praise for Southern gallantry, and eloquent eulogy for the men of the North, but he does not glorify the grim work of war, which he regards as did General Sherman.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$3 net.

New Publications.

Mary McNeil Fenollosa, author of "The Breath of the Gods," returns to the Orient for the scenes of her latest story, "The Dragon Painter." It is an original romance of modern Japan, wholly Oriental in coloring, and fascinating in theme and treatment. Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

Lovers of sea-stories will enjoy "Beached Keels," by Henry Milner Rideout, which contains three clever and original tales. There is great variety of character in the stories, which deal with the sea-going life of eastern Maine. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

A quaint and charming holiday hook is "The Stained Glass Lady," an idyl, by Blanche Elizabeth Wade. The story abounds with delicate imagery and whimsical humor. The cover, end-pages, and frontispiece are illustrated with colorful drawings by Blanche Ostertag. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$2.50.

Several valuable addresses and critical essays are included in Henry Cahot Lodge's "A Frontier Town and Other Essays." The initial address was delivered at Greenfield, Mass., on the 150th anniversary of the founding of that town. All of the papers are distinguished by Mr. Lodge's faultless diction. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

An exceedingly interesting tale of the Middle Ages is Valentina Hawtrey's "A Romance of Old Wars." The hook abounds in brightly written descriptions of dramatic episodes, and the dialogue is unusually sprightly. Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.50.

"The Spirit of Democracy," by Charles Fletcher Dole, is a broad-minded consideration of some of the more important problems that are confronting the democratic form of government. Democracy is on trial, but while it never faced more perils, neither has there ever been more reason to hope for its success. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; \$1.25 net.

"Afternoons in the College Chapel" is a collection of short addresses to young men on personal religion, by Francis Greenwood Peabody, Plummer Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard University. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.25.

The love story of a French girl with two suitors, both soldiers, one Polish, the other Irish, is told in Mary Catherine Crowley's romance of old Quebec, "In Treaty with Honor." It is an interesting tale of the struggle of French Canada for independence in 1837-38. Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

Pears'

Most soaps clog the skin pores by the fats and free alkali in their composition.

Pears' is quickly rinsed off, leaves the pores open and the skin soft and cool.

Established in 1789.

ROBERTSON'S

NEW LOCATION

1539

Van Ness Ave., near Pine

"Next to the White House"

Mr. Robertson calls attention to the above address, which is very centrally located.

J. S. DINKELSPIEL

Importer of

Diamonds, Precious Stones

1021 Van Ness Ave.

San Francisco, Cal.

Finé Set Pieces a Specialty

PAUL ELDER & COMPANY

PUBLISHERS, BOOK SELLERS, ART DEALERS, STATIONERS

VAN NESS AVENUE, CORNER OF BUSH STREET, S. F. TELEPHONE FRANKLIN 646

¶ We have now ready as in former years a great variety of books and items of art interest, suitable for Holiday presentation.

¶ Our stock of fine books has lately been increased by the arrival from London of a number of rare extra illustrated books, standard sets and individual volumes in fine bindings.

¶ To the various lines heretofore found in our store, we have just added a complete stock of stationery, specially made and boxed. In connection with this we are better prepared than ever to execute orders for engraving and die stamping.

¶ Our publication department is now in New York and has reprinted from new plates most of the older and well known books, as well as a number of new books of decided interest. These may be had at the store on Van Ness Ave., as well as in our shop at Santa Barbara, which has lately moved into new and larger quarters on State Street.

EDUCATIONAL

Twin Oaks Camp School.

Outdoor life on a Ranch for boys under fifteen. Each boy has a tent-house and saddle horse. Best of references.

Address
MISS MARGARET MARSH-PARKER,
SAN MARCOS, San Diego Co., California.

IRVING INSTITUTE

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
Accredited by the universities. Special advantages in music, art, and elocution. Twenty-eighth year.

MISS PINKHAM and Miss McLENNAN, Principals.
2126 California Street, San Francisco.
Easter Term opens Monday, January 7, 1907, 9 a. m.

U. REVEL, A. M.

Post-Graduate from Florence, Italy.

ITALIAN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE
918 Alice Street OAKLAND

MISS HARKER'S SCHOOL

Palo Alto, Cal. Home and Day School for Girls. Intermediate and Primary Departments. Certificate admits to Stanford, Vassar and Wellesley. Number limited. Reopens August 20th.

MR. HUGO MANSFELDT

Announces his removal to 2090 Fell St., corner of Shrader. Telephone West 1736.

MLLE. ELEANORE JOSEPH

(Lately from Paris and Berlin)

SINGING AND PIANO

1913 Baker St., near Sacramento San Francisco

G. B. GALVANI

Vocal Teacher

814 OAK STREET OAKLAND, CAL.

OGONTZ SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia; two hours from New York. The late Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circulars, address Miss SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal, Ogontz School, P. O., Pa.

Mathematics and English.

University and preparatory subjects; no prescribed courses, but assistance given in any manner desired, either personally or by correspondence. Miss C. L. Williams, M. S., Mrs. G. S. Manchester, M. S., 218 El Granada Bldg., Bancroft Way, Berkeley, Cal.

St. Matthew's Military School

Burlingame, California

Easter Term begins January 10, 1907

For illustrated catalogue address

REV. WILLIAM A. BREWER, Rector

THE LATEST STYLES IN

Choice Woolens

H. S. Bridge & Co.

Merchant Tailors

1176 O'Farrell Street

L. KREISS & SONS

CABINET MAKERS

UPHOLSTERERS

DECORATORS

Dealers in Fine Mahogany, Early English Oak Furniture; reproductions of rare examples of Antique Fabrics of all important periods of English, French and Italian Arts in Tapestries, Brocaded Silks, Damasks, Embroideries, Etc.

Our stock is complete and contains many Odd Pieces suitable for Gifts.

1219-23 POST ST.

Above Van Ness Ave.

San Francisco, Cal.

LITERARY NOTES.

Conway's Memories of the Far East.

Moncure D. Conway's recently published Autobiography" contained very little about his experiences and observations in the sacred places of Eastern and Oriental religions. Mr. Conway has made a separate volume of his journeys to Ceylon and India, My Pilgrimage to the Wise Men of the East." The author in his saunterings amid ancient shrines had unusual opportunities for investigation. He interviewed the leading Buddhists, Brahmans, Parsees, Moslems, and others in India, including such well-known Orientalists as Pereira, Ramnathan, Arabi Pasha, the high priest Umangala, and the great Brahman Posivist, Ghosh. Incidentally, there are some interesting memories of Madame Blavatsky, Sir Alfred Lyall, John Bright, and Robert Ingersoll.

Those who have read Mr. Conway's Autobiography" will be interested in the recent work, which rounds out the full experience of the author's life. The book is profusely illustrated with portraits and assimile letters.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York; \$3 net.

Big Game in the Canadian Rockies.

A narrative of a hunting trip into the mountain wilds of British Columbia is Camp-Fires in the Canadian Rockies," by William T. Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoological Park. Accompanied by John M. Phillips, who had discovered a section in southeastern British Columbia that no sportsman had yet set foot upon, the author spent two months with rod and gun and camera in a wonderland of nature. Caribou, moose, grizzly bear, deer, elk, and mountain goats and sheep, abound in the region, and the party had royal sport.

Xmas at the Booklovers

Until 5:30 p. m., Dec. 31st, we will issue yearly memberships at the reduced rate of \$4.00

The Pacific Booklovers Library
1215 Post Street (near Van Ness Ave.)!

Books by
California
Writers

BEACHED KEELS

By HENRY RIDEOUT

"No writer has ever shown a more intimate knowledge of the rugged coast of Eastern Maine than Mr. Rideout, and none has been more successful in depicting the rugged characteristics of the men and women who live within sound of its breakers."—Kennebec Journal. \$1.50.

MONTLIVET

By ALICE PRESCOTT SMITH

"The best American historical novel by a woman since 'To Have and To Hold.'"—New York World. "The reader thrills under the spell of a well-sustained and adventurous tale."—Detroit Free Press. \$1.50.

KRISTY'S RAINY DAY PICNIC

By OLIVE THORNE MILLER

"Nothing could be more desirable as a holiday gift for a small girl."—Buffalo Commercial. "Stories that will serve to while away many dull afternoons."—San Francisco Chronicle. Illustrated in color; \$1.25.

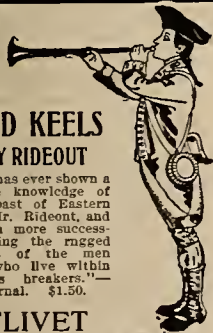
THE FLOCK

By MARY AUSTIN

"Not often does a book of such unusual quality or so picturesque a character come before the reader."—Brooklyn Eagle. "It is practical and historical."—Galveston News. Beautifully printed, and illustrated by E. Boyd Smith. In box; \$2 net; post-age, 18 cents.

Our Illustrated Holiday Bulletin
Sent Free on Request.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
4 Park Street, Boston



It was in stalking mountain goats that the hunters had their most exciting experiences. Mr. Phillips secured, at risks of life and limb, a remarkable series of photographs of that interesting animal. One result of the trip was the capturing of five young goats, the first flock of their kind ever achieved by a zoological institution.

The author is a devoted lover of outdoor enjoyment, and an authority on big game. He did not realize, however, that one could today find such "good luck in hunting, rare success in photography, and unalloyed delight in camp life" in the limits of a vacation hunting trip.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$3.00 net.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

G. W. Cable, the famous Southern author, was married in Philadelphia, November 24, to Miss Eva C. Stevenson, daughter of former Congressman Job Stevenson of Cincinnati. Miss Stevenson's mother was a sister of Lloyd and Joshua Tevis.

Thomas Nelson Page's poems have been brought out by Charles Scribner's Sons.

George Wharton James, the author and lecturer, objects to being called "Professor." In a letter to his publishers, who are about to bring out his two-volume work, "The Wonders of the Colorado Desert (Southern California)," he says: "I am not now a professor and never was, although the title was given me many years ago on account of my lecturing at various universities."

In a certain part of New England, where a number of writers have bought farms and made their summer homes, the remark was made to a farmer's wife that there seemed to be a good many literary people in that neighborhood. "Yes," she replied, with a certain air of resignation, "there are quite a few—but we don't mind them."

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who is almost the sole survivor of the coterie of great New England authors, was seventy years old on November 11. He was born at Portsmouth, N. H., a place which figures in several of his productions under the thin veil of Rivermouth. There was laid the scene of most of his "Story of a Bad Boy," and its historical characteristics are noted in his "An Old Town by the Sea." His early years were divided between that place and New Orleans. He entered a counting-room in New York when a young man, but his literary diversions soon became his occupation. He was connected with one and another journal, but went to Boston in 1865 to take charge of "Every Saturday." Later, he was for nine years editor of "The Atlantic Monthly," and has continued to reside in Boston. His writings consist of poems, dramas, novels, stories, essays, and a translation. His first book, "The Story of a Bad Boy," was published in 1869, and his latest volume is the "Book of Songs and Sonnets," which was published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., last May in a limited edition of four hundred copies, a few of which are still obtainable.

The San Francisco Libraries Recovering.

F. J. Teggart, librarian of the Mechanics' library, has over 15,000 volumes in the new building, at Polk and Grove streets. Space is prepared to house over 40,000 books and Librarian Teggart promises to have that many on hand inside of two years. The library lost over 200,000 volumes in the fire.

The Free Public Library was a heavy loser. The collection at the City Hall, numbering 166,344 volumes, was entirely destroyed. Yet already there are at hand at the present headquarters, at Sixteenth and Market streets, a working collection of about 20,000 tomes. This total will be doubled inside of another six months. Since the fire, the Library has established four branches and six delivery stations.

The French Club has given notice that the rehabilitation of the Circle Francais, which was entirely destroyed by the fire, will begin at once.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Dramatic Notes.

Plans are perfected for a temporary theatre building at the corner of Van Ness avenue and Grove street, on the old St. Ignatius College site, to be completed in sixty days. Gottlob, Marx & Co., are the owners, and they announce that the new theatre will have a larger stage than any ever before built in the city, and that the building will be carefully arranged and fitted up artistically.

The first production in America of Oscar Wilde's play, "Salome," was at the Astor Theatre in New York on November 15. Mercedes Leigh, an English actress, appeared in the title role. The play was interdicted in London by the censor.

Blanche Ring and Peter Dailey are giving in a skit called "The Great Decide," at the Herald Square Theatre in New York, burlesque imitations of Margaret Anglin and Henry Miller, in "The Great Divide."

Maxine Elliott will be seen in "Her Great Match" in San Francisco this month.

At the Lyric Theatre in New York, on November 15 and 16, "Mrs. Dane's Defense" was presented with Lena Ashwell, the talented English actress, and Margaret Anglin in the cast. The first matinee performance presented Miss Ashwell as Mrs. Dane, and Miss Anglin as Lady Eastney; the next day the two parts were exchanged, and the audiences had an opportunity to contrast the methods and power of the two actresses in a role in which each had won high praise.

A correspondent writes to correct a recent note in this column concerning Hauptmann's "The Sunken Bell," produced in Philadelphia by Sothern and Julia Marlowe. The play was ascribed to Sudermann in the first lines of the paragraph by a curious error, but correctly assigned in a following sentence.

George M. Cohan has formed a partnership with Samuel H. Harris for the purpose of building a new theatre and roof-garden in New York. All of Cohan's pieces will be produced on the stage of the new

The first presentation in Rome of Gabriele D'Annunzio's new drama, "More Than Love," was a complete failure. The public protest was emphatic. The people hissed and hooted the play, the plot of which is an apology for the committing of a crime in order to attain certain ideals.

The Orpheum.

The four Lukens, inventors and originators of the world's most famous mid-air acts, will head the bill at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon. Albert Bellman and Lottie Moore, who present "A Bit of Vaudeville," will receive a warm welcome. The Brothers Kochly will astound even members of the Olympic Club. Charles F. Semon, the famous ventriloquist, the four Musical Avolos, Miss Lina Pantzer and her assistant, Tommy, and Orpheum Motion Pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete a programme full of variety. On the grounds of the Chutes, where the Orpheum is located, are to be found all kinds of varied attractions.

Holiday Books

FINE ART
POETRY
HISTORY
FICTION
JUVENILE

M. H. FAY

Importer and Bookseller
1534 Bush Street
Bet. Van Ness Ave. and Franklin St.

Hotel St. Francis

a credit to
San Francisco

PERFECT
SERVICE
EVERY
COMFORT

THEY WHO
GO TO SEE
GO
TO STAY

The famous
Grill Room
is unsurpassed

Take your friends to lunch there

Amusements.

ORPHEUM

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee Dec. 2
Matinee Every Day Except Monday

Exceptional Attractions.

THE FOUR LUKENS; Bellman and Moore; Kochly Brothers; Dillon Brothers; TROVOLLO; The Musical Avolos; Miss Lina Pantzer; Orpheum Motion Pictures, and Last Week of Charles F. Semon.

PRICES—10c, 25c, 50c. Down town Box Office at Donlon's Drug Store, Fillmore and Sutter Sts. Phone, West, 6,000.

CHUTES AND ZOO—Open daily from 10 a. m. till midnight. Admission 10c; Children 5c.

RACING!

RACING!



NEW CALIFORNIA
JOCKEY CLUB

OAKLAND TRACK

Six or more Races each Week Day

RAIN OR SHINE

Races start at 1:40 P. M. sharp

For Special Trains stopping at the Track take the S. P. Ferry, foot of Market Street, leaves at 12, thereafter every twenty minutes until 1:30 p. m. No smoking in last two cars, which are reserved for ladies and their escorts. Returning, trains leave the track after fifth and last races.

PERCY W. TREAT, Sec. THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, Pres.

Eagleson & Co.

The Old Reliable

Men's Furnishers

Holiday Goods

Neckdress
Shirts, Gloves
Underwear
Night Robes
Bath Robes
Etc.

1453 FILLMORE

Two Doors from O'Farrell Street

LIBRARIANS TAKE NOTICE
PROBATE SALE

Full set (except 1856) of SAN FRANCISCO DIRECTORIES for sale, including Kimball's for 1850, Parker's for 1852-53, LeCount and Strong's for 1854, Langley's for 1858 to 1895 (both inclusive), and Crocker-Langley's from 1896 to 1904 (both inclusive); in good condition.

Address: JOSEPH HUTCHINSON
1117 Mission Street San Francisco, Cal.

VANITY FAIR.

In a lecture in London a few days ago, G. Bernard Shaw, the cynical playwright, gave his idea of the ladders of life.

"The middle classes," he said, "are in a constant state of fluctuation. We may take, for instance, the case of a duke possessing an income of £50,000 a year with several sons. Although the sons are brought up in the habits of people with £50,000 a year, they can not all have that income, and when they are grown up they are left with a miserable income of a thousand or twelve hundred pounds a year, on which no gentleman can be expected to live properly.

"He gets into difficulties and probably his son becomes a professional man who also lives above his income, and gets into difficulties and has to make his son a clerk.

"The clerk, finding that instead of £50,000 a year, he had to live on a pound a week, probably determines that no son of his shall be a clerk but a working man. The workman probably has a son who becomes a beggar, and thus we have the constant tendency to go down from duke to beggar.

"But we have, on the other hand, an upward tendency. The beggar, after his hard experience and knowing the value of industry, makes his son a workman. The workman may save money, and his son becomes a small tradesman. The small tradesman saving money, his son becomes a man of business. Then his son in turn goes to one of the learned professions, and that son may marry the youngest daughter of a duke.

"Thus we see people come down the ladder by living above their income, and climbing up by living inside their income and marrying above their station."

"They say that charity begins at home," said a Providence professional woman to a group of friends the other day, as reported in the *Providence Journal*, "and I've about concluded that it sometimes does, even when you don't intend it to.

"It was this way. Back in the spring, when the San Francisco earthquake happened and there was a call for aid of all sorts, I got pretty sympathetic for the sufferers. Just then a winter street gown I had sent to the cleaners came home, looking almost as good as new, and I decided to send it to one of the committees that were gathering clothing, etc., to send on to California. I put new bindings on where they were needed, and made a very presentable gown of it before I sent it in.

"The other day I stopped at my hair dresser's, and sat reading in the waiting room for my turn. Presently the door opened, and in walked my street gown. Honestly, I almost fainted with surprise. I didn't know the person who was in it, but I knew the gown the instant I set eyes on it. There wasn't a chance for a mistake, though at first I hoped there might be. There were several little marks that couldn't fail me, one of them being just the suspicion of a burned spot, where I dropped a lighted match on the skirt.

"I asked the hair dresser later who the woman was, but couldn't learn anything about her except that she was thought to live here. Of course, maybe she was one of the San Francisco victims who has come here to live, and if that's the case I apologize for various suspicions I've had. After this when I've got anything to give away I'll give it away myself to the particular individual who wants it. No more relief committees for mine."

The ethics of motoring are discussed in one of the chapters of a "Lady of Rome," the latest novel of F. Marion Crawford. Speaking of the young Romans of today, he says: "They are not particularly good, it is true, but then they are very far from bad. They have less time for flirting and general mischief than their fathers had, because it now seems to be necessary to spend many hours of each day in a high-speed motor car, which is not conducive to the growth and blooming of the passion flower. It does not promote the development of the intelligence, either, but that is a

secondary consideration with people who need never know that they have minds. Morally, motoring is probably a good rather than an evil. People who live in constant danger of their lives are usually much more honest and fearless than those who dawdle through an existence of uneventful safety. The soldier in time of peace was the butt and laughing stock of the ancients in the comedies of Plautus and Terence, and of the Greeks, whom those playwrights copied or adapted, but no such contemptuous use has ever been made of the sailor, whose life is in danger half a dozen times in every year."

Mrs. Mackay will be the guest of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Clarence Mackay in New York, until after Christmas. Then it is her plan to go to Paris for the remainder of the winter. Her sister, Countess Telfener, will make the voyage with her. The two ladies have just returned from Paris, where Mrs. Mackay gave the orders for redecorating and refurnishing the apartments she will occupy early in the new year. Her guests for the greater part of the time will be her granddaughter, Comtesse Jules Bonvouloir, who was Princess Bianca Colonna, and the count.

It may not be generally known, but Mrs. Mackay has been studying music—"just to fill in time," she says; but her real purpose is better defined by Countess Telfener, who explains that her sister "wishes to be able to criticise with greater freedom the new operatic works one must listen to in Paris."

A journalist in Berlin has been exercising his ingenuity in attempts to explain the meaning of the letter S which appears with more or less frequency after the names of German military officers in the records kept at the ministry of war and in the Kaiser's military cabinet. He has come to the following conclusions: One S after an officer's name means that this particular officer sauft (drinks); SS means that he sauft stark (drinks hard); SSS denotes that he sauft sehr stark (drinks very hard); SSSS

means that he sauft sehr stark schnapps (drinks very hard schnapps); finally, SSSSS means that the schnapps is schlecht (bad). Any officer with five S's is summarily dismissed by the Kaiser.

MOST
ANCIENT
AND
GLORIOUS
OF
CORDIALS



MOST
ANCIENT
AND
GLORIOUS
OF
CORDIALS

LIQUEUR Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

This famous cordial, now made at Tarragona, Spain, was for centuries distilled by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, France, and known throughout the world as Chartreuse. The above cut represents the bottle and label employed in the putting up of the article since the monks' expulsion from France, and it is now known as Liqueur Pères Chartreux (the Monks, however, still retain the right to use the old bottle and label as well), distilled by the same order of monks, who have securely guarded the secret of its manufacture for hundreds of years, and who alone possess a knowledge of the elements of this delicious nectar.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafes,
Batjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for United States.

GAS HEATERS

\$1.50

Six feet of TUBING FREE
AT YOUR SERVICE

THE GAS COMPANY

500 Haight Street 421 Presidio Ave.
1260 Ninth Ave. 2965 16th St.



If you are going East use the

California Limited

The Finest Train Across the Continent

Palace Pullmans, Observation, Library,
Smoking, Dining Cars.

Every luxury will be found on this train.



See the
SANTA FE AGENT

FERRY BUILDING
SAN FRANCISCO

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

Spencerian Pens are ink savers, time savers, temper savers.
They never balk or splatter the ink.
If you buy a dozen pens, or a box, you'll find each pen perfect and even of point.
There's a Spencerian Pen made that will just suit your style of writing.
We will send you a sample card of 12 pens, different patterns, upon receipt of 6 cents in postage.
SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 349 Broadway New York.

INVESTMENTS

This company is always prepared and pleased to advise with persons who are seeking sound and profitable investments. On application to our

Bond Department

H. J. MAGINNITY, Bond Officer

prospective investors will be furnished with particulars of high-grade securities, bearing liberal interest and non-taxable.

**California Safe Deposit
and Trust Company**
San Francisco, U. S. A.

Mutual Savings Bank

710 Market St., Opposite Third
SAN FRANCISCO

Guaranteed Capital	\$ 1,000,000
Paid-up Capital	300,000
Surplus	320,000
Assets	10,000,000

Interest paid on deposits.

Loans on approved securities.

Officers—President, James D. Phelan; First Vice-President, S. G. Murphy; Second Vice-President, J. A. Hooper; Secretary and Cashier, Geo. A. Stor. Asst. Secretary and Asst. Cashier, C. B. Hobson; Attorney, Frank J. Sullivan.
Directors—James D. Phelan, John A. Hooper, Frank J. Sullivan, Jas. M. McDonald, S. G. Murphy, James Moffitt, Robt. McElroy, Charles Holbrook, Rudolph Spreckels.

French American Bank

Union Trust Building (Third Floor)

Ready to accommodate its customers and do a general banking business. We will collect on insurance policies for those wishing our services.

THE FRENCH SAVINGS BANK
occupies offices in the same building.

Officers—Charles Carpy, President; Arthur Legalle, Vice-President; Leon Bocqueraz, Vice-President.
Directors—J. E. Artigues, O. Bozio, J. A. Berrot, E. J. DeSablé, J. M. Dupas, J. S. Godeau, J. Mack, Geo. Belaney, Leon Kaufman.

Our Branch Bank is Now Open
at No. 810 Van Ness Avenue, near Eddy St.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus	\$ 2,552,719.
Capital actually paid up in cash	1,000,000.
Deposits, June 30, 1906	38,476,520.

F. Tillmann, Jr., President; Daniel Meyer, First Vice-President; Emil Rohde, Second Vice-President; A. H. R. Schmidt, Cashier; Wm. Herrmann, Asst. Cashier; Geo. Tournay, Secretary; A. H. Muller, Asst. Secretary; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.

Board of Directors:

F. Tillmann, Jr., Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohde, I. N. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, N. Ohlandt, J. W. V. Bergen, E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

Helping the Homeless

The Continental Building and Loan Association

Has helped build up several interior towns and cities of California but for the next few years its funds will be used to help restore the burned homes of San Francisco.

Dr. Washington Dodge, President
Gavin McNab, Attorney.
Wm. Corbin, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr.

Office: Corner Market and Church Streets

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"Listen!" said the man of middle age. He was bending over the palmist, whispering excitedly in her ear.

"Listen!" he said again. "My wife is coming to you this afternoon to have her fortune told and if you want to make some money on the side—"

He laid a bank note on the stuffed owl's head.

"Tell her on no account to buy a motor car, because you read in her palm that she is doomed to be killed in an automobile accident."

When Mr. Justice Maule was on the bench a bullying counsel was one day browbeating an elderly female witness in a case before him. Having badgered her into a state of utter speechlessness the lawyer appealed to the judge to make her answer his questions.

"Why do you not answer, madam?" asked the judge.

"Because, my lord, he scares me so," replied the trembling woman.

"So does he me, ma'am," said the judge.

Many have heard of the humor of famous Lord Ellenborough. One day a young member of the bar rose to address the court in a grave criminal case. "My unfortunate client—," he began, repeated two or three times, and then stopped short.

"Go on, go on!" said Ellenborough. So far the court is with you."

One day during an important criminal trial a surgeon was called to the stand, and then asked his profession he said, "I employ myself as a physician."

"But," said Ellenborough, "does anyone else employ you as a physician?"

There was a sophomore who was very hard up in the early fall, and pawned all his good clothes. A little before Thanksgiving he got a big check from home, and accordingly, like a wise sophomore, reentered his wardrobe. When he got home for the holidays, his mother said she would unpack his trunk for him. The first thing his mother took out of the trunk was an overcoat, and on it was pinned, he saw to his horror, the pawnbroker's ticket that he had forgotten to remove. Hastily grabbing the ticket, he said:

"Hello! They must have forgotten to take this off at the Smith dance, when I left it in the cloakroom."

A moment later his mother took out his evening trousers. They also had a ticket on them.

"Why, Frank," she said, "surely you didn't leave these in the cloakroom, too; did you?"

O'Connor, the Irish politician, began an after-dinner speech in Philadelphia in this way:

"I must confess that I dread to make after-dinner speeches. At the most sumptuous dinners, even at such a dinner as this one, if I know that at the end I must make a speech, I am nervous, I have no appetite, and find little to admire in the best efforts of the chef. In truth, gentlemen, I can readily imagine Daniel, if he was at all of my mind leaving a sigh of relief as the lions drew near to devour him—heaving a sigh of relief and murmuring:

"Well, if there's any after-dinner speaking to be done on this occasion, at least it won't be done by me."

A philanthropic Japanese rode through the streets one scorching day, when a beggar-woman accosted him, holding a baby in her arms.

"Kind sir," she said, "will you not give a copper coin to your servant, who is in dire need?"

"Yes, gladly," said the gentleman, and he took out a handful of small change.

But just as he was about to give this to the woman, he chanced to look closely at the baby, and behold, it was only a great doll.

"Why," he cried, "that baby is a fraud, a sham."

"Yes, your honor," said the woman humbly. "It was so hot I left the real one home today."

Joseph M. Huston, the architect of the magnificent Pennsylvania Capitol at Harrisburg, was asked not long ago to draw up plans and estimates for a church in a western town. Mr. Huston complied. His plans were beautiful. The cost of the building was \$75,000. The committee in the West wrote that they liked the plans very much. But the price, they said, was high. Couldn't Mr. Huston let them have a church like that for \$10,000? Mr. Huston wrote back: "Say \$2.50 more, gentlemen, and let us throw you in a nice spire."

The Kirke La Shelle Company is defendant in an action commenced by Dorothy Dorr Dam, administratrix of Harry J. W. Dam, deceased, in the United States Circuit Court, in New York. The claim is made that the defendant caused a dramatization to be made of the story of "The Transmogrification of Don," published in 1901, into the defendant's successful play, "The Heir to the Hoorah." The defendant asserts that the plaintiff has no such exclusive dramatic rights, and also that the plot is that of "A Texas Steer," "The Mother-in-Law," "East Lynne," and other plays.

ARGONAUTS FOR OUR FILES.

We would be glad to have any of the following numbers from any disconnected copies of the *Argonaut* that our readers have and are willing to part with.

Numbers Required to Complete an Argonaut File.

- Volume VI, 1880—Nos. 6, 13, 15, 17, 18, 22, 24, 26.
- Volume VII, 1880—Nos. 3, 8, 14, 16, 19, 20, 23, 24.
- Volume VIII, 1881—Nos. 2, 11, 18, 20, 21, 23, 25, 26.
- Volume IX, 1881—Nos. 1, 3, 6, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 19, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25.
- Volumes X and XI, 1882—All numbers.
- Volumes XII and XIII, 1883—All numbers.
- Volumes XIV and XV, 1884—All numbers.
- Volume XVI, 1885—All numbers.
- Volume XVII, 1885—Nos. 1, 2.
- Volume XX, 1887—Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16.
- Volume XXI, 1887—Nos. 11, 13, 22, 23.
- Volume XXII, 1888—Nos. 3, 7, 11, 18, 25.
- Volume XXIII, 1888—No. 3.
- Volume XXIV, 1889—No. 6.
- Volume XXV, 1889—Nos. 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19.
- Volume XXVI, 1890—Nos. 21, 23.
- Volume XXVII, 1890—No. 1.
- Volume XXVIII, 1891—Nos. 1, 7.
- Volume XXIX, 1891—Nos. 8, 12, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, 22.
- Volume XXX, 1892—Nos. 6, 20, 22, 24.
- Volume XXXI, 1892—Nos. 2, 3, 7.
- Volume XXXII, 1893—No. 16.

Specially adapted to Asthmatics; always relieves, generally cures. Brooks' Homoeopathic Cough Syrup; 25c, at druggists.

A. Hirschman

Jeweler and Silversmith. Now at 1641 Van Ness Avenue, bet. California and Sacramento Streets.

"It is strange how some people cry at weddings." "Yes, but you've probably noticed that it's never the single people who cry." "Well?" "Well, it is only the married ones who realize the tragedy of it."—*Houston Post*.

Drs. Barkan & Sewall

Specialists for Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat are now located at 1700 California street, corner Van Ness Avenue.

"Goggles and Gasoline," the new comedy from the German, announced by Klaw & Erlanger for early production in the East, seems to be well fitted in title for "the road."

Korn The Hatter

Now at 926 Van Ness Avenue Near Ellis Street.

Dr. Patton, former president of Princeton university, recently delivered a sermon in New York city, his subject being "Faith." He spoke of the blind faith of the client who puts himself at the mercy of a lawyer in preparing an action for trial and of the confidence of the sick in trusting themselves to the physician. "Here is a case of blind faith," said the clergy-

man. "The doctor writes out a prescription. Oftener than not you can not read it, you don't know what it is. He tells you to take it. 'Yours is not to reason why, yours but to do and die.'" A more or less audible smile rippled over the congregation and the orator flushed for a moment on realizing the double import of his quotation.

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

are now showing complete lines of

Carpets, Rugs, Furniture, Office Desks, Upholstery, Draperies, Linoleums, Window Shades, Etc.

at their new store at the corner of

VAN NESS AVENUE AND SUTTER STREET

Nordhoff Grill



1545 Pine Street
Below Van Ness Ave.

Finest and Largest Dining Room in the City

Merchants' Lunch 11 A. M.
to 2 P. M. Daily

Ladies' Afternoon Teas
and Dinner Parties a Specialty

SUNSET ROUTE

2 TRAINS
DAILY

SAN FRANCISCO — NEW ORLEANS

Making Close Connections at New Orleans with Trains for Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Washington, and New York.

Also

With Southern Pacific Steamship Line New Orleans to New York.

Dining and Observation Service
Tourist and Pullman Sleepers

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Helen Luntington of New York to Mr. Arthur Rotch of Boston.

The engagement is announced of Miss Elizabeth Keith Pond, daughter of Commander Charles F. Pond, U. S. N., and Mrs. Pond, of Mare Island, to Assistant Surgeon Francis Marion Shook, U. S. N. No date is arranged for the wedding.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lucy Mighell, granddaughter of Mrs. Kershaw, to Mr. Thomas J. Churchill.

It is announced that the engagement of Miss Margaret Newhall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, to Mr. Frank S. Houghteling, of Chicago, no longer exists.

It is announced that the marriage of Miss Eleanor Kerfoot Sowers, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Z. T. Sowers, to Major Samuel L. Faison, U. S. A., will take place in Washington, D. C., on Wednesday, December 19th. Major Faison and his bride will arrive in San Francisco on December 31st and will sail January 5th for the Philippines.

Invitations have been received from Mr. James Wilkins Goad, to the marriage of his daughter, Miss Hattie Belle Goad, to Mr. Charles A. de St. Maurice, which will take place in Trinity Methodist Church, Colusa, at nine o'clock, Wednesday morning, December 5th. The ceremony will be followed by a wedding breakfast. Miss Goad is a cousin of Mrs. C. Osgood Hooker and Mrs. Charles K. McIntosh and is well known in local society circles.

The wedding of Miss Mary Marriner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Marriner, to Lieutenant Wallace Bertholf, U. S. N., took place on Wednesday afternoon, at the home of the bride's parents in Berkeley. The ceremony was celebrated at three o'clock by the Rev. J. H. Lathrop. Miss Roberta Deal was the maid of honor and Lieutenant Zoghaum, U. S. N., the best man. Only the most intimate friends were present.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins entertain at a tea on Saturday afternoon, December 1st, from 4 until 6 o'clock, at which time they will introduce their daughter, Miss Lydia Hopkins.

Mrs. Gaston Ashe and Miss Constance Borrowe entertained at tea last Saturday afternoon, in Sausalito, in honor of Miss Mary Small, who is to be married soon to Lieutenant Arthur Fisher, U. S. A.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin entertained at a luncheon on Sunday last at the Burlingame Club, in honor of Rear-Admiral William T. Swinhurne, U. S. N., and Mrs. Swinhurne. The others present were: Major McKinstry, U. S. A., and Mrs. McKinstry, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, Miss Katrina Page Brown, Miss Jennie Crocker, Mr. Thomas Sherwin, Mr. Horace Pillsbury, and Mr. Henry T. Scott.

Comptroller of Currency and Mrs. Ridgley entertained at a luncheon recently at the Chevy Chase Club, Washington, D. C., in honor of Mrs. Flora Clement and Captain Sydney A. Cloman, U. S. A. Those present were besides the guests of honor, the British Ambassador, Sir Mortimer Durand; Capt. and Mrs. Hehbling-

haus, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Addison, Mrs. Laurence Benet, Mrs. Frank L. Denning, Miss Katherine Williams, General Buchanan, Arthur Hay, and Mills Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard entertained at a dinner on Thursday of last week in honor of Miss Mary Keeney. Those present were: Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Jeanette von Schroeder, Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith, Miss Virginia Jolliffe, Miss Katrina Page Brown, Miss Genevieve Harvey, Mr. Thornwell Mullally, Mr. Wilberforce Williams, Mr. Wharton Thurston, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Knox Maddox, and Mr. Joseph Tohin.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer entertained at a dinner on Friday evening of last week, their guests being Miss Mary Josselyn, Miss Lucie King, Mr. Knox Maddox, Mr. Howard Veeder, and Mr. William B. Sanborn.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young entertained at a dinner on Friday evening of last week, in honor of Miss Anita Harvey and Mr. Oscar Cooper, the entire party going later to Mr. Edward M. Greenway's birthday dance. Those present besides the guests of honor were Mrs. Lansing O. Kellogg, Miss Genevieve Harvey, Miss Helen de Young, Miss Constance de Young, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Jeanette von Schroeder, Miss Edith Simpson, Mr. Charles de Young, Mr. Harry Stetson, Mr. Ward Barron, Mr. Stewart Lowery, Mr. Harry Scott, Mr. Baldwin Wood, and Mr. Joseph Tobin.

A skating club has been organized by the residents of Menlo Park, to meet at the rink in Palo Alto. The patronesses are Mrs. Edward Pringle, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. James Flood, Mrs. Charles Josselyn, and Mrs. Frederick W. McNear. The first meeting was held on Monday last and others will take place each week.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resume of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians.

Mr. Douglas Dick and Miss Isabel Dick arrived last week from Scotland, and are guests of Mrs. Abby Parrott at San Mateo.

Mrs. Bowman H. McCalla and Miss Stella McCalla have returned to their home in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. George Page and Miss Leslie Page, who have been travelling in Europe for over a year, have recently gone to Vevey, Switzerland, for a stay of some weeks.

Mrs. Edgar F. Preston has gone to Santa Barbara on an automobile trip.

Mrs. L. L. Baker, Miss Helen Baker, and Miss Dorothy Baker arrived on Saturday last from the East and Europe.

Mrs. Charles McIntosh Keeney has returned from a visit to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean left last week for New York.

Mr. William H. Crocker has returned from a brief trip East. Mrs. Crocker remained in New York for the Horse Show season.

Mrs. Alfred B. Ford has returned to her home in San Mateo after a visit to Lady Waterlow in England.

Miss Maude O'Connor will leave shortly for Chicago where she will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt for a time before going abroad.

Mr. Clarence Folliis left recently for New York where he will spend the winter.

Mrs. J. de Barth Shorh is spending a few weeks in Southern California as the guest of her sister, Mrs. George S. Patton.

Miss Virginia Vassault has returned from Paris, but will probably return soon to Europe.

Miss Gladys Meek, of Haywards, has recently been the guest of Mrs. Wakefield Baker and Miss Helen Thomas.

Mrs. A. J. Bryant has leased her apartment on Green Street and is spending a few weeks in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Helen Hecht and Mr. and Mrs. Irvin J. Wiel are visiting friends and relatives in Baltimore before going to New York.

Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft has been up from his home at Concord, Contra Costa County, to visit for a few days in San Jose and San Francisco.

Mrs. Ansel Easton, Miss Adeline Mills, and Miss Josephine Polhemus were in India when last heard from. They propose to spend the winter in Southern Italy, and reach London next May.

Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, of Piedmont, is visiting Mrs. George Pullman in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Davis, Miss Edna Davis, and Miss Sidney Davis went down last week to Santa Barbara, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Landers and Miss Pearl Landers have returned to town after spending the summer in Belvedere.

Among the many who are spending Thanksgiving week at Del Monte are Mr. and Mrs. George Heazelton, of San Rafael. Mrs. Philip W. H. Lansdale is visiting Mrs. Thomas Breeze at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Stanford, of Warm Springs, are at Del Monte this week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Vogler, of Montana, and Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Scott, recently came from Tonopah, in a touring car.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell, of Menlo Park, and Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Sexton made up an automobile party to Del Monte during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip E. Bowles, Jr., of Oakland, arrived last week at Del Monte.

Among San Francisco visitors at Del Monte are: Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Hunter, Mr. E. D. Norwood, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Hindes, Mr. E. A. Phelps, Mr. P. H. Burks, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Johnson, Miss Louisa Fisher, Miss Elizabeth Gallagher, Miss Rosalie Tarrant, Mrs. Pauline Westerfeld, Miss Lalla Westerfeld, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Royce, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Snyder, Mr. Rudolf Andrear, and Capt. Wilbur, of the U. S. A.

Glasses are said to have been invented by Alessandro di Spina in the 13th century.

The glasses which we make are examples of the perfection which has been reached in their manufacture.

HIRSCH & KAISER,
1757 Fillmore Street

Optica

The Little Palace Hotel

corner of

Post and Leavenworth Sts.

IS

OPEN

The same excellence in cuisine and service that obtained in the Old Palace is duplicated in the new "Little Palace."

JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK
Manager

JOHN G. ILS & CO.

Manufacturers

High Grade French Ranges

Kitchen and Bakery Outfits

624 WASHINGTON STREET
San Francisco, Cal.



For Sale at a Great Bargain

Seagoing Gasoline Schooner Yacht LILIAN. Most Magnificent Pleasure Boat on the Pacific Coast. Owner being unable to use same for year or more prefers to sell rather than have yacht remain idle. Dining room and galley on deck; four large state rooms, saloon and bathroom below deck all finished in mahogany. Yacht is completely found in every respect, and everything is in excellent condition. Further particulars of FRANK N. TANDY, P. O. Box 2684, San Francisco.

Nathan-Dohrmann Co.

ART DEPARTMENT—LAMP DEPARTMENT

SILVER WARE DEPARTMENT—CUT GLASS DEPARTMENT

STERLING NOVELTIES—ENGLISH AND FRENCH CHINA

ELECTRIC FIGURES—DESK AND SMOKING SETS

Our usual Novelties for Holiday Gifts

Make your selection now and have them stored until the day you desire delivery made

1520-1550 VAN NESS AVENUE

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Healthful cream of tartar, derived solely from grapes, refined to absolute purity, is the active principle of every pound of Royal Baking Powder.

Hence it is that Royal Baking Powder renders the food remarkable both for its fine flavor and healthfulness.

No alum, no phosphate—which are the principal elements of the so-called cheap baking powders and which are derived from bones, rock and sulphuric acid.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK

ONLY GOOD KNIT GOODS

For Men and Women

UNDERWEAR

SWEATERS

HOSIERY

BATH ROBES

GOLF JACKETS

LOUNGING ROBES

ALL MODERATELY PRICED

Gantner & Mattern Co.
KNITTERS

Corner Van Ness Ave. and California St.

PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Colonel John A. Lundeen, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who returned the first of the week from two months' leave of absence, has assumed command of the Presidio Post and the Artillery District of San Francisco, vice Colonel Charles Morris, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., relieved. Colonel Lundeen has been appointed a member of the army retiring board, vice General John J. Pershing, U. S. A., relieved.

Colonel John L. Clem, Assistant Quartermaster-General, U. S. A., Chief Quartermaster of the Department of California, has been granted one month's leave of absence and left on Tuesday for San Antonio, Texas, where Mrs. Clem now is. On his return to the Presidio of San Francisco, he will be accompanied by Mrs. Clem and their infant daughter.

Colonel John L. Chamberlain, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty in the office of Inspector-General, in Washington, D. C., and ordered to proceed to San Francisco, for duty as Inspector-General of the Pacific Division.

Colonel Alfred Reynolds, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., Fort McDowell, has been granted one month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant-Colonel John J. Crittenden, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey, has been upon his own application, retired from active service, after thirty years of service, his retirement to take place on January 31st.

Lieutenant-Colonel George M. Dunn, Judge Advocate, U. S. A., who has been staying in Washington, D. C., left that city on November 25th, and is expected to arrive here very shortly.

Major Carroll A. Devol, Quartermaster's Department, U. S. A., has reported in Washington, D. C., for duty as a member of the General Staff. It is understood that Major Devol will be made Quartermaster-General of the army, probably about the first of the year, vice Brigadier-General Charles F. Humphrey, U. S. A., who will voluntarily retire.

Major James B. Erwin, Inspector-General, U. S. A., is relieved from temporary duty at headquarters, Philippines Division, and is assigned to inspection duty in the Department of Visayas. Major Erwin will proceed to Iloilo, Panay, and take station.

Mrs. Haan, who has been staying for the past few months with Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Coxhead, in San Mateo, has gone to join her husband, Capt. W. G. Haan, Military Secretary in Cuba.

Major Parker N. West, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., who has been detailed as assistant to the Inspector-General, has arrived in Washington, D. C., from Fort Walla Walla, and is at the Army and Navy Club.

Captain Samuel F. Dallam, Paymaster, U. S. A., is assigned to duty in the office of the Chief Paymaster, headquarters, Department of California, with station in San Francisco.

Captain Eugene T. Wilson, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to Schenectady, New York, to perform certain duties under instructions from the president of the Army War College, and upon completion will return to his proper station.

Captain John J. Bradley, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., Vancouver Barracks, arrived here last week, reporting upon his arrival to Colonel John L. Clem, Assistant Quartermaster-General, U. S. A., for duty in connection with the settlement of accounts pertaining to the recent maneuvers held at American Lake, Camp Tacoma, Washington. Captain Bradley returned to Vancouver Barracks on Friday evening of last week.

Captain Jacques de L. Lafitte, Sixth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted two months leave of absence and is in this city on a visit.

Captain John B. Schoeffel, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., has had his two months leave of absence extended two months.

Captain Frederick F. Russell, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at the Presidio of San Francisco and ordered to proceed to Washington, D. C., to report in person to the Surgeon-General of the army for temporary duty.

Captain Abraham P. Buffington, Paymaster, U. S. A., on duty at department headquarters, has been granted ten days leave of absence.

Captain Harry P. Wilbur, Artillery Corps, Fort Rosecrans, San Diego, has been ordered upon recommendation of the Judge Advocate of the Department of California, to proceed to the Presidio of Monterey, at such time as his services may be required, as witness before a general court martial in the case of Sergeant Coral Hamilton, Twenty-eighth Company, Coast Artillery.

Captain John C. Beaumont, U. S. M. C., Lieutenant Edward S. Yates, U. S. M. C., and Lieutenant Frederic Kensel, U. S.

M. C., are detached from the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Mare Island, and ordered to duty with a detachment of marines for service in the Philippines, sailing from San Francisco on December 5th. Captain Beaumont will be in command of the detachment.

Lieutenant Z. E. Briggs, U. S. N., is ordered detached from the Wisconsin and to the Philadelphia.

Lieutenant Oliver P. M. Hazzard, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., on duty as Acting-Judge Advocate, of the Department of California, during the absence of Colonel George M. Dunn, U. S. A., is ordered to further duty as Acting-Chief Quartermaster of the Department during the absence of Colonel John L. Clem, U. S. A.

Lieutenant William B. Graham, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., now on leave in Washington, D. C., has been relieved, at his own request, from his detail as captain, Twenty-seventh Company, Philippine Scouts, and will proceed to join his regiment.

Lieutenant Junius C. Gregory, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed from San Francisco to the Presidio of Monterey for temporary duty.

Lieutenant Charles B. Stone, Sixteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been relieved from treatment at the Army General Hospital, Fort Bayard, New Mexico, and upon the expiration of his present leave of absence, will proceed to Fort Bliss, Texas, and report in person to the commanding officer, for duty at that post.

Lieutenant John M. Craig, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., has had Galt, California, designated as his station, after November 26th, instead of San Jose, California, while on duty in connection with the "Progressive Military Map of the United States."

Lieutenant Charles B. Moore, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, is granted one month's leave of absence on surgeon's certificate of disability.

Lieutenant Charles L. Foster, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., is ordered relieved from duty in the army transport service, at San Francisco, and to report in person to the commanding general of the Department of California, for assignment to duty at the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, relieving Captain William R. Eastman, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A.; Captain Eastman, upon being relieved, will proceed to Fort Lawson, Washington, for duty.

Lieutenant B. H. Camden, U. S. R. C. S., has been detached from the Grant and ordered to the McCulloch.

Surgeon G. L. Angeny, U. S. N., is detached from the naval hospital, naval home, Philadelphia, Pa., and ordered to the naval station, Guam, sailing from this city on December 5th.

Past Assistant Surgeon A. J. Geiger, U. S. N., is ordered detached from the naval hospital, Mare Island, and ordered to the naval station, Guam, sailing from San Francisco on December 5th.

Assistant Surgeon F. H. Brooks, U. S. N., is ordered to duty at the naval hospital, Mare Island.

A general court martial has been appointed to meet at the Presidio of San Francisco, consisting of the following officers: Major John W. Ruckman, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Captain Wright Smith, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Captain Solomon Avery, Jr., Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Captain James R. Pourie, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Edward A. Stuart, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Lieutenant William E. De Sombre, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Guy B. G. Hanna, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Frank L. Beals, Sixteenth Infantry, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Benjamin B. McCroskey, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., and Lieutenant John O'Neil, Artillery Corps U. S. A., Judge Advocate.

That nearly all of Chicago's skyscrapers are out of plumb and that their walls have begun "leaning" since their erection, was stated by Building Commissioner Bartzan after he had made an investigation. He said that the walls of some of the buildings were fourteen inches out of plumb, but that they were nowise in a dangerous condition. He says that the peculiar formation of the soil of Chicago has brought about this condition and that it will necessitate the building department inspecting all of the downtown skyscrapers every two months.

Count Boni Castellane need not fear poverty. A New York cafe proprietor has cabled the French unfortunate an offer of 50,000 francs a year to take charge of his waiters, and American vaudeville magnates are willing to pay him \$1000 a week for an exhibition of swordsmanship on the stage.

The 125 residents of Los Angeles who have been making a three months' trip to the Philippines and the Orient, arrived at home last week without serious mishap, though they were delayed three days in Seattle by the floods.

Bohemian Club Annals.

Mr. S. O. Howes, Galveston, Texas, writes to the Argonaut that he would sell Vol. I of the "Annals of the Bohemian Club" for \$20. Any one wishing to purchase this volume can apply directly to Mr. Howes.

The White House

Jewelry Department

Large Assortment of
Parisian Novelties
Suitable for Holiday Gifts

Fancy Belts
Elastic and Leather with Steel and Gold Mountings

Plain and Jeweled Combs and Barrettes
in novel designs

Necklaces,
Dog Collars and Lavallieres
in unique artistic patterns

Magnificent Selection of
Buckles and Clasps

Fancy Hat Pins
in great variety from 25c up

Gold, Silver and Gun Metal
Mesh Bags and Vanity Cases

Large assortment of Marabout and Ostrich Boas and Muffs
in all colors

Raphael Weill & Co., Inc.
N. W. Corner Van Ness Ave. and Pine St.

Notice of Assessment

Fireman's Fund Insurance Company

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that at a meeting of the Directors held on the 7th day of November, 1906, an assessment of three hundred (300) dollars per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately to Louis Weinmann, the Secretary of said corporation, at its office No. 401 California Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the tenth day of December, 1906, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on the twenty-sixth day of December, 1906, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

LOUIS WEINMANN,
Secretary of the
FIREMAN'S FUND INSURANCE COMPANY.
Office: 401 California St., San Francisco, California.

"La Questa"
A LUSCIOUS OLD RED WINE

For Sale by
L. M. WALTER Corner California and Devisadero Sts
and
McCAW BROS. - - - 401 Devisadero
Producer:
E. H. Rixford
Kohl Building, San Francisco

HOTEL RAFAEL
SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

50 minutes from San Francisco. Complete Change of Climate
TIBURON OR SAUSALITO FERRY
All modern Conveniences

R. V. HALTON Proprietor

HOTEL COLLINGWOOD
35th St., between 5th Ave. and Broadway
NEW YORK CITY

New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district, containing every modern device for comfort of guests.
Positively exclusive. Service a la carte.

A. Zellerbach & Sons
PAPER DEALERS

Now Located at
Volkman Bldg., 416 Jackson St., San Francisco
Branch: 514 Eleventh St., Oakland

FULL SUPPLY OF ALL KINDS OF PAPER

FOR YOUR WEDDING AND CHRISTMAS GIFTS

—GO TO—

GUMP'S

CHINA, PICTURES, MARBLES, GLASSWARE, ELECTROLIERS, FRAMING, BRONZES, DESK SETS, SMOKING SETS

1645 California Street
JUST BELOW VAN NESS
Tel. Franklin 624

Open Evenings from Dec. 1st until Christmas

Newman and Levinson.

INCORPORATED

Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Streets - - San Francisco

INVITE YOUR INSPECTION OF AN UNRIVALLED COLLECTION OF

Holiday, Anniversary Yuletide Gifts

now on exhibition in their establishment. By means of Merchandise and Glove Certificates, available in any department, two perplexing problems are solved — two questions answered:

“WHAT SHALL I GIVE?”
“WHAT SIZE DOES SHE WEAR?”

Purchase a Merchandise Certificate or a Glove Certificate
AND YOUR HOLIDAY DIFFICULTIES ARE OVER

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS

Ready for business at 1165 O'FARRELL ST., bet. Franklin and Gough

Pianos Tuned, Repaired, Moved and Stored

SOHMER-CECILIAN PLAYER-PIANOS

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Castleton—"About how much does it cost to run a steam yacht?" Highblower—"If it makes any difference to you, you can't afford it."—*Judge*.

"I believe old Grabbittson would give his soul for money." "Yes, and he'd probably get more than it was worth, no matter how small the amount happened to be."—*Chicago Record Herald*.

"Do you believe in marrying for love alone?" he asked. "Oh, yes," replied the bright little lady who had just returned from South Dakota: "I always do."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Bobbie, I hope you didn't tell your mother that you saw me kissing sister last night." "Nope, I didn't have to. Sis waked us all up at midnight when you went home and told it herself."—*Minneapolis Journal*.

"Do you approve of spelling reform?" "Yes," answered the adaptable citizen. "The only objection is that it consumes more time remembering to spell the new way than it does to put in the extra letters."—*Washington Star*.

"No; it's only eleven o'clock. I can't go home at this hour." "But you are all fagged out, and there's nothing much going on." "You forget that I have a wife to consider. I don't care to risk giving her a nervous shock."—*Courier Journal*.

Chuggerton—"How's your new chauffeur?" Carr—"Had to fire him—he used to be a motorman." Chuggerton—"Too reckless, eh?" Carr—"Reckless, nothing; why I couldn't break him of the habit of slowing up at crossings."—*Puck*.

She—"I can't bear actors; they're so conceited!" He—"But I'm an actor, and you don't think I'm conceited, do you?" She (seeking to recover herself)—"Oh, of course not! I mean the big ones; the little ones don't count."—*Sacred Heart Review*.

Wigg—"The last I saw of you Youngpop was talking you to death about his baby. How did you get rid of him?" Wagg—"Oh, some fellow came along who had just bought an automobile, so I introduced them and made my escape."—*Philadelphia Record*.

Small Girl (with smaller brother)—"How much is it to Shepherd's Bush?" Box-Office Clerk—"Tuppence. I've told you that five times already." Small Girl—"Yes, I know; but little Willy likes to see you come to the window; it reminds him of the zoo."—*Sketch*.

"Mr Merchant," said the new clerk, preparing to ask for more pay, "I think I understand the business pretty well now, and—" "Yes?" interrupted his employer. "Well, keep at it four or five years. Perhaps you'll understand it then as well as you think you do now."—*Philadelphia Press*.

One of the maxims on the wall of the Kaiser's bedroom in his shooting-box at Rominton is said to be: "The world is so large and man is so small that it is not possible for a man to be the center of the world." His Imperial Majesty is becoming absent-minded. He forgets himself.—*London Globe*.

The papers relate it as a remarkable fact that Frank Bookwalter, of Springfield, O., returned to his childhood's home after an absence of sixty-five years and found a dime that he had lost in a crack in the front steps when he was five years old.

There is nothing remarkable in this story. Mr. Bookwalter is described as a millionaire. After sixty-five years' experience in picking up money, it would have been a wonder if he had not found his boyhood's dime, especially as he knew where it was.

If the lost dime had been Mr. Rockefeller's, he would have found a dollar. Mr. Rockefeller's money breeds.—*Life*.

An Atchison man and his wife sat down last night and talked it over. "We have been facing it for six weeks," he said, "and dread of doing what lies

before us is not making it any easier. We have it to do; let us begin now." His wife agreed with him and departed sadly for the cellar. When she returned she carried a jar of preserved fruit. They had decided to begin to eat their way through 187 quarts of peaches, 47 quarts of strawberries, 76 quarts of cherries, and 43 quarts of plums put up last summer.—*Atchison Globe*.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Not on E Z Street.
Young Fissick's got a shingle out
Proclaiming him M. D.;
But from A. M. to late P. M.
His office is M. T.—*Catholic Times*.

Today.
Lives of some great men remind us
That we will, if we are wise,
Leave our modesty behind us
And get out and advertise.—*Judge*.

Accepted.
There once was a student at Vassar,
For learning nobody could pass her,
But when shipping clerk Harry
Just hinted at marry
She broke all the records at "Yassir!"

Necessary Improvement.
Into the water-well
That the plumbers built her,
Our Aunt Eliza fell!—
Now we've bought a filter.
—*Technical World*.

Two Counts.
Girls who marry for a title,
Ere their fortune's lost,
Ought to count the cost and reckon
What the Count will cost.
—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Come Back.
My Bonnie lies under the auto;
My Bonnie swears under the car.
Please send to the garage for some one
For 'tis lonesome up here where I am.
—*Washington Star*.

An Irishman was very ill, and his recovery was doubted.
"Have you forgiven all your enemies, Pat?" the minister asked.
"Sure an' oi have; all excipt Dan O'Hagan," Pat replied.
"But you must forgive all if you hope to reach paradise," the minister continued.
"Well, all right, thin," said Pat, after reflecting for some time. "but if oi get well, oi'll break his head!"

A pretty American duchess sat in her drawing-room, and her little son, the marquis, stood beside her in lace and velvet.
A peer, entering, bowed over the duchess's white hand, and then said to the little marquis:
"Will you give me a kiss, my dear?"
The boy, shrinking behind his mother, said bashfully:
"Mamma will give you one."

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

"Oh! dear," sighed Miss Mudd, "I do wish I knew of an effective way to preserve my complexion." "If you keep the box in a cool place it will be all right, won't it?"—*Philadelphia Press*.

Something that concerns the Baby. When teething begins, every mother should have on hand a packet of Steedman's Soothing Powders.

The ardent Frenchman looked tenderly at the fair young mistress of his soul. "Je t'adore!" he murmured. "Maybe I'd better," she returned. "You can't never tell who's listening in this yere house."—*Baltimore American*.

NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS.—You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon, or Monday morning. Two days at the Springs, and the entire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

TO LEASE

3 Story and Basement Brick Building, California St., between Drumm and Davis; Lot 45x70. Building Completed December 15, 1906.

Will build on Union Square 7 Story and Basement Building.

Particulars at Office.

GUY T. WAYMAN

519 MARKET ST.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co.

OF HARTFORD

ESTABLISHED 1850

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000.00

Cash Assets.....5,340,136.94

Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,414,921.16

Benjamin J. Smith

Manager Pacific Department:

525 THIRTEENTH ST., OAKLAND

San Francisco Office:

2310 CALIFORNIA STREET

Bonestell, Richardson & Co.

Have Plenty of Every Kind of

PAPER

Phone Temporary 1273

473 TO 475 SIXTH STREET

San Francisco

For YOUR

BREAKFAST

GERMEA

At All Grocers

The Johnson-Locke Mercantile Co.

AGENTS

714 Broadway, Oakland

Mt. Tamalpais Railway

Via Sausalito Ferry—Foot of Market St.

Lv. San Francisco

W'kday Sun.

8:25 A

9:50 A 9:50 A

11:00 A

1:45 P

1:45 P

Saturday

4:35 P 3:15 P

Legal Holidays, Sunday Time

Leave Tamalpais

Sun. W'kday

10:40 A 1:05 P

1:05 P

2:30 P 4:30 P

4:30 P Saturday

5:45 P 9:30 P

TICKET OFFICE AT SAUSALITO FERRY

Thos. Cook & Son

Now Located

1168 Broadway, Oakland

And North Nave, Ferry Building

San Francisco

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

Stoves and Ranges

ADAPTED FOR BURNING: COAL, WOOD, GAS, GASOLINE AND OIL

REFRIGERATORS

Complete Kitchen Outfits for Hotels, Restaurants, Clubs and Households

CORNER POLK AND TURK STS.

PHONE EMERGENCY 427

Steamship Lines

AMERICAN LINE

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON

St. Paul.....Dec. 8 | St. Louis.....Dec. 2

New York.....Dec. 15 | Philadelphia.....Dec. 2

Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool

Noordland.....Dec. 1 | Haverford.....Dec. 2

Merion.....Dec. 15

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT

Minnetonka.....Dec. 8 | Minnehaha.....Dec. 2

Minneapolis.....Dec. 22 | Mesaba.....Jan.

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE

Sailings Wednesdays as per sailing list.

Statendam Dec. 5, 10 a m | Ryndam, Jan. 23, noon

Ryodam Dec. 19, 7 a m | Potsdam, Feb. 6, 10 a m

Potsdam Jan. 2, 6 a m | Statendam Feb. 20, 10 a m

RED STAR LINE

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS

Vaderland.....Dec. 5 | Zeeland.....Dec. 2

Finland.....Dec. 12 | Kroonland.....Jan.

WHITE STAR LINE

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL

Oceanic.....Dec. 5 | Majestic.....Dec. 2

Celtic.....Dec. 12 | Oceanic.....Jan.

Baltic.....Dec. 19 | Teutonia.....Jan.

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Arabia.....Dec. 6 | Cymric.....Dec. 1

To the Mediterranean and Egypt, via Azores

FROM NEW YORK

Cretic.....Dec. 6, noon, Mar. 30

Cedric.....Jan. 5, Feb. 16

Celtic.....Jan. 19, March 2 | 21,000 Tons

FROM BOSTON

Canopic.....Jan. 12, 8:30 a m, Feb. 2

Republic.....Feb. 2, 1 p m, March 1

G. U. KOEPPPEL, Pass. Agt. Pacific Coast.

Room 207 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

ORIENTAL S. S. Co. have opened their general offices at 217-221 Brannan Street

SAN FRANCISCO

S. S. America Maru (Calls at Manila) Nov. 30, 1906

S. S. Nippon Maru (Calls at Manila) Dec. 28, 1906

S. S. Hong Kong Maru

Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and Brannan streets 1 p. m., for Yokohama and Hongkong calling at Honolulu, Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamers for Manila, India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Sts. W. H. AVERY, Assistant General Manager.

AUTOMOBILES

Runabouts = = = = \$700

Reo Touring Cars = \$1400

Immediate Delivery

J. W. LEAVITT & CO.

441 Golden Gate Ave.

The Argonaut.

Vol. LIX. No. 1552.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 8, 1906.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscription to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 1711 San Pablo Avenue, Oakland. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Jerome A. Hart, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." To insure consideration, manuscript submitted for publication, must be typewritten.

Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal."

Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., 5 Breams Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear, and by the Denison News Company on its boats and trains.

Published at San Francisco, California. Temporary Office, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, California.

THIRTIETH YEAR

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

JEROME A. HART - - - EDITOR

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: Canada's Postoffice and Our Own—Administration Trial Balloons—Seaports, Docks, Wharves, Piers—Street Car Arbitration—Life Insurance Elections—Negro Churches and the President—The Anti-Graft Crusade—Oriental Labor	281-284
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	284
NOVELISTS AND CAVE DWELLERS: Parallel Passages in the Stories by Stanley Waterloo and Jack London	285
POLITICO-PERSONAL	285
A VENTURE WITH DEATH: How one of Three Remained Behind. By W. O. O'Neill	286
GOLDEN DAYS OF ENGLISH OPERA: W. S. Gilbert's Seventieth Anniversary and the Savoy Revival—"Pinafore" Memories	287
OLD FAVORITES: "What My Lover Said," by Homer Greene; "The Immortal Mind," by Lord Byron	287
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes about Prominent People All Over the World	288
LITERARY NOTES: New Publications—Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip	288-291
TO EDMUND GOSSE: By Austin Dobson	291
STAGE GOSSIP: Dramatic Notes—Musical Notes	291
VANITY FAIR: A Runaway at the Horse Show—Mrs. Donnelly's Disappointment—Will the Coming Horsewoman Ride Astride?—Cah Horse Wins a Blue Ribbon—The Kaiser at the Automobile Show—Beauty at the Matinee	292
STORYETTES: English-French and French-English—How He Paid a Grudge—Timely Examination—Peggy in Glasgow—The Polite Hindoo's Excuse—Mrs. Lantry's Lawyer's Bill—A Scotch Dilemma—Convincing by Telephone—Salvini as Othello—A Cumulative Sentence—A Woman Who Kept a Secret	293
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy	294-295
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS	296
THE TUNEFUL LIAR	296

Canada's Postoffice and Our Own.

From the tone of occasional letters reaching the Argonaut office, it is apparent that some of our readers have become imbued with the official or postoffice idea that there is a "subsidy" paid by the Postoffice Department to the newspaper publishers. So industriously has this false impression been disseminated that it is gradually coming to be believed. The Postoffice Department piteously makes moan that it can not carry printed matter at a cent a pound, except at a heavy loss. Yet the express companies carry printed matter for publishers at a lower rate than the Postoffice Department, and no one has ever accused the express companies of being in business for altruistic reasons. It is preposterous to suppose that they carry

printed matter at a loss. Why then does the Postoffice Department lose money on the same matter?

Let us make another comparison. This is not a comparison between a government service and a private corporation service. This is a comparison between two government services. The Dominion of Canada, like our own country, stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific, more than three thousand miles. From our furthest northern frontier it extends two thousand miles further toward the North Pole. If the citizens of this country believe that Canada does not freely circulate the mails through the vast and sparsely settled country to the north and northwest of the great lakes, they are mistaken. Canada not only circulates the mails freely there, but she circulates them cheaply and much more expeditiously than our own Postoffice Department does in our more thickly settled country. Yet we have a population of something like eighty millions, while the Dominion of Canada has only five millions.

Does the Dominion Postoffice circulate printed matter for publishers as "second-class matter" as our Department does here? Yes, it does, but its highest rate is exactly one-half the lowest rate charged by our Postoffice Department. It is a notable fact that the Canadian Postoffice circulates second-class newspaper matter throughout that vast and sparsely settled country at half a cent a pound. Within a smaller and more thickly settled zone the Canadian Postoffice circulates newspaper matter at a quarter of a cent a pound, and a large majority of what it circulates is at this lower rate.

It may be asked what is the deficit in Canada at this very moderate rate, when we, charging twice and four times as much, have an alleged deficit of over fifteen million dollars? The answer is that in Canada there is no deficit at all. On the contrary, the last report to hand shows that the Canadian Postoffice was operated at a profit, having a surplus of \$490,844 for the year. Yet Canada is only a colony and not an independent nation; it is a mere off-shoot of one of the effete despotisms of the Old World, and not a great and free Republic like our own; it is a country with only five millions of population, while we have eighty. Yet the Canadian Postoffice circulates mail through its vast territory at a profit, while our Postoffice Department, with every advantage, circulates mails at a heavy loss. In order to make good this loss, our Postoffice Department is now trying to make newspaper publishers pay from eight to sixteen times as much per pound as the Canadian publishers pay.

It may be thought that the Canadian service is not so good as ours. Error—it is much better. It could hardly, by the way, be as bad. Our Postoffice officials are still talking with terror of the "enormous deficit" threatened by the rural free delivery while at the same time their absurd bureaucratic administration and their red-tape and sealing-wax transportation plans are strangling that admirable system. They have forbidden the rural carriers to deliver express packages to the rural population. In this way they have deprived the dwellers along the countryside of the advantages of close and constant communication not only with the postoffice but with the village shops. Furthermore, they have made it impossible for the government to operate rural free delivery except at a loss. Likewise they have thus rendered it impossible to pay the rural carriers a living salary, and they are further driving out of it competent

men, because they can make more money in other callings.

The Canadian Postoffice, on the other hand, is not only keeping up its rural free delivery, but is extending it. Canadian mail matter now goes to postoffices inside the Arctic Circle, the mail being made up at Winnipeg, Manitoba. From there to Edmonton the mail goes by rail, thence north, first in wagons, then on horseback, and then by dog-train the mail is carried to dwellers along the southern shores of the Arctic seas. This service can be used by citizens of the United States, but it was not devised by or for them; Uncle Sam's Postoffice Department can hardly carry the mail within its own confines. It is the work of the "blue noses," or "Kanucks," as we are wont contemptuously to call them. They are the ones who get rural free delivery inside the Arctic Circle. Canada today is delivering mail at points three thousand miles north of the northern boundary of the United States.

What is the reason the Canadian Postoffice Department can do so much work, so much cheaper work, so much more rapid work, and so much more thorough work than the United States Postoffice Department? We know of no reason other than the individual equation. We think there must be better men running the Canadian Postoffice Department. There is no other explanation possible. This country is the most prosperous and one of the most populous on the globe. Its inhabitants are of a very high order of education, extremely prone to reading and writing, and large users of the mails. Out in the northwestern territory of Canada there are only a few settlers, traders, and Indians. Yet this sparsely settled country, vast in territory, rich in natural resources, but poor in money, is able to do that which this Croesus of nations can not do. What is the reason? The reason must be, men.

Canada has so poor an opinion of our Postoffice Department that she has just refused to receive second-class mail from that Department on the ground that it is "not properly classified." If she can carry such matter at a profit and we can not, she is probably right.

Those people who are fond of advocating government ownership of railways in the United States should contemplate the history, workings, and operations of the United States Postoffice Department. Most of the work of the postoffice is done through the railways. If our postoffice officials can perform such miracles of incompetency and incapacity in conducting an infinitesimal part of railway operation, to wit, transporting the mails, what in Heaven's name would they do if they had to run it all?

Administration Trial Balloons.

The French have a phrase for diplomatic reports set afloat to try the public temper—"trial balloons." It would seem as if Secretary Root had adopted the plan if not the phrase. Immediately after the President's return from Panama the Associated Press despatches told us that Secretary Metcalf reported to the President that California is unanimous in opposition to admitting the Japanese to the public schools; that she has the right under the law to regulate her public schools; that the Constitution upholds her right to formulate school laws of her own. Hence, the dispatches told us the Administration was disposed to recede

from its Japanophile attitude, and to concede the right of California to educate her own children in her own way.

But, after the lapse of a couple of days, very different despatches came from Washington. These tell us that "Secretary Root has brought to light decisions in favor of the contention being made by himself and the President which have long been forgotten." We venture to remark that in not many months they will be forgotten again. The Washington dispatch goes on: "In the interests of the Japanese we are about to reverse the doctrine of a century of diplomacy. Rights which the States have successfully asserted are to be swept aside and the federal government is to become supreme, even as to the regulation of laws by school boards and other local bodies."

We presume that the federal government will also decide such grave questions as to the brand of spelling-book to use; whether the Bible shall be read in the public schools; if so, whether the King James, the Douay, or the revised version shall be used; whether pupils shall be punished corporally or by "moral suasion"; whether "lamming" with a ruler on his palm or "whaling" him with a rawhide on his dome is the preferable mode of punishment for Tom Sawyer; whether "playing hookey" is against the Constitution of the United States; whether pupils shall be vaccinated or not; if so, with what kind of virus, human or bovine; whether making boys who throw spit-balls at the teacher sit with the girls is a "cruel and inhuman punishment." In short, a vast vista of educational, theological, pathological, pathogenic, and humanitarian regulation opens up before President Roosevelt and Secretary Root after they have exhausted the Constitutional sides of the California school law controversy.

Seaports, Docks, Wharves, Piers.

The following comment on a remark in our article of November 24 on San Francisco's harbor facilities comes to hand:

SANTA CRUZ, NOV. 27, 1906.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: In your article on lack of shipping facilities in San Francisco, you refer to several cities as being provided with splendid docks, etc. You mention Brighton, England, as having good docks. As Brighton is on a roadstead, situated as is Santa Cruz, I do not see how it could have docks. There is a chain pier at which steamers for the French ports used to stop for passengers. I have not been there for about sixty years, and possibly I may be mistaken, but I never heard of Brighton being a shipping port.

You are usually very correct in your statements, but it occurs to me that you are in error this time.

Yours truly,
ED. MARTIN.

We regret to be obliged to differ with our correspondent. We distinctly did not "mention Brighton, England, as having good docks." On the contrary, in the preceding sentence we spoke of other cities as having "docks built of steel or stone," but said that Brighton had "wharves supported on massive steel piers." Let us quote the two sentences from our article verbatim:

"There is scarcely a city in the Old World where one does not see docks and piers built of stone or steel. Even at such small ports as Brighton or Dover on the English coast the wharves are supported on massive steel piers."

It is always necessary in discussion first to establish definitions. One of the reasons why men and women disagree so radically in discussion is because they have different meanings for the same words. Phillip Gilbert Hamerton, who spent much of his life in France remarked that the French people scarcely understood the English and the English people rarely understood the French. But he philosophically added that this was not strange, for his father and mother, who were both English had lived together for fifty years, and had never understood one another at all. If men and women were to agree on the meanings of such words as "love," "affection," "honor," "honesty," "loyalty," "truth," "falsehood," "deceit," "white lies," etc.,

they could doubtless agree in their discussions on ethical questions. But they rarely do. Another Anglo-Franco philosopher, Paul Blouet—who unlike Hamerton heeded not his parents' conjugal discussions when confronted with his own—remarked that "the insane asylums are full of men who once had the fatal habit of arguing with their wives."

Let us, therefore, before discussing, define. Let us establish definitions. The word "dock" in England does not mean the same as the word "dock" in America, at least in Western America. In Europe it usually means a basin in which ships lie for taking or discharging cargo. In America—in Western America, at least—it sometimes means a wharf or pier, although in strict construction here the word "dock" is generally applied to a structure in which ships can be made high and dry for working purposes. The "Century Dictionary" says:

"Dock—strictly an enclosed water space in which the ship floats while being loaded or unloaded, as the space between two wharves or piers; by extension, any space or structure in or upon which a ship may be berthed or held for loading, unloading, repairing, or safe keeping."

"Graving-dock—a dry dock; so-called because used in graving or cleaning the bottom of ships."

"Wharf—a platform of timber, stone, or other material built on a support at the margin of a harbor or navigable stream, in order that vessels may be moored alongside, as for loading or unloading, or while at rest. A wharf may be parallel with and contiguous to the margin, when it is more especially called a *quay*; or it may project away from it, with openings underneath for the flow of water when it is distinctly called a *pier*."

This latter is the sort of structure to which we referred when we said: "At Brighton the wharves are supported on massive steel piers." Now let us see what the "Century" says of this latter word:

"Pier—1. A mole or jetty carried out into the sea to serve as an embankment to protect vessels from the open sea, to form a harbor, etc."

This form of pier in the United States—at least in Western America—is frequently if not usually called a "sea-wall." The "Century Dictionary" goes on:

"Pier—2. A projecting *quay*, wharf, or other landing place."

"3. One of the supports of the spans of a bridge or any structure of similar character."

Definition number 3 is the sense in which we used the word *pier*. We did not mean and did not say that "At Brighton there are docks built of stone," but we did mean and did say that at Brighton there are "wharves supported on massive steel piers." Where words have different meanings, in different countries using the English language, it is difficult to express one's meaning always with precision. It is additionally difficult when the writer dictates much of his work, and much of it rather rapidly. But when thus checked up by our correspondent, we are glad to find, on referring to the article, that we meant exactly what we said and said exactly what we meant. Brighton and Dover were put in apposition to the great seaport cities, and were spoken of specifically as "small ports." That is what they are. In fact, it is only within a year or two that Dover has taken on airs of importance by being made a port of call for the great transatlantic liners from Bremen and Hamburg to New York and other western ports.

Our correspondent would doubtless find many changes in Brighton if it is sixty years since he has been there. But it is now not a great seaport and it never will be. It is possible to make seaports out of open roadsteads and it has more than once been done in Europe. Still, with all the work of nature and the handiwork of man, there will be found there no harbor that can compare with our magnificent San Francisco Bay, unless it be the harbor of Naples. The shallow indentation of the English Coast on which Brighton lies was never intended by nature for a seaport and never will be made so by the hand of man. Probably since our

correspondent was there—" 'tis sixty years since"—he would find many changes on the land, but few out in the water. There are two great wharves or piers which have been built since he was there; the West Pier, completed some thirty years ago, and the Marine Palace Pier, completed only five or six years ago. They are not piers for shipping, but promenading. On these structures for the small sum of tuppence one may listen to the music of brass bands performing at the pier 'ed, while wealth and fashion promenade the pier, jostled by 'Arry, threading their way among noble, gentle, and common invalids, propelled in Bawth chairs. Since our correspondent was there a "lift" has been constructed which will take him to the top of the cliff for an 'apenny, while he may go along the esplanade for the sum of thruppence in an electric reyeleweye. These guide-booky indications are handed out to our correspondent for the reason only that 'tis sixty years since he was in Brighton and the writer was there something over a year ago. They are not inserted educationally, but merely to lend verisimilitude, as the Mikado said, to an otherwise bald and unpleasing narrative about docks.

It would scarcely have been possible for the writer to confuse Brighton with any of the great seaports, for when he landed there he was engaged in a cruise of the German Ocean, the English Channel, and the Irish Sea. It is not customary with travellers to cruise along the English Coast, although many cross and recross the bodies of water surrounding the right little tight little island. But in this cruise we went twice along the south coast of England from Ostend to Ryde, and back from Ryde to a point off Dover, and thence to Scheveningen in Holland. It was really a curious cruise. In sailing by night, not far off shore, we passed long lines of lights, city after city, town after town. They were like beads upon a string of fire. The street lamps of the cities were the beadlets, the villages were the little beads, and the cities were the biggest beads of all. There were long lines of moving light; these were the electric tram cars in motion. Nearly all of these lights, both still and moving, were electric lights. But the most powerful lights we saw were not electric, for every few miles we would see the curious rotating flash-lights of the light-towers. As we went along the coast of this densely populated land, we passed many seaport towns, small and large—Sandowne, Ryde, Cowes, Portsmouth, Bognor, Little Hampton, Hove, Brighton, New Haven, Seaford, Eastbourne, Pevensey, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Hastings, New Romney, Folkstone, Dover.

England's little cities do not stop with the line of the chalk cliffs on her southern shore. We touched also at Jersey and Guernsey, where we found a red soil unlike the chalk cliffs of Albion. The Channel Islands belong to France, geologically and geographically, although politically they are islands of England. These little islands have little harbors, but there are massive breakwaters of stone 25 to 30 feet thick. Nowhere in this great country of ours with its eighty millions of people can we see such magnificent harbor protections as may be seen in these little dots of islands with their handful of rural population. Behind their breakwaters one sees basin after basin of solid masonry wherein ships may lie at ease. The wasted, wave-worn, water-bored cliffs give one an idea of the mighty forces of nature in the storm-swept English Channel. Yet ships lie in safety in the midst of these stormy waters under the lee of these artificial harbors made by the hand of man. On these Channel Islands one may see lofty piers with various platforms two or three stories high to suit the various stages of the tide.

Leaving the Channel Islands we sailed southward to a point on the French Coast, and returning were rounding Finisterre on the northwest corner of France—on the corner of the Atlantic and the North Sea, so to speak. The writer woke suddenly in the middle of the night, dreaming he was cross-

ing the American continent and that a Chicago lamp was shining in his Pullman window. But he was mistaken. A dazzling light was flashing rhythmically on the cabin wall:

FLASH! Dark!

FLASH! Dark!

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

Dark!

It was measured like a college yell, and so bright that one could read the time on a watch-dial. It was just midnight.

Looking out of the cabin window on the starboard side it was apparent that the flash came from the revolving lantern of a light-house, apparently miles away. It was the great light at Muesant, as the French term it, or Ushant, as appears in our geography books.

Thus, as we cruised around the stormy waters which girdle England, France, and Holland, we noted that at their seaports were erected massive and imperishable harbors, while their rocks and shoals were guarded with powerful lights. How fares the mariner for beacons on our American coast? On the Pacific but ill, as is testified by the number of good ships that every winter lay up their bones on some treacherous shore or rocky beach.

It was on this cruise, then, and on its last leg across the Channel, that we arrived at Brighton. We had entered that city before, by automobile, by steam railway, and by four-in-hand, but this was the first time we entered it by the water gate. Its open roadstead was so shallow and yet so stormy that our vessel could not come within a mile of the shore. Therefore we made our landing in small boats, climbing up the interminable steel stairs of one of these many-storied piers of which we spoke at now. And their height and their many stairs impressed the Brighton piers upon our memory.

Street Car Arbitration.

The questions at issue between the United Railroads of San Francisco and its employees are still being argued by the attorneys before an Arbitration Board. The proceedings are long drawn out, and bid fair to continue for some time yet. It will be remembered that Chief Justice Beatty of the Supreme Court consented to preside over this Arbitration Board. He did so with much hesitancy, his duties on the Supreme Bench consume practically all his time. However, he considered it his duty as a citizen to accept.

The attorneys before this Arbitration Board have not acted with as much consideration as some of its members. They have indulged in long-winded stump speeches and appeals to the gallery. These oratorical flights have been diversified by heated passages at arms between the attorneys. One of these last week Chief Justice Beatty objected to the forensic tilts as involving a "needless waste of time." Thereupon the attorneys vigorously attacked the Chief Justice, and defended their own wordiness. One of the Justice's colleagues sided with him, whereupon the third colleague interposed, informing the Board and the attorneys that the whole affair had already consumed seven minutes of valuable time, and suggested that they proceed to the business before them. Which was done.

Just before the afternoon meeting Justice Beatty explained to his colleagues and the attorneys that his "display of impatience in the morning was due to the fact that he had been greatly worried about other matters when he came to the meeting," and therefore begged that they would forgive him. The pardon sought was graciously accorded. It is only an old man, a jurist, one profoundly versed in the lore of the law, and in the ways of the world, who is wise and politic enough to apologize to a younger man. A young attorney who has been contemptuous to an old judge will always threaten to submit to jailing before he will apologize. Probably Justice Beatty, in addition to his innate courtesy and consideration, was actuated by a

desire to expedite the course of the arbitration proceedings, even at the expense of his own feelings.

In a score of years from now the present way of adjusting industrial disputes will seem to us a survival of medieval barbarism. Yet we have not far away a modern method for our contemplation. Many new things have come out of Australia and New Zealand, lands which are not only recent geographically, but very modern anthropologically. And one of the new things which New Zealand stands for is State arbitration in industrial disputes. If employers and employees differ, their disputes are arbitrated by a little local board. If they can not agree, or if the losing party will not submit, the matter speedily passes into hands which make the arbitration compulsory.

It seems to work well in New Zealand. Why should it not work well here? We do not all of us believe that the United Railroads, as an artificial person, is a creature of unalloyed sweetness and light. Some of us believe that the employees of the United Railroads are far from being creatures either of sweetness or of light. Many of us believe that both are wrong in some of their contentions. There must be a middle ground. The United Railroads must be at fault in some of its attitudes toward its men. The carmen must be wrong in some of the things they do to the United Railroads. They certainly are in some of the things they do to the public. And the public will admit with a whoop that the United Railroads is wrong in many of the things that corporation does to the people.

Why then should the time of the busy men composing the present Board be taken up in this long and wordy controversy when there is no certainty of enforcing their decision when they render it? Why would it not be well for California seriously to consider the adoption of some system of arbitration patterned after that of New Zealand?

Life Insurance Elections.

California has been so much disturbed over her own fire insurance troubles that she has paid little attention to the life insurance disturbances in the East. The two great companies which were investigated with such damaging disclosures a number of months ago are about to hold elections. In the New York Life Company there are two tickets, the administration ticket, which stands for the present Board of Trustees, and an opposition ticket known as the International Policy-Holders' ticket. Richard Olney of Massachusetts is the chairman of the opposition committee. In the Mutual Life there are three tickets, the administration ticket, the International committee's ticket, and a fusion ticket. The latter is a combination of the administration and the committee tickets.

The administration office-holders are burdening the mails with bales of ballots and other printed matter designed to influence the policy holders. These bewildered persons are flying to the newspapers for advice. The wealth, influence, and power of the administration officials are so great that some of these journals hesitate. Among the truly good newspapers of the country is the *Outlook*. Some weeks ago it practically advised its Mutual Life and New York Life readers to vote the administration ticket. A number of readers thereupon wrote, expressing surprise at this advice. One of them says:

"I have held a policy in the New York Life for thirteen years, and up to within the last month have never voted for directors or been asked to vote. I hardly knew that I could vote. Within the last month I have received literature from various sources advising me how to vote. Now the *Outlook* comes out advising the support of the administration ticket, although it is pretty generally conceded that there has been a good deal of corruption in the past management of the New York Life Insurance Company."

Another correspondent disagrees with the *Outlook*, and says:

"Your advice assumes that the question is, Which is the better ticket? This is no longer true. The question

is the broader one of whether the claim of 'mutuality'—on which the companies were founded and which they have always urged upon the insuring public—is real or a sham. You also say that something can be done another year. I say that unless the policy-holders succeed at this election, it is doubtful if they ever can. This is the only year when full boards are to be elected, and it should be remembered that the whole insurance story has not been told."

The two preceding letters are not highly commendatory of the *Outlook's* course. Here is an extract from a third, which is still more pointed:

"I do not like the position the *Outlook* has taken. Both these insurance companies have in the past been looted by their officers. Some of these guilty persons are still in the service of those companies. Is it at all strange that the policy-holders should wish these persons punished? Is it reasonable to ask that they be given further opportunity to be dishonest?"

The reply of the *Outlook* to these earnest correspondents is somewhat lame. It says:

"The administration in both the New York Life and the Mutual Life has been changed. The question is not between the old administration and the opposition ticket, but between a new, reformed administration and the opposition ticket. Under these circumstances, the *Outlook* advises the policy-holder to vote for the administration ticket. He can be sure that his property will be safe in their hands."

The correspondents allege that the "change in the administration amounts to little more than the withdrawal of a few smirched men." With the enormous wealth and the political and personal influence behind the "administration ticket" it is probable that it will win in both companies. We acquit the *Outlook* of any motives other than honest ones in its reply to its correspondents. But we admit to an uncomfortable feeling when we note how a journal of so high a character, when it has to choose in great crises, chooses nearly always on the side of wealth, power, and purely material things. Is there nothing more involved in this matter than the safety of invested money? And if there is no more involved, then is money as safe in the hands of crooked as of honest men?

Were we to advise, we would agree with Mr. O. W. Comstock, one of its correspondents, whom the *Outlook* mildly terms "militant." Mr. Comstock says:

"As both companies have in the past been looted by their officers, is it reasonable to ask that they be given further opportunity to be dishonest?"

Probably the advice of the *Outlook* is better than ours. It certainly would be better received by the money-changers in the temple. But we sincerely hope that, among the policy-holders of the New York Life and the Mutual Life, there will be found enough men who think as Mr. Comstock does to defeat the "administration ticket," and to elect the opposition. The men on the opposition ticket may not be such accomplished and skillful financiers as the men on the administration ticket, and therefore may not succeed in making quite so much for the company out of the public. But then, on the other hand, they may not make quite so much for themselves out of the policy holders.

Negro Churches and the President.

The most hopeless problem presented to the friends of the colored man would seem to be the colored man's brains. In all the hubbub which the President's dismissal of the colored troops has raised, and the hundreds of columns of more or less intemperate denunciation called forth by that topic, we have seen nothing so remarkable as the pronouncement issued at a union Thanksgiving service of four negro churches in New York City. In this fulmination we find the following:

"The Chief Magistrate of the Union covered himself with eternal shame and disgrace by his unjust, unkind, undemocratic, un-American, czarocratic, cold, cruel, drastic, and infamous orders against as brave, as heroic, as self-sacrificing a set of men as ever wore the blue or carried Old Glory to the scene of strife. We demand justice at the high court of earth and before the bar of Heaven. Let him of the square deal deal square, him of the fair play

play fair. Every black man in the South ought to pack up his belongings and move to a doubtful State."

This is reminiscent of the famous judicial post-climax: "Prisoner at the bar, Divine Providence has endowed you with an immortal soul, instead of which you go about stealing hens."

When one reflects that this mess of mush is concocted by the leaders among the colored men, and represents not the average but the high-tide of African intellectuality, it gives one some idea of what the average must be. We admire the enthusiasm of those altruists who are endeavoring to elevate the black man intellectually, but we do not think much of their chances for success. God made the black man. He made him as he is. He made him with his physical, mental, and moral make-up as they are. If He made him that way, probably He wanted him that way. But whether He did or not, the white man has not yet improved much on God's handiwork when he made the black man. Furthermore, we may add, God made the black man for Africa, and it is our opinion that He intended him to live there. If any good has come by removing the black man from the place where God made him, we do not know what it is.

Oriental Labor.

Our Eastern contemporaries are in the habit of holding California up to shame as a dreadful example among the States of the American Union, because she does not want Oriental immigration. They are fond of implying that our standard of manners and morals is low, or we would appreciate the advantages offered to us by this kind of immigration. Yet we would like to point out to our supercilious contemporaries that in every Anglo-Saxon community the same feeling is sure to develop. Only the other day so small a band as twenty-two Chinese landed in England from Hongkong, on their way to Liverpool, where they had been engaged to work in laundries. They were promptly held up on technical grounds. They will probably be admitted, but the action of the officials is significant. It shows that the people of England are becoming apprehensive over the danger of Oriental immigration. Already the invasion of the South African colonies by Chinese laborers has been checked by the recent disclosures. Within their contract time these laborers will all be deported. In Australia the Chinese are excluded. In British Columbia their immigration is strictly restricted. In fact, so strong is the feeling against Oriental immigration in the Pacific Coast provinces of the Dominion of Canada, that it does not stop with the Chinese and Japanese, but is now extending to the Hindoos, who are migrating in large numbers into British Columbia and other English colonies. Although these emigrants are British subjects, the Canadians have no relish for their presence. This is not to be wondered at, as the average wage in their part of the British Empire is about four dollars a month. We suggest to those of our Eastern contemporaries who are so fond of abusing California for her lack of appreciation of Oriental immigration, that they extend their unsought advice to England and her colonies.

The Anti-Graft Crusade.

Mayor Schmitz returned from Europe last week, and was met at the State line by a deputy-sheriff with a warrant for his arrest. He had been indicted by the Grand Jury with Abraham Ruef, on the charge of "extortion," both the accused being charged with having obtained money from the French restaurant keepers of San Francisco under the threat of depriving them of their licenses. The mayor was naturally much chagrined and apparently much surprised when the news met him at New York. He declared in strong language his entire innocence, and stated that he would return to San Francisco without the loss of a single day to face his accusers. This he did. An impromptu reception of his friends and admirers was

hastily arranged. But the train was many hours late, and he did not arrive in San Francisco until long past midnight. Even at that late hour he found assembled a crowd of several thousand in a hall awaiting his arrival. To them he made a grateful speech, thanking them for their confidence in him and assuring them that it was not misplaced. Speeches had been made before his arrival by several orators, some of whom bitterly attacked the leaders in the present graft crusade, and the editors of the daily papers. These journals have now for a number of weeks been filling whole pages with all manner of accusations against the mayor, the supervisors, and the members of the various municipal boards. But these charges have not seemed to materialize. About the only concrete charges so far are those of extortion against the mayor and his friend, Ruef. People generally do not believe that the mayor is guilty on this charge, and most of them seem to think that Ruef is justified in accepting money under those conditions as "attorney's fees." This belief speaks volumes for the estimate placed on the legal profession by the people of San Francisco. Another indictment is that against Supervisor Nicholas of accepting \$26.05 as a bribe from a furniture house. Chief of Police Dinan has been indicted for conniving at the existence of houses of prostitution. This would seem to be the extent so far of the indictments preferred against municipal officers. It can not be gainsaid that the tone of the public has notably changed in this matter during the past two weeks. At first the people were inclined to believe the sweeping charges made by the daily newspapers, that all of the municipal officials were grafters. But now, in view of the failure of the dailies to "make good," the people are expressing cynical disbelief, not only in the truth of these charges, but in the motives of those who make them.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Incidents of Martial Law in San Francisco During the Fire.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Among the misfortunes that befell the people of this city following the disaster of April 18, was the authority "to shoot to kill," vested in an unknown number of inexperienced, undisciplined, and callow youths, whose exploits, in uniform, have in a few instances become the subject of judicial inquiry. The substitution of the military for civil government, at this critical juncture, was doubtless a justifiable expedient, but the consequences of investing college cadets and kindred organizations with such authority at a time of great public danger and excitement are appalling. The exhibition of haste, lack of judgment, inexperience in emergencies, absence of the military discipline, a wanton desire to hurt some one on slight provocation, or no provocation at all, led to the sacrifice of life, innumerable hardships, and the unnecessary destruction of property. No well-trained soldier, for example, would have deliberately shot a man to death, in the act of flight, especially one who had committed no crime or even an offense that warranted arrest. The declaration of Garrett McEnery that such an act was done "at a time to suppress rioting with bullets" is manifestly sophistical and irrelevant. The essential character of a riot was conspicuously absent in this case; unrestrained behavior, uproar, and tumult of three or more persons in unlawful assembly, did not obtain. The alleged offender was done to death in the act of flight, the bullets entering by the back. The evidence shows the deed to have been unnecessary, wanton, cowardly, and brutal, and justifies the objection to investing tin holiday soldiers with authority to slaughter. Under this word "rioting" it may be observed that many thousands of old women have been arrested and put to expense, and sometimes in prison for a little intemperate use of their tongues.

As an example of warped judgment or asinine folly on the part of one of these "invincibles in peace and invisibles in war" the following may be cited as typical. A physician well known to the writer, residing on Taylor Street, had been engaged in the early part of April 18 assisting the injured at the Pavilion; while thus engaged he learned that his own house was menaced by the flames. He rushed to his office, and, unable to obtain carriage for his household effects, he hastily gathered an arm-full of valuable papers and books of record. A man in uniform entered and ordered him out; deaf to protest or explanation on the part of the doctor, he thrust him into the street at the point of his bayonet, not even allowing him to take his books or papers. The flames were two blocks away from the house at this time. Hundreds of people in the late fire had similar experiences resulting in irreparable losses.

On the evening of April 19 a person in uniform with a gun, inspired with the valor of a hundred Falstaffs and possibly by as many potations, entered the residence of Mr. J. B. Stetson, on Van Ness Avenue. His salutation in the venacular ran as follows: "Git out of here." "But," replied the proprietor, "this is my house, sir, and I see no reason to leave it; besides the fire is some distance away and I desire to remain here at present." "Git out of here," retorted this armed biped, "and don't talk back to me,"

and turning his bayonet to Mr. Stetson's breast he thrust him from his own house. The fire meanwhile had reached the block next to the Stetson residence, and the owner realized that the premises, being without a guardian, would inevitably be destroyed by the first flames that reached it. When therefore the uniformed promoter of public disaster had subsided into his own shadow, the heroic Mr. Stetson, drawing his hat over his face, rushed back and entered his house. Here he made a stand, and with the rude and inadequate appliances at hand, he fought the flames that repeatedly occurred here and there about the building; not alone this, but observing a fire just starting in a large residence west of his own, he induced a man, for a large reward, to climb to the roof and extinguish the flame that in a short time would have enveloped both houses. The arrest of the fire at this point by the efforts of Mr. Stetson, at the risk of his life from a idiotic soldier, and at this particular juncture, was the salvation of the Western Addition.

A venerable gentleman with his aged wife were joggling along in the environs of the city in a vehicle propelled by an equally antiquated quadruped, when from the roadway stepped a beardless youth in uniform holding a gun. This embryonic defender of his country, feeling the conjunction of an old man, an old woman, and a antiquated horse meant riot and a menace to the Commonwealth, cried "Halt!" in commanding tone, at the same moment advancing his bayonet to an uncomfortable proximity of the old gentleman's face. "What do you wish with me, and why do you stop me on the highway?" mildly protested the aged driver. "Don't talk back to me," replied the stripling, at the same moment cocking his gun. Fearing that this idiotic performance would end in murder the old gentleman held his peace, not daring to say word. After a few moments' inspection of the vehicle and its occupants they were commanded to move on.

This circumstance was narrated to the writer a few hours after its occurrence, and the narrator of the story is a well-known business man of this city.

Circumstances of the foregoing character, involving violence, a total disregard of personal rights, unnecessary killing, irreparable losses of valuable documents, the force abandonment of property by the owners, that could have been saved, and untold hardships inflicted upon the people by inexperienced and undisciplined soldiery of irregular organization, acting under the authority of martial law would fill a volume.

When, therefore, we are to have earthquake, fire, pestilence, and martial law let us humbly pray that the greatest of these may not be martial law.

W. S. THORNE, M. D.
San Francisco, December, 1906

The Negro Soldiers.

PASADENA, CAL., Dec. 2, 1906.
EDITOR ARGONAUT:—All comments on the President's action in discharging the three companies of negro troops that I have read in many journals, state or assume that the men of those companies were "dishonorably" discharged. This is a crucial mistake, and when the *Argonaut* makes it, as you appear to do in your resume of the matter of December 1, it is important to correct it.

There were formerly in the army two kinds of discharge, only, honorable and dishonorable. It is essentially correct to say that the latter was, and is still given only by sentence of a general court martial. The soldiers dub such a discharge a "bobtail," because the space reserved at the foot of the parchment for the offender's character was cut off, so that he could not forge one for himself.

In spite of great care on the part of recruiting officers, considerable number of men found, and still find their way into the army without the necessary qualifications for the service and are an expensive burden to it. Without being bad or vicious, these men are simply indifferent and useless. The genus is well known, for society everywhere is honeycombed with it from top to bottom.

To rid the service of them Congress passed a law a few years ago providing for their summary discharge by kind of negative dismissal called, perhaps unfortunately, "discharge without honor," i. e., not an honorable discharge, which had not been earned by faithful service, nor yet a dishonorable discharge which had not been incurred by criminal conduct.

The space for character remains, and the character given while generally unfavorable is rarely bad. "Good, but intemperate," "Fair," "Careless and indifferent," may serve as samples, and the words that appear on all discharges, "no objection to re-enlistment is known to exist," are invariably erased.

In the case of men dishonorably discharged or discharged "without honor," re-enlisting is practically impossible for if the applicant admits the kind of discharge he holds he is rejected. While if he conceals it he will almost invariably be tried for fraudulent enlistment, which is felony by law. Fraudulent enlistments are, as a rule, promptly discovered at the War Department by comparing the recruit's descriptive card with those on hand under the French system of measurements.

It is this kind of negative discharge that the men of the three companies received. In ordering it the President states in effect that he does not consider that the men are suitable for the service.

There is still another consideration which has been overlooked as far as I have noticed. If the three companies had the usual number of non-commissioned officers there must have been 40 or 50 of them, whose sworn duty it was to prevent disorder of every kind, or failing in that for any proper reason, to arrest or denounce offenders. These non-commissioned officers were about equally divided among the three companies, lived with the rest of the men in barracks, and each one of them was in charge of a squad or section, the members of which he knew intimately, and for whose going and coming he was responsible.

VINDEX.

[The *Argonaut* was scrupulous to use the phrase of the official order, "discharged without honor," in the heading and throughout its article where its own words were printed. As quotations were made from a number of sources, their phraseology was allowed to stand—in fact we had no right to change it.—En.]

London consumes only 90,000,000 gallons of water daily; New York uses 500,000,000 gallons.

NOVELISTS AND CAVE-DWELLERS.

Parallel Passages in the Stories by Stanley Waterloo and Jack London.

Surprising points of similarity are pointed out in the opening chapters of Jack London's latest serial story, "Before Adam," and Stanley Waterloo's tale of prehistoric man, "The Story of Ab," published nine years ago. When the critics noted the resemblance and Mr. Waterloo was asked his opinion of the matter, he said that Mr. London was evidently "a clever writer when he uses other people's brains." To this London replied with a letter in which he asserted to Waterloo that "the only resemblance is that both deal with the primitive world," and accused the author of the earlier story of unscientific treatment.

That there is something more than a similarity of time and characters in the stories is demonstrated by an examination. One of the episodes in the opening chapters of London's story is the escape of the primitive child and its mother from an attack of wild pigs. These paragraphs give the features of the incident:

I was in a little open space. Around me, on all sides, were bushes and fern-like growths, and overhead and all about were the trunks and branches of forest trees. Suddenly I heard a sound. I sat upright and listened. There was no movement. The little noises died down in my ears, and I sat as one petrified. The sound came closer. It was like the grunt of a pig. Then I began to hear the noises caused by the moving of a body through the brush. Next I saw the ferns agitated by the passage of a body. Then the ferns parted, and I saw gleaming eyes, a long out, and white tusks. It was a wild boar. Then I screamed. * * * As I say, I leaped to meet her (his mother), and on the instant she leaped straight up to the air, catching an overhanging branch with her hands. The next instant, with clashing tusks, the boar dove past underneath. He had recovered from his surprise and sprung forward, emitting a squeal that was almost rumbling. At any rate it was a call, for it was followed by the rushing of bodies through the ferns and brush from all directions. From every side wild hogs dashed into the open space—dozens of them. But my mother swung over the top of the thick limb, a dozen feet from the ground, and I still clinging on to her, we perched there in safety. She was very excited. She chattered and screamed, and scolded on at the bristling, tooth-gnashing circle that had gathered beneath. I, too, trembling, peered down at the angry beasts and did my best to imitate my mother's cries.

In the opening chapters of Waterloo's story is given an account of the escape of the cave-dwelling mother and child from the attack of a hyena. This is his description of the event:

The baby lying there among the beech leaves tired, finally, of its cooing and twig-snapping, and slept the sleep of dreamless early childhood. He slept happily and noiselessly, but when he at last awoke his demeanor showed a change. He had nothing to distract him, unless it might be the breaking of twigs again. He had no toys, and, being hungry, he began to yell. * * * Ab's mother came running lightly from the river bank toward where the youngster lay.

The woman made a dive into the little hollow and picked up the babe from its nest of leaves and tossed him up lightly. The woman tossed him aloft in her arms and cuddled him. Again, there came a sound to her ears which made her leap like some wilder creature of the forest up to a better vantage ground. She turned her head, and then—she should have seen the woman!

Very nearly above them swung down one of the branches of a great beech tree. The mother threw the child into the flow of her left arm and leaped upward a yard to catch the branch with her right hand. So she swung dangling. * * * Even as she swung herself into place upon the huge bough there came rushing across the space breath, snarling, smelling, and seeking, a brute as foul and dangerous as could be imagined for mother and son on the ground. It was of a dirty dun color, mottled and striped with a lighter but still dingy hue.

It had a black, hoggish nose, but there were fangs in its great jaws. It resembled a huge wolf, save as to its immensiveness and club countenance. It was one of the monster hyenas of the time, a beast which must have been a danger to the men then living as any animal except a cave tiger and the cave bear.

The beast scented immediately the prey above him and leaped upward ferociously and vainly. Was the woman beset thus holding herself aloft and with her child upon her arm, in a state of sickening anxiety? Hardly! She encircled the supporting branch the closer and laughed aloud. She even poked one bare foot down at the leaping beast, and waved her leg in provocation. At the same time there was no doubt that she was beset. Furthermore, she was hungry, and so she raised her voice, and sent out through the forest a strange call, a quavering minor wail, but something to be heard at a great distance.

London brings the mate of the tree-climbing mother on the scene immediately, and this is his picture of the man-animal:

At his appearance was no more unusual than the manner of his coming there to my mother and me as we perched on the angry wild pigs. He came through the trees, leaping from limb to limb and from tree to tree; and he came swiftly. * * * He was extremely angry. I remember the outburst of his protruding underlip as he glared down at the wild pigs. He snarled somewhat like a dog, and I remember that his eye-teeth were large like fangs, and that he impressed me tremendously.

His conduct served only the more to infuriate the pigs. He broke off twigs and small branches and flung them

down upon our enemies. He even hung by one hand, tantalizingly just beyond reach, and mocked them as they gnashed their tusks with impotent rage. Not content with this, he broke off a stout branch, and, holding on with one hand and one foot, jabbed the infuriated beasts in the sides and whacked them across their noses.

Waterloo seems to have set the style for the opportune appearance of the male protector of his primitive mother and child. This is his introduction of the cave-man:

Then came, swinging easily from branch to branch along the tree tops, the father of Ab, a person who felt a natural and aggressive interest in what was going on. * * * The man sat himself upon the limb beside his wife and child. The two talked together in their clucking language for a moment or two, but few words were wasted. Words had not their present abundance in those days; action was everything. The man was hungry, the day must be ended promptly. He clambered easily up the tree and wrenched off a deadened limb at least two yards in length, then tumbling back again and passing his wife and child along the main branch, he swung down to where the leaping beast could almost reach him. The heavy club he carried gave him an advantage.

With a whistling sweep, as the hyena leaped upward in its ravenous folly, came this huge club crashing against the thick skull, a blow so fair and stark and strong that the stunned beast fell backward upon the ground, and then, down, lightly as any monkey, dropped the cave man. The huge stone axe went crashing into the brain of the quivering brute.

In the letter written by London to Waterloo, denying the charge of plagiarism, are these paragraphs:

If you return then to the proposition of similarity of treatment, let me tell you that your story and mine are as far apart as the poles in treatment, point of view, grip, etc. Why, I wrote my story as a reply to yours, because yours was unscientific. You crammed the evolution of a thousand generations into one generation—a thing at which I revolted from the time I first read your story. This situation strikes me as very funny. Here I fall out with you because of your unscientific treatment of the primitive world and therefore write a reply, and then you say that in six weeks I took all I knew from you.

You say that you worked fifteen long years. How long do you think I have been working in my study of science? Read my "Kempton-Wace Letters," my "Call of the Wild," my "War of the Classes" (especially these three), read everything I have written, and you will find that I am firmly grounded, not in Stanley Waterloo, but in the same scientific writers that Stanley Waterloo is grounded in.

Only two installments of London's story have appeared in the magazine that is publishing it in serial form. That the succeeding chapters will be closely scanned for further resemblances or distinguishing variations is certain. It is probable that many readers will be attracted to both stories by the discussion that has been stirred up, and that Waterloo and London will both have immediate profit from the wordy warfare.

James M. Dungan and wife, who have a ranch on Pit River, near Carbon, Shasta County, conceived the idea of irrigating and raising alfalfa. To get water for the purpose it was necessary to dig a tunnel into the hillside, a mile and a half from their farm, to strike a subterranean flow and convey it by a ditch to their land. The work was begun, and without any outside assistance husband and wife drove a tunnel 1350 feet in length. Two years were consumed in the work, says the *Sacramento Bee*. Much of that time Mrs. Dungan had to work alone in the tunnel, as Dungan was sick for several months and unable to work. Mrs. Dungan learned to use the drill as well as any miner. She drilled the holes, put in the charges of powder, set off the blasts, and then wheeled the dirt to the dump at the mouth of the tunnel.

Dr. Morrison, the well-known correspondent of the *London Times* at Peking, went to see the recent manoeuvres of the modernized Chinese army in the neighborhood of Chang-te-fu. He describes them as a repetition of the performance of last year—a set-piece carefully prepared long beforehand by a number of Japanese advisers. The general opinion formed by the military attaches was not, he says, unfavorable, though many years' work without official jobbery will be needed before the troops can compare with those of more advanced nations. The inefficiency of the officers is still conspicuous, and the field training of the men inadequate, but the material is good. Dr. Morrison hints pretty plainly that, without the Japanese to direct affairs, the contending armies would have been little better than a rabble.

Church attendance in rural districts, it is said, is greatly decreased by the prevailing "motor fever." The ever-increasing use of the automobile for Sunday touring on country roads banishes the churchgoer who drives with his family to church, for the horse is apt to take fright and life become thereby endangered.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

John I. McIlhenny, of Louisiana, a member of the Rough Rider regiment commanded by Colonel Roosevelt, has been appointed a member of the Civil Service Commission by the President. The vacancy occurred through the promotion of A. W. Cooley to be assistant Attorney-General of the Department of Justice.

The official canvass shows that Chicago did not elect as judge the negro who had unofficially a small plurality. Senator Tillman wasn't allowed to speak on the race question in Chicago, says the *Portland Oregonian*, but he was there long enough, apparently, to introduce a few South Carolina methods in counting election returns.

If 87 Democrats in different legislative districts in Delaware had voted their party ticket instead of supporting Republicans, a Democratic Legislature would have been elected, and, of course, would then have chosen a Democrat to go to the United States Senate. This is an interesting illustration of how much a few votes mean in Delaware.

President Roosevelt in his speech at Harrisburg, Pa., criticised the judges who have held against concentration of powers in the hands of the federal government. He doubtless forgets, remarks the *Evansville (Ind.) Courier*, how sharply he arraigned the Democrats as anarchists in 1896 when they expressed disapprobation of the decisions of the courts on the income-tax law.

This remark from the editorial columns of the *San Francisco Chronicle* is noted as one of numerous recent utterances showing a change in its regard for President Roosevelt: "It is shameful that admiration or fear of the prowess of the Japanese should make the American people forget their promise to use their good offices to assist the Koreans in maintaining their autonomy. Evidently the big stick is nothing but a stuffed club."

There is a good deal of talk in Oklahoma of electing an Indian as first United States Senator from that State. Three men are specially mentioned in connection with the place—Charles D. Carter, a young man of Ardmore, who owns 12,000 acres of fine land and a lot of town property; Chief McCurtain and Chief Pleasant Porter. McCurtain is a giant full-blood Choctaw. Porter is a Creek. Chief Porter is regarded as an orator of ability.

It is now declared that the friends of Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, have made sufficient progress in working up a movement to give him the Democratic nomination for President in 1908 that they hold meetings attended by prominent men of the party. The *New Haven Union* is authority for the statement, and its editor asserts that ex-senators, ex-representatives, ex-government officials, and ex-national committeemen, are concerned.

The California Legislature, which will assemble early next month, is overwhelmingly Republican. The Senate will be composed of 27 straight Republicans, six Democrats, one non-partisan, and six Republicans endorsed by the Union Labor party. The Assembly will consist of 57 straight Republicans, four Democrats, one Independence League man, and 18 who received the indorsement of the Union Labor party, they in the majority of instances having been nominated by the Republicans.

Congressman-elect William H. Jackson, of the First District, Maryland, is being made uncomfortable by an investigation that threatens to culminate in a contest in the House of Representatives. He admits spending a large amount of money in his campaign, but says he simply outbid his Democratic competitor and denies that he bought a vote. It is asserted by Mr. Jackson's opponents, and by many in his own party, that vote-buying has become a system in Maryland, particularly among the negro voters.

Interviewed in San Antonio, Tex., soon after the result of the election was known, William Randolph Hearst, late candidate for Governor of New York, and not long ago a candidate for mayor of Greater New York, said:

I will never again be a candidate. I shall continue to reside in New York and support the principles of reform which I have always stood for, but those principles are now sufficiently understood by the public for it to be no longer necessary for me to be a candidate. In the future it is to be my privilege to stand by the principles of government I have always advocated without being a candidate for office and on that account attacked with much bitterness.

A VENTURE WITH DEATH.

How One of Three Prospectors Remained Behind.

In Southeastern Arizona there is a tract of land large enough to make an Eastern State. It is known as the Apache Indian Reservation and it is there that the Indians of that tribe are kept under close military surveillance. Years ago the surveillance would occasionally relax, and then there would be an outbreak. A trail of blood would be marked out toward Mexico, and the vultures would come in crowds, as if from all over the West, to enjoy the banquet prepared for them in the dead, whose bodies would glisten when first killed with snowy whiteness in the dazzling sunlight, so that you could see them dotting the plains from afar off, while the hot winds from the south that tanned your face would be heavy with the smell of human carrion.

It is not so now, for better watch and ward is kept by the soldiers. But when it was so, there were four men who went into this Apache country to prospect for the mines from which, in the old days, the Indians obtained the silver out of which they would mold bullets when they could not get lead. Many a man has lost his life searching for these mines.

Of these four men, one was Harry Barrett. He was young, and had, as many young men have, and as all young men should have, a girl with whom he was very much in love, and to whom he was engaged to be married. It was probably this more than any thing else that made him so desirous of growing suddenly rich by finding the treasure mines of the Apaches, for, while a young man is truly in love, his greatest regret is that he does not own the wealth of the Indies and possess the power of the Czar to augment his importance in the eyes of the woman in whom he is so deeply interested. This was so with Harry Barrett, and when old Jeff Bramlett, who had prospected for these same mines for twenty years or more, came to him with his map of the country in which they were supposed to exist, Harry was not long in growing enthusiastic, and believing what was told him, for the prospect of great wealth is always intoxicating. The map was old, and frayed, and faded, for many another man had fingered it, to his sorrow. That counted for naught, though, with Harry. When the day came for the party to start on their search, he was the most light-hearted of all, especially when he lagged behind to kiss his hand to the girl for whose sake he desired wealth, and who stood at the door of her father's house watching him, while she saw in vision the beautiful things that the future had in store for both. The wealth that Harry might discover was not necessary to make her pictures of the future bright. If she only could have Harry, that was sufficient, and, when he had passed from her sight, she turned away, humming the song he most liked, while thinking of the pleasures that awaited his return.

For months there had been no rumors of Indian disturbances. There had been peace on the reservation so long that men had ceased to give its dangers a thought.

So it was with Harry Barrett and his comrades. While the girl who was awaiting his return might have occasionally thought of the risks that the little party ran, the men never felt any anxiety, or, if they did, subdued it without openly expressing it.

For the first few days, they found indications of rich silver deposits—indications that were so rich that they made a permanent camp, intending to examine the ledges that criss-crossed the country thoroughly. They had seen no Indians, and expected none. One day, though, as they sat at dinner, a shot came from out of the pines, and before the echo had died away it was followed by a score of others. Old Jeff Bramlett, who was to have led them to untold wealth, dropped the tin plate—from which he was eating—on the ground. Not abruptly, but so gently that it hardly made a sound; and, as it fell, he apparently made an effort to rise to his feet, only to fall face forward, into the fire, where still simmered the uneaten portion of the noonday meal.

The three remaining men sprang to their feet unharmed, and rushed to seek cover behind trees and boulders, picking up the arms that came nearest to their hands. As Barrett passed the fire, he drew from it the body of the old man. The face was covered with ashes and blood, while the long hair and open shirt were smoking from the contact with the coals. The limp body and relaxed jaw told how suddenly death had come.

As the young man threw the body to one side from the fire, and sank under the cover of a boulder,

he glanced in the direction from which the shots had come, but could see nothing. As he watched, there would occasionally rise puffs of white smoke, followed by the report of a rifle, and he would fire in return. Through the whole afternoon never once did he see an Indian's face or form. After the first surprise, the three had called to one another, and were rejoiced to know that none was hit. The oldest had taken the direction of affairs.

"Hold your ammunition and wait until tonight, and then we will break back for the cañon and try to reach the settlements. There are too many of them for us to stand off," he said, and so through the long afternoon they waited. The fire they had kindled had burned out, and the body of the dead man beside it grew cold and rigid. The blood no longer flowed from the wound.

When darkness had come the three men gradually crept back, keeping as closely together as possible, in the direction of the cañon behind them. Occasionally, out of the darkness, would come a flash of light from a rifle fired in their direction. To these, at first, they replied; but when they had got some distance from the camp where the dead man lay, they rose to their feet, and as rapidly and noiselessly as possible retreated to the cañon. No one spoke, but each knew that the faces of his comrades were, like his own, glowing with that feeling of gratitude that comes only when a man has escaped almost certain death. They would never see the man they had left behind again; but, after all, he was old and alone in the world, while they—well, with them life was sweeter and dearer than it could possibly have been to him. To Harry, at least, it seemed so. What would the girl have done had he instead been killed and lying back there by the deserted camp-fire to be mutilated beyond recognition when his body should pass into the hands of the Apaches? By morning they would be within a few miles of the settlements, and they would be safe. It was so dark that they had to use both hands and feet in feeling for a footway down through the cañon. Still they were making good progress. It was hardly midnight, and they must have left their camp at least a dozen miles behind. They could not be over thirty or forty miles from the settlements, and, once out of the cañon, they would soon travel that distance. The moon would soon be high in the heavens and that would help them; but it would also bring aid to the pursuers, raging at their escape. Its lights were already beginning to fill the mountain sides and cañons with strange and uncouth shadows.

The three men kept close together, as if relying on one another for assistance. As they climbed down through the cañon they remained on its darkest side, in order to avoid any possible discovery, although it made their narrow footway still more dangerous. Far behind them they could see on the mountain side a blaze of light, and they knew that it was a signal of their escape. It made them push forward with still greater exertion, for now they knew that the pursuit was close behind, and that it would be only with the greatest effort they could escape, as the Indians had probably discovered the direction in which they were going, and would endeavor to intercept them. As they pushed forward with renewed haste, the man in the rear suddenly slipped and fell, carrying with him his two comrades. The fall was but a slight one. The little pebbles it had started had hardly ceased rolling before two of the men were again on their feet, picking up their arms. Harry tried to join them, and rose to his feet, but only to fall again.

"What's the matter?" asked one of the men. "I think I have sprained my leg some way," he replied.

The two men assisted him to arise, but when he was on his feet his left leg seemed to be without life, so far as any control of the muscles of it was concerned. He tried to step forward, but it dragged as if it were paralyzed. A cold sweat broke out all over him, and when one of the men who supported him said:

"This is hell!"

It sounded like a sentence of death.

"Can't you move it at all?" asked one of his comrades, his voice betraying his desire to be once more on his way toward the settlements. They were still standing where they had fallen in the moonlight, and one of them noticing it, led the way back into the shadows.

"No; I am afraid it is broken," answered the disabled man. His voice sounded strange and changed. He could hardly recognize it. The dead man whom they had left lying back by the camp-fire seemed very near to him, and in his fear and pain he wondered if the Indians had mutilated him much.

The two men laid him down, and one, taking the disabled limb in his hand, moved it gently back and forth, and in an instant moved his hand far up on the thigh.

"Yes, it's broken there. You can feel the end of the bones." As he said it, he glanced from the face of the wounded man into that of his other comrade. Even in the shadow the wounded man caught the expression on the faces of the two men and knew that they were thinking how long it would be before the Apaches would overtake them if they remained there. Both had seated themselves by his side in the shadow, so that if their pursuers were near by they would offer a poorer target.

"Don't you think you can limp along with our help?" asked one.

"No, it's no use, boys, I could never get through the cañon. You will have to leave me. If I tried they would attack us before daybreak." As he said this, he unbuckled the belt from around his waist with its glimmering row of cartridges, and handed it to one of the men, after taking the revolver from its holster.

"Well, we ain't going to leave you," said one of his comrades.

"Boys, that is nonsense," said the disabled man. His voice was so calm and clear now that it surprised him. "You can do me no good by staying and there will be three instead of one to die. By tomorrow morning, you can be within reach of the settlements and safe, but my time has come."

The two men looked at each other in silence. After all, it was but true that nothing would be gained by their staying. They had both risen to their feet like men who had been given a new hope.

"Boys, tell Mattie how it was, and give her what I have got in town." At the mention of the girl's name, there again came into the voice the unsteady strangeness that was there when he first told them he was hurt, while in the moonlight they could see there were tears in his eyes. For an instant the wounded man was silent, and then he added: "You had better take my arms with you; you may need them."

As he finished speaking, he cocked the revolver and placed it to his head; but before he could press the trigger, one of the men grasped his hand and exclaimed:

"Don't do that!"

"Yes; you are right. The report would betray us," said the wounded man, as he lowered the weapon. "Give me that knife, instead."

"I didn't mean it that way," said the man who made the remark, ashamed that the true feelings, which prompted it had been perceived by the wounded man. "Don't kill yourself. We will stay with you and we may yet pull through."

The wounded man shook his head quietly. The tone of the speaker told him, as plain as words could have done, that there was but one chance of escape for any of them. He took from the belt the man mechanically handed him, in compliance with his request, his heavy hunting knife, and leaned back full length in the shadow of the cañon. The men stood watching him, saw his eyes close and his lips moving in prayer, but only for an instant and then, without looking up, he said:

"Good-bye, boys; I hope you will get through."

There was not a quaver in his voice. As he finished, the men turned away so as not to see him each saying softly, as if speaking to himself:

"Good-bye, Harry."

As they stood looking down the moonlit cañon they could hear behind them, where the wounded man lay, sounds as if he was choking and gasping for breath. When they no longer heard them, they looked toward where he lay. The white breast where the open bosom of the shirt exposed it in the shadow, looked as if stained with ink, where the blood had touched it, and across it lay the nerveless hand that had held the knife.

For an instant the two men looked down on the body with awe, as if afraid that the open eyes were watching them. Then one placed the hand over the heart of the outstretched form, shuddering as he felt how warm it was. It seemed unnatural that it should be so with a dead man. For a moment he held it there, and then, wiping from it on the shirt of the dead man the blood that stained it in almost a whisper, as if fearing to be heard by the spirit that had just departed:

"Yes; he is dead."

And then the two survivors took the dead man's arms and pushed forward into the night toward the settlements, leaving behind them, in the stillness of the moonlit cañon, a white upturned face to await the early dawn, when the Indians would slash it so that even the girl in the settlement who had so often kissed it, would not know it.

W. O. O'NEILL.

GOLDEN DAYS OF ENGLISH OPERA.

W. S. Gilbert's Seventieth Anniversary and the Savoy Revival—"Pinafore" Memories.

One of the prime ministers of England celebrated the seventieth anniversary of his birth on Sunday, November 18, as a country gentleman, a magistrate, and a "retired humorist." The title may be misleading, but it has surely been won by W. S. Gilbert, for he, more than any other of his time, has ministered to the pleasure of the English-speaking world for a generation.

At the Savoy Theatre, in London, there begins today—the date of this number of the *Argonaut*—a revival of the Savoy comic operas, the joyous results that sprang from the union of W. S. Gilbert's satirical wit and Arthur Sullivan's music. To the younger theatre-goers who are privileged to see a renaissance of those eleven productions, they can bring no such delight as they brought to others, beginning twenty-eight years ago, for they do not present a new world of entertainment. Their clean bright fun, their infectious, fitting melodies, are sufficient to hold the attention, to compel the admiration of auditors old and young, but they are not now a new element in playhouse fare.

Critics of today can not discover the values that were so obvious then, and even those who recall easily the first echoes that came across the Atlantic of the success that "H. M. S. Pinafore" was winning in its original production at the Savoy Theatre by D'Oyley Carte, are better able to tell of effects than causes.

It is perhaps not enough to say that Gilbert and Sullivan's "H. M. S. Pinafore, or the Lass That Loved a Sailor," was the first English comic opera ever written, at least the first that ever had an adequate presentation. There were Gay's "Beggars' Opera," which was not an opera, burlesques and extravaganzas galore, and there was French opera-bouffe that could hardly be translated, but there was no English light opera. In parenthesis, I may say that Gilbert and Sullivan had written one earlier than "Pinafore," that was brought out at the Opera Comique in London—"The Sorcerer"—and it is a sparkling, whimsical, tuneful opera, but it did not have D'Oyley Carte's careful stage management, and even yet it is hardly known in America. Stage managers are important factors in all stage productions, but even the worst of stage management could not spoil "Pinafore."

The first production of "Pinafore" in America was in San Francisco at the old Alhambra, afterward the Bush Street Theatre, in November, 1878. It was presented by the Alice Oates English Opera Company fresh from Australia, and the plump and pleasing prima donna at the head of the organization sang the tenor part of Ralph, as was usual in the burlesques of that day. The book and score of the opera had been secured from London, and it was something of a puzzle to the members of the company. It was not like anything they had ever seen before, and they interpolated numerous ideas to bring it up to their standard. The rotund Alice introduced "Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye"; the boatswain introduced "The Death of Nelson"; a sailor's quartet, grouped about the capstan at the opening of the second act, sang "The Larboard Watch." In spite of this, the piece was a success, and on its way eastward the company came more and more to rely upon it. The Oates Company reached Chicago in February, 1879, and sang "Pinafore" in Faverly's old theatre for two weeks and went to St. Louis. By that time the opera was working westward from Boston, where it had been produced about the same time that the Oates Company had offered it on the Pacific Coast.

Already the people, aided by the newspapers, had taken it up. The catch phrases of the opera were on every tongue. The alleged humorists were working over its jokes a thousand variations and transcriptions. A score of professional companies

had seized upon the opera and with mutilated versions, incomplete in words and music were singing it successfully to crowded houses in all the cities. Amateur companies found it suited to their needs, and from the piano score made an entertainment that brought the same hearers night after night to enjoy the offering, pure and invigorating as the salt sea breeze. Church choirs produced "Pinafore" to the glad profit of attenuated church funds. There were many of them, and one—the Chicago Church Choir Company—soon became famous. Jessie Bartlett Davis and Marie Stone were members of that organization, and made their first appearance on any stage in "Pinafore." That long-time deservedly popular company, first the Boston Ideal Opera Company, later the Bostonians, came into existence because of "Pinafore." H. C. Barnabee, who had won fame in concerts in New England singing "The Tall Young Oysterman," went into opera with "Pinafore," and though he was always an oysterman rather than an admiral, he could not fail in the role of Sir Joseph Porter. But he had Tom Karl to assist him as Ralph, and Tom Karl sang Ralph's music as no other tenor did. And George Frothingham, the only Dick Deadeye on the American stage who really understood the part, is not to be forgotten in that connection.

Of the American and English actors who made their first appearance in "Pinafore," a complete list could hardly be made, but were it possible it could not be printed in the space taken by this article. From Richard Mansfield to Harry Woodruff, nearly all of them have shared in its triumphs, and, as one reflects, memories of their experiences come in a flood. One of the earliest American companies to go on tour was the Madison Square Company of New York, in which Thomas Whiffen was the admiral and Vernona Jarbeau the Josephine. They used as a "curtain raiser" that musical farce of Burnand's, "Cox and Box," built on the earlier "Box and Cox." Sullivan's music is no less characteristic in that trifle than in the later and greater pieces. Other companies used the Gilbert-Sullivan skit, "Trial by Jury." Pauline Hall was in the chorus of the Oates Company when it sang "Pinafore" in San Francisco. Mrs. Fiske and Julia Marlowe were members of the same early "Pinafore" company. Within three years I saw twenty-two companies in the opera, and some of them several times. The country could not get enough of it. It had a great drawing power when every solo, duet, and simple chorus was familiar to everybody. Impromptu quartets of commercial travelers sang the concerted parts in smoking compartments of Pullman cars, as they went about the country, and it seemed that it would never grow old.

John Brougham's burlesque, "Pocahontas," was popular in the early '70s, and "Evangeline" was a great and winning production a few years later. Aimee, the French queen of opera-bouffe sang "La Perichole" and others of the Offenbach list in the Eastern cities in 1876, but such forerunners of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas did not make a ripple on the surface where "Pinafore," "The Pirates of Penzance," and "The Mikado" stirred the deeps. "Patience" was popular for a time, and has beauty and strength now, after the esthetic posing that called it into being has been forgotten. "Iolanthe," "The Gondoliers," "The Yeoman of the Guard," and "Ruddigore," were more like echoes of the earlier successes and never won a moiety of the regard which had been given to them.

Finally came the rupture between the author and composer, and the golden days of English comic opera were over. None can say to whom was most credit due. Sullivan's music made the opera, but Gilbert's verses inspired the music. No other could fit such airs and harmonies to the rhymed wit and satire, no other librettist could furnish such themes. Sir Arthur Sullivan wrote "The Rose of Persia," "The Emerald Isle," and others, after the parting. Mr. Gilbert wrote the

librettos of "His Excellency" and "The Mountebanks" in collaboration with other composers. All these pieces failed to win popular approval.

To write of what has followed is not a pleasing task. There has been a gay yet saddening procession. "Fatinitza," "Boccaccio," "The Mascot," "Olivette," adapted for English offerings, were not unworthy rivals, but they were from another sphere. There have been American constructions, some nearly equal to "Robin Hood," but the numerous so-called musical comedies that have had their brief hour on the stage since that time have left few fragrant memories. In George Ade's "Peggy from Paris" there is more than a suggestion of the novelty, the freshness of those greater ones, but it has caught a breath or two of burlesque that never came from the Savoy circle.

It seems certain that the English revival will meet with success. Not such success as that of the days spoken of; but it can not be that there will come a time when Gilbert's mock-serious comedy, his topsyturvy fancies, and Sullivan's apt, graceful, and witching music, may be presented adequately and find any thing less than a cordial reception. G. L. S.

OLD FAVORITES.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Will you kindly publish the old poem—which our club is not able to run down—"What My Lover Said?" One claims Horace Greeley was its author; others differ; no one can repeat it in full, hence this appeal to you by a little club of readers in Los Angeles. X.Y.Z.

[The poem, "What My Lover Said," was first printed in the New York *Tribune* many years ago with the initials "H. G." appended. The worthy farmers, who in those days took the *Tribune* by scores of thousands, believed that Horace Greeley wrote everything in it, so they naturally supposed that these initials stood for his name. Soon the poem began to appear in various collections of verse with the name of Greeley appended. But it soon developed that the name of the author was Homer Greene.—EDITOR ARGONAUT.]

What My Lover Said.

By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom,
In the orchard path he met me;
In the tall, wet grass with its faint perfume,
And I tried to pass, but he made no room,
Oh, I tried, but he would not let me.
So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red.
With my face bent down above it,
While he took my hand, as he whispering said—
(How the clover lifted each pink, sweet head
To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh, the clover in bloom, I love it!)

In the high, wet grass went the path to hide,
And the low, wet leaves hung over;
But I could not pass upon either side,
For I found myself, when I vainly tried,
In the arms of my steadfast lover
And he held me there and he raised my head,
While he closed the path before me,
And he looked down into my eyes and said—
(How the leaves bent down from the boughs overhead,
To listen to all that my lover said—
Oh, the leaves hanging lowly o'er me!)

Had he moved aside but a little way,
I could surely then have passed him;
And he knew I never could wish to stay,
And would not have heard what he had to say.

Could I only aside have cast him,
It was almost dark and the moments sped,
And the searching night wind found us,
But he drew me nearer and softly said—
(How the pure, sweet wind grew still,
Instead,
To listen to all that my lover said—
Oh, the whispering wind around us!)

I am sure he knew, when he held me fast,
That I must be all unwilling;
For I tried to go, and I would have passed,
As the night was come with its dew, at last,
And the sky with its stars was filling.
But he clasped me close when I would have fled,
And he made me hear his story,
And his soul came out from his lips and said—
(How the stars crept out where the white moon led,

To listen to all that my lover said—
Oh, the moon and the stars in glory!)

I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell,
And I'm sure the wind, precious rover,
Will carry my secret so safely and well
That no being shall ever discover
One word of the many that rapidly fell
From the soul-speaking lips of my lover;
And the moon and the stars that looked over
Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell
They wove round about us that night in the dell,
In the path through the dew-laden clover
Nor echo the whispers that made my heart swell
As they fell from the lips of my lover.
—Homer Greene.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Will you kindly let me know through the *Argonaut* who was the author of the poem "When Suffering Wraps This Suffering Clay." If convenient to you, would like to read the whole poem in the *Argonaut*.

T. D.

104 West First St., Los Angeles.

The Immortal Mind.

When coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah, whither strays the immortal mind?
It can not die, it can not stay,
But leaves its darkened dust behind.
Then, unembodied, doth it trace,
By steps each planet's heavenly way?
Or fill at once the realms of space,
A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecayed,
A thought unseen, but seeing all.
All, all in earth, or skies displayed,
Shall it survey, shall it recall;
Each fainter trace that memory holds,
So darkly of departed years,
In one broad glance the soul beholds,
And all, that was, at once appears.

Before creation peopled earth,
Its eyes shall roll through chaos back;
And where the farthest heaven had birth,
The spirit trace its rising track.
And where the future mars or makes,
Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
While sun is quenched or system breaks,
Fixed in its own eternity.

Above or love, hope, hate, or fear,
It lives all passionless and pure:
An age shall fleet like earthly year;
Its years as moments shall endure.
Away, away, without a wing,
O'er all, through all, its thoughts shall fly;
A nameless and eternal thing,
Forgetting what it was to die.
—Byron.

Superintendent of Police Thomas A. McQuade has issued to the terror-stricken citizens of Pittsburg the following suggestions for self-protection in case of attack by criminals. He says: "When you fight with a professional thief or burglar you are battling with an insane man. Few of them will hesitate to take life to gain their ends. They believe they are only protecting themselves when their victims give battle. If a man holds a revolver at your head don't fight unless you have excellent chances. Do not hide your revolver under your pillow when you go to bed. The burglar will get your gun the first thing when he comes to your room. Put it under your dresser or under the bed, and lie still. When the burglar leaves then get your weapon and get him as he is leaving. Don't come downstairs after a burglar unless you have a gun and can shoot well. Be sure there is no light near you, or you will offer yourself as a target. The best plan is to have a police whistle and sound it from your bed-room window. If not that, open your window and shout for assistance."

In order to get rid of an unwieldy surplus, directors of the State Bank of New York City have declared a dividend of 900 per cent on the capitalization of \$100,000. This was in addition to the usual annual dividend of fifty per cent. The heavy dividend is accounted for by the small capitalization of the bank, and to obviate a recurrence of the same state of affairs it has been decided to increase the capital stock from \$100,000 to \$1,000,000.

Jacob Riis's book, "How I Became an American," is being published serially by the *Matin* of Brussels, in a translation by Leon Bazalgette.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Governor of Hongkong, Sir Matthew Nathan, is the only member of the Hebrew faith in important office in Great Britain's colonies.

The heir to the throne of Holland, now occupied by Queen Wilhelmina, is the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, a wealthy young prince, 28 years old. He is popular at his German home.

England's foremost ecclesiastical architect, George Frederick Bodley, is coming to Washington to design the new Protestant Episcopal Cathedral, which he hopes to make his masterpiece. Mr. Bodley is in his eightieth year.

Norway's famous Arctic explorer, Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, is now minister to Great Britain. He is still filled with the adventurous spirit, and asserts that explorers and hunters do not suffer hardships in the wilds but enjoy the life.

The staff of city engineers in New York now has as a member Miss Nora Stanton Blatch, granddaughter of Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Miss Blatch won the appointment with honor in an examination, and has been given work requiring high skill.

In an expedition from the Nile to the Zambesi, recently undertaken, Major Powell Cotton is accompanied by his wife, the first European woman who ever penetrated the Ituri basin. Natives haunt the camps, filled with curiosity to see the "white woman with the long hair."

Charlton, the ancestral home of the Earl of Suffolk, is once more the scene of glories of the olden time since the marriage of the earl and Miss Daisy Leiter. It is a fine Jacobean mansion of dark sandstone, with mullioned windows and carved stone portals, and contains many treasures of art, including the family portraits.

Miss Phoebe Cousins, the only woman who was ever a United States Marshal, will spend the winter in Washington and work for the restoration of the army canteen. Twenty years ago in Missouri her father died while marshal for the district, and the government gave Miss Cousins the appointment until the end of his term, as she was familiar with all the work of the office and thoroughly capable.

The two pretenders to the overturned throne of France were in London recently at the same time. One is the Duc d'Orleans, head of the House of Bourbon, and the other Prince Victor Napoleon, leader of the Bonapartists. The Duc d'Orleans is not as popular as his mother, the Comtesse de Paris, but is given some credit for his late polar expedition. Prince Victor, too, is not highly regarded by his party, though his brother, Prince Louis, a general in the Russian army, is a favorite everywhere. The hopes of these two men are little more than ridiculous fancies, but as they are not aggressive it is not probable that harm will come of them.

Eight years ago Pedro Alvarado was an unknown peon with a mining claim from which his father had gained nothing in years of labor; today he is the greatest multimillionaire of Mexico. When approached recently with an offer to purchase his mine by an agent of the syndicate, he said: "The mine is not for sale, but if you'll fix a fair price on all the American Smelting and Refining Company's mines in Mexico I'll be glad to buy them." Senor Alvarado has lately set aside \$10,000,000 to be expended in buying homes for the poor peones of his province. He has already built churches and hospitals. He is thirty-eight years old and happily married.

On his sixty-fifth birthday, November 9, King Edward announced a list of honors to be conferred that included four new baronets and seventeen knights, but no new peers of the realm. Among those named to be knights is Henry Norman, Member of Parliament, and well-known politician, journalist, and traveler. He is a Liberal in politics and was the head of the Eighty

Club deputation which recently visited Hungary, and his speech on that occasion on the delicate problem of Austro-Hungarian relations was much admired for its wisdom, its knowledge, and its tactfulness. Mr. Norman is an enthusiastic motorist, and in his travels has visited most parts of the habitable globe.

LITERARY NOTES.

Washington One Hundred Years Ago.

The prevailing taste for "Americana" is running now in the direction of social as well as political history. We have something too much of the latter and not enough of the first. A book which fills a void in this direction is "The First Forty Years of Washington Society," by Mrs. Samuel Harrison Smith (Margaret Bayard), edited by Gaillard Hunt. These letters are from a collection belonging to Mrs. Smith's grandson, J. Henley Smith, who for a number of years was a prominent resident of San Francisco. The book is copiously illustrated, containing portraits of Mrs. Smith, Aaron Burr, Senator James A. Bayard, Thomas Jefferson, Mrs. James Madison, James Madison, Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, and John Quincy Adams. It contains also views of buildings and several quaint silhouettes. The book is in letter form, and gives the general effect of a diary. It is printed verbatim, although we question whether the retention of the abbreviations, the archaic spelling, and the use of the amperzand adds anything to the book. In fact, the effect is rather to distract the attention of the reader, as is the case with the "reform spelling" of our own time.

Many readers will turn at once to the chapter discussing the capture of Washington and the flight from the capital of the President and all the high officials, together with the burning of the White House by the British.

As showing the marked differences in social usages between that day and this, note Mrs. Smith's account of a visit to the President and his "lady." Mrs. Madison meets Mrs. Smith and at once takes her from the "tea room," where the gentlemen "were still smoking segars and drinking wine." Mrs. Madison (she says) "took me from the tea room to her chamber, which opens from it. I was going to take a seat on the sofa, but she said I must lay down by her on her bed and rest myself. She loosened my riding habit, took off my bonnet, and we threw ourselves on her bed. Wine, ice, punch, and delightful pine-apples were immediately brought in. No restraint; no ceremony."

This is quite evident from the next passage: "Mrs. Cutts soon came in, and Mr. Madison, Mr. Cutts, and Mr. Smith, the door opening into the tea room being open, without ceremony, joined their wives. They only peeked in on us. We then shut the door, and after adjusting our dress went out." After supper Mrs. Madison "insisted on going up stairs with me, assisted me to undress, and chatted until I got into bed. How unassuming, how kind is this woman!"

No doubt. But we very much question whether ladies of high position in this day and generation would be quite so unassuming and certainly not quite so intimate.

The book is provided with a good index. As a second edition will soon be needed, we would suggest a good analytical table of contents as well.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Novel by Henry George, Jr.

Dealing as it does with the problems of political corruption and reform, Henry George, Jr.'s novel, "The Romance of John Bainbridge," comes at an opportune time. Tammany bosses, lobbyists, railroad franchises, the battle for popular rights, graft in its variety, reformers high and low, all the familiar material of the American political novel has been used by Mr. George in his story, but in a manner strikingly original and effective.

John Bainbridge, son of a prosperous New York merchant, chooses to win his

way in the West unaided. He roves from place to place, working on farms, in logging camps, and in the mines, but spending his nights reading law. After he is admitted to the bar, he settles in Seattle, where he becomes a fierce anti-monopolist and champion of the people. Moving to New York, he gains the favor of a district leader of Tammany, who selects him as the nominee for alderman, but without exacting pledges. He is elected, and at once sets about to put his reform ideals into practice. Bainbridge directs his fight mainly against a street railroad franchise measure, which reeks with graft. He sees colleagues who at first were sincere in their determination to stand with him, debauched by the bribe-givers. He is harassed and beset on every side, and is at times willing to give up the discouraging struggle, but he perseveres, and is eventually successful. The love story of Bainbridge and the railroad magnate's daughter is charmingly told. The book abounds in dramatic episodes and character drawings. It is one of the most interesting of the season's novels.

Published by The Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

Two Books on Cheerfulness.

"A Look on the Brighter Side" and "Cheeriness," by W. R. Rutherford, are two beautifully bound little holiday books. The first named is a compilation of some of the articles which have appeared semi-weekly in the San Jose *Mercury*, under the heading which stands as the title of this volume. The cheery essays contain frequent quotations of appropriate little poems and other writings, appearing in magazines, newspapers, and books, and in some cases offered by the composers of the lines themselves.

"Cheeriness," like its companion volume, is made up of bright and optimistic articles on helpfulness in the seemingly trivial things of life. "If we refrain from fretting over the small vexations we shall be the less moved by the real misfortunes," is a summing-up of the author's philosophy.

With their white and gold covers, their fine printing, and their messages of happiness, the two volumes are suitable for Christmas gifts.

Published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco; 75 cents net each.

Recent Fiction.

"I Will Repay," by the Baroness Orczy, has its scene laid in Paris in 1783. It begins "Coward! Coward! Coward!" and ends "And soul met soul in one long, passionate kiss." (Lippincott Co.; \$1.50.)

"Clippings Borough," by Stanley J. Weyman, is a story of the early Victorian days. Mr. Weyman can not fail to make an interesting narrative, but he seems at his best in the days of Chivalry. (McClure, Phillips & Co.; \$1.50.)

"The Very Small Person" by Annie Hamilton Donnell, author of "Rebecca Mary," is a series of pictures of the comedies and tragedies of childhood. It is illustrated in black and white and tint by Elizabeth Shippen Green. (Harper & Brothers; \$1.25.)

"The Treasure of Peyra Gaillard," by John Bennett, is a story of buried treasure, a cryptogram, a beautiful young lady, a brilliant young surveyor. Given these premises, it is easy to infer who finds the treasure and how he is rewarded. (Century Co.; \$1.50.)

"The Viper of Milan," by Marjorie Bowen, is a "Romance of Lombardy," and the publishers say of it: "No novel gives a more concrete, vivid, and brilliant impression of the Italy of the early Renaissance." The publishers surely know. (McClure, Phillips & Co.; \$1.50.)

"The Wooing of Folly," by James L. Ford, is the work of a very clever writer, but he has adopted the somewhat difficult medium of telling his story in letters. The scene is laid in New York and concerns the Four Hundred. Nearly everybody in it is enormously rich, and it relates to the day before yesterday. (Appleton's; \$1.50.)

"The Story of Martin Coe," by Ralph D. Paine, is a narrative of a young deserter from the United States Navy, who is taken in hand by an elderly Maine woman, who regenerates him and marries him to a young Maine woman. (Outing Publishing Co.; \$1.50.)

"Don Q. in the Sierra," by K. and H. Pritchard, is a story of adventures in Spain. It is full of smugglers and bull fighters, handits and contrabandistas, English lords and commoners. It is not quite up to Prosper Merimee. (Lippincott Co.; \$1.50.)

"Doughloons," by Eden Philpotts and Arnold Bennett, is a story of buried treasure, a professor of jiu-jitsu, and a music-hall lady masquerading in man's apparel who is kidnapped by her father's murderer. From this it may be seen the story does not lack for plot. (McClure, Phillips & Co.; \$1.50.)

"Paul," by E. F. Benson, is a love story in which two young people have an unusually hard time over a love affair. The fortuitous death of a husband smooths over matters and their affair ends happily. (Lippincott Co.; \$1.50.)

"No Friend Like Sister," by Rosa Nouchette Carey, is a story, the scene of which is laid largely in the English countryside. The critics "highly recommend it to girls who have outgrown childish literature." (Lippincott Co.; \$1.50.)

"Gabrielle, Transgressor," by Harris Dickson is a story of Colonial New Orleans. In it a girl bred in a Louisiana convent falls in love with an exiled Turkish prince. (Lippincott Co.; \$1.50.)



A SINGLE ORDER OF BOTTLES FOR

HUNTER WHISKEY

IF PLACED END TO END WOULD REACH FROM

BALTIMORE TO CHICAGO

THIS GIVES SOME IDEA OF THE MAGNITUDE OF ITS POPULARITY



CHARLES M. REYNOLDS CO., Agents for California and Nevada, 912-914 Folsom St., San Francisco, Cal.

The Little Palace Hotel

corner of

Post and Leavenworth Sts.

IS

OPEN

The same excellence in cuisine and service that obtained in the Old Palace is duplicated in the new "Little Palace."

JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK
Manager



Hotel del Coronado

A gem set in semi-tropical surroundings. Dryest marine climate known. No winter, but perpetual spring or early summer.

Outdoor sports 365 days in the year. Golf, Polo, Tennis, Fishing, Boating, and Bathing. Choicest cuisine of any hotel in the West. American plan only. All modern conveniences. All outside rooms. Send for illustrated booklet.

MORGAN ROSS, Mgr., Coronado Beach Cal.
H. F. NORCROSS, General Agent
334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles

Goodyear Rubber Company

Have Returned to Their Old Home, Where They Were Located Before the Fire,
573-579 Market St., near Second
Tel. Temporary 1788

LITERARY NOTES.

"Literary By-Paths in Old England."

A literary pilgrimage to the homes and haunts of genius has always been an alluring subject for the pen of the descriptive writer. The more credit then to the tourist who returns from that much-traveled thoroughfare leading to literary shrines, with new information, and who succeeds in depicting old memories with fresh vividness. This, Henry C. Shelley has accomplished in "Literary By-Paths in Old England." The scope of this very entertaining work is indicated in the chapter headings: In Spenser's Footsteps; The Home of Sir Philip Sidney; Memorials of William Penn; The Birthplace of Gray's Elegy; Gilbert, White's Selborne; Goldsmith's "Deserted Village"; Burns in Ayrshire; Keats and His Circle; In Carlyle's Country; Thomas Hood's Homes and Friends; Royal Winchester.

One does not expect fresh material in an essay on Spenser, but Mr. Shelley has succeeded in gleaming some little known facts which give his paper on the author of the "Faery Queen," a novel interest. Selborne and Goldsmith's village are delightfully portrayed, and the reminiscences of the family of William Penn are very interesting. There are some characteristic and unpublished stories of the sage of Chelsea. The townfolk of Ecclefechan are not hero worshippers, and least of all, it would seem, do they reverence the memory of Carlyle. Even James Carlyle appears to have affected an indifference to his brother's memory. One day he met a party of American tourists who told him they had come all the way "to lay a wreath on our great teacher's grave." "It's a gay harmless occupation," rejoined the unmoved Jamie. A number of newly discovered letters from Hood to his near relatives are among the new material which is reprinted in Mr. Shelley's volumes. In his account of Keats, the author explains

how it came to pass that there are three poems bearing the title of "Peter Bell," written respectively by Wordsworth, John Hamilton Reynolds, and Shelley. When Wordsworth's poem was announced, Reynolds's "Peter Bell" appeared as a rebuke to the former for choosing so nonsensical a title. Keats wrote a review of the Reynolds poem, which inspired Shelley's mischievous verses. "Literary By-Paths in Old England" is illustrated from scores of excellent photographs by the author. It is a beautiful book, and would make an admirable holiday gift for literary folk.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston: \$3.00 net.

New Publications.

"The Friendly Year" is a little volume of selections from the writings of Henry van Dyke, edited by George Sidney Webster, D. D. Mr. Webster has chosen those paragraphs and verses which are marked by a religious spirit. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.25.

The story of the long struggle to free London from the theatrical monopoly, a struggle that lasted for nearly two centuries, is told in "The Struggle for a Free Stage in London," by Watson Nicholson, M. A., Ph. D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$2.50.

"The Queen's Museum and Other Fanciful Tales," by Frank R. Stockton, is illustrated by Frederick Richardson. There are some ten color pictures in the book and a number of head and end-pieces and vignettes. It is a handsome book and a pleasant souvenir of a dead-and-gone story-writer. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50.

"To Have and to Scold," "Whom the Gallery Gods Love Dye Young," and "On with the Dance, Let Joy be Unrefined" are typical of the 1907 version of the "Cynic's Calendar," by Ethel Watts Mumford, Oliver Herford, and Addison C. Mizner.

The little book is brightly bound and humorously illustrated. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco and New York.

Three of Richard Harding Davis's farces, "The Dictator," "The Galloper," and "Miss Civilization" have been published in an attractive illustrated volume. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50 net.

A charming and amusing story is "A Knight of the Cumberland," by John Fox, Jr. The climax is a Kentucky tournament with an exciting and unexpected ending. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.00.

"Lords and Lovers and Other Dramas," by Olive Tilford Dargan, is a volume of plays of exceptional merit. The title drama is a poetical and distinguished narrative of England in Henry III's reign; "The Shepherd" is a dramatic tale of contemporary Russia; and "The Siege" is a powerful tragedy of ancient Sicily. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"Liberty, Union and Democracy," by Barrett Wendell, is a scholarly volume of essays on the national ideals of America. The papers were originally addressed to a French audience in a series of lectures at the Sorbonne, and are, consequently, marked by a laudatory and optimistic vein. The book is written in the attractive style that distinguishes all of the work of this well-known literary critic. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.25 net.

Thackeray, Tennyson, Gladstone, Aubrey de Vere, Macaulay, FitzGerald, Father Prout, and the Hallams are among the literary notables of whom the reader is given a close view in "Mrs. Brookfield and Her Circle," by Charles and Frances Brookfield. The present is the fourth edition of the interesting letters which show us the famous men and women of the Victorian period at their leisure and among their friends. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Hotel St. Francis

a credit to
San Francisco

PERFECT
SERVICE
EVERY
COMFORT

THEY WHO
GO TO SEE
GO
TO STAY

The famous
Grill Room
is unsurpassed

Take your friends to lunch there

Del Monte Offers

During the reconstruction of San Francisco, Hotel Del Monte offers a welcome shelter to those desiring a homelike place for rest and recreation. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at the present. The entire Hotel has recently been renovated and improved with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families. Address Geo. P. Snell, Manager, Del Monte, California

A Permanent Home

THE OCULARIUM

Perfect Fitting
Eye Glasses

At Moderate Prices
Lenses Replaced, 50c

Henry Kahn & Co
OPTICIANS

1309 VAN NESS AVENUE

Between Bush and Sutter



See that Lea & Perrins' signature is on wrapper and label.

Beware of inferior sauces put up in bottles similar to the above.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

is invaluable to the fastidious cook. It adds zest to her Gravies and spice to her Salads, and improves the flavor of Fish, Game and Soups. Its rare rich flavor makes it the most useful of all sauces.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce is in every well-equipped kitchen

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York

LITERARY NOTES.

Shakespeare and the Stage.

Sidney Lee, who is the author of the latest and most authoritative life of Shakespeare, has just published a volume entitled "Shakespeare and the Modern Stage." It is made up of some eleven papers from various reviews and periodicals. The initial essay gives the title to the book. In other papers Mr. Lee discusses the Elizabethan play-goer, and touches on Shakespeare's playing the role of the ghost in "Hamlet," in 1602. The Elizabethan methods of production are contrasted with those of the present day. Another paper is devoted to "Shakespeare in Oral Tradition," in which is interestingly told how Shakespeare's death was received at Stratford-on-Avon and elsewhere, and some oral tradition given concerning the great poet in theatrical circles from his time down. Another essay is devoted to Shakespeare and Pepys, who was (as readers of his diary remember) an enthusiastic play-goer. The garbled stage versions of Pepys's day are touched upon. The ethical sides of Shakespeare, "his lofty conception of public virtue," his views of patriotism, freedom, and obedience to authority, and the moral atmosphere of his plays are all discussed.

Probably no writer of recent years has brought more unpublished matter to the light than Mr. Lee. Therefore, his chapter on "The Peril of Shakespearean Research" is extremely interesting. In it he tells of a successful forgery which passed unchallenged through three centuries. Mr. Lee also discusses "Shakespeare in France," and the view of our great poet held by French writers in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. A deplorable lacuna in the book, however, is the utter absence of ten or fifteen chapters devoted to Shakespeare in Germany; the interpretations of Shakespeare by the German philologists, and generally the bright light thrown on the dark passages of our great bard by the affable and profound German pundits, for the enlightenment of the English-speaking. Doubtless Mr. Lee will take up this branch of his subject at some later date.

The suggestion of some great monument, character undetermined, to be erected to Shakespeare in England, Mr. Lee discusses in somewhat reserved terms. It is apparent that he thinks favorably of it. If such a project should succeed, it is sincerely to be hoped it may not partake of the catchpenny order of the Shakespeare memorial at Stratford-on-Avon.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A long narrative poem by Joaquin Miller, introducing scenes in the Klondike and portraying the author's ideal of the coming types of the highest American civilization, will soon appear.

William Archer's translations of Ibsen's plays, each one with an appreciative foreword by the translator, are being brought out by Charles Scribner's Sons in the first complete edition. The volumes now ready contain, one, "The Vikings," and "The Pretenders," and the other, "Ghosts," and "A Doll's House."

Julie Opp Faversham has made a novel out of Edwin Milton Royle's play, in which her husband was the actor of the principal role, under the same name—"The Squaw Man."

There is a short story club in San Jose, Cal., with a membership that includes Charles Warren Stoddard, Joaquin Miller, and other Western writers. At a recent meeting Herbert Bashford talked informally of the writing of short stories, and a letter from Jack London was read in which the novelist declared that the magazines did not want masterpieces.

The Plantation Edition of Thomas Nelson Page is the latest addition to Scribner's Sons' Library of Modern Authors. The set is sold only by subscription, and only in complete sets.

Illustrated Holiday Books.

"The Adventures of Jounou," by Edith McVane, contains fifteen illustrations in color by Frank Verbeck and decorations by Edward Stratton Holloway. It is handsomely bound with end-pieces, and has colored borders to the pages. (J. B. Lippincott & Co.)

"A Maid in Arcady," by Ralph Henry Barbour, is illustrated by Frederick J. von Rapp. The full-page illustrations are in color, and there are a number of head-pieces and end-pieces in tints. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

"Boys and Girls from George Eliot," by Kate Dickinson Sweetser, contains a frontispiece in color by George Alfred Williams and a number of illustrations in black and white. (Fox, Duffield & Co.; \$2.)

"Mr. Pickwick's Christmas," by Charles Dickens, is illustrated in color and line by George Alfred Williams. Naturally, it relates to the doings at Dingley Dell. Lovers of Pickwick can amuse and puzzle themselves by trying to tell from the pictures which is Jingle, and which is Wardle, which is Bella and which the young lady with the black eyes. (Baker & Taylor Co.; \$2.)

"Tales from Shakespeare," by Charles and Mary Lamb, is edited with an introduction by Alfred Ainger. The work, which is in two volumes, contains a mezzotint portrait of Charles Lamb and a score of illustrations of scenes from the plays. They present the appearance of being process reproductions from old steel and copper-plate engravings. (Brentano's.)

"A Japanese Blossom," by Onoto Watanna, is illustrated in color by L. W. Ziegler. In addition to the colored illustrations there are a number of Japanese drawings in tint in the margins and for the end-papers. It is a very pretty little book. (Harper & Brothers; \$2.)

"In Pastures New," by George Ade, is made up principally of a series of newspaper syndicate letters printed this year. These letters describe Mr. Ade's trip abroad, which was principally in Egypt and on the Nile. The book contains a number of broadly humorous illustrations by Albert Levering, and the text is as broadly humorous as the illustrations. (McClure, Phillips & Co.)

"They," by Rudyard Kipling, is illustrated in color by F. W. Townsend. It is a very handsome edition of what has already become a classic. The artist had a difficult task to put in visible form the invisible imaginings of "They." (Doubleday, Page & Co.; price \$1.50 net.)

Wrong glasses are worse, sometimes, than none.

Don't neglect nature's warning. If your eyes tire, they call for help.

HIRSCH & KAISER.

1737 Fillmore Street

Opticians

ROBERTSON'S

NEW LOCATION

1539

Van Ness Ave., near Pine

"Next to the White House"

Mr. Robertson calls attention to the above address, which is very centrally located.

HOTEL RAFAEL

SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

50 minutes from San Francisco. Complete

Change of Climate

TIBURON OR SAUSALITO FERRY

All modern Conveniences

R. V. HALTON

Proprietor

SOME OF LITTLE, BROWN & CO.'S HOLIDAY BOOKS

The Wonders of the Colorado Desert

By GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

A graphic account of the Colorado Desert Region in Southern California, including the story of the Colorado River's overflow into the Salton Sea. With 33 full page plates and over 300 pen and ink sketches by Carl Ertel. 2 vols. \$8.00, gilt top, in box, \$5.00 net. Postage, 45 cents.

Through the Gates of the Netherlands

By MARY E. WALLER

A fascinating account of a picturesque country and people by the gifted author of "The Wood Carver of Lymhus." With 24 photographic plates. \$8.00, gilt top, in box, \$5.00 net. Postage, 20 cents.

The Land of Enchantment

By LILLIAN WHITING

A vivid presentation of the scenic marvels and the resources and development of life in the great Southwest—from Pike's Peak to the Pacific. With 35 illustrations. \$8.00, gilt top, in box, \$2.50 net. Postage, 20 cents.

The Dragon Painter

By MARY McNEIL FENOLLOSA (SIDNEY McCALL)

Author of "Truth Dexter" and "The Breath of the Gods."

As a passionate, glowing love story, with a happy ending. "The Dragon Painter" is fully satisfying.—*Philadelphia Telegraph*.

Her crowning achievement.—*Newark Advertiser*.

Superbly illustrated. 12mo, \$1.50

OTHER NEW FICTION

The Master Spirit

By SIR WILLIAM MAGNAY

This strong, ingenious story of the power of one man over another with its vivid pictures of "high life" in London, "holds one in its thrall," to quote the *Chicago Tribune*. Illustrated, 12mo, \$1.50.

The Impersonator

By MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

A tale of Washington Society reflecting with accuracy certain aspects of the semi-fast life of the nation's capital. The action is as swift as it is natural.—*Boston Transcript*. Illustrated, 12mo, \$1.50.

Pardner of Blossom Range

By FRANCES CHARLES

"A story of Arizona life without the conventional figures of Western fiction. The story of a winsome ranch girl, with exceedingly life-like characters."—*The Argonaut*. 12mo, \$1.50.

At All Bookellers LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Publishers, Boston Send For Holiday Cat.

L. KREISS & SONS

CABINET MAKERS

UPHOLSTERERS

DECORATORS

Dealers in Fine Mahogany, Early English Oak Furniture; reproductions of rare examples of Antique Fabrics of all the important periods of English, French and Italian Arts in Tapestries, Brocaded Silks, Damasks, Embroideries, Etc.

Our stock is complete and contains many Odd Pieces suitable for Gifts.

1219-23 POST ST.

Above Van Ness Ave.

San Francisco, Cal.

EDUCATIONAL

MISS HAMLIN'S

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Formerly at 1849 Jackson St., is now at 223 Pacific Ave., near Webster St. Mid-term begins October 15. Accredited. Address

Miss S. D. Hamlin

2230 Pacific Avenue

San Francisco

St. Matthew's Military School

Burlingame, California

Easter Term begins January 10, 1907

For illustrated catalogue address

REV. WILLIAM A. BREWER, Rector

IRVING INSTITUTE

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Accredited by the universities. Special advantage in music art, and elocution. Twenty-eighth year.

Miss PINKHAM and Miss MACLENNAN, Principals

2126 California Street, San Francisco

Easter Term opens Monday, January 7, 1907, 9 a. m.

Twin Oaks Camp School.

Outdoor life on a Ranch for boys under fifteen.

Each boy has a tent-house and saddle horse.

Best of references.

Address

MISS MARGARET MARSH-PARKER,

SAN MARCOS, San Diego Co., California.

MISS HARKER'S SCHOOL

Palo Alto, Cal. Home and Day School for Girls Intermediate and Primary Departments. Certificate admits to Stanford, Vassar and Wellesley. Number limited. Reopens August 20th.

MR. HUGO MANSFELDT

Announces his removal to 2090 Fell St., corner of Shrader. Telephone West 1736.

U. REVEL, A. M.

Post-Graduate from Florence Italy.

ITALIAN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

918 Alice Street

Oakland

Mathematics and English.

University and preparatory subjects; no prescribed courses, but assistance given in any manner desired, either personally or by correspondence. Miss C. L. Williams, M. S., Mrs. G. S. Manchester, M. S., 218 El Granada Bldg., Bancroft Way, Berkeley, Cal.

PORTLAND OREGON

St. Helen's Hall

A girl's school of the highest class. Corps of teachers, location, building, equipment—the best. Send for catalogue.

School opens September 17, 1906

Holiday Books

FINE ART
POETRY
HISTORY
FICTION
JUVENILE

M. H. FAY

Importer and Bookseller

1534 Bush Street

Bet. Van Ness Ave. and Franklin St.

LIBRARIANS TAKE NOTICE

PROBATE SALE

Full set (except 1856) of SAN FRANCISCO DIRECTORIES for sale, including Kimball's for 1850, Parker's for 1852-53, LeCount and Strong's for 1854, Langley's for 1855 to 1895 (both inclusive), and Crocker-Langley's from 1896 to 1904 (both inclusive); in good condition.

Address: JOSEPH HUTCHINSON
1117 Mission Street San Francisco, Cal

Press Clippings

Are money-makers for Contractors Supply-houses, Business Men and Corporations.

Allen's Press Clipping Bureau
Kohl Building

THE LATEST STYLES IN

Choice Woolens

H. S. Bridge & Co.

Merchant Tailors

1176 O'Farrell Street

STAGE GOSSIP.

Dramatic Notes.

Mrs. Fiske, after delighting Milwaukee and Chicago with her new play, "The New York Idea," written by Langdon Mitchell, finally reached Manhattan and was no less happily received, but it is asserted that the vogue of the actress would carry even a worse dramatic effort to success. The drama is said to be "a jocose comedy of comical divorce," and to contrast sharply with Mrs. Fiske's preceding successes, "Mary of Magdala," and "Leah Kleschna."

Pbobe Davies has played the part of the sorrowful heroine in "Way Down East" for nine years, but at a recent matinee performance in Chicago she assumed the role of Kate Brewster and had a change from tears and sigbs to smiles and laughter.

Maude Adams has made of Barrie's "Peter Pan," the most winsome and attractive of her many stage "creations." New York wanted more when Miss Adams and the Charles Frohman company went to Boston, and there the audiences demanded extra matinees. Manager Frohman announces that Miss Adams will inaugurate a new theatre in San Francisco next June.

New York critics differed seriously in their appraisal of Mme. Alla Nazimova, the Russian actress, who made her debut recently in the metropolis, as Hedda Gabler. Some said she had attained the front rank of English-speaking actresses at a bound, and others proclaimed her a disappointment and a bore. The majority, and her audience, favor the higher estimate, and the newcomer is not utterly cast down.

Robert Mantell has added the role of Brutus in "Julius Cæsar" to his repertoire, appearing for the first time in that part in New York last week.

"The Rose of the Rancho," written by Richard Walton Tully, and first produced in California under the title "Juanita," has been revised by David Belasco, and was brought out November 27 at the Belasco Theatre in New York. Frances Starr plays the leading role, and the play is said to be a success.

The corner-stone of a new theatre in Philadelphia, to be named for Edwin Forrest, was laid November 27, by Fritz

Scheff, who was pleased with the honor conferred on her. Many prominent theatrical people were present, as well as municipal and State officials.

"Nelly Neil" is the title of the musical play, written by C. M. S. MacLellan, author of "The Belle of New York," "Leah Kleschna," and other successes, in which Edna May will return to the London stage. It will be lavishly mounted by Manager Charles Frohman.

At the recent sale of the late J. L. Toole's hooks and curios in London, an autograph letter of Lord Nelson to Lady Hamilton, brought \$190; two amusing letters from Dickens to Macready, sold for \$23.75; and two pages from the manuscript of Thackeray's "Philip" brought \$150. Fred Terry bought a snuff-box, once the property of the famous Grimaldi, for \$52.50

Musical Notes.

"San Francisco Bay" is the title of one of the songs in Harry B. Smith's new musical comedy, "The Parisian Model," in which Anna Held is appearing in New York. Truly Shattuck is a member of the supporting company.

The opera season in New Orleans opened November 20 at the historic old French Opera House with "Carmen," given by the San Carlo Opera Company, Mme. Irma Baldini singing the title role, Senor Constantino as Don Jose, and Senor Seguro as Escamillo.

Albert Chevalier and Yvette Guilberte will not visit the Pacific Coast after all, as the French singer has been recalled to Paris to prepare for engagements there.

H. B. Pasmore, the San Francisco teacher and composer, is now teaching in Berlin. His three daughters have appeared in the German capital several times in concert, playing trios for piano, violin and 'cello, and have won regard for their talent.

The much talked of Gilbert and Sullivan revival begins at the Savoy Theatre in London on December 8. "The Yeomen of the Guard" is to receive the first representation, and this will be followed by "The Mikado." The season will be watched curiously to see if these works prove as popular with the present generation as they did with the last.

Gabrilowitsch, Russian Pianist, to Appear.

The first of the great pianists to visit us in New San Francisco will be Ossip Gahrilowitsch, the young Russian pianist, whose phenomenal success here some five years ago will never be forgotten by those fortunate enough to hear him. At that time the young man was not yet twenty-four years of age, and since then he has become one of the acknowledged musicians of Europe, not only as a performer but as a composer and orchestral conductor. Daniel Frohman, the great theatrical manager, was the first to discover the young genius in Paris, and although entirely out of his line he immediately engaged the brilliant artist for his first American tour.

After the long absence he will warmly welcomed by our music loving public who owe much to Manager Greenbaum for having the courage to go on making contracts with the world's greatest stars, notwithstanding his heavy losses in the late disaster. Greenbaum never doubted his native city and kept every agreement and contract he entered into before April 18.

The concerts in San Francisco will be given Tuesday evening, December 18, and Saturday afternoon, December 22, at the new Lyric Hall, now completed at the corner of Larkin and Turk streets. The programmes will be exceptionally interesting and may be obtained at the box office at the opening of the sale next Saturday morning, December 15, at Sherman Clay and Co.'s, on Van Ness just above California.

Gabrilowitsch will play at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, Thursday afternoon, December 20. Seats for this concert will be ready next Thursday at the theatre box office.

Prices for this engagement will be \$1.50 and \$1.00, including reserved seats.

Schumann-Heink is announced for late in January.

The New Lyric Hall.

San Francisco's first new ball for entertainments, lectures, concerts, dances, and social functions is now completed and is under the management of Will. L. Greenbaum, who has named it Lyric Hall, in memory of his old place on Eddy street, which was the scene of so many pleasant affairs and concerts. The hall was erected by Mrs. George Fife. The new hall is conveniently located at the corner of Larkin and Turk streets. It can be reached easily from every part of the city, the Larkin street and Eddy street lines passing the door.

The hall is very prettily decorated and illuminated, with splendid ventilating and heating facilities, is on the ground floor, has perfect acoustic properties, and is supplied with cosy parlors, smoking-rooms, etc., which make it a most agreeable place for cotillions, etc. The dance floor is particularly good. The entire place is furnished in tasteful and refined style, and those planning cotillions, dances, etc., for the winter season should inspect it. For concerts, lectures, and meetings it is an ideal auditorium.

The Orpheum.

Julius Steger, the well known operatic baritone, will make his first appearance in San Francisco this Sunday afternoon at the Orpheum, assisted by William H. Pascoe, Miss Helen Mar Wilcox, and John Romane, an accomplished harpist. The medium for his introduction will be a musical-dramatic playlet, entitled "The Fifth Commandment." Katherine Nugent, who as Flora Wiggins, the tough girl, was the hit of the "College Widow" at the Columbia Theatre last year, will make her first vaudeville appearance and give imitations. Mlle. Dziria, a terpsichorean artist, and Charles Serra, a gymnast, will also be new to this city. Palfrey and Hoefler, comedy bicyclists, will complete the list of newcomers. The four Lukens, Bellman and Moore, the Kochly brothers, and Orpheum Motion Pictures will complete a varied programme.

AMUSEMENTS.

WILL. L. GREENBAUM
announces
GABRILOWITSCH
The Russian Pianist
at the new and elegant
LYRIC HALL
corner Larkin and Turk Sts.
Tuesday Eve, Dec. 18 Saturday Matinee, Dec. 22
YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE
Oakland
Thursday Matinee, Dec. 20
Prices \$1.50 and \$1.00
S. F. box office: Sherman, Clay & Co's, next Sat., Dec. 15
Oakland " Ye Liberty, next Thursday, December 13

ORPHEUM
Week Commencing Sunday Matinee Dec. 9
Matinee Every Day Except Monday
5—Big New Acts—5
JULIUS STEGER AND COMPANY;
Katherine Nugent; Mlle. Dziria and her
Dancer; Charles Serra; Palfrey and
Hoefler; Bellman and Moore; Kochly
Bros.; Orpheum Motion Pictures and
Last Week of the **FOUR LUKENS.**
PRICES—10c, 25c, 50c. Down town Box Office
at Donlon's Drug Store, Fillmore and Sutter Sts.
Phone, West, 6,000.
CHUTES AND ZOO—Open daily from 10 a. m. till
midnight. Admission 10c; Children 5c.

RACING! **RACING!**
NEW CALIFORNIA
JOCKEY CLUB
OAKLAND TRACK
Six or more Races each Week Day
RAIN OR SHINE
Races start at 1:40 P. M. sharp
For Special Trains stopping at the Track take the
S. P. Ferry, foot of Market Street, leaves at 12, there-
after every twenty minutes until 1:40 p. m.
No smoking in last two cars, which are reserved for
ladies and their escorts.
Returning, trains leave the track after fifth and
last races.
PERCY W. TREAT, Sec.
THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, Pres.

BRACELETS
THERE IS NO LARGER NOR
FINER STOCK OF THIS
The Most Popular
Form of Jewelry
THAN THAT OFFERED BY
Bohm-Bristol Co.
SOUTH-WEST CORNER OF
Van Ness Ave. and Sacramento St.

W. V. N. BAY B. L. STONE
Stone & Bay Co.
1344 VAN NESS AVE.
Between Sutter and Bush
RUGS ORIENTAL ALL SIZES
DOMESTIC
Draperies, Lace Curtains, Portieres
Couch Covers
A VISIT WILL BE APPRECIATED

EAMES TRICYCLE CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF
INVALID
Rolling Chairs
FOR ALL PURPOSES
FOR THE DISABLED
INVALID CHAIRS
Wholesale & Retail and For Rent

HOLIDAY BOOKS

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS' new book

REAL SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

In his great novel, "Soldiers of Fortune," Mr. Davis described the ideal adventurer. Here he tells even more brilliantly the true and extraordinary histories of such men as General William Walker, Baron Harden-Hickey, General MacIver, Winston Spencer Churchill, and Capt. Philo Norton McGiffen, and Burnham, chief of scouts.

Illustrated, \$1.50 net, (postage 12 cents).

CAMP FIRES IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

By W. T. HORNADAY

Illustrated with photographs by J. M. Philips

"Written in a lively and popular style, and abounding in thrilling adventure, it is also a valuable contribution to the natural history of the region."—N. Y. Tribune.

\$3.00 net (postage 24 cents).

BY ITALIAN SEAS

By ERNEST C. PEIXOTTO

Illustrated by the author

"Without exception" this is one of the most entertaining books on travel it has been our good fortune to meet with, pleasant reading, vivid description, bright and genial tone."—Philadelphia Press.

\$2.50 net (postage extra).

THE QUEEN'S MUSEUM and other Fanciful Tales

By FRANK R. STOCKTON

Illustrated in colors, \$2.50

The best and most popular of Stockton's inimitable fairy stories, full of the whimsical humor and gay spirits that make them perfect of that kind, and beautifully illustrated in sympathetically quaint and fanciful manner.

THE FIRST FORTY YEARS OF WASHINGTON SOCIETY

From the Letters and Journals of Mrs. Samuel Harrison Smith (Margaret Bayard). Edited by Gaillard Hunt.

A brilliant volume of reminiscences filled with vivid anecdotes of such men as Jefferson, Madison, Clay, Jackson. A valuable and highly interesting addition to American history.

Illustrated, \$2.50 net, (postage 20 cents.)



JEFFERSON

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York

VANITY FAIR.

The New York Horse Show had some exciting incidents as well as a continuous procession of picturesque events.

The thousands of brilliantly gowned women and men in evening dress tiered about the tanbark oval in the banks of seats, or walking about the wide promenade, saw a thrilling runaway one night while the ring was filled with horses shown under the saddle. Jasmine, a fiery brown mare and a frequent winner, pranced into the ring with a large field of saddle horses, ridden by Shirley Carter, in high hat and frock coat, for her owner, Rufus L. Patterson. Jasmine tossed her head and kicked up her heels in protest against the proceedings. Mr. Carter urged her on, and then the mare bolted to the middle of the ring, and Mr. Carter's top hat went one way and he another. He landed on his feet, and a groom caught Jasmine and held her. Mr. Carter's hat was restored to him and he climbed back into the saddle. After circling the ring once on her good behavior, Jasmine bolted in earnest and it looked as though she would take the east fence and abruptly join the promenaders. There was a scattering of men and women indicative of their unwillingness to share the walk with Jasmine. Mr. Carter was sent clear over the mare's head and landed unhurt in the soft ring, but Jasmine, finding herself free, ran at top speed about the ring. All proceedings were stopped and the riders gave their full attention to getting out of the way. Mrs. John Gerken was riding her horse Surprise in the ring at the time, and was one of the coolest persons there. Jasmine circled the ring both ways several times, dodging grooms, and was stopped by a pretty catch of her bridle ring by a man who stood near the gate.

Mrs. "Dick" Donnelly, one of the best known of the women whips who show horses in the tanbark ring, was not allowed to drive Reginald Vanderbilt's Barrington in the contest for the Ladies' Prize, the highest trophy for exclusively women drivers at the show. Mrs. Donnelly went to New York from Chicago for the sole purpose of driving Mr. Vanderbilt's entry in this event, in accordance with an agreement made last summer. She was ready to enter the phaeton when she suddenly learned from Mr. Vanderbilt's own lips that she had been disqualified as a professional, and her place was taken by Miss Gladys Bloodgood, the young daughter of H. K. Bloodgood, of Boston, and a member of the famous Bloodgood family. Mrs. Donnelly immediately made a protest to the officers of the association, and declared she would establish her standing as an amateur, even if she had to take her case to the courts. Mrs. Donnelly declared she not only had never been paid for her services, but even had refused gifts and always had paid her own expenses.

Will the horsemwomen of the coming generation ride astride and with the divided skirt, or will they cling to the old-fashioned, conservative side-saddle? If the signs of the times are to be read aright in the light of this year's Horse Show, the fact would appear to be that while the women riders of today are somewhat slow to discard the sidesaddle, they are teaching their young daughters to dispense with it and to ride astride as the boys do.

Two classes shown afford a capital test of this interesting problem. In class 85 appeared 11 children, none more than 12 years old, riding ponies under the saddle. There were five girls and six boys in the competition, and of the five girls all but one was riding astride. The single exception, though it was doubtless the fault of her mount rather than of her method, was unplaced in the awards. First, second, and third honors, on the other hand, all went to the girls who rode astride. Miss Margaret Weyler, a perfect little horsemwoman, who had already ridden several of the Holloway mounts to victory, won the blue ribbon, with Charles Holloway's bay gelding Cardiff.

Virginia hunting stock was vindicated in the final trials for the Corinthian qual-

ified hunters. The riders appeared in full hunting costume, the scarlet coats making a brilliant center in a picture from which the large afternoon crowd, then at its height, afforded an effective frame.

In one spectacular ring exhibition of the Horse Show the blue ribbon of victory was pinned to the headstall of a horse that a few months ago was earning his oats between the shafts of a cab in Syracuse. But dancing under a weight of jingling harness in the lead of Alfred G. Vanderbilt's road four of grays, the former cab horse easily was a peer of the thirty-two horses shown, and aided materially in winning the first place for himself and harness mates.

Cabby was the name of this horse, who was cast for a minor role in the social scheme of the horse world until he fortunately fell under the eye of a young millionaire, whose hobby is the exhibition in the show ring of the best horses that money and experience can bring to his extensive stables, but, since he has found his rank in a higher sphere, he is known as Viscount Cabby.

The Kaiser sat in a London motor omnibus in the course of a visit to the Berlin automobile show, which opened early in November. His majesty hastened to make up for his inability to open the show by spending two hours there, and inspecting over a hundred separate exhibits.

The emperor, when he reached the stand of the Stoeover Company, learned that two hundred of this firm's motor omnibuses, made in Germany, are running through the streets of London. This interested the Kaiser so keenly that he asked to have the mechanism of the London omnibus minutely explained to him.

Then he climbed into the glittering new vehicle and sat down in order to acquaint himself with its luxurious interior. He remarked that he would like to have one like it for the accommodation of his shooting parties. He showed himself a master of motor technique.

She was a very beautiful woman and she was very beautifully dressed, says the Chicago *Record-Herald* report. She entered a Randolph street theatre at last Saturday's matinee with a woman friend and handed her seat checks to an usher. As she swished and frou-froued down the aisle she appeared a personification of all that is exquisite.

The usher, the beauty and the friend arrived at the fourth row from the footlights. The usher turned down the seats and bowed low as he handed back the checks. The beauty spoke:

"Is them seats ourn?" she demanded shrilly.

The usher did not wince. He bowed "thrice as low as before.

"Them seats is yourn," said he.

Pears'

My grandmother used Pears' Soap; perhaps yours did, too. We owe them gratitude for that.

Use Pears' for the children; they soon acquire the habit.

Established in 1789.

PRINTING CARES of Business People taken care of by

SPAULDING-GRAUL COMPANY

Formerly GEO. SPAULDING & CO.

being a concern where the wants of those desiring Printing, Lithographing, Bookbinding, Designing, Engraving, Etc., are given prompt attention. Give us a trial.

914 Howard Street at Fifth

Phone Temp. 2351

San Francisco

HOTEL COLLINGWOOD

35th St., between 5th Ave. and Broadway

NEW YORK CITY

New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district, containing every modern device for comfort of guests.

Positively exclusive. Service a la carte.

P. Centemeri & Co.

KID GLOVES

New Location

1551 Van Ness Ave.

Between Pine and California

San Francisco

"La Questa"

A LUSCIOUS OLD RED WINE

For Sale by

L. M. WALTER Corner California

and Devisadero Sts

McCAW BROS. - - - 401 Devisadero

and

Producer:

E. H. Rixford

Kohl Building, San Francisco

If you are going East use the

California Limited

The Finest Train Across the Continent

Palace Pullmans, Observation, Library, Smoking, Dining Cars.

Every luxury will be found on this train.



See the

SANTA FE AGENT

FERRY BUILDING

SAN FRANCISCO

BANKING.

Steamer Day Abolished

The long established, but in many respects objectionable, custom of fortnightly settlement of accounts by specie payment, is to give place to the more convenient method of paying by check. The

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Pays Interest on Checking Accounts

and extends to its customers every possible courtesy and convenience. You are cordially invited to open an account at the Home Office or any of our branches.

HOME OFFICE

California and Montgomery

West End Branch 1531 Devisadero

Uptown Branch 1850 Geary, near Fillmore

Mission Branch 927 Valencia

Mutual Savings Bank

710 Market St., Opposite Third

SAN FRANCISCO

Guaranteed Capital.....\$ 1,000,000

Paid-up Capital.....300,000

Surplus.....320,000

Assets.....10,000,000

Interest paid on deposits.

Loans on approved securities.

Officers—President, James D. Phelan; First Vice-President, S. G. Murphy; Second Vice-President, John A. Hooper; Secretary and Cashier, Geo. A. Story; Asst. Secretary and Asst. Cashier, C. B. Hobson; Attorney, Frank J. Sullivan.

Directors—James D. Phelan, John A. Hooper, Frank J. Sullivan, Jas. M. McDonald, S. G. Murphy, James Moffitt, Rolt. McElroy, Charles Holbrook, Rudolph Spreckels.

French American Bank

Union Trust Building (Third Floor)

Ready to accommodate its customers and do a general banking business. We will collect on insurance policies for those wishing our services.

THE FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

occupies offices in the same building.

Officers—Charles Carpy, President; Arthur Legallet, Vice-President; Leon Bocqueraz, Vice-President.

Directors—J. E. Artigues, O. Bozio, J. A. Berg-erot, E. J. DeSahla, J. M. Dupas, J. S. Godeau, J. J. Mack, Geo. Belaney, Leon Kaufman.

Our Branch Bank is Now Open

at No. 810 Van Ness Avenue, near Eddy St.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,552,719.61

Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00

Deposits, June 30, 1906.....38,476,520.22

F. Tillmann, Jr., President; Daniel Meyer, First Vice-President; Emil Rohte, Second Vice-President; A. H. R. Schmidt, Cashier; Wm. Herrmann, Asst. Cashier; Geo. Tourny, Secretary; A. H. Muller, Asst. Secretary; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.

Board of Directors:

F. Tillmann, Jr., Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohte, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, N. Ohlandt, J. W. Van Bergen, E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

Helping the Homeless

The Continental Building and Loan Association

Has helped build up several interior towns and cities of California but for the next few years its funds will be used to help restore the burned homes of San Francisco

Dr. Washington Dodge, President
Gavin McNab, Attorney.
Wm. Corbin, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr.

Office: Corner Market and Church Streets

J. S. DINKELSPIEL

Importer of

Diamonds, Precious Stones

1021 Van Ness Ave.

San Francisco, Cal.

Fine Set Pieces a Specialty

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Once, in Nice, an Englishman and a Frenchman were about to separate on the Promenade des Anglais.

The Englishman, as he started toward the Cercle Mediterranee, called back:

"Au reservoir!"

And the Frenchman waved his hand and answered:

"Tanks!"

A lady was reproaching a bachelor friend for never having married, when her husband, a little bored, perhaps, said gruffly:

"He says he could have cut me out and married you if he had wanted to."

The lady started.

"Indeed!" she cried. "Why didn't he do it, then?"

"He says he owed me a grudge," the husband explained with a chuckle.

In a New Jersey suburb the town officers had just put some fire extinguishers in their big buildings. One day one of the buildings caught fire, and the extinguishers failed to do their work. A few days later at the town meeting some citizens tried to learn the reason. After they had freely discussed the subject one of them said: "Mr. Chairman, I make a motion that the fire extinguishers be examined ten days before every fire."

There is an old story of a simple Highland lass who had walked to Glasgow to join her sister in service. On reaching a toll-bar on the skirt of the city, she began to rap smartly with her knuckles on the gate. The toll-keeper came out to see what she wanted.

"Please, sir, is this Glasgow?" she inquired.

"Yes, this is Glasgow."

"Please," said the girl, "is Peggy in?"

Nothing can surpass in delicacy the reply made by an East Indian servant of the late Lord Dufferin when he was Viceroy of India.

"Well, what sort of sport has Lord Blank had?" said Lord Dufferin one day to his servant, who had attended a young English lord on a shooting excursion.

"Oh," replied the scrupulously polite Hindoo, "the young sahib shot divinely. But Providence was very merciful to the birds!"

Mrs. Langtry said of the unpleasant and impertinent questions that, under the new customs rules, had been put to her on her landing in America. "They reminded me of that lawyer's bill which is sometimes quoted to show what a lawyer, at his worst, can be. I don't remember all the bill's items, but two of them were:

"To waking up in the night and thinking about your case, \$7.50.

"To dining with you after the case was lost, \$5."

A certain professor was giving his pupils a lecture on Scotland and the Scots. "These hardy men," he said, "think nothing of swimming across the Tay three times every morning before breakfast."

Suddenly a loud burst of laughter came from the center of the hall, and the professor angrily asked the offender what he meant by such conduct.

"I was just thinking, sir," replied the lad, "that the poor Scottish chaps would find themselves on the wrong side for their clothes when they landed!"

A bright young man was engaged in a desultory conversation with a prominent financier of a most economical disposition, when the great man suddenly invited attention to the suit of clothes he was then wearing.

"I have never believed," said he, "in paying fancy prices for cut-to-measure garments. Now, here's a suit for which I paid fifteen dollars and fifty cents. Appearances are very deceptive. If I told you I

purchased it for fifty dollars, you'd probably believe that to be the truth."

"I would if you told me by telephone," replied the young man.

In a Broadway cafe a man with a string tie, long moustache, and slouch hat, who bore in every detail the "South of Mason and Dixon's line" trademark, listened to a stage veteran, who was saying:

"Yes, we were playing the Jarrett and Palmer circuit in Othello, and—"

The Southerner's eye brightened at the familiar word.

"I saw that play once!" he broke in, delightedly. "Down in Nashville, I—"

"What did you think of it?" queried a bystander.

"Mighty good show," agreed the Southerner. "There was a nigger named Salvini in it, and I couldn't see but what the coon acted as good as any of the white folks they had."

There is a custom in French jurisprudence that sanctions the consultation by a judge, in provincial courts, with colleagues on the bench when sentence is to be passed upon certain classes of malefactors.

"What ought we to give this rascal, brother?" a judge in the Department of the Loire once asked the colleague on his right.

"I should say three years."

"What is your opinion, brother?" This to the colleague on the left.

"I should give him four years."

Whereupon the judge, assuming an air of great benevolence, said:

"Prisoner, not desiring to impose upon you a long and severe term of imprisonment, as I should have done if left to myself, I have consulted my learned brethren and shall take their advice. Seven years."

A Frenchman now visiting London has discovered why the ballet over here is as far in advance of the ballet in Paris as French drama is ahead of English drama, declares the London Chronicle. Coming away from one of our best music-halls in ecstasies, he put the matter briefly but clearly. "It is true," he said, "that the ladies of your ballet have more beautiful figures than ours, and why? In England your girls are tall and scraggy—and you can put on. In France, our girls are short and fat—*helas! mon ami*, you can not take off!"

Specially adapted to Asthmatics; always relieves, generally cures. Brooks' Homoeopathic Cough Syrup; 25c, at druggists.

A. Hirschman

Jeweler and Silversmith. Now at 1641 Van Ness Avenue, bet. California and Sacramento Streets.

A nervous old lady in a skyscraper hotel, on being assigned to a room on the nineteenth floor, asked the bell hop nervously if the proprietor had taken any precautions against fire.

"Yes, ma'am," said the bell hop; "he has. The place is insured for three times its real value."

Drs. Barkan & Sewall

Specialists for Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat are now located at 1700 California street, corner Van Ness Avenue.

First Editor—"I tell you, we're getting on fast. Why, I got a license for my paper in two weeks." Second Editor (an old hand)—"Yes, things do happen fast nowadays. In three weeks they'll confiscate your type, in four weeks they'll suppress your paper, in six, you'll be bankrupt, and in seven you'll starve."—Russ.

Korn The Hatter

Now at 926 Van Ness Avenue Near Ellis Street.

Dr. J. J. Henderson

Specialist for Eye, Ear and Throat 1434 Post St., near Octavia.

The Fifth of November, Guy Fawkes' Day, was celebrated throughout Great Britain with more than customary enthusiasm, and this year effigies of soap trust magnates and suffragettes were offered to the flames after being paraded.

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

ORIENTAL RUGS

Connoisseurs advise intending purchasers to buy from a reliable establishment, owing to the diversity of weaves and the difficulty in recognizing their value. All our Rugs are selected as individual pieces. Our stock therefore offers the choicest examples obtainable of Oriental Rugs.

Van Ness Ave. and Sutter St.

Nordhoff Grill



1545 Pine Street
Below Van Ness Ave.

Finest and Largest Dining Room in the City

Merchants' Lunch 11 A. M.
to 2 P. M. Daily

Ladies' Afternoon Teas
and Dinner Parties a Specialty

THE EMPORIUM

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Headquarters for Toys and Holiday Goods

Useful articles are something which is appreciated by every one. Among some very acceptable gifts which are sometimes overlooked, we suggest a book, which is always a reminiscence of the giver. For the holidays we offer some exceptional values, quite interesting, and along new channels of thought:

A Gift Book—Gray Mist

A story of Brittany by the author of the "Martyrdom of an Empress," extremely fascinating to the finish . \$1.50

A Japanese Blossom

by Onoto Watana, with full page illustrations in colors, so interesting you can not lay it aside till finished, \$2.00

The Christy Book.

The American Girl as seen and portrayed by Christy. In its class it is by far the most beautiful book ever published, and is the handsomest and most popular gift book of the season. Price \$2.50

Send all your mail orders to THE EMPORIUM, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Golden State Limited

between

CALIFORNIA—CHICAGO

DAILY

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO
ARRIVE CHICAGO

5:00 P. M.
10:15 P. M.

ELECTRIC LIGHTED
OBSERVATION PARLOR CAR
BEST OF DINING SERVICE

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Charlotte Wilson, daughter of Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, to Mr. George Cadwalader.

The engagement is announced of Miss Elizabeth Schenck, daughter of the late Colonel Schenck, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., to Captain Charles C. Smith, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A.

It is announced that the marriage of Miss Janet Watkins, daughter of Mrs. Margaret Watkins, to Mr. Harry Dimond, will take place on Wednesday, December 12, at St. Stephen's Church. The bride will have no attendants and Mr. Louis Sloss will be the best man.

The wedding of Miss Mary Small, daughter of Mr. H. J. Small, to Lieutenant Arthur J. Fisher, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., took place on Wednesday evening last, at the bride's home on Broadway. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock. The bride's sister, Miss Barbara Small, was the maid of honor and Miss Edna McClatchy, of Sacramento, and Miss Pearl Seeley, of Los Angeles, were bridesmaids. Lieutenant Barber, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., was the best man. Only relatives and intimate friends were present.

Invitations have been received from Dr. and Mrs. Sowers to the marriage of their daughter, Eleanor Kerfoot, to Major Samson L. Faison, U. S. A., on Wednesday, December 19, at 1707 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D. C. The ceremony will be performed at twelve o'clock noon, in the presence of a limited number of guests, but others are invited to the wedding breakfast, at 12.30 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins entertained at a large tea on Saturday last in honor of their daughter, Miss Lydia Hopkins, who made her debut on this occasion. Among those receiving with Mrs. Hopkins and Miss Hopkins were Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mrs. Evans S. Pillsbury, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mrs. Sherwood Hopkins, Mrs. William Kohl, Mrs. Rosenstock, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Chauncey Rose Winslow, Miss Mary Josselyn, Miss Linda Cadwalader, Miss Marguerite Barron, Miss Maizie Langhorne, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Frances Coon, Miss Lucy Gwin Coleman, Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Christine Pomeroy, and Miss Alice Herrin.

Mr. Horace D. Pillsbury entertained at dinner on Wednesday evening of last week at the Burlingame Club, his guests being Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Virginia Jolliffe, and Mr. Edward M. Greenway.

Miss Helen Ashton was the hostess at a luncheon on Monday of last week, at which she entertained Miss Lucy Gwin Coleman, Miss Maizie Langhorne, Miss Christine Pomeroy, Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Helen Thomas, Miss Floride Hunt, and Miss Maude Payne.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Fred Kohl will entertain at dinner on Tuesday evening next at San Mateo in honor of Miss Lydia Hopkins.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resume of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart and Miss Mary Eyre have returned from a fortnight's sojourn at Truckee and Tahoe.

Mrs. William S. Tevis and her four sons went down last week to their ranch near Bakersfield.

Miss Laura McKinstry spent Thanksgiving at Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin.

Royal Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

DISTINCTIVELY A CREAM OF TARTAR BAKING POWDER

Royal does not contain an atom of phosphoric acid (which is the product of bones digested in sulphuric acid) or of alum (which is one-third sulphuric acid) substances adopted for other baking powders because of their cheapness.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Mrs. Adeline Easton returned on the Siberia from the Orient, where she has been sojourning for several months, and has gone to her home in San Mateo.

Miss Cora Jane Flood arrived last week from New York, where she has been for the past six weeks.

Count and Countess Fabbri are to leave San Francisco very shortly for Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, where Count Fabbri has been appointed Italian vice-consul.

Mrs. James E. Robinson has recovered sufficiently from her recent illness to leave the hospital and is now at the home of Judge and Mrs. Cooper, on Pacific avenue. She and Miss Ethel Cooper will leave shortly for Santa Barbara.

Mr. Horace Blanchard Chase has returned to his country place in the Napa Valley, after a trip to Mexico.

Mrs. Russell Wilson, Miss Emily Wilson, and Miss Charlotte Wilson spent the week-end at Del Monte.

Miss Lily McCalla spent Thanksgiving at Santa Barbara with her parents, Admiral and Mrs. McCalla.

Mr. Frank S. Houghteling sailed last week for Europe for some months' travel.

Mrs. Frank H. Johnson, who has been ill in this city for a fortnight past, has recovered sufficiently to return to her home in San Rafael.

Mr. Norman Livermore, Mr. Sidney Salisbury, and Mr. Wilherforce Williams are living in the H. P. Livermore house on Russian Hill, for the winter.

Mrs. Paolo de Vecchi and Miss Marguerite de Vecchi have recently arrived here from the East and Europe for a visit. Dr. de Vecchi will remain in Baltimore this winter.

Miss Sarah Redington, of Santa Barbara, and Miss Frances Taylor will sail today (Saturday) from New York for the Mediterranean and will be abroad some time.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Pringle are to erect a house in Fair Oaks shortly.

Miss Eleanor Phelps has returned to her home in Oakland after a visit to Mare Island.

Mr. Charles Baldwin has returned to his home in Colorado.

Mrs. R. H. Postlethwaite and Miss Margaret Postlethwaite have returned from a lengthy sojourn abroad.

Mrs. E. A. Selfridge, Jr., has been visiting Miss Grace Baldwin at the latter's home on Lyon street.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Huntington came up recently from their home in Southern California for a visit to relatives here and in Berkeley.

Mrs. W. L. Oge and Miss Alice Oge, of San Rafael, have recently gone down to Santa Barbara for a stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Rodman Pell have returned from the East.

Miss Jeanette Hooper has returned from a visit to Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote and Miss Betty Foote in Grass Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. George Heazelton have returned to San Rafael after a week's stay at Del Monte.

Mr. Frederick Greenwood has returned to Belvedere after a trip to Goldfield.

Dr. and Mrs. Harold Brunn, who since their marriage have been residing in Los Angeles, have returned to San Francisco to remain permanently, and are now living at 1720 Broadway.

Miss D. Honig, of 1528 Bush street, has just returned from New York.

Mrs. Russell Wilson, Mrs. Charles Josselyn, and Miss Marjorie Josselyn went to Del Monte during the week en automobile. The others of the party who went by train were Miss Wilson, Miss Charlotte Wilson, Miss Gertrude Josselyn, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Chesebrough, Mrs. A. N. Dibblee, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Dibblee, Mrs. F. M. Clarke, Miss Booth, Mrs. J. G. Kittle, Mr. George L. Cadwalader, Mr. W. M. Thurston, Mr. G. L. Rathbone, Mr. Allen J. Kittle, Mr. J. C. Kittle, Mr. F. E. Booth, Mr. Charles J. Freehorn, and Mr. Lawrence McCreary.

Miss Geraldine Bonner and Miss Lora Hyde have been staying at Carmel-by-the-Sea for Thanksgiving holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Rollo V. Watt have returned to San Francisco after a short stay at Del Monte.

Mr. George Wharton James, of Pasadena, has come from Del Monte to San Francisco, where he is to deliver a lecture.

One of the cleverest craftsmen in San Francisco in repairing and restoring damaged silverware, is John O. Bellis of 1624 California street. Since the great fire he has had some difficult pieces of silverware to restore, but no matter how badly battered and burned he has succeeded in satisfying his patrons. These damaged family treasures in the hands of John O. Bellis are sure to be cleverly restored to their original form.

David Bispham, the American singer, sang the title role in a new light opera, "The Vicar of Wakefield," at its first presentation on November 12 in Manchester, England. Both opera and singer were warmly received.

ARGONAUTS FOR OUR FILES.

We would be glad to have any of the following numbers from any disconnected copies of the Argonaut that our readers have and are willing to part with.

Numbers Required to Complete an Argonaut File.

Volume VI, 1880—Nos. 6, 13, 15, 17, 18, 22, 24, 26.

Volume VII, 1880—Nos. 3, 8, 14, 16, 19, 20, 23, 24.

Volume IX, 1881—Nos. 1, 3, 6, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 19, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25.

Volumes X and XI, 1882—All numbers. Volumes XII and XIII, 1883—All numbers.

Volumes XIV and XV, 1884—All numbers.

Volume XVI, 1885—All numbers.

Volume XVII, 1885—Nos. 1, 2.

Volume XX, 1887—Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16.

Volume XXI, 1887—Nos. 11, 13, 22, 23.

Volume XXII, 1888—Nos. 3, 7, 11, 18, 25.

Volume XXIII, 1888—No. 3.

Volume XXIV, 1889—No. 6.

Volume XXV, 1889—Nos. 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19.

Volume XXVI, 1890—Nos. 21, 23.

Volume XXVII, 1890—No. 1.

Volume XXVIII, 1891—Nos. 1, 7.

Volume XXIX, 1891—Nos. 8, 12, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, 22.

Volume XXX, 1892—Nos. 6, 20, 22, 24.

Volume XXXI, 1892—Nos. 2, 3, 7.

Volume XXXII, 1893—No. 16.

Georgia Cayvan, formerly a member of the old Lyceum Theatre stock company of New York, died in Flushing, L. I., November 19, aged 45. Twelve years ago Miss Cayvan was voted a diamond star at the actor's fund fair in Madison Square Garden, as the most popular actress on the stage.

Eagleson & Co.

The Old Reliable

Men's Furnishers

Holiday Goods

Neckdress
Shirts, Gloves
Underwear
Night Robes
Bath Robes
Etc.

1453 FILLMORE

Two Doors from O'Farrell Street



For Sale at a Great Bargain

Seagoing Gasoline Schooner Yacht LILIAN. Most Magnificent Pleasure Boat on the Pacific Coast. Owner being unable to use same for year or more prefers to sell rather than have yacht remain idle. Dining room and galley on deck; four large state rooms, saloon and bathroom below deck all finished in mahogany. Yacht is completely found in every respect, and everything is in excellent condition. Further particulars of FRANK N. TANDY, P. O. Box 2684, San Francisco.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Marie L. Sweeney

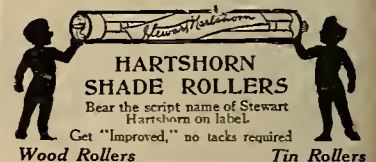
Formerly of 121 Post

Is Now Located at

1536 Bush Street

WITH A COMPLETE STOCK OF EXCLUSIVE STYLES IN

MILLINERY



HARTSHORN

SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of Stewart

Hartshorn on label.

Get "Improved," no tacks required

Wood Rollers

Tin Rollers

CLUBBING LIST FOR 1907.

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

American Magazine and Argonaut	\$ 4.25
Argosy and Argonaut	4.35
Atlantic Monthly and Argonaut	6.70
Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut	6.20
Century and Argonaut	7.00
Commoner and Argonaut	4.10
Cosmopolitan and Argonaut	4.35
Criterion and Argonaut	4.35
Critic and Argonaut	5.10
Current Literature and Argonaut	5.90
English Illustrated Magazine and Argonaut	4.70
Forum and Argonaut	6.00
Harper's Bazaar and Argonaut	4.35
Harper's Magazine and Argonaut	6.70
Harper's Weekly and Argonaut	6.70
House Beautiful and Argonaut	4.75
International Magazine and Argonaut	4.50
Judge and Argonaut	7.50
Leslie's Weekly and Argonaut	6.70
Life and Argonaut	7.75
Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut	6.20
Littell's Living Age and Argonaut	9.00
Mexican Herald and Argonaut	10.50
Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut	4.35
Nineteenth Century and Argonaut	7.25
North American Review and Argonaut	8.00
Out West and Argonaut	5.25
Overland Monthly and Argonaut	4.50
Political Science Quarterly and Argonaut	5.90
Puck and Argonaut	7.50
Review of Reviews and Argonaut	5.75
Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut	6.50
Smart Set and Argonaut	6.00
St. Nicholas and Argonaut	6.00
Sunset and Argonaut	4.25
Theatre Magazine and Argonaut	5.75
Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut	4.25
Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) and Argonaut	4.50
Weekly New York Tribune, Weekly New York World, and Argonaut	5.25

ELECTRIC LAMPS

A GIFT THAT IS ARTISTIC, USEFUL AND VERY ACCEPTABLE

They come in various sizes and shapes; representing heroic figures, etc., beautifully draped—some with one light, others holding several—suitable for living room, parlor or den. One design represents a beautiful feminine figure, cleverly draped, holding a rose branch, and a light in the place of the rose—price \$6.50. Also a large assortment at \$15 and \$20.

Nathan-Dohrmann Co.

1520-1550 VAN NESS AVENUE

PERSONAL

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Rear-Admiral William T. Swinhurne, U. S. N., transferred his flag last week from the U. S. S. Chicago to the cruiser Charleston, in this bay.

Colonel Charles H. Nohle, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Nohle, spent last Saturday in this city en route from Fort Seward, Alaska, where Colonel Nohle has until recently been in command of the Tenth Infantry U. S. A., to San Antonio, Texas, where they will spend the winter.

Colonel Edward E. Delevo, U. S. A., Chief Commissary, department of California, returned to the Presidio on Friday of last week, after two months' leave of absence, spent in Europe, and principally in Paris, with his daughter, Mrs. Woodruff.

Lieutenant-Colonel George M. Dunn, U. S. A., Judge Advocate, department of California, returned last week from a month's leave of absence, spent in Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant-Colonel George L. Anderson, Inspector General U. S. A., is detailed as a member of the Army Retiring Board, Presidio, of San Francisco, vice Colonel John L. Clem, Assistant Quartermaster General, U. S. A.

Lieutenant-Colonel Louis Brechemin, Deputy Surgeon General, U. S. A., has been granted one month and twelve days' leave of absence on a surgeon's certificate of disability.

Major Henry C. Morrow, Judge Advocate, U. S. A., sailed on Wednesday last for the Philippines, where he has been ordered for duty. He was accompanied by his mother, Mrs. Morrow.

Major Harry Benson, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., who has been on duty in the Yosemite Valley, returned to the Presidio last week.

Major Willis T. May, Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A., was in this city last week, en route to the Philippines.

Major Ira A. Haynes, Military Secretary, U. S. A., has been granted leave of absence for one month and ten days.

Major John Couhelin, U. S. A., recently promoted from a captain, has been assigned to the field artillery and on the expiration of his present leave of absence, will proceed to Cuba and assume command of the Eleventh Battery Field Artillery (mountain).

Commander W. McLean, U. S. N., has been detached from the Bureau of Ordnance, Navy Department, and ordered to the Asiatic station, sailing from San Francisco on January 5.

Captain Franklin J. Draher, U. S. N., formerly on the U. S. S. Wisconsin, is at his home in Gasport, N. Y., on waiting orders.

Captain William C. Wren, Quartermaster U. S. A., is relieved from duty as quartermaster, Camp Columbia, and is assigned as department quartermaster, Marianao, and in charge of construction work at Camp Columbia, with station in Havana.

Captain B. M. Purcell, Paymaster, U. S. A., has recently gone to his station in Boston, Massachusetts, from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Captain Bertram C. Gilbert, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., who is now a patient at the hospital at Vancouver barracks, has been ordered to proceed to the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, for observation and treatment.

Captain Lorain T. Richardson, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., who was granted two months' leave of absence, has had that leave extended for one month.

Captain George A. Nugent, Quartermaster, U. S. A., arrived in Manila on the transport Thomas, and reported to the Chief Quartermaster of that division for temporary duty under his direction with station at Manila.

Captain Henry H. Rutherford, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, left for Washington, D. C., on Wednesday last, in charge of a number of insane patients to be placed in the government hospital for the insane.

Captain Irving W. Rand, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., arrived in the Philippines on the transport Thomas, and on reporting to the commanding general, department of Luzon, was ordered to proceed to Fort William McKinley, Rizal, for temporary duty.

Chief Engineer William B. Dunning, U. S. N., retired, and Mrs. Dunning, sailed last Saturday from New York to Naples, and will remain abroad for some time.

Lieutenant Zeno E. Briggs, U. S. N., formerly of the U. S. S. Wisconsin, has reported for duty at Puget Sound navy yard, Washington.

Lieutenant Arthur G. Fisher, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted leave of absence for one month and fifteen days.

Lieutenant Kirwin T. Smith, Sixth Infantry, U. S. A., who has been a patient at the Army General Hospital, Presidio of

San Francisco, will leave shortly for his proper station, Fort William Henry Harrison, Montana.

Lieutenant E. E. Scranton, U. S. N., has been detached from duty in charge of the naval recruiting station, Denver, Colorado, and ordered to duty at the naval station, Tutuila, Samoa, sailing from San Francisco on December 27.

Lieutenant Howard S. Baily, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., who is a nephew of Mrs. John F. Swift of this city, has been relieved from duty in the department of Mindanao, and ordered to proceed to Manila, reporting to the commanding general department of Luzon, for assignment to duty.

Lieutenant Peter R. Horton, U. S. M. C., is detached from the Marine Barracks, navy yard, Mare Island, and ordered to Atlanta, Georgia, as assistant to the officer in charge of the Marine Corps recruiting office in that city.

Surgeon V. C. B. Means, U. S. N., has been detached from duty at the Naval and Marine recruiting stations, San Francisco, and ordered to the navy yard, Mare Island.

Assistant Surgeon F. M. Shook, U. S. N., is detached from duty at the navy yard, Mare Island, and ordered to the naval hospital, Mare Island.

Election Night Rowdiness in New York.

The night of election day has come to be recognized as an annual carnival in New York. This year it surpassed itself—in an unfavorable way, remarks the New York *Evening Post*. A celebration which ought to have been a pleasing exhibition of American good nature and willingness to accept in good spirit the verdict of the majority was turned into a rowdy and demoralizing demonstration. Of course, there was plenty of sane and wholesome fun, sometimes rough and familiar, but the trouble was that it did not stop there, but degenerated into downright ruffianism, which was everywhere evident and sometimes in complete control.

The ruffianly, as opposed to the carnival, spirit, reached its height on Fourteenth street, between Union Square and Third avenue. A crowd of men and boys lined up for over a hundred feet on either side of the walk on the south side of the street, opposite Tammany Hall, armed with fish horns or sticks. Every person who wished to pass had to run the gauntlet. Men's derbies were hattered by blows from all sides, and women's hats were torn. The blows fell on hands and heads as well as hats, and to resist meant positive danger of personal injury. Two policemen stood watching this from across the street, and were finally appealed to by a couple of men to stop it. They protested that it would take a dozen men to do it, but, in fact, these two men broke up the crowd in ten seconds once they went at it. Later, the trouble started again in a smaller way, and with nobody else to stir the police up, continued intermittently.

Although Fourteenth street saw perhaps the roughest of last night's carnival, it was not confined there. All up and down Broadway, from Fourteenth to Forty-second street, there was rowdiness enough to make respectable people question the wisdom of turning out on future occasions if such tactics are to prevail. In some restaurants the damage done must have almost counterbalanced the additional profits from the crowds. At one popular cafe near Madison Square waiters had to be stationed to hold back the doors against crowds of men who were not wanted, and were trying to storm the place by force.

J. Pierpont Morgan has received from Europe two scrapbooks, each filled with manuscript valued at \$25,000 each, and upon the two Mr. Morgan has paid \$10,000 duty. The manuscripts pasted in the two books are the originals of the best poems of Robert Burns, and of many of his impassioned letters to ladies and his creditors.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Mayer (nee Son) has been brightened by the advent of a daughter, born on November 25 at their home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McIntosh are rejoicing in the advent of a little son in their home.

A Poor Man's Prayer.

Protect me, Lord, from these, Thy saints,
The sanctimonious few;
O, save me from their clutches
When my mortgages come due.
O, lead me not into their hands,
These brethren, long and pale,
Who call this earth "A Vale of Tears,"
(And promptly seize the "Vale.")
O, put me not into their power,
These too uncommon good,
Who teach us what we shouldn't do
And preach us what we should.
These saints who squeeze a shilling twice,
And wear cheap aureoles;
Who take our children's bread and then
Attempt to save our souls.
Give me instead a human man,
With some few human stains
That show he has the common blood
Of manhood in his veins,
And heart that overflows sometimes
To overthrow constraints;
But in my need, protect me, Lord,
From these, Thy hungry Saints.
EMANUEL ELZAS.

Lord Charles Beresford, who has just been given the highest sea command in the British navy, with the rank of admiral, is in his sixty-first year. Admiral Bosanquet, who relinquishes the Particular Service Squadron, is sixty-three, or a year older than any American officer on the active list. The new commander of the Mediterranean station, Sir Charles Drury, is eighty-seven. Vice-Admiral Curzon-Howe, the new head of the Atlantic fleet, is fifty-six. The chief of the new Home Fleet, Rear-Admiral Bridgman, who is fifty-eight, did not reach his present rank until he was fifty-five. Prince Louis of Battenberg, second-in-command of the Mediterranean squadron, is fifty-two. Farragut was sixty years of age before he obtained flag-rank, and sixty-one when he fought his greatest fight.

Three Chilean engineers are on their way to San Francisco to study the reconstruction of the city. They are C. Hoernig, D. Galvo McKenna and D. Del Canto, all graduates of the University of Chile. Immediately after the earthquake at Valparaiso the young men were sent on their tour of investigation. After a short stay in San Francisco they will return to Chile.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Houghton are rejoicing in the advent of a little daughter in their home last week.

The White House

Holiday Gifts
Electric Portables

Large and Complete
assortment ranging from

\$7.50 to \$225.00

ART ROOMS

TAKE ELEVATOR

Raphael Weill & Co., Inc.

N. W. Corner Van Ness Ave. and Pine St.

Any Solid Silverware

that passed through the fire, of which
there is a fragment left,

Perfectly Restored

To any person having this work to be done I can show wonderful results at my shop, having restored some of the choicest silver in the city.

Specialty of trophies and presentation cups. Suitable designs submitted on application.

Gold and Silver Plating.

JOHN O. BELLIS
Manufacturing Silversmith

1624 California Street Near Van Ness Ave.

A. Zellerbach & Sons
PAPER DEALERS

Now Located at

Volkman Bldg., 416 Jackson St., San Francisco
Branch: 514 Eleventh St., Oakland

FULL SUPPLY OF ALL KINDS OF PAPER

FOR YOUR WEDDING AND CHRISTMAS GIFTS

—GO TO—

GUMP'S

CHINA, PICTURES, MARBLES, GLASS-
WARE, ELECTROLIERS, FRAMING,
BRONZES, DESK SETS, SMOKING SETS

1645 California Street

JUST BELOW VAN NESS
Tel. Franklin 624

Open Evenings Until Christmas

Newman and Levinson.

Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Streets - - San Francisco

INVITE YOUR INSPECTION OF AN UNRIVALED COLLECTION OF

Holiday, Anniversary and Yuletide Gifts

now on exhibition in their establishment. By means of Merchandise and Glove Certificates, available in any department, two perplexing problems are solved — two questions answered:

“WHAT SHALL I GIVE?”
“WHAT SIZE DOES SHE WEAR?”

Purchase a Merchandise Certificate or a Glove Certificate
AND YOUR HOLIDAY DIFFICULTIES ARE OVER

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS

Ready for business at 1165 O'FARRELL ST., bet. Franklin and Gough

Pianos Tuned, Repaired, Moved and Stored

SOHMER-CECILIAN PLAYER-PIANOS

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Mrs Knicker—"Does your husband say things behind your back?" Mrs. Bocker—"Only when he huttons my waist."—New York Sun.

Today is short. Yesterday has passed. Tomorrow may not come, hence you have no time to waste. If you contemplate doing something, better be at it.—Pittsburg News.

Woman (expecting a call from her lover)—"Oh, this waiting is something terrible! I can't stand it. (To maid.) Sophie, go outside and ring the hell three or four times, hard!"—Tales.

"I suppose your motto is 'Be sure you're right and then go ahead.'" "Not in the financial game," answered Dustin Stax. "My motto is, 'Be sure you're ahead, then you're all right.'"—Washington Star.

First Artist—"Have you sold your last sketch?" Second Artist—"Not yet. Don't you see, everybody's talking about Rembrandt? We must wait until all that noise is over."—Humorist's Blatter.

Convicted Prisoner—"But you told me that they couldn't electrocute me, and here I am sentenced to die on Friday!" Able Attorney—"If they electrocute you I'll have 'em indicted by the grand jury."—New York World.

Traveler in Parlor Car—"Porter, that man in front will give you a quarter for dusting him off, won't he?" Porter—"Yessir." "Well, I'll give you half a dollar to leave the dust on him and not brush it off on to me."—Somerville Journal.

"That man is one of my friends," remarked the novice in public life. "Which kind?" responded Senator Sorghum. "Friends, you know, are divided into two great classes: those whom you need and those who need you."—Washington Star.

A Scotch advocate, limping down High Street in Edinburgh, overheard a lady say to her companion, "That is Mr. C., the lame lawyer." Turning around, he replied, "No, madam, I am a lame man, but not a lame lawyer."—Christian Register.

Tom—"Well, darling, I have seen your father and he has given his consent." Grace—"He approves of love in a cottage, then?" "No, but he says that a girl who spends as much time golfing and motoring as you do really has not much need of a home."—Tattler.

"Where was he struck by the automobile?" asked the coroner. "At the junction of the dorsal and cervical vertebrae," answered the surgeon. "Will you please point that out on the map?" asked the coroner, indicating one that hung on the wall.—Chicago Tribune.

In a trolley accident in New England an Irishman was badly hurt. The next day a lawyer called on him and asked if he intended to sue the company for damages. "Damages?" said Pat, looking feebly over his handgates. "Sure, I have thim already. I'd loike to sue the railway for repairs, sor, av ye'll take the case."—Youth's Companion.

The daring explorer had reached the North Pole. "Well, which way now?" asked his assistant. The explorer looked irresolutely around the horizon. "Dashed if I know!" he muttered. Then his brow cleared. "Can't you see?" he said. "We've found all the north there is. We'll have to go south!" Merely stopping long enough to eat another dog, the party started in the general direction of the South Pole.—Chicago Tribune.

"Well, sir?" said the great lawyer. The visitor spoke tremulously. "I am a defaulter," he said, "and I want you to defend me." The other shook him by the hand. "Certainly I will defend you, my friend," he murmured kindly. "And how many hundred thousand did you say—" Hundred thousand?" the client interrupted. "Oh, sir, don't think me worse than I am. It is only \$490 in all, and I expect to pay back every cent before I die."

"George," he said to the office hoy, "show this dishonest rascal out."—Kansas City Journal.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

To Pedestrians.
Be good,
Be kind,
Beware
Behind.
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A Gobbler Cameo.
I feel a sweet drum solo
Right through my spirit hum;
The gobbler's are the drumsticks,
My appetite's the drum.
Harper's Weekly.

Resourceful.

"Let never wine-glass touch your lips,"
My pa has made this law,
I can not disobey him, so,
Bartender, add a straw.
Princeton Tiger.

The Wail of the Rounders.

(Written for Kolb and Dill by K. K. K.)
QUAKE I.
I long for a look in at Zinkand's,
For the good old days at Swain's—
Where music and color and gladness,
Fairly hustled society's mains.
I crave for the smoke of the Orpheum
And the hoodlums applauding long,
While I dream of dinners at Marchand's
With never a thought of wrong.

SHAKE II.

My memory goes out to the Palace—
To the "Setters" there warming the
chairs.
I wonder what's happened the "Dearies,"
With their smiles and dehonair airs?
Oh, carry me hack to old Frisco—
The Frisco I used to know—
Strolling her streets at night time
In the electric's glare and glow.

SHOCK III.

I'm sick of reading the fog-wash
That tells of the gas-pipe thug.
And I gag at the dust and debris
That disfigure my lovely mug.
I'm tired of viewing the ruins,
With their tangles of iron and stone.
So weary of ceaseless rubbering,
So tired of drinking alone.

TEMBLOR IV.

'Tis the damndest old wreck of a city
That graces this mundane sphere,
But I never will yield to sadness,
And I never will shed a tear.
And I'm growing distressingly healthy
In the sunlight and air of the shacks.
And I'll stay with the game of rebuilding
Till I die of old age in my tracks.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

"He's a great reformer, isn't he?"
"Oh, he's worse than a reformer. His ideas would upset the whole social and business world. He said if he had his way he'd put in jail everybody who ought to be there."—Philadelphia Press.

Any remedy that will relieve a teething baby or a feverish child is invaluable. Steedman's Soothing Powders have done this for fifty years.

A London doctor says every mau should have a silent hour at home each day. There are men who will lean to the opinion that it would be easier to have their silent hours away from home.—Chicago Record-Herald.

NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS.—You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the Springs, and the entire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

Mt. Tamalpais Railway

Via Sausalito Ferry—Foot of Market St.

Lv. San Francisco	W'kday	Sun.	Leave Tamalpais	Sun.	W'kday
9:30 A	8:25 A		10:40 A	1:05 P	
9:50 A	9:50 A				
11:00 A					
1:45 P			1:05 P		
	1:45 P		2:30 P	4:30 P	
Saturday			4:30 P	Saturday	
4:35 P	3:15 P		5:45 P	9:30 P	

Legal Holidays, Sunday Time

TICKET OFFICE AT SAUSALITO FERRY

OUR STANDARDS

Sperry's Best Family.
Drifted Snow.
Golden Gate Extra.

Sperry Flour Company

MAIN OFFICE: 133 SPEAR ST.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Notice of Assessment

Fireman's Fund Insurance Company

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that at a meeting of the Directors held on the 7th day of November, 1906, an assessment of three hundred (300) dollars per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately to Louis Weinmann, the Secretary of said corporation, at its office No. 401 California Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the tenth day of December, 1906, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on the twenty-sixth day of December, 1906, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

LOUIS WEINMANN,
Secretary of the
FIREMAN'S FUND INSURANCE COMPANY.
Office: 401 California St., San Francisco, California.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co.

OF HARTFORD
ESTABLISHED 1850

Cash Capital\$1,000,000.00
Cash Assets5,340,136.94
Surplus to Policy-Holders2,414,921.16

Benjamin J. Smith
Manager Pacific Department:
525 THIRTEENTH ST., OAKLAND
San Francisco Office:
2310 CALIFORNIA STREET

For YOUR

BREAKFAST

GERMEA

At All Grocers

The Johnson-Locke Mercantile Co.

AGENTS

714 Broadway, Oakland

AUTOMOBILES

Runabouts = = = \$700
Reo Touring Cars = \$1400

Immediate Delivery

J. W. LEAVITT & CO.
441 Golden Gate Ave.

REMOVAL NOTICE

JOHN G. ILS & CO.

Beg to announce their removal to their permanent store

827-829 MISSION STREET

Between Fourth and Fifth Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

OUR SPECIALTIES:

HIGH GRADE FRENCH RANGES AND BROILERS
BAKERY AND KITCHEN SUPPLIES

Steamship Lines

AMERICAN LINE

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON
St. Paul.....Dec. 8 | St. Louis.....Dec.
New York.....Dec. 15 | Philadelphia.....Dec.
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool
Noordland.....Dec. 1 | Haverford.....Dec.
Merion.....Dec. 15

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE
NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT

Minnetonka.....Dec. 8 | Minnehaha.....Dec.
Minneapolis.....Dec. 22 | Mesaba.....Jan.

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM—VIA BOULOGNE
Sailings Wednesdays as per sailing list.
Statendam Dec. 5, 10 a m | Ryndam Jan. 23, no
Ryndam Dec. 19, 7 a m | Potsdam Feb. 6, 10 a
Potsdam Jan. 2, 6 a m | Statendam Feb. 20, 10 a

RED STAR LINE

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS

Vaderland.....Dec. 5 | Zealand.....Dec.
Finland.....Dec. 12 | Kroonland.....Jan.

WHITE STAR LINE

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL
Oceanic.....Dec. 5 | Majestic.....Dec.
Celtic.....Dec. 12 | Oceanic.....Jan.
Baltic.....Dec. 19 | Teutonia.....Jan.

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Arabic.....Dec. 6 | Cymric.....Dec.

To the Mediterranean and Egypt, via Azores

FROM NEW YORK

Cretic.....Jan. 5, noon, Mar.
Cedric.....Jan. 5, Feb. 16
Celtic.....Jan. 19, March 2 (21,000 Ton)

FROM BOSTON

Canopic.....Jan. 12, 8:30 a m, Feb.
Republic.....Feb. 2, 1 p m, March

G. N. KOEPEL, Pass. Agt. Pacific Coast.
Room 207 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

ORIENTAL S. S. Co. have opened their general
offices at 217-221 Brannan Street
SAN FRANCISCO

S. S. Nippon Maru (Calls at Manila) Dec. 28, 1906
S. S. Hong Kong Maru (Calls at Manila) Jan. 24, 1907
S. S. America Maru - - - - - Feb. 13, 1907

Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and Brannan streets 1 p. m., for Yokohama and Hongkong calling at Honolulu, Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamers for Manila, India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Sts. W. H. AVERY, Assistant General Manager.

Thos. Cook & Son

Now Located

1168 Broadway, Oakland

And North Nave, Ferry Building
San Francisco

Bonestell, Richardson & Co.

Have Plenty of Every Kind of

PAPER

Phone Temporary 1273

473 TO 475 SIXTH STREET
San Francisco

The Argonaut.

Vol. LIX. No. 1553.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 15, 1906.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscription to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 1711 San Pablo Avenue, Oakland. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Jerome A. Hart, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." To insure consideration, manuscript submitted for publication, must be typewritten.

Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal."

Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear, and by the Denison News Company on its boats and trains.

Published at San Francisco, California. Temporary Office, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, California.

THIRTIETH YEAR

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

JEROME A. HART - - - EDITOR

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: The President's Message—The Postoffice in Private Hands—Impulse and Misapprehension—Canons of Criticism—Japanese Naturalization—Adios Collection Day—State Rights Men Alarmed—San Francisco Bank Clearings—A New Treaty with Japan—American, Dutch, and Spanish Colonizers—Street Car Arbitration—The Education of Aliens—Do Not Pulverize Dunfy Yet—English Press Applaud Roosevelt—A White Man's Party	297-299
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	300
ARE THEY UP TO THEIR JOBS?	300
CLANCEY JOHN DEMPSTER	301
ALDRICH'S BOHEMIAN CIRCLE: Brilliant and Frolicsome Young Men of Literary New York Fifty Years Ago	301
NEW YORK GRAND OPERA RIVALRY: Opening of Manager Conried's Season—Geraldine Farrar as Juliet—Caruso in "La Boheme"	302
POLITICO-PERSONAL	302
AN INVISIBLE DEMON: The Fantastic Coinage of an Opinion Eater's Brain	303
MAGAZINE MAKING AND UNMAKING: Contemporary History of the Evolution of a Monthly and Weekly	303
THE WILL OF AN EMPRESS: How Eugenie Won an Emperor and Governed a Prince	304
OLD FAVORITES: "Prescience," "Palabras Caronisas," "Nocturne," "I Do Not Vex Me with Growing Old," by T. B. Aldrich	304
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes about Prominent People All Over the World	305
LITERARY NOTES: New Publications—Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip	306-307
ANITY FAIR	308
STAGE GOSSIP: Dramatic Notes—Musical Notes	309
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy	310-311
NEW ENGLAND AND THE WILD WEST: Views of Two Critics	312
TORVETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise	313
HE ALLEGED HUMORISTS	314
HE TUNEFUL LIAR	314

The President's Message.

Following will be found an abstract of President Roosevelt's message, dated December 3, 1906:

He recommends a law prohibiting corporations from contributing to campaign expenses, and another concerning upon the government the right of appeal on questions of law in criminal cases. He believes there should be a law to the effect that no judgments shall be set aside by the United States Courts on technical grounds; also one that will prevent any abuse of the power of injunction. While the President advocates an eight-hour day for employees in the United States, he is in favor of longer hours and alien labor on the Isthmus of Panama. He urges an investigation into the conditions of female and

child labor. The employers' liability law is commended, and it is suggested that a federal commission be created with authority to investigate and report on labor disputes. He asks for legislation providing for the withdrawal from sale of public lands supposed to contain coal. He states that measures must be taken to exercise a more complete control over the great corporations, and favors permitting railroads to pool under supervision of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The national government, he says, should impose a graduate inheritance tax, and, if possible, a graduated income tax. The President proposes that there be a constitutional amendment putting entire control of marriage and divorce in the hands of the federal government. He urges a ship subsidy bill, and currency legislation of some kind calculated to impart elasticity. He advocates free trade with the Philippines, citizenship for Porto Ricans, the appropriation of money for educational and internal improvements in Hawaii, and the reorganization of the government of Alaska. The President calls the provision of special schools for Japanese in San Francisco a "wicked absurdity," to remove which "everything that it is in my power to do will be done, and all of the forces, military and civil, of the United States which I may lawfully employ will be so employed." He also recommends that an act be passed providing for the naturalization of Japanese. As soon as a Cuban government is elected and installed, he explains, American occupation of Cuba will end. He refers to the Rio Janeiro conference with the statement that our delegates were instructed to join in the request that the Peace Conference at The Hague consider the question of collecting, by force, international debts founded on contract. Secretary Root's South American trip is also described. The President urges the ratification of the treaty with Morocco which resulted from the Algeiras convention. Referring to the destruction of the Pribilof Islands fur seals by pelagic sealing, he says that a war vessel will be sent to the islands next season to protect our interests. The message ends with a plea that the army and navy be maintained at their present strength at least, and that shooting galleries be established in schools, and rifle clubs be encouraged, that we may build up an efficient citizen soldiery.

The Postoffice in Private Hands.

The Congressional Postal Commission now sitting in Washington is hearing publishers and others in regard to the proposition of Assistant Postmaster-General Madden to quadruple the postal rates on newspapers. The somnolent nature of the sessions was broken upon the other day when publisher Boyce of Chicago seriously made to the commission the following proposition:

To take over the postoffice business of the country, thereafter to be run by a \$50,000,000 private corporation under full government regulation.

To reduce all postal rates one-half; to establish a rural postal express and apply business methods throughout.

To pay the government rental for postoffice quarters, and charge it regular rates for its postal business.

To place in charge a well-known railroad traffic expert, to whom the place has been offered at \$30,000 annually.

To eliminate all sinecures, politics, and the deficit.

To pay the government all profits above 7 per cent on capital.

Publisher Boyce says that his proposition is submitted in entire good faith, and that he has associates of large wealth who stand ready to provide the capital at once. If the Postal Commission will seriously consider his proposition, the names and required financial backing will be at once furnished.

It is not probable Congress will consider placing the postoffice in private hands. We do not know that it would be wise or expedient. But it is a biting comment on the way the postoffice department is conducted by the government that a private corporation is convinced that it can do the work at half the present rates, pay the government all profits above seven per cent, establish a

rural package delivery, abolish the deficit, and make a good profit besides.

Impulse and Misapprehension.

The more President Roosevelt's message is studied, the more it seems that the passages attacking San Francisco are based on ignorance of the facts. After a long panegyric on the Japanese character, the President says:

"In almost every quarter of the nation the stranger from Japan is treated as he deserves. * * * But here and there a most unworthy feeling has manifested itself toward the Japanese, a feeling that has been shown in shutting them out from the common schools in San Francisco, and in mutterings against them in one or two other places because of their efficiency as workers. To shut them out from the public schools is a wicked absurdity. * * * It is a sure mark of a low civilization, a low morality, to abuse or discriminate against or in any way humiliate any stranger who has come here lawfully and who is conducting himself properly. I am prompted to say this by the attitude of hostility here and there assumed toward the Japanese in this country."

As a matter of truth, the records do not uphold these assertions. During the disorderly and lamentable conditions which have prevailed in San Francisco since the disaster of last April very many assaults have been made upon white persons in San Francisco, very few upon the Japanese. This the records of the police courts will bear out.

It is possible that even the ratio of population would show a less number, but of that we are not certain. Of this, however, we are sure, the number of assaults upon Japanese has been very small.

Furthermore, there is no "attitude of hostility" toward the Japanese in this city or State. There is, we believe, a feeling of dislike, but that exists between many races. And our observation shows that it always exists between the white race and the yellow races.

As to the accusation that the Japanese have been "shut out of the public schools," this is not true. Aaron Altmann, President of the Board of Education, says concerning this:

"Japanese children have not been excluded from the public schools of San Francisco. They have not been denied any of the advantages which are granted to the children of American birth and parentage. Not the slightest obstacle has been thrown in the way of their education. This false report arises from the fact that a section of the school law of the State of California, providing for a separate school for these children has been put into force and effect."

To which it may be added that the State law provides for separate schools for Orientals in the primary and grammar grades, but they are not excluded from the high schools, nor from the University, which is also a public school, supported by the taxpayers. From this it will be seen that these charges of the President are without foundation. We do not know from whom he obtained his information, but it is incorrect information. It has placed him in a false position from which he will be forced to recede.

Canons of Criticism.

New York, our greatest city, has temporarily turned her attention from continuous vaudeville to Shakespeare. Several companies in Gotham have simultaneously broken out in attacks on the sublime William. There seems to be marked differences of opinion as to the relative dramatic values of these Shakespearean productions. Some

of the dramatic critics seem agitated over this—we think unduly so. If there are any canons of dramatic criticism, the world does not know what they are. There is no settled rule to determine whether a Shakespearean production may be classed as "good," "bad," or "indifferent"; or, to put it in more colloquial phrase, as the young lady of the period might say to her steady, whether it is "grand," "fine," or "rotten." Dramatic "criticism," therefore, means no more than the individual opinion of the individual criticising.

Nothing that any dramatic or musical critic ever said had the slightest effect on the success of any production whatever. "Il Trovatore," when produced in Italy some sixty years ago, was unanimously condemned by the critics. So was "Faust" when produced in Paris; so was "Carmen," when produced in the same city. So unanimous in their condemnation were the critics at the time that it must have inclined the philosophic mind to the belief that these operas would be successful. Such was the case. All three are among the most successful operas, and they hold the stage still. One may safely say that "Il Trovatore" probably was sung last night in at least twenty cities in different parts of the globe.

Mr. John Corbin, who is the dramatic critic of the New York *Sun*, is disturbed over the expression of such heterodox ideas as those we have just enunciated, to wit—that criticism has no canons; that it has no standards; that it is purely an expression of individual opinion; in short, that it does not matter at all. Mr. Corbin says that criticism is "a matter of self-expression—a creative art, though a minor one." The quarrel between the critics and the criticised is an ancient one, and one of the jeers flung at the critics by the victims has always been that they were "poetes manques"—poets who had failed to publish, painters who could not sell their canvases, sculptors who had to chisel tombstones for their bread and butter. But if Mr. Corbin be right and criticism is a creative art, what, in Heaven's name, does it create?

Japanese Naturalization.

The President in his message has requested that the Congress pass an act "specifically providing for the naturalization of the Japanese." From this we infer that the President believes the Japanese now are not eligible for naturalization. We sincerely trust he is right. Yet United States Circuit Judge Grosscup is quoted in an interview as saying:

"Any Japanese may become a citizen under the present laws if he is of good character, has resided five years in this country, and renounces his allegiance to the Mikado. The exclusion act applies only to the Chinese. I do not understand the President's meaning in this matter, nor do I understand what he means when he says that he will use all the forces of the United States, military and civil, which he may lawfully employ in the matter affecting the Japanese. * * * The national government has no right to make a treaty which will interfere with the regulation of schools by a State. That part of any treaty made by the national government which conflicts with a State's rights to regulate its own schools is void."

Adios Collection Day.

For many years the *Argonaut* has delighted in poking fun at that moss-grown relic of pioneer times, "Collection Day." Because half a century ago steamers used to sail twice a month for the other side of the hemisphere, San Francisco's merchants still considered it necessary to make bi-monthly collections as of yore. The puny power of the *Argonaut* availed little against this survival of the Paleozoic Age. It took a mighty upheaval from the lower rock-levels of Mesozoic Time to smash "Collection Day." But at last it has been smashed.

Apropos of the foregoing, we have received a note from Mr. S. M. Waterhouse of the Waterhouse and Lester Co., who says:

"Your statement that 'Collection Day' was almost universal in San Francisco was not quite correct. We

know many concerns which have for years refused to recognize collectors at the cashier's desk, paying all accounts by check. Even before the fire the maintenance of 'Collection Day' was very inconvenient and expensive. The present congestion of the streets, the over-crowding of cars, the great distances, and the undesirability of carrying large sums make 'Collection Day' no longer possible. Payments should be made by check through the mails or by messenger. This has been the practice of the Waterhouse and Lester Co. for years."

We are glad to know that the Waterhouse and Lester Co. has followed this sensible practice for years, and that other houses have opposed the foolish, old custom of "Collection Day." Doubtless some mercantile Rip Van Winkles will still cling to the old custom, but there are people whom even earthquake and fire can not shake out of their ancient customs. For such there is no cure but the sound of the Archangel Gabriel's horn.

States' Rights Men Alarmed.

The remarkable stand taken by President Roosevelt against California's right as a State to conduct her own State schools is working in a way he evidently did not expect. It has aroused a strong feeling among the States' Rights men in Congress. This means the entire Southern delegation, together with a large contingent from the North. The government of this country has become highly centralized, but under the Constitution there are vested in the States still many rights of which they are most jealous. Mr. Roosevelt's threatening language and his vigorously expressed determination to coerce California into accepting Asiatics in her schools, have evidently aroused this feeling in Congress. The so-called Compulsory Pilotage bill was defeated in the House on December 7 by a vote of 164 to 110. Every effort was made to pass this bill. The Republican leaders attempted to insist on it as "a Republican measure"; Speaker Cannon, a great stickler for partisan loyalty, had his name called so that he could vote on the bill. But all these attempts failed. The States' Rights men declared that the bill was designed to interfere with privileges which the State had always controlled and always should control. Therefore, they defeated it. Any further attempt on the part of the Executive to encroach on the rights of the States will only arouse still further and more determined resistance.

San Francisco's Bank Clearings.

We have received several communications of late commenting on the great increase of bank clearances in San Francisco since the fire. Some of our correspondents ascribe the increase entirely to the large payments of insurance moneys to policy-holders. Others ascribe it entirely to the increase of business. Some satirical correspondents doubt the increase of business, and seem inclined to cast doubt on the correctness of the figures, which doubt is, of course, absurd.

It is our belief that while the insurance moneys have added to the volume of business, that this is not the principal cause of the increase. During the first five or six weeks after the fire policy-holders who had collected any insurance money were as scarce as white blackbirds. None the less, the clearances increased. Now, the square companies have very largely paid off their obligations; the payments which were pouring out in large volumes six weeks ago are now trickling slowly from the reluctant coffers of the "six-bit" companies. As for the crooked cockney and crooked sauerkraut companies, they have paid and are paying as little as they can help; they have been compromising on a pawnbroker basis, and are now threatening their policy-holders with a time-limit on their pawnshop compromise. But still the increase in clearances goes on.

What is the reason for this strange phenomenon? Can a city be devastated by earthquake and fire and still do a larger business than before? San Francisco has done an enormous business, it is true, but still it is scarcely credible that she has

done more than before the fire. In our opinion, the explanation is simple. It is due to the enormous volume of business which, since the fire, has been transacted by check and which, prior to that disaster, was transacted in specie. Business men in other parts of the world could not believe, can not believe, and probably never will believe, that such an enormous volume of business could have been transacted in San Francisco by "canvas bag banking"; which means lugging around tons of gold and silver in sacks, settling accounts between the different mercantile houses with sacks, and finally making balances between the different banks with sacks. But whether they believe it or not, it is true. In our opinion the enormous increase in the bank clearances during the past six months largely represents the volume of business that previously was done by canvas-bag banking, had never figured in the bank clearances at all.

A New Treaty With Japan.

Semi-official rumors from Washington continue to be set afloat in the shape of trial balloons, as we hinted last week, to see which way the wind is blowing. Strong resentment has been aroused in California by the President's denunciation of the State for her attempt to conduct her schools in her own way. This has caused an evident attempt at Washington to make the administration stand more in line with public opinion in the far West and the South, the people of which sections are warmly sympathizing with the Pacific Coast. Therefore a rumor went out that "the President is negotiating a new treaty with Japan which will exclude Japanese coolies." This rumor was denied the next day. Probably it will be confirmed the day after tomorrow. But in whatever direction this administration trial balloon may blow, we would like to ask whether it is intended merely as a toy to amuse Californians. Why is there any necessity for making a new treaty to exclude Japanese laborers? The present treaty with Japan says that it does not "in any way affect the laws, ordinances, and regulations with regard to trade, immigration of laborers, and public and private security, which are in force or may hereafter be enacted, in either of the two countries." Under this provision we have a perfect right to exclude Japanese laborers if we choose, and Japan has the equal right to exclude American laborers. Why then is it necessary to "negotiate a new treaty with Japan to exclude Japanese laborers?" If our government shall go through this solemn nonsense, it would mean merely securing something which we have already. If our government is weak enough to propose such a treaty, Japan will surely demand something in return for conceding a point which we already have won.

American, Dutch, and Spanish Colonizers.

We note with pleasure and surprise, that our fellow colonizers in Asia, the Dutch, have again put an end to their war in the Borneo archipelago. It has lasted for two centuries, and after a siege of many months the Hollander forces captured the mountain fortress where the rebels made their last stand. The assault was very similar to that in Samar, where our forces stormed a mountain Moro camp. The conditions in the Dutch possessions in the Borneo archipelago are very similar to those in the American possessions in the Philippine archipelago. The principal difference is that the Dutch have been subduing their Malays for two hundred years, and we have only been conquering ours for eight. The Dutch have conquered theirs a number of times before. This is about the two hundredth year, and their Malays have been conquered for about the two hundredth time. Spain had a similar experience in the Philippines. She was at it about four hundred years, and the accession of the Americans to power there was immediately preceded by another insurrection (against Spain) begun by Dr. Jose Rizal, and continued by Aguinaldo after Rizal had been executed. Our de-

feat of Spain was immediately followed by another Filipino insurrection—this time against the United States. If we conquer our Malays as rapidly as the Dutch did, we shall have them subdued in 2098 A. D. If we subjugate them as slowly as Spain, they will not be benevolently assimilated until 2298 A. D.

Street Car Arbitration.

The proceedings in the dispute between the United Railroads and its employes have dragged over a number of weeks, but are said to be approaching an end. It is sincerely to be hoped so. If injustice is being done to the carmen by the United Railroads, it ought to be stopped. If injustice is being done to the United Railroads by the carmen, it ought to be stopped. And if injustice is being done to the public by both of them, it certainly ought to be stopped.

The carmen are unanimous in testifying that their work is harder and more trying than it was before the fire. One conductor testified that in a single day on Fillmore street he carried 2325 passengers on nine trips. Another testified that the daily receipts on the Fillmore street line have more than doubled since the fire. A Sutter street conductor testified that eight months ago the daily receipts were from \$25 to \$30, and now they average about \$70. All of them state that the cars are insufficiently equipped with sand boxes and brakes, and that most of the street car accidents are due to their insufficient equipment. All of them agree that the dust and dirt on the streets, coming from the plaster and mortar in the ruins, are almost unbearable. Many of them find it impossible to work without the use of motor goggles. This dust also, they say, ruins their uniforms, which they are obliged frequently to renew. With all of these statements the public will be disposed to agree. One conductor testified that he can seldom collect all the fares on a car because of the overcrowding, and that at the end of each day his nerves are so overwrought that he is almost in a condition of collapse. Questioned by counsel as to the effect on the nerves of the jarring and rattling of the cars and the crowding and questioning of the passengers, he replied that both were a severe trial to the temper and the nerves of conductors. He was asked what his occupation had been before he became a conductor on the United Railroads. "I was a guard in a lunatic asylum for three years," he answered. "Was not that good training for your present occupation?" questioned counsel, quizzically. "Yes, sir," replied the conductor, "but I found it much easier to manage the lunatics than I do the passengers."

Do Not Pulverize Duffy Yet.

In the midst of the dreadful clamor raised by our virtuous daily press demanding that all municipal officials shall at once be jailed, there have been of late a few innuendoes leveled at Commissioner Duffy of the Board of Public Works. Far be it from us to put any obstacle in the way of this euth-hound press, which with its nose—and its ear—to the ground, is following on the scent of scandality. The last thing that we would think of could be to retard this noble work in any way by ke-warm or adverse criticism. Whatever may be its motives—public spirit or private revenge—the daily press may accomplish something. True, it seems as yet to have accomplished nothing but great deal of noise and some bad smells. True, it has only succeeded in making the world believe that San Francisco is now suffering from a municipal upheaval worse than the earthquake or the fire which followed it. True, it has so impressed the world at large with this belief, that any prudent capitalist elsewhere would sooner waste his money in charity than to invest it in San Francisco. True, most of the witnesses who have come forward to back up the allegations of the dailies are panderers, prostitutes, and other persons whose callings

and testimony are unfit for publication. But, never mind—let the good work go on, whatever its agents; even if they be evil, out of evil cometh good. The end justifies the means. Amen. So be it. Selah.

But, good and virtuous editors, spare us our Duffy. Let up on Duffy. As the editors sally forth into the tall timber with their mighty axes, let them hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may, let them not chop Duffy down. The present writer does not know Duffy, but so far as his observation goes, Duffy is the only member of the municipal government who is doing anything at all. On second thoughts we except from that remark the Board of Education, for they are certainly building some schools, and trying to get the money to build more. But with this exception let us again say that Duffy is the only man in the municipal government who is doing things. Duffy is cleaning the streets. Duffy is tearing down the dead walls. When the property owners refuse to remove their fallen bricks, Duffy chucks the bricks back on to the property owners' lots. More power to Duffy's elbow!

Let us pray the pitiless editors, therefore, that they will at least let up on Duffy until he gets the streets cleaned and the dangerous walls down. Then—but not until then—let them open out on Duffy.

"The Grand Jury for Duffy! Indictments for Duffy! The jail for Duffy!"

That is all very well. But let us keep Duffy until he gets things cleaned up.

The Education of Aliens.

Senator Rayner of Maryland introduced three resolutions in the Senate on December 5, declaring that in the opinion of the Senate the President has no right to enter into any "controversy" with any foreign government concerning the public school system of any State, and that it is the President's duty to notify the government of Japan that the public educational institutions of a State are wholly outside the jurisdiction of the federal government. The resolutions further declare that in the opinion of the Senate nothing in the treaty with Japan interferes with the right of California to control her public schools.

As a matter of fact, there is not a line or a word in the treaty which grants or implies to the Japanese any right of admission to the public schools. But even if there were such, the treaty would be an invasion of those rights and privileges which the States never delegated to the federal government. Therefore, such a treaty would not be worth the paper on which it was written.

A White Man's Party.

Senator Morgan, a couple of weeks ago, suggested that if the Democratic party wanted to find itself at the next election, it might go before the people with a single plank reading as follows: "The Democratic party is a white man's party." This proposition did not excite much attention when it was made. But since President Roosevelt has enunciated his extraordinary doctrine concerning the forcing of Asiatic children into seats with white children in the public schools of California, and naturalizing Asiatics against the law and against the will of the people, we fancy Senator Morgan's "party with a single plank" would meet with much favor on the Pacific Coast. It certainly would carry California; it probably would carry the whole of the Pacific Coast; and it might carry a majority in the United States.

English Press Applaud Roosevelt.

The London newspapers speak sympathetically of President Roosevelt's "embarrassing problem in the Western States," and say that in both South Africa and South Australia "similar anti-Asiatic feeling has created embarrassment for the Imperial authorities." There is a strong movement in

several British colonies against the immigration of Mohammedans from the Asiatic colonies of Great Britain, and Australia recently offered to negotiate a preferential tariff with Great Britain "provided the goods were shipped in vessels not employing yellow seamen." This proposition the imperial government declined. The London newspapers point out to Mr. Roosevelt that "the Western States of America have no monopoly of anti-Asiaticism," and they add that Mr. Roosevelt's remarks "convey a lesson which might well be laid to heart in other quarters than that to which it is directly addressed." By which we suppose the London papers mean that for men of English blood residing in Canada, Australia, and South Africa to object to the importation of Asiatics is, as President Roosevelt says of the objections of Pacific Coast Americans, "a wicked absurdity."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

San Francisco's Harbor Front.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., NOV. 27, 1906.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Your article on "San Francisco Harbor Front" creates an opening, and feeling that the *Argonaut* always wishes to assist and correct any evils that may occur, a few remarks as to some of the abuses on the harbor front may assist you, should you care to write for the good of the harbor.

It has been by those advocating changes on the water front generally to commence and form comparisons with other ports and other countries, and lose sight of our immediate needs and the corrections that should be made, and state the true conditions of what is required to help better the harbor front. The present system of construction with cement and piles, I am advised, will answer for many years, as the cement cylinders, as they are now constructed, should last indefinitely, only we want more wharves constructed in that manner; but in order to have wharves constructed properly and the business conducted as it should be, it will be necessary to have a governor who will appoint a commission of representative men to suggest some method that will put the water front on a more substantial working basis—something that will take away from the governor the power of appointing a water front commission of cheap politicians, or using the office in payment of some political debt; all the funds in the State will be of no use if expended in an improper manner, and the wharves given over to people that should not have them.

I call your attention to the Western Fuel Company—this concern has secured about the entire control of the coal produce of the Pacific Coast. They control the best part of three wharves on the north side of Market Street and four on the south side. They pay the State for the use of one side of each wharf (and conduct a business that makes the remaining side useless); for this they pay about \$260.00 per month as a special privilege. Such a wharf constructed as the new wharves are now being built, would at least bring \$500.00 per month for the special privilege—say nothing about the financial loss to the State. These coal bunkers should be removed to the south end around Mission Channel and should be the property of the State, and equal charges made to any person or company wishing to discharge coal, and not have it in such a manner as to help crush out any possible competition. These coal people have commenced to be one of the great monopolies of the Pacific Coast and will exact a great deal from the people of San Francisco as well as from the entire State.

If Mr. Gillett is as good a man as you seem to think he is, he ought, in some manner, to relieve this situation on the water front, as he seems to be free from the usual political obligations, but he will have to rise head and shoulders over any one who has been sent to Sacramento for a great many years. If the politicians are to run the "Front" as they have in the past, at the expiration of his term we will have the same old bunkers and the same poor facilities that we have had these many years.

I also call your attention to the use of the sea wall; it was created, as I understand, for the benefit of the grain men and farmers of this section of the State, and the privileges granted them should not be extended to grain merchants or people doing business from other States—that is the allowing of dumping cereals from the State of Oregon or Washington, occupying the space that should be open for the California farmer. This the governor can also correct and do a great deal of good for the farmer.

I would say that you are not doing justice to some of the steamship people here when you give so much praise to the U. S. Government. The government helped to save on the south side, but on the north side from Lombard Street to the Ferry was saved by the Spreckels Tow Boats, The Merchants' Tow Boat Company, The Pacific Coast Steamship Company, and The California Transportation Company. I mention this as it is but due them for the creditable manner in which they held many of their vessels at the wharves, at times at a great risk.

In closing will say that it is up to the governor to make the necessary appointment and secure people of the proper caliber to make the water front a success, and let us hope that we have found the right man.

Respectfully,

"WATER FRONT"

The Fruit and Flower Mission.

For something like a quarter of a century, there has arrived every year at the *Argonaut* office, on the day before Thanksgiving, the sum of fifty dollars for the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission, with a few kindly words accompanying it, signed "M. R. — M. F." Sometimes it would bear a foreign postmark, sometimes it would come from some point in the Eastern States, but

generally from California. This year it came as usual, and we took great pleasure in forwarding it to the Mission. We have received this acknowledgment from Miss Gussie Mandelbaum, secretary of the Fruit and Flower Mission:

"We beg to acknowledge receipt of the donation of fifty dollars from our unknown friends 'M. R. — M. F.' The calamity of last April not only enlarged the circle of our dependents, but materially emphasized their needs, and has greatly widened the sphere of our ministrations. For whatever good this Mission accomplishes, the credit is largely due to our many friends, of whom 'M. R. — M. F.' are an illustrious example, in so substantially and so unostentatiously providing us with the means of continuing our humble efforts."

The "Argonaut" Criticised.

Colonel John P. Irish writes to us saying that the *Argonaut's* argument in favor of segregating the Japanese pupils in our public schools is "based on two false premises." The first (he says) is that we stated that the California school law makes it obligatory on school boards to provide separate schoolhouses for Asiatic children. Concerning this Colonel Irish remarks: "The law says that 'School boards shall have the power' to provide such separate schools, and therefore is permissive and not obligatory, leaving the discretion with the school boards."

The passage in our article was not textual; it did not pretend to give the wording of the law, merely the general tenor. But the sentence which Colonel Irish quotes from Section 1662 of the Political Code is followed by another which we print in italics: "*Trustees shall have the power... to establish separate schools for the children of Mongolian or Chinese descent. When such separate schools are established the Chinese or Mongolian children must not be admitted into any other school.*" This second sentence is certainly obligatory; it forbids absolutely the admission of Chinese or Mongolian children to other public schools when separate schools have been established. It would be absurd to make such an obligatory provision when there were no separate school-houses. It would be unjust to make the erection of separate school-houses obligatory in small and poor communities which have barely funds enough for the erection of a single school.

Colonel Irish objects to the second passage in our article because (he says) it quotes "only part of Article VI of the federal constitution." The whole of Article VI reads: "The constitution and the laws of the United States made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made or which shall be made under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land; and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby; anything in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding."

"You proceed," says Colonel Irish, "to hang an argument on the word 'authority'."

We are quite willing to leave this or any argument hanging on the word "authority," when it is the authority of the United States. If President and Senate make a treaty invading any rights or privileges not expressly delegated to the federal government, such a treaty is not made "under the authority of the United States." It is made under the authority of President and Senate. They have a good deal of authority, but not all of it. The President and Senate are not the United States—yet.

Furthermore we would like to call attention to the Tenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States, which reads:

"The powers not delegated to the United States by the constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively or to the people."

Any treaty negotiated by President and Senate, in so far as it violates these powers, is void.

Colonel Irish says that another false premise was made by the *Argonaut* in this hypothetical remark: "If the United States government can set aside the school law of California by which she segregates the white, yellow, and black races in her public schools," etc. He remarks: "The law of California does not segregate the black, or negro, race in her public schools."

True, but California has done so in the past. And she can do it again. Not only has the law of California segregated the white and black races in her public schools, but her right to do so was affirmed by the California Supreme Court some thirty years ago. The non-existence of such a law at present is because some communities are so poor that they are unable to provide for separate schools.

Siemens and Dabner.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., NOV. 23, 1906.

Editor *Argonaut*: I have made careful investigation of our payrolls covering both strikes of the Stablen's Union against our Association, and find the claim of Dabner and Siemens, that they were in our employ, to be absolutely unfounded, a search of the records of the offices of the Citizens' Alliance, under which we operate, demonstrates that they were never in the employ of that Association either.

Yours truly,
L. C. WHITE,
Secretary Stable and Carriage Owners' Assn.

ARE THEY UP TO THEIR JOBS?

Is the world really up to its job? It is an open question. Lord Roseberry in opening a lunatic asylum the other day said he found it extremely difficult to discover any convincing reason for the increase of lunacy, and he could only suggest that the asylums became fuller because it was impossible for people with slow-moving brains to keep pace with the times in which we lived.

Is the modern man overtaxed by what he has to do? In short, is the average man up to his job? By this we do not mean the carpenter who hangs doors which when shut will not open and which when open will not shut; the gas fitter who fits gas pipes so that they leak and asphyxiate the heedless citizen; the motorman who fails to put on brakes and kills the passer-by; the architect who erects a steel-frame building so that it has to be torn down; the architect who erects a concrete building so that it falls down.

No, we do not refer to these ordinary every-day men who are not up to their jobs, but those persons on the higher levels of life who have extraordinary jobs. How about them?

Are the leaders among men up to their jobs? It would seem doubtful, judging from recent events. One of the most notable is, of course, the election in New York State, where Mr. Hughes stood at the head of the poll, and where Mr. Hearst after a strenuous campaign was defeated. Yet both Mr. Hearst and Mr. Hughes had in charge of their campaigns men who were admitted to be "capable men." Mr. Hearst's men admit, by affidavit, spending over a quarter of a million, the Republican managers similarly admitted spending over a third of a million, the New York papers estimate the real amount disbursed at over two and a half millions.

New York is the greatest State in the Union. It is the richest, the most prosperous, the most populous, and has nearly eight millions of people. Surely out of eight millions Mr. Hearst and Mr. Hughes ought easily to have secured some capable man to run their campaigns. But did they? It would seem not, for both of New York's political parties seem to be much disappointed at the result.

Departing for a moment from the political side, let us ask is it always easy to get capable men in other pursuits? Probably more time, attention, and money are lavished on the art of killing men than any other human pursuit. When it comes to killing his neighbor, man is never economical. At present the great powers of Europe have under arms some millions of idle men who live upon the labor of other toiling millions. The idle warriors' only duty is to kill their fellow men in case of need. Upon the oceans ride great fleets of battleships, cruisers, and torpedo-boats, also devoted to the killing of men, and costing other millions. This country, which is ostensibly a peaceful one, is now planning a bigger battleship than the British *Dreadnought*, which but yesterday was the levianth man-killer of the universe. Today it is the Japanese *Satsuna*. When we have excelled both *Dreadnought* and *Satsuna* doubtless Germany or France will try to excel both us and Japan in size and destructiveness of battleships, if Great Britain has not already done so. There is no limit imposed by any of these great nations on the amount of money expended in this direction. How about the men they have to run these big machines? Are they up to their job? Perhaps they are, but if so they seem to live in deadly fear of their own deadly machines. Scarcely does Great Britain send a fleet to sea for tactical maneuvers that two ships do not run either into each other or into some peaceful merchantman. In default of colliding with each other or with some harmless tramp, they go ashore. Only the other day the captain and navigating officer of a British man-of-war were court-martialed for running their ship ashore in a fog. Both of them were dismissed from the service in disgrace. Court-martials are more severe in the British navy than in our own. During the last three or four years there have been many accidents in the American navy, including collisions, explosions of boilers, explosions of great guns, some times within the confined space of turrets, killing and wounding many men. Surely such powerful nations would not stint in the expenditure of some little money to get capable men to run these mighty and dangerous man-killing machines. If, then, the mishaps which occur to them prove, as they would seem to, that the men who run them are not up to their job, what can be the reason? It can not be through economy that these great nations have failed to secure men who are up to their job. The apparent reason would seem to be that it is because they can not get men who are up to their job.

Take the question of man-killing on shore. Officers in the navy are usually of a higher degree of skill than those in the army, by reason probably of sea-sickness. It is not feasible to take an adult politician and put him in command of a battleship. The chances are that he would be sea-sick, which would interfere with not only the workings of the ship but the discipline of his crew. It is, however, quite possible to take a mature man from civil life and make him a general or colonel. It is frequently done in our country—likewise in Spanish America. Thus, then, the possibilities of securing capable men are widened.

The limited number of those trained to military life from youth should be found lacking in capacity, millions of men in civil life could be drawn upon, in order to secure men up to the job.

But what has been the result? In the war of the rebellion the United States not only had many trained officers graduated from the military school at West Point to draw upon, but likewise it had hordes of militia generals, military politicians, and governors of States with national ambitions. As a result the armies of the United States for the first two or three years of the war were commanded by general after general of varying degrees of military knowledge. Yet few would admit that any one of them prior to the advent of Grant was up to his job. We are aware that many would differ with us, but when all is said and done, the sole test or capacity in war is success, and no one of them routed the Confederate armies before U. S. Grant.

When the British became involved in the Boer war they had an abundance of material to choose from, and they selected General Redvers Buller as commander. Even the most enthusiastic friend of that officer could scarcely claim that his conduct of military operations against the Boers was a success or that he was up to his job. He was followed by General Lord Roberts, a veteran well stricken in years. It was generally declared that Lord Roberts had whipped the Boers, and he was recalled to England and covered with honors. But all the same it was necessary to send General Lord Kitchener there to finish the job. And now it would seem as if the job were not finished at all, but had to be begun all over again. This is not stated on our authority, but on the authority of Mr. Kipling, who is very bitter about the matter, and who as a military critic is quite up to his job. It is easier to be up to your job as a military critic than as a military man. There are more capable critics, by the way, than capable statesmen, sailors, or soldiers. It may be because it is not so easy to tell when critics are failures.

It is scarcely necessary to advert to the recent war between Russia and Japan. It may be said that the Japanese commanders were up to their jobs. But were the Russians? Nobody thinks so. And if the Russian commanders were not up to their job, how do we know that the Japanese were? Were the Japanese successes due to the fact that their commanders were up to their job? Or because the Russian commanders were not? The fortress of Port Arthur, which the Japanese fought so long to take, seems by the light of recent events to have been surrendered either by treachery or incapacity. Its commander is now being tried for treason. The fleet which Rodjestvensky commanded and which the Japanese captured and sunk was handled by so incapable a set of men, as later developments have shown, that it is a world wonder how it ever got as far as the Sea of Japan. Admiral Rodjestvensky surely was not up to his job.

In industrial pursuits, that which has often been likened to the military in its organization is the great railway industry of the United States. Yet the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission shows that during the last three months there has been a serious railway accident for every hour of the day. A week or two ago the president of a great railway system and several guests were killed in his private car, by a rear-end collision. The road was ostensibly run under the block system, by which a train is prevented from entering a block until the train ahead leaves it. Had the men running this road been up to their job, this collision would have been physically impossible. We are now told that the "block system" is a sham—that an engineer is not physically prevented from entering a blocked part of the road with his train but only "warned" by signals not to do so. Are the railway officials who permit this up to their job?

During the past five or six weeks (not to mention minor wrecks) three great ocean steamers have been wrecked in the Pacific Ocean, the *Mongolia*, the *Manchuria*, and the United States army transport, the *Sheridan*. All three of these ran on reefs which were set down on the charts, and two of them ran ashore in the daytime. One commanding officer is condemned by the testimony of his comrades another admits that he is responsible; the commander of the United States army transport has not yet been heard in his own defense. Two of these ships cost over a million dollars apiece and sometimes carried cargoes worth a million more. Would not the Pacific Mail Steamship Company employ men up to their job, if they were to be obtained? It is scarcely thinkable that it would employ incapable men because they were cheaper. The risk would be too great. The company would scarcely run the chance of losing two or three million dollars for the sake of saving a few hundred dollars a year. Can it be possible that there is difficulty in procuring men to sail ocean liners who are up to their job?

When the water-way is completed across the Isthmus of Panama great ships may travel through there, it is hoped, swiftly and safely. It is one of the most colossal undertakings ever begun by man. The work is in the hands of the richest, most powerful, and most prosperous nation on the globe. The executive head of the nation is a man in the prime of life, strong physically, vigorous and enthusiastic and with his whole heart and soul in the

completion of this enterprise. Yet several years have passed since it was begun and there have been continual changes in the men engaged in digging it. Are the present men up to their job? Were the ones whom they succeeded in up to their job? Or were the ones whom they succeeded in up to their job? And if they were not up to their job, why were they chosen? Or why were the present men chosen, if they are not up to their job? We have no means of knowing, further than the fact that the men in charge are continually making excuses for not accomplishing more than they have done. As none of us outside now how much they have done, nor how much they ought to have done, we can not tell whether their excuses are required or not. We can only think that where there are so many excuses there must be some lack of performance. Is it possible that the Panama Canal is not and as never been in the hands of men up to their job?

So many buildings in San Francisco were wrecked and ruined by the recent earthquake and fire that it has turned the attention of property owners to a new building material, reinforced concrete. We call it "new" because the people do. As a matter of fact, concrete construction is almost as old as civilization, and structures largely built of concrete may be found in ancient lands today, still standing intact. The modern concrete is almost identical with the old *pozzuolani*, or Roman cement, and that material has been used for many ages for the construction of all kinds of buildings, even the most humble, such as wine houses and stables, which have belonged to any generations of human beings. Yet only the other day in Los Angeles, the most enterprising of the cities of California, and one which is building most energetically, a enormous hotel building was going up which was being constructed of concrete. Suddenly, without warning, the immense structure collapsed, carrying down some one hundred and fifty workmen, nine or ten of whom were killed, and a much larger number seriously wounded. Were the contractors up to their job? Were the architects up to their job? If not, what was the trouble?

Not many months ago a large city burned down. It was not destroyed by earthquake. It was consumed by fire. Property valued at something like six to seven hundred millions of dollars was wiped out in three days. This city was situated on a peninsula washed on three sides by the waters of an ocean and a bay. Yet for protection against fire it had but one large main connecting with some catchment reservoirs. It had old cisterns in distance since the pioneer days which had been allowed to its municipal authorities, its fire department officials, and its fire underwriters—to become disused. Had these cisterns all been in commission it is quite probable that the city might have been saved. The private citizens of San Francisco had their own business to attend to. They paid their municipal officials large salaries to look out for their protection. They paid the insurance companies large premiums, and the board of fire underwriters of these companies were morally obligated to see that their policy holders were duly safeguarded against fire. Did they do so? No. These fire underwriters were apparently ignorant of the very existence of these disused cisterns, and they were apparently negligent of the single water main in which the fate of so many millions hung. Are the municipal officials of San Francisco up to their job? Are the Board of Fire Underwriters up to their job?

Let us return in this curious circle to the point from which we started, the recent campaign in New York State. There may be those who will maintain that it is impossible for both the Republican and the Democratic campaign managers to be unsuccessful. They reason that in every election one side has to win; that both can win; therefore both can not be unsuccessful. But this view would be an erroneous one. The Republican campaign managers elected Mr. Hughes, but lost all the rest of their ticket. Mr. Hearst's campaign managers elected all the rest of their ticket, but defeated the man they wanted, Mr. Hearst.

The Republican campaign committee included as chairman, Timothy Woodruff, former Lieutenant Governor of New York State, an old and experienced politician, versed in the ways of the world, and a man of large wealth. The chairman of the Republican County Committee in New York State was Herbert Parsons, also a politician of experience. Note we say "experience." But were they up to their job? A Californian's opinion on New York State politics would not perhaps be of much value, but still could not be said of Governor Odell. That gentleman does not hesitate to express himself with great vigor, as he says that the campaign as conducted by the Republican Campaign Committee was "simply asinine." This is probably the Odell way of implying that its managers were not up to their job. There would seem to be some slight ground for Mr. Odell's assertions. To those who say that there was a conspiracy against Mr. Hughes among the Republican politicians of New York, and that they "hung back," sulked in their tents, and all that sort of thing, the answer is plain. The Republican machine politicians would do no such thing, because if they did they would lose the vast patronage of New York State and City. Furthermore, if they "hung back" in order to defeat Mr. Hughes, and then defeated their whole ticket

and elected him, this also would serve to show that they were not up to their job.

The conclusions to be drawn on the Hearst side of the fence are even more striking. Mr. Hearst had for his campaign managers Mr. Max T. Ihmsen, Mr. S. S. Carvalho, Mr. Arthur Brisbane, and Mr. Clarence J. Shearn. All of these gentlemen are in his employ, are loyal, are high salaried, and unanimously declared to be up to their job. Mr. Brisbane is so well onto his job that he is said to get the highest salary of any newspaper man in the world; it is variously reported, but it is generally believed to be \$35,000 a year. Mr. Carvalho is said to get \$75,000 a year. These gentlemen were conducting the campaign with practically unlimited funds. They had Mr. Hearst's four daily newspapers, morning, evening, German, and Yiddish, at their disposal; they had likewise a cheap Hearst weekly circulating widely throughout the agricultural population. Thus, they had practically unlimited possibilities at their disposal. They had before them the vista of lofty place and unlimited power if they elected their candidate. They had before them the dazzling prospect, if they elected him Governor of New York, of eventually seating him in the Presidential chair. What dreams of cabinet positions and of the dispensing of unlimited patronage may have occurred to these gentlemen one may never know. But the immediate rewards were tempting enough. The vast patronage of the city and State of New York, including the canal work, amounts to more than fifty million dollars.

How did Mr. Hearst's campaign managers succeed with his campaign? As a result of their efforts, they elected his opponent to the governor's chair, they failed to elect Mr. Hearst, for whom they greatly cared; they elected all the rest of their own ticket, for which they did not care at all; and they inflicted a deep and perhaps deadly wound on Hearst as a Presidential candidate.

Were they up to their job?

CLANCEY JOHN DEMPSTER.

Clancey John Dempster, the San Francisco pioneer of Vigilance Committee fame, was killed in Oakland, California, on November 19, 1906, just before noon. He was run down by an electric car going rapidly south on Telegraph avenue, near 31st street about opposite East Bay Sanatorium. He received a terrible blow on the back of his head, and the wheels had almost severed his right leg near the knee before the car was stopped. Under the direction of Judge W. H. Waste of the Alameda County Superior Court, who was a passenger on the car and a witness to the accident, he was carried into the East Bay Sanatorium, where he died in a few minutes, without recovering consciousness.

Mr. Dempster was an old man. While physically very alert and active, the hardships of his early career had begun several years ago to tell upon his memory, though his faculties were otherwise perfectly sound. Just one year and two days before his death his wife died after patiently suffering from progressive paralysis for many years. Of all ideal domestic partnerships the relations existing between this pair for the fifty-two years of their married life were peculiarly tender. Her death was the first break in the family. And when, on November 20, 1905, Mr. Dempster and the five manly sons bore the devoted mother to her rest, he could not realize what had happened. During the many years of her illness, he had been constantly at her side. Not a day passed but he brought her a flower. And every day since they laid her away on the beautiful slopes of Mountain View looking out towards the Golden Gate, he had brought a flower home and asked for her. He could not be made to remember that she was dead. On the morning he was killed he had just picked the daisy flower for her and his head was turned as he put it in his button-hole when death overtook him. He went to her bearing the token of his devotion.

The quality in Mr. Dempster which impressed one first on meeting him was his gentleness. He was a little man physically, below the average stature and of slight build. His eyes were of the blue of the forget-me-not, and his kind, frank, genial smile, and his cordial hand-grasp, made one love him from the start. But his wrist bore the scar of a sabre-cut, the last blow ever struck by a certain Mexican guerrilla who fell instantly dead with Dempster's bullet through his heart. San Francisco murderers were swung by the neck out of the windows of Fort Gunnybags by his vote. Banished outlaws threatened to shoot him on sight. He faced one of these exiles once in Idaho, but the outlaw had observed some of Dempster's marksmanship, and the promised shooting was indefinitely postponed. Under his quiet exterior and gentle address, he had an indomitable soul. He was forceful and fearless, and these qualities told not only in his business, but to a greater extent even in the exercise of his unselfish public spirit. And as the country owes much to his illustrious father, so California, and particularly San Francisco, acknowledges a lasting obligation to him.

Passengers alighting from the Chicago & Northwestern trains in the beautiful town of Evanston, on the Lake Michigan shore twelve miles north of Chicago, Illinois,

find themselves on Dempster street. That street is named after the Reverend John Dempster, Methodist Missionary to the Argentine in the early days, and afterwards founder of the great North-Western University at Evanston. A short distance south of Evanston in the lovely cemetery known as Rosehill lie his remains under a fine rough-hewn granite monument, recently erected there by his daughters Sara and Mary, and his son Clancey John.

John Dempster was born at Florida, Montgomery County, New York, on January 2, 1794, and died in Chicago, Illinois, November 28, 1863, just as he was planning to join his son in California, intending to establish here a Methodist University upon the same lines as the Northwestern. He was of Scotch origin, and readers familiar with Hall Caine's "Deemster," will understand the dignity of ancestry the name implies. In 1824 he married Lydia Clancey, who was born in Kingston, New York, October 2, 1802, and died at Lassellsville, New York, in April, 1875. They had four children, Sara A., now widow of the late John McKee, well known by his prominent connection with the old Tallant Bank, and whose son, John Dempster McKee is now manager of the Mercantile Trust Company of San Francisco; Mary E., now widow of the late Rev. William Goodfellow, Methodist missionary to Brazil, at present in Lassellsville, New York; Orrea W., who died some years ago in San Francisco, leaving her husband, Killian V. R. Lansingh, now of Pasadena, California, and two daughters and a son surviving her; and an only son, Clancey John.

Clancey John Dempster was born at Cazenovia, New York, November 3, 1828. His father gave him a good classical education. As a young boy he could take a Greek testament and read it off-hand aloud to his father in English, translating as rapidly as he could read. In his boyhood, from 7 to 12, he was in the Argentine with his father, and there acquired a perfect knowledge of the Spanish language, which he could speak with the same fluency as his native tongue. He led a wild and adventurous life there, riding with his father on horse-back over thousands of miles of the plains, witnessing stirring scenes in that revolutionary atmosphere, and acting as interpreter for more than one cut-throat dictator.

Returning to this country he went to Washington, D. C., where he became private secretary for Daniel Webster. Here he enjoyed, on frequent occasions, the conversation of Webster and Henry Clay. He was in the Senate chamber as Webster's messenger when the first message "Behold what God hath wrought," was flashed over the original Morse telegraph line.

He went through the Mexican war as interpreter and despatch rider, acting part of the time in those capacities for General Scott. During this period he received the sabre-cut on his wrist in a guerrilla ambush, and nearly lost his life in an epidemic of yellow fever at Vera Cruz. They buried the victims, twelve in each grave. His grave was ready and was kept open for him some time after the other eleven had been put into it; but he declined to accept the proffered space.

After that he was a clerk in a dry-goods house in New York. It was there that he caught the California gold fever. He was one of the early arrivals here, coming by way of the isthmus. He told many interesting anecdotes of his adventures on that and subsequent trips.

In California he obtained a job as purser on a Sacramento steamer owned and run by D. L. Ross. In the intervals of his purser's duties, he spent his extra time first in the fire-room, learning to fire; then in the engine-room, learning to run the engine; then in the pilot-house, learning to steer. Ross heard of this, and sending for Dempster told him he was just the kind of man he wanted in the office. Dempster said he would accept on condition he be given an interest in the business at once. Rather to his own astonishment the bold stroke succeeded, and he became a partner. Thus was laid the foundation of the great business of Ross, Dempster & Co., shippers, commission merchants and owners of vessels, with a branch in New York and connections throughout the mercantile world. At one time this firm owned and ran the Oakland ferry boats.

On July 5, 1853, in New York, he married Mary Elizabeth Ross, his senior partner's daughter. She was born in Rahway, New Jersey, May 8, 1831, and died, as stated, in Oakland, California, November 17, 1905. They had five children, all sons, Clancey Ross, Daniel Ross, Milen Ross, Louis Ross, and Roy Ross, all of whom survive and are active and successful San Francisco business men, actuated by the same high ideals and animated by the same public spirit as their father.

Mr. Dempster was one of the moving spirits of the San Francisco Vigilance Committee. He was first vice-president and a member of the executive committee, and many, if not most, of their important documents were drawn by him. He was a member of the committee of citizens who in the face of much opposition set apart the Golden Gate Park tract for public use, and that magnificent reservation will remain the greatest monument to his foresight and public spirit.

When he returned from New York with his bride in 1853, they first lived at the old Oriental Hotel. In 1855 he purchased a large piece of land in the Limantour tract,

Willow Glen, near the Mission, and there established a beautiful home. Later he covered this property with tenement houses. His firm went through all the early San Francisco fires always with great loss. But the effect upon his finances of the epoch-making fire of April, 1906, was remarkable. All his buildings were totally destroyed. But his large insurance was in neither crooked cockneys nor crooked sauerkrauts, and was all promptly paid. The location, size and shape of his land were such that it was at once in demand, and within a few weeks after the fire had been leased for a long term upon a rising scale, netting nearly double the income which the entire property brought when improved. He leaves a large estate which he incorporated some years ago and placed in charge of his sons.

A most interesting episode of his life relates to the estate he inherited from his father. The old missionary had a good head for business, and bought for a song lands in the neighborhood of Chicago, which afterward became immensely valuable. And there was found among his papers some certificates of stock in a Chicago corporation. In looking up the value of this stock, it was discovered that through the neglect of the stock-holders the concern had fallen into the hands of two professional corporation looters. These gentlemen had resorted to all the most approved methods of transferring the assets of the corporation to their own pockets, without appearing to be doing so. They had bought property at insignificant figures and sold it to the corporation at enormous profit, lending it money at exorbitant rates, with which to make the purchase, then letting it default, and foreclosing. They were brought to book by the Dempster heirs. The case is a celebrated one in Illinois. It took seventeen years of persistent and expensive litigation to recover the property. But through all these years, much of the time bearing heavy financial burdens and suffering great discouragement, Dempster and his brothers-in-law, Lansing and McKee, stood to their guns, and finally scored a great victory. The history of the litigation will be found among the decisions of the Supreme Court of Illinois.

It was about the close of this litigation that the writer witnessed a scene in Chicago in January, 1898, which will illustrate Mr. Dempster's character. The affairs of a certain corporation were being investigated on behalf of Mr. Dempster. They had been but a short time in the charge of an officer of the corporation whose altruistic tendencies were not of the strictest kind. A fifteen hundred dollar payment for which he was responsible appeared upon the books not properly explained. Inquiry had to be vigorously pushed to get any explanation, but finally the officer regretted to state that it had been used in bribing public officials in order to obtain protection which he claimed was absolutely necessary. Whether or not this was true, or was a convenient invention, has never been definitely established. But the explanation was met by Mr. Dempster with a scathing arraignment which the writer can never forget. The quiet old man was on fire in an instant, and poured forth a scorching rebuke. He would rather lose his entire investment than have such methods used to protect him. And, as soon as it could be accomplished, the man who found it necessary to resort to such explanations, was relieved of power, which might tempt him to protect that corporation into his own pockets.

In that same month, January, 1898, a meeting of the Transmississippi Congress was held at Kansas City. San Francisco made a representative, and Mayor Phelan, hearing that Dempster was in Chicago, telegraphed him there, asking him to go down to Kansas City as delegate from San Francisco. Mr. Dempster, though declining years had already unfitted him for such a task, protested, but went. He yielded to his habitual desire to answer any call of duty. His attendance at that convention was probably his last public service.

Mr. Dempster was a devoted lover of nature. The writer has traveled many thousands of miles with him, in all seasons and weathers, from Mount Auburn, Druid's Hill and Arlington, to the orange slopes of Pasadena and Los Angeles. We were once held up at Las Vegas by a freset that carried away steel spans as if they were kindling wood. Together we went through the awful havoc of the last great flood of the Kaw. We have stood hushed amid the reverberations of Niagara, and together we mounted the roof of the continent, awed by the wonders of the Yellowstone. Together we took the saddle at Grand Canyon and climbed down the Bright Angel trail through millions of years of the history of mother earth to the granite trench of the roaring Colorado, at the very bottom. On Moran's Point with bated breath we viewed together that marvelous panorama of the ages, till abreast of us a mighty storm moved majestically into the lower foreground, and amid blinding light thundered forth the glory of God. Together on Hamilton we have looked upon the Martian canals, the moons of Jupiter and the rings of Saturn, and, descending, whispered that we had visited another world.

Years ago he broke away from the creed of his father's denomination and rejoiced in the freedom of universal religion; his faith: love and service: his life: service and love. And now that he has gone, the everlasting hills and

the shining hosts of the midnight are clearer and nearer, and not so cold. We used to read together a good deal, and there comes to me now the closing words of the last poem I remember reading with him—Tennyson's "Vastness"—the great laureate's splendid climactic rebuke to the growing pessimism of his century.

"Peace, let it be! for I loved him, and love him for ever: the dead are not dead, but alive."

PALO ALTO, Nov. 28, 1906.

H.

ALDRICH'S BOHEMIAN CIRCLE.

Brilliant and Frolicsome Young Men of Literary New York
Fifty Years Ago.

TO THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

At seventy years one well may choose
To pause in service to the Muse;
Nor count it much for blame or praise
To him whose brow is bound with bays
If she be kindly or refuse.

Least—least of all, we need excuse
The Bard who backward-looking, views
But blameless songs and blameless days
At seventy years!

And yet, Sing on. While life renews
Its morning skies, its evening hues,
Still may you walk in rhythmic ways,
Companioned of the lyre whose lays
None—in this tuneless time—would lose
At seventy years.

—Austin Dobson in the Outlook.

It was characteristic of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the first of living American poets, and the most modest, that he was content to sit simply as an invited guest at a banquet given last month in New York in honor of the seventieth birthday of Henry Mills Alden, editor of *Harper's Magazine*. For Mr. Aldrich, also, had just rounded out three score and ten years, having been born on the same day as Mr. Alden. Mr. Aldrich's career has justified the quatrain of his early muse:

Though lacking gold, we never stooped
To pick it up in all our days;
Though lacking praise, we sometimes drooped
We never asked a soul for praise.

He "has always kept himself out of the range of that terrifying Polyphemic organ 'the public eye,'" says Hamilton Mabie in an appreciation of the poet in the December *Outlook*. In a reminiscence of Mr. Aldrich's editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. Mabie gives us this picture of him in his "den," far from the madding crowd of literary aspirants:

It was a joy in those days to climb the stairs and emerge head first, so to speak, in the old sanctum at the moment when Mr. Aldrich was telling his dog, in tones that brought a deep solemnity on that fortunate beast, that the piece of verse he had just devoured was not doggerel but poetry! It was a comfortable place, and there were blessed memories of sound learning and good English connected with it. It was very quiet, too, and Mr. Aldrich used to smoke his pipe and look out on the old burying-ground, on which the windows opened, with deep satisfaction—"they can submit no manuscripts."

Seated at the table with Mr. Aldrich at the Alden dinner were two other septuagenarian men of letters, William Dean Howells and Edmund Clarence Stedman. For half a century the three authors have been friends. How memories of their Bohemian dinners of fifty years ago must have crowded fast upon them! Memories of the brilliant and bacchanalian company who assembled nightly in Pfaff's beer cellar in Broadway; of Artemus Ward, George Arnold, Fitz-Hugh Ludlow, W. L. Symonds, Henry Clapp, Bayard Taylor, Richard Henry Stoddard, John Brougham, and Fitz-James O'Brien. The latter was one of the most talented, as well as the most erratic, of the famous coterie of young writers who made merry at Pfaff's. One of O'Brien's best stories is printed in this issue of the *Argonaut* under the title, "An Invisible Demon."

Albert H. Smyth, in his life of Bayard Taylor, gives an interesting account of the literary Bohemians of New York, in the late '50s, of whom Aldrich, Stedman, Howells, and William Winter are still alive. Howells, it would seem from his description of a night at Pfaff's in 1860, did not enter into the spirit of the revelry, but was one of "the respectables":

At one moment of the orgy, which went slowly for an orgy, we were joined by some belated Bohemians whom the others made a great clamor over; I was given to understand they were just recovered from a fearful debauch; their locks were still damp from the wet towels used to store them, and their eyes were very frenzied. I was presented to these types, who neither said nor did anything worthy of their awful appearance, but dropped into seats at the table, and ate of the supper with an appetite that seemed poor. I stayed, vainly hoping for worse things until eleven o'clock, and then I rose and took my leave of a literary condition that had distinctly disappointed me.

Mr. Smyth says the conditions of authorship at that period had greatly changed from what they were a decade earlier:

The Knickerbocker school had faded out. A brilliant circle of young writers of erratic lustre and small reverence had appeared. Washington Irving, "the first literary ambassador from the New World to the Old," died in 1859 and in the same year death claimed in this country Rufus Choate and William Hickling Prescott, and in England, Leigh Hunt, Thomas DeQuincey, and Lord Macaulay. In that year the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, tower of literary strength in New York came to an end and N. P. Willis published his last book, "The Convalescent." The cessation of the *Knickerbocker* and of *Pu-nam's Magazine* marked the passing of the old régime.

The *Saturday Press* was started in New York, October 23, 1858, by Henry Clapp, jr., a cynical journalist who could throw more bitterness into a single sentence than any other man of his period. Thomas Bailey Aldrich was associate editor, and Fitz-James O'Brien was dramatic editor. In December, 1860, the publication was discontinued, but after some years it was resumed with the appropriate explanation: "This paper was suspended for lack of funds; it is now resumed for the same reason." John Brougham had begun the *Lantern*, an illustrated comic paper, in 1852. *Mrs. Grund*, edited by Charles Dawson Shanly, *Vanity Fair*, edited by Frank Woods, and the *Albion*, by William Young, an Englishman, followed the *Saturday Press*.

It was the contributors to these journals whose unconventional night life, and daring literary work, shocked their brethren of the pen in Boston.

In New England upon the *Atlantic Monthly*, there was culture and tradition, order and decorum. Among the contributors to the New York papers there was fever, recklessness, gayety and melancholy. No respect was shown by the younger writers for "the various caparisoned figure-heads which were then an incubus upon American letters." John Brougham gave weekly dinner at Windust's, near the original Park Theatre, which were attended by the Aladdins who "trimmed the wit of the *Lantern*." The staff of *Vanity Fair* met on Friday in the old editorial rooms, 113 Nassau Street, and drank smoked, and discussed the next issue. The general gathering place of the clans, however, was in Pfaff's cellar in Broadway. If the New England author serene upon their transcendental heights, taught the virtues of plain living and high thinking the frequenters of Pfaff's believed as potentially in high thinking and hard drinking. George Arnold, the laureate of the long tab in this dingy cellar, is authority for it that

"We were all very merry at Pfaff's."

Hither came Walt Whitman, whose cause the *Saturday Press* had taken up with its accustomed vigor, looking like the Phidian Jove. Here, too, came O'Brien, d figured by pugilism, a gypsy of letters, whose long periods of idleness were broken by such sudden raptures of creation as "A Fallen Star" and "The Diamond Lens." "Fitz-Gammon O'Bouncer," William North styled him. Here came "Ned" Wilkins, feeding on Montaigne, George Arnold fed on Balzac; and the cynical Clapp, who originated the saying, "A self-made man, yes, and we ships his creator;" and Shepherd, who wrote the "R. Call," and Shanly, who should be remembered for "Rifeman, Shoot Me a Fancy Shot."

A description of the diversions of the young writers is thus given:

Stoddard, Taylor, and O'Brien were frequently an able rivals in the rapid making of burlesque rhyme. Stoddard in his reminiscences thus recalls these nights of literary frolic. "We sat around a table and whenever a whim seized us, which was often enough, we each wrote down themes on little pieces of paper, and putting the into a hat or box we drew out one at random, and then scribbled away for dear life. We put no restrictions upon ourselves: we could be grave or gay, or idiotic even; but we must be rapid, for half the fun was in noting who finished out. 'Finished.' It was a neck and neck race between Bayard Taylor and Fitz-James O'Brien, we divided the honors pretty equally, and whose verse I am compelled to admit, were generally better than my own. Bayard Taylor was very dextrous in seizing the salient points of the poets we girded at, and was happy as a child when his burlesques were successful. He reminded me, I once told him, of Katerfelto."

With his hair on end

At his own wonders.

He blushed laughed, and admitted that his cleverness pleased him, and he was glad that it pleased us all. "It is good sport," he remarked, "but poetry—that is very different."

Mr. Aldrich occupied editorial positions on the *Evening Mirror*, N. P. Willis's *Home Journal*, and the *Illustrated News*, after which he left New York and the roystering crew at Pfaff's restaurant, Boston. Was it then that he was inspired to write his farewell to the muse of comedy?

I leave you: my soul is wrung;

I pause, look back from the portal—

Ah, I no more am young,

And you, child, you are immortal!

Mine is the gracious way,

Yours is the blossom weather—

When were December and May

Known to be happy together?

When, at last, I am cold—

Years hence, if the gods so will it—

Say, "He was true as gold,"

And wear a rose in your fillet!

The mayor of Huddersfield, England, offered a prize of \$5 for every child born during his term of office which lived at least twelve months. Though several epidemics occurred, the mortality was reduced from 122 per thousand to 44, largely by the aid of women who instructed mothers

NEW YORK GRAND OPERA RIVALRY.

Opening of Manager Conried's Season—Geraldine Farrar as Juliet—Caruso in "La Boheme."

The fourth season of grand opera at the Metropolitan Opera House under the management of Heinrich Conried began Monday night, and it may well be said that the present and the immediate future in musical affairs and in society are rose tinted. Not for more than twenty years has there been such widespread interest in grand opera and its concomitants in Manhattan. It is far from being a complete statement to say that no other city in the world has seen what New Yorkers will see next week—grand opera on a magnificent scale at two rival opera houses. We have had such a conjunction before, and with disastrous results, but this time there are no forebodings. The fact that a new opera house is to open and to present a second grand opera company containing many singers of fame, under the management of an irrepressible and sagacious impresario, is a first cause, but the results will cover a range much wider than the ambitions or successes of the two managers. There are innumerable questions of import to society circles inevitable in the rivalry. The answers will be found in a new arrangement, a new inventory of accomplishments and possessions. And in the musical world there are new heights to be conquered and unsuspected depths to be sounded.

Advance announcements have told us what we may expect in the appeal of unfamiliar operas and singers new to this public, but bright anticipations founded on the promises of impresarios and press agents have been shattered many times, and seldom more completely than in the history of the operatic stage. Mr. Conried presents a fine array of great names, and if there is disappointment to come it should not be laid at his door. Such singers as Sembrich, Eames, Fremstad, Milka Ternina, Schumann-Heink, Louise Homer, Caruso, Burgstaller, Plancon, Scotti, and Van Rooy—these only a part of the list of artists whose work is well known—were named with almost as many more who would aid for the first time here for favor. Geraldine Farrar, Lina Cavalieri, Katharina Fleischer-Edel, and Bertha Morena are great sopranos, though strangers to New York; Carl Burrian and Charles Rousseliere are new tenors of fame; Stracciari, a new baritone, and, last but not important, Samuel Lovy, the new French conductor. The novelties and revivals of special note are to include Giorano's "Fedora" and "Andrea Chenier," Cilea's "Adriana Lecouvreur," Berlioz's "Le Damna-né de Faust," "Fra Diavolo," "I Puritani," "Lakme," and "Samson et Dalila." French, Italian, and German works have careful representation in the list of forty-six operas.

Monday evening the merry war began at the Metropolitan Opera House with Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette," introducing Geraldine Farrar, the new American soprano who went from Boston eight years ago to study in Europe, and who has succeeded in holding for most of that time, since her first appearance, a high place in the regard of music lovers in Berlin, where she has sung many dramatic roles. With Miss Farrar appeared the new French tenor, Rousseliere, who had followed Jean de Reszke in his greatest roles abroad and achieved success, and Simard, a new baritone. Miss Farrar did more than please the critical, though a nervous self-consciousness affected some of her higher tones in the earliest scenes. She is a winning Juliet in beauty and grace, and sufficiently dramatic in the tense action and repose of the sorrowful story. The tenor is not a great Romeo, but sings manfully and with not unpleasing effort. Simard, Plancon, Journet, and Mme. Neuendorf (formerly Georgine Januschowsky) were other agreeable members of the cast.

Of course, the greater show was in front of the curtain. Even the first night of the opera was not neglected by the society leaders, and those who limit the attractions held by the upper and lower rows of boxes, as well as those who go because they hunger for the emotional delights of heavenly music, were there in force. Still there were vacant seats, though double rows of late patrons stood in the rear vantage ground on each floor, and the demand was not sufficient to furnish inordinate profit to ticket speculators. Some canny buyers, indeed, secured good seats, about the time the performance ended, from the sidewalk vendors at less than original prices.

In the boxes it was a pearl and diamond night. About the necks of many beautiful women were strung strands of lustrous, shimmering pearls, and on their wrists, ears, and brooches of more regal gems were jets of rainbow fire in every group. Gowns

of white velvet were numerous, with now and then one of deep crimson, almost black in the shadows; blue silks and satins, mauve and golden chiffons, added to the riot of bright colors, and a sweeping view of the horseshoe gave one a sensation of exquisite harmony in hues that seemed almost a fixing of the great swirl of instrumental and vocal melody from orchestra and stage. It was a distinguished audience. There were members of the European nobility and foreign diplomats there, as well as American ambassadors and members of the proudest of American families. One notable absence was remarked, that of Mrs. Astor, whose ill health, as is well known, kept her from an event such as she has seldom missed in former years.

Last night, however, came the great event of the week—"La Boheme," and the appearance of Caruso. The difficulties surrounding the tenor have been exploited by the daily newspapers, but the general verdict is certainly not an endorsement of New York law and order methods as exemplified by our intermittently active and determined officials. The public seemingly had talked of nothing else for a week, and the final judgment was awaited with intense interest. In the crowded opera house there were hundreds of Caruso's countrymen—in the gallery, particularly, they were in masses—ready to encourage and sustain him in a crisis, but there was no crisis. The great tenor was on the stage, in his garret as Rodolfo, when the curtain rose, and though his voice was not all his own at the beginning, he soon recovered his poise. Mme. Sembrich was the Mimì, and at the end of their scene, better than admirably done, the applause was a burst of enthusiasm and regard for artistic worth. Again and again the two singers came forward to the footlights and bowed, and, after eight recalls, Mme. Sembrich stopped at the wings and gently insisted on Caruso's taking alone the plaudits of the audience. In the entire affair, since the first surprise of the charge of annoying a woman, and through the scene in court, and the adverse sentence of the judge, with its petty fine, Caruso has had the sympathy of his associates and the assurance from them that the public would show its belief in his innocence, but the generous outpouring of applause undoubtedly lifted a heavy weight from the tenor's shoulders. The incident is closed, so far as general regard for his ability and art is concerned.

Manager Conried, scarcely able to hobble about with a cane, was present both nights, and is in excellent spirits, even if in ill health, and nearly worn out with his efforts. He has no fears for the success of the season, and no reason for fears. New York is large enough now to sustain two opera companies, even of the highest order. Next Monday, Manager Oscar Hammerstein's new Manhattan Opera House on Eighth avenue will open, and the issue will be joined. If there is any notable advantage it is in Conried's ability to give Wagner's great music dramas. Hammerstein has a great company, but it will give French and Italian operas only.

The present juncture recalls that momentous episode in grand opera history in New York, the rivalry of Colonel Mapleson and Henry E. Abbey. It was twenty-three years ago, when the old Academy of Music was the recognized home of grand opera in the city, the gathering place of the notables in society. The Metropolitan Opera House was built then and opened by Abbey, and the war between the two impresarios involved the members of some of the leading families. The rival companies were nearly equal in their lists of great singers, and the productions were adequate in nearly all instances. When the war ended both managers were bankrupt. Abbey paid his losses in full after a little time, but did not recover completely from the strain before his death. Colonel Mapleson, too, went to the wall, and left America. Maurice Grau succeeded Abbey, the new Metropolitan Opera House became the home of grand opera and the resort of society, and now its crown is threatened. There are several in the two companies now in New York who took part in the productions of that fateful season in 1883.

FLANEUR.

New York, November 29, 1906.

Astronomers long since came to the conclusion that the moon's surface is very hot during the height of the lunar day, which, as will be remembered, lasts two weeks, and very cold during the lunar night, which is equally long. These extremes of temperature reach their height at the lunar noon and midnight, and are greater than any natural temperatures on the earth.

No goods that bear trademarks in any way resembling a crescent can be landed in Turkey.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

The amendment to the State Constitution of California increasing the salaries of justices of the Supreme Court from \$7000 to \$8000 was carried at the recent election. Full returns have not yet been tabulated, and the exact result of the vote on the other amendments is not yet known.

Should Senator Platt of New York hold his place in the Senate to the end of his term, March 4, 1909, his desk might be turned over to President Roosevelt, whose term in the White House expires at the same time. The Chicago *Tribune* has printed a Washington despatch which declares this to be the President's plan.

Reuter's Telegram Agency says Lieutenant-General Stoessel, the defender of Port Arthur, is in such financial straits that he has applied to a charitable institution for wounded soldiers for assistance to enable him to employ a servant. The officers of the institution asked the general to produce a medical certificate showing that his health required the services of a servant.

The Republican campaign managers in New York State expended \$322,011, which is something like \$50,000 more than Mr. Hearst paid out, according to his statement. More than a million dollars was spent in the Empire State on the campaign, and the expenditure is called monstrous by the Springfield (Mass.), *Republican*. It is probably the largest amount ever paid out in a State election.

Congressman Charles S. Wharton of Chicago is the only one of the forty or more candidates for reelection opposed by Samuel Gompers, who was defeated. Mr. Wharton says he supported all of Gompers's bills faithfully, yet Gompers made a speech against him. The Chicago *Chronicle* asserts that Wharton's constituents refused to support him, not because Gompers opposed him, but because he yielded to Gompers.

Judge George Gray of Delaware, is mentioned by Southern Congressmen and editors as a probable candidate of the Democratic party for President. His name was suggested at the St. Louis convention in 1904, and was not unfavorably received. The talk of Judge Gray seems to indicate that Mr. Bryan's declaration for government ownership of the railroads has really alienated much of the regard formerly felt for him in the South.

James Rudolph Garfield, at present Commissioner of Corporations, and soon to be promoted to the position of Secretary of the Interior, is a son of the late President Garfield. Mr. Garfield, as was his father, is a graduate of Williams College. After admission to the bar he served several years in the Ohio State Senate, and was later appointed a member of the United States Civil Service Commission, and in 1903 President Roosevelt selected him for the place of Commissioner of Corporations.

The selection by President Roosevelt of William H. Moody, now Attorney-General, as a justice of the United States Supreme Court, in succession to Justice Brown, emphasizes the fact that Mr. Moody holds views on constitutional and large legal questions that accord with those of the President. With Mr. Moody's appointment Massachusetts will have furnished two members of the highest tribunal in the land, an honor not enjoyed by any other State. Mr. Moody will enter the court at a comparatively early age—fifty-three.

Senator Joseph C. S. Blackburn of Kentucky says that Theodore Roosevelt and William Randolph Hearst were eliminated as Presidential possibilities by the result of the election in New York, and that he still favors Mr. Bryan. Concerning Mr. Bryan's attitude on the government ownership of railroads, Senator Blackburn says that he spoke as a private citizen only in that declaration, and further "that the Congress and not the President is the source of our laws, and I am sure that no Congress controlled by Democrats would submit to usurpation or interference by the Executive Chief."

Professor Burgess of Columbia University, who recently appeared at the University of Berlin as "Roosevelt Lecturer," and in his address declared that the Monroe doctrine and the protective tariff are practically obsolete in America, has received more notice in the press since that incident than ever before. The New York *Mail* notes the press despatch saying that Professor Burgess has been invited to deliver a course of private lectures to Prince August, the fourth son of the Kaiser, and insists that a serious problem has been solved by relegating the American lecturer to service in the royal nursery.

AN INVISIBLE DEMON.

The Fantastic Coinage of an Opium-Eater's Brain.

[This story, originally published under the title "What Was It?" was the work of Fitz-James O'Brien, a brilliant young Irishman, one of the group of writers touched on in the article elsewhere in this number, entitled "Aldrich's Bohemian Circle." He was killed in battle early in the Civil War.]

It is, I confess, with considerable reluctance that I approach the strange narrative which I am about to relate. The events which I propose detailing are of so extraordinary a character that I am quite prepared to meet with an unusual amount of incredulity and scorn. I accept all such beforehand.

I live on a quiet street in New York. The home is in some respects a curious one. It has enjoyed for the last two years the reputation of being haunted. It is a large and stately residence, surrounded by what was once a garden, but which is now only a green enclosure used for bleaching clothes. The dry basin of what has been a fountain and a few fruit trees, ragged and unpruned, indicate that this spot in past days was a pleasant, shady retreat, filled with fruits, and flowers, and the sweet murmur of waters.

The house is very spacious. A ball of noble size leads to a large spiral staircase, winding through its center, while the various apartments are of imposing dimensions. It was built some fifteen or twenty years since, by a well known New York merchant, who, five years ago, threw the commercial world into convulsions by a stupendous bank fraud. He escaped to Europe, and died not long after of a broken heart. Almost immediately after the news of his decease reached this country, and was verified, the report spread in the neighborhood that the house was haunted. Legal measures had dispossessed the widow of its former owner, and it was inhabited merely by a care-taker and his wife, placed there by the house agent into whose hands it had passed for purposes of renting or sale. These people declared that they were troubled with unnatural noises. Doors were opened without any visible agency. The remnants of furniture scattered through the various rooms were, during the night, piled one upon the other by unknown hands. Invisible feet passed up and down the stairs in broad daylight, accompanied by the rustle of unseen silk dresses, and the gliding of viewless hands along the massive balusters. The care-taker and his wife declared they would live there no longer. The house agent laughed, dismissed them, and put others in their place. The noises and supernatural manifestations continued. The neighborhood caught up the story, and the house remained untenanted for three years. Several persons negotiated for it; but somehow always before the bargain was closed they heard the unpleasant rumors, and declined to treat any further.

It was in this state of things that our landlady, who wished to remove further up town, conceived the bold idea of renting this house. Happening to have rather a plucky and philosophical set of boarders, she laid her scheme before us, stating candidly everything she had heard respecting the ghostly qualities of the establishment to which she wished to remove us. With the exception of two timid persons—a sea captain and a returned Californian, who immediately gave notice that they would leave—all of Mrs. Moffat's guests declared that they would accompany her in her chivalric incursion into the abode of spirits.

Of course we had no sooner established ourselves than we began to expect the ghosts. We absolutely awaited their advent with eagerness. Our dinner conversation was supernatural. One of the boarders who had purchased Mrs. Crowe's "Night Side of Nature" for his own private delectation, was regarded as a public enemy by the entire household for not having bought twenty copies. The man led a life of supreme wretchedness while he was reading this volume. A system of espionage was established of which he was the victim. If he incautiously laid the book down an instant and left the room, it was immediately seized and read aloud to a select few. I found myself a person of immense importance, it having leaked out that I was tolerably well versed in the history of supernaturalism, and had once written a story, the foundation of which was a ghost. If a table or wainscot panel happened to warp when we were assembled in the large drawing room, there was an instant silence, and every one was prepared for an immediate clanking of chains and a spectral form.

Things were in this state when an incident took place so awful and inexplicable in its character, that my reason fairly reels at the bare memory of the occurrence. It was the tenth of July. After dinner was over I repaired, with my friend Doctor

Hammond, to my rooms, to take our evening pipe. Independent of certain mental sympathies which existed between the doctor and myself, we were linked together by a vice—we both smoked opium. We knew each other's secret and respected it. We enjoyed together that wonderful expansion of thought, that marvelous intensifying of the perceptive faculties, that boundless feeling of existence when one seems to have points of contact with the whole universe—in short, that unimaginable spiritual bliss which I would not surrender for a throne, and which I hope you, reader, will never, never taste.

Those hours of opium happiness which the doctor and I spent together in secret were regulated with a scientific accuracy. We did not blindly smoke the drug of paradise, and leave our dreams to chance. While smoking, we carefully steered our conversation through the brightest and calmest channels of thought. We talked of the East, endeavored to recall the magical panorama of its glowing scenery. We criticized the most sensuous poets—those who painted life ruddy with health, brimming with passion, happy in the possession of youth, and strength, and beauty. If we talked of Shakespeare's "Tempest," we lingered over Ariel, and avoided Caliban.

This skillful coloring of our train of thought produced in our subsequent visions a corresponding tone. The splendors of Arabian fairy-land dyed our dreams. Houses, walls, and streets melted like rain-clouds, and vistas of unimaginable glory stretched away before us. It was a rapturous companionship. We enjoyed the vast delight more perfectly because, even in our most ecstatic moments, we were conscious of each other's presence. Our pleasures, while individual, were still twin, vibrating and moving in musical accord.

On the evening in question, the tenth of July, the doctor and myself drifted into an unusually metaphysical mood. We prepared and lit our pipes, filled with the little bubble of opium, that, like the nut in the fairy tale, held within its narrow limits wonders beyond the reach of kings. But a strange perversity dominated the currents of our thought. They would not flow through the sun-lit channels into which we strove to divert them. Insensibly we yielded to the occult force that swayed us, and indulged in gloomy speculation. We had talked some time upon the proneness of the human mind to mysticism, and the almost universal love of the terrible, when Hammond suddenly said to me: "What do you consider to be the greatest element of terror?"

The question puzzled me. That many things were terrible, I knew. Stumbling over a corpse in the dark; beholding, as I once did, a woman floating down a deep and rapid river, with wildly lifted arms, and awful upturned face, uttering, as she drifted, shrieks that rent one's heart, while we, the spectators, stood frozen at a window which overhung the river at a height of sixty feet, unable to make the slightest effort to save her, but dumbly watching her last supreme agony and her disappearance. A shattered wreck, with no life visible, encountered floating listlessly on the ocean, is a terrible object, for it suggests a huge terror, the proportions of which are veiled. But it now struck me for the first time that there must be one great and ruling embodiment of fear—a King of Terrors to which all others must succumb. To what train of circumstances would it owe its existence?

"I confess, Hammond," I replied to my friend, "I never considered the subject before. But there must be one. Something more terrible than any other thing, I feel. I can not attempt, however, even the most vague definition."

"I am somewhat like you, Harry," he answered. "I feel my capacity to experience a terror greater than anything yet conceived by the human mind—something combining in the fearful and unnatural amalgamation hitherto supposed incompatible elements. The calling of the voices in Brockden Browne's novel of 'Wieland' is awful; so is the picture of the Dweller of the Threshold, in Bulwer's 'Zanoni'; but," he added, shaking his head gloomily, "there is something more terrible than these."

"Look here, Hammond," I rejoined, "let us drop this kind of talk, for heaven's sake. We shall suffer for it, depend upon it."

"Well, good-night, Harry. Pleasant dreams to you."

"To you, gloomy wretch, afreets, ghouls, and enchanters."

We parted, and each sought his respective chamber. I undressed quickly and got into bed, taking with me, according to my usual custom, a book, over which I generally read myself to sleep. I opened the volume as soon as I had laid my head upon the pillow, and instantly flung it to the other

side of the room. It was Goudon's "History of Monsters," a curious French work, which I had lately received from Paris, but which, in the state of mind I had then reached, was anything but an agreeable companion. I resolved to go to sleep at once; so turning down my gas until nothing but a little blue point of light glimmered on the top of the tube, I composed myself to rest.

The room was in total darkness. The atom of gas that still remained alight did not illuminate a distance of three inches around the burner, desperately drew my arm across my eyes, as if to shut out even the darkness, and tried to think of nothing. It was in vain. The themes touched on by Hammond kept obtruding themselves on my brain. I battled against them. I erected ramparts of would-be blankness of intellect to keep out. They still crowded upon me. While I was lying still as a corpse, hoping that by a perfect physical inaction I should hasten mental repose, an awful incident occurred. A Something dropped as it seemed, from the ceiling, upon my chest, and the next instant I felt two bony hands encircling my throat endeavoring to choke me.

I am no coward, and am possessed of considerable physical strength. The suddenness of the attack, instead of stunning me, strung every nerve to its highest tension. My body acted upon instinct before my brain had time to realize the terrors of my position. In an instant I wound two muscular arms around the creature, and squeezed it, with all the strength of despair, against my chest. In a few seconds the bony hands that had fastened on my throat loosened their hold, and I was free to breathe once more. Then commenced a struggle of awful intensity. Immersed in the most profound darkness, totally ignorant of the nature of the Thing by which I was so suddenly attacked, finding my grasp slipping every moment by reason, it seemed to me, of the entire nakedness of my assailant, bitten with sharp teeth in the shoulder, neck, and chest, having every moment to protect my throat against a pair of sinewy, agile hands, which my utmost efforts could not confine—these were a combination of circumstances to combat which required all the strength, skill, and courage that I possessed.

At last, after a silent, deadly, exhausting struggle, I got my assailant under by a series of incredible efforts of strength. Once pinned, with my knee on what I made out to be its chest, I knew I was victor. I rested for a moment to breathe. I heard the creature beneath me panting in the darkness, and felt the violent throbbing of a heart. It was apparently as exhausted as I was; that was one comfort. At this moment I remembered that I usually placed under my pillow, before going to bed, a large, yellow silk pocket handkerchief. I felt for it instantly; it was there. In a few seconds more I had, after a fashion, pinioned the creature's arms.

I now felt tolerably secure. There was nothing more to be done but to turn on the gas, and having first seen what my midnight assailant was like, arouse the household. I confess to being actuated by a certain pride in not giving the alarm before I wished to make the capture alone and completely unaided.

Never loosing my hold for an instant, I slipped from the bed to the floor, dragging my captive with me. I had but a few steps to reach the gas burner; these I made with the greatest caution, holding the creature in a grip like a vise. At last I got within arm's length of the tiny speck of bluish light which told me where the gas-burner was. Quick as lightning I released my grasp with one band, and let on the full flood of light. Then I turned to look at my captive.

I can not even attempt to give any definition of my sensations the instant after I turned on the gas. I suppose I must have shrieked with terror for in less than a minute afterward my room was crowded with the inmates of the house. I shudder now as I think of that awful moment.

I saw nothing!

Yes; I had one arm firmly clasped round the creature, breathing, panting, corporeal shape; my other hand gripped with all its strength a throat as apparently fleshy as my own; and yet, with the living substance in my grasp, with its body pressing against my own, and in all the bright glare of gas, absolutely beheld nothing. Not even an outline—a vapor.

It breathed. I felt its breath upon my cheek. It struggled fiercely. It had hands. They clutched me. Its skin was smooth, like my own. There it lay, pressed close up against me, solid as stone, and yet utterly invisible.

Just then Hammond entered my room at the head of the household. As soon as he beheld my face—which, I suppose, must have been an awful

sight to look at—he hastened forward, crying. "Great heavens, Harry, what has happened?"

"Hammond! Hammond!" I cried, "come here. Oh, this is awful. I have been attacked in bed by something or other, which I have hold of; but I can't see it; I can't see it!"

Hammond, doubtless struck by the horror expressed in my countenance, made one or two steps forward with an anxious yet puzzled expression. A very audible titter burst from the remainder of my visitors. This suppressed laughter made me furious. So great was my rage against the mocking crowd that had I the power I would have stricken them dead where they stood.

"Hammond! Hammond!" I cried again, despairingly, "for God's sake come to me. I can hold the Thing but a short while longer. It is overpowering me. Help me! help me!"

"Harry," whispered Hammond, approaching me, "you have been smoking too much opium."

"I swear to you, Hammond, that this is no vision," I answered, in the same low tone. "Don't you see how it shakes my whole frame with its struggles? If you don't believe me, convince yourself. Feel it: touch it."

Hammond advanced, and laid his hand on the spot I indicated. A wild cry of horror burst from him. He had felt it!

In a moment he had discovered somewhere in my room a long piece of cord, and was the next instant winding it and knotting it about the body of the unseen being that I clasped in my arms.

"Harry," he said, in a hoarse voice—for though he preserved his presence of mind, he was deeply agitated—"Harry, it's safe now; you may let go if you are tired. The Thing can't move."

I was utterly exhausted, and I gladly loosed my hold. Hammond stood holding the ends of the cord that bound the Invisible, twisted around his hand, while before him, self-supporting, as it were, was a rope laced and interlaced, and stretching tightly around a vacant space.

The confusion which ensued among the guests of the house who were witnesses of this extraordinary scene between Hammond and myself—who beheld the pantomime of binding this struggling Something—who beheld me almost sinking from physical exhaustion when my task of jailer was over—the confusion and terror that took possession of the bystanders when they saw all this was beyond description. The weaker ones fled from the apartment. The few who remained clustered near the door, and could not be induced to approach Hammond and his charge. Still credulity broke out through their terror. They had not the courage to satisfy themselves, and yet they doubted. I gave a sign to Hammond, and both of us—conquering our fearful repugnance to touch the invisible creature—lifted it from the ground, manacled as it was, and took it to my bed. Its weight was about that of a boy of fourteen.

"Now, my friends," I said, as Hammond and myself held the creature suspended over the bed, "I can give you self-evident proof that here is a solid, ponderable body, which, nevertheless, you can not see. Be good enough to watch the surface of the bed attentively."

The eyes of the bystanders were immediately fixed on the bed. At a given signal Hammond and I let the creature fall. There was a dull sound, as of a heavy body alighting on a soft mass. The bed creaked. A deep impression marked itself distinctly on the pillow, and on the bed itself. The crowd who witnessed this gave a low cry, and rushed from the room. Hammond and I were alone with our mystery.

We remained silent for some time, listening to the low, irregular breathing of the creature on the bed, and watching the rustle of the bed-clothes as it impotently struggled to free itself from confinement. Then Hammond spoke:

"Let us reason a little, Harry. Here is a solid body, which we touch, but which we can not see. The fact is so unusual that it strikes us with terror. There is no parallel, though, for such a phenomenon? Take a piece of pure glass. It is tangible and transparent. A certain chemical coarseness that prevents its being so entirely transparent as to be totally invisible. It is not theoretically impossible, mind you, to make a glass so pure and homogeneous in its atoms that the rays from the sun will pass through it as they do through the air, refracted but not reflected. We do not see the rays, and yet we feel it."

"That's all very well, Hammond, but these are animate substances. Glass does not breathe; air does not breathe. This thing has a heart that palpitates—a will that moves it—lungs that play, and inspire and respire."

Hammond shook his head and was silent. We sat together, smoking many pipes, all night

long by the bedside of the unearthly being that tossed and panted until it was apparently wearied out. Then we learned by the low, regular breathing, that it slept.

The next morning the house was all astir. The boarders congregated on the landing outside my room, and Hammond and myself were lions. We had to answer a thousand questions as to the state of our extraordinary prisoner, for as yet not one person in the house except ourselves could be induced to set foot in the apartment.

The creature was awake. This was evidenced by the convulsive manner in which the bed-clothes were moving in its efforts to escape. There was something truly terrible in beholding, as it were, these struggles for liberty which yet were invisible.

Hammond and myself had racked our brains during the long night to discover some means by which we might realize the shape and general appearance of the Enigma. As well as we could make out, by passing our hands over the creature's form, its outlines and lineaments were human. There was a mouth; a round smooth head without hair; a nose, which, however, was little elevated above the cheeks; and its hands and feet felt like those of a boy. At first we thought of placing the Being on a smooth surface and tracing its outline with chalk, as shoemakers trace the outline of the foot. This plan was given up as of no value. Such an outline would not give the slightest idea of its conformation.

A happy thought struck me. We would take a cast of it in plaster. This would give us the solid figure, and satisfy all our wishes. But how to do it? The movements of the creature would disturb the setting of the plastic covering, and distort the mould; another thought. Why not give it chloroform? It had respiratory organs—that was evident by its breathing. Once reduced to a state of insensibility, we could do with it what we would. A doctor was sent for, and after the physician had recovered from the first shock of amazement he proceeded to administer the chloroform. In three minutes afterward we were enabled to remove the fetters from the creature's body, and a modeler was busily engaged in covering the invisible form with the moist clay. In five minutes more he had a mould, and before evening a rough fac-simile of the mystery. It was shaped like a man—distorted, uncouth, and horrible, but still a man. It was small, not over four feet and some inches in height, and its limbs revealed a muscular development that was unparalleled. Its face surpassed in hideousness any thing I had ever seen. Gustave Dore never conceived anything so horrible. It was the physiognomy of what I should fancy a ghoul might be. It looked as if it was capable of feeding on human flesh.

Having satisfied our curiosity, and bound every one in the house to secrecy, it became a question what was to be done with our enigma. It was impossible that we should keep such a horror in the house; it was equally impossible that such an awful being should be let loose upon the world. I confess that I would have gladly voted for the creature's destruction. But who would shoulder the responsibility? Who would undertake the execution of this horrible semblance of a human being?

The most singular part of the affair was that we were entirely ignorant of what the creature habitually fed on. Everything in the way of nutriment that we could think of was placed before it, but was never touched. It was awful to stand by, day after day, and see the clothes toss, and hear the hard breathing, and know that it was dying.

Ten, twelve days, a fortnight passed, and it still lived. The pulsations of the heart, however, were daily growing fainter, and had now nearly ceased. It was evident that the creature was dying for want of sustenance. While this terrible life struggle was going on I felt miserable. I could not sleep. Horrible as the creature was, it was pitiable to think of the pangs it was suffering.

At last it died. Hammond and I found it cold and stiff one morning in the bed. The heart had ceased to beat, the lungs to inspire. We hastened to bury it in the garden. It was a strange funeral, the dropping of the viewless corpse into the damp hole. The cast of its form Hammond has still.

As I am on the eve of a long journey, from which I may not return, I have drawn up this narrative of an event the most singular that has ever come to my knowledge.

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

Chrysanthemums are good to eat—that is, the leaves of the big, bushy flower, much like a beautiful cabbage, make a good salad if they are properly prepared. In fact, the dish is one that is highly prized by the Chinese

MAGAZINE MAKING AND UNMAKING.

Contemporary History of the Evolution of a Monthly and a Weekly.

Alfred Henry Lewis has written in the editorial columns of a recent issue of *Human Life* some personal reminiscences of the editors and owners of *Everybody's Magazine* which illuminate various problems in the publishing world. This is his account of the change of ownership that preceded the real growth of the magazine:

Wanamaker had owned *Everybody's* and grown tired of its possession. He was looking for a purchaser upon whom to unload. Extant in the magazine world were Herman Ridgway and John Adams Thayer. These worthy men had been employed upon advertising and circulation, and were penny-counters of meritorious accuracy and exactitude. Both were weary of the business end of literature—which is not unlike keeping a peanut stand—and both burned to become editors.

There are three fields wherein every American believes himself organized to shine. His very soul tells him that he is a born farmer, a born law-maker, a born editor. If he desired to become a barber or wood-chopper, or yearned to carry a hod, he would admit that some slight apprenticeship was necessary. He needs none, however, where the task ahead is no more recondit than just to till a field, or govern a nation, or edit a magazine. Thus was it with Herman Ridgway and John Adams Thayer. They knew themselves for editors from their cradles, and lusted to begin. Thus they bought *Everybody's* of Wanamaker—somewhat to that merchant's relief.

The editor of the magazine at that time was J. O'H. Cosgrave, and he continued under the new ownership. To him is given the credit of suggesting that an article from Thomas W. Lawson, the Boston financier, would be a good thing:

When the three arrived in Boston, the unexpected, not to say the shocking, happened. Lawson wouldn't see them. He sent his secretary to say his time was so preyed upon and eaten by his own affairs, that he could not receive a call from *Everybody's* publishers. This was a profound jolt to the sensibilities of Thayer and Ridgway, who felt all the elevation of editors even though personally they might neither chart a magazine course nor steer one.

But Cosgrave persevered, and after days of waiting in the outer rooms of Lawson's offices he gained an interview and finally the promise of a contribution:

And thus the sequel came: Lawson wrote "Frenzied Finance." The world was thrilled, the bedplates of reforms were laid. *Everybody's* soared rapidly from loss to profit, from a circulation that was little to one that was big, from obscurity to celebration. Buoyant and springing, Lawson's magic pen-powers carried *Everybody's* aloft to dizzyest circulation heights in spite of what dead-weights were piled upon it, in the editorial ignorance of Thayer and Ridgway and of those subaltern lead-wits derived from the daily press.

Following the success of the monthly, the idea of a national weekly was developed. The plan of printing an edition in fourteen different cities was considered and the details studied. Mr. Thayer, at this juncture, retired from the enterprise, but the plans were adhered to and the publication appeared.

After four issues of the weekly, it was discovered that there were insurmountable difficulties in the way of joining so many purely local features, and the plan was modified, only four publication offices being retained. The editors in St. Paul, St. Louis, and San Francisco, and other staff employees resigned. Charles S. Aiken, editor of the San Francisco edition returned to his former position on the *Sunset Magazine*.

The weekly press of the country generally welcomed the new candidate for public favor, but seemingly has found little opportunity to complement the journal on its appearance or success. The following from *Life* of New York, is noted as a statement of opinion that is credited to another publication:

Inside views of literary matters are often more interesting than outside. The magazine situation is thus summed up in part by an acute, if somewhat flippant and slangy, writer in an interesting trade paper called *The Publisher and Retailer*:

The town is still full of amaze over the *Ridgway* fiasco—for that is the only word which fits the most colossal fizzle the periodical publishing world has ever seen. You can't find even one man who thinks it worth the paper it is printed on—and the Good Lord knows that is little enough. Never before has a paper fallen so far short of the standard promised by its advance announcements. Not a man connected with the publishing business but expected to find in the new *Ridgway's* a paper he would really have to read regularly. The preliminary advertising had filled every one with a belief that the new journal would be a power to be reckoned with from the first number. Instead of that it proved to be the triflingest thing ever put on the market at the price—at any price I might almost say. As it stands it is a cyclopean failure. If it continues on the plane of the first numbers its aggregate circulation will not run to one thousand in each of the fourteen cities of its simultaneous publication. If it is revolutionized into a paper worth while the publishers have a greater task before them to get the public to buy it again than they would have if they were to start another wholly new periodical.

THE WILL OF AN EMPRESS.

How Eugenie Was an Emperor and Governed a Prince.

In May last Eugenie, one time wife of Napoleon the Third and Empress of the French, completed her eightieth year; a bowed and pathetic, but ever romantic lady; long mourning an unfortunate husband, and the brave young son who fell in English ranks in Africa, and leading at this day "a life so unobtrusive that we think of her as already half withdrawn into the shadows."

The quotation is from "The Life of the Empress Eugenie," by Jane T. Stoddart, recently brought out in London by Hodder & Stoughton. There is evident sympathy with its subject on every page of the biography, and if some of the pictures are carefully softened, and some shadowy and willful passages in the life of the lady in exile are glossed over or omitted, there still may be found much of peculiar interest and historical value in the book. One of her English reviewers, Tighe Hopkins, has aptly characterized the recent chapters of this romantic and illustrious life:

The career of Eugenie from the date of her marriage in 1853 (she being then twenty-seven and peerless, with neck and arms that painters upreid, and hair like a Titian woman's), on through the glitter of the Second Empire to its debacle at Sedan; the sorry, inevitable flight—thirty-six years ago—from the invaded Tuilleries to England, in the keeping of the good American dentist; and on again through the long years of her profound friendship with the widowed Queen Victoria—all this, or what is most important or engaging in it, must be known to very many readers.

The Empress of the French is not French, but Spanish and Irish and Scottish in blood. These are family details:

William Kirkpatrick, of Malaga (1764-1837), the grandfather of the empress, was a fruit and wine merchant, so little above his business that he sold his wines personally to customers in a parlor at the back of his shop. The back parlor became a kind of club, frequented by the young officers of the town and by foreign visitors. Among the foreign visitors was Washington Irving, who met in the back parlor the Count de Teba (afterwards, by inheritance from his elder brother, the Count de Montijo), who married Maria Manuela, who was the mother of the empress, who was the granddaughter of the wine merchant who was not superior to his trade. Here, at a glance, we have the three blends of blood. Maria Manuela, who marries into one of the most illustrious houses in Spain, is the third daughter of William Kirkpatrick, an Irishman tracing back to Scotland—and not to Scotland merely, but to the Robert Bruce of Scotland.

As could safely be set down without certain knowledge, the mother of the empress was far from being an ordinary woman. This is her description:

The mother of the empress, Maria Manuela, was everywhere and all her life a woman of remark; a fine lady with a fine tang of the gypsy; a handsome, gay Bohemian, quite scholarly at points, fascinating in any company, and holding her own in all. Prosper Merimee, and the American Ticknor, persons with no great things in common, were enslaved by her. Ticknor, historian of Spanish literature, described her as "the most cultivated and the most interesting woman in Spain." The free-thinking Rabelaisian Merimee, whose letters are our richest mine of information about her, found in Maria Manuela the realization of the "glory and romance of southern Spain." Malicious gossip has been sufficiently busy with her memory, but the case of the scandalous chroniclers seems a worse than indifferent one.

It is of events preceding the fall of the French Empire that most entertaining stories concerning Eugenie have been written, and some of them will hear repeating or enlarging upon in the light of new developments. For there are new developments, so many years after the great catastrophe. The "good American dentist" spoken of was Dr. Thomas W. Evans, a loyal Philadelphian, who left to the city of his nativity a large portion of his fortune. His heirs contested the will, and in the legal investigation many intimate relations of those earlier years in Paris, and of later ones as well, have become known. In a recent number of the

Metropolitan Magazine these developments are referred to by Sterling Heilig, a Paris correspondent who knows his field well. He writes, in recalling the outset of her career:

When Kirkpatrick's daughter brought her daughter to Paris in 1851, the charming young girl was not only descended from an unsuccessful British merchant of Malaga, but was also Mademoiselle Marie-Eugenie Guzman y Palafox Fernandez de Cordoba, Leyva La Cerda, Countess of Teba, of Banos, of Mora, of Santa Cruz, of La Sierra, Marquise of Moya, of Ardales, of Osera, and Viscountess of La Calzada. Her sister, Maria Francisca, was already wedded to the fifteenth Duke of Alva.

It was the fate of Eugenie to surpass both her sister and her mother in her marriage:

Napoleon, as prince-adventurer, had loved and been loved by his cousin Mathilde and by the Duchess of Hamilton. As prince-president the Prince of Wagram offered him his daughter. And when he became emperor the Prussians proposed him a sister of the famous Hohenzollern prince whose candidacy to the Spanish throne was to be later on opposed by Napoleon, with the consequence of causing the Franco-Prussian war—and his own downfall. Thus, from the start, Eugenie was to cost Napoleon the Third his empire.

The emperor soon discovered the uselessness of throwing his handkerchief at the feet of the beautiful stranger. Though continually invited to the Tuilleries, she remained always wisely with her mother and the others. Once after having passed a parade-review in the great courtyard, Napoleon drew his horse up under the windows of the first floor, to salute the ladies. He wished to dismount and come to them.

"Mademoiselle," he said, addressing Eugenie, "which way shall I take to get to you?" (He was almost as new to the Tuilleries as she, it being his first year as emperor.)

The girl, laughing, pointed to the right. "Sire," she called down, "you must come by way of the chapel!"

As a fact, the corridor leading to the chapel was the shortest route to those rooms of the palaces; but Napoleon understood.

Even with the favor of her imperial lover, Mdle. Montijo was not altogether happy or, at least, seemed not to be:

The court ladies were in full slander of her when Napoleon had made up his mind to marriage. They had extraordinary manners, those first ladies of the Second Empire court. One evening at Compiègne when Eugenie was going in to dinner on the arm of Colonel de Toulangeon, a slight confusion permitted him to whisk her ahead of Madame Fortoul, wife of the minister.

"How!" she exclaimed audibly to her cavalier, "do you permit that creature to push past me!"

The next morning Mlle. de Montijo, with tears in her eyes, stood sadly on the terrace, apart from the others. Napoleon, who had sought her, asked her the cause of her sorrow. "I must leave Compiègne," she faltered, and she told him her long list of slights and insults. The emperor listened to the beautiful girl, tranquil and smiling. Then, when she had finished, he tore a few green twigs from a bush, deftly twisted them into a crown and said loudly, that all might hear, as he placed it upon her head:

"Wear this one—meanwhile."

It was his announcement of their marriage; indeed, it is said he never actually asked her hand—he took it. Not a murmur arose from the court ladies; and at once they flocked around her.

Ambition was not sated but given zest by the royal place Eugenie thus gained;

As it was her way to commence at the top of the ladder, she sought opportunities to act as regent. During the Italian war of 1859 she got her first chance; and in 1865, when Napoleon went on a wealth trip to Algiers, he again named her regent.

These periods of regency created the political importance of Eugenie. It became difficult to refuse her entrance to the councils and knowledge of state matters after having confided to her almost their direction during months. The ministers got in the habit of consulting her—simple acts of deference, but she profited by them; and in the course of time the emperor found himself struggling with *parlis pris*, born of these confidences.

Stronger proof could not be offered of Napoleon's love, which endured all tests, than the fact that there was no break between them so far as the public ever knew, though in his study he wrote these lines shortly after the war:

"When in starting to the war the emperor instituted a regency, he imagined that the march of affairs could still be directed from the imperial quarters. According to the precedents of the First Empire, the regency should function only from the moment when the emperor quitted French territory. This was the case in 1859; but in 1870 the regency took the reins of government from the moment of the emperor's departure from Paris; and although by her letter-patent the empress had only restricted powers, there came, nevertheless, to be two governments, one with the army, and the other at Paris. The Chambers were convoked without the emperor's consent. To convoke the Chambers after a military defeat, is in France, to call down revolution."

After the death of Napoleon there was still the promise of a future for the deposed empress:

Eugenie and "the Party of the Empress" had a precious hostage still—her son, the hope of the Bonapartist cause. Though scarcely eighteen years of age, the young prince had been for the past two years both the political pupil and the confidant of his father. In the nature of things, he leaned toward his father's later liberalism and placed confidence in the lieutenants lately chosen by his father. Eugenie sought to correct all this as the prince imperial grew to manhood. The means which she found in her hands were financial. When certain friends of his father came to London, he was not always able to ask them to lunch.

From that period of youthful cheer and straightened funds comes the account of this mischance:

Once it was Comte Schouvalow and General Fleury. On his way to the appointment at the St. James Restaurant the general picked up a man the young prince ought to know; it was Arthur Meyer, today director of the *Gaulois* newspaper. That made an extra guest, but that made it pleasanter.

Both Meyer and the general were flattered that the prince imperial clung to them so when lunch was over. He held them long over coffee, liquors and cigars. And yet, as time went on, they saw that he was much preoccupied, as if debating something in his mind. At last he rose and quit the private room, to pay the bill, they reasoned. Then a *maître d'hôtel* appeared and asked the general to step outside a moment. The mystery had a simple cause. The prince lacked fourteen shillings to make up the bill. He had not counted on the second guest.

Napoleon's will is to this day a document incomprehensible to the general, though plain and explicit:

After recommending his son "to the great State bodies, the people, and the army," it ran thus: "I leave to the Empress all my private domain; and I desire that when my son comes of age she shall inhabit the Elysee and Biarritz. As to my son, let him always wear the seal which I have at my watch-chain and which comes from my mother. I do not speak of my old servants, being convinced that the Empress and my son will never abandon them."

Now, to have willed his private domain to the empress was but natural when he left his son at the same time a throne and a civil list of forty million francs a year; but the same will, understandable in 1865, becomes incomprehensible in 1873—when there was no longer a throne, no longer a civil list, but only the private domain, on which Eugenie laid hands wholly.

To assist the prince there was called a "family council," which declared him to be his father's heir and entitled to half the fortune; but there were still Eugenie and fate:

Eugenie put the papers in a drawer and kept her hands upon the entire fortune, confident the prince would make no scandal by demanding his rights of an English court. And the prince, saying nothing, quitted England and his mother—to meet death as a volunteer in the Zulu war.

Since then Eugenie's life has been spent in seeking climate, writing memoirs, for which she goes twice a year to Paris and spends days searching books and manuscripts in the National Library, and causing to fructify the private domain, the Bacciochi property, and the revenues of certain Marseilles real estate left by her father, the Count de Montijo, practically without value, but in these late years become enormously productive.

A man of seventy years has given to sleep 24 years 3½ months of his life.

OLD FAVORITES.

Nocturne.

Up to her chamber window
A slight wire trellis goes,
And up this Romeo's ladder
Clambers a bold white rose.

I lounge in the ilex shadows,
I see the lady lean,
Unclasping her silken girdle,
The curtain's folds between.

She smiles on her white rose lover,
She reaches out her hand
And helps him in at the window—
I see it where I stand!

To her scarlet lip she holds him,
And kisses him many a time—
Ah, me! it was he that won her
Because he dared to climb!

—T. B. Aldrich.

Precisecoe.

The new moon hung in the sky,
The sun was low in the west,
And my betrothed and I
In the churchyard paused to rest—
Happy maiden and lover,
Dreaming the old dream over:
The light winds wandered by,
And robins chirped from the nest.

And lo! in the meadow-sweet
Was the grave of a little child,
With a crumbling stone at the feet,
And the ivy running wild—
Tangled ivy and clover
Folding it over and over;
Close to my sweetheart's feet
Was the little mound up-piled.

Stricken with nameless fears,
She shrank and clung to me,
And her eyes were filled with tears
For a sorrow I did not see;
Lightly the winds were blowing,
Softly her tears were flowing—
Tears for the unknown years
And a sorrow that was to be!

—T. B. Aldrich.

Palabras Carinosas.

Good-night! I have to say good-night
To such a host of peerless things!
Good-night unto the slender hand
All queenly with its weight of rings;
Good-night to fond, uplifted eyes,
Good-night to chestnut hairs of hair,
Good-night unto the perfect mouth,
And all the sweetness nestled there—
The snowy hand detains me, then
I'll have to say Good-night again!

But there will come a time, my love,
When, if I read our stars aright,
I shall not linger by this porch
With my farewells. Till then, good-night!
You wish the time were now? And I
You do not blush to wish it so?
You would have blushed yourself to death
To own so much a year ago—
What, both these snowy hands! ah, then
I'll have to say Good-night again!

—T. B. Aldrich.

"I Vex Me Not with Brooding on the Years."

I vex me not with brooding on the years
That were ere I drew breath; why should I
then
Distrust the darkness that may fall again
When life is done? Perchance in other
spheres—
Dead planets—I once tasted mortal tears
And walked as now amid a throng of men
Pondering things that lay beyond my ken.
Questioning death, and solacing my fears,
Ofttimes indeed strange sense have I of this
Vague memories that hold me with a spell
Touches of unseen lips upon my brow,
Breathing some incommunicable bliss!
In years foregone, O Soul, was all not well:
Still lovelier life awaits thee. Fear not thou!

—T. B. Aldrich.

It is just forty years since Prince Charles of Hohenzollern accepted the crown of Roumania, which was converted into a kingdom one after the principality achieved its independence: and the exhibition at Bucharest, which the king opened in the summer, was intended to show the immense industrial strides made by the country under its Hohenzollern ruler. His heir is his nephew, Prince Ferdinand, who married Marie, eldest daughter of the English Duke of Edinburgh.

The picturesque Chinatown of Pacific Grove will soon be a thing of the past. The site has been given to the University of California by the Pacific Improvement Company, and a biological laboratory will soon be located there. Prof. Loeh is to be at its head, and there will be erected a group of buildings costing about a quarter of a million, and accommodating four hundred students.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

It is said in London that Lord Curzon might have been the head of the British legation in Washington had he so willed. His peerage, being only an Irish one, leaves him eligible to sit again in the House of Commons, and it is probable that he will return when a safe seat offers.

In a suit brought against him recently in New York by a former workman claiming wages, Nikola Tesla said, in answer to a question by the lawyer of the plaintiff that he was not a promoter and had never received a fee, and added "I am an inventor, and rank among the foremost men of the age."

Kuehne Beveridge (Mrs. Branson), the American sculptor, has completed in Brussels the cast of the statue of "Grief," ordered by the city of San Francisco to commemorate the victims of the earthquake. She has begun work on a second statue to represent the resurrection of the city of San Francisco, says a cable despatch.

For nearly ten years Professor H. L. Bolley of the North Dakota Agricultural College has been studying plant diseases and their preventives and cures, and it is said that his discoveries have already added millions of dollars to the value of field crops. Much of the wheat sown in the great wheat-growing State is treated by Professor Bolley's successful method for preventing smut.

John Singer Sargent, the artist, was born in Florence of American parents, was educated in Italy and Germany, and then studied painting in the atelier of Carolus-Duran in Paris. Now, at the age of fifty, he is one of the great portrait painters of the world, and is also known for his sketches of Eastern life. His work in the decorations of the Boston Public Library is remarkable for its Oriental tone. He is a restless spirit, and

is as well known along the shores of the Mediterranean as in London, Paris, or New York.

Frederick William Wile, an American born in LaPorte, Ind., thirty-two years ago has been made correspondent-in-chief for Germany of the London Mail and all the other newspapers and periodicals controlled by Lord Northcliff, formerly Alfred Harmsworth. Mr. Wile went abroad some years ago. During the Swedish-Norwegian crisis last year, at which time he interviewed King Oscar, he was the first American newspaper man to interview a European monarch for publication.

The German Emperor has accepted the resignation of the Prussian minister of agriculture, Gen. von Podbielski, on the ostensible ground of ill-health. Gen. von Podbielski was connected with the Timpelkirch firm of colonial contractors, the revelations of whose business methods aroused such widespread indignation against the minister that his retirement was inevitable. His share in the Timpelkirch scandals, combined with the increased price of meat consequent on his agrarian policy, aroused strong popular indignation. The Grand Cross of the Order of the Red Eagle in brilliants was given to him on his retirement.

Delphin Michael Delmas, the California orator, who is nearly sixty-three years of age, says frankly that he hopes in New York to recoup the losses he sustained at San Francisco. Few New Yorkers have heard him speak. Possibly they know him best as the delegate-at-large from California who placed in nomination William Randolph Hearst at St. Louis in 1904. Mr. Delmas is not by any means the first lawyer or orator of reputation in other parts of the country who has gone to New York in his later days to better his fortunes. Robert G. Ingersoll of Illinois, and Daniel Dougherty, of Philadelphia, did the same thing. Both were in middle life with established reputations as orators. Neither met the success at the bar that he ex-

pected. After his first term as President, Grover Cleveland practised law in New York but he did not accumulate riches. Three former speakers of the House of Representatives moved to the metropolis within recent years. John G. Carlisle of Kentucky, and Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, succeeded. David B. Henderson returned to Iowa a broken man. Alton B. Parker is doing well. Before his Presidential candidacy he had never had a law office in New York City.

If it be true as stated, that the ousting of Stayvesant Fish from the presidency of the Illinois Central Railroad was accomplished through the votes of men whose wives are jealous of Mrs. Fish's social ambitions, a most remarkable chapter has been added to the story of "high finance." Mr. Fish has been identified with the Illinois Central since he entered its New York office as a clerk in 1871, and held the office of president for nearly twenty years. Mr. Fish and his friends charge that a majority of the directors who voted for James T. Harahan and against Mr. Fish were not residents of Illinois, as the laws of that State are said to require, and will probably carry the case to the courts.

Lord Northcliff, formerly Sir Alfred Harmsworth, of England, may be entitled the greatest newspaper magnate of the world. He owns and actively directs some forty prosperous dailies and other periodicals. Lord Northcliff has lately secured for his publications the services of Pomeroy Burton, one of the efficient young editors who have won a reputation in the United States. Mr. Burton is to receive in his new position the salary of \$20,000 a year. His career has been one of brilliant successes and of repeated advancement. From the position of a boy in a small newspaper office, Mr. Burton rose in time to be the Washington correspondent of the Brooklyn Eagle. Afterward he became managing editor of the New York World, and subsequently an important member of the staff of the Hearst papers in New York.

Hotel St. Francis

a credit to
San Francisco

PERFECT SERVICE EVERY COMFORT	THEY WHO GO TO SEE GO TO STAY
--	--

The famous
Grill Room
is unsurpassed

Take your friends to lunch there

Del Monte Offers

During the reconstruction of San Francisco, Hotel Del Monte offers a welcome shelter to those desiring a homelike place for rest and recreation. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at the present. The entire Hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families. Address Geo. P. Snell, Manager, Del Monte, California

A Permanent Home



THE OCULARIUM

Perfect Fitting
Eye Glasses

At Moderate Prices

Lenses Replaced, 50c

Henry Kahn & Co

OPTICIANS

1309 VAN NESS AVENUE

Between Bush and Sutter



Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Indispensable as a seasoning for Soups, Fish and Gravies

John Duncan's Sons, Agts., N. Y.



"The Secret of my Success"

LITERARY NOTES.

A Romance of the South.

In preparing a new edition of "On Newfound River," one of his early stories, Thomas Nelson Page has enlarged it with a view of giving a somewhat fuller reflection of the life it mirrors. It is a love story of country life in old Virginia before the civil war, and it turns on the love of the son of a rich planter for the granddaughter of a poor surgeon. Although the two latter are the planter's nearest neighbors for years, they persistently refuse to accept his hospitality, or the proffered friendship of the humbler folk along the Newfound river. The planter and his son are the last of a proud old family, that had lived on the same estate for six generations, although there was an elder brother of the planter, who had left home in anger many years before, and of whom nothing was ever heard. The son, when a boy, meets the surgeon's granddaughter by chance, and the children, in a pretty scene, plight their troth. The imperious aristocrat when he hears of the clandestine meetings of the children, sends the boy to a distant boarding school for eight years. But when he finally returns to the old home, the young man by no means has forgotten the sweetheart of his youth, and when they renew the affection of earlier years, he is told to choose between the girl and banishment from his family. Parental love conquers, however, when the young man, wounded by a brutal character of the district, is brought to the old surgeon's house for treatment. The planter visits his son, and discovers that his mysterious neighbor is his elder brother, and the lovely girl his own niece. The climax is developed with exquisite art.

"On Newfound River" abounds with graphic word-pictures of a Southern rural district before the war, when the "gentry ruled in a sort of manorial manner and their poorer neighbors bore a relation to them part retainer, part friend." It is a charming book, finely bound, and beautifully illustrated.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

An International Affair.

"Affairs of State," the sprightly account of certain surprising adventures which befel an American family in the land of windmills, is by Burton E. Stevenson, whose detective stories had considerable vogue several years ago. A trivial incident introduces two young American ladies to a German prince and an English nobleman. The latter is stopping at a Dutch watering place presumably because of illness, but really in the interests of England, then at war with the Boers. The prince is having trouble with his succession to a pivotal duchy in the German Empire, and the young Americans innocently are drawn into complications that promise to disturb the peace of Europe. There are secret service men, diplomats, and all the personnel of an international imbroglio in the story. The situation is humorous at first but quickly becomes dramatic, and moves on to a very satisfactory climax. The plot is full of surprises and entanglements which are not unraveled until the close of the tale.

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York, \$1.50.

San Francisco and Thereabouts.

A new and very handsome edition of "San Francisco and Thereabouts," by Charles Keeler, has been published. To read in Mr. Keeler's picturesque pages of Kearny street and the flower vendors, of Telegraph Hill and its quaint old shacks, of the Mexican restaurants of the Latin quarter, of the Barbary Coast, of Chinatown gay with colored lanterns, impresses one like the reading of a story of a city of the imagination. The book teems with memories of early days, but the descriptions of the city as it was just before the great fire now have the aspect of historical reminiscences, so far away seem the picturesque phases of life that made the old

San Francisco unique among American cities. But it is the author's hope that his book may serve not so much as a reminder of what is gone forever as an inspiration to the builders of the new San Francisco to hold fast to such traditions as are vital and good, and to incorporate them in the city already taking shape out of chaos. The book is reprinted with a large number of striking illustrations.

Published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco; \$1.00 net.

Richard Harding Davis's New Book.

Richard Harding Davis has followed up his previous romance, "Soldiers of Fortune" with a biographical work entitled "Real Soldiers of Fortune." There are those who prefer hearing about men who existed to reading of the most charming characters in fiction. Some of us believe that these Dugald Dalgettys have more striking adventures than the heroes of novels. Mr. Davis has not failed to make his book interesting. It relates the very remarkable careers of General William Walker, "the gray-eyed man of destiny," Baron Harden-Hickey, General MacIver, Winston Spencer Churchill, Capt. Philo Norton McGiffen, and Major Burnham, Chief of Scouts.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

Recent Fiction.

"The Von Blumers," by Tom Masson, is illustrated by Bayard Jones. Mr. Masson is well-known as the managing editor of *Life*. It is needless to say that his book is bright and interesting. (Moffat, Yard & Co. \$1.50 net.)

"Sir Nigel," by A. Conan Doyle, is much longer than the average novel, filling nearly three hundred and fifty closely written pages. In it Sir Conan goes back to the old days in which he was so successful, as in the "White Company"—back even to the fourteenth century. The author has evidently saturated himself with old chronicles and he has certainly succeeded in giving a color to the book which is not of our time, although no man can swear that it is that of the fourteenth century. It would be difficult indeed to say what kind of English was spoken in England in 1350. Sir Conan says the kind of English spoken by the lower classes would be more difficult to understand than the Norman French of their superiors, were both reproduced. Therefore, he has very wisely used English that may be understood of every one, but with a certain quaint, archaic flavor. (McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50)

"The Bishop of Cottonwood," by John Trotwood Moore, is a story of the Southern cotton mills. It contains a colored frontispiece and five other illustrations. (J. C. Winston Co. \$1.50.)

"In The Shadow of The Lord," by Mrs. Hugh Frazer, is a novel devoted to the life of Mary Washington, her meeting and marriage with Augustine Washington, life at the Court of George III, their journey to Virginia, pre-revolutionary politics, love episodes, duels, and French and Indian wars. This is the second printing. (Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.)

"Under Pontius Pilate," by William Schuyler, is a translation of correspondence between Caius Claudius Proculus in Judea, and Lucius Domitius Ahenobarbus at Athens in the years 28 and 29 A. D. It is translated and edited by William Schuyler. The book contains eight illustrations, the first of which is a reproduction of Regnault's "Salome." The others are also reproductions of famous paintings by Rubens and other famous artists. Oddly enough, they seem to us rather better than the current book illustrations. (Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$1.50.)

"Zaos," by Roe R. Hobbs, concerns a Harvard student who dreams that he lived in Egypt six thousand years ago as Commander of the King's Guards, and that he was the lover of Zaos, a beautiful girl who is pursued by a High Priest. The story begins on the Harvard campus and harks back to six thousand years ago. (Neale Publishing Co. \$1.50.)

"Gates of Flame," by Roe R. Hobbs, shows how an innocent man may be a victim of circumstantial evidence. (Neale Publishing Co. \$1.50.)

"White Blood," by Rev. H. M. Wharton, is "written to demonstrate that white blood must rule." (Neale Publishing Co. \$1.50.)

"The Leader," by Mary Dillon, is a "political novel" of the style made popular by the success of "Peter Stirling." There is the "man of the people," who struggles up, becomes a political leader, and marries a young lady of the four hundred. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.)

"The Plow Woman," by Eleanor Gates, is a story of the far West, of army posts, Indians and adventures. (McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.)

"The Coming of Dawn," by Charles Egerton, is a Twentieth Century novel laid in the eighteenth century. (John Lane Co. \$1.50.)

"The Mystery of the Shadow," by Fergus Hume, is another of the regular Hume stories. It is illustrated by A. T. Smith. The illustrations are nightmares. (B. W. Dodge & Co.)

"Marcel Levignet," by Elwyn Barron, is a detective story. Its hero "loiters down the stairs of the Paris Opera House" and the story then begins on the boulevard. If he loitered much crossing the square to the boulevard, a motor or a cab would have ended the novel in the first chapter. (Duffield, \$1.50.)

"Katrina," by Roy Rolfe Gilson, has a "newspaper man" for a hero, who plays the same role as the brilliant and skeptical doctor in the Sardou plays. It has six illustrations in color by Alice Barber Stephens. (Baker & Taylor Co. \$1.50.)

"Confessions to a Heathen Idol," by Marion Lee, a woman of forty tells her love story to a little idol on her desk. It is illustrated from photographs, presumably of the author. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.)

"The Second Violin," by Grace S. Richmond, is illustrated by D. J. Rosenmyer. It was serially printed in the *Youth's Companion*. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.)

"The Victory," by Molly Elliot Seawell, contains four illustrations of even merit, all of them being very poor. The first chapter is laid in Virginia in the ante-bellum times and the story ends "after the war." (D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.)

"Witches' Gold," by Hamlin Garland, is stated to be a new and enlarged version of "The Spirit of Sweetwater," which was its basis in a shorter serial form. It is a story of mines, miners, mine-engineers and mining camps. It is needless to state that there is

also a lady in it, and it closes on the brink of a wedding. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50)

"Caybigan," by James Hopper, is a story of the Philippines. Mr. Hopper is one of the few writers who have had the necessary experience for working that new literary vein. He does it very cleverly indeed. (McClure, Phillips & Co.)

"Holyland," by Gustave Frenssen, is translated from the German by Mary Agnes Hamilton. It is laid among the humble people who live on the borders of the German Ocean: (Dana, Estes & Co. \$1.50.)

Juvenile Books.

"Seem-So's," by L. J. Bridgman, is a child's picture-book in two colors. (H. M. Caldwell Co.) "Racketty-Packetty House" and "Queen Silver-Bell," by Frances Hodgson Burnett. Each contains twenty illustrations in color by Harrison Cady. (Century Co.; price 60 cents each.)

"Lady Hollyhock and Her Friends" is a book of nature dolls by Margaret Coulson Walker with drawings by Mary Isabel Hunt. It is illustrated in color and black and white. (Baker & Taylor Co.)

"Verbeck's Book of Bears," by Hanna Rion, Hayden Carruth, and Frank Verbeck, contains a number of pictures in color and black and white. (J. P. Lippincott Co.)

"Animal Serials," by E. Ward Blaisdell, are copiously illustrated in black and white. (T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

"The Auto Cued" is a pictorial alphabet by James Jay O'Connell and Rudolph E. Leppert. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"Beastly Rhymes," by Burgess Johnson, with pictures by F. Ward Blaisdell, has an introduction by Celett Burgess. (T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

"Doors of War," by Walter Emmanuel is illustrated by Cecil Aldin. (Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25.)

"The Golden Goblet" or "The Flying Dutchman Junior," by Curtis Dunham, illustrated in color by George F. Kerr. (Bobbie-Mell Co.)

"The Punch and Judy Book," by Helen Hay Whitney, has pictures by Charlotte Harding. (Duffield & Co., New York.)

"The Babies' Hymnal" is selected by Marion H.P. McFadden, with designs by Abraham Poole, Jr. It is a very artistic piece of work. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)

Harper Publications.

"Some Successful Marriages," by Abby Meguire Roach, is illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens. It discusses the romance and philosophy of married life. (\$1.25.)

"Balboa," by Frederick A. Ober, is a popular life of the discoverer. (\$1.00 net.)

"Beyond the Rocks," by Elinor Clyn, is a love story laid in London, the Riviera, and Paris. (\$1.50.)

"Gray Mist," by the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress," is illustrated in color from paintings by the author. The scenes are laid in Brittany among humble fisher folk. (\$1.50 net.)

"The Life of Christ Without—Within" by Henry Ward Beecher, is made up of two of that divine's sermons. (\$1.00.)

"Kate" is a comedy by Bronson Howard, one of the most successful among the elder American dramatists. The comedy deals with the modern question of international marriages. The author has published his play in book form before producing it on the stage. Stage directions and repetitions of names are omitted, making the reading easier.

New Publications.

"Through the Gates of the Netherlands," by Mary E. Waller, contains twenty-four artistic illustrations in photogravure by A. Montferand. It describes the life and habits of the Netherlands with much attention to detail. The book is an extremely handsome one. Little, Brown & Co.; \$3 net.

"The Worker, and Other Poems," by Coningsby William Dawson, are meritorious verses on melancholy themes. Although the poet prays that "grievous men grow glad because of me," he can not expect them to wax merry over poems that sing of death and suffering, injustice and sin. The Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.25 net.

"The Birch-Tree Fairy Book," edited by Clifton Johnson and illustrated by Willard Bonte, contains a number of the old favorites. If children nowadays are as they used to be, they greatly prefer the fairy stories they know to those they never heard before. There are such time-honored favorites as "Jack the Giant-Killer" and "The Forty Robbers" in this volume, which leads us to believe rejoicingly that all of the children nowadays are not yet grown up. There are over one hundred pictures in the book and it is handsomely bound in decorated cloth. Little, Brown & Co.; price \$1.75.

GAS HEATERS

\$1.50

Six feet of TUBING FREE
AT YOUR SERVICE

THE GAS COMPANY

500 Haight Street 421 Presidio Ave.
1260 Ninth Ave. 2965 16th St.



SPENCERIAN

STEEL PENS

To write easily and smoothly, you want a pen that's even of point.
To get a pen that's even of point, buy the Spencerian Pen.
Made of the best steel, by expert hand workers. Every one perfect. No seconds. There's a Spencerian Pen made for you.
Sample card of 12 pens, different patterns, sent upon receipt of 6 cents in postage.
SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 349 Broadway, New York.

LIBRARIANS TAKE NOTICE

PROBATE SALE

Full set (except 1856) of SAN FRANCISCO DIRECTORIES for sale, including Kimball's for 1850, Parker's for 1852-53, LeCount and Strong's for 1854, Langley's for 1858 to 1895 (both inclusive), and Crocker-Langley's from 1896 to 1904 (both inclusive); in good condition.

Sealed bids received until noon Saturday, December 22, 1906.

Address: JOSEPH HUTCHINSON
1117 Mission Street San Francisco, Cal.

Books at Cost

CLOSING OUT ENTIRE LINE OF
NEW BOOKS AT A REDUCTION OF
33 1/3 per cent on regular books
20 " " " net

A SAVING OF 50c On Every \$1.50 Book
35c On Every \$1.00 Book
25c On Every 75c Book

JAMES D. BLAKE

AT THE SIGN OF THE LAMP
643 Turk Street Near Van Ness Ave.
Open Evenings after 7 o'clock

EDUCATIONAL

St. Matthew's Military School

Burlingame, California

Easter Term begins January 10, 1907

For illustrated catalogue address

REV. WILLIAM A. BREWER, Rector

IRVING INSTITUTE

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Accredited by the universities. Special advantages in music art, and elocution. Twenty-eighth year.

MISS PINKHAM and MISS MACLENNAN, Principals.
2126 California Street, San Francisco.
Easter Term opens Monday, January 7, 1907, 9 a. m.

Twin Oaks Camp School.

Outdoor life on a Ranch for boys under fifteen.

Each boy has a tent-house and saddle horse.

Best of references.

Address

MISS MARGARET MARSH-PARKER,
SAN MARCOS, San Diego Co., California.

MISS HARKER'S SCHOOL

Palo Alto, Cal. Home and Day School for Girls. Intermediate and Primary Departments. Certificate admits to Stanford, Vassar and Wellesley. Number limited. Reopens August 20th.

MR. HUGO MANSFELDT

Announces his removal to 2090 Fell St., corner of Shrader. Telephone West 1736.

U. REVEL, A. M.

Post-Graduate from Florence Italy.

ITALIAN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

918 Alice Street Oakland

LITERARY NOTES.

Jack London's Drama.

Jack London has written a three-act drama, but Messrs. Fitch, Howard, Thomas, et al., need not look to their laurels. Unless London writes another and a better drama the playwrights have not a dangerous competitor in the novelist.

"Scorn of Women," is the title, Dawson is the scene, and 1897 the time of the play. The characters include a Greek dancer, a Klondike millionaire, a Hungarian adventurer, a United States army captain and his wife, an Indian dog-driver, and a young girl of "the soft and clinging kind." The play is concerned with the love affairs of a young Eldorado king, a man of almost childish emotions. He is easy prey for designing women, and when the dazzling Hungarian appears on the scene, she has no difficulty in persuading him to elope with her to civilization to enjoy his millions. But a sweetheart from the States, whom he had sent for, is hastening over the ice, and is hourly expected. The dancer and the army captain's wife learn of the intended elopement, and each contrive plans to detain the young fellow until his sweetheart's arrival. The "unco guid" of the camp believe that Freda, the Greek girl, is actuated by mercenary motives, but the matronly interest of Mrs. Captain Eppingwell is beyond reproach. It is the dancer who finally succeeds in preventing his departure, by simulating affection for him, and the fickle miner asks her to be his companion in the elopement instead of the Hungarian. The girl from the States arrives in the midst of his passionate dialogue with Freda, and he just as lightly transfers his affection to her.

The dramatic vigor of London's stories is absent from the play, which seems to have been hastily constructed. The comedy is bright at intervals, but on the whole the book is only mildly interesting.

Published by The Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.25.

Susan Coolidge's Poetry.

Susan Coolidge is, perhaps, better known for the "Katy Did" series, and other books for children, than as a writer of poetry. The reason is probably that the frankly religious tone of many of her poems has limited her admirers among the general reading public. Whether it be a fact to deplore or not, the lover of poetry, however devout he may be, does not usually woo the halo-crowned muse.

There is an eloquent sketch of Susan Coolidge in a posthumous volume of her poems, "Last Verses." The verses are marked by the cheery, sympathetic note that is characteristic of her writings. Her intense and vivid interest in life, her "words of rejoicing for all who are happy, and words of consolation for those who are sad," will find for her "Last Verses" a warm welcome in many hearts. The opening poem, "Helen Keller," is a beautiful tribute to the talented blind girl.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.00 net.

Pike's Peak to The Pacific.

"The Land of Enchantment," by Lilian Whiting, has thirty-five full page illustrations from photographs. It describes the continent "from Pike's Peak to the Pacific," the various places described and pictured are the Grand Canyon, Summit of Pike's Peak, the Devil's Slide near Cripple Creek, Gateway of the Garden of the Gods, Cathedral Spires near Colorado Springs, Cathedral Rocks, the Enchanted Mesa, the Cliff Dweller Ruins, the Watch Tower, New Mexico, the Petrified Giant Forest, and other views in Arizona.

Published by Little, Brown & Co.; \$2.50 net.

Shakespeare Texts.

Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury has written a work entitled "The Text of Shakespeare," which covers the ground from the publication of the quartos and folios down to the editions of Pope and Theobald. Professor Lounsbury discusses

the earliest editions and the differences of the early texts. He also devotes much space to Pope's edition, his treatment of the text, Pope's attack on Theobald, Warburton's attack on Pope, the reception of Theobald's edition, its defects, his difficulties, and Shakespeare controversies generally, including the great one of 1728. Professor Lounsbury has delved deeply in mounds of dead and gone newspapers, and his work is a monument of original research.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Century Company Publications.

"The Chateaux of Touraine" is a handsome volume, the text by Maria Horner Lansdale, pictures by Jules Guerin. Of illustrations there are over three score, some in color, the rest in black and tint from photographs. Among the interesting chateaux in the pictures are Chinon, Plessis-le-Tours, Loches, St. Ours, Langeais, Amboise, Blois, Luynes, Chenonceaux, Cheverny, and finally Chambord, the historic chateau of which the last Bourbon Pretender to France's throne wore the name while exiled in Austria. Historic chateaux are these indeed, and to forget their Gothic beauty. Those who have not seen them could not do better than to examine their counterfeit presentiments in Miss Lansdale's book. There is much historic lore in the volume, and the pictures of the chateaux, towers, and dungeons show windows from which famous persons escaped, and cells in which other famous persons were imprisoned. There is an elaborate analytical table of contents and a complete index. (Price, \$6.00 net. Postage, 27 cents.)

"Georgie," by Dorothea Deakin, is a story of a "big, blonde, boyish Englishman," who loves a different girl in every chapter. Were he an American he might divorce and marry a different wife in every State—if he could get them, *bona fide*. Being an Englishman, he probably never thought of that. There are many amusing situations in the story. (\$1.50.)

"Don-A-Dreams," by Harvey J. O'Higgins, is the story of a Canadian youth who seeks his fortune in New York, and of the girl whom he loves, who tries to make her living there by teaching music. (\$1.50.)

"A Modern Madonna," by Caroline Abbott Stanley, is a novel with a motive, which is to bring about the repeal of laws taking the custody of children away from their mother. This story is laid in Washington, D. C., where by District law a widow is deprived of her child under her husband's will. (\$1.50.)

H. G. Wells has written his greatest book, "In the Days of the Comet," a romance of intense human interest. Before "the great change," when earth became Utopia, men lived in a dark world; it was full of preventable disorder, preventable diseases, preventable pain, of hardships and cruelties. The story of three persons—a middle-class English girl and her two lovers—who lived at this evil period is told in "In the Days of the Comet." The girl elopes with one of the men at a time when the population has been watching a beautiful comet which has been lighting the sky for weeks. The discarded lover, who has been seeking his rival and the girl, finds them at the moment when the comet grazes the earth. All living things are suddenly asphyxiated by the green vapors of the comet, and when the world awakes a marvelous change has come over the spirit of the people. The ideal of peace and good will is realized at last; the young lover has lost his enmity; the warring of the classes has ceased; the "brotherhood of man" has dawned. The love story from this point is one of exhilarating interest. While the book is remarkable as a work of the imagination, it is also a stirring arraignment of the faults of the present time. (\$1.50.)

Travel Books.

"Rosemary in Search of a Father," by C. N. and A. M. Williamson, is one of the "travel novels" now so much in vogue. The authors are notable for their successful motor-car novels. This is in the same vein; it begins with "a rose-girl at the Monte Carlo Casino," and a young man; it ends with a fire kindled by a jealous woman at Eze, which is one of the villages on the Corniche Road. The book is handsomely illustrated, and has ornamental borders and end pieces. (McClure, Phillips & Co.)

"Pictures from the Balkans," by John Foster Frazer, contains forty full page plates from photographs, a colored frontispiece, a map, and an index. The book is quite up to date, the author having apparently visited the Balkan peninsula as recently as a year ago. (Cassell & Co.)

"Italian Days and Ways," by Anne Hollingsworth Wharton, contains eight illustrations after photographs. The book is in the form of letters written home. It begins at Genoa, goes along the Riviera, to Rome, and ends at Lake Como. (Lippincott & Co.; \$1.50 net.)

"The Fair Hills of Ireland," by Stephen Gwynn, is illustrated by Hugh Gwynn in color and crayon. There are four colored plates and over thirty black and white illustrations. It is, as the author says, "a guide book to places of historic interest in Ireland" but it is a great deal more. The author is a strong lover of his native land and even prints some Gaelic poems in the book. (MacMillan & Co.; \$2.00.)

Books for Boys and Girls.

"Deeds of Daring Done by Girls," by N. Hudson Moore, illustrated in colors by Archie Gunn. (Stokes Co.; \$1.50.)—"Things Worth Doing," by Lina Beard and Adelia B. Beard, tells how to make toys and play games. (Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.00.)—"The Field and Forest Handy Book," by D. S. Beard, tells how to make kites, aquariums, herbals, ums, boats, camp-o-vens, log houses, and how to camp out. (Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.00.)—"Lost in the Forbidden Land," by Edward S. Ellis, tells of Americans who trace the Pileomayo River to its source. (John C. Winston Co.; \$1.00.)—"The Further Fortunes of Pinkey Perkins," by Captain Harold Hammond, U. S. A., is the story of a mischievous boy. (Century Co.; \$1.50.)—"Jack the Young Canoeeman," by George Bird Grinnell, illustrated by Edward Willard Deming, describes a canoe voyage along the coast of British Columbia. (Stokes Co.; \$1.25.)—"The Crimson Swastika," by Ralph Henry Barbour, illustrated by C. M. Relyea, is an "athletic story" of hazing, hockey, and boating. (Century Co.; \$1.50.)—"The Beautiful Story of Doris and Julie," by Gertrude Smith, illustrated in colors, is for small girls. (Harpers; \$1.20 net.)—"Poems for Young Americans," by Will Carleton is illustrated. Poems, patriotic and humorous. (Harpers; \$1.25.)—"A Little Son of Sunshine," by Ellen Douglas Deland. Story of an orphan boy. (Harpers; \$1.25 net.)—"Dunnie," by Philip Ver-rill Mighels. Story of a little boy from the East who goes to live in a Western lumber camp. (Harpers; \$1.25.)—"Wee Winkles and Snowball," by Gabrielle E. Jackson. Story of a pet pony. (Harpers; \$1.25 net.)—"The Orange Fairy Book," by Andrew Lang, illustrated by Henry Ford. Stories from South Africa, from the Punjab, and other strange places. (Longmans; \$1.50 net.)—"The Fairy

Ring," by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith is a compilation from many other standard collections of fairy stories. (McClure, Phillips & Co.)

Harper Bros. Publications.

"The Illustrious O'Hagan," by Justin Huntly McCarthy, is laid in a German principal in the eighteenth century. O'Hagan is a soldier of fortune, and rescues Dorothea from her dissolute husband. When a lady is rescued from her husband by a gallant young man there is but one ending, which is apparent to the meanest intellect. (\$1.50.)

The author of "The Garden of Allah," Robert Hichens, has written a story that throbs with emotional power in "The Call of the Blood." It is the tale of a young English couple who are spending their honeymoon on the Island of Sicily. Into their life comes a beautiful peasant girl who forces the Englishman to play a leading part in a series of dramatic adventures. (\$1.50.)

Those who have the sailor's love and knowledge of the sea and ships will read Joseph Conrad's "The Mirror of the Sea," with great enjoyment, but the book has less of interest for the landsman. There are fifteen papers on as many phases of sea life, and all are written in the masterly style that distinguishes Mr. Conrad's work. (\$1.50.)

A romance that at once suggests "The Prisoner of Zenda," and which many will read with equal interest, is Anthony Hope's new story, "Saphy of Kravonia." A high-spirited English girl, who saves the life of the Prince of Kravonia, and who thereby becomes entangled in court intrigues, conspiracies, and exciting adventures, is the chief character in the story. (\$1.50.)

Bobbs-Merrill Co. Publications.

"Romance Islands," by Zona Gale, contains three illustrations in tint of Hermann C. Wall. (\$1.50.)

"Jewel Weed," by Alice Ames Winter, is illustrated by Harrison Fisher, and its illustrations are above the average. An Oriental from the far East framed in a middle-Eastern setting is an unusual note. (\$1.50.)

"Saul of Tarsus," by Elizabeth Miller, begins "in the year 30 A. D." Herod, Agrippa, and other Biblical personages figure in it. It is illustrated by Andre Castaigne. Mr. Castaigne has not the time to draw so well as he used to do. (\$1.50.)

"The Charlatans," by Bert Leston Taylor, is a "musical novel," and tells the story of a Western farmer's daughter who goes to the big city to study music. (\$1.50.)

New Publications.

"The Incomplete Amorist" justifies E. Nesbit's conspicuous place among the leading women novelists. It is a story of art and social life in and around Paris, although the principal characters are English. The author is at her best in humorous dialogue, in fact her love of the ridiculous is so keen that the more serious situations are interrupted by comedy incidents. (Doubleday, Page & Co. New York; \$1.50.)

HOLIDAY BOOKS

THE FIRST FORTY YEARS OF WASHINGTON SOCIETY

From the Letters and Journals of Mrs. Samuel Harrison Smith (Margaret Bayard). Edited by Gaillard Hunt.

Illustrated. \$2.50 net Postpaid \$2.70

"With a keen sense of humor, an eye for the picturesque, warm sympathies and considerable cultivation, Mrs. Smith could not fail to be a good correspondent, and her writings are of genuine value and most entertaining."—N. Y. Tribune.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS' new book

REAL SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

In his great novel, "Soldiers of Fortune," Mr. Davis described the ideal adventurer. Here he tells even more brilliantly the true and extraordinary histories of such men as General William Walker, Baron Harden-Hickey, General MacIver, Winston Spencer Churchill, and Capt. Philo Norton McGiffen, and Burnham, chief of scouts.

Illustrated, \$1.50 net (postage 12 cents).

CAMP FIRES IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

By W. T. HORNADAY Illustrated with photographs by J. M. Philips

"There were adventures with grizzlies, a great mountain-sheep hunt, wonderful trout-fishing, and the grandest of scenery to fill the trip with unalloyed delight and give zest to every page of the book. Mr. Hornaday is in very close sympathy with nature, abounds in humor, writes well, and, best of all he abhors the ruthless destruction of animal life."—New York Times Review.

\$3.00 net (postage 24 cents).

THE QUEEN'S MUSEUM and other Fanciful Tales

By FRANK R. STOCKTON Illustrated in colors, \$2.50

The best and most popular of Stockton's inimitable fairy stories, full of the whimsical humor and gay spirits that make them perfect of that kind, and beautifully illustrated in sympathetically quaint and fanciful manner.

A LITTLE BOOK OF BORES

By OLIVER HERFORD With drawings by the author

"Those who have suffered from the various varieties of Bores will feel a sense of thankfulness to the author."—Brooklyn Eagle. \$1.00 net (postage 8 cents).

THE DOGS OF WAR

By WALTER EMANUEL Illustrated by Cecil Aldin

"In no book since 'Rab' has the life of the common cur been portrayed with so much proudness and truthfulness."—Newark Advertiser.

BY ITALIAN SEAS

By ERNEST C. PEIXOTTO Illustrated by the author

"Without exception this is one of the most entertaining books on travel it has been our good fortune to meet with, pleasant reading, vivid description, bright and genial tone."—Philadelphia Press.

\$2.50 net (postage 20 cents).

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York

Pears'

My grandmother used Pears' Soap; perhaps yours did, too. We owe them gratitude for that.

Use Pears' for the children; they soon acquire the habit.

Established in 1789.

ROBERTSON'S

NEW LOCATION

1539

Van Ness Ave., near Pine

"Next to the White House"

Mr. Robertson calls attention to the above address, which is very centrally located.



JEFFERSON.



VANITY FAIR.

Athletic sports of college young men and women were topics discussed in a recent interview with President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard. He favors but two of those formerly in high favor.

"Basketball is very objectionable," he said. "It is too rough and there are too many chances for cheating. The rules have been stretched so that they spoil the game. It would be a good thing to have basketball especially discontinued.

"Rowing and tennis are the only sports in which honorable play altogether is practiced. You can no more cheat in those two sports than in a game of cards; you would be crowded out of society if you tried.

"To baseball there are many objections. Still, I would not advocate its discontinuance, because it is so popular. Some forms of track sports are also objectionable. There is too much cheating on records.

"Hockey is altogether too rough. It requires team work, and I must say I have no use for a game that requires that. It is not open enough and, as in basketball, its rules have been distorted.

"I have explained my objections to football. I know it is popular, but, as I have said, the university would not suffer if there were no more football.

"I can not say too much in favor of rowing. Not only is there an absence of cheating, but it is the most healthful and interesting as well as one of the two most honorable sports.

"Tennis can be played with profit by any one. All it requires is individual skill and brains. There is no underhanded team work to it."

Society in Berkeley, the California University town, has been shocked by the abrupt disbandment of a new exclusive cotillion club, because of a "rough house" that took place at the second dance given at the Town and Gown clubhouse. Several of the members of the defunct organization have allowed the facts of the lively evening to leak out and have even gone so far as to confide to some of their friends that it formed one round of joy for a number of frolicsome high school lads. The jollity of the young men would probably have been overlooked had it not been for the fact that a bill for repairs was sent by the Town and Gown Club, the exclusive women's organization, to the ladies who acted as patronesses. The sum was quite a large one, and, although there was considerable money in the treasury of the Cotillion Club most of it was expended in meeting the bill. The patronesses were so incensed at the turn of affairs that they hurriedly called a meeting at once, framed a curt note stating that the Cotillion Club had been disbanded and sent copies of it to all the members.

Judging from the admission made by some of the guests at the function, there was no end of fun for the young society lads who gave vent to their mischievousness. One of the pastimes consisted in catching unwary swains and locking them in an ante-room, which was used as an improvised bastille. Determined to keep the engagements on their dance programmes, some of the young men kicked out the panels of the door which held them in, and made their escape to the main floor again. Another amusement consisted in breaking open a locker in which the ladies of the Town and Gown Club keep their banquet dishes. The china was found to make an excellent noise-maker, especially when it was dropped to the cement sidewalk outside. Water was squirted from faucets and the wainscoting scratched. All the details of the damage were itemized in the bill sent to the patronesses.

While the members of the Cotillion Club, whose existence has been so suddenly terminated, were nearly all students at the Berkeley High School, the organization was conducted principally under the direction of the parents of the young people. Nobody was considered to be in the social

swim in the high school unless he had an invitation to the cotillions. As a result, invitations to the affairs were eagerly sought for. It is said that the members of the Lambda Theta Phi sorority and the Phi Delta Kappa fraternity were most conspicuous on the guest list of the cotillion. The patronesses included many of the best known ladies of Berkeley society.

The quality of the American girl's voice, and the uses to which the voice is put, furnished subjects for some remarks by the editor of the *North American Review* that must be called acidulous. There is nothing beyond mere appearance that pleases him in this connection, as may be seen from his criticism:

Our girls have not yet acquired the peculiar method of the cultivated English voice because of a continuing disposition to speak with the muscles of the throat rather than of the lips; but this practice is very far removed from the nasal method, and possesses a distinct advantage in freedom from the English doll-like monotony. We find little that is interesting, aside from her physical appearance, in the American girl of today between the ages of 15 and 22. She has failed to keep pace in any respect with the American boy, whose advancement we recently remarked with satisfaction. Indeed, if the blunt truth be spoken, she is an intolerable bore, self-conscious, ignorant and concerned chiefly with matrimonial aspirations. To the Englishman her pertness, which he imagines to be *chic*, is fascinating and indicative of mental brightness, but this effect is attributable largely to his own dullness. It is the clever management of a limited number of phrases, supplemented by copious use of what he considers delightful slang, not substance or even measurable information, that appeals to his jaded mentality. In point of intelligence, she is, we believe, the equal if not the superior of her English cousin, but in the choice of language she is sadly inferior.

In the *Review* editor's conclusion there is at least some apparently exact information concerning the derivation of recently coined terms:

The use of slang by boys finds some excuse in an unavoidable association with unrefined men; its use by girls is simply odious and a direct reflection upon the attention and taste of their mothers. This is easily proven by inquiry into the source of the petted phrases. Take, for example, two of the latest—"Twenty-three" and "Skidoo." These have slightly different meanings, the exact interpretation of the former being "to the rear," and the latter "scamper," or "flee in haste." The former had its origin at the race track, which ordinarily has only sufficient width to accommodate twenty-two horses standing side by side, so that the twenty-third is necessarily relegated to an unfavorable position. The use of the coined phrase, therefore, implies a knowledge of details of professional sport, the possession of which by a young girl is distinctly unbecoming. The second is a mere substitute for "skedaddle," itself of American origin and now regarded by common consent as egregiously vulgar. Scores of like illustrations might be put in evidence; but these should suffice to convince a mother, teacher, or even a comparatively ignorant girl herself of the desirability of seeking the roots of terms whose use she has come to regard as an evidence of smartness.

Being a soldier and not a financier Lord Wolseley has lost steadily in reckless commercial enterprises with which he has occupied himself since he vacated his position as Commander-in-Chief. In spite of the fact that England showed her appreciation of the hero of Tel-el-Kebir by a grant of \$275,000 and a peerage, his fortune now is so reduced that it is said mortgages have been piled upon his country house, Glynde, in Sussex, and he has been compelled to accept the king's grant of apartments at Hampton Court Palace, which is a kind of royal almshouse and, with this he is compelled to sell his magnificent collection of ancient arms and armor.

IT IS EASY WITH
ELECTRO SILICON
to Clean and Polish
SILVERWARE
Send address for a FREE SAMPLE, or 15c. in stamps for a full box. Electro-Silicon Soap has equal merits.
THE ELECTRO SILICON CO., 30 Cliff St., New York.
Grocers and Druggists sell it.

The Little Palace Hotel
corner of
Post and Leavenworth Sts.
IS
OPEN
The same excellence in cuisine and service that obtained in the Old Palace is duplicated in the new "Little Palace."
JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK
Manager



Hotel del Coronado
A gem set in semi-tropical surroundings
Dryest marine climate known
No winter, but perpetual spring or early summer
Outdoor sports 365 days in the year
Golf, Polo, Tennis
Fishing, Boating and Bathing
Choicest cuisine of any hotel in the West
American plan only
All modern conveniences
All outside rooms
Send for illustrated booklet.
MORGAN ROSS, Mgr., Coronado Beach Cal.
H. F. NORCROSS, General Agent
334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles

These trade-mark crescent crosses are on every package
CRESCO FLOUR For
(Formerly called GLUTEN FLOUR)
SPECIAL DIABETIC FLOUR
K. C. WHOLE WHEAT FLOUR
Unlike all other goods. Ask grocers.
For book or sample, write
FARWELL & RHINES, WATERTOWN, N. Y., U. S. A.

PRINTING CARES of Business People taken care of by
SPAULDING-GRAUL COMPANY
Formerly GEO. SPAULDING & CO.
being a concern where the wants of those desiring Printing, Lithographing, Bookbinding, Designing, Engraving, Etc., are given prompt attention. Give us a trial.
914 Howard Street at Fifth
Phone Temp. 2351 San Francisco

HOTEL COLLINGWOOD
35th St., between 5th Ave. and Broadway
NEW YORK CITY
New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district, containing every modern device for comfort of guests.
Positively exclusive. Service a la carte.

JAMES TRICYCLE CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF
Rolling Chairs
FOR ALL PURPOSES
Self-propelling Tricycle Chairs
FOR THE DISABLED
INVALID CHAIRS
Wholesale & Retail and For Rent
SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE,
1808 Market St., San Francisco, or 837 South Spring St., Los Angeles.

BANKING.

STEAMER DAY YIELDS TO MODERN METHODS

Now that Steamer Day is abolished, it is no longer necessary to keep large sums of money on hand, tempting theft or burglar. The safer and more convenient method is to open a bank account and mail checks when accounts are due.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Pays Interest on Checking Accounts

and extends every courtesy to its depositors—large or small. You are invited to open an account at the Home Office or one of our branches.

HOME OFFICE

California and Montgomery Streets

West End Branch 1531 Divisadero
Uptown Branch 1850 Geary, near Fillmore
Mission Branch 927 Valencia

Mutual Savings Bank

710 Market St., Opposite Third

SAN FRANCISCO
Guaranteed Capital \$ 1,000,000
Paid-up Capital 300,000
Surplus 320,000
Assets 10,000,000
Interest paid on deposits.
Loans on approved securities.

Officers—President, James D. Phelan; First Vice-President, S. G. Murphy; Second Vice-President, John A. Hooper; Secretary and Cashier, Geo. A. Story; Asst. Secretary and Asst. Cashier, C. B. Hohson; Attorney, Frank J. Sullivan.
Directors—James D. Phelan, John A. Hooper, Frank J. Sullivan, Jas. M. McDonald, S. G. Murphy, James Moffitt, Roht. McElroy, Charles Holbrook, Rudolph Spreckels.

French American Bank

Union Trust Building (Third Floor)

Ready to accommodate its customers and do a general banking business. We will collect on insurance policies for those wishing our services.

THE FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

occupies offices in the same building.

Officers—Charles Carpy, President; Arthur Legallet, Vice-President; Leon Bocqueraz, Vice-President.
Directors—J. E. Artigues, O. Bozio, J. A. Berg-erot, E. J. DeSahla, J. M. Dupas, J. S. Godeau, J. J. Mack, Geo. Belaney, Leon Kaufman.

Our Branch Bank is Now Open

at No. 810 Van Ness Avenue, near Eddy St.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus \$ 2,552,719.61
Capital actually paid up in cash 1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1906 38,476,520.22

F. Tillmann, Jr., President; Daniel Meyer, First Vice-President; Emil Rohte, Second Vice-President; A. H. R. Schmidt, Cashier; Wm. Herrmann, Asst. Cashier; Geo. Tourny, Secretary; A. H. Muller, Asst. Secretary; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.

Board of Directors:

F. Tillmann, Jr., Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohte, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, N. Ohlandt, J. W. Van Bergen, E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

Helping the Homeless

The Continental Building and Loan Association

Has helped build up several interior towns and cities of California but for the next few years its funds will be used to help restore the burned homes of San Francisco

Dr. Washington Dodge, President
Gavin McNab, Attorney.
Wm. Corbin, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr.

Office: Corner Market and Church Streets

A. Zellerbach & Sons
PAPER DEALERS

Now Located at

Volkman Bldg., 416 Jackson St., San Francisco
Branch: 514 Eleventh St., Oakland

FULL SUPPLY OF ALL KINDS OF PAPER

THE LATEST STYLES IN
Choice Woolens

H. S. Bridge & Co.

Merchant Tailors

1176 O'Farrell Street

STAGE GOSSIP.

Dramatic Notes.

Ernest Hastings, a former Alcazar favorite, is now leading man with the Baker Theatre Stock Company in Portland, Oregon.

"The Man of the Hour," a comedy of political life by George H. Broadhurst, was produced a few days ago at the Savoy Theatre in New York, and achieved instant success. William A. Brady and Joseph R. Grismer, the managers, have had some unfortunate experiences at that theatre, but believe they will make up for them with this production.

Thomas Jefferson will play "Rip Van Winkle" in Paris next year, in the French language and with a French company.

The freakish play entitled "The Doctor's Dilemma," by George Bernard Shaw, is not likely to prove a great success in spite of its author's present vogue. It was produced recently at the Court Theatre in London, and called "a tragedy in four acts and an epilogue." Of the fourteen characters in the play, six are doctors. Mr. Shaw is said to have treated the medical profession with more consideration than was expected, but there is no little satire in the piece. The plot concerns a physician who is obliged to choose which of two patients he will save.

Some London theatres refuse to allow uniformed messengers to hold a place in the line of waiting ticket-buyers. Managers say that people of wealth can secure advantages by means of these paid servitors that others can not have.

Lulu Glaser will soon begin rehearsals of Paul M. Potter's comedy, "The Beauty Shop," in which she will appear late in December.

The denials of engagement by George Ade and Helen Hale, the dancing comedienne, do not strike one as convincing. Mr. Ade tries to turn it off lightly with a jest that it is a malicious attempt to injure Miss Hale's theatrical career, and Miss Hale says: "It is the first I have heard about it"—possibly with the mental addition "from outside parties." The public will notice not only that no affidavits are offered, but also that no flat and explicit denials are made.

Across the street from the school in Chicago where he studied when a boy, was a building called "Honore's Barn," and it was therein that Louis James first donned the sock and buskin, says a writer in the Los Angeles *Graphic*. There he used to appear in the borrowed table-cloth of his mother and recite the love-story of Antony to the Cleopatra of Bertha Honore, whose father owned the barn. Bertha Honore is now the universally known Mrs. Potter P. Imer, and many times did he and she divide the pins paid for admission to witness their shows. Leaving school, their lives became divided, she to be a millionaire's wife, he to be an actor.

Musical Notes.

The Lambardi Grand Italian Opera Company, which is now appearing in Los Angeles, will come to San Francisco for a brief season, opening Christmas night. "Aida" is the first opera to be produced, and "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Faust," "Il Trovatore," "Rigoletto," and other favorites will follow.

"The Belle of Mayfair," Leslie Stuart's latest musical comedy, is a success at Daly's Theatre in New York, and is said to bid fair to eclipse the vogue of "Florodora." Irene Bentley, Christie MacDonald, and Ignacio Martinetti are prominent in the cast.

Oscar Hammerstein's new Manhattan Opera House, at Eighth Avenue and Thirty-Fourth Street, was opened Monday evening, December 3. Bellini's opera, "I Puritani," with Bonci, the new tenor, were the chief attractions, and they were sufficient to crowd the new and handsome theatre. Many representatives of New York exclusive society circles were present, and no less than 700 carriages were in the line that moved slowly past the house

twice during the evening. The new tenor, Bonci, created a favorable impression, and though his voice is said to be not so robust as that of Caruso, it is called remarkably pure and the art with which it used is highly praised. Other members of the cast, the chorus, and the conductor, were given good notices in the New York papers, and Mr. Hammerstein congratulated in his success, fairly won and without assistance from any clique. New York now has two grand opera companies of the highest rank.

Alice Neilsen, who is with the San Carlo Grand Opera Company in New Orleans, is a popular favorite there. Her singing in the role of Gilda in "Rigoletto," was given high praise.

Puccini's opera, "Madam Butterfly," presented in English at the Garden Theatre in New York by Henry W. Savage's company, continues to draw large audiences in spite of strong counter-attractions. Many artists of the Metropolitan and Manhattan grand opera companies go often to see the opera. This is its first American production.

Harry B. Smith, author of the librettos of many light opera and musical comedy successes, was married recently to Irene Bentley, an actress of reputation and now appearing in "The Belle of Mayfair."

Captain Basil Hood has adapted Sardou's "The Merveilleuses" for the English stage. Dr. Hugo Felix has written the comedy-opera music for the piece. and Manager George Edwardes has produced it successfully at Daly's Theatre in London. It is spoken of as a bright and thoroughly entertaining production, with the music an important and pleasing part of the work.

The Gabrilowitsch Concerts.

The following programme will be played by Gabrilowitsch at his first appearance next Tuesday night, December 18:

Beethoven.... Rondo, G major, Op. 51.
Bach..... Prelude, A minor.
 Sarabande, E minor.
 Gavotte, B minor (arranged by Saint-Saens).
Schubert..... Moment Musical, A flat major.
 Menuet, B minor.
Chopin..... Sonata, B flat minor.
Arensky..... Two preludes, Op. 63 (new).
Leshetzky.... Intermezzo in octaves.
Gabrilowitsch Theme Varie, Op. 4.

The same programme will be given at the Oakland concert, Thursday afternoon at three o'clock in Ye Liberty Playhouse.

At the Saturday afternoon concert at Lyric Hall the artist will include in his programme the Sonata in A minor by Schubert, a group of Chopin works, some Mendelssohn "Songs Without Words," a Brahms Rhapsodie, and smaller numbers by Faure, Glazounow, Moszkowski, and Liszt. Manager Greenbaum is endeavoring to arrange a fourth concert at which the young artist can play the new sonata by Glazounow, which has created a furor wherever played.

Soirees Parisienne.

Mons. L. Planel, a native son, who has for the past twenty years or more resided in Paris, where he has been honored with the cross of the Legion of Honor and holds the position of an officer of public instruction, is visiting his old home, having been summoned on account of losses in the late disaster. Accompanying Mons. Planel is his wife Mme. Tekley-Planel, a prominent actress and reader and a member of the celebrated company of the Theatre Francaise.

Will Greenbaum has arranged to give two typical "Soirees Parisienne" with these artists. The programmes will be typically French and devoted to music and poetry by modern French masters. Mme. Tekley-Planel will recite some poems written expressly for her and some with musical settings composed by her husband, who is an accomplished violin virtuoso and composer as well as a singer. These affairs will be given Thursday evening, December 27, and Sunday afternoon, December 30, at Lyric Hall.

Maxine Elliott Coming.

The appearance at the Novelty Theatre of Maxine Elliott, commencing Monday, December 17, will be an event of moment. Aside from the notable popularity of the actress, there is bound to be an interest manifested in the engagement through the first appearance of a star of such magnitude since the fire in April. Theatre-goers are given this opportunity to enjoy the first high class attraction seen here in the past eight months through the efforts of Gottlob, Marx & Co., and the management of the Novelty Theatre. The latter have been induced to discontinue their vaudeville attractions for the week and make way for the presentation of Miss Elliot and her play "Her Great Match." The engagement is limited to six nights and one matinee, as the regular season of the Novelty Theatre begins on Monday night December 24

The Orpheum.

John Hyams and Leila McIntyre, two of the most popular entertainers before the public, will make their first joint appearance in vaudeville in San Francisco at the Orpheum Sunday afternoon in the skit, "Two Hundred Wives." The three Leightons will make their initial bow here in "A One Night Stand in Minstrelsy." Thomas Armstrong and Ella Verne, an Australian comedy duo, will also be new. Julius Steger, and his company, with their musical-dramatic playlet, "The Fifth Commandment," remain for the second and last week. Katherine Nugent will vary her imitations, Mlle. Dziria and her companion will change their terpsichorean work, Charles Serra, Palfrey and Hoefler, the comedy cyclists, and Orpheum Motion Pictures will complete the programme. The great Orpheum Road Show, bigger, brighter than ever will pay its annual visit during the Christmas and New Year holidays.

J. S. DINKELSPIEL

Importer of
Diamonds, Precious Stones
1021 Van Ness Ave.
San Francisco, Cal.
Fine Set Pieces a Specialty

Any Solid Silverware

that passed through the fire, of which there is a fragment left,

Perfectly Restored

To any person having this work to be done I can show wonderful results at my shop, having restored some of the choicest silver in the city.

Specialty of trophies and presentation cups. Suitable designs submitted on application.

Gold and Silver Plating

JOHN O. BELLIS
Manufacturing Silversmith

1624 California Street Near Van Ness Ave.

W. V. N. BAY

B. L. STONE

Stone & Bay Co.

1344 VAN NESS AVE.

Between Sutter and Bush

RUGS ORIENTAL ALL SIZES DOMESTIC

Draperies, Lace Curtains, Portieres
Couch Covers

A VISIT WILL BE APPRECIATED

AMUSEMENTS.

GABRILOWITSCH
The Russian Pianist

at Will Greenbaum's new

LYRIC HALL
corner Turk and Larkin Sts.

Tuesday Eve next, December 18, at 8:15
Saturday Aft. " " 22, " 3

Seats, \$1.50 and \$1.00 may be obtained at
Sherman, Clay & Co's, Van Ness Ave., above California

OAKLAND Concert Thursday Afternoon, Dec. 20, at 3
YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE

NEXT! "Soirees Parisienne" by Mme. Tekley-Planel of the
Theatre Francaise, and Mons. L. Planel, Violinist

NOVELTY THEATRE
Corner O'Farrell & Steiner
LOVERICH & LUBELSKI, Props. and Mgrs.
By Special Arrangement with Gottlob, Marx & Co.
Engagement Positively Limited to
SIX NIGHTS AND MATINEE SATURDAY
Beg. Monday, December 17
Miss MAXINE ELLIOTT
in the Clyde Fitch Comedy, HER GREAT MATCH
Entire New York Production
Sunday, December 23: "Yon Yonson"

ORPHEUM

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee Dec. 16
Matinee Every Day Except Monday

Invigorating Vaudeville:

JOHN HYAMS and LEILA MCINTYRE; The
Three Leightons; Armstrong & Verne; Katherine
Nugent; Mlle. Dziria and Her Dancer; Charles
Serra; Palfrey & Hoefler; Orpheum Motion
Pictures and Last Week of JULIUS STEGER & CO.,
in "THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT" Coming for the
Holidays: The Great ORPHEUM ROAD SHOW.

PRICES—10c, 25c, 50c. Down town Box Office
at Danlon's Drug Store, Fillmore and Sutter Sts.
Phone, West, 6,000.

CHUTES AND ZOO—Open daily from 10 a. m. till
midnight. Admission 10c; Children 5c.

RACING! RACING!

NEW CALIFORNIA
JOCKEY CLUB
OAKLAND TRACK

Six or more Races each Week Day
RAIN OR SHINE

Races start at 1:40 P. M. sharp

For Special Trains stopping at the Track take the
S. P. Ferry, foot of Market Street, leaves at 12, there-
after every twenty minutes until 1:40 p. m.
No smoking in last two cars, which are reserved for
ladies and their escorts.

Returning, trains leave the track after fifth and
last races.
PERCY W. TREAT, Sec.
THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, Pres.

P. Centemeri & Co.

KID GLOVES

New Location

1551 Van Ness Ave.

Between Pine and California

San Francisco

Press Clippings

Are money-makers for Contractors
Supply-houses, Business Men
and Corporations.

Allen's Press Clipping Bureau
Kohl Building

For Christmas Cheer
La Questa

A LUSCIOUS OLD RED WINE

L. M. WALTER Corner California
and Devisadero Sts.

McCAW BROS. - 401 Devisadero

Producer:
E. H. Rixford
Kohl Building, San Francisco

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief For
CHAPPED HANDS, CHAFED
and all skin troubles. "A
higher in price perhaps, of in
demerits, but a real relief in
the relief after shaving and after a
hot bath, or after a long day's
work."—The New York Times.

Gerhard Mennen Company, - Newark, N. J.

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Louise Redington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Redington, to Dr. Albion W. Hewlett. No date has been arranged for the wedding.

The engagement is announced of Miss Miriam Thomson, daughter of Mrs. S. E. Thomson, of Berkeley, to Mr. Frederick Parsons Tatum.

Invitations have been issued by Dr. and Mrs. George Herman Powers to the marriage of their daughter Katharine, to Mr. Edward Chapman, at St. Paul's Church, San Rafael, on Wednesday, December 26.

The marriage of Miss Janet Watkins, daughter of Mrs. Margaret Watkins, to Mr. Harry Dimond took place on Wednesday last at St. Stephen's Church. The ceremony was performed at eleven o'clock, by the Rev. Cecil Marrack. The bride was unattended and Mr. Louis Sloss was best man. Only relatives and a few intimate friends were present.

The marriage of Miss Josephine Tillman, daughter of Mrs. Frank Tillman, to Mr. C. Maitland Cline, took place on Tuesday last at the home of the bride on Van Ness avenue. The ceremony was performed at noon by the Rev. Father Cottle. There were no attendants and only the immediate relatives were present.

In Seattle, on Wednesday evening, December 5, Miss Helen Stuart Wilson, daughter of former U. S. Senator and Mrs. John L. Wilson, was united in marriage to Mr. William Wallace Chapin, of Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott will entertain at a dance on Friday evening, December 28, at the Burlingame Club, in honor of Miss Jennie Crocker and Mr. Templeton Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope will entertain at a dinner dance on Tuesday evening, December 18.

Invitations have been sent out by Captain Henry B. Clark, U. S. A., Lieutenant Guy E. Manning, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Clarence Carrigan, U. S. A., to a dance at Fort Baker, Marin County, on Wednesday evening next.

Mrs. Margaret Irvine and her son, Mr. J. W. Byrne, entertained at a dinner on Friday evening of last week, at the Palace Hotel, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon. Among those present were: Dr. and Mrs. James W. Keeney, Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Garceau, Mrs. Lansing Kellogg, Mrs. Hyde-Smith, Mr. Alexander S. Lilley and Dr. Harry L. Tevis.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard entertained at a luncheon at the Burlingame Club on Sunday of last week, their guests being: Mr. and Mrs. Robert T. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart, Admiral and Mrs. Swinburne, Miss Josephine Brown, Mr. William Coleman, and Mr. H. P. Bowie.

Mrs. Henry L. Dodge entertained at a large tea on Thursday of last week in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Remington Quick, the latter of whom is Mrs. Dodge's niece. Assisting in receiving were: Mrs. Peter Quick, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. Cyrus Walker, Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. Rosenstock, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mrs. Frank Griffin, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Laura

McKinstry, Miss Quick, Miss Mabel Dodge, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Jeannette von Schroeder, Miss Anita Harvey, Miss Mary Keeney, and Miss Genevieve Harvey.

Dr. Wallace Smith, U. S. N., was the host at a dinner, on board the U. S. S. Pensacola on Wednesday evening of last week. Those present were Mrs. Marguerite Hanford, Miss Amy Porter, Miss Ruby Johnson of Sacramento, and Lieutenant-Commander Barnes, U. S. N., and Dr. Riggs, U. S. N.

Mrs. George Beardsley entertained at a tea on Friday afternoon of last week at her home on Sacramento street. Assisting in receiving were: Mrs. Charles Morrison Woods, Miss Ethel Shorb, Miss Gertrude Jolliffe, Miss Colburn, Miss Molly Dutton, and Miss de Young.

Among the many dinners before the Greenway ball last Friday night, was that given by Mrs. Walter Martin at Tait's, in honor of Miss Anita Harvey.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resume of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians.

Mr. and Mrs. William Henckley Taylor and Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selridge spent the Thanksgiving holidays at the Bakersfield ranch of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis.

Miss Anita Dibblee left recently for the East and will sail very shortly for Europe to spend several months.

Mrs. A. E. Head, who has been in California for the past few months, has returned to London, where she will spend the winter with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Mounteney-Jephson.

Mr. Horace Pillsbury left this week for Boston to join Mrs. Pillsbury, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, there for the past six months and who will return with Mr. Pillsbury.

Mrs. Edward J. Pringle, Miss Nina Pringle and Miss Hess Pringle, who have been travelling in Mexico and the East, since their return from Europe in August, have arrived here and are staying in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins and Miss Lydia Hopkins have been registered during the week at the Little Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Antoinette Naglee Burke and her daughter, who have been spending some weeks in Paris, have gone to Naples.

Mrs. William Disston of Philadelphia, who is spending the winter in Santa Barbara, visited San Francisco for several days last week.

Mr. Lawrence McCreery, who has been living at the Burlingame Club for some time past, has recently gone to Del Monte and will probably spend the winter there.

Mrs. C. O. Alexander left this week for Europe where she will spend several months.

Mr. James D. Phelan has returned from a brief trip to New York.

Mr. Edwin McAfee spent the Thanksgiving holidays at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Gaston Ashe has been spending a fortnight in San Francisco as the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Webb.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Robbins, who went abroad during the summer, are at present in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Fred Kohl spent last Friday night in town at the Little Palace Hotel, where they attended the Greenway ball.

Mrs. Drury Melone and Miss Ethel Melone of Napa, have been spending several days in the city recently as guests of Miss Marion Huntington.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Hammond (formerly Miss Ruth Merrill), who left for Australia via Japan and the Philippines, immediately after their marriage in the summer, have reached their destination, and will make it their home for the next year.

The Misses Ysabel, Marie, and Elena Brewer and Mr. Louis Brewer, Jr., who have been at San Mateo during the summer, have taken an apartment on Green street near Fillmore, for the winter.

Mr. Frank King has returned from a month's stay in the East.

Miss Edith Bull will leave shortly after Christmas for New York, where she will spend some time.

Mrs. Ives and Miss Florence Ives will leave shortly for Coronado to spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Dornin, of Berkeley, will be at Del Monte for several weeks.

Among recent arrivals at Del Monte are Dr. and Mrs. F. C. S. Sanders, Capt. F. R. Day, and Mrs. Day, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Smith, Mr. H. V. Carter, Mr. Richard Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hauser, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Douglass, Jr., Mr. W. J. Otis, Mr. P. J. Aaron, Mr. E. N. Fellers, and Mr. W. H. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Hillis, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Cole, and Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Elliott.

A new edition of Helen Keller's "Story of My Life" is being brought out, the ninth since its first appearance. The book has been translated and printed in French, German, and Spanish.

In an obscure but picturesque little village of far off Germany there is a place called the "Chocolate Cure," where thin people go to become stout, says an English paper. The patients eat and drink cocoa and chocolate all the time while they rest, admire the scenery, gossip and grow fatter every day. The true secret of the great success of this treatment is the happy way chocolate has of fattening just the right places, settling in the hands, the arms, the neck and the shoulders, making the fair patient prettier and plumper all the time. The really effective part of this cure may be tried at home by any persevering woman, and the medicine is so palatable and the method so simple that there is actually, it seems, no reason why all of us should not be of just the desired weight.

A "literary press agent" is represented in the current number of *The Bookman*, by an alleged confession of methods adopted to force the sale of books. Among the advertising plans described is that of critical, even abusive, letters from friends of the "press agent," written to the newspapers with the object of stirring up discussion. It is said that many books that would have slumbered in obscurity have been sold rapidly by this scheme of forced public attention.

To enable those who buy and read as they run to choose discriminatingly, London *Punch* suggests a new color-scheme for bindings. "Novels shall be bound and colored according to their contents. Thus, sensational fiction must be issued in red boards, idylls of rural tranquillity in green or tree-calf, whilst brown covers are reserved for essays of the ruminating type, dispatched from study windows and the like."

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Porter Bishop are rejoicing in the advent of a son in their home.

They who make the glasses we sell are skilled workmen of the highest grade.

A lens that we produce is perfect—you are invited to visit our factory.

HIRSCH & KAISER,

1757 Fillmore Street

Opticians

CLUBBING LIST FOR 1907.

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

American Magazine and Argonaut.....	\$ 4.25
Argosy and Argonaut.....	4.35
Atlantic Monthly and Argonaut.....	6.70
Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.20
Century and Argonaut.....	7.00
Commoner and Argonaut.....	4.10
Cosmopolitan and Argonaut.....	4.35
Criterion and Argonaut.....	4.35
Critic and Argonaut.....	5.10
Current Literature and Argonaut.....	5.90
English Illustrated Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.70
Forum and Argonaut.....	6.00
Harper's Bazaar and Argonaut.....	4.35
Harper's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.70
Harper's Weekly and Argonaut.....	6.70
House Beautiful and Argonaut.....	4.75
International Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.50
Judge and Argonaut.....	7.50
Leslie's Weekly and Argonaut.....	6.70
Life and Argonaut.....	7.75
Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.20
Littell's Living Age and Argonaut.....	9.00
Mexican Herald and Argonaut.....	10.50
Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.35
Nineteenth Century and Argonaut.....	7.25
North American Review and Argonaut.....	8.00
Out West and Argonaut.....	5.25
Overland Monthly and Argonaut.....	4.50
Political Science Quarterly and Argonaut.....	5.90
Puck and Argonaut.....	7.50
Review of Reviews and Argonaut.....	5.75
Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.50
Smart Set and Argonaut.....	6.00
St. Nicholas and Argonaut.....	6.00
Sunset and Argonaut.....	4.25
Theatre Magazine and Argonaut.....	5.75
Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut.....	4.25
Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) and Argonaut.....	4.50
Weekly New York Tribune, Weekly New York World, and Argonaut.....	5.25

Practical Holiday Gifts

A FEW SUGGESTIONS FROM AN IMMENSE STOCK

We have all the novelties formerly carried

BOHEMIAN GLASSWARE

SUCH AS COMPORTS, BEAUTIFUL SYMMETRICAL PATTERNS

Prices, \$2.50, \$3.50, \$4.50, \$5.50

CUT GLASS

EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS FROM LEADING FACTORIES

Flower Baskets from \$6.50

5 o'clock Tea Kettles make serviceable gifts

They come in Brass and Copper. Prices, \$4.50, \$6.00, \$7.50 and up

CHAFING DISHES

A large assortment to select from. Copper and Nickel Plated
\$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.75

Nathan-Dohrmann Co.

1520-1550 VAN NESS AVENUE

THE SUPREME COURT

Having by unanimous decision declared the
BURNT RECORDS ACT constitutional,

The Lawyers Title Company

Is prepared to restore your title and notify you of any adverse or encroaching suits that may be brought by others. Owners should register their properties with the Company at once.

DIRECTORS

FRANK P. DEERING
A. F. MORRISON
R. T. HARDING
CHARLES W. SLACK

J. C. MCKINSTRY
CHARLES P. ELLIS
C. B. SESSIONS
J. W. LILIENTHAL

PETER F. DUNNE
CARTER P. POMEROY
E. S. HELLER
WILLIAM THOMAS

OFFICE, 1916 SUTTER STREET

TELEPHONE WEST 6373

A MATTER OF HEALTH

ROYAL



BAKING
POWDER

Absolutely Pure

Cream of Tartar Powder,
free from alum or phosphatic acid

HAS NO SUBSTITUTE

The
White House

Men's Furnishing
Department

Now showing a complete line of
Holiday Novelties
in NECKWEAR, GLOVES
SUSPENDERS
SMOKING JACKETS
WOOLEN AND CRASH ROBES
SILK MUFLERS, UNDERWEAR
SOCKS, ETC., ETC.
UMBRELLAS
FOR MEN AND WOMEN
SPECIAL
MEN'S FOUR-IN-HAND
SCARFS 50^c ea

Raphael Weill & Co., Inc.
N. W. Corner Van Ness Ave. and Pine St.

The Waldorf Hair Store
1528-1530 Bush St., near Van Ness
MISS D. HONIG, Prop.

The place to buy
your Christmas and
New Year's
Presents

Imported French Novelties
Hair Goods, Perfumeries, etc.
BRANCH STORE, 3461 SACRAMENTO ST.

Goodyear Rubber Company
Have Returned to Their Old Home, Where
They Were Located Before the Fire,
573-579 Market St., near Second
Tel. Temporary 1788

HOTEL RAFAEL
SAN RAFAEL, CAL.
50 minutes from San Francisco. Complete
Change of Climate
TIBURON OR SAUSALITO FERRY
All modern Conveniences
R. V. HALTON Proprietor

Sing Fat Co.

San Francisco

生發公司 金山國正埠
Dragon Trade Mark
記為龍金
LARGEST AND OLDEST

CHINESE AND JAPANESE BAZAAR

Has Resumed Business at
1121 POST ST., near Van Ness Ave
Mail orders promptly filled
FORMERLY 614 DUPONT ST.
Chinatown San Francisco

PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points.

Rear-Admiral Swinburne, U. S. N., sailed on his flagship Charleston, on Thursday of last week for Santa Barbara, accompanied by the former flagship Chicago, the gunboat Yorktown and the destroyers Paul Jones and Preble. After a brief stay in Santa Barbara, the fleet will proceed to Magdalena Bay for target practice, probably visiting San Diego, en route South.

Colonel John A. Lundeen, Artillery Corps, U. S. A. has assumed command of the Presidio post and the Artillery District of San Francisco, vice Colonel Charles Morris, Artillery Corps, U. S. A.

Colonel E. E. Dravo, U. S. A., Commissary General, Department of California, who has recently returned from two months' leave, expects to leave in March for the Philippines.

Colonel Charles Morris, U. S. A., for several years commanding officer of the Presidio post, left on Saturday of last week for Fort Williams, Maine, where he will assume command of the post.

Lieutenant-Colonel George M. Dunn, U. S. A. Judge Advocate, Department of California, who has recently returned from a month's leave spent in Washington, D. C., will probably go in April to the Philippines.

Captain Wendell L. Simpson, Quartermaster, U. S. A., has been relieved from further duty in the Army transport service, and ordered to report in person to Colonel Bellinger, U. S. A., depot quartermaster at San Francisco, for duty as his assistant.

Captain Grayson V. Heidt, Eleventh Cavalry, U. S. A., who is now in San Francisco, has been ordered to join his regiment.

Captain Meriwether L. Walker, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., Fort Mason, has been granted two months' leave of absence, which took effect today (Saturday).

Captain Evan H. Humphrey, quartermaster, U. S. A., is assigned to duty as quartermaster at Honolulu, H. T.

Captain Albert E. Truby, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., having reported his arrival at Newport News, Virginia, in compliance with orders heretofore issued, has been ordered to repair to Washington, D. C., and report in person to the Surgeon General of the Army for consultation. Upon the completion thereof he will proceed to join his proper station, in this city.

Captain W. R. Eastman, Medical Department, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, has been granted a month's leave.

Dr. John Evelyn Page, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty as surgeon of the U. S. S. Milwaukee.

Lieutenant John Burke Murphy, U. S. A. has been compelled to give up his course in the Artillery School, Fort Monroe, Virginia, on account of illness, but has been assigned to a battery at that post.

Lieutenant Rollo F. Anderson, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., San Luis Obispo, has been granted ten days' leave of absence to take effect upon completion of his duties in connection with the Progressive Military Maps of the United States.

Lieutenant Charles M. Gordon, Sixth Infantry, U. S. A., a patient at the Army General Hospital, having reported fit for duty, has been ordered to proceed to his proper station, Fort Missoula, Montana.

Lieutenant Kerwin T. Smith, Sixth Infantry, U. S. A., a patient at the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, having been reported fit for duty, will proceed to his proper station, Fort William Henry Harrison.

Lieutenant Charles L. Foster, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., has reported at the headquarters of the Department of California and been assigned to duty at the Army General Hospital at the Presidio of San Francisco.

In the spirit of brotherly love the Oakland Tribune comes to the defense of San Francisco in this style:

"In a burst of flatulent boasting the Los Angeles Herald says Los Angeles is the largest city and the commercial metropolis of the Pacific Coast. During the year ending June 30, 1906, the customs district of San Francisco exported goods to the value of \$39,915,269, while Los Angeles exported goods to the value of \$12,581. During the same period the imports of San Francisco totaled \$44,133,271, as against \$827,059 for Los Angeles. These figures show the emptiness of the claim that Los Angeles is a metropolis. It can hardly be classed as a maritime city, since San Pedro is little more than a lumber landing."

Old Ira carried the United States mail on his buckboard about a dozen miles through the woods twice a week. He was an ill-humored, taciturn old fellow. One day a passenger rode with him who was somewhat talkative and plied Ira with questions. At last, the old man said, "I'm tired of your talk. I wish you'd mind your own business and let me mind mine."

The passenger subsided.

After driving an hour or two in silence Ira discovered his mail pouch was missing. He stopped the horses, looked all about the buckboard, and finally said to his passenger:

"I wonder what has become of that mail bag! Have you seen it?"

"Yes."

"Where is it?" asked Ira.

"It fell off the wagon about an hour ago."

Newman and Levinson

INCORPORATED

Van Ness and Sutter

San Francisco, Cal.

OPEN EVENINGS TILL CHRISTMAS

HOLIDAY ANNOUNCEMENT

Novelties in every department suitable for

Yuletide, Anniversary and Wedding Presentation

Remarkably varied assortments at modest prices

Merchandise and Glove Orders

ISSUED
to any amount

YOUR INSPECTION IS SOLICITED

Gamossi Glove Co.
101 Post Street
Destroyed by Fire
April 18, 1906

PRESENT LOCATION

OF THE

The Glove House
Cor. Market and
O'Farrell Destroyed
by Fire, April 18, '06

Geo. A. Moss
Glove and Umbrella Co.

1520 Van Ness Avenue

Between Pine and California

The Umbrella House
12 Grant Ave., near
Market—Destroyed by
Fire, April 18, 1906

OUR GLOVE ORDERS

Insure Recipient Good Merchandise

MOSS
1210 Market, above
Taylor—Destroyed by
Fire, April 18, 1906

A Fine Line of
Holiday Perfumes and Toilet Articles

AT

Boericke & Runyon Co.

1554 Van Ness Ave.

PHARMACISTS

Near California Street

Dr. Deimel
(LINEN-MESH)
Underwear

A COMPLETE STOCK OF

Men's, Women's and
Children's Underwear

at our Retail Store, 1107 Van Ness Ave., near Geary

CUSTOMERS' MEASUREMENTS PRESERVED
UNAPPROACHABLE HANDKERCHIEF VALUES
FREE BOOKLET

The Deimel Linen-Mesh Underwear Co.
San Francisco, Cal.

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS

Ready for business at 1165 O'FARRELL ST., bet. Franklin and Gough
Pianos Tuned, Repaired, Moved and Stored
SOHMER-CECILIAN PLAYER-PIANOS

NEW ENGLAND AND THE WILD WEST.

Well-Meant Efforts for Enlightenment and Reciprocity.

Peculiar views of the West and of Western people are cherished in the East and reflected in newspapers, magazines, and even in pretentious books. Regarding these peculiar views the Western reader assumes various attitudes. One of the serious, yet good-humored, positions is illustrated in these paragraphs from an editorial in the Modesto (Cal.) *Evening News*:

A typical Westerner who knows the transmississippi country from Manitoba to the Rio Grande, from Seattle to Omaha, by reason of thirty-five years of intimate rubbing against the West, the real West, not the West of the magazines, says:

"Why don't you Western newspapermen and Western writers generally, say something about the kind of yawp that is published about us in the East? The stuff that is designed to make us out to be strange and different from the rest of the human race, and our fellow-Americans particularly. It makes me sick. Even the President of the United States gets foolish when he mixes in Western matters; he puts us all wrong. Somebody ought to go back there and raise h—l with Roosevelt. Look here!"

Then the Western man showed a magazine picture of the President of the United States with a bearskin cap on his head, a handkerchief knotted about his neck, befringed buckskin "pants" and an assortment of hardware in his belt.

That picture was funny. It showed that Roosevelt is not a Westerner, never was, and never will be. Nobody but the Easterner ever has his picture taken in a get-up like that. The Westerner puts on store clothes. Buckskins and a beltful of shooting-irons have no more to do with the West now than a bell-shaped "plug" bat and a high stock have to do with New York. William Allen White, Owen Wister, Frederick Remington, and Roosevelt himself, and all that bunch of Easterners who feed the Eastern mind are responsible for this. They come West, bury themselves in some God-forsaken cow ranch, relic of the '70s—cow ranch that no more is representative of the West than Fulton's steamboat is of a motor boat on the Hudson, and then, ever after, the White-Wister-Roosevelt literature is chuck-ablock with wisdom.

We of the West are tired of being discovered. The White-Wister-Remington sharps blow out here, hunt up some bairy, moth-eaten individual who lives up a creek with a few cows and a '71 model 44, and straightway throw up their hats in the air and yell: "Here be is—that's it!" Then the literary sharps write to the magazine and tell us how to throw a diamond bitch, build a grass fire, and spell "sure" with an h.

There are several millions of us here who are not long-haired, nor profane, nor given to gambling, to whom hairy "chaps" and leather cow clothes are merely ill-smelling relics of history; and who occasionally get into evening clothes and go to "shows."

But you couldn't get the Easterner to believe it. And the magazines dare not admit it. The New York-Boston literary bunch couldn't stand for it; they must nose around and smell sweat, hair, and leather before they are convinced that they are across the Missouri.

That's what makes the Western man amused. When the President of the United States is himself photographed in "chaps," and with his abundant cutlery on, the Western man has to laugh. The man with the hairy "pants" is about as much a curiosity in the West as he is to the six-months' tourist from Yonkers. It must be that the Eastern literary sharp gets his funny ideas from people like C. F. Lummis of Los Angeles, who is addicted to leather and corduroys, and Joaquin Miller of Oakland, who has his monogram worked on his boot-straps.

It might be illuminating to the unsuspecting Eastern writer to know that the West regards Lummis's gay get-up and Joaquin Miller's roseate bootstraps with vast amusement—such as it gives to Roosevelt's bad imitation of that freak-o'-nature, the Magazine Western Man.

Contrasting sharply with the method of the editor whose disclaimer is given above, is that of Emerson Hough, the novelist and magazine contributor. Mr. Hough visits the enemy's country and treats it much in the way the West is treated by some Eastern writers. His superiority to ordinary matter-of-fact statement, and conscious humor, give his article an attractiveness it might otherwise have lacked. The selections are from the current issue of *Appleton's Magazine*, Mr. Hough's contribution bearing the title, "My Discov-

ery of New England." At the beginning the author describes his journey to Boston, through the Hoosac tunnel, and then takes up the striking features of that city for discussion.

The population of this city is Italian, as is customary in New England. The government is wholly Irish. A few French Canadians dwell in the suburbs. I saw also three or four natives who confided to me that they could not get away.

Of the hospitality of Boston, I may not say much, save that it consists largely of pie, this being in consonance with the simple New England character. Coming to a caravansary the clerk thereof frowned upon me, asking me what family references I could give. Upon my admitting that my parents were not born in New England, and that I was married, but to a near-Yankee, he remarked, "To the woods with youse!"

Among the literary lights of New England and their favored mediums of illumination, Mr. Hough found subjects for passing mention:

Boston has always been the centre—indeed, one may say, the exact centre—of letters. It has produced three noted writers, one of whom was born and educated in Ohio. These are Thomas W. Lawson, who made New York famous; William Dean Howells, who made the St. Lawrence River famous; and Charles Felton Pidgin, who has made the English language famous. Boston is renowned likewise for its literary magazines, of which there are two, the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Black Cat*. I mention them in alphabetical order, that there may be no petty jealousy.

In Rutlandvermont, and most other New England centres of thought there is but one newspaper read, that being the *Boston Transcript*. This is the most ably edited journal north of Flatbush, Long Island, its news features being reprinted from the works of Hawthorne, Emerson, Thoreau, and Pidgin. The *Transcript* uses the three-color process in comic supplements, and employs the fables of .Esop and other humorists as special features when not crowded out by news matter.

An adventure in another city of New England is thus described:

Pawtucket, Rhode Island, is another intellectual centre, situated about fourteen miles southwest of Boston, I believe. Pawtucket is not to be confused with Woonsocket. I went there for the purpose of looking into the industrial conditions, as I am thinking of going into socialism. Approaching the leading factory—after passing on the left a graveyard where are buried those most interested in child labor—I was surprised to see a long row of feminine heads thrust out of the windows. "Oh, sir, will you marry us?" they called in unison. Impulsively I cried, "I will, I will"; then, remembering that I was already married to a near-Yankee, I fled.

The real "down East" region was not neglected by the indefatigable discoverer:

In this district I saw the justly celebrated Maine Wilderness, which so overshadows that of the American West. Not having been notified, I crossed it unwittingly one morning before lunch; but was warned not to let this occur again. It is illegal to cross the justly celebrated Maine Wilderness without a licensed robber as a "guide," and without having the proper high boots, long knife, copies of "The Call of the Wild," and "The Trail of the Sandhill Stag," and a folding camp outfit. My Western *gaucherie* caused me endless trouble all during my voyage of discovery.

On the Nahant Peninsula, as he returned from the wilderness, the explorer found a noted historian and statesman:

Senator Lodge was sitting on the veranda of his simple villa at the Sign of the Boneless Codfish, with his feet comfortably buried in a pair of carpet slippers, when I approached the picket fence which shuts off Nahant Peninsula from the rest of the world. He gazed in wonder at my costume, and I at his. He asking me my errand, I told him I was upon a journey of discovery; whereat he grew suddenly pale and would have retired into the house in order to lock the door. Assuring him that I was not after his record, he seemed relieved.

The author's reflections as he approached Plymouth Rock, show his familiarity with tradition and with modern progress as well:

"Here," thought I, "is the birthplace of our liberties as a people. Here stood Miles Standish and Sebastian Cabot. Christopher Columbus and Cotton Mather. Within a few yards of this circumscribed locality there was inaugurated that Revolutionary War—where, by the way, New England had a Southern general to do the

leading and Pennsylvania riflemen to do the shooting; but no matter, for New England has always had help—that Revolutionary War which has given us the greatest example of interlocking corporate money-making machines the world has ever witnessed. Here," thought I, "began that great democratic doctrine that all men are equal if they have the price; that the man who practices temperance, frugality, and high tariff is destined to shine among his fellowmen. Here," I reflected, "began the art, the culture, the wisdom, the superiority of that New England the scent of whose full flowering is about us today. Here began our first acquaintance with a square deal, our first opportunity to trample to earth the hated doctrine of special privileges, of caste."

At least one of Boston's many advantages was appreciated by this humorist:

It was Mr. William Dean Howells, of Boston, Ohio, and New York, I believe, who said that the best thing about Boston is the five o'clock train to New York. Mr.

Howells is not always absolutely and literally accurate as a realist. A better thing in Boston is the three o'clock train. I took the three o'clock.

"Who ever heard," she said, "a woman complain about her food? Who ever beard of women gourmets? Even the really fine cooks are all men, for women do not take sufficient interest in food to attain to such excellence in its preparation as Brillat-Savarin or Gavarni had."

"I am reminded of a little story about a man. This story would fit many men, but where is the woman it could be applied to?"

"An old gentleman, pointing to his favorite dog, said proudly:

"That dog certainly seems almost human at times."

"Yes," said his wife, "he growls over his food as much as you do."

LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

THIS FAMOUS CORDIAL, KNOWN AS
CHARTREUSE, HAS FOR CENTURIES
BEEN THE PREFERRED AFTER-DIN-
NER LIQUEUR OF POLITE SOCIETY.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés,
Bartez & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for United States.



L. KREISS & SONS

CABINET MAKERS
UPHOLSTERERS
DECORATORS

Dealers in Fine Mahogany, Early English Oak Furniture; reproductions of rare examples of Antique Fabrics of all the important periods of English, French and Italian Arts in Tapestries, Brocaded Silks, Damasks, Embroideries, Etc.

Our stock is complete and contains many Odd Pieces suitable for Gifts.

1219-23 POST ST.

Above Van Ness Ave.

San Francisco, Cal.

If you are going East use the

California Limited

The Finest Train Across the Continent

Palace Pullmans, Observation, Library,
Smoking, Dining Cars.

Every luxury will be found on this train.



See the

SANTA FE AGENT

FERRY BUILDING
SAN FRANCISCO

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A reviewer said to a friend: "I get rough, on an average fifty hooks a week." "Good gracious!" said the friend, "How do you manage it? Why, it takes me at least a day to read one book." "I don't read them," he said, "I review them."

Considerable amusement was once caused by a slip of Emporer Nicholas's pen in accepting the offers of several companies of Siberian militia, who volunteered for service at the front. The petition read, "We humbly lay at your Majesty's feet our desire to be permitted to fight and die for the fatherland." The Emperor, in accepting, wrote on the margin of the petition in his own hand, "I thank you sincerely, and hope your wishes may be fully realized."

A Washington woman invited to her house an attaché of one of the legations, famous for his extreme politeness. The invitation was formally accepted, but on the morning of the appointed day she received a note, written by the diplomatist's valet, and couched in the following terms: "Señor Blank regrets much that he will not be able to attend Mrs. So-and-So's reception on the evening of the 22d instant, as he is dead."

The following conversation between two old Scotchwomen was overheard one day: "Can ye tell me, wumman, what is it they all a jubilee?" "Well, it's this," said her neighbor, "When folk has been married twenty-five years, that's a silver wuddin'; and when they have been married fifty years that's a golden wuddin'. But if the non's dead, then it's a jubilee."

A western Congressman was making a speech in the House. "Mr. Speaker," he shouted, "I insist that my interpretation of the meaning of this phrase is the same which is put upon it by the author of our immortal dictionary, Daniel Webster"—a colleague sitting just behind him yanked at his coat tail. "Not Daniel Webster," prompted the man behind, "you mean Noah!" "Noah hell," retorted the orator, "Noah huilt the ark."

Rebecca, aged five, who claimed a handsome, heavily bearded young man for a sweetheart, was asked by a young lady if she would not give her a claim also on the young man. "No," said Rebecca, positively, "I want him all to myself." "But won't you give me a part of him—just a little bit?" pleaded the young lady. "You see, I haven't any sweetheart." "Well," answered Rebecca, deliberating, and somewhat softened by the appeal, "you may have his whiskers."

The crew of a certain life-saving station on the New England coast drew much satirical comment from the people at the summer resorts near by. One rainy day, at the appointed time, the crew failed to appear at practice. A summer boarder went over to the quarters of the crew to learn the reason. "Aren't you going to practice today?" asked he. "Not today, sir." "Why not?" Then the brave lifesaver, hero of many rough seas in the past, made an explanatory gesture toward the sky, and said, "What, in this rain?"

A fat Irishwoman, bearing a number of bundles, entered a crowded street car. The only semblance of a seat she could find was a small space at the right of a smartly dressed youth. Into this space, sufficient only for an individual of ordinary size, the fleshy Irishwoman squeezed herself, much to the annoyance of the youth. After a moment or so the Irishwoman produced a cheese sandwich, which she proceeded to devour with every evidence of relish. At this the youth gave her a look of ineffable disgust and drew the skirts of his frock-coat closer to him. "I suppose, my lad," good-naturedly said the woman, "that ye'd prayfer-r to have a gentelman

sittin' nixt to ye." "I certainly would!" snapped the youngster. "So would I," calmly responded the fat person.

A clergyman recently spoke in a penitentiary and noticed that one of the convicts seemed extraordinarily impressed. After the service he sought him out and said: "My friend, I hope you will profit by my remarks just now and become a new man." "Indeed I will," was the cheerful reply. "In fact, I promise to you that I will never commit another crime, but will lead an exemplary life to my dying day." "I am very glad to hear you say that," said the clergyman, "but are you certain you will be able to keep the promise?" "Oh, yes," said the convict. "I'm in jail for life."

ARGONAUTS FOR OUR FILES.

We would be glad to have any of the following numbers from any disconnected copies of the *Argonaut* that our readers have and are willing to part with.

Numbers Required to Complete an Argonaut File.

- Volume VI, 1880—Nos. 6, 13, 15, 17, 18, 22, 24, 26.
- Volume VII, 1880—Nos. 3, 8, 14, 16, 19, 20, 23, 24.
- Volume IX, 1881—Nos. 1, 3, 6, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 19, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25.
- Volumes X and XI, 1882—All numbers.
- Volume XII, 1883—Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 14, 15, 16, 17, 24, 25, 26.
- Volume XIII, 1883—All numbers.
- Volumes XIV and XV, 1884—All numbers.
- Volume XVI, 1885—All numbers.
- Volume XVII, 1885—Nos. 1, 2.
- Volume XX, 1887—Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16.
- Volume XXI, 1887—Nos. 11, 13, 22, 23.
- Volume XXII, 1888—Nos. 3, 7, 11, 18, 25.
- Volume XXIII, 1888—No. 3.
- Volume XXIV, 1889—No. 6.
- Volume XXV, 1889—Nos. 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19.
- Volume XXVI, 1890—Nos. 21, 23.
- Volume XXVII, 1890—No. 1.
- Volume XXVIII, 1891—Nos. 1, 7.
- Volume XXIX, 1891—Nos. 8, 12, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, 22.
- Volume XXX, 1892—Nos. 6, 20, 22, 24.
- Volume XXXI, 1892—Nos. 2, 3, 7.
- Volume XXXII, 1893—No. 16.

Specially adapted to Asthmatics; always relieves, generally cures. Brooks' Homoeopathic Cough Syrup; 25c, at druggists.

W. A. Hirschman

Jeweler and Silversmith. Now at 1641 Van Ness Avenue, bet. California and Sacramento Streets.

The old, old accusation against woman that she cannot keep a secret. "A woman," said Miss Anthony, "can keep an important secret as well as a man. The secrets she reveals are slight and harmless ones, such as any man would reveal. Where is the woman who ever tells a secret that reflects on her husband or her own children? I know a man who one day refused to tell his wife the outcome of a business transaction in which, naturally, she took a deep interest. 'No,' he sneered, 'I won't tell you. If I did you'd repeat it. You women can never keep a secret.' 'John,' said the woman quietly, 'have I ever told the secret about the solitaire engagement ring you gave me eighteen years ago being paste?' "

rs. Barkan & Sewall

Specialists for Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat are now located at 1700 California street, corner Van Ness Avenue.

Clyde Fitch, at a dinner in Philadelphia, praised the originality of certain French playwrights.

"Originality," he said, "is what above all things the drama needs. A young lady said to me:

'Isn't it awfully, awfully difficult to find new ideas for plays?' 'I don't know,' answered I. 'I have never tried it.' "

Korn The Hatter

Now at 926 Van Ness Avenue Near Ellis Street.

Dr. J. J. Henderson

Specialist for Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. 1434 Post St., near Octavia.

Oliver Herford was in an editor's office one afternoon when a young novelist entered. "Mr. Herford," said the novelist eagerly, "I value your opinion very much. Now I want you to tell me candidly what you think of my new book." "No, no," said Herford, hurriedly, "let us remain friends."

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

S

ORIENTAL RUGS

Connoisseurs advise intending purchasers to buy from a reliable establishment, owing to the diversity of weaves and the difficulty in recognizing their value. All our Rugs are selected as individual pieces. Our stock therefore offers the choicest examples obtainable of Oriental Rugs.

S

Van Ness and Sutter

Nordhoff Grill



1545 Pine Street
Below Van Ness Ave.

Finest and Largest Dining Room in the City

Merchants' Lunch 11 A. M.
to 2 P. M. Daily

Ladies' Afternoon Teas
and Dinner Parties a Specialty

THE EMPORIUM

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Headquarters for Toys and Holiday Goods

Useful articles are something which is appreciated by every one. Among some very acceptable gifts which are sometimes overlooked, we suggest a book, which is always a reminiscence of the giver. For the holidays we offer some exceptional values, quite interesting, and along new channels of thought:

A Gift Book—Gray Mist

A story of Brittany by the author of the "Martyrdom of an Empress," extremely fascinating to the finish. **\$1.50**

A Japanese Blossom

by Onoto Watana, with full page illustrations in colors, so interesting you can not lay it aside till finished, **\$2.00**

The Christy Book.

The American Girl as seen and portrayed by Christy. In its class it is by far the most beautiful book ever published, and is the handsomest and most popular gift book of the season. Price **\$2.50**

Send all your mail orders to THE EMPORIUM, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Golden State Limited

between
CALIFORNIA—CHICAGO
DAILY

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO	5:00 P. M.
ARRIVE CHICAGO	10:15 P. M.

ELECTRIC LIGHTED
OBSERVATION PARLOR CAR
BEST OF DINING SERVICE

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Pa, what's a philosopher?" "A poor man who is trying to make other people believe he doesn't want to be rich."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Whereabouts was Sam Simpson's son hurt, doctor?" "He was injured in the lumbar region." "I want to know! Tree fell on 'im. I s'pose!"—*Judge*.

Colorado surgeons cut a man open and found a gold nugget in his appendix. These searchers will go anywhere in a mad race for gold.—*Baltimore Sun*.

"What'll you take for that pipe?" "Oh, you wouldn't care to smoke this old pipe."

"No, but I'd like to buy it and throw it away."—*The Tobacco Leaf*.

"How in the world did you happen to be run over by the automobile?" "I was trying to dodge the ballast that the balloonist was throwing down."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Do you expect to get money out of that mine?" "No," answered the conscienceless promoter. "Not out of the mine. Out of the subscribers to stock."—*Washington Star*.

"But, Tommy," said his mother, "didn't your conscience tell you you were doing wrong?" "Yes'm," replied Tommy. "but I don't believe everything I hear."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"See here," feebly complained the victim after the accident, "I thought you said it was perfectly safe to go up in that old elevator?" "Well," replied the elevator man, "so it was safe to go up; you see, the dangerous part of it was comin' down."—*Philadelphia Press*.

The foreign nobleman puffed his cigarette dejectedly, and refused to be consoled. "And to think," he sighed. "I proposed to her on my knees every night for two weeks." "And did you bag the beautiful heiress at last?" asked the interviewer. "No; all I bagged was my trousers."—*Chicago Daily News*.

"Listen to this, Maria," said Mr. Stubb as he unfolded his scientific paper. "This article states that in some of the old Roman prisons that have been unearthed they found the petrified remains of the prisoners." "Gracious, John!" replied Mrs. Stubb, with a smile. "I suppose you would call them hardened criminals."—*Chicago Daily News*.

Wealthy Physician—"I didn't have \$500 worth of practice until I bought an automobile." Aged Invalid—"Made your own patients, I suppose?" Wealthy Physician—"Well, you see, I'd run over people, load them in the tonneau, carry them to the office and operate on them before they came to. Couldn't leave them on the road you know."—*Judge*.

The editors of the *Plumas Star* have received word from their financial agent on Wall Street that the price of diamonds has been advanced. We therefore beg leave to inform subscribers that a crisis confronts us. In order to meet our margins in our diamond speculations, we may be compelled to advance the subscription rates of the *Plumas Star*, or else quit smoking cigarettes.—*Plumas Star*.

Your chances of escape are about equal whether you stay in town with the automobiles or go to the Adirondacks and run the risk of being taken for a deer.

"Of course you are going to Palm Beach this winter?"

"No? I thought your position in society was such as to make it absolutely necessary for you to go."

"Our position in society now is such that we don't have to go anywhere."—*Sun*.

A squire of Andover decided to take into his employ a brother of Patrick, one of his hired men. The terms were made with Pat before his brother's arrival, and the following conversation is a specimen of what they agreed upon:

Squire—"I'll pay your brother one-fifty a day, Patrick." Patrick—"Yis, sor, and will he ate himself or will ye

ate him?" The squire thought Mike had better eat himself.—*Harper's Weekly*.

Pittsburg Millionaire—There's a swell copy of "Diana's Hunt."

His Friend—So? Who the deuce was Diana, anyhow?

Pittsburg Millionaire—What? And you visiting New York most every month? Why, Diana's the fairy doing the pose on Madison Square Garden tower!—*Puck*.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Christmas Story.

Little Jack London
Sat in a corner
Writing a Christmas story;
He dipped in his pen
And wrote five thousand words,
And made about nine hundred dollars.
—*New York Mail*.

It's Profitable.

All lawyers like to take a rest,
Like most of us, and still
The average lawyer's bappest
When working with a will.
—*Philadelphia Press*.

A Penman's Reward.

On a time a pale student from Ga.
Was pinched for being a fa.
Said the judge with a smile;
"Young man, for a while,
Free of charge we are going to ba."
—*Yale Record*.

His Scheme.

A beautiful woman named Esther
Met a man in the dark who caresther,
And she raised such a row
That her hub explained how
He'd arranged the whole thing just to
tether.
—*Houston Post*.

Youse.

I've knowd a lot uv Molliess, dear,
But w'en yer face I seen
I says, "I guess it's pretty clear
Dat she's de only Queen."
So I fergits de odder bunch,
Fer I has changed me views
An' all de world, I've got a hunch,
Is Yousse! Yousse! Yousse!
—*Puck*.

Major Green said to his servant one morning: "James, I have left my mess boots out. I want them soled."

"Yes, sir," the servant answered.

The major, dressing for dinner that night, said again: "I suppose, James, that you did as I told you about those boots?"

James laid 35 cents on the bureau.

"Yes, sir," said he, "and this is all I could get for them; though the corporal who bought 'em said he'd have given half a dollar if pay day hadn't been so far off."

"If seven sheep were on one side of the fence, and one of them jumped over to the other side, how many were left?" propounded the teacher to the primary class. Pauline's observations of animal life had not been in vain, despite her tender years. "There wouldn't be none left," she replied, knowingly. "If one jumped over, they'd all follow."

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

Dr. Julius Grinker, of Chicago, says a man ought to choose his wife just as he would a fine horse. Many of us would get badly fooled in a horse trade.

Any remedy that will relieve a teething baby or a feverish child is invaluable. Steedman's Soothing Powders have done this for fifty years.

One day Percy, aged three, was playing with the tail of a big dog. "Look out," said a careful aunt; "he'll bite you dear." "Oh no, auntie," he said. "I'se not at the bitin' end."—*Harper's Weekly*.

NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS.—You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the Springs, and the entire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

THIRD STREET PROPERTY

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN

137½ Feet and Two Corners

\$75,000. MUST BE SOLD

Two 50 Varas

Vicinity North Point and Taylor Sts.

Fine Manufacturing Site or Lumber Yard

Particulars at office

GUY. T. WAYMAN

517 Market St.

REAL ESTATE

San Francisco

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co.
OF HARTFORD
ESTABLISHED 1850

Cash Capital\$1,000,000.00
Cash Assets5,340,136.94
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,414,921.16

Benjamin J. Smith
Manager Pacific Department:
525 THIRTEENTH ST., OAKLAND
San Francisco Office:
2310 CALIFORNIA STREET

Bonestell, Richardson & Co.

Have Plenty of Every Kind of

PAPER

Phone Temporary 1273

473 TO 475 SIXTH STREET
San Francisco

For YOUR

BREAKFAST

GERMEA

At All Grocers

The Johnson-Locke Mercantile Co.

AGENTS

714 Broadway, Oakland

Mt. Tamalpais Railway

Via Sausalito Ferry—Foot of Market St.

Lv. San Francisco	W'kday	Sun.	Leave Tamalpais	Sun.	W'kday
8:25 A	9:50 A	11:00 A	10:40 A	1:05 P	1:05 P
1:45 P	1:45 P	4:30 P	2:30 P	4:30 P	4:30 P
Saturday	4:35 P	3:15 P	5:45 P	9:30 P	

Legal Holidays, Sunday Time

TICKET OFFICE AT SAUSALITO FERRY

Thos. Cook & Son

Now Located

1168 Broadway, Oakland
And North Nave, Ferry Building
San Francisco

Steamship Lines

AMERICAN LINE

PLYMOUTH-CHEERBOURG-SOUTHAMPTON
St. Louis Dec. 22 | St. Paul Jan. 5
Philadelphia Dec. 29 | New York Jan. 12
Philadelphia-Queensdown-Liverpool
Haverford Dec. 29 | Merion Jan. 19
Noordland Jan. 5 | Haverford Feb. 2

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE
NEW YORK-LONDON DIRECT

Minneapolis Dec. 22 | Mesaba Jan. 5
Minnehaha Dec. 29 | Minnetonka Jan. 12

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

NEW YORK-ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE
Sailings Wednesdays as per sailing list.
Ryndam Dec. 19, 7 a m | Potsdam, Feb. 6, 10 a m
Potsdam Jan. 2, 6 a m | Statendam Feb. 20, 10 a m
Ryndam Jan. 23, noon | Ryndam, Feb. 27, 5 a m

RED STAR LINE

NEW YORK-ANTWERP-PARIS
Zeeland Dec. 26 | Vaderland Jan. 9
Kronland Jan. 2 | Finland Jan. 16

WHITE STAR LINE

NEW YORK-QUEENSTOWN-LIVERPOOL
Baltic Dec. 19 | Teutonia Jan. 9
Majestic Dec. 26 | Majestic Jan. 23
Oceanic Jan. 2 | Teutonia Feb. 6

Boston-Queenstown-Liverpool.
Cymric Jan. 19, Feb. 23, Mar. 30

To the Mediterranean and Egypt, via Azores

FROM NEW YORK
Cedric Jan. 5, 9:30 a m, Feb. 16
Celtic Jan. 19, 9:30 a m, March 2 | 21,000 Tons
Cretic Mar. 30, noon, May 9, June 20

FROM BOSTON
Canopic Jan. 12, 8:30 a m, Feb. 23
Republic Feb. 2, 1 p m, March 16

G. N. KOEPEL, Pass. Agt. Pacific Coast.

Room 207 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

ORIENTAL S. S. Co. have opened their general offices at 217-221 Brannan Street SAN FRANCISCO

S. S. Nippon Maru (Calls at Manila) Dec. 28, 1906
S. S. Hong Kong Maru (Calls at Manila) Jan. 24, 1907
S. S. America Maru Feb. 13, 1907

Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and Brannan streets 1 p. m., for Yokohama and Hongkong, calling at Honolulu, Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamer for Manila, India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Sts. W. H. AVERY, Assistant General Manager.

AUTOMOBILES

Runabouts = = = = \$700
Reo Touring Cars = \$1400

Immediate Delivery

J. W. LEAVITT & CO.
441 Golden Gate Ave.

REMOVAL NOTICE

JOHN G. ILS & CO.

Beg to announce their removal to their permanent store

827-829 MISSION STREET

Between Fourth and Fifth Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

OUR SPECIALTIES:

HIGH GRADE FRENCH RANGES AND BROILERS
BAKERY AND KITCHEN SUPPLIES

The Argonaut.

Vol. LIX. No. 1554.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 22, 1906.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscription to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 1711 San Pablo Avenue, Oakland. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Jerome A. Hart, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." To insure consideration, manuscript submitted for publication, must be typewritten.

Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal."

Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear, and by the Denison News Company on its boats and trains.

Published at San Francisco, California. Temporary Office, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, California.

THIRTIETH YEAR

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

JEROME A. HART EDITOR

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: Petticoat Diplomacy—France and the Vatican—The Case of Japanese in Schools—The Nobel Prizes—Restoration of Burned Titles—Simplified Spelling—The Effacement of the States—The Power of the Press—On His Hands—What Is a Mongolian?—Who Is Scared?.....	317-320
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....	320
OPINIONS ON THE PRESIDENT'S ATTITUDE.....	321
POLITICO-PERSONAL.....	321
A LONDON LITERARY VEXATION: "Piccadilly" Writes of the War of the Booksellers and the "Times"—Secrets of the Trade.....	322
OLD FAVORITES: "Christmas in California," by E. R. Sill.....	322
THE CHRISTMAS PLAY: Reminiscences of Old San Francisco.....	323
THE LOST SHIP MARIGOLD: A Strange Tale of an Inhabited Island in the Pacific Not on the Charts.....	324
THE CHRISTMAS CAROL. By Wordsworth.....	325
THE OFFICIAL VOTE OF CALIFORNIA.....	326
CURRENT VERSE: "The One Road," by Marie Van Vorst; "December Twilight"; "The Cornish Wind," by Arthur Symonds; "The Mist"; "Love in a Garden," by Coningsby William Dawson.....	326
INDIVIDUALITIES: Notes about Prominent People All Over the World.....	327
LITERARY NOTES: New Publications—Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.....	328-330
STAGE GOSSIP: Dramatic Notes—Musical Notes.....	331
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy.....	332-333
VANITY FAIR.....	334
STORYETTES: Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.....	335
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.....	336
THE TUNEFUL LIAR.....	336

Petticoat Diplomacy.

The story disclosed by the quarrel between President Roosevelt and the Storer family is indeed an amazing one. We are used to reading in old-time memoirs of masterful ladies who directed Cabinet councils and ruled great rulers. But since the days of the "Kitchen Cabinet" and Mistress Peggy O'Neil in Jackson's time, American diplomacy had been considered free from petticoat rule. The Storer story forces us to revise our views.

Bellamy Storer occupied a diplomatic position when Theodore Roosevelt acceded to the Presidency by the assassination of President McKinley. The Roosevelt and Storer families had been extremely intimate. Mrs. Storer even says that she and her husband "made Roosevelt" by going to Canton, Ohio, and personally urging President

McKinley to appoint Mr. Roosevelt Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Much as Mr. McKinley admired Mr. Roosevelt, he hesitated, on the ground that the candidate was "too much of a fighter," but the President finally yielded. The intimacy of the Roosevelts and Storers lasted until it was suddenly terminated by the dismissal of Mr. Storer by the President from the post of United States Ambassador to Austria-Hungary.

The tangled story of the dismissal may be disentangled from the mass of correspondence by those who care to read it. These letters are between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. and Mrs. Storer. Letters were also exchanged between Mrs. Roosevelt and the Storers. One pregnant letter does not appear in the printed correspondence—this, a letter from Mrs. Storer to Mrs. Roosevelt, was on its way over the ocean when Mr. Roosevelt chopped off Mr. Storer's official head. Thereupon a cablegram shot under the ocean to Mrs. Roosevelt, requesting her to return this fateful missive unopened, which was done. The letter has not yet been divulged to a waiting world.

This voluminous correspondence shows how intimate were the relations of the various parties. President Roosevelt's letters to Ambassador Storer were addressed "My Dear Bellamy," the Embassadress he addressed as "My Dear Maria"; Mrs. Storer addressed the President as "Dear Theodore."

Mr. and Mrs. Storer assert that Mr. Roosevelt, while Governor of New York, urged them to use their influence with the Vatican in securing a cardinal's hat for Archbishop Ireland; they alleged that Mr. Roosevelt hoped that Archbishop Ireland in return would aid in solving the vexatious problems connected with the Roman Catholic church in the Philippines. The closeness of the Storers to the Vatican is explained by the fact that they are converts to Roman Catholicism. The closeness of the Storers to the President is explained partly by his high position, partly by their high position, partly by their desire for higher position, and partly by the fact that Mrs. Storer is aunt to Nicholas Longworth, the President's son-in-law.

Mr. Roosevelt denies that, as President, he sought Archbishop Ireland's advancement, but only in his private capacity. He states that he admired Archbishop Ireland, but that he "could not interfere for his promotion, or, indeed, in any way in the ecclesiastic affairs of any church." According to the President's letters, "Mrs. Storer insisted to me often that their change of creed [to Roman Catholicism] had proved a deadly blow to her husband's career and that they were suffering for conscience's sake." The President also says that Mrs. Storer "at one time wrote to me with great bitterness against Protestant missionaries who were being sent to the Philippines, and at the same time requested me to champion Archbishop Ireland because he had been loyal to the United States during the war with Spain, which, she stated, was not true of another Roman Catholic Archbishop, whom she named." In reply the President wrote to her:

"There are many people who think about their religion just as you think about yours. They can no more understand your turning Catholic than you can understand a Catholic turning Protestant. I can not stop missionaries going any where they choose. The worst thing that could

happen for the Catholic inhabitants of the tropic islands and the Catholic church, would be for the Catholic church to champion the iniquities that have been committed, not only by lay but by clerical leaders in the Philippines and elsewhere. If any man, clerical or lay, archbishop or priest, or civilian, was in any way guilty of treasonable practices with Spain during our war, he should be shot or hanged."

The President goes on to say that he continually received complaining letters from Mrs. Storer asking for the promotion of Mr. Storer. Eight days after President McKinley's death she wrote urging that Secretary Root should be removed from the War Department and the place given to Mr. Storer. When informed that the Cabinet would remain as it was, Mrs. Storer suggested that Mr. Choate be removed from the Embassy at London, or General Porter from the Embassy at Paris, as they "were not proper persons to be Embassadors," and that Mr. Storer be given the choice of place. Being an Embassadress, Mrs. Storer is doubtless fluent in French. She ought to adopt as a motto "*Ote-toi de la, que je m'y mette.*"

Mr. Roosevelt in his reply reposed a surprising confidence in the Storers. He wrote:

"In filling any vacancy in the Cabinet I am sure that Bellamy would be admirable, but I would have to take note of all kinds of considerations. I should count Bellamy's religion in his favor for a place in the Cabinet. Other things being equal, I should like to have a Catholic in the Cabinet. I do not know whether, geographically, he would be the right man. For instance, I would like to get a Pacific slope man in the Cabinet, and particularly in the Navy Department. At present I see no Pacific slope man who would be competent to fill the position. * * * A Catholic just at present would not be a man whom it would be wise to send to Germany. For wholly different reasons it would not be wise to send him to Italy."

And the President points out that none of the Cabinet officials or Embassadors whose positions Mrs. Storer wanted "for dear Bellamy" seemed at all inclined to vacate in his favor.

Mr. Storer alleges that he had an audience with the Pope, December 2, 1903, at which he "transmitted a verbal note, the basis of which had been given me by President Roosevelt." The gist of this was that President Roosevelt earnestly desired the elevation to the rank of cardinal of Archbishop Ireland. When Mr. Roosevelt repudiated the action of the Ambassador, Mr. Storer and his wife, having no Presidential letters to back up their assertions, drew certain "verbal memoranda" which they had made at the close of conversations between them and Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt speaks with just indignation of this action, which he stigmatizes as "simply dishonorable," and he adds that "it is nonsense to bind me to a memorandum of private conversations, the existence of which was concealed from me." In this most people will agree with the President.

Mr. Storer thus finds his story without corroboration from the principal person concerned. Likewise, it is denied by a New York attorney, Edward Philbin, whom Mr. Storer cites as having knowledge of this arrangement, while at Rome. The attorney says he has no knowledge of it, and that he was not in Rome at the time. And for a crusher, the statement is given out by the Vatican "that President Roosevelt had never done anything through official channels to make Archbishop Ireland a cardinal."

Thus the President would seem to stand cleared of everything except of having reposed too im-

plicit confidence in his friends. And this is an error into which a man of his impulsive and generous disposition may readily fall, and for which all people will freely forgive him.

France and the Vatican.

December 12 was the last day allowed by the French government for the citizens of France to comply with the law affecting religious organizations. The substance of this law has been so often printed that it is unnecessary to repeat it here. The Protestant and the Jewish citizens of France have complied with the law, and therefore the Protestant churches and Jewish synagogues will not be molested. Many of the high Roman Catholic prelates of France have urged that Roman Catholic citizens should also comply with the law, and for a time it had been thought that the Vatican would also recommend Roman Catholics to obey the law. But suddenly, at the last moment, and to the surprise of the French government and French Roman Catholics, the Vatican suddenly veered, and ordered non-compliance. The high prelates who had advocated obedience made haste to change their attitude, and revised their instructions. As a result the entire Roman Catholic priesthood and a large body of Roman Catholic citizens in France are now in open defiance of the government and the law.

The first official act testifying that the French government is about to use the strong hand, was the arrest of Monsignor Montagnini, former Secretary of the Papal Nunciature or Embassy, who has been Acting Nuncio, or Charge d'Affaires, since the recall of his superior. The French government promptly sent Monsignor Montagnini to the frontier under military escort, and seized a vast quantity of papers and documents in his office. These, the government declares, include copies of confidential instructions issued by the Pope to the French bishops, and letters to and from Roman Catholic members of the legislative chamber, showing clearly a deliberate anti-Republican campaign against the French government by the Vatican.

A curious feature of this matter is the anomalous position of the Vatican by reason of its claiming temporal power in Rome, although there domiciled on the territory of another government, while at the same time it issues orders to French citizens, although not situated on French soil. As Monsignor Montagnini is an Italian subject, the recent proceedings affect his civil and not his ecclesiastical status. Therefore, any protest against his expulsion, or the searching of his residence, or the appropriation of his papers, can not come from the Vatican, but must come from the Italian government, of which he is a subject. Otherwise, the French foreign office can take no cognizance of any such protest. But as the Vatican refuses to recognize the existence of the Italian government, and refuses any official intercourse therewith, no protest can come from that government.

Further steps to be taken by the French government are these: the suppression of certain pensions now going to the Roman Catholic clergy; the immediate liquidation of State property occupied by the Church; the alienation of Roman Catholic clergy houses, bishop's seats, and seminaries; the summoning of Roman Catholic ecclesiastical students to rejoin their regiments by December 15, which will bring to the colors some 5500 young men.

The principal newspaper organ of the French government, the *Republique Francaise*, thus expresses the official view: "The time has passed when a Pope could successfully threaten to release French subjects from their allegiance. Defiance of the law will only cause the priests to be regarded as subjects of a foreign power, by which they would forfeit their rights as Frenchmen."

It is evident that a deplorable struggle is about

to begin, which will be attended with many lamentable scenes. But we in America can not condemn an attempt to separate church and state, for to us their union seems iniquitous. Even Roman Catholics in the United States so believe. And no fair-minded man can deny the right of the people of France, acting through their duly elected representative, to rule their country in their own way, untrammelled by the interference of any foreign government. And the Vatican claims to be a government.

The Nobel Prizes.

The Nobel Peace Prize has been conferred on President Roosevelt for his services in bringing about peace between Russia and Japan. The President announces that he will use the money, some \$40,000, to establish at Washington a permanent Industrial Peace Committee with the view of maintaining peace in the industrial world. The Nobel Peace Prize is part of a bequest left by Dr. Alfred Bernhard Nobel, a Swedish scientist who died in 1896. A large part of his fortune was by his will devoted to five annual prizes, each valued at about \$40,000. They are awarded for the most important discoveries in physics, chemistry, physiology or medicine, for the most distinguished work of an idealistic tendency in the field of literature, and for the best effort toward the fraternity of nations and the promotion of peace.

This is the first time that the Nobel prize has been awarded to an American. It has excited some surprise, for while in European eyes America does not lead the world in the arts or letters, she certainly would seem to lead in more material things, such as inventions, mechanics, systems of transportation, etc. It may be that no American candidate had ever been proposed prior to the candidacy of President Roosevelt. Under the terms of the Nobel bequest, the candidates must be proposed by legislative bodies, peace organizations, or universities. It is stated that the President's proposers were Professor H. P. Judson, acting president of Chicago University; Professor Baldwin of Yale, Professor Harberger of the University of Munich, and the faculty of Georgetown University, Washington.

Test Case for Japanese in Schools.

United States District Attorney Devlin, by arrangement with President Altmann of the San Francisco School Board, has been making up an agreed statement of facts in the case of a Japanese child who has been allotted a desk in the Oriental public school. This statement, after much discussion between the parties, has finally been forwarded to Attorney-General Moody in Washington for his approval. The administration then intends, if it continues its crusade, to bring initial action in the State courts, not in the federal tribunals. This, according to Attorney Devlin, is to "avoid the appearance of attempting to coerce the State." Exactly—it is to coerce the State, but to avoid the appearance of doing so. The end sanctifies the means. Let us avoid the appearance of evil. If the administration shall fail in the State tribunals, it is then time enough to begin all over again in the federal courts. If they fail in the federal courts, the attempt could then be made to carry out the scheme by an "executive order." If the federal judges find this too strong for their stomachs, the President might establish a school, sustained by the federal government, here in California for Japanese, Chinese, Koreans, Lascars, Malays, and other Asiatics. To this educational institution the federal office-holders on the Coast would doubtless be glad to send their sons and daughters to share the seats with the Asiatics. From their adoring attitude, and the pæans of admiration they emit for the Presidential utterances on this Asiatic question, they doubtless would be overjoyed to have such an opportunity to testify their faith in his works.

We suggest to the San Francisco School Board that they go slow in this matter of an "agreed statement of facts." If the facts were brought out in the usual course of court procedure by the testimony of witnesses, we fancy they would find the result less apt to work to their discomfiture and the discomfiture of the State. Attorney-General Moody is about to go on the Supreme Bench. He has at his disposal the large force of trained legal and diplomatic experts to be found in the Washington Departments. The "agreed statement of facts," after it has passed this legal battery, will be a perilous document for our State and municipal attorneys to work with. Furthermore, the case will go to the United States Supreme Court on this "agreed statement of facts." Doubtless Attorney-General Moody by that time will be Mr. Justice Moody. A hypersensitive jurist might decline to sit in the consideration of a case in which as Attorney General his subordinates took part. But Mr. Moody has shown himself hypersensitive only to executive and not to public criticism during his term as Attorney General. It will be remembered that he made haste to discredit the acts of his own specially retained counsel in the Paul Morton case when they arrived at conclusions from "statements of facts" which were unpalatable to the President. Therefore, we would advise the San Francisco School Board to be extremely cautious about what "statement of facts" they agree on. In short, to paraphrase Mr. Roosevelt's favorite motto, let them "walk softly and beware of the Big Stick."

Restoration of Burned Titles.

The Supreme Court has unanimously upheld the validity of the Burned Record Act, generally known as the "McEnerney Act," intended the restoration of land titles when the records have been destroyed. It is to be hoped that a similar law now on the statute books, known as the "Torrens Act," may also be passed upon by the Supreme Court, in order that the land owner may know exactly what procedure is necessary to rehabilitate his title. As soon as this is done, it will be possible for the land owner firmly to establish his title by a decree of court. It will then be unnecessary to have long searches of title, and costly abstracts prepared, these methods of procedure redounding only to the benefit of title companies and attorneys. It is said that there are some seventy thousand land owners in San Francisco, and that each of these will probably bring suit under this act to re-establish title.

Simplified Spelling.

The umbra of simplified spelling, which so lately shadowed this vast country and cast its penumbra on the rest of the English-speaking world, has suddenly shrunk till it is no larger than the palm of a man's hand. What did this? What caused the Big Stick to tremble, to vacillate, and finally to fall—not on the heads of the orthographical rebels, but nervelessly to the ground? Money did it—coarse, common clammy money. Money, says the old saw, makes the mare go. Money apparently makes the Big Stick pause.

When there came a direct lock-horns between the President—cheered from afar by his loyal little band of simple spellers—and the other eighty-five millions of the American people who intend to spell the way they learned at school, the crisis came through the Appropriation Committee of the House of Representatives. During the Congressional recess Public Printer Stillings received his orthographical orders from the President, and made haste to follow them. He printed the President's message in simple spelling. He printed the President's executive orders in simple spelling. And he wrote his own orders to his own slaves in simple spelling.

The solicitors to the Treasury and other Departments made haste to write their letters and

print their briefs and opinions in simple spelling. Some of them got into trouble with the Supreme Court for quoting the decisions of that august body according to Mr. Roosevelt's executive order. The solicitors were crisply informed that when they quoted the decisions of that tribunal they should quote them as the justices wrote them. Not wishing to lose their official cases, the solicitors complied—when in the Supreme Court's jurisdiction. Not wishing to lose their official heads they disobeyed—when outside of its jurisdiction. Therefore they were placed in the position of printing their legal pronouncements for the executive eye in simple spelling, and for the judicial eye in American spelling. It was very embarrassing.

So with Public Printer Stillings. Mr. Stillings, like all the world, wants to hold down his job, but he also likes to get his wages. The President gives the Public Printer his job, but the House pays his wages. It would be a heroic and admirable thing to back up the President and to stand by simple spelling through thick and thin, and thus hold down his job. But it would be a tiresome and disgusting thing to get no money for holding down his job. Therefore, when the Public Printer was held up before the House Committee on Appropriations the other day, he was apologetic and explanatory. He admitted that if Congress adopted simple spelling, it would be necessary to get out new editions of dictionaries, new editions of school books, and new editions of many other works of reference. His head proof-reader, when called before the Committee, explained the printing of the public documents in both forms of spelling, and said it was "very wearing" on both the proof-readers and the men. The foreman of the Government printing office admitted that the men had great difficulty in memorizing the 300 words of the present simple system, and said that if the contemplated 1200 words should be adopted, they would all come to grief.

As Public Printer Stillings had fired the first reform gun by printing the Appropriation bill itself according to the President's simple spelling, he may be looked upon as the aggressor. But the House Committee did not smite him. It was merciful. It merely studied the appropriations for the printing office with thoughtful and anxious faces. This was unusual—the printing appropriation is very large but is usually passed without scrutiny, for the Public Printer is a pet of Congress. Still the committee hesitated over the simple spelling. It asked Public Printer Stillings if he intended to do it any more. He said it would not occur again. He was then released.

The President was not so easy to manage. He clung to his simple spelling. But the President, while not so much in need of his salary as the Public Printer, requires a great deal of other money to carry on his large volume of executive, legislative, and judicial business. It would embarrass him seriously to run this great country all alone if the Appropriation Committee did not open up freely. Therefore, the President, swearing that he would not consent, yet consented. But he demanded that the compulsion should be set down in the record. This was done. Now the House stands guilty of having by force majeure undone the President and ravished from him his simple spelling.

Once upon a time there was a German Emperor who attempted to change the gender of a noun. He failed. He passed into history as Sigismund Super Grammaticam. The President's simple spelling will now be laid away with the epicene substantive of Sigismund. The President's messages to Congress will now be spelled in the ordinary American way. For the President has been forced to yield.

But how about the others? How about the Secretaries and the Secretaries' secretaries? The gentlemen's gentlemen? The heads of Bureaus? The Solicitors to the Treasury and the other Departments? How about the Embassadors, the

Ministers, the Secretaries, the attaches of legation? If these gentlemen are loyal they must by this time have changed their spelling in honor of their august chief. But what do they do now? True, their chief has changed back again, but it is on compulsion, like many a ruler before him, because a low crowd of commoners held the purse strings. He has yielded, but in his heart of hearts he unquestionably clings to his simple spelling.

Would it not then be a base and unknighly thing for these gentlemen to repudiate their lord's spelling because he is under duress of his stubborn commoners? These gentlemen of the chambers may spell as they list. When the exiled Count of Chambord insisted he was Henry Fifth, Roy de France, he always spelled "Roy" in the ancient spelling of his ancestors. A sure sign of defection among his followers was when any of them began spelling "Roi" in the modern fashion with an *i*. It generally meant that the backslider wanted a nice fat job from a Republican government. Will the loyal appointees of President Roosevelt follow simple spelling to the end? By that we do not mean to the end of their terms, but to the end of his term—that is to say, until his successor is duly elected and qualified. It would be a pleasing, a chivalric, perhaps a profitable thing for them to do. Thus, by the spelling of a diplomatic or consular official we could readily tell that he belonged to the Roosevelt regime and did not fear Congress. It goes without saying, of course, that any prudent official would drop the simple spelling instant after the Presidential election of November, 1908. This would be considered "flagging" the President-elect. There might, however, be some isolated instances of more protracted loyalty—consuls, let us say, in choleraic or malarial stations like Madagascar or Zanzibar, or at distant points within the Arctic Circle where mail comes but once a year. Some of these might still be found—until discovered and axed by President Roosevelt's successor—holding the fort, thoroly loyal, sticking still to simple spelling thru thick and thin.

When the famous Three Hundred voted first, last, and all the time for Grant for a third term, some admirer in the convention had a bronze medal struck in their honor. It is still treasured by them and their sons. Why would it not be well for President Roosevelt to have a medal stamped on rich crushed oak-tanned Levant, to give to those of his gentlemen of the chambers who remain loyal to him and to simple spelling? It might bear on its reverse Guy Heavystone's motto "*Thru!*" in simple spelling, and on its obverse the proud legend of the Rohan family, modernized and simplified:

ROI NE PUIS,
PRINCE JE DAIGNE—
ROOSEVELT JE SUIS.

The Effacement of the States.

In the curious correspondence between the President and the Storer, which recently amazed a wondering world, occurred some passages about Secretary Root which take on a deep significance in the light of later events. Writing to Mrs. Bellamy Storer from the White House under date of October 4, 1901, President Roosevelt said:

"MY DEAR MARIA:—You need never be afraid of writing me or asking anything. If it is in my power to grant it, I shall do so. Bellamy was right. * * * I think of both of you all the time, and have several times gone over possible plans. First, as to the Cabinet: It is very unlikely now that I shall change any member of the present Cabinet. * * * Secretary of War Root is one of the very strongest men before the people in our whole party. His Canton speech was the most effective delivered in the campaign last year. * * * He is a sick man, a condition which gives me great uneasiness. * * * If he went out I should have to consider nothing whatever but the question of getting the best man. * * * It may be that I should conclude that Bellamy was the man. * * * I should count Bellamy's religion in his favor for a Cabinet place. * * * I should like to have a Catholic in the Cabinet. * * * The present Cabinet

is not so strong as it should be. * * * *There is no one of them, with the possible exception of Root, who can appear before the country with the prestige of a great political leader to explain and champion my administration.*"

These words are indeed significant when one recalls that Root entered the New York campaign at the eleventh hour for the purpose of making a bitter attack on Hearst, which he was careful to explain represented the views of the President. The President also freely gave out that Secretary Root in his speech expressed the Administration views on Hearst. Considering the President's remarks on Root in the confidential letter to Mrs. Storer, as well as the inspired utterances of Root in the Utica speech, we are justified in concluding that the Secretary has again expressed the views of his chief in his latest public utterance. This was at a dinner given by the Pennsylvania Society on December 12, at which Mr. Root was the guest of honor. In the course of his speech, the Secretary of State predicted the ultimate centralization of our Republic, and the practical effacement of State lines. To use his language:

"By the side of the present strong and glowing loyalty to the Nation, the sentiment for separate States has become dim and faint in comparison."

The dispatches say that this caused "a profound sensation among the guests." They had reason to be moved. Secretary Root went on to say that the framers of the Union would never have believed it possible that the form of government they constructed could be maintained among eighty-five millions of people, if they could have foreseen the great development of transportation, the workings of free trade between the States, and the growth of national sentiment. Referring to the increasing centralization of power in the national government, the Secretary said:

"It is useless for the advocates of State rights to inveigh against the supremacy of the constitutional laws of the United States, or against the extension of national authority in the fields of control where the States themselves fail in the performance of their duty. The instinct for safe government among the people of the United States is too strong to permit them long to respect any one's right to exercise a power which he fails to exercise."

Justice Brown of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court in his remarks took occasion to say that the courts of the United States would interpose a check when Congress went too far—"or even Presidents." His remarks were received with loud applause, and were construed as a rebuke to Secretary Root for his extraordinary pronouncement. That the Secretary's outburst created a sensation among the guests is not remarkable. Mr. Root goes as far toward disunionism by attacking the States themselves as Calhoun and the early Secessionists did in the other direction by attacking the Union. But both have a single end—the destruction of our Union of Federated States. If Secretary Root uttered such language as this without the approval of the President, we would advise Mr. Roosevelt to disavow it at once. If not, the President will stand committed in the eyes of the people to the endorsement of these dangerous doctrines. We say "dangerous." We use the word advisedly. They are dangerous to the Administration. They are dangerous to the Republican party. And if that party does not repudiate them, they will become dangerous to the Federal Union of American States.

The Power of the Press.

Shortly after the recent State election, Los Angeles had a municipal one. Los Angeles, which is a queer town, loves elections, whether they be State, Congressional, municipal, bond, or referendum. At this particular election there were six candidates for mayor: Republican, Dr. Walter Lindley; Non-Partisan, Lee C. Gates; Democratic, A. C. Harper; Labor Union, Stanley B. Wilson. The Prohibition and Socialist candidates cut no figure. The leading morning papers in Los Angeles are the *Times*, *Herald*, and *Examiner*. The three prominent evening papers are the *Express*, *News*,

and *Record*. The *Herald* and *Express* supported Gates, the Non-Partisan. The *Times* and *News* supported Lindley, the Republican. The *Record* leaned slightly toward Gates. The *Examiner* remained neutral. As for the Democratic candidate, Harper, not a single paper advocated his election. Even the *Examiner*, which claims to be a Democratic paper, did not take up his cause, for the reason, so the Los Angeles gossips say, because it feared to lose advertising business.

After the election it was found that Harper had received 11,240 votes, Gates 8464, Lindley 6949, Wilson 3869. Thus we see that Lindley, the man who had two powerful dailies behind him, received a trifle more than half as many votes as Harper, the man who had no daily at all. This proves the power of the press. It also seems to show that there are still some Democrats in Los Angeles.

A not unamusing feature of the contest was the stupefaction of the various dailies when they recovered from their pipe-dreams the day after the election and discovered that the only man who was in the race at all was the one without a newspaper behind him. Another fact adding to the gayety of nations was the effort of the serious *Express* to take daily straw votes, each of which was to prove that its candidate, Gates, would be elected by a large majority. About the fifth or sixth day the *Express* discovered that there was a nigger in the wood pile, for its own straw vote predicted the election of Lindley by about 50,000 majority. On investigation the *Express* discovered that the *Times* was stuffing the *Express* ballot boxes with forged postals. Thereupon, the *Express* raised a wild clamor and demanded the arrest of the *Times* outfit for "forgery and counterfeiting." Stuffing of straw votes not being a statutory offense, either under State, Federal, or Rooseveltian law, the *Times* staff are still at large.

On His Hands.

It will be remembered that Grover Cleveland, when President, once wrote an indiscreet letter to a friend, or a letter to an indiscreet friend, in which he remarked that he "again had Congress on his hands." President Roosevelt, from his general tone, seems to be in the same annoying position as his predecessor. He is reported to have remarked at a recent dinner party that he "would like to get after the Senate with a shot-gun." Mr. Cleveland did not have so much trouble as the present President. Mr. Roosevelt in his recent message, in addition to the many executive innovations which he urges, recommends not less than two amendments to the Constitution, both designed to place greater power in the President's hands. Thus it will be seen that President Cleveland only had Congress on his hands, while President Roosevelt has both Congress and the Constitution.

Who Is Scared?

The Eastern newspapers as they arrive fill Californians with wonder. They are one-half hysteria and the other half scare. They seem to think that mobs of Californians, in a frenzy of rioting, have been killing Japanese and burning Japanese houses. They believe or affect to believe that after the rioting was over the Californians began to shiver with apprehension lest a Japanese fleet should appear. But these curious phenomena are not apparent here. Everybody is busy and everything is quiet. The Japanese are not being attacked, and all of them who want work are busy. The Californians are not trembling over threatened attacks either from Admiral Togo or Colonel Roosevelt. In short, everything here is moving along in the most matter-of-fact manner. The trouble is all on the other side of the continent. The general tone of the press and people on the Atlantic seaboard is that the little island Empire is coming over to lick Uncle Sam. Washington seems to lead the gloomy chorus. Well, this hysteria is not remarkable when one remembers the dreadful scare of 1898. At that time every city on the

Atlantic coast from Maine to Georgia was howling for at least three battle-ships apiece to protect them from Admiral Cervera. Here there has been no such demand.

By the way, that reminds us—we have no battle-ships here at all. The President took three or four of them with him on his little trip to Panama—battle-ships to right of him, battle-ships to left of him. And at Oyster Bay a few weeks ago he had them all. President Lincoln once said that if General McClellan did not want to use the Army of the Potomac he would like to borrow it. Correspondingly, when President Roosevelt gets his war scare properly worked up, perhaps he will lend us one battle-ship, if he can spare it—to patrol the Pacific Ocean.

What is a Mongolian?

It is stated that the Administration, in its attempt to force Japanese adults among little white girls and boys, intends to lay great stress on the word "Mongolian" in the California school law. Further, that the Administration will claim that the Japanese are not Mongolians, that their ancestors did not come from Mongolia, and that they are a distinct race indigenous to the islands of the Japanese archipelago. Very likely they are autochthones—probably they sprang like Venus from the foam of the sea. But we assure the Administration that if their attorneys can split hairs over the meaning of the word "Mongolian," the California legislators will settle that next month. They will pass another statute which will make quite clear what they mean, if the Administration does not already know.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Correctional Suggestions.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., DEC. 7, 1906.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—Your journal has an enviable reputation among Coast periodicals for its scrupulous regard for correctness. In fact it is sometimes amusing, and always instructive, to peruse Jerome Hart's criticisms and arguments in proving to some protesting person that the *Argonaut* was right and that said protestant was mistaken.

I believe, (note the absence of any arrogant assumption of infallibility) that I have found two errors in late *Argonauts*.

In the "Individualities" of November 17, you speak of Geo. R. Peck's having been appointed U. S. Senator by the Governor of Wisconsin, and refusing the appointment. I am a native of Kansas, where Peck first rose to fame, and have always been under the impression that the Senatorial appointment noted was tendered by Gov. Humphres of Kansas or one of his immediate predecessors.

We have no authoritative record of Mr. Peck's career, and gave the item on the authority of the *Chicago Chronicle*, which is usually correct. At the same time we find no mention of a Governor Humphres in any list of Kansas governors in our possession. However, since the April unpleasantness, our works of reference are mainly notable for their absence.

Our correspondent continues:

Again in your article Dec. 8, correcting a false impression of "Seaports, Docks, Wharves, Piers," you attribute a remark anent lending "verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unpleasing narrative," to the Mikado in the opera of the same name. I am reasonably certain I heard Arthur Cunningham as "Pooh Bah" make that remark at Idora Park not long since, and unless my memory be at fault I heard the "Pooh Bah" of the "Bostonians" make the same remark several years ago.

Several years' reading of the *Argonaut* has convinced me that it is useless to try to pick flaws in any of the *Argonaut's* leading statements. It is only in matters of small import that the *Argonaut* has been mistaken, if indeed it has ever been mistaken, and the only reason for this note is that the writer feels keen enjoyment in reading the *Argonaut* and even more pleasure in noting the disastrous fall of other presumptuous critics. It is the same feeling that inspires the spirit of emulation in a small boy in the matter of taking a dare.

Most respectfully yours,

F. T. MONTGOMERY.

Here our correspondent is up against what writers call "style." It once used to be the "style" of the *Argonaut* to put names of plays and operas in italics: Names of characters in same "quoted," thus in Gilbert & Sullivan's opera *The Mikado* the role of "The Mikado" was filled by Barney Stormer. Therefore if we had meant—as our correspondent evidently believes—the actor filling the role of *The* (or the) Mikado it should have been in quotation marks thus: "The Mikado." If we had meant the opera itself it should have been *The Mikado*. These rules have been abrogated, and since last April the various typographic earthquakes of the *Argonaut* have caused all its "styles," new and old, to be put away with the old Moons. Now, we have no "style"—or if we have it

varies. Therefore, on reading our own sentence, we are forced to admit that, as printed, its meaning is not clear. Even had the initial letter of "the" been a capital, its meaning would have been clearer. Now no man knows what it means—including the writer. But he thought he meant the opera and not the role.

This painful occurrence is reminiscent of an episode in the life of Schopenhauer. To the great man there came one day two adoring disciples from afar. They had differed over the meaning of a Schopenhauer sentence. They wrestled long in argument, and finally decided to journey together and lay it before the master. He listened attentively, reflected profoundly, and replied oracularly: "My children, when I wrote that sentence, two beings in the universe knew what it meant—God and myself. Now"—reverently pointing upward—"there is but one!"

The Discharged Battalions.

The following communication from an army officer is necessarily printed anonymously, as army officers are subject to court martial for expressing their views in print on the President's actions:

LOS ANGELES, CALIF., DEC. 11, 1906.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—What a tempest in a teapot the blacks and their worshippers have kicked up over the action of the President in disbanding a mob of unruly blacks who disgraced their blue uniforms! The President was right. More power to his good right arm. The *Argonaut* is right—better for the peace and quiet of the country if they were all deported to Africa, where they belong. A stroke of a pen gave four million ignorant cotton hands the franchise—a political blunder. To put arms in their hands at all was a crime. The dignity of a Roman soldier was never lowered by such an act. The West resented the arming of the blacks, and collisions between the two races were of frequent occurrence. Their impudence was intolerable, and white officers would not associate with white corporals who took nigger commissions. From Cairo to New Orleans the army was nearly in revolt, and when the proposition was broached to the troops at Millikens Bend by Gen. Lorenzo Thomas, to arm the blacks, he was roundly hissed, and cries of No! No! reverberated through the swamps of the Mississippi Valley. All honor to the South; in their direst distress they never put a sabre nor an Enfield into the hands of their slaves. That was and still is a blot upon our escutcheon.

The *Argonaut* has hitherto expressed no opinion on the "discharge without honor" of the soldiers of the Twenty-fifth Infantry. To our thinking the phase of the matter touched upon by our correspondent is not the question at issue. Whether the soldiers are white or black is not involved. The question is whether the President was right in "discharging without honor" these companies.

We agree with our correspondent in thinking that it would be better for this country if the blacks had never been brought here. Probably their deportation now is not feasible. But their presence here constitutes a problem so grave that it causes keen apprehension in the minds of patriotic and thinking citizens. With this great race problem confronting us it is inconceivable how lightly the President, his Cabinet, and many leaders of thought in the Eastern States desire to entangle us in new race problems.

But the question involved in this case is not a question of race. It is a question of military discipline, of military law, of justice. It is white soldiers as well as black ones, whose rights are at stake. As it is an open question, and soon to be decided, the *Argonaut* will content itself with putting to our army correspondent certain questions:

Were the commissioned officers of the Twenty-fifth ignorant of all the facts in this case? If so, why? Where were they? Was the officer of the day ignorant of the absence of "from nine to fifteen men," while they went off and "shot up" a town? Where did they get guns and ammunition? Are not the gun-racks kept locked? Who keeps the key? Were there no sentries? How did the absentees get in and out? Did this riot, the killing, the shots, the return to barracks past the sentries, the cleaning of the guns, their return to the racks—did all of these things pass unnoticed by the officer of the day, and all the commissioned officers of all the three companies of the Twenty-fifth Infantry? And if so, why have these investigations been confined to the enlisted men?

May any man in this country, soldier or civilian, be convicted of a crime without a trial?

If a man may be convicted of a crime without a trial, may he be made a felon by an executive order?

Do enlisted men come under that provision of the Constitution which says that no man shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law?

If enlisted men may be convicted of crime without a trial, how about commissioned officers?

If the President can dismiss a battalion, can he dismiss a regiment? If a regiment, a division? If a division, a corps? If a corps, can he dismiss the entire army?

We express no opinion on the facts of the Brownsville case, because we have not seen the testimony. The *Argonaut* does not believe in condemning men as felons until testimony has been heard in their defense. It seems to us that to discharge two or three hundred men "without honor", to brand them as felons, and to debar them from re-enlistment or further employment in the service of the government, are grave acts which should be based on testimony. In this case it would seem that there

was no testimony for the defense, for the reason given for discharging the men by executive order is that there was a "conspiracy of silence," and that innocent and guilty alike refused to testify. This presupposes that all of the innocent men knew who the guilty ones were, which seems to us unlikely. In civil life murderers do not go around freely boasting of their crimes throughout the community. It does not seem probable that in military life murderers would hoast of their crimes throughout a garrison. It is more likely that the guilty men would keep silence. How then could the innocent men know who the guilty ones were? Suspicion does not mean knowledge.

Here is another phase of the case: The injury done to the public peace, order, and law, which is of more importance than the injury done to a group of soldiers, whether white or black. A citizen of Brownsville was murdered, another wounded, and many fired upon. The murderer has not been punished. Making felons of a couple of hundred innocent men can not make amends for letting a murderer go scot free. Have the civil authorities of Brownsville been permitted by the war department to bring to justice the assassins who attacked their citizens? Or were these troops surreptitiously removed in order to avoid civil process?

Woman Suffrage in Colorado.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 8, 1906.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—In the issue of the *Argonaut* for November 24, is a clipping from a Colorado paper which is, to say the least, misleading. It says, "Leaders of both political parties in Colorado assert that no woman will again be nominated for a legislative office. They say that equal suffrage in Colorado is rapidly becoming a farce and the rank and file of citizens, women included, wish the fair sex eliminated from the political game." Every governor of Colorado, every Supreme Justice, and all the other leading politicians of the State have publicly declared that equal suffrage is a success. Equal suffrage was granted in Colorado thirteen years ago by an act of the legislature, ratified by a referendum vote. After ten years' experience of it as a statute it was incorporated into the State Constitution by an amendment adopted almost without opposition.

To return to the clipping, "Four women ran for the House of Representatives recently. Three of them were on the Democratic ticket and one was on the Socialist ticket. All were defeated by decisive majorities." These four women were defeated because they were on minority tickets. Miss Katherine L. Craig, the Republican nominee for State Superintendent of Public Instruction was elected along with the rest of the Republican nominees. When a woman's name happens to be on the winning ticket the people evidently have no objection to voting for her.

HELEN MOORE,

Secretary of the State Central Committee,
California Equal Suffrage Association.

The South Supports the Pacific Coast.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—In California's effort to deal intelligently with the Japanese, both adults and school-children, permit me to assure you, and your readers, that the white Americans resident in the Southern States will support the just and reasonable position you have taken. The federal authority is dreaming of its past success—in coercing sovereign States and forcing upon us a situation which has never benefited the negroes and only harmed us; The right of suffrage. The Sacramento Union is right. "The day of enforcing upon a people that which their judgment and their taste have rejected has long since passed. * * * We of the South are proud of California's courageous defense of her white civilization in this hour of her distress. I feel that I only express the general sentiment of the Southern people, when I assure you that we will support your claims to exercise that Constitutional Liberty guaranteed to us by the ancient Constitution of 1788—nor will we stand idly by and see your people governed by the "Big Stick," or a mere numerical majority. The President and his coterie of swashbucklers are ready enough to add insult to injury—we are equally ready to stand by you in your just demands for payment from the wretched German insurance companies? The Kaiser has his greedy eyes on a vast territory, populated by 500,000 Germans in South Brazil. Let the "Big Stick" indeed walk softly.

The South's with you—don't forget that!

Yours truly,

TELAMON CUYLER.

Boston, Mass., 6 Dec., 1906.

Opinion on the President's Attitude.

California Members of Congress.

SENATOR GEORGE C. PERKINS:—"In the California school trouble we are violated no treaty. That the people of California do not discriminate against the people of Japan in educational matters is shown by the residence at the University of California of several Japanese students. I can only account for the President's position on the theory that he has been misinformed."

SENATOR FRANK P. FLINT:—"Up to this date has refused to be quoted in publication on the President's Message."

REPRESENTATIVE JAMES CARSON NEEHAM:—"The President's utterances here refer to the attitude of California toward the Japanese do not clearly state the position of the people of California. The President has misconstrued it. With us it is not a question of hatred of the Japanese, or whether we shall control our own schools. I think the courts will uphold our position."

REPRESENTATIVE EVERIS ANSON HAYES:—"The California delegation will most certainly oppose to the last extreme the passage of a bill to naturalize the Japanese. We do not want any more of the race or color question in the United States than we have at present. I do not think at any treaty the federal government might enter into with Japan which would dictate how the schools should be conducted in our State could be constitutional."

REPRESENTATIVE DUNCAN MCKINLAY:—"The President has been misinformed. The Japanese coming to California are of the lowest classes, many of them criminals, and diseased. The boys are boys only in name; six ages range from twenty to fifty. At present we have no seats enough in our white schools to accommodate our own children. We do not want grown Japanese associating in these schools with our children of tender years."

REPRESENTATIVE KNOWLAND:—"The President is entitled to his own opinion in the matter, and a member of Congress is entitled to his. The President's remarks on the subject do not seem any too clear, and it is hard to get an idea of just how far he means to make his language go, but a threat seems to be there just the same. The veiled threat of coercion

was unnecessary and uncalled for. If the message had been published before election some of us, I am afraid, would have been defeated for re-election."

REPRESENTATIVE JULIUS KAHN:—"We in California are law abiding but we want Japanese coolies kept out of our State. The sentiment of the entire State is behind the San Francisco School Board. We will never permit our children to be thrown into contact with adult Japanese students."

California State Officials.

Governor PARTEE:—"It would not do to have adult Japanese or adult Chinese or adult whites, for that matter, attend school with little children. The President and Eastern people do not appear to understand it. I do not see how the treaty with Japan has anything to do with it. It is entirely a State matter."

Secretary of State CURRY:—"I am opposed to any Asiatic being granted the right of naturalization, he be Japanese, Chinese, Korean, or any other Mongolian. The Japanese are particularly undesirable. They are dishonest in their dealings with white people. They would be a very dangerous element."

State Controller A. B. NYE:—"It is best to let the naturalization law stand as it is. The question of Japanese immigration is bound to be troublesome and it is a great mistake to complicate it by bringing in a side issue like naturalization and school attendance."

Surveyor General VICTOR H. WOODS:—"I am opposed to Japanese immigration; am opposed to naturalizing them, and am opposed to admitting them to schools with white children. I do not want to criticize President Roosevelt, but if he were a Californian he probably would see things differently."

Superior Judge E. C. HART:—"I am opposed to the President's attitude on Japanese citizenship and on the school question. The public schools are a State institution under State control, and the federal government has no right to interfere. If we have to naturalize the Japanese to maintain our peace relations with Japan, I think we had better go out of business."

Superior Judge PETER J. SHIELDS:—"I emphatically disagree with the President. The Japanese are an alien race. If unrestricted immigration and naturalization be permitted, California will in time be completely peopled with Japanese."

Prominent Pacific Coast Men.

DR. BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER, President of the University of California:—"In large part, at least for substance of doctrine, I agree with the President. Cordial relations with Japan, both commercial and otherwise, are of great importance to the Pacific Coast, and particularly to San Francisco. The school question is really in itself a small matter. The real question disturbing us is the rapid immigration of Japanese labor. The restriction of Japanese coolies will have to be restricted, but this is a delicate matter requiring delicate treatment. Japan is a first-rate power, and whatever is done will have to be done with her consent and her co-operation."

DR. DAVID STARR JORDAN, President of Stanford University (in an address at Palo Alto reported by the *San Jose Mercury* of December 11:—"It may be that the School Board of San Francisco is technically right. One thing that is fundamentally wrong is the exclusion of the Japanese. It is contrary to the fundamental principles of our country, which was designed by our fathers as a land for the oppressed of any nation. If we want to exclude the Japanese, the Japanese government will take action to prevent them from coming, but to pass an exclusion act against them because they are Japanese is unjust."

JAMES D. PHELAN, former Mayor of San Francisco:—"The State law requires separate schools for Mongolians. Grown Japanese are objectionable to parents who have young girls and boys in primary and grammar grades. Japanese naturalization is out of the question. It simply is a question in the long run of the preservation of the Republic."

GENERAL HARRISON GRAY OTIS, owner of the *Los Angeles Times* was a passenger returning December 17 from the Orient on the liner Nippon Maru. He said: "I do not agree with President Roosevelt in this matter. I do not see that that government has anything to do with the case. It is all local, and only San Francisco can decide what will be the restriction of the pupils in the schools of this city. Nor do I agree with President Roosevelt as to the naturalization of the Japanese. For forty years we have fought against the naturalization of Chinese, who are far superior to the Japanese in many respects, and why should we now turn about and advocate the citizenship of the Japanese?"

Governor MEAD, of Washington:—"Not for a minute do I believe in the naturalization of the Japanese as proposed by the President. Such a course would be most harmful to our people."

Former Governor MCGRAW:—"I do not endorse the President's recommendation for admitting the Japanese to citizenship."

FREDERICK A. BAUTSMAN, a leading attorney of Seattle:—"Each commonwealth in this country should decide for itself who shall be admitted to the common schools with our boys and girls. The federal government should leave that to the State."

A. C. HUGHES, of the Seattle Board of Education:—"Regulation of the common school is a matter entirely within the jurisdiction of the State authorities. If the Japanese, because of their ages, are given separate schools, they can not complain."

Professor FRANK B. COOPER, of the Seattle public schools:—"There is no ground for the segregation of the schools. It would be a bad thing to admit the Japanese to citizenship."

Superior Judge ALBERTSON, of Seattle:—"I am against naturalization of the Japanese. Admitting them would destroy the homogeneity of American citizenship."

From East of the Rockies.

Judge PETER S. GROSSCUP, of the United States Court of Appeals of Northern Illinois:—"The National Government has no right to make a treaty that will interfere with the regulation of schools by a State. California or any other State has the right guaranteed to it under the Constitution of the United States to exclude any one from its schools. Hence any treaty which conflicts with a State's rights to regulate its own schools is void."

Professor LOUIS T. HENGSTLER, Professor of Constitutional and International Law at the University of California:—"Every sovereign nation has the power, inherent in sovereignty and essential to self preservation, to forbid entirely the entrance of foreigners within its domain, or to admit them on such conditions as it sees fit to prescribe. The United States Supreme Court has repeatedly affirmed this rule in cases coming before it. The regulation of their educational system is a power never surrendered to the federal government by the several States."

Senator RAYMOND of Maryland:—"If the President can take possession of the public schools of California and compel the State to admit to them Japanese students, contrary to the laws of California, he could with equal propriety send us an amendment to the Santo Domingo treaty and demand the admission of the negro children of Santo Domingo into the white schools of South Carolina, or of any other State of the Union. There is no provision whatever in the treaty with Japan that confers the right that the President speaks of or gives to the government of Japan the privileges it claims in connection with the public school system of California or of any other State. If there was such a provision the treaty would be void and without any authority upon the part of the United States to make it."

Senator R. C. CORCORAN of New York:—"The sole question in the California matter is whether the Japanese under the treaty possess the right to attend the same public school as the white children. An examination of the treaty can hardly fail to show that it accords nothing of the kind."

Professor H. G. ROBERTS, of Harvard University, now at the University of California:—"The segregation of negro school children, being apparently contrary to the Fourteenth Amendment, is yet constitutional, because no clause in the Constitution interferes with the powers of the States to promote and protect the public health, peace, morals and good order within their respective borders. If the police power of a State can thus be urged in the case of a constitutional provision, there is no reason why it can not be urged in case of a treaty. The San Francisco regulation is quite constitutional because it is a reasonable exercise of the police power."

DR. HANNIS TAYLOR, former Minister to Spain, Special Counsel for the United States Government before the Spanish Treaty Claims Commission, Professor of Constitutional and International Law at Columbia University:—"The Supreme Court of the United States has held that the establishment of separate schools for white and colored children is no infringement of the right of protection against unequal and partial legislation by States. Only by a constitutional amendment can the federal executive authority be clothed with the power to execute treaty guarantees, when the same conflict with certain elements of State jurisdiction over which the federal government can not exercise no control."

Some fifty miles off the southern coast of Newfoundland lies the last remnant of the colonial Empire of France in North America—three islands, small, rocky, and barren, that arc, nevertheless, important as the center of the French cod fisheries, and because of the sentiment associated with them as a bit of ground over which the tricolor may continue to fly. The colony is administered by a governor and has a deputy in the French Chamber.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Congressman James S. Sherman of New York, will urge the passage of his universal two-cent mileage bill at this session of Congress.

Senator Cullom is 77 years old today. His health is not the best, as he had a fainting spell in Secretary Bonaparte's office recently, but he intends to equal his grandfather's record of 90 years.

Ex-Mayor Seth Low, of New York City, has just paid \$27,397 in back taxes which he had only recently discovered should have been paid from three to five years ago. As he was only technically liable for the taxes, say the press reports, Mr. Low's action has received appreciative comment, and it is further noted that he is not now a candidate for any office.

Governor Winthrop of Porto Rico, is a thorough Spanish scholar, and not only understands what the natives say to him, but speaks the language fluently in responding. Governor Magoon, the present regent in Cuba, is not so fortunate in this respect, being obliged to use an interpreter, and the fact is said to be a distinct hindrance to his effectiveness and popularity.

The House of Representatives, without a dissenting vote, on December 13, passed a resolution declaring that the standard of orthography prescribed in generally accepted dictionaries of the English language should be used in all public documents emanating from government offices. With the publication of this action came the announcement that President Roosevelt would withdraw his simplified spelling order.

Should Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, get the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, he would receive scant support from the Bryan Democrats of the country, even though Bryan himself should take the stump in his behalf, declares the *Portland Oregonian*. The proposal to nominate Wilson will be taken as the sign of an effort to bring the party once more to "safe and sane" conditions—that is, to subject it again to plutocratic control. President Wilson is a great "literary feller," and supposed therefore to be respectably and even eminently conservative. About the "excesses of Democracy" he has learned a lot from history. He has the Gracchi, Catiline, Rienzi, Mirabeau, Barere and the rest of them at his fingers' ends. But the Democratic party will not want him.

Among the guests at the twenty-third annual dinner of the Gridiron Club in Washington, December 8, were four members of the President's Cabinet, nine Senators, and fourteen Representatives in Congress. The programme, as usual, was made up of sharp-pointed bits of satire, directed at prominent political persons or illuminating current topics. In a Cuban burlesque a member of the club impersonated Governor Magoon, of Cuba. Sitting on a red hot stove, he "held down the lid," while the club selected a cabinet for him, composed of "tame ducks," gentlemen who failed of election in November, and others. Mr. Moody was selected for the place of "trust buster or trust matador," the Cuban revolutionists insisting that Mr. Moody was not a "trust matador," but a "picador," the difference being that a matador kills while the picador only teases.

Commissioner Richards of the general land office, whose official conduct was in question even before Special Agent Myendorff gave his evidence the other day, is a Wyoming man, notes the *Nebraska State Journal*. He received his appointment through the influence of Senator Warren of Wyoming, who also came into question through Mr. Myendorff's testimony. Chief Clerk Pollock, whose name also figured in Mr. Myendorff's testimony, has been pressed by Senator Warren for the position to be made vacant by Commissioner Richards's resignation. Another interesting point is the fact that President D. O. Clark of the Union Pacific Coal Company, one of the alleged land grabbing concerns, is a brother of Senator Clark of Wyoming, who, Mr. Myendorff said, had tried to call him off from the land fraud investigation. Senator Warren is the leading member of the Senate Irrigation Committee, while Senator Clark is a member of the Public Lands Committee. Representative Mondell, Wyoming's single congressman, was formerly assistant commissioner of the land office and is now on the public lands as well as the irrigation committee of the house.

The London Motor Omnibus Company reports a gross revenue of \$400,000 a year, and has paid a 10 per cent dividend.

A LONDON LITERARY VEXATION.

The War of Book Publishers and the "Times"—Secrets of the Trade.

Some of the illusions concerning what we have been pleased to regard as literature have been shattered during the past six weeks. When I say we, I refer to the reading class, a class, by the bye, which had seemed much larger and more important to me than now, and this may be set down as one of the illusions recently dispelled. The book publishers and the booksellers have been at war with the *Times*, authors and their friends and enemies have joined in the fray, and though the newspaper has fought practically single-handed, it has not been driven from the field. One need have little anxiety as to the outcome but for an allied interest that must suffer more than any of the combatants. Books have seemed to most of us something more than mere objects of barter—at least in the making and judging—but this battle has made many exposures of motives and measures, and some sordid, catch-penny aspects have appeared far too often.

It is estimated now, with seeming exactness, that there are 80,000 buyers of books and, say, 400,000 readers of books among our thirty-six millions of people—what might be termed a very small but select minority. Most of the readers of books are served by the circulating libraries, where, for a subscription usually of less than ten dollars a year, one may take out as many as three volumes a day. The publishers, in fact, regard the libraries as their best customers, though they are obliged to show more attention to the retail booksellers, who have an established trade and with their shop-windows and counters stir up the interest that induces readers for new books. For more than fifty years there has been a general trade agreement between publishers and booksellers, looking to the suppression of price-cutting competition, and it has been fairly successful. Booksellers who broke the agreement were in danger of being refused the usual trade discounts. Into this well-adjusted state of affairs the *Times* projected itself with disturbing innovations. Something more than a year ago it established a book club or library for the service or benefit of its subscribers. Recently it introduced a variation of its initial arrangements, offering to sell the books in its library at reduced prices to any subscribers who might desire to possess one or more volumes. This seems fair, on its face, but the retail booksellers discovered that it threatened their trade. Very few would pay six shillings for a novel when they could buy it of the *Times* book club for half that price or a little more. The publishers could not well allow the booksellers to suffer, for that meant decreased interest and consequent diminished sales. Efforts to induce the *Times* to change its plan were futile. To the proposal that it should at least refrain from offering for sale at second-hand or at a second-hand price any book until six months after its publication the *Times* gave a curt refusal. Then the war was on.

Two obvious means of attack presented themselves to the publishers, forced to fight for the protection of the booksellers. They could withdraw their advertising from the *Times*, and they could refuse to sell books to the *Times* book club. The first movement was put in operation and the *Times* responded with a request to its subscribers to boycott the offending publishers and their new books. To the threat that the *Times* would not be allowed to buy new books at less than retail prices, the paper answered nothing, though it seemed to assume that it could find a means of supply.

In the meantime the authors became deeply interested. They were between the upper and the nether millstones. Of course, their interests were with the publishers, and almost to a pen they held up the banners of the guild. The newspapers, ready to do what they could to humble their one great rival, printed columns daily about the war, including innumerable letters from novelists, poets, biographers, historians, and essayists. Hall Caine came forward as a peacemaker, and, when it was too late, the newspapers found that he had secured a vast amount of free advertising for a cheap revised edition of his story and play, "The Bondman." The *Times* had asserted that the inordinate profit of the publishers was about 800 per cent; that six-shilling novels could be produced and put on the market for two and sixpence or three shillings—that is, that an ordinary \$1.50 book could be sold at a profit for 75 cents. With indignant outcry the publishers showed that few books returned a profit at any price. They declared that the cost of materials and labor in the publishing house was but a small part of the expense connected with getting out a book—there were authors' royalties,

advertising, and an almost certain heavy loss in unsold remainders. Many publishers had been forced into bankruptcy, and the ancient belief that authors were robbed by them was a base and baseless fabrication. It was recalled that no less than \$40,000 had been paid in advance recently for the manuscript of a notable biography, with contingent payments to follow, and when some one published a letter quoting Sir Evelyn Wood in a statement that he would not receive £600 for his book, Methuen & Co. answered with a declaration that the field marshal had received more than that amount from his book within ten days.

I doubt if the public in general was edified by these disclosures and recriminations. It seems to me that great names and great achievements were cheapened by the discussion. Rudyard Kipling, E. V. Lucas, and some others among the writers, were dignified if severe, but no good results have come from their efforts. On the contrary, the attacks on the publishers, and on the *Times* as well, have been distinctly injurious. There has been a raking over of half-forgotten incidents and complications that might, with better judgment, have been allowed to remain obscure. Some of the early and later history of the *Times* and its struggles with a fate of which it was once the master, has been rewritten with prejudice. The paper has gained nothing in respect in the quarrel.

For many years the *Times* was the one great newspaper of England, its circulation being probably equal to that of all the other dailies combined. It was able, dignified, apparently impartial, yet ever in touch with some of the government leaders. Its home and foreign news service was thorough and distinguished. When the penny papers began to crowd its field, offering many new and attractive features, it held its course serenely, and even to this day its price remains the same. It is the only three-penny daily paper in London. But its influence waned and its circulation is diminished. Four generations of the Walter family have been at its head, and though the present representative of the name is in every way a credit to the traditions, his power is small, as compared with that of the founder of the paper. The ownership is now in a corporate partnership, comprising, it is said, no less than two hundred persons. By a strange growth and entanglement of interests there are peculiar arrangements regarding the division of profits. Several departments or sections of the paper are set apart to certain individuals among the proprietors—a particular class of advertising, for example. It follows, necessarily, that in matters of business control there are opportunities for dissension, and it is not surprising that difficulties have been encountered. There is an action now pending in court which is expected to end in a general accounting and fixing of responsibility. The trial that followed the publication of the Parnell letters, the Parliamentary Commission that investigated its secret alliance with the mining magnates of the Transvaal, were heavy blows to its dignity and its reputation for straightforward methods, and its fortunes have never been at high tide since. Its more recent deviations from a direct and independent course are charged to the influence of an American advertiser and promoter.

It was through the enterprise of the American, a Mr. Hooper, that the *Times* took up the project of disposing of an edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica that was not exactly fresh. Thousands of sets were sold by alluring methods of advertising, and the paper and the shrewd promoter profited largely. A little later the book club was announced, and from that latest commercial attachment has sprung the issue which is now vexing the makers and venders of literature, real or pretended.

LONDON, December 3, 1906.

There was a time when dogs did the roasting—at least they kept the meat turning, so it would not burn. "Spit dogs" they were called, and we call their descendants "spitz" to this day. Spit dogs were trained to turn the spits on which roasted chickens, beef, ducks, and turkeys. The little fellows did their work well. They were never known to let a fowl burn or to snatch a mouthful or two from it. As late as 1816 spit dogs were employed.

The spotlessly pure marbles of the Island of Paros, Greece, are mined by an English company. Many of the celebrated statues left by the ancient world were sculptured from the marbles of the Parian mines. The green marbles of Tinos and the red of Mani are likewise controlled by foreign capital.

OLD FAVORITES.

Christmas in California.

Can this be Christmas—sweet as May,
With drowsy sun, and dreamy air,
And new grass pointing out the way
For flowers to follow, everywhere?

Has time grown sleepy at his post,
And let the exiled Summer back,
Or is it her regretful ghost,
Or witchcraft of the almanac?

While wandering breaths of mignonette
In at the open window come,
I send my thoughts afar, and let
Them paint your Christmas Day at home.

Glitter of ice, and glint of frost,
And sparkles in the crusted snow;
And hark! the dancing sleigh-bells, tost
The faster as they fainter grow.

The creaking footsteps hurry past;
The quick breath dims the frosty air;
And down the crisp road slipping fast
Their laughing loads the cutters bear.

Penciled against the cold white sky,
Above the curling eaves of snow,
The thin blue smoke lifts lingeringly,
As loath to leave the mirth below.

For at the door a merry din
Is heard, with stamp of feathery feet,
And chattering girls come storming in,
To toast them at the roaring grate.

And then from muff and pocket peer,
And many a warm and scented nook,
Mysterious little bundles queer,
That, rustling, tempt the curious look.

Now broad upon the southern walls
The mellowed sun's great smile appears,
And tips the rough-ringed icicles
With sparks, that grow to glittering tears.

Then, as the darkening day goes by,
The wind gets gustier without,
And leaden streaks are on the sky,
And whirls of snow are all about.

Soon firelight shadows, merry crew,
Along the darkling walls will leap
And clap their hands, as if they knew
A thousand things too good to keep.

Sweet eyes with home's contentment filled,
As in the smouldering coals they peer,
Haply some wondering pictures build
Of how I keep my Christmas here.

Before me, on the wide, warm bay,
A million azure ripples run;
Round me the sprouting palm-shoots lay
Their shining lances to the sun.

With glossy leaves that poise or swing,
The callas their white cups unfold,
And faintest chimes of odor ring
From silver bells with tongues of gold.

A languor of deliciousness
Fills all the sea-enchanted clime;
And in blue heavens meet, and kiss,
The loitering clouds of summer-time.

This fragrance of the mountain balm
From spicy Lebanon might be;
Beneath such sunshine's amber calm
Slumbered the waves of Galilee.

O wondrous gift, in goodness given,
Each hour anew our eyes to greet,
And earth so fair—so close to Heaven,
'Twas trodden by the Master's feet.

And we—what bring we in return?
Only these broken lives, and lift
Them up to meet His pitying scorn,
As some poor child its foolish gift.

As some poor child on Christmas Day
Its broken toy in love might bring;
You could not break its heart and say
You cared not for the worthless thing?

Ah, word of trust, His child! That child
Who brought to earth the life divine,
Tells me the Father's pity mild
Scorns not even such a gift as mine.

I am His creature, and His air
I breathe, where'er my feet may stand;
The angels' song rings everywhere,
And all the earth is Holy Land.

—E. R. Sill.

The pension list of the Revolutionary war was closed November 11 by the death at Plymouth Union, Vt., of Mrs. Esther Sumner Damon, the only surviving widow of a soldier of the revolution. Mrs. Damon was born in 1813, and in September, 1835, she was married to Noah Damon, then 75 years old, her husband being 53 years older than she. She had been supported for some years by the chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The state Legislature of Vermont appropriated \$200 for her keep in 1904, and \$24 a month has been given her by the government.

THE CHRISTMAS PLAY.

Reminiscences of Old San Francisco.

There once lived in famous London City a genial man who, for forty Christmas-tides, made the big town merry. What magic had he? What but a warm humor and a nimble wit—for what but these have kept the world a-laughing since the world began to laugh? Every year—counting forty—he tricked out the little ones' old friends in the newest guises, for the Christmas play is always for the children. Yet

"Men are only boys grown tall;
Hearts don't change much after all."

And they do say an Englishman never outgrows his love for the Christmas pantomime. You will find him, fat and middle-aged, in the very same seats in the stalls where his little legs dangled long years ago, watching the gambols of Clown and Pantaloon, Harlequin and Columbine—that perennial four of the English playhouse—with all the pleasure of early childhood, and only a long, delicate bridge of Christmas reminiscences to span the intervening years.

We have no Clown or Columbine, no Harlequin or Pantaloon.

They crossed the water once or twice, but only to give us a hasty "merry Christmas," and speed away again. The pantomime has borne transplanting well, and thrives in the hardy English soil, but it refuses to fasten its roots and grow in new America. We revel instead, at Christmas time, with the twin, the spectacle. And if you will find graybeards in the stalls in the English pantomime, how thickly may you not see them sown in our orchestras when the Christmas spectacle is on. Every one laughs with the children when the familiar little people of the story-books come trooping in—Red-Riding-Hood with her basket on her arm; or Cinderella, in brown stuff, in her corner by the ashes, or glittering with spangles by the side of the enchanting prince; or Bluebeard, scowling over the unhappy Fatima; or Robinson Crusoe in that marvelous island costume of white goat-skin. Indeed, the children always liked Robinson well enough, for he was the hero of adventure, whatever guise he wore; but the graybeards never took kindly to him till some daring Crusoe evolved that wonderful costume of white. It is not just the thing to prowl about a desert island with, but it is charming behind the footlights, and in a little handful of years it became traditional. When pretty Sue Robinson played it at Maguire's Opera House, a quarter of a century ago, she was handicapped with a mountain of hideous gray fur, which made her look like a Cosack in mid-winter, and the island man was not the popular fellow he later became. And, talking of Maguire's old theatre, was it not one of the Christmas spectacles which allowed the startling fact to penetrate some dim intellects that the graybeards did not go to the Christmas play only with a sentimental idea of evoking childhood's sunny memories? For a winter came when dear old Mother Goose was laid on the shelf and "The Black Crook," with its demons, and its fires, and its glittering Amazons, illuminated the bleak nights of the Christmas weather.

It was then that R.ta Sangalli came to town and the *jeunesse doree* bowed down before the magic of her pointed toe. Danseuses became the fashion, and they have never quite gone out. There was a solid magnificence about the Sangalli unusual with dancers, and an odd contortion which she flashed on them one night, and which can scarcely be called a step, set every one a-wondering, and the crowds flocked afresh to see how she did it. It was only when a rival came on the field that the knowing ones began talking of different schools, and establishing factions. For one night, when the tar etan-clad sylphs who posture about the stage in preparation had been grouping a half-hour, they parted to reveal a vision of ethereal loveliness, standing with pointed toe upon a swiftly whirling tin star. The whirling star is an old trick now, but it seemed of chiseled silver then, and Bonfanti the very lightest puff of thistledown that ever floated in a ballet. They called her "butterfly" and "fairy" then, but when she danced the Christmas-tide out at the old California, a few years later, the public said, too plainly, alas, that "she was a lean, black, scrawny little old Frenchwoman." But by that time Emily Rigl, dimpled, curved, and massive, was the new idol of the hour, albeit Betty, her plainer sister, was the more artistic danseuse. There was a clashing of schools even yet, but at the California they cut the Gordian knot for a Christmas or two by having exponents of both schools to tread their bewildering steps before our unknowing eyes, for was it not Rosa

who was the very epitome of leanness, yet danced like a fairy? while the muscular, dark-eyed Palladino bounded across the stage in those tremendous *tours de force* which took one's breath away. One could hear her snuffy old father still clapping vigorously at the wings long after the applause of the house had died away, for he was an enthusiast upon the subject of "my baby's art." It sounds oddly enough to hear the skill which lies in a pair of twinkling heels spoken of with all fervor as a sublime art, and yet it must have been art *pur et simple* with which Bonfanti danced the wicked cancan as a *pas seul*, purged it of all grossness, and idealized it till there hung about it not a breath of Mabilite.

Does any one remember the dashing Hungarian danseuse who came when "Ahmed" was the Christmas spectacle at the Grand Opera House? Augusta Sohlike it was, and she bounded on the stage in pale blue with white fur, and carrying a tiny muff to suggest inclement weather.

Where do they go to, these ever-smiling dancers, when the season is over? They sink out of sight and are never heard of more till the Christmas time comes again; and even so, who of all these light fantastic trippers is ever heard of now at all? Do they live but for a winter's day?

It is one of the charms of the spectacle that it gives the widest latitude for the specialist. There is more in it than the enchanted grottoes, or the bowers of ferns, or the lakes of lilies where the leaves are all of silver, the blossoms all of gold, and the dew all of spangles. It was in the Christmas spectacle that we first knew the Majiltons, those loose-jointed grotesque dancers, who have had a hundred imitators since, but none quite like themselves. The comic Vokes family had given us a little taste of this wild, unclassified dancing some little time before, but the long-legged Majiltons took the wayward fancy of the town all in a twinkling; and trim, shapely Marie Majilton, all in red—a new Mephisto—charmed with her modest face, and startled with her daring gymnastics. Their followers and imitators came to be known generally as Majiltons, but there never were any who approached them except, perhaps, the Girards.

The elastic, gyrating Majiltons led naturally enough to the trapezists, whose home had always heretofore been in the canvas tent. The flying trapeze is always a singularly uncomfortable looking instrument of torture, and the hardest would watch with half-averted eyes a clear-headed, strong-nerved man periling life and limb for a multitude's diversion. But when that daring, boneless, young imp, "Lottie," came, she was so wide-eyed and fearless that one looked and forgot to remember that she was in danger. She was as quick as a flash, as limp as a jellyfish, as strong as a steel wire. She was a better artist, too, if one may so debase the term, than the tall, splendid young animal who afterward used to ogle the gilded youth in the orchestra, even from the dizzy heights of the trapeze. Leona Dare—a fine, characteristic name if you will—came fresh from a dazzling career among the sophomores of Yale, and the prestige of success helped her to more. The Christmas spectacle went well with them that year at the California. The orchestra was black at 10 o'clock, and the loungers in the corridor found their space considerably lessened at the same hour. It was one of those odd seasons which come now and then, when a dancer, a circus-rider, or a trapezist becomes the caprice of the hour, even with the womankind. They would gather in groups in the vestibule of her hotel to see her walk down to the dining-room with her long, swinging stride. She was not fine, but she was handsome to look at, what with the magnificence of her raiment, the glossy Pompadour roll of her hair, and the deep, dark lines beneath her eyes, a bold half inch wide, and laid on with unstinting hand.

It was not often the California gave itself so purely to spectacle at this season. True, there was a long glitter there one year of pink, and red, and silver, a meaningless trifle which they called "Cherry and Fair Star"; but, for the most part, they showed forth the talents of their people, and one beautiful Christmas we had "The Palace of Truth." How the town laughed over its quaint wit, and went to see it again and again; but Porter was the knight of the brush in those days, and "The Palace of Truth" itself was a glittering thing of beauty, and the costumes were something gorgeous to see, and Rose Evans was the enchanting princess who spoke the truth, even under the spell of a fairy's wand, and John McCullough was the Feramor to whom she said, ever and again, in her sweet, liquid English: "I love you Feramor—be satisfied." Fancy John McCullough in a Christmas play! But he made a gallant young Feramor

in those days, and wore that famous dress of mauve and green with which he afterward made an innovation in "Othello" and dressed the Moorish general as a Venetian gallant.

Pretty Rose Evans! She had a voice of molten music, and must have worn the first of all the bangs. She is dead since; and so too is Owen Malow, that wonderful courtier in "The Palace of Truth," who so truly breathed the spirit of the play.

It must have been after this that the California took to burlesque at the holiday time. Was it not "Ixion" which came first, "Ixion," the heartiest and longest-lived of them all? For was it not a delicious thought to burlesque the Olympian gods themselves? Emelie Melville was Ixion; and, as she had not yet become a *prima donna*, she sang "Silver on Her Heels," and a pretty ballad or two to the delight of gods and dress-circle alike. And lovely Marie Gordon was Juno, and ill-fated Minnie Walton was the swift-winged Mercury, and such a group of pretty faces has never been seen upon the boards at one time since. It was another Christmas week that Aladdin went down into a cave of unexampled splendor. Merry, sparkling Maggie Moore was the lively Aladdin, and despite an unbecoming blue cotton costume and a queue, that was the year that she and Jimmy Williamson danced themselves into love and wedlock, and a big, big horn of plenty. But the old theatre became more massive in its style as the years rolled on, and took at last to Shakespearean spectacle, and left to the minor houses the oft-told tales, but ever welcome, of "Cinderella," or "The Babes in the Wood."

It was at the Grand Opera House that they gave us the pretty German story of "Snowflake," with its fairies and gnomes. It must have been on a snowflake of that time that little Annie Pixley drifted to fame; but not many others passed from out the portals of the Grand Opera House to climb to that pleasant height. And yet, of all the Christmas plays that we have had, there has been no more gorgeous spectacle than "Ahmed," which was a very surfeit of light and color, and scenic splendor. The children never ceased to tell of the glories of its transformation scene, as sheet after sheet of starry gauze unrolled itself, to disclose at last a wonderful revolving Moslem temple, and the happy pair in Paradise.

It is one of the comforts of the Christmas play that one knows it will always end well. The beautiful transformation scene must come at last. Who does not know that inconsequential and sudden ending of the story, when there is a creaking of the flats, a general bracing up in the orchestra, and an attentive wait everywhere for the prompter's bell? "Ding-a-ling," and the twin sides of a forest or a field part company, to reveal a long, swinging sheet of gauze, through which one sees but faintly the phantom form of coming glories. There is usually a pair of recumbent sylphs in tulle, on either side in the foreground, who retain rigidly their fixed positions throughout the unfolding of all the splendors. Another sheet of gauze; more nymphs. They may be in boats or floating on pond-lilies, for they have a gentle, undulating motion, dreamy and poetic to look at; but they must be frightfully sea-sick, poor girls! At this period there is a general disposition on the part of everything about the stage to take motion. Long leaves begin to put themselves forth from strange corners. The blossoms open, and strange fruit comes therefrom—a spangled fairy with a star wand, perhaps, or a little, curly-haired child, open-eyed and bewildered. The next sheet of gauze has a queer tremulousness. It is the prismatic light upon the water, for as the thin veil rolls up, the ever popular fountain is playing. There are more nymphs. There are tiers of them now, some of them gracefully reclining on swan-shaped boats, some lolling on long lily leaves, some perched on dizzying, whirling wheels; and as the waves lap, and the wheels fly, and the waters play, and the swan boats undulate and a trio of nymphs go sailing upward on a stiff, wooden cloud, the gauze veil goes up yet once more, and far, far up the heights, one sees the prince and princess—for there should be nothing less than royal rank in a well-regulated Christmas play—made happy after all the machinations of picturesque red demons and malignant spirits. They are bathed in living light, and seem to melt into the harmony of the long-drawn picture, when away goes the prompter's bell once more; down comes the cold curtain on all this warmth and beauty; and there is the end to the Christmas play.

It is proposed to substitute solitary confinement during six years for the death penalty in France. The death sentence has not been carried out for some time.

THE LOST SHIP MARIGOLD.

A Strange Tale of an Inhabited Island in the Pacific
Not Upon the Charts.

"On clearing the straits Drake accordingly held a north-west course, and in two days the fleet had advanced seventy leagues. Here it was overtaken by a violent and steady gale from the northeast, which drove them into 57° south latitude, and two hundred leagues to the west of Magellan's Straits. * * * On the 24th (September, 1578), the weather became more moderate, the wind shifted, and they partly retraced their course, for seven days standing to the northeast, during which land was seen, and near which a vain attempt was made to anchor. Their troubles did not end here. Once more the wind got back to its old quarter, and with great violence; and on the 30th the *Marigold* was separated from the *Elizabeth* and the *Golden Hind*, as Drake, on entering the South Sea, had named his ship, in compliment, it is said, to his patron, Sir Christopher Hatton. They made the land, but the *Marigold* was home to sea by the stress of the gale and was never heard of more. We do not even find a conjecture breathed of the fate of this ship."—*Lives and Voyages of Drake, Cavendish, and Dampier*.

Last year a gentleman of fortune, an Englishman, Sir Harry Buckstone, by name, visited San Francisco in his yacht. During his stay here, Dick Ferrier—everybody calls him Dick—was introduced to him, and through community of tastes and parity of age—each was about thirty-five or so—that sort of companionship common to men of the world with plenty of money and nothing to do grew up between them. Thus it came about that when Sir Harry got tired of the land and proposed a leisurely cruise on the Pacific, he asked Dick to accompany him, and Dick went.

I had almost forgotten the incident, until I met Dick the other day. He assured me that the voyage had proved to be something more than a loafing trip to the South Sea.

"I have sailed half round the world since we met last," he said. "Had a splendid time. But I'm not going to give you a full account of my travels; that is, not just now. Come up to my rooms tonight. I want to narrate one little bit of South Sea experience that, I think, will interest you in this unromantic age," he concluded, with a knowing twinkle.

Evening found Dick and me in easy chairs before a roaring hearth, in his cozy home.

"It was somewhere about the middle of last June that we steamed out of San Francisco harbor," said Dick. "The *Firefly*, as you know, is a quick runner—thinks nothing of fifteen knots under a full head. We steamed merrily south through the finest imaginable Pacific weather. We struck out in the direction of the Fijis and stayed there a couple of weeks in the highest of them, all of which was very new and interesting to me; but, Sir Harry had been there before, and only dropped in to get a favorite cane or something he had left.

"Now," said Sir Harry, after we had stayed a few days, 'what do you say if we strike for Valparaiso and visit Pitcairn Island on the way? I have a fancy to see these curious people.'

"Of course I was delighted and away we went. Pitcairn Island, as perhaps you know, is a lovely little dot, lying some fifteen hundred miles south of the line, and between two and three thousand from South America. You know that, as it is far out of the track of ships, it is seldom visited, and that the arrival of a ship there is an event of great rejoicing. Well, we got along swimmingly for about a week, when we experienced, for the first time, some uncommonly rough weather. Of course this was disagreeable; but we took the pitching about and the smashing of glass in the cabin, and even the demolition of the last but one of our cases of champagne, philosophically enough; but when it came to the breaking of a blade of our screw, we felt that it was piling on the agony a little too much, and indulged in some appropriate comments on our elemental luck. That didn't mend matters, however, one particle; and as, in addition to being blown out of our course, we didn't get a sight of the sun for a matter of five days, we could only tell by dead reckoning that we were a good deal south of where we ought to have been. Such things, however, don't last forever, and when it cleared up one night, and our captain could use his sextant, he gave our latitude as—let me see: I've got it down in my pocket-book. Yes; here it is—as 33° 24' S., 132° 15' W. I remember noting it down particularly, as Sir Harry and myself were curious to know where we were.

"Not so bad after all, gentlemen," said the captain as he looked over our shoulders; 'we are not quite five hundred miles south of Pitcairn Is. and, and if we have any luck we shall make her inside of three days. Meantime, we must lay to till morning. Some of the tackle wants fixing.'

"Lay to we did; and, as I was performing my

ahutations next morning, I heard Sir Harry's voice shouting cheerily outside my state-room:

"Dick, I say, get out here. There's an island lying a few miles east of us which the captain says isn't on the chart. Just think of it; we're discoverers!"

"I dressed in double-quick time and got on deck, and sure enough there was the island, lying, I should say, some four or five miles off, and looking as pretty as a picture. Sir Harry and the captain stood side by side, each with a big telescope glued to his face, and gazing with rapt attention.

"There are people on it!" exclaimed the captain, as he shut up his glass with a snap.

"Very strange that it isn't on the chart, isn't it, captain?" remarked Sir Harry.

"Well, no," said the captain, reflectively. "I don't suppose a ship gets into this section once in twenty years, and only then when she's blown in like we've been. You see that island lies five hundred miles further off the line of travel than Pitcairn does, and she's on the direct route from nowhere to nowhere. So, it ain't as strange as it looks."

"As we got nearer the shore Sir Harry and I kept our telescopes to our eyes, to make out what sort of natives they were. Some scores of them had collected upon the beach and were watching our approach. Before we could make out much about the people, we could plainly see, about half a mile inland, a village of houses, some of them evidently wooden ones and painted, others made of mats and poles, such as we had seen among the Fijis.

"That looks uncommonly like civilization," said Sir Harry. "Can you catch what sort of dress they wear? Seems to me they have clothes on down to the feet anyway."

"As we got nearer I saw that Sir Harry was right, and the people were, at all events, rigged something like ordinary Christians, though I couldn't for the life of me at first make out what I did see. Well, when we got within a quarter of a mile of the shore, the landings grew shallow; so Sir Harry and I got into the captain's boat, and they pulled us to the beach. On our way we kept getting a better and better view of the islanders, and Sir Harry said to the captain:

"You must have made a mistake, Biggs. These people are no savages. Why, they are dressed in some sort of long clothes, though I can't tell yet what they are. This is no undiscovered island!"

"Phew!" said the captain; 'I'm blessed if I can understand it. I'd swear the place ain't on a chart, and I'd swear that my observations are all right too. But if I ever saw anything like this—well, I am blown!' and he whistled in a mystified way.

"By this time we had got to the beach, and jumped on shore, and if ever I was staggered in my life I was then. Well, the three of us, Sir Harry, the captain, and I, left the sailors in the boat and jumped ashore. About twenty paces in front of us, and about the same distance in advance of the crowd I told you we saw at first, stood four of the queerest, the quaintest, the most nondescript figures. One of the four had on a mantle reaching about to his knees, once evidently gaudy, but now faded from age, and here and there patched with some different material. The legs, from the knees down, were encased in hoots of untanned leather, such as are ordinarily worn by the stage brigand. A long white beard fell from a rather pleasant-looking brown face, while on the head was a species of leather slouch-hat with a broad brim. The next was a well-proportioned, black-headed young fellow, in a short mantle of faded silk, his lower extremities likewise sheathed in galligaskins of fine rawhide. This one held his hat in his hand, and it had a long feather in it. At his hip hung a sword in a curiously chased sheath. The other two were middle-aged men attired in old-fashioned leathern doublets and long rawhide boots, with antiquated cutlasses strapped to their waists. The expression on their faces was evidently meant to give an idea of importance, and each, in his own attitude, remained as if posing for a photograph. Anything more ludicrous and comical I never saw in my life. The effect on us, was irresistible. For one moment I was utterly dumfounded and nonplussed. The next, I came to a sense that Sir Harry was in fits behind his handkerchief, while the worthy captain stood like a statue, head thrown back, mouth wide open, and eyes staring out of his head. If anything was wanting to complete the picture and my utter demoralization, it was this. I gave vent to a guffaw before which an Apache war-whoop would seem tame, and which had the effect of exciting extreme commotion in the ranks behind the quar-

ter, which had meanwhile been coming gradually closer, and many of whom then and there turned and fled precipitately, with a pack of howling children at their heels. This, however, broke up the matinee, and brought all hands, as it were, to a sense of the situation. It was now in order for both sides to say something, and if I was utterly demoralized before, I was now routed, horse, foot, and dragoons. May I be struck dumb and paralyzed on the spot, if that old fellow, with the long, gray beard and brigand hoots didn't amble up and say, with a Chesterfieldian bow:

"May't please your worships to go with us and taste of our cheer? You are right welcome to this island. We will entreat you well, for I hethink me ye do come from the land of England, of which our forefathers spake. We are right glad that ye have come, I warrant you. Suffer us to conduct you unto our homes."

"Yea, prithee, fair sirs, we entreat you," chimed in the other three.

"Sir Harry at once grasped the situation and politely accepted the hospitality. We then went along with our entertainers in the direction of the village, followed and surrounded, at a respectful distance, by the rest of the folks, who watched us narrowly and curiously. After a walk of about half a mile, during which we passed many cottages surrounded by gardens and plats of cultivated ground, we reached the village. This consisted of some forty or fifty cottages, of various sizes, some of them built of logs, some simply of poles with cocoanut matting flung over them, others of hoards with roofs and gables, which would compare favorably with similar structures of our own, one or two of them painted with a sort of ochre. All of the better class had doors and windows—that is, window-shaped openings, protected by lattice-work. Of course, we were puzzled to account for it all, and on the way up asked if it was actually true that they had never seen a ship before. The old man—Master Martin, he called himself—said that he remembered having once seen a ship sailing on the horizon very far to the east, and at another time one was driven past the island by a storm; but none had ever stopped there, and no stranger had ever been seen at the island, either in his time or within the traditions which he possessed.

"At last we stopped before one of the most pretentious of the cottages, on the threshold of which we were met by two females—one middle-aged, who was introduced to us as Dame Elizabeth Martin; the other a mere girl of 16 or so, as Amy Martin. The dame was like most elderly females, with a decided leaning to *embonpoint*, but the young lady was a veritable dusky beauty—bright, flashing eyes, rosy lips, jet black hair, and piquant features. What did they wear? Well, if there is one thing I'm more ignorant about than another, it is a woman's dress. Probably the old Greek tunic would come nearer to describing the feminine dress than anything else. The ladies courtesied, and in that quaint, old Elizabethan language, with which we are familiar in the pages of Ben Jonson and old Roger Ascham, asked us to be seated; the seats were high-backed chairs, adorned with an attempt at carving. There was already a table spread with a snowy cloth in the middle of the apartment, which was of the capacity of an ordinary family room. The floor was strewn with rushes. A large fire-place, lined with stone, occupied nearly the whole of one end. In fact, the whole thing smacked of some bygone period. It was as if we had suddenly dropped from the present century to the seventeenth, and, as it turned out, to all intents and purposes we had.

"An't please your worships to be seated, we will fall to," was the invitation to which we responded by bringing our chairs close up to the table, the fair Amy being flanked by Sir Harry on the one side and Master Marigold Thomson, the young fellow with the dandy doublet and hose, on the other, while another lady was similarly cavaliered by myself. On the other side of the festive board the worthy captain looked like a modern brass-buttoned sailor trussed up between two of the ancient huccaneers or swashbucklers of the Spanish Main. The dinner was plain, but well-cooked, the company being served indiscriminately upon wooden trenchers and brown crockery plates. There were knives and spoons, but no forks. Master Martin, our host, carved the roast kid by simply taking a good grip of the head with his left hand, while with his right he cut off chunks of the meat, which he put upon our platters as they were handed up to him. There were haked and hoiled yams on the table, with some other native succulent vegetables; what the old lady called a 'manchet' of wheaten bread with goat's milk butter,

and fruit, such as mangoes, bananas, and pine-apples. After the roast kid a dish of wild ducks was brought in, with eggs and cheese. And while this was going on you must not suppose that we had nothing to drink.

"'Dickon,' called Master Martin in commanding tones to a bare-footed servant who hovered about, 'get thee to the buttery, and fetch a measure from yon cask we broached yestereven, when we saw their worships' ship over against us. Begone! hie thee!' then, apologetically to Sir Harry, 'I crave your pardon, fair knight, but these catiff knaves must be strictly entreated, else will they most woefully malinge. Is it ever so in thy country?'"

"To which Sir Harry replied gravely that it was, and so the banquet went merrily on. It was a sight for the gods to see our worthy captain hobnobbing and carrying on animated conversation with the buccaneers at the other side of the table; for all tongues were loosened under the influence of the wine, which was old and really fair. I could see, too, that Sir Harry was making his way in the good graces of damsel Amy, much to the perturbation of Master Marigold Thomson. I, of course, tried to do the agreeable, under difficulties, with my early English partner in the Greek tunic."

"Well," Dick continued, "the dinner passed off without a flaw. A perfect *entente cordiale* had been established, and we rose from the table in time to see the bare legs of black Dickon in hot pursuit of some of the villagers, who had transgressed the bounds of propriety so far as to gather unnoticed round the door while we were eating. After dinner we produced our cigar cases and astonished the natives by smoking."

"Sitting down in the shadow of a patriarchal palm, Master Martin told us the traditional history of the island; but wisely judging that such a history would seem more authentic if supported by some extraneous evidence, he went into the house, and returned in a few minutes with several articles, one of them a volume bound in black leather with silver clasps. This proved to be a black-letter edition of Edward VI's Bible, printed upon parchment—nothing else would have stood the wear and tear and thumbing of centuries. This, he told us, was the only book on the island, and from it he and all I saw around me learned to read—that is, all of the upper class; for even in this small and simple community the lines of caste were strictly drawn. Besides the Bible, Master Martin showed us a manuscript book, which proved to be a ship's log, much of which was blurred, and rendered illegible by sea water and extreme age, but from which I made these extracts from the last few entries, for your especial satisfaction," and Dick produced from his pocket book a page of manuscript of which the following is a transcript:

* * * The xxj of Awgust we entered the streights called Magellanes Streytes, the xxij of the same we arrived at an Ilans where we had greate store of fowles which could not flye, of the bygness of geese; we kyld in lesse than one day above three thousand of these fowles, and victualled our selves thrwly with them, as we thought. These streights were full of water and woode all the waye and very hye lande of both syds, in some places but a leauge in bredthe, in some * * * the vj September we entered the sowthe sea, where in all our beynege we never found but contrary wynds and extreme tempestes and boysterous wether * * * and Master Wynar, qd be, wher is your man Vlysses? by God's lyfe yf he were my man I would cut of his ears, yea, by God's wounds I wolde hange hym; but wherefore truly I do not know * * * Such an infinite number of seales as may seem incredible to any man that hath not bene there, not fearing the presence of men; for the most of our men were upon the Iland for the space of fifteen days to set up a Pinnesse, during which time the seales wold come and slepe by them, and rather resist our men, then giue place, unless mortall blowes forced them to yeld. * * * The last of September being a very foule night, and the seas sore growne, we lost the General's shippe and the *Elizabeth* running to the Eastward to get the shore whereof we had sight the vij of October, falling into a very dangerous bay full of rocks; and there we lost company of M. *Drake* the same night * * * the ambush brake out and set upon them, and before they could recover their bote and get her on flote they hurt all of our men very sore with their arrowes. * * * John Bruer, John Marten, Thomas Flud, great Nele, a dane, littell Nele a Fleming, John Gripe, John Mariner, Gregory Rayment escaped their wounds and were cured. * * * Here we do live unto this day in greate peace and plentye, and in amitie with ye natives.

Master Dixon, wch was the General's brother-in-law, ahavinge much skill in weying, doth teche ye native women how to make faire cloths unto themselves of certaine plantes and tres wch doe grow here most abundantly, so we are like have to no lack of raiment whiles we stay. Likewise Nele the Fleming is no mean cordwainere wch be-like I did not know till now. Likewise more of our men doe prove themselves cunning in divers ways. We have hewn unto our selves boords in some sort from the trees that be here wherof the wodde is fayre to splitte with the ships axes. Therefrom we have biggen howses and chaires and tables. Ye wch we had for our hogge, and of wch were a few graines, residue in the bagge, we sowed and now have goodly harvests and brede much to our help. Ye razens wch we had I bagge from the Portugals we likewise sowde their seedes wherfrom grewe grapes. Seeing that much time hath passed without syne of ship or rescue

all save Thomas Flud and myself have taken unto themselves wives wherefrom they have children, by which we are much holpen. I do thinke we shall bringe all in ye feare of Godde.

JOHN THOMSON,
Captain of ye *Marigold*.

At ye Iland of Malifua, this 25th day of December (Xmas) Goddes son his daye, as I recon in the yere of pur lorde fifteen hundred eighty-three, V years have we bene here; God save Her Majestie. J. T.

"Now, what do you say to that?" shouted Dick, triumphantly, as I finished reading. "Master Martin showed us more things which had been saved from the ship—the figure-head, pieces of rope, the compass, some bows, a caliver—if you know what that is—some old cutlasses, and other articles, which were preserved with the utmost care and reverence. As to the dresses they then wore, and which had excited our sense of the ludicrous at our arrival, he explained that they were some of the original clothes of the crew of the *Marigold*, and had only been donned on the present occasion in deference to a sacred injunction, handed down from father to son and from generation to generation, that these garments should be worn to welcome the first arrivals, as proof of who their original wearers were. The dresses had accordingly been preserved from moth and mildew with the most reverent care, and, even after such a lapse of time, retained something of their pristine character. Marigold Thomson, for instance, the good-looking young fellow who was sweet on Master Martin's daughter, appeared by hereditary right, in the holiday bravery of his ancestor, John Thomson, the captain of the ill-fated vessel, whose name the youth bore."

"Toward evening we returned to the yacht, our hosts being loth to let us go, lest they should lose us forever. Sir Harry, however, comforted them with the assurance that all the yacht's boats would return in the morning and take as many as they could carry aboard."

"So things went from day to day, till at last we lived more on the island than we did on the yacht. Before we had been there a week I could tell that Sir Harry was snug in the meshes of the dimpled god. While I was potting wild duck upon the creeks, Sir Harry was making love to the fair Amy in the shady lanes or upon the beach. Of course, this didn't escape the notice of Master Marigold Thomson, who, I could see, eyed the pair with anything but feelings of affection. One evening as we were lying in our hammocks smoking—we swung our hammocks under a big tree near old Martin's cottage—Sir Harry began to talk."

"'Dick,' said he, 'did you ever see a girl like that? So simple, so artless, so innocent, such a beauty, so unlike those sophisticated, artificial, hot-house exotics one meets in a London drawing-room! By Jove! I've a good mind to do it.'"

"'All right, old fellow, go ahead,' I said, 'I know you'll do it anyhow, so I may just as well chime in now, and be done with it.'"

"'I think I can make it all right at home,' he went on. 'Of course they'll kick at first, but I'm the party principally interested, if it comes to that.'"

"'What does the girl say to it?' I said. 'Who knows but there might be some objections on that side?'"

"'Tomorrow I mean to ask her,' sighed Sir Harry. 'I don't think I'm mistaken in the result.'"

"But Sir Harry need not have worried as to the outcome, for on the following day she asked him. It seemed that there was a custom on the island that the first man who sought the hand of a maiden in marriage was usually given the preference; if she refused him, however, she was compelled to seek another lover and propose to him. Young Marigold, seeing the way the wind was blowing, had made a formal proposition for old Martin's daughter, but Amy declared for Sir Harry."

"Now no doubt you will suppose that a time of regular courtship began. So it did. It began. That evening, after dinner, I was comfortably strolling along the moonlit beach smoking a cigar, and complacently appreciating the luxurious warmth and ease of my surroundings. About a hundred yards to my right, I saw a couple of figures which I had no difficulty in recognizing as Sir Harry and Amy. They were strolling along as close as lovers, near where a fringe of myrtle ran down almost to the edge of the water. I was thinking over past reminiscences of the same sort, and dreamily taking in the situation in general, when whang! came a sound out of the laurel thicket. The next moment the air was startled with a masculine groan and a feminine shriek. I ran there and found Sir Harry on the sand and Miss Amy engaged in tugging away at the arrow that had lodged in his back. I saw at the first pull that

the arrow had done its work well, and the barb was firmly imbedded in the flesh. So I just slipped his arms out of the sleeve of his coat and waistcoat—ripped off the back of his shirt and underclothing, went to work on the flesh round the barbs, and brought out the arrow. Twenty seconds after he had been hit, I had him plastered up—you know I always make it a point of carrying enough plaster in my pocket-book to fix up a regiment; and by this time Amy's shrieks had brought the old man and the old woman, and about a hundred of the villagers. They came running up with lights, and crying, with that melancholy cadence which is the distinctive mark of barbaric man, as if their hearts would break."

"Sir Harry was brought in and nursed with all the possible care that simple, kind people, whose heart is in their every action, could give. Nobody could account for the catastrophe. Strange as it may seem to you, the brand of Cain had never been set upon their brows within their memory, and had been blotted out even from their dim traditions."

"Morning rose with Amy still hovering round his bed, when news was brought in of another terrible calamity. Marigold Thomson had been found with his brains dashed out, at the foot of the highest coast bluff on the island, about a mile off."

"I won't keep you much longer. Nobody ever knew who fired that arrow. If they knew, they said nothing. Poor Marigold was brought in dead. He was covered with flowers—and most beautiful, resplendent, gorgeous flowers they were, too. We buried him with true grief, true tears, and the most heartfelt feeling. And so ended, after three hundred years, the last descendant of John Thomson, captain of the *Marigold*, who had passed through Magellan's straits with Sir Francis Drake, and brought his ship safe to land on an island in the South Seas. Oh, the travesty of fortune! Push that decanter this way, and light another cigar. Tomorrow I shall have the pleasure of introducing you to Sir Harry and his island bride."

The Christmas Carol.

The minstrels played their Christmas tune
Tonight beneath my cottage-eaves;
While, smitten by a lofty moon,
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,
That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze
Had sunk to rest with folded wings;
Keen was the air, but could not freeze,
Nor cbeck the music of the strings;
So stout and hardy were the band
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand!

And who but listened?—till was paid
Respect to every inmate's claim;
The greeting given, the music played,
In honor of each household name,
Duly pronounced with lusty call,
And "Merry Christmas" wished to all!

How touching, when, at midnight, sweep
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
To hear and sink again to sleep!
Or, at an earlier call, to mark,
By blazing fire, the still suspense
Of self-complacent innocence.

The mutual nod—the grave disguise
Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er;
And some unbidden tears that rise
For names once heard, and heard no more;
Tears brightened by the serenade
For infant in the cradle laid.

Hail, ancient Manners! sure defence,
Where they survive, of wholesome laws;
Remnants of love whose modest sense
Thus into narrow room withdraws;
Hail, Usages of pristine mould,
And ye that guard them, Mountains old!

—Wordsworth.

The beautiful Abbey of St. Germain and St. Mary at Selby, Yorkshire, was almost entirely destroyed by fire a few days ago. Portions of the building dated from 1096. Its architecture, owing to additions at various periods, was of many styles, but the nave and choir were among the most beautiful and perfect specimens of Norman architecture in England. The local fire brigade found that the fire had gained a strong hold on the organ—a new instrument recently installed at a cost of \$6000. Their efforts had hardly any effect on the fire, which, having destroyed the organ, rose to the roof of the choir, and spread with remarkable rapidity among the seasoned oak timbers

A prisoner under sentence of death in the county jail at Newcastle, Pa., has been forced to grow a full beard against his will by reason of a ruling of the County Commissioners, who refuse to pay a barber for shaving him.

CALIFORNIA STATE ELECTION 1906.

Report of Official Canvass.

Secretary of State Curry has completed the canvass of the vote of California for State officers. His figures are as follows:

Governor—James N. Gillett, R., 125,887; Theodore A. Bell, D., 117,645; Austin Lewis, S., 16,036; James H. Blanchard, P., 7,355; William H. Langdon, I. L., 45,008; scattering 44. Gillett's majority over Bell, 8,242.

Lieutenant Governor—Warren R. Porter, R., 133,990; Thomas O. Toland, D., 108,493; Frank I. Wheat, S., 10,831; C. N. Whitmore, P., 7,395; James H. Blagge, I. L., 35,189; scattering 165.

Associate Justices Supreme Court (full term)—Fredk. W. Henshaw, R., 143,778; William G. Lorrigan, R., 147,390; Jackson Hatch, D., 86,236; Frank J. Murasky, D., 112,710; James Andrew, S., 17,515; Emil Liess, S., 17,515; Frank H. Farrar, I. L., 25,050; scattering 8.

Associate Justices Supreme Court (unexpired term)—M. G. Sloss, R., 143,049; J. Early Craig, D., 79,889; Herman E. Fletcher, S., 17,409; Henry E. Mills, I. L., 24,505; scattering 5.

Secretary of State—Charles F. Curry, R., 169,240; Arthur N. Nichols, D., 79,669; W. T. Holloway, S., 17,297; Alex Beck, P., 7,058; O. T. Swain, I. L., 24,068; scattering 5.

Controller—Edward P. Colgan, R., 190,407; John Markley, D., 79,470; O. H. Philbrick, S., 17,344; A. B. Taynton, P., 6,956; scattering 5.

Treasurer—William R. Williams, R., 154,652; S. S. Bayley, D., 80,547; John M. Reynolds, S., 17,375; Walter E. Vail, P., 6,929; F. E. Haskell, U. L., 12,619; scattering 5.

Attorney General—U. S. Webb, R., 151,305; W. O. Morton, D., 84,991; George W. Downing, S., 17,258; M. G. McCaslin, P., 6,747; Gessner Williams, I. L., 24,821.

Surveyor General—W. S. Kingsbury, R., 161,307; J. C. Lane, D., 82,551; L. D. Matthews, S., 17,321; J. H. Kendall, P., 6,819; Isaac N. Chapman, I. L., 24,365; scattering 4.

Clerk of the Supreme Court—Frank L. Caughey, R., 150,040; G. M. Haybi, D., 91,955; J. H. Wilde, S., 17,437; W. P. Bassett, P., 6,964; Edward Rainey, I. L., 24,515; scattering 4.

Superintendent of Public Instruction—Edward Hyatt, R., 174,724; Miss Anna Williams, D., 96,183; Anna F. Smith, S., 17,228; S. P. Meade, P., 6,839; scattering 4.

Superintendent of State Printing—W. W. Shannon, R., 163,197; E. I. Woodman, D., 80,699; George A. Garrett, S., 17,414; Wiley J. Phillips, P., 6,936; John Collins, I. L., 24,054; scattering 3. The late Edward P. Colgan received 190,407 votes, being the largest vote cast for any candidate on the State ticket.

CONGRESS.

Second district—McKinlay, 23,411; Beard, 20,262; Gaylord, 1,524.

Third district—Knowland, 21,510; Brunk, 7,716; McDewitt, 2,514; Montgomery, 482; Boynton, 3,614.

BOARD OF EQUALIZATION.

First district—Scott, 19,662; White, 15,543; Hoyne, 2,200.

Second district—Brown, 32,398; Downey, 20,532; Cowdery, 3,505.

Third district—Collins, 33,982; Nutting, 23,577; Collier, 2,391.

Fourth district—McElvaine, 66,544; Kastle, 40,406; Blenkeron, 9,301.

COURT OF APPEALS.

First district—Presiding Justice—Cook, 46,457; Cooper, 49,030; Crowley 6,238; scattering 2.

ASSOCIATE JUSTICES.

First district—Kerrigan, 49,908; Hall, 51,007; Dooling, 49,102; Harrison, 28,971; Wilson, 5,949; Stocking, 5,857; Houx, 13,890.

Second district—Presiding Justice—Allen, 70,494; Tuttle, 7,782; Assistant Justices—Taggart, 46,374; Shaw, 46,148; Smith, 24,650; Short, 23,974; Renstone, 7,672; Jones, 7,601.

Third district—Presiding Justice—Chipman, 46,879; Hughes, 44,880; Chambers, 3,805.

Assistant Justices—Hart, 56,360; Burnett, 49,762; McLaughlin, 42,224; Cowan, 33,774; Moliter, 3,755.

RAILROAD COMMISSIONERS.

First district—Irwin, 41,127; Peters, 25,052; Williams, 3,331; Landoa, 804.

Second district—Wilson, 21,216; Wilkins, 9,790; Woodby, 2,408; Biggs, 10,321.

Third district—Summerland, 83,036; Goings, 42,956; Youngman, 11,985; Needham, 5,689; Black, 17,100.

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS.

Assembly Constitutional Amendment No. 5—Regular session—Relating to the appropriation of Cogswell College from taxation—Yes, 65,250; no, 43,327.

Assembly Constitutional Amendment No. 11—Relating to salary of Supreme and Appellate Court Judges—Yes, 50,957; no, 49,905.

Assembly Constitutional Amendment No. 12—Regular session—Relating to salary of State officers—Yes, 31,063; no, 71,435.

Assembly Constitutional Amendment No. 13—Regular session—Relating to place where bonds may be sold—Yes, 69,305; no, 32,384.

Assembly Constitutional Amendment No. 14—Regular session—Relating to forming new city charters—Yes, 49,327; no, 48,391.

Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 2—Regular session—Relating to term of office—Yes, 53,307; no, 43,200.

Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 14—Regular session—Relating to salary land duties of Lieutenant-Governor—Yes, 31,556; no, 64,944.

Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 20—Regular session—Relating to extending corporation charters—Yes, 37,098; no, 65,982.

Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 38—Regular session—Relating to loaning of public money—Yes, 62,767; no, 35,213.

Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 40—Regular session—Relating to salary of members of the Legislature—Yes, 37,300; no, 57,785.

Assembly Constitutional Amendment No. 2—Extra session—Relating to purchasing and selling of land, condemning of streets, etc., by city of San Francisco—Yes, 35,469; no, 58,082.

Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 2—Extra session—Permitting the cities of San Francisco and San Jose to amend their charters—Yes, 31,867; no, 58,254.

Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 3—Extra session—Permitting borrowers to contract to pay taxes on mortgages—Yes, 54,894; no, 39,876.

Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 12—Extra session—Permitting the cities of San Francisco and San Jose to issue bonds for seventy-five years—Yes, 48,221; no, 43,629.

The Value of Bachelors.

A young man in Illinois was killed when a train struck his automobile, and his relatives having sued for damages were awarded the sum of one dollar. The verdict has just been affirmed by the appellate

court. The decision, it appears (says the Indianapolis Star), was rendered on the ground that the man was a bachelor, with no one dependent on him, and the natural assumption, is therefore, that the dollar represented, in the judgment of the jury, the value of an unmarried man to the community.

The estimate at first thought seems unreasonably low, if it is to be made of general application, and, naturally, protests are being made against it. Women, curiously enough, are more earnest in their objections than men when it might be supposed that they would feel flattered over the inference to be drawn from the decision that a man is of practically no value until he gains a definite increase in money's worth by the mere fact of having a wife. Possibly, however, the feminine idea is that it is lowering to womanly dignity to take a dollar man for a husband, even though his valuation becomes thereby enhanced.

A leading Chicago "Daughter" thoughtfully asks, "If there were not any bachelors where would the husbands come from?" She also urges the indisputable fact that bachelors often make good husbands, and adds appreciatively: "I should put a premium on bachelors, instead of marking them down on the bargain counter."

Possibly a distinction should be made among bachelors. The young bachelor, say between 20 and 30, has matrimonial possibilities and therefore deserves to rate higher than his brother to whom the title "old bachelor" belongs. The average man, of course, considers himself young at 35 or even 40, and has been known to disport himself gayly at 50 and 60, under the apparent delusion that he was yet "one of the boys," and still fascinating; but the general verdict undoubtedly is that if a man is unmarried at 35 he is an old bachelor.

What a just rating is for the young bachelor is a matter open to discussion. The Illinois jury has fixed it at \$1, but it is possible that the twelve good men were married and heads of families and therefore not without prejudice. In Indiana the estimate has been put as high as \$5,000 in numerous instances of both young and old unmarried men. Perhaps hereafter the matter of marriage will be taken into consideration, and a more equitable conclusion reached, for certainly \$5,000 for even a Hoosier old bachelor seems an extravagant outlay of good money.

The Emperor of Germany has given to the Berlin Golf Club land for links on the imperial palace grounds. For some years the American, English and Scotch colony in Berlin, numbering about 2000, among whom there are some Bostonians, Richard Olney's son-in-law being a prominent member of the club, have been allowed to use a public park about three miles from Berlin. They have leased a dwelling house in the vicinity, where an old German hausfrau supplies the most delicious home-made cooking for them, and here on bank holidays, Saturday afternoons and Sundays, these English-speaking residents enjoy themselves thoroughly. The park is a public one, and the Germans, not being given much to out-door sports, fail to appreciate the beauties of the game. Just as a drive is about to be made from one of the tees a whole German family, consisting of father and mother and anywhere from five to a dozen children, will get in line with the drive, and inasmuch as it is impossible to convince them that the little pellet will carry that distance and might kill, it necessitates long explanations, so that playing a nine-hole course takes anywhere from two to three hours. The German Emperor has stated that he believes that it would be a great thing for his people, and especially for the army officers, if they could get interested in a healthy outdoor game like golf, instead of spending their spare time promenading on Unter den Linden or on Friedrich strasse, and it is probably to popularize the game that he has presented the club with space on his own private land.

CURRENT VERSE.

The One Road.

A wood road, and a good road,
And a road by land and sea;
A high road, and a by-road,
And a road by plain and lea;
A fair road, and a bare road,
And a road by vale and hill;
A deep road, and a steep road,
And a foot road sweet and still;
A town road, and a down road,
And the king's road broad and free—
There's but one road in all the world,
The way that leads to thee!

—Marie Van Vorst.

December Twilight.

Far off in ashen skies
The smoldering sunset faintly glows
With pearly tints and crimson dyes
Like blushes of a fading rose;
From cedar trees the snowbirds cry,
Their feathers ruffled in the cold;
The shivering sheep flocks gather nigh
Or straggle, bleating, to their fold.

Chrysanthemums along the walks
Their gorgeous bygone glories shed
And hang from black, decaying stalks
Sprays yellow, purple, white and red.
Their pungent fragrance, as it dies,
Recalls the springtime songs of old,
Primroses under summer skies,
The autumn orchard's mellow gold.

And, like an etching clearly traced
In airy lines against the west,
The fragile twigs are interlaced,
Lifting a little shattered nest.
The glory of the gray-haired year
Is ruined with December's blight,
Like this frail nest that lingers here,
Forsaken in the winter night.

The Cornish Wind.

There is a wind in Cornwall that I know
From any other wind, because it smells
Of the warm honey breath of heather-bells
And of the sea's salt; and these meet and flow
With such sharp savour in such sharpness met
That the astonished sense in ecstasy
Tastes the ripe earth and the unvintaged sea.
Wind out of Cornwall, wind, if I forget;
Not in the tunnelled streets where scarce men breathe
The air they live by, but wherever seas
Blossom in foam, wherever merchant bees
Volubly traffic upon any heath;
If I forget, shame me! or if I find
A wind in England like my Cornish wind.

—Arthur Symonds.

The Mist.

I fall, I fold
The hill, the wold,
In closely clinging, cool embraces;
I bathe the lifted flower-faces,
I spread the lawn with fairy laces,
And show all Nature filmy-stoled.

I form, I float,
A wraith-like boat,
Among the mere-side's long, lush grasses;
In torn and fringed-fluttering masses,
I glide adown the birchen passes—
A gray, old Lear in tattered coat.

I wind, I wreathe
A lattice, breathe
Between its bars, presage the morning,
Stir Beauty with a fine, faint warning,
Leave pearls, her mignonette adorning
Then steal down vines to the beds beneath.

I creep, I crawl
By lichen wall.
In through a mournful iron grating,
To where the Dead lie still waiting;
As one that is blind, each graven slating
I trace for the name where my tears shall fall.

—Putnam's Monthly.

Love in a Garden.

At last the fragrance with the bloom was gone,
And naught was left of all my joy but this,
The bitter memory of a loveless kiss,
The gray foreboding of a sunless dawn.
Around me lay Love's Eden, quite forlorn,
With scattered petals and wild disarray
Of lilies trampled whilst the night was gay.
And vines of all their purple fruitage shorn.
Through distant tree-tops, like a silver thread,
Whitened the day. The rumored tread of One,
Who walking spaciouly is clothed in light,
Startled the silence into panic fright.
But when above the pines rose up the sun,
I saw a Stranger with a thorn-clad head.

—Coningsby William Dawson.

The military medical and hospital corps of Turkey uses a red crescent as its emblem instead of the red cross used by other countries.

FADS
FREAKS
FANCIES
FLASHES

HAVE THEIR BRIEF DAY
THEN FALL BY THE WAY
BUT

HUNTER
BALTIMORE
RYE

WAS FIRMLY FOUNDED ON THE
ROCK OF REPUTATION AND PUBLIC
FAVOR MORE THAN FIFTY
YEARS AGO AND IS TO-DAY THE
MOST POPULAR WHISKEY ON
THE AMERICAN CONTINENT

CHARLES M. REYNOLDS CO.
Agents for California and Nevada
912-914 Folsom St., San Francisco, Cal.

What Press Clippings Mean To You

Press clipping information is information you can obtain in no other way. As a business aid, Press Clippings will place before you every scrap of news printed in the country pertaining to your business. They will show you every possible market, big and little, for your goods, openings that you would never hear about in the ordinary way, and they give you this information while it is fresh and valuable.

If you have a bobby or wish information upon any subject or topic, press clippings will give you any subject or topic, press clippings will give you all the current information printed on the subject.

The cost for any purpose is usually but a few cents a day.

The International Press Clipping Bureau, the largest press clipping bureau in the world, reads and clips 55,000 papers and other periodicals each month, and even if you are now a subscriber to some other clipping bureau, it will pay you to investigate our superior service.

Write for our book about Press Clippings and our Daily Business Reports, and ask about The International Information Bureau, which supplies complete manuscripts or materials for addresses, essays, lectures and debates, and complete and reliable information upon any subject at a reasonable cost. Address

INTERNATIONAL PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU
Bnyce Bldg., Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.



Hotel del Coronado

A gem set in semi-tropical surroundings
Dryest marine climate known
No winter, but perpetual spring or early summer
Outdoor sports 365 days in the year
Golf, Polo, Tennis
Fishing, Boating, and Bathing
Choicest cuisine of any hotel in the West
American plan only
All modern conveniences
All outside rooms
Send for illustrated booklet

MORGAN ROSS, Mgr., Coronado Beach Cal.
H. F. NORCROSS, General Agent
334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sir Henry Eugene Robinson, who was a lieutenant in the Imperial Yeomanry in South Africa during the Boer war, enlisted in the United States navy at the Pittsburg recruiting station a few days ago, accepting the position of mess attendant, and will serve the officers.

Dr. William H. Brooks, director of Smith Observatory and professor of astronomy at Hobart College, has been awarded a medal by the Astronomical Society of Mexico for his discoveries of twenty-five comets, said to be a larger number than any other living astronomer has found.

President Roosevelt has been awarded the Nobel peace prize by the Norwegian Storting for his efforts in ending the Russo-Japanese war. The money represented by the prize, 138,336 crowns, or \$37,127.65, it was announced at the White House, would found a fund the income from which shall be used to settle labor disputes.

Mme. Emile Zola has requested that the two illegitimate children of her husband bear his name and not that of their mother. Mme. Zola is childless, and it was with her free consent that her husband lived with the mother of his children both in Paris and London. The daughter, Denise, is 17 years old; the son, Jacques, is still a school boy.

It is announced the Prince August Wilhelm, the fourth son of the Kaiser, will visit the United States in the near future. The prince is a good-looking lad of 19, and has just completed his studies at Bonn University, where the Kaiser was also a student. A lover of the open-air life, it is said he has an ambition to live on a ranch on the Western plains.

Summing up the subject, George Bernard Shaw, the brilliant and erratic playwright, describes himself in this way: "I am a bachelor, an Irishman, a vegetarian, an

atheist, a teetotaler, a fanatic, a humorist, a fluent liar, a social democrat, a lecturer and debater, a lover of music, a fierce opponent of the present status of women, and an insister on the seriousness of art."

The Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia found much pleasure in his visit to France although danger threatened him even in Paris. A well-dressed and polite Russian "gentleman" went to the grand duke's hotel and, to prove his patriotism, left a splendid bouquet for the Czar's uncle. After the loyalist's departure the grand duke's cautious servant found an infernal machine hidden among the stems of the lovely flowers.

The only officer of the active list of the army who received a brevet for "conspicuous gallantry" in action is Brigadier General Stephen P. Jocelyn, the new commandant of the department of Columbia. That brevet carried with it the rank of major and was conferred upon him in February, 1890, while he was a captain in the Twenty-first infantry and was for his services against Indians at the Clearwater, Idaho, in 1877. In addition to being an old Indian campaigner, General Jocelyn is a veteran of the civil war.

Among the graduates of Vassar who were prominent in athletics there is none better known than Miss Corliss Babson, who has the world's record as a high jumper. Miss Babson graduated with the class of 1905, and made her wonderful jumping record in the class games of 1904, when she cleared the bar at four feet two and one-half inches, a full inch above the best previous record by a woman. The prize for the best class poem was won two years in succession by Miss Babson. She has recently been appointed assistant to the president of Vassar.

Life in Washington is not attractive to Mrs. Elihu Root, and it is remarked that her dislike for the place is no more pronounced than her husband's delight in the

atmosphere of the capital. The announcement that Mr. Root had accepted the portfolio of State came as a great surprise to her while she was visiting some up-State relatives in New York. She read the dispatch from her husband announcing his decision and then she turned to her friends and said: "I do believe that if they offered that husband of mine a place as policeman in Washington he would take it, he likes to live there so well."

Mrs. Featherstone Osler, of Toronto, Canada, was 100 years old December 14. She is the mother of Dr. William Osler, who is credited with the statement that the end of human usefulness comes at the age of 60, and that those who reach that age should no longer burden the world. Mrs. Osler, even at 100, is anything but past usefulness or a burden, according to her relatives. Of these there are four sons and one daughter living, and twenty-six grandchildren and one great grandchild. At the birthday feast the center-piece was a huge cake with designs in frosting emblematic of the four British rulers under whom Mrs. Osler has lived. These are King George III, William IV, Queen Victoria, and Edward VII.

King Edward can speak German and French as fluently as English, and has a fair knowledge of one or two other languages, but as a linguist he is eclipsed by the Emperor of Austria. It is told of the latter that at one of the great military reviews he addressed four different regiments --German, Hungarian, Bohemian, and Wallachian--each in its own tongue, and Hungarians will never forget how, fifteen years ago, the youthful Archduke Francis Joseph, when installing a certain governor, electrified his audience by addressing it in purest Magyar, a tongue no other archduke had ever taken the trouble to learn. They sprang from their seats, waved their swords in a frenzy of enthusiasm, and almost lifted the roof with tremendous shouts.

Hotel St. Francis

a credit to
San Francisco

PERFECT
SERVICE
EVERY
COMFORT

THEY WHO
GO TO SEE
GO
TO STAY

The famous
Grill Room
is unsurpassed

Take your friends to lunch there

Del Monte Offers

During the reconstruction of San Francisco, Hotel Del Monte offers a welcome shelter to those desiring a homelike place for rest and recreation. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at the present. The entire Hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families. Address Geo. F. Snell, Manager, Del Monte, California

A Permanent Home



THE OCULARIUM

Perfect Fitting
Eye Glasses

At Moderate Prices
Lenses Replaced, 50c

Henry Kahn & Co
OPTICIANS

1309 VAN NESS AVENUE
Between Bush and Sutter



LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL
WORCESTERSHIRE
FOR STEAKS, CHOPS,
COLD MEATS,



FISH, SOUPS,
SALADS, GRAVIES, etc.

THE
PEERLESS
SEASONING.

LITERARY NOTES.

Prescott's Complete Works.

To San Franciscans who lost their set of Prescott in the April fire is commended a new library edition of the complete works of this great American historian. The new edition is in twelve volumes, and represents months of expert labor, and careful preparation. The work has been entirely reset in large, clear type. The illustrations, which were selected after painstaking labor and research, include rare portraits, maps, and paintings; there are also twelve artistic photogravures. The edition is in different bindings for different purchasers and prices; cloth, \$12; gilt top, \$15; half leather, \$24; half calf, \$30; De Luxe, half morocco, \$36, and may be obtained only in sets.

No American library, private or public, is complete that has not a full set of Prescott. Since the nearly blind scholar produced "Ferdinand and Isabella" in 1838, his reputation as a master of narration and incident has never waned. There is no more picturesque period in history than that selected by Prescott for his "Conquest of Mexico" and "Conquest of Peru." His must needs be a dull pen that can not make interesting the story of the brave and unscrupulous Spanish conquerors, and illumined by Prescott's wonderfully vivid style, the chronicle of conquest is of remarkable interest. The lover of the historical novel, to whom Prescott is too often simply a name, remembered from school days, would do well to read the historian's work, if only for entertainment. There is nothing in fiction quite so fascinating. The lives of "Philip the Second" and "Charles the Fifth"; a volume of miscellanies; and the authorized "Life of Prescott," in one volume, by George Ticknor, complete the edition. Each volume contains an exhaustive index, as well as synoptical contents.

Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

Books at Cost

CLOSING OUT ENTIRE LINE OF NEW BOOKS AT A REDUCTION OF

33 1/2 per cent on regular books
20 " " " " " " " " " " " "

A SAVING OF 50c On Every \$1.50 Book
35c On Every \$1.00 Book
25c On Every 75c Book

JAMES D. BLAKE

AT THE SIGN OF THE LAMP

643 Turk Street . Near Van Ness Ave.
Open Evenings after 7 o'clock

Any Solid Silverware

that passed through the fire, of which there is a fragment left,

Perfectly Restored

To any person having this work to be done I can show wonderful results at my shop, having restored some of the choicest silver in the city.

Specialty of trophies and presentation cups. Suitable designs submitted on application.

Gold and Silver Plating

JOHN O. BELLIS
Manufacturing Silversmith

1624 California Street Near Van Ness Ave.

MARTELL'S
★ ★ ★ AND ★ ★ ★
BOTTLED BY

MARTELL & Co.
IN COGNAC

There are no finer Liqueur
Brandies than these.

Brand: J. & F. MARTELL
OF EVERY LABEL, CORK,
CAPSULE AND CASE.

Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast,
WILLIAM WOLFF & Co. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The Bird's Physical Life.

"The Bird: Its Form and Structure," by C. William Beebe, Curator of Birds in the New York Zoological Park, is a work of the greatest value to ornithologists. In this authoritative volume, birds are considered as a class, not as individuals or families, and their class characteristics are reviewed from the standpoint of form and structure—what the author calls "an untechnical study of the bird in the abstract."

The book is intended for those who have made a special study of bird-lore, but it is full of interest for the amateur. In his treatment of the various phases of the bird's physical life, Mr. Beebe discusses first of all the more important of the bird-forms of past ages. It is curious that for nearly a million years birds have scarcely changed at all, and science has proved that birds and reptiles have a common origin. After considering the ancestry of birds, the author gives chapters to the feathers; the frame-work; the skull; organs of nutrition; the food; the breath; muscles and nerves; the senses; beaks and bills; heads and necks; the body; wings; feet and legs; tails; the eggs; and the bird in the egg. There are today some 13,000 or 14,000 different species of birds, but if some means are not taken to restrain man's use of the gun and trap, future generations will have knowledge of bird life only through books of this description.

There are 496 pages in the volume, and over 370 illustrations, chiefly photographs from life by the author. A list of works bearing on the subject is appended.

"The Bird," is the first volume of the American Nature Series, to which the most distinguished American naturalists will contribute.

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$3.50 net.

An Opera Handbook.

"The Standard Operas" is a new and revised edition of that excellent hand-book by George P. Upton, which for so many years has been the trusted friend of editors and writers. The first copyright date is 1885, and we learn that this edition is the nineteenth printing. There is nothing new to be said of Mr. Upton's work, except that it has been carefully revised and brought to date. He includes new operas in his new edition, but without expressing any opinion as to whether they will hold the stage or not.

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50.

Meredith's Works.

The concluding four volumes in the handsome pocket edition of the works of George Meredith, are "The Amazing Marriage," "Lord Ormiston and His Aminta," "Short Stories," and "Poems." The edition is complete in sixteen volumes, although each book is sold separately. The set is well bound, and clearly printed on good paper. Lovers of Meredith's masterly works will welcome his peerless novels in this convenient form.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; limp leather, \$1.25 net; cloth, \$1.00.

During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, a series of attempts were made in England to establish monopolies by royal letters-patent. There is an historical review of these enterprises in "The English Patents of Monopolies," by William Hyde Price. The work is the result of immense research and investigation. It is the first volume in a series, "Harvard Economic Studies." Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.50 net.

To Increase Capital Stock.

The growing needs of the Mercantile Trust Company's business have caused the board of directors to call a meeting of the stockholders for Wednesday, February 6, 1907, to vote upon the proposition of increasing the capital stock from \$1,000,000 to \$2,000,000. The additional shares will be sold to the stockholders at \$200 a share, the proceeds to be credited equally to the capital and surplus accounts.

BANKING.

Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank
OF SAN FRANCISCO

Union Trust Building, No. 4 Montgomery Street

ISAIAH W. HELLMAN, President

I. W. HELLMAN, JR., Vice-President

F. L. LIPMAN, Vice-President

FRANK B. KING, Cashier

GEORGE GRANT, Asst. Cashier

W. McGAVIN, Asst. Cashier

E. L. JACOBS, Asst. Cashier

Capital Paid Up	- - -	\$6,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	-	4,000,000.00
Total,	- -	10,000,000,000

DIRECTORS

Isaiah W. Hellman

Robert Watt

John F. Bigelow

C. DeGuigne

Dudley Evans

E. H. Harriman

William Haas

I. W. Hellman, Jr.

Wm. F. Herrin

Herbert E. Law

James L. Flood

Clarence H. Mackay

Leon Sloss

F. W. Van Sicklen

F. L. Lipman

Accounts of Banks, Corporations, Firms and Individuals invited
Correspondents throughout the world

French American Bank

Union Trust Building (Third Floor)

Ready to accommodate its customers and do a general banking business. We will collect on insurance policies for those wishing our services.

THE FRENCH SAVINGS BANK
occupies offices in the same building.

Officers—Charles Carpy, President; Arthur Legallet, Vice-President; Leon Boqueraz, Vice-President.

Directors—J. E. Artigues, O. Bozio, J. A. Berg-erot, E. J. DeSahla, J. M. Dupas, J. S. Godeau, J. J. Mack, Geo. Belaney, Leon Kaufman.

Our Branch Bank is Now Open
at No. 810 Van Ness Avenue, near Eddy St.

Mutual Savings Bank

710 Market St., Opposite Third
SAN FRANCISCO

Guaranteed Capital.....\$ 1,000,000
Paid-up Capital.....300,000
Surplus.....320,000
Assets.....10,000,000

Interest paid on deposits.
Loans on approved securities.
Officers—President, James D. Phelan; First Vice-President, S. G. Murphy; Second Vice-President, John A. Hooper; Secretary and Cashier, Geo. A. Story; Asst. Secretary and Asst. Cashier, C. B. Hohson; Attorney, Frank J. Sullivan.
Directors—James D. Phelan, John A. Hooper, Frank J. Sullivan, Jas. M. McDonald, S. G. Murphy, James Moffitt, Rolt. McElroy, Charles Holbrook, Rudolph Spreckels.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND
LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,552,719.61
Paid-up Capital.....1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1906.....38,476,520.22

F. Tillmann, Jr., President; Daniel Meyer, First Vice-President; Emil Rohde, Second Vice-President; A. H. R. Schmidt, Cashier; Wm. Herrmann, Asst. Cashier; Geo. Tourney, Secretary; A. H. Muller, Asst. Secretary; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.

Board of Directors:
F. Tillmann, Jr., Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohde, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, N. Ohlandt, J. W. Van Bergen, E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

STEAMER DAY YIELDS
TO MODERN METHODS

Now that Steamer Day is abolished, it is no longer necessary to keep large sums of money on hand, tempting theft or burglary. The safer and more convenient method is to open a bank account and mail checks when accounts are due.

California Safe Deposit
and Trust Company

Pays Interest on
Checking Accounts

and extends every courtesy to its depositors—large or small. You are invited to open an account at the Home Office or one of our branches.

HOME OFFICE

California and Montgomery Streets

West End Branch 1531 Divisadero
Uptown Branch 1850 Geary, near Fillmore
Mission Branch 927 Valencia

Helping the Homeless

The Continental Building and Loan
Association

Has helped build up several interior towns and cities of California but for the next few years its funds will be used to help restore the burned homes of San Francisco

Dr. Washington Dodge, President
Gavin McNab, Attorney.
Wm. Corbin, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr.

Office: Corner Market and Church Streets

Safe Deposit Vaults in a Safe Deposit Building

Mercantile Trust Company of San Francisco

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS

These Safe Deposit Vaults have withstood the Greatest Test to which Safe Deposit Vaults have ever been subjected, and are in the same condition as on April 17, 1906—entirely unaffected by earthquake or fire—

The Strongest and Best Appointed Safe Deposit Vaults in the West

Special Attention to Overnight Storage of Ledgers

INSPECTION CORDIALLY INVITED

464 California Street

San Francisco, California

LITERARY NOTES.

The Foreign Relations of the United States.

The pleasing style with which the author is able to discuss abstruse questions, frequent illustrative anecdotes, and occasional personal reminiscences, make of John W. Foster's "The Practice of Diplomacy" a very readable and entertaining narrative. The book is designed as a companion volume and complement of "A Century of American Diplomacy," by the same author. Mr. Foster describes the method and duties of the diplomatic service, and records the achievements and mistakes of American diplomats abroad. As Mr. Foster points out, when the United States declared its independence and sought intercourse with foreign nations the standard of diplomacy was very low. Even in times of peace the service did not hesitate to make use of bribery, espionage, and deliberate conceit. That no self-respecting government today would countenance such practice in its foreign intercourse, is due in no small measure to the straightforward policy of the United States and its representatives. The author discusses the subject under the following chapter-headings: "Utility of the Diplomatic Service;" "Rank of Diplomatic Representatives;" "The Appointment of Diplomats;" "The Reception of Envoys;" "Duties of a Diplomat to his Own Government and to the Foreign Government;" "Court Dress, Decorations, and Presents;" "Immunities of Diplomats;" "The Termination of Missions;" "Other Diplomatic Officials;" "The Consular Service;" "Negotiation and Framing of Treaties;" "Ratification of Treaties;" "Interpretation of Treaties;" "Termination of Treaties;" "Compacts Other Than Treaties;" "Arbitration and Its Procedure;" "International Claims."

Mr. Foster is an authority on the subject he discusses in "The Practice of Diplomacy," having been United States Minister in Mexico, Russia, and Spain, and special plenipotentiary to several other nations.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

A Collection of Favorite Poems.

"Golden Poems," edited by Francis Fisher Browne, which has held its own among the collections of poems by English and American authors, for twenty-five years, has been entirely reprinted in an enlarged edition. The work has been brought down to date, and while few remarkable poets have appeared in the last quarter century, there have been a great number of individual poems of rare merit from unknown and little-known authors. Edwin Markham, Charles Warren Stoddard and Ina Coolbrith, are represented in the anthology, although Miss Coolbrith's "When the Grass Shall Cover Me" is indexed as anonymous.

On the whole, the editor has selected wisely and with good judgment, preferring short poems, and including, perhaps, more popular favorites than can be found elsewhere in a book of equal compass. Of course, no reader will find all his poetical favorites in the collection; opinions, as Mr. Browne observes, are almost as varied as the tastes of readers, and no poetry-lover will ever find his ideal anthology until he makes his own. The poems are classified conveniently and effectually according to subjects.

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

The American Flag.

"The Stars and Stripes and Other American Flags," by Peleg D. Harrison, contains eight large plates of flags in colors. It discusses the origin and development of our national standard, beginning with the colonial and provincial flags, and coming down to the present banner. American army flags, colors, standards, and guidons, special flags, flag display regulations, salutes, flag legislation and the Confederate flags are all discussed. The book occupies an entirely new field, and fills it well.

Published by Little, Brown & Co.; \$3.00 net.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mark Twain's recent visit to Washington to do what he could to further the interests of the proposed new copyright law was a social and literary event that furnished the bright young men of the newspapers with much good "copy."

One of the numerous magazines which "features" the contributions of Wallace Irwin, says that he is the first poet who ever made an absolute living by writing verse. However, Scott, Byron, and Moore found the profession comparatively lucrative for a time.

Although 86 years old, Donald G. Mitchell, or "Ik Marvel," as he is best known, is hale and hearty and continues to enjoy life at Edgewood, on the outskirts of New Haven, which has been his home for nearly fifty years.

Among the men of high rank in literary expression who have celebrated their seventieth birthday anniversaries this year Giosue Carducci, the Italian poet, man of letters, professor, and senator, is not least. His countrymen have recently honored him as their most distinguished living author, and there is abundant recognition of his influence on Italian literature. His "Hymn to Satan," published in 1865, earned him the animosity of the Vatican, and he is still under the ban of the church. He received the Nobel prize this year.

A reporter of the London *Chronicle* recently called upon and interviewed Mrs. Mary Ann Cooper, now ninety-five years old, who was the original of "Little Dorrit." Mrs. Cooper lives in Islington, and is not neglected, as she was prevailed upon to open an entertainment and bazaar for charitable work a few days ago, and her portrait was sold at its counters.

ROBERTSON'S

NEW LOCATION

1539

Van Ness Ave., near Pine

"Next to the White House"

Mr. Robertson calls attention to the above address, which is very centrally located.

Dividend Notice

The Continental Building and Loan Association, corner of Market and Church sts., San Francisco, Cal., has declared for the six months ending Dec. 31, 1906, a dividend of 5 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits and 6 per cent per annum on term deposits—interest on deposits payable on and after Jan. 2, 1907. Interest on ordinary deposits not called for will be added to the principal and thereafter bear interest at the same rate.

WASHINGTON DODGE, President.

WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

GOVERNMENT, MUNICIPAL
RAILROAD AND
CORPORATION BONDS

E. H. Rollins & Sons

BANKERS

804 Kohl Building, San Francisco

Boston

Chicago

Denver

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

INCORPORATED APRIL 12, 1859

RE-INCORPORATED AUGUST 30, 1864

Office, Corner Market, McAllister and Jones Streets

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEPOSITS,



\$53,621,017.86

The objects for which this Association is formed are, that by its operations the depositor thereof may be able to find a

Secure and Profitable Investment for Small Savings

And Borrowers may have an opportunity of obtaining from it the use of a moderate capital, on giving good and sufficient security for the use of the same

OFFICERS

President JAMES R. KELLY
Secretary and Treasurer R. M. TOBIN
Attorneys TOBIN & TOBIN

Any person can become a depositor of this Society on subscribing to the By-Laws

Deposits can be made from \$1 up to \$3,000. Loans made on Security of Real Estate within the City and County

Bank open Daily from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Sundays and Holidays excepted
Saturdays from 9 A. M. to 12 M.

LITERARY NOTES.

Familiar American Songs.

The history of the old familiar songs that have won a permanent place in the hearts of the people is told in "Famous American Songs," by Gustav Kobbe. Mr. Kobbe has collected every fugitive anecdote and scrap of interesting information about our most widely known melodies for his attractive little volume.

A singular characteristic of American popular songs is that most of them were written for the stage. "Home, Sweet Home" was first heard at the Covent Garden Theatre, London; "Old Folks at Home" was written for the Christy minstrels; "Dixie" was originally a "walk-around" for Dan Bryant's minstrel troupe. "Home, Sweet Home" was composed in Paris, first sung in London, and its homesick American author, John Howard Payne, a "homeless bard of home," died in Tunis. "The world has literally sung my song until every heart is familiar with its melody, yet I have been a wanderer since my boyhood," wrote Payne. Mr. Kobbe gives an interesting sketch of Stephen Collins Foster, whose simple yet tender and refined melodies will survive as the folk-songs of this country. Foster's "My Old Kentucky Home," "Massa's in de Cold Ground," "Old Folks at Home," "Old Black Joe," and other tuneful songs, will live as long as the nation itself. The curious story of Daniel Emmett's "Dixie" is given entertainingly. "Ben Bolt" was written fifty years before it received new life on the appearance of Du Maurier's "Tribby," but its composer, Thomas Dunn English, was then living. Like many another author, Dr. English resented the popularity of his early poem as compared with the reception accorded his mature writings. The author rounds out his useful volume by discussing our patriotic airs, and explodes many false ideas in his papers on "The Star Spangled Banner," "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," and "America."

The book is very handsome in its black-letter dress, and contains numerous illustrations, mostly from photographs.

Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; \$1.50.

The Story of Charleston.

A history that is of interest and value to students of the annals of South Carolina is "Charleston, the Place and the People," by Mrs. St. Julien Ravenel. The book tells the story of old Charleston, from its beginnings to the fall of the Confederacy. The author has not attempted to write the continuous history of the city. She has chosen from the story of its two hundred and fifty years such events as seem to her to have had most to do in shaping the fortunes of the men who made the town, or best to illustrate the character of their children who have lived in it. Mrs. Ravenel has selected many romantic and picturesque episodes to illustrate life in the various periods of the city's interesting and, at times, exciting history. The Indian wars, the conquest of the pirates, the battle of Fort Moultrie, Washington and La Fayette, the execution of Colonel Hayne, social characteristics, and the Confederate Charleston are, among the topics discussed. There are numerous illustrations of famous buildings in the volume.

Published by The Macmillan Company, New York; \$2.50 net.

Certain Delightful English Towns.

The title of the book, "Certain Delightful English Towns," its sub-title, "With Glimpses of the Pleasant Country Between," its author, William Dean Howells, its pictures, and its binding, give the prospective reader of this attractive travel-book a favorable first impression that the letter press fully sustains. To have so charming a guide as America's foremost man of letters is a privilege to be cherished, and when Mr. Howells is in so jovial a mood the opportunity is one not to be missed. The author did not visit too many cathedrals or museums, he seems not to have made his trip a literary pilgrimage,

historical spots are not described with too great a parade of learning, and he does not attempt to tell us all there is to be seen. "There is so much to see in every English city, town, village, country neighborhood, road, and lane that I can always leave unseen far more than I saw." In fact, the book is a chronicle of a vacation tour, and Mr. Howells had a good time. And if it be not too flippant a criticism, George Ade, with the eminent author's distinguished style, might have written some of the sketches. Mr. Howells notes, as would have Mr. Ade, that the hotel office-ladies now wear "Mamie loops"; that the bronze lions on top of a monument looked dyspeptic for want of exercise; that there are always fresh eggs to be had, as if every hen knew that England expected her to do her duty. Mr. Howells writes of Exeter, Bath, Wells, Bristol, Folkestone, Canterbury, Oxford, Chester, and other interesting towns.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$3 net.

Study of Balzac.

Ferdinand Brunetiere, late editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, whose death several weeks ago deprived France of her greatest literary critic and essayist of the period, is the author of an exhaustive biographical and critical study of Honore de Balzac. Mr. Brunetiere does not record the title-tattle of the great novelist's love-affairs and financial difficulties, except when it assists in a better understanding of Balzac's work. While the critic places Balzac at the head of the realistic school of fiction, and believes that "The Human Comedy" is destined to last "as long as the French language, or perhaps longer," he points out freely the deficiencies and faults in his stories. Mr. Brunetiere is, however, impatient at the criticism that Balzac's novels are immoral. They are not intended, he says, "for little girls whose bread is cut in slices small" but they are simply truthful representations of the life of his time and are, properly speaking, neither "moral" nor "immoral."

The scope of the book is indicated in the following chapter-headings: The Modern Novel Before Balzac; Years of Apprenticeship; The Human Comedy; The Historical Significance of Balzac's Novels; The Esthetic Value of Balzac's Novels; The Social Bearing of the Novels; The Morality of the Novels; The Influence of Balzac; Balzac's Place in Literature.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$1.50 net.

Paul Elder Publications.

Although the publishing house of Paul Elder & Company suffered severely in the April catastrophe their list of holiday books is attractive. "Ye Garveyne Boko" is a collection of quotations selected by Jennie Day Haines from the writings of garden-lovers of every race and age. (\$1.50 net.) "The Princess of Manoa," by Mrs. Frank R. Day, is a handsome, illustrated volume of stories of old Hawaii. (\$1.50 net.) "Mosaic Essays," compiled by Paul Elder, contains selections from many gentle philosophers. (\$1.50 net.) "Philosophy of Ingersoll," edited by Vere Goldthwaite, is a compilation of Ingersoll's best and kindest thoughts. (\$1.50 net.) "The Twins and the Whys," by Susan F. Thompson, is a fairy tale for young and old. (75 cents net.) "Spots," compiled by Clarice Town Courvoisier, is a collection of recipes for cleaning all sorts of articles. (75 cents net.) "Fear Not" contains quotations of courage, compiled by Delia J. Desel. (75 cents net.) "Sunday Symphonies" is made up of helpful quotations; compiled by Jennie Day Haines. (75 cents net.) "Wonders of the Deep" and "Book of Nature" by Johnny Jones, are two naive treatises, profusely illustrated. (25 cents net each.) Paul Elder & Co., New York and San Francisco.

"How" Books.

Those who "want to know" need not remain ignorant for lack of books that offer to instruct on every conceivable subject. Among the recent additions to "how" literature are the following: "How to Appreciate Music," by Gustav Kohbe, is for those who neither sing nor play, but who wish to understand the operas and concerts they attend. (Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. \$1.50 net.) "How to Speak in Public," by Grenville Kleiser, is a suggestive self-instructor for budding orators. (The F. & Wagnalls Co., New York. \$1.25 net.) "How to Make a Fruit Garden," by S. W. Fletcher, is a manual for the amateur farmer, who is so often an unwilling Burbank inasmuch as he never knows what strange plants will follow his sowing. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$2.00 net.) "The Etiquette of New York City," by Mrs. Frank Learned, tells us how to behave ourselves in an up-to-date manner when we are "invited out." (The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. \$1.25 net.) "Betterment," by E. Wake Cook, discusses questions as far removed as capital and labor, and what to eat. (The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. \$1.20 net.)

New Publications.

Whittier's "Snow-Bound" has never lost its popularity with lovers of poems of nature, since its first appearance. A beautiful holiday edition of the Quaker poet's classic poem is illustrated with twenty full-page drawings by Howard Pyle, John J. Enneking and Edmund H. Garrett, and decorations by Adrian J. Lorio. A handsome binding adds to the attractiveness of the volume. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$2.50 net.

W. B. Yeats has brought together in a new edition "all of my poetry I have any liking for." The first volume contains his "Lyrical Poems," which are marked by the strange beauty of the early Celtic bards. A second volume, containing Mr. Yeats's dramas in verse, is in preparation. The Macmillan Co., New York; \$1.75 net.

John Janvier Black, M. D., author of "Eating to Live," says "the majority of human beings are much like sheep, as to eating and drinking." If they were, if one diet could be followed safely by every one, perhaps Dr. Black's advice on what to eat would be priceless. But so long as "one man's poison is another's meat," we must, sheeplike, trust largely to instinct and experience. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

A valuable reference book is "Panama: the Isthmus and Canal," by C. H. Forbes-Lindsay. It contains the history of the settlement of the Isthmus, the projects for canalizing, the development to the present scheme, and the establishment of the Panama Republic. The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia; \$1.00 net.

"Every Man a King," by Orison Swett Marden, editor of "Success," is made up of essays, on the power to be gained by mind-mastery, that will be helpful to the timid and the discouraged. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, \$1.00 net.

Pears'

Don't simply "get a cake of soap." Get *good* soap. Ask for Pears' and you have pure soap. Then bathing will mean more than mere cleanliness; it will be luxury at trifling cost.

Sales increasing since 1789.

PARTICULAR PEOPLE

USE GOOD

Stationery

EMBOSSED
LETTERHEADS FROM
STEEL DIES

is one of our Specialties

WRITE FOR SAMPLES

Isaac Upham Co.

Stationers

Printers Bookbinders

17th and Folsom Sts.
and Pine and Front Sts.

SAN FRANCISCO

PRESIDIO TERRACE

the *only* residence park in San Francisco will soon be the center of the fine residence district—they're building now. It would take more space than this to give the REASONS WHY—send for the new illustrated folder.

BALDWIN & HOWELL

1692 FILLMORE STREET, NEAR POST

THE SUPREME COURT

Having by unanimous decision declared the
BURNT RECORDS ACT constitutional,

The Lawyers Title Company

Is prepared to restore your title and notify you of any adverse or encroaching suits that may be brought by others. Owners should register their properties with the Company at once.

DIRECTORS

FRANK P. DEERING
A. F. MORRISON
R. T. HARDING
CHARLES W. SLACK

J. C. MCKINSTRY
CHARLES P. ELLS
C. B. SESSIONS
J. W. LILIENTHAL

PETER F. DUNNE
CARTER P. POMEROY
E. S. HELLER
WILLIAM THOMAS

OFFICE, 1916 SUTTER STREET

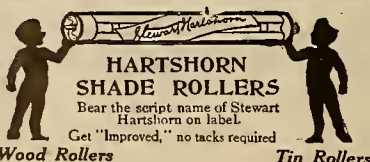
TELEPHONE WEST 6373

PRINTING CARES of Business People taken care of by

SPAULDING-GRAUL COMPANY
Formerly GEO. SPAULDING & CO.

being a concern where the wants of those desiring Printing, Lithographing, Bookbinding, Designing, Engraving, Etc., are given prompt attention. Give us a trial.

914 Howard Street at Fifth
Phone Temp. 2351 San Francisco



STAGE GOSSIP.

Dramatic Notes.

Minnie Tittell Brune, formerly leading woman with Frederick Warde, and one of three sisters well known to Pacific Coast theatre-goers, is now in Australia, and meeting with excellent success in emotional roles.

"The Light Eternal," written by Martin V. Merle, a student at Santa Clara College, has won favorable notice in the East. The play was produced successfully at the Majestic Theatre in San Francisco and in other Coast cities, and was secured by the Shuberts, the New York managers, for a road company. Its continued success brought about its withdrawal for presentation in New York.

Clyde Fitch's new play for Blanch Walsh is entitled "The Straight Road," and it will be brought out at the Astor Theatre in New York during the holidays.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell has abandoned her idea of an American tour next spring.

Henry Miller is to be the manager of Daly's Theatre in New York next season, when it passes under the charge of the Shuberts.

Charles Klein's new play, "The Daughters of Men," is a popular success, though it may never equal "The Lion and the Mouse" in the regard of the public.

Mrs. Annie Adams, mother of Maude Adams, was engaged to be married to Senator Arthur Brown, who was killed in Washington by Mrs. Bradley.

M. Pierre Berton, the French author of "Zaza," has recently completed a new drama, entitled "Balthazar," which M. Antoine has accepted for the Odeon Theatre.

Clara Lipman is playing in London, where her comedy, "Julie Bonbon," was produced recently at the Waldorf Theatre.

Mme. Rejane's new theatre in Paris will have many novel arrangements, but especial attention is given by the press to plans for the founding of a school for young actresses which the actress-manager has decided upon. Costumes will be supplied to the pupils, a small salary will be given them from the beginning, and every encouragement will be shown to promising aspirants. Unknown authors too, are to receive consideration, if Mme. Rejane's ideas materialize.

The Sells-Floto circus is doing a large business in the City of Mexico. H. H. Tammen, one of the principal owners of the show, began his career with a small curio shop in Denver, and is now the owner of the Denver Post, and the possessor of great wealth.

Musical Notes.

Camille D'Arville, after an absence of three years from the stage, is appearing in the East in Stange and Edwards's musical play, "The Belle of London Town."

Bonci, the new tenor, established himself firmly in the good graces of New York opera lovers on his second appearance, when he was seen in "Rigoletto," and entirely at his ease. His singing of "La donna e mobile" was with exquisite effect.

Mme. Elza Szamosy, Miss Rena Vivienne, and Miss Florence Easton all sang the leading role in "Madame Butterfly" several times during its run of forty-one performances at the Garden Theatre in New York.

The autumn season of Italian opera at Covent Garden, London, presented "Madame Butterfly" ten times, "Carmen," nine; "La Boheme," seven; "Faust," six; "Aida," five; "Rigoletto" and "La Tosca," four; "Traviata" and "Fedora," three; "Adriana Lecouvreur," two.

Lina Cavalieri made her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House in Giordano's "Fedora," and was praised for her beauty and agreeable voice, but the opera, which follows the story of the play in which Bernhardt was so successful, is harshly criticised. It is said to have no musical number that calls for consideration, with the exception of the intermezzo in the

second act and the introduction to the third act.

Charles Santley, the famous English tenor, will celebrate the fiftieth year of his career as a singer with a jubilee entertainment next May.

The engineer in the basement of the San Bernardino opera house resented the remarks of an Italian member of the Lambardi Opera Company and threw him out of the building. He did not understand Italian, and misunderstood the singer's object. It took all the diplomacy of two managers to suppress the disturbance threatened by sympathizing members of the company.

Carlo Righetti, better known under the pseudonym of Cletto Arrighi, an Italian dramatist, died recently in Milan. Though the author of many plays, twenty-eight of which have been produced, and two of which—"El Milanes in Mar," and "El Barchett de Boffalora"—were wonderfully successful, Righetti was very poor at the end, and might actually have starved if Signor Crispi had not given him a small government position.

A brilliant audience attended the first performance in Paris, November 10, of "Ariadne," the new opera which Massenet in his old age has written to a libretto by Catulle Mendes. President and Mme. Fallieres honored the occasion by their presence. In the third act Massenet has written the most dramatic musical outburst to be found in all his works—a love duet of sudden passion which carried the audience away.

When it is said that of the sixty-seven operas produced by Donizetti "Lucia" shows the most vitality, it certainly is a sad commentary on the musical structure of the other sixty-six, remarks an Eastern musical critic. Had Donizetti written one-fourth as many perhaps there might have been something of permanent musical work in his product. Let it be remembered that Wagner's fame rests on eleven operas and Beethoven and Schumann were content with one each.

The Orpheum.

The big vaudeville event of the year will be inaugurated at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon when the Orpheum Road Show will make its annual appearance. It is bigger, brighter and better than ever. "Menetekel," an European illusion act, will be presented by Mr. and Mrs. Berel-Kenerah, Hungarian magicians. Ned Wayburn, renowned as producer of dancing propositions, sends out his "Rain Dears," headed by Neva Aymar. There are nine girls in the production and special scenery, costumes and music. Ed F. Reynard, ventriloquist, has a stage setting that is a gem in its way. Walter C. Kelly will present the funniest monologue known in vaudeville. Work and Ower, European acrobatic comedians, will present a tumbling act. Claude and Fannie Usher, new to this city, have a slang classic, "A Tough Love," one of the real gems of all the dramatic offerings. Wilson's monkey, "Jessie," promises a distinct surprise to the amusement-loving public. Orpheum Motion Pictures and John Hyams and Leila McIntyre, presenting "Two Hundred Wives," will complete the programme.

Melodrama for New Yorkers.

In the amusement advertising columns of the New York World for December 9 appeared the following announcement: "Mittenthal Brothers Amusement Co. offer 'A Millionaire's Revenge,' a play true to life, founded on the Madison Square Roof Garden tragedy of Harry K. Thaw, the young Pittsburg millionaire, and the celebrated architect. Stanford White. Synopsis of play: The Gay Studio. The girl model makes her appearance from a huge pie. A bacchanalian revel. Thaw's vow of vengeance. Kidnapping of a young girl in a real automobile. Exterior of Madison Square Garden. The Roof Garden. The Shooting—'The Wages of Sin is Death'. England. A Mother's Love. The Prison. The Line of Defense. Prison Corridor. Murderers' Row. 'A Mother's Faith.'"

The Opera Season.

Our music lovers, theatre-goers and patrons of opera are much interested in the engagement of the celebrated Lambardi Grand Opera Company, of Milan, Italy, under the direction of Impresario Marie Lambardi, which will begin an engagement at the Central Theatre, under the management of Messrs. Howell and Dodge, on Christmas night, December 25, with a superb production of Verdi's ever popular and spectacular work, "Aida," to be repeated Friday and Saturday nights and at the Sunday matinee. In the cast will be heard Esther Adaberto, a young dramatic soprano of brilliant timbre and artistic instincts.

On Wednesday night and at the Saturday matinee Donizetti's favorite opera "Lucia di Lammermoor," with its famous sextette and mad scene, will be offered. In this, Adelina Tromben, a light soprano, who comes here with an established reputation, made successfully at the old Tivoli, will be the unfortunate heroine. Gounod's greatest success, "Faust," will be sung on Thursday and Friday nights, with a new lyric soprano, Velia Giorgi, as Marguerite. Bianca Nunez, soprano; Matilda Campofiore, contralto; and Maria Millon, mezzo, will also be heard.

Among the tenors cast are Attilio Salveschi, Fillippe D'Ottavi, and Martinez Patti; the baritones will include Angelo Antola, Roberto Trisceni, and Adolpho Pacini; the basses are Olinto Lombardi, Ugo Cannetti, and Luigi Bergami. The large chorus and orchestra are under the direction of Chevalier Fulgencio Guerrieri, one of Italy's most noted leaders. The scenery, costumes and properties were all made in Milan for the present tour of Mexico and America.

During the second week "Rigoletto" will be heard on Monday and Thursday evenings and at the Saturday matinee; "Il Trovatore," on Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday nights, and repetitions of "Faust," with special casts on Tuesday and Friday evenings, and at the Sunday matinee. A special New Year's matinee of a lighter opera will be given.

The sale of reserved seats is going on at the theatre box-office, and Kohler and Chase's. Prices have been placed within the reach of all; \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75 cents, and 50 cents.

Black Bess, an Australian mare which had appeared over 3,000 times in the play of "Dick Turpin," died recently in London. Before she went on the stage she was a steeplechaser.

The Waldorf Hair Store

1528-1530 Bush St., near Van Ness

MISS D. HONIG, Prop.

The place to buy
your Christmas and
New Year's
Presents

Imported French Novelties
Hair Goods, Perfumeries, etc.

BRANCH STORE, 3461 SACRAMENTO ST.

P. Centemeri & Co.

KID GLOVES

New Location

1551 Van Ness Ave.

Between Pine and California

San Francisco

AMUSEMENTS.

ORPHEUM

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee Dec. 23
Matinee Every Day Except Monday

Orpheum Road Show:

"MENETEKEL," "RAIN DEARS" and Neva Aymar; Ed F. Reynard; Walter C. Kelly; Work and Ower; Claude and Fannie Usher; Wilson's Monkey, "JESSIE;" Orpheum Motion Pictures and John Hyams and Leila McIntyre.

PRICES—10c, 25c, 50c. Down town Box Office at Donlon's Drug Store, Fillmore and Sutter Sts. Phone, West, 6,000.

CHUTES AND ZOO—Open daily from 10 a. m. till midnight. Admission 10c; Children 5c.

Central Theatre

Market and 8th Sts. Phone, Market 777

Howell & Dodge, Proprietors

Commencing Tuesday Eve (Christmas Night), Dec. 25

LAMBARDI Grand Italian Opera Company

REPERTOIRE—FIRST WEEK

Tuesday, Frid. and Sat. nights, Sund. mat. "AIDA" Wednesday night and Saturday matinee "LUCIA" Thursday and Sunday nights "FAUST"

SECOND WEEK

Mond. and Thurs. nights, Sat. mat. "RIGOLETTO" Wednesday, Sat. and Sund. nights "IL TROVATORE" Tuesday and Friday nights, Sund. mat. "FAUST"

Extra Matinee—New Year's Day.

PRICES—Season Subscription tickets, twelve \$2. seats for \$21., twelve \$1.50 seats for \$16., twelve \$1. seats for \$10. Single seats Prices—\$2., \$1.50, \$1., 75c and 50c. Boxes, \$21., per seat \$3.50. Now on Sale.

RACING!



RACING!
NEW CALIFORNIA
JOCKEY CLUB

OAKLAND TRACK

Six or more Races each Week Day

RAIN OR SHINE

Races start at 1:40 P. M. sharp

For Special Trains stopping at the Track take the S. P. Ferry, foot of Market Street, leaves at 12, thereafter every twenty minutes until 1:40 p. m.

No smoking in last two cars, which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.

Returning, trains leave the track after fifth and last races.

PERCY W. TREAT, Sec.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, Pres.

BRACELETS

THERE IS NO LARGER NOR
FINER STOCK OF THIS

The Most Popular
Form of Jewelry

THAN THAT OFFERED BY

Bohm-Bristol Co.

SOUTH-WEST CORNER OF

Van Ness Ave. and Sacramento St.

A. Zellerbach & Sons
PAPER DEALERS

Now Located at

Volkman Bldg., 416 Jackson St., San Francisco

Branch: 514 Eleventh St., Oakland

FULL SUPPLY OF ALL KINDS OF PAPER

W. V. N. BAY

B. L. STONE

Stone & Bay Co.

1344 VAN NESS AVE.

Between Sutter and Bush

RUGS ORIENTAL ALL SIZES
DOMESTIC

Draperies, Lace Curtains, Portieres
Couch Covers

A VISIT WILL BE APPRECIATED

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Emily Marvin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Marvin, to Mr. Roy Somers. Their marriage will be celebrated early in the summer.

The engagement is announced of Miss Wanda Florence Hadenfeldt of Oakland, to Mr. Henry C. Melone, of Oak Knoll, Napa County. The wedding will take place in the spring.

The marriage of Miss Pearl Landers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Landers, to Mr. Vincent Whitney took place on Friday of last week at the home of the bride on Octavia street. The ceremony was performed at 9 o'clock by the Rev. Frederick Clampett of Trinity Church. There were no attendants of either bride or groom, and only the members of the two families were present. Mr. and Mrs. Whitney have gone on a short wedding journey and on their return will make their home in San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Schenck, daughter of the late Colonel A. D. Schenck, U. S. A., to Captain Charles C. Smith, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., took place on Wednesday of last week at the home of the bride's brother-in-law and sister, Captain William C. Davis, U. S. A., and Mrs. Davis at the Presidio of San Francisco. The ceremony was performed at 8:30 o'clock by the Rev. Dr. Wood. Miss Edith Brown was the maid of honor, and Lieutenant John S. McCleery, U. S. A., was the best man. After their wedding journey Captain Smith and his bride will live at the Presidio of Monterey.

Announcements have been sent out by Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Platt of the marriage of their sister, Miss Lucy Burrow-Platt, to Mr. Frank V. Ferrers-Baker, on December 4, at their home 2000 Vallejo street.

Mr. Frederick William Zeile and Mrs. Ida May Humphrey were married on Saturday, December 15. Mr. and Mrs. Zeile expect soon to leave for a European trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin will entertain at a dinner on New Year's eve, at the Burlingame Club.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope entertained at a dinner dance at their home at Burlingame on Thursday evening of last week. About one hundred guests were present.

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey entertained at a dinner recently at her home on Wehster street, in honor of Miss Jeannette von Schroeder. The other guests were Miss Anita Harvey, Miss Genevieve Harvey, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Katrina Page-Brown, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Marie Brewer, Miss Constance de Young, Mr. Harry Stetson, Mr. Oscar Cooper, Mr. Stuart Lowery, Mr. Baldwin Wood, Mr. Allan Kittle, Mr. John Parrott and Mr. Harry Scott.

Miss Frances Howard was the hostess at the second Gaiety Club dance, which took place at the Palace Hotel on Tuesday of last week.

The first meeting of the Monday Evening Skating Club, organized by Mrs. Ynez Shorb White, took place on Monday evening last. The patronesses are Mrs. William M. Gwin, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Miss Carrie Gwin, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., and Mrs. William B. Collier.

Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden was the hostess at a bridge party on Friday afternoon of last week. Those present were

Mrs. E. Walton Hedges, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. E. W. McKinstry, Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mrs. George Shreve, Mrs. de Young, Mrs. Ryland Wallace, Mrs. Harry Mendell, Mrs. George C. Boardman, Mrs. M. P. Jones, Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. Edward Dimond, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, Mrs. William Hitchcock, Mrs. Chauncey Humphrey, Mrs. Chauncey Rose Winslow, Mrs. Maurice Casey, Mrs. Gale, Mrs. E. B. Pond, Mrs. H. L. Dodge, Mrs. Lucy Otis, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. William Sherwood, Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. Edward Pond, Mrs. Warren Clark, Mrs. William Gwin, Mrs. Ira Pierce, and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller.

Mrs. Charles Farquharson entertained at a luncheon recently in honor of Mrs. Charles G. Lyman. Those present were Mrs. Leonard Chenery, Mrs. Daniel Drysdale, Mrs. Partridge, Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden, Mrs. Edward Pond, Mrs. Ralph Warner Hart, and Miss Castle.

Miss Emily Marvin entertained at a luncheon on Friday of last week in honor of Miss Florida Hunt. Those present were Miss Hunt, Miss Ruth Casey, Mrs. Covington Pringle, Miss Helen Thomas, Miss Maud Payne, Miss Natalie Hunt, Miss Marion Marvin, and Miss Marie Brewer.

Miss Marie Withrow gave an informal musical at her home, Hill Crest, on Le Conte avenue, North Berkeley, on Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Olga Braslan of San Jose, Miss Estelle Mundell of San Francisco and Miss Lucie Taylor of Berkeley took part in the programme.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resume of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin and Miss Helene Irwin arrived last week from the East, where they have been staying since their return from Europe.

Madame la Comtesse Lelande, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Abby Parrott, at the latter's home in San Mateo since the summer, will leave early in January for her home in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson left this week for the East, where they will spend the holiday season.

Mrs. Paolo de Vecchi and Miss Marguerite de Vecchi, who have been spending a few weeks in San Francisco, will leave in a few days for Baltimore, where they will join Dr. de Vecchi and his sons and will sail in January for Italy.

Miss Adeline Miles and Miss Josephine Polhemus were in Bombay, India, when last heard from.

Count and Countess Attilio Fabhri left a fortnight since for their new home in Pittsburgh.

Mr. William H. Crocker left on Saturday last for New York, where he will spend the holidays with Mrs. Crocker and their family, who have recently returned from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker have returned from a week's sojourn at the Hotel Potter in Santa Barbara.

Miss Maizie Langhorne and Miss Julia Langhorne have recently been the guests of Miss Louise Boyd at the home of the latter in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. James V. Coleman have left this city for New York, where they expect to spend the winter at the St. Regis.

Mrs. A. J. Bryant has leased her apartment on Green street to Mr. and Mrs. Francis Heney, and will spend the winter at an uptown hotel. Miss Bryant is visiting friends in the city of Mexico.

Mrs. Charles G. Lyman arrived recently from Paris and is now in Berkeley, but will leave early in the new year for Europe again.

Mrs. C. O. Alexander, accompanied by Miss Marie Berger, left this week for the East, where they will spend the holidays, sailing from New York early in the new year for Naples. They will travel in Europe for several months, returning to San Francisco next summer.

Mr. Walter Dillingham, who has been spending several months here and in the East, sailed on Friday of last week for his home in Honolulu.

Mrs. Emma Butler has returned from Santa Barbara where she has been spending some months, and is at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden, on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Deering have returned to town after a month's stay in Monterey, and have an apartment on Spruce street, for the winter.

Mr. D. Edward Collins, Mr. William Rutherford, and Mr. Wm. Millan, of Oakland, have been spending a few days at Del Monte.

Mrs. A. P. Niblack left last week for Santa Barbara.

Miss Ella Morgan has returned from an Eastern trip, and is at Del Monte with Mrs. Low and Miss Flora Low.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent P. Whitney (nee Landers), are spending a few weeks at Del Monte.

Mrs. J. Colquhoun and her son Mr. Clifton Colquhoun, of Tunbridge Wells, England, are now at Del Monte. Mr.

Colquhoun has extensive interests in Arizona copper mines.

The Children's Hospital.

The holiday season is again upon us and the needs of our children's hospital are as always on the minds of the Board of Managers. Our generous friends of the past are now so scattered that we know not how to reach them, and take this means to remind them of the little ones under our care. Donation days will be held on December 20, 21, and 22, at W. & J. Sloane & Co., corner Sutter and Van Ness avenue, where donations will be gratefully received.

Committee: Mrs. J. W. Walter, Chairman; Mrs. Willard B. Harrington, Mrs. Wendell Easton, Mrs. Henry E. Bothin, Mrs. C. E. Holmes, Mrs. M. F. McGuen, Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. Walter B. Cope, Mrs. Silas Palmer, and Mrs. Jeanette E. Merritt.

We manufacture glasses on oculists' prescriptions.

We put brains into our work, honesty into our materials, and keep faith with our customers.

HIRSCH & KAISER,
1757 Fillmore Street

Opticians

HOTEL RAFAEL
SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

50 minutes from San Francisco. Complete Change of Climate
TIBURON OR SAUSALITO FERRY
All modern Conveniences

R. V. HALTON

Proprietor

Nordhoff
Grill



1545 Pine Street
Below Van Ness Ave.

Finest and Largest Dining
Room in the City

Merchants' Lunch 11 A. M.
to 2 P. M. Daily

Ladies' Afternoon Teas
and Dinner Parties a Specialty

Germania National Bank
OF SAN FRANCISCO

Capital Paid Up . . \$300,000

519 MARKET STREET, BET. FIRST AND SECOND
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

OFFICERS: W. A. Frederick, President; F. Kronenberg, Vice-President;
R. F. Crist, Vice-President; F. Kronenberg Jr., Cashier

Cable Address: Germania

DIRECTORS

W. A. Frederick
F. Kronenberg
R. F. Crist
Henry Brunner
F. C. Siebe

E. Leuenberger
F. A. Kuhls
John G. Rapp
Adolph Meyer
Joseph Schweitzer

O. A. Hale
W. M. Willett
Fred Woerner
Philipp Zimmermann
H. Fred Suhr, Jr.

Gamossi Glove Co.
101 Post Street
Destroyed by Fire
April 18, 1906

PRESENT LOCATION

OF THE

The Glove House
Cor. Market and
O'Farrell - Destroyed
by Fire, April 18, '06

Geo. A. Moss
Glove and Umbrella Co.

1520 Van Ness Avenue
Between Pine and California

The Umbrella House
12 Grant Ave., near
Market - Destroyed by
Fire, April 18, 1906

OUR GLOVE ORDERS

Insure Recipient Good Merchandise

MOSS
1210 Market, above
Taylor - Destroyed by
Fire, April 18, 1906

ROYAL
Baking Powder
Absolutely Pure

A wholesome cream of tartar baking powder. Makes the finest, lightest, best flavored biscuit, hot-breads, cake and pastry.

Alum and alum-phosphate powders are injurious. Do not use them. Examine the label.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK

A Fine Line of
Holiday Perfumes and Toilet Articles

AT

Boericke & Runyon Co.

1554 Van Ness Ave.

PHARMACISTS

Near California Street

EDUCATIONAL

MISS HAMLIN'S
BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
Formerly at 1849 Jackson St., is now at 2230 Pacific Ave.
near Webster St. Mid-term begins October 15. Accredited.
Address
Miss S. D. Hamlin
2230 Pacific Avenue San Francisco

St. Matthew's Military School
Burlingame, California
Easter Term begins January 10, 1907
For illustrated catalogue address
REV. WILLIAM A. BREWER, Rector

IRVING INSTITUTE
BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
Accredited by the universities. Special advantages
in music art, and elocution. Twenty-eighth year.
Miss PINKHAM and Miss MacLENNAN, Principals.
2126 California Street, San Francisco.
Easter Term opens Monday, January 7, 1907, 9 a. m.

Twin Oaks Camp School.
Outdoor life on a Ranch for boys under fifteen.
Each boy has a tent-house and saddle horse.
Best of references.
Address
Miss MARGARET MARSH-PARKER,
SAN MARCO, San Diego Co., California.

MISS HARKER'S SCHOOL
Palo Alto, Cal. Home and Day School for Girls.
Intermediate and Primary Departments. Certificate
admits to Stanford, Vassar and Wellesley. Number
limited. Reopens August 20th.

MR. HUGO MANSFELDT
Announces his removal to 2090 Fell St., corner of
Shrader. Telephone West 1736.

PORTLAND OREGON
St. Helen's Hall
A girl's school of the highest class. Corps of teachers, loca-
tion, building, equipment—the best.
Send for catalogue.
School opens September 17, 1906.

Headquarters for Renting
Pianos. Little pianos for
small rooms. Medium size
pianos for average rooms.
Big pianos for big rooms.

YOU WILL SAVE MONEY
BY RENTING THEM FROM
Scott-Curtaz
560 Hayes Street

J. S. DINKELSPIEL
Importer of
Diamonds, Precious Stones
1021 Van Ness Ave.
San Francisco, Cal.
Fine Set Pieces a Specialty

**The
Little Palace
Hotel**
corner of
Post and Leavenworth Sts.
IS
OPEN
The same excellence in
cuisine and service that ob-
tained in the Old Palace is
duplicated in the new "Little
Palace."
JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK
Manager

PERSONAL.

Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army
and navy people who are or have been
stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Rear-Admiral Joseph Trille, U. S. N.,
retired, and Mrs. Trille will not return to
the city this winter, but will remain at their
cottage at Pacific Grove.

Lieutenant Commander Casey B. Mor-
gan, U. S. N., has been detached from duty
as inspector of equipment at the Union
Iron Works, San Francisco, and ordered
to the navy yard, Mare Island, for duty in
connection with fitting out the Milwaukee,
and for duty as executive officer of that
vessel when commissioned.

Lieutenant Commander A. S. Halstead,
U. S. N., is ordered to additional duty as
inspector of equipment at the Union Iron
Works, San Francisco.

Major Charles G. Woodward, Artillery
Corps, U. S. A., Fort Rosecrans, San Diego,
has been granted one month's leave of ab-
sence, which took effect on December 15.

Major Benjamin Pursell, U. S. A., re-
cently promoted from captain, has been
assigned to the Eighteenth Infantry,
U. S. A. Upon the expiration of his pres-
ent leave of absence, Major Pursell is
ordered to report at the Army General
Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, for
observation and treatment.

Captain Wendell L. Simpson, quarter-
master, U. S. A., is ordered to report in
person to Lieutenant Colonel George S.
Young, Twenty-first Infantry, U. S. A.,
president of the examining board, Fort
Leavenworth, Kansas, for examination for
promotion.

Captain Haldimand P. Young, quarter-
master, U. S. A., is ordered to proceed
from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, to Fall
River, Massachusetts, on official business
pertaining to the manufacture of service
hats. On the completion of this duty he
will return to his proper station.

Captain Albert E. Truby, assistant sur-
geon, U. S. A., has returned to his station
at the Presidio from duty in Cuba.

Captain Matthew C. Smith, Fourteenth
Cavalry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey,
is granted leave of absence for one month,
which took effect on December 12.

Lieutenant Earl P. Jessop, U. S. N., is
detached from duty at the Union Iron
Works, San Francisco, and ordered to the
navy yard, Mare Island, for duty in con-
nection with fitting out the Milwaukee, and
for duty on board that vessel, when placed
in commission.

Lieutenant E. H. Campbell, U. S. N.,
is detached from duty at the Union Iron
Works, San Francisco, and ordered to the
navy yard, Mare Island, for duty in con-
nection with fitting out the Milwaukee
and for duty on board that vessel when
placed in commission.

Lieutenant Thomas D. Osborne, Artillery
Corps, U. S. A., has been granted leave
of absence from December 21, to January 6.

Lieutenant E. E. Scranton, U. S. N.,
is ordered to the navy yard, Mare Island,
for duty in connection with the crew of
the Milwaukee and for duty on board that
vessel when commissioned.

Lieutenant Oscar A. Russell, Twentieth
Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of Monterey,
is granted twenty-one days' leave of ab-
sence. He will return to his station in
time for the examination in Military
Hygiene on January 7.

Lieutenant Horace N. Munro, First
Cavalry, U. S. A., is relieved from treat-
ment at the Army and Navy General
Hospital, Hot Springs, Arkansas, and will
proceed to join his proper station.

The leave of absence granted Lieutenant
Benjamin H. Pope, Eighth Infantry, U.
S. A., has been ordered extended six
months.

Lieutenant Edmund L. Bull, Twenty-
second Infantry, U. S. A., has had Indio,
California, designated as his station after
completion of the quadrangle on which he
is engaged, while on duty in connection
with the Progressive Military Map of the
United States, in place of Ramona, Cali-
fornia, as was formerly designated.

Ensign M. K. Metcalf, U. S. N., is de-
tached from the Cincinnati and ordered to
the Naval Hospital, Mare Island, for treat-
ment.

Surgeon C. Biddle, U. S. N., is detached
from the Charleston as fleet surgeon of
the Pacific Squadron, and ordered to the
Naval Training Station, San Francisco.

Past Assistant Surgeon W. B. Smith,
U. S. N., is detached from the Naval
Training Station, San Francisco, and
ordered to the Raleigh, sailing from San
Francisco on January 5.

The leave of absence granted Contract
Surgeon Leonard S. Hughes, U. S. A., has
been extended two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Yeazell (formerly
Miss Cornelia Campbell), are rejoicing in
the advent of a daughter in their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pond are rejoicing
in the recent advent of a daughter in their
home.

Newman and Levinson.
VAN NESS AND SUTTER INCORPORATED

TO THE DILATORY SHOPPER

To the woman who has put off making her holiday
purchases until the last moment:

To the man who has delayed selecting Yuletide gifts
and remembrances until the very eve of Christmas:

TAKE NOTICE

No store in San Francisco can serve you as satisfactorily
today as it could a week or a fortnight ago. Early
shoppers have naturally secured first choice.

CONSEQUENTLY

Assortments are less varied. Stocks are more or less
broken.

BUT A FEW SHOPPING HOURS REMAIN

And in that time you must make a necessarily hurried
choice.

LET US HELP YOU

NEWMAN & LEVINSON can and will solve the
"hasty purchase" difficulty for you.

BUY A
Merchandise Order

OR A
GLOVE ORDER

Available AT ANY TIME
TO ANY AMOUNT
IN ANY DEPARTMENT

of the NEWMAN & LEVINSON store.

L. KREISS & SONS

CABINET MAKERS
UPHOLSTERERS
DECORATORS

Dealers in Fine Mahogany, Early English Oak Fur-
niture; reproductions of rare examples of Antique Fab-
rics of all the important periods of English, French and
Italian Arts in Tapestries, Brocaded Silks, Damasks,
Embroideries, Etc.

Our stock is complete and contains many Odd
Pieces suitable for Gifts.

1219-23 POST ST.
Above Van Ness Ave. San Francisco, Cal.

Dr. Deimel
(LINEN-MESH)
Underwear

A COMPLETE STOCK OF

Men's, Women's and
Children's Underwear

at our Retail Store, 1107 Van Ness Ave., near Geary

CUSTOMERS' MEASUREMENTS PRESERVED
UNAPPROACHABLE HANDKERCHIEF VALUES
FREE BOOKLET

The Deimel Linen-Mesh Underwear Co.
San Francisco, Cal.

VANITY FAIR.

The prospect that Miss Angelica Gerry, the daughter of Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry, will open the handsome four-story brown stone house at 815 Fifth avenue, which her father has just given her, as an establishment all her own—a girl-bachelor residence—where she will entertain on her own account and arrange its furnishings after her own artistic bent, is being discussed by the members of her set.

The thought of young Miss Gerry in her bachelor establishment brings to the mind a number of women, very prominent in the society or in artistic circles, who have not waited for the ringing of wedding bells before owning and managing elaborate homes for themselves—not mere girl-bachelor apartments, but establishments in town and country, on a scale to require skill and attention in the management, says the New York *Evening Journal*.

One thinks of Miss May Van Alen, daughter of James A. Van Alen, and her Newport place, and Miss Helen Gould, with her large Irvington estate and her great Fifth avenue house; Norma Munro, with her handsome apartments; and of women artistically prominent there are little Maude Adams, with a town house, a country place on Long Island and a big farm in New Hampshire, all under her direction, and jolly May Irwin, who does her own marketing and bosses the plumber and the paperhanger and all that come her way, and again Elsie De Wolfe, and Elizabeth Marbury, the expert on plays and literature, in their quaint and beautiful Irving place home.

Miss Angelica Gerry is young, a famous whip and beautiful, but in spite of rumors that cropped up every month or two, naming the man who was to marry her, she has not married.

Miss Elsie De Wolfe and Elizabeth Marbury have an establishment that touches artistic perfection with its collections of miniatures and paintings, its exquisite draperies and delicately wrought furniture.

Likewise Miss Norma Munro eschews that fashionable society into which she was born, never goes to dances or receptions, but likes to entertain in her sumptuous apartments at 34 Central Park South companies picked with a view toward pleasing her moods and her literary inclinations.

"Think of what a society life means in actual toil, with nothing to gain worth while," Miss Munro has said. "When the season is on in New York what time has a society woman to think or do something for anybody but herself? There is a hurry from the time she arises in the morning until she retires the next morning. It is a rush for luncheon. Then a rush to a tea or two. Then a rush to dinner. Then a rush to the opera. Then a rush to some ball or dance or supper, and she finally goes to sleep somewhere in the early hours of the morning, still thinking of her plans for the next day. I prefer to have my own home, conducted independently of this thing called society."

A very simply furnished, very quiet little house has Miss Maude Adams at 22 East Forty-first street. Her effort is to make it noiseless, and the servants move silently and speak in whispers. Every article of furniture is one that has historical interest, and bits from the Orient and from Europe stand in rooms whose walls are almost all of a dark green. In the square center hall a Sedan chair serves as a telephone booth.

The London press is fearfully wrought up over the choice of a British Ambassador at Washington to succeed Sir Mortimer Durand, remarks the New York *World*. The affair seems to bristle with more difficulties than confront royal matchmakers who search Europe for a bride worthy of a prince of the blood.

The London *Telegraph* mourns because "the British Embassy at Washington has unquestionably lost the political and the social primacy which belonged to it in Lord Pauncefoot's day." The *Outlook* echoes its opinion. "What we required," it says, "when the retiring envoy was ap-

pointed and what we need now is a man as little like a professional diplomat as we can imagine and resembling as nearly as possible the type of representative America sends to us. James Russell Lowell, Mr. Choate, and Mr. Whitelaw Reid, to name no others, have been the most effective Ambassadors in the world because there has been no atmosphere of formalism or convention about them."

Nobody thinks of James Russell Lowell putting on flannels and playing tennis at Buckingham Palace or Windsor. Mr. Choate made charming speeches on all occasions, but we never heard of Mr. Choate leaping his horse over farmers' fences for his own pleasure or anybody else's companionship. It is a question whether Mr. Whitelaw Reid is an especially brilliant performer with the revolver or the singlestick.

But these are the athletic accomplishments which alone are supposed in London to have endeared the French and German Ambassadors at Washington and to have swayed the course of international relations from their old orbits.

M. Jusseraud makes judicious use of the tennis racket at the White House courts and the Anglo-American friendship suffers a slight refrigeration. He has the honor of having the title of one of his learned works mistranslated in a Presidential address and there is an imperceptible fall of cordiality toward England. Count Speck von Sternburg's horse balks at a gate which Mr. Roosevelt's clears easily, and a member of the House of Commons rises from his seat at Westminster to demand of the Foreign Secretary whether it is true that in case of war between Great Britain and Germany the German mercantile marine is assured the hospitality of the American flag.

The situation is growing desperate for Great Britain. The Hon. James M. Bryce, Secretary for Ireland, is mentioned for the Washington post. He has written a scholarly work on "The American Commonwealth," and climbed Mount Ararat, but who would think of slapping him on the back and calling him "Jim"? Lord Curzon married into an American family, but after years of Oriental pomp and grandeur he lacks the expansive style of after-dinner oratory. Lord Grey is needed in Canada. Lord Charles Beresford has just got to the top of the British navy. There is Lord Desborough, "Willie" Grenfell, "the strong man of Taplow"; why not try him? He is catalogued as a pronounced bimetalist and a tariff reformer, a writer, patron of all sorts of athletics, principally rowing, and a cricketer, cyclist, hunter of big game and fisherman. He has shot in India, Africa, and the Rockies, rowed across the English Channel, and swum the Niagara River, and as a host is voted the "best fellow in all England."

Some one has proposed John Burns, the labor member of the Cabinet, and a fair pedestrian. He might pass for a mild Populist in the United States. Keir Hardie is mentioned. He wears strange hats, has shoveled coal and is not favorable to injunctions against labor unions. Surely there is no shortage of good diplomatic material where such men abound. Why not leave the matter to Mr. Roosevelt, and let him designate his personal choice?

"The state banquets at St. George's Hall, at Windsor, offer one of the finest spectacles of modern days," says Lady Violet Greville. "The ample proportions of the handsome hall, the display of priceless gold plate, the show of flashing jewels, the gold-laced uniforms, the stars of orders, the drinking of toasts, the presence of ambassadors and crowned heads remind me of the mediæval ceremonies, so full of color, variety, grandeur and picturesqueness. They form what is really a spectacle, a sight of beauty and magnificence which in these prosaic days of ordinary dress and absence of etiquette is painfully absent from life."

The clawhammer, or evening coat, has many oddities of cut. These oddities were once essentials, says the Philadelphia

Bulletin. There was, in fact, a time when every idiosyncrasy of the clawhammer served some useful purpose.

The cutaway front of the coat, for instance, was originally cut away so that the wearer when on horseback would not be incommoded.

The two buttons at the back were for fastening up the tails out of harm's way, each tail having in the past a buttonhole at its end.

The sleeves, with their false cuffs, are relics of the days when sleeves were always turned back and therefore were always made with cuffs that unbuttoned.

The collar, with its wide notches, is a survival of the old collar that was notched in order that its wearer could turn it up conveniently in cold or stormy weather.

The dress coat, in a word, is a patchwork of relics, relics once essential, but now of no use on earth.

One often hears the wish that something corresponding to the French *salons* might be revived in society. As a matter of fact such a revival is scarcely imaginable, for the *salon* was the special product of the French temperament under peculiar circumstances. Even in France the gift of conversation passed away with the beginning of modern times. "No one," said

Madame de Stael, "who had not heard it before the Great Revolution could know what conversation really was." Some of the qualities that went to the making of these *salons* can be analyzed, and the subject may be found treated in an article by Mrs. Hylton Dale, in the *Nineteenth Century*. The guests in the first place were chiefly, in some cases exclusively, masculine. The hostess was the stimulant and medium for their wit, governing the conversation with a firm, but tactful rule. Literary merit all must have, or they were not admitted. This was the distinguishing feature of the *salon*.

The result of the last election in Alpine County for the Superior Court Judgeship resulted in a tie, both candidates receiving thirty-five votes. The Board of Supervisors thereupon called a special election, but were notified by the Attorney-General that only the Governor had power to take such action. It now seems that the Governor has no such authority except for elections where State officials and Congressmen are concerned, as no provision has been made for such a contingency as a tie in county office elections. The situation is unprecedented and the Governor is awaiting further advice from the Attorney-General.

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

S

FURNITURE

Our Furniture display suggests innumerable useful and tasteful Christmas gifts, for instance: Rocking Chairs, Easy Chairs, Toilet Tables, Hall Clocks, Tea Tables, Music Cabinets, Cellarettes, Shaving Stands, Tabourettes, Magazine Stands, Piano Benches, Footstools, Book Racks, Bookcases, Costumers Work Tables, Ladies' Desks, Morris Chairs, etc. For reliable quality and exclusive styles, our prices are very reasonable.

S

Van Ness and Sutter

SIEVERS FLORAL CO.

1660 California Street, near Van Ness Ave.

Choicest Collection of Plants, Flowers and Holiday Baskets

PHONES: Franklin 1015
Franklin 1014

THE EMPORIUM

— SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. —

Headquarters for Toys and Holiday Goods

Useful articles are something which are appreciated by every one. Among some very acceptable gifts which are sometimes overlooked, we suggest books, they are always reminiscences of the giver. For the holidays we offer some exceptional values, quite interesting, and much wanted by all booklovers:

A Gift Book—Gray Mist

A story of Brittany by the author of the "Martyrdom of an Empress," extremely fascinating to the finish. **\$1.50**

A Japanese Blossom

by Onoto Watana, with full page illustrations in colors, so interesting you can not lay it aside til finished, **\$2.00**

The Christy Book.

The American Girl as seen and portrayed by Christy. In its class it is by far the most beautiful book ever published, and is the handsomest and most popular gift book of the season. Price **\$2.50**

Send all your mail orders to THE EMPORIUM, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A fat gentleman, in walking along the street the other day bumped into a huckster and knocked a half-dozen turnips out of the man's hand. "Bad luck to him," said the huckster, scowling at the receding figure, "bad luck to him! And they want to say they've made balloons dirigible!"

The late John Stetson, famous in his day as a theatrical manager, was having a yacht built, and a friend, meeting him on the street, asked him what he was going to name the boat. "I haven't decided yet," replied John, "but it will be some name commencing with S, probably either 'Psyche' or 'Cinch'."

In a little village in New Jersey the schoolmistress saw one of the little boys crying. She called him to her and inquired the reason. "Some of the big boys made me kiss a little girl out in the school-yard," was the reply. "Why, that is outrageous. Why did you not come right to me?" "I-I didn't know that you would let me kiss you," he said.

A young bride, after serving to her husband a Thanksgiving dinner that was so-so, said, as the mince pie was brought on: "I intended, dear, to have some sponge cake, too, but it has been a total failure." "How was that?" the husband asked in a disappointed tone, for he was fond of sponge cake. "The druggist," she explained, "sent me the wrong kind of sponges."

John Bright was once asked how it was that Pitt made one of his finest speeches after drinking two bottles of port. John Bright was as usual equal to the occasion. He pointed out that verbatim reporting was unknown in those days and suggested that the other members of the house, on whose opinion Pitt's reputation largely depended, had probably drunk three bottles.

Walking about his estate Mr. Dives halted a laborer who was digging a drain, and solemnly inquired if he were ready to die. The man admitted that he hadn't thought of passing away, just yet. "But every time I breathe, a man dies," solemnly remarked the millionaire in tones of terrible warning. "Geel!" cried the unmoved laborer, "why don't you chew a few cloves?"

A yellow-haired descendant of the Vikings walked into the office of a prominent attorney the other day and said: "Ay want you to make some papers out. Ay buy a farm in Powell Valley, and ay tank ay want a mortgage." "Why do you want a mortgage," exclaimed the lawyer, "if you bought the farm? Don't you want a deed?" "No, ay tank not. Sax years ago ay buy a farm and getta deed and noder tellar come along with a mortgage and tak da farm. Ay tank ay tak a mortgage."

M. Deverne was waiting at a station in Ireland for his train. Two Irishmen entered and engaged in the following conversation: "Sure, Pat, it's down to Kilmory I've been, on me way back now to Kil-Patrick." "Arrah, musha, Mike, it's me-self that just after coming from being down to Kil-Kenney, stopped a bit before I go down to Kil-Moore." "I say, Pat, let us take the day and go down to Kil-Maule." "Ye gods," exclaimed the Frenchman, "what assassins. Would that I were back in France."

A man in Altoona, the owner of a very fine forty-horse-power Limousine motor car failed, and while his affairs were being settled up the car disappeared. As soon as everything had been adjusted, though, the car reappeared in the Altoona man's garage again. This angered one of the creditors and the first time he saw the bankrupt he took him bitterly to task. "A nice bankrupt," he said. "How does it happen, if you're a bankrupt, that you still have that automobile?" "Well, you see," said the other smiling, "I went through

the bankruptcy court but the automobile went round."

"Give you the only room left in the house tonight," said Room Clerk Allen, as he dipped a pen and started to hand it to the new arrival (narrates the San Francisco Chronicle) "Where is it?" said the man from Modesto, "What floor's it on?" "Any floor you like: top, middle, or office." "Don't kid me, young fellow. I want to sleep on the top floor." "All right. Front! Boy, put a cot in the cage at midnight and tell Bennie to let the elevator remain at the top floor till morning."

A doctor saw Julia Marlowe as Juliet one night in Pittsburg, and was tremendously impressed. Only, in the powerful death scene there was a technical error. "Miss Marlowe," the doctor said at a reception the next day, "I admired your Juliet profoundly. The impersonation was a work of art. But—pardon me—don't you know that a corpse doesn't stiffen for at least six hours after death?" Miss Marlowe answered in the drawl that she reserves for such speeches: "Now, doctor, do you think I'm going to keep my audiences waiting six hours for me to stiffen?"

A New York lawyer was cross-questioning a negro witness in one of the justice courts, and was getting along fairly well until he asked the witness what his occupation was. "I'se a carpenter, sah." "What kind of a carpenter?" "They calls me a jackleg carpenter, sah." "What is a jackleg carpenter?" "He is a carpenter who is not a first-class carpenter, sah." "Well, explain fully what you understand a jackleg carpenter to be," insisted the lawyer. "Boss, I declare I dunno how to 'splain any mo' 'cept to say hit am jes' the same diffunce 'twixt you and er first-class lawyer."

The temperance reformer was justly proud of having converted the biggest drunkard in the little Scotch town, and induced him—he was the local gravedigger—to get up on the platform and testify. This is how he did it: "My friends," he said, "I never thoct to stand upon this platform with the provost on one side of me, and the toon clerk on th' ither side of me. I never thoct to tell ye that for a whole month I havena' touched a drap of anything. I've saved enough to buy me a brow oak coffin wi' brass handles and brass nails—and if I'm a teetotaler for anither month I shall be wantin' it!"

The English Winston Churchill spoke in London recently to a party of journalists, saying it was astonishing how keenly sensitive to newspaper criticism the ordinary person was, and quoted what he said was a letter received by an editor in the United States, as follows: "Dear Sir,—I regret to inform you that on my way home from the saloon this evening I fell into a political altercation with Colonel Jonas P. Walker, of this town, in the course of which a slight misunderstanding arose, and I am very sorry to think that in the end I shot him. I should add also that, carried away by the excitement of the moment, I also scalped him. But I earnestly hope that no exaggerated account of this painful episode will appear in the columns of your paper."

Specially adapted to Asthmatics; always relieves, generally cures. Brooks' Homoeopathic Cough Syrup; 25c, at druggists.

A. Hirschman
Jeweler and Silversmith. Now at 1641 Van Ness Avenue, bet. California and Sacramento Streets.

Not all the wit of all editors is to be found in their own columns: "Is it necessary to enclose stamps?" queried a budding bard. "More necessary than to enclose poetry," answered a voice from the editorial chair.

Korn The Hatter
Now at 926 Van Ness Avenue Near Ellis Street

Dr. J. J. Henderson
Specialist for Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. 1434 Post St., near Octavia.

William A. Magee Thomas Magee Frederic E. Magee

Thomas Magee & Sons

Real Estate Agents
5 Montgomery Street
San Francisco

SOME OF THE GLORY OF THE GOLDEN WEST

is due to the cleansing qualities of

20 Mule Team Borax
and Borax Soap Compounds

Borax is the world's greatest cleanser and most harmless anti-septic. It is the housewife's most potent aid in the

KITCHEN, LAUNDRY, AND TOILET

Cleanses thoroughly without injuring the most delicate fabrics and leaves the hands soft and white

Send for free sample and beautifully illustrated booklet, to

PACIFIC COAST BORAX COMPANY
ALBANY BLOCK, OAKLAND, CAL.

Golden State Limited

between

CALIFORNIA—CHICAGO
DAILY

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO - - - - - 5:00 P. M.
ARRIVE CHICAGO - - - - - 10:15 P. M.

ELECTRIC LIGHTED
OBSERVATION PARLOR CAR
BEST OF DINING SERVICE

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS

Ready for business at 1165 O'FARRELL ST., bet. Franklin and Gough
Pianos Tuned, Repaired, Moved and Stored SOHMER-CECILIAN PLAYER-PIANOS

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Is Maude taking a day off to celebrate her birthday?" "No; she's taking a year off."—*Boston Transcript*.

"How many children have you?" "Two living and one writing jokes for a daily paper."—*Cleveland Leader*.

"You surely don't meet them socially." "Oh, no; only to have a good time, you know."—*Los Angeles News*.

Redd—I see they have a new dance, called the automobile dance. Greene—Is it a breakdown?—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"That handsome Jack Savage kissed me last night." "I thought he would. He told me he felt awfully sorry for you."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Did you say your new doctor's name was Steed?" "Yes; Doctor Steed." "My! I'd be afraid to engage him; sounds as if he were a great charger."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"What are you taking for your cold?" "Nothing." "Nothing?" "But my dear fellow—" "Nothing, I say, not even advice. Fine day, isn't it?"—*Cleveland Leader*.

Upson—Do you get that "run-down feeling" every spring? Downs—Every spring! Why, I've been bit by an auto once a week for the last two months!—*Detroit Free Press*.

He (excitedly)—I tell you the handsome dress that millionaire's wife is wearing was paid for by blood money. She (calmly)—Ah! That accounts for the gore in the skirt. —*Baltimore American*.

"I understand that he is a confirmed Bibliophile," said the Boston maid. "Well, he may have been," replied her Chicago cousin, "but be's on the water wagon now."—*Columbus Dispatch*.

First Millionaire—Hard lines these days. Second Millionaire—Yes; our relatives are waiting for us to die to get our money, and the rest of the world doesn't want to wait that long.—*New York Sun*.

Mr. Jawback (savagely)—I wish you were somewhere I'd never be able to see you again. Mrs. Jawback (sweetly)—Well, at any rate, it's nice of you to wish me in heaven.—*Cleveland Leader*.

Jack—Some of the greatest bachelors of the age tell us that marriage is a flat failure. Eva (evasively)—Well—er—all married couples don't have to live in flats. Some can live in cottages.—*Illustrated Bits*.

She—Did you ever see the Homer twins? He—Yes. She—Don't you think the boy is the picture of his father? He—Yes—and I also think the girl is the phonograph of her mother.—*Chicago News*.

Nervous Porter (in a single breath, to hotel doorkeeper).—I s'pose yer don't 'appen ter know nobody wot ain't stoppin' 'ere wot ain't sent for no one not to move no luggage nor nothink, do yer?—*Sketch*.

"Your cheek is so nice and smooth—it doesn't scratch a bit," the fair maid whispered, nestling closer. "Er—yes, of course," he said, a look of cold suspicion dawning in his eyes.—*American Spectator*.

Hubby—My pet, you will pardon me, but aren't these griddle cakes a little burnt? W'ife (almost in tears)—O, Tom! And I tried to make them so pretty for you with that pyrograph set you gave me.—*Boston Transcript*.

"What, fishing on the Sabbath?" exclaimed the clergyman, reprovingly. "Don't you know that little boys who fish on the Sabbath go to the bad place?" "Huh, I guess dat's right," replied the bad boy, disgustedly. "I couldn't a struck no worse place dan dis."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"There is no sport in a cumbersome machine," he bantered. "Give me the blooded horse. Why, with a horse I can take the fence every time." The motorist laughed. "Take the fence, eh? Why, that is nothing. With an automobile you

can take the fence, the gate, the tree, the pump, and the barn all in two or three seconds."—*Chicago Daily News*.

"I sent you the plans for the porte cochere and grand entrance," began the architect who was building Nuritch's palatial mansion. "Yes," interrupted Nuritch, "and what do you mean by puttin' 'Salve' over the door? Don't you try to run in no patent medicine ads on me!"—*Philadelphia Press*.

"Maria," said Mr. Quigley, entering his bome in some excitement, "I want you to promise me not to look at the papers for the next three months!" "What for?" wonderingly asked Mrs. Quigley. "I have just been nominated for a public office," he faltered, "and I don't want you to find out what kind of a man I really am."—*Chicago Tribune*.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Additions to America.

We love thy ponds and "cricks,"
We love thy politics,
Thy Standard Oil,
Thy southern lynching belts,
Thy Germans and thy Celts;
Thy Teddy Roosevelts,
Oh, native soil!

—*Cleveland Leader*.

The Fall Books.

The fall books—the fall books—
Genius in a blaze!
Ten thousand pilgrims crowding
The lit-er-a-ry ways.

Comedy and tragedy—
Trouble by the yard;
The fall books—the fall books
Hope they won't fall hard!

—*F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution*.

Just for Rest.

Men of science, you that dare
Beard the microbe in his lair,
Tracking through the jungly thickness
Africa's germ of Sleeping Sickness,
Hear, oh hear, my parting plea,
Send a microbe home to me!

—*The Crackling of Thorns*.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

The Reverend Charles L. Miel, who has just returned from Goldfield and Tonopah reports that an epidemic of pneumonia prevails in both towns and that many deaths have occurred. He declares that the facts are not reported by the papers there.

Any remedy that will relieve a teething baby or a feverish child is invaluable. Steedman's Soothing Powders have done this for fifty years.

Hewitt—"Now, as a general rule, women—" Jewett—"My dear boy, there is no general rule for women."—*Town and Country*.

NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS.—You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the Springs, and the entire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

Goodyear Rubber Company

Have Returned to Their Old Home, Where They Were Located Before the Fire,
573-579 Market St., near Second
Tel. Temporary 1788

Press Clippings

Are money-makers for Contractors
Supply-houses, Business Men
and Corporations.

Allen's Press Clipping Bureau
Kohl Building

THE LATEST STYLES IN

Choice Woolens

H. S. Bridge & Co.

Merchant Tailors

1176 O'Farrell Street

OUR STANDARDS

Sperry's Best Family.
Drifted Snow.
Golden Gate Extra.

Sperry Flour Company

MAIN OFFICE: 133 SPEAR ST.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co.

OF HARTFORD
ESTABLISHED 1850

Cash Capital \$1,000,000.00
Cash Assets 5,340,136.94
Surplus to Policy-Holders 2,414,921.16

Benjamin J. Smith
Manager Pacific Department:
525 THIRTEENTH ST., OAKLAND
San Francisco Office:
2310 CALIFORNIA STREET

Bonestell, Richardson & Co.

Have Plenty of Every Kind of

PAPER

Phone Temporary 1273

473 TO 475 SIXTH STREET
San Francisco

For YOUR

BREAKFAST

GERMEA

At All Grocers

The Johnson-Locke Mercantile Co.

AGENTS

714 Broadway, Oakland

Mt. Tamalpais Railway

Via Sausalito Ferry—Foot of Market St.

Lv. San Francisco	Sun.	Leave Tamalpais	Sun.
W'kday	8:25 A	W'kday	10:40 A
9:50 A	9:50 A	1:05 P	1:05 P
1:45 P	11:00 A	2:30 P	2:30 P
1:45 P	1:45 P	4:30 P	4:30 P
Saturday	4:35 P	5:45 P	5:45 P
3:15 P		9:30 P	

Legal Holidays, Sunday Time

TICKET OFFICE AT SAUSALITO FERRY

Thos. Cook & Son

Now Located

1168 Broadway, Oakland
And North Nave, Ferry Building
San Francisco

Steamship Lines

AMERICAN LINE

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON
Philadelphia.....Dec. 29 | New York.....Jan. 12
St. Paul.....Jan. 5 | St. Louis.....Jan. 19

Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool
Haverford.....Dec. 29 | Merion.....Jan. 19
Noordland.....Jan. 5 | Haverford.....Feb. 2

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT

Minnehaha.....Dec. 29 | Minnetonka.....Jan. 12
Mesaba.....Jan. 5 | Minneapolis.....Jan. 26

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE
Sailings Wednesdays as per sailing list.

Potsdam.....Jan. 2, 6 a m | Statendam Feb. 20, 10 a m
Ryndam.....Jan. 23, noon | Ryndam, Feb. 27, 5 a m
Potsdam, Feb. 6, 10 a m | Noordam, Mar. 6, 10 a m

RED STAR LINE

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS

Zeeland.....Dec. 26 | Vaderland.....Jan. 9
Kronland.....Jan. 2 | Finland.....Jan. 16

WHITE STAR LINE

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.

Majestic.....Dec. 26 | Majestic.....Jan. 23
Oceanic.....Jan. 2 | Teutonic.....Feb. 6
Teutonic.....Jan. 9 | Baltic.....Feb. 13

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Cymric.....Jan. 19, Feb. 23, Mar. 30

To the Mediterranean and Egypt, via Azores

FROM NEW YORK

Cedric.....Jan. 5, 9:30 a m, Feb. 16 | 21,000 Tons
Celtic.....Jan. 19, 9:30 a m, March 2 | 21,000 Tons
Celtic.....Mar. 30, noon, May 9, June 20

FROM BOSTON

Canopic.....Jan. 12, 8:30 a m, Feb. 23
Republic.....Feb. 2, 1 p m, March 16

G. U. KOEPEL, Pass. Agt. Pacific Coast.

Room 207 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

ORIENTAL S. S. Co. have opened their general
offices at 217-221 Brannan Street
SAN FRANCISCO

S. S. Nippon Maru (Calls at Manila) Dec. 28, 1906
S. S. Hong Kong Maru (Calls at Manila) Jan. 24, 1907
S. S. America Maru - - - - - Feb. 13, 1907

Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and Brannan streets 1 p. m., for Yokohama and Hongkong, calling at Honolulu, Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamer for Manila, India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Sts. W. H. AVERY, Assistant General Manager.

For Christmas Cheer

La Questa

A LUSCIOUS OLD RED WINE

L. M. WALTER Corner California and Devisadero Sts.

and
McCAW BROS. - - - - - 401 Devisadero

Producer:

E. H. Rixford
Kohl Building, San Francisco

REMOVAL NOTICE

JOHN G. ILS & CO.

Beg to announce their removal to their permanent store

827-829 MISSION STREET

Between Fourth and Fifth Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

OUR SPECIALTIES:

HIGH GRADE FRENCH RANGES AND BROILERS

BAKERY AND KITCHEN SUPPLIES

The Argonaut.

Vol. LIX. No. 1555.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 29, 1906.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.10; three months, \$1.10; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscription to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 1711 San Pablo Avenue, Oakland. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers.

Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Jerome A. Hart, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal." To insure consideration, manuscript submitted for publication, must be typewritten.

Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, Cal."

Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 31 Union Square. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear, and by the Denison News Company on its boats and trains.

Published at San Francisco, California. Temporary Office, 25 Brown Avenue, San Jose, California.

THIRTIETH YEAR

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

JEROME A. HART - - - EDITOR

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: France and the Vatican—The Ananias Club—Publishers, Prunes, Raisins, Tariffs, and Linotypes—The Roosevelt-Storer Correspondence—Graduating Japanese in San Francisco—Government by Cabinet Amendment.....	337-359
JAPAN'S SOCIAL EVIL: The Yoshiwara, or Pleasure City of Tokyo.....	340
OPINIONS ON THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.....	340
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....	341
OLD FAVORITES: "The Death of the Old Year," "Ring Out the Old," by Alfred Tennyson.....	341
POLITICO-PERSONAL.....	341
"THE COLLAR AND ELBOW": A Wrestling Match in the Mines on New Year's Day.....	342
THE RING OF A COUNTESS: "St. Martin" Writes of the Paris Climax of a Britanny Sensation.....	343
CURRENT VERSE: "The Vampire City," by Reginald Wright Kauffman; "On an Old Russian Candle-Stick," by Margaret Ashmun.....	343
A CELTIC-GREEK POET: The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn.....	344
INDIVIDUALITIES.....	345
LITERARY NOTES: New Publications—Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.....	346-347
STAGE GOSSIP: Dramatic Notes—Musical Notes.....	347
VANITY FAIR: A German Plan to Discourage Extravagance—Artistic Decorations at Rostand's Country Seat—How the Kaiser Learned of a Royal Birth—Ethics of Profanity.....	348
STORYTTES: The Caddy Knew—Why He Could Not Sleep—Von Buelow's March—A Chicago Lawyer—He Was the Butler—"Taps"—A Reporter Absolved—Fuel and Pure Water—A Choate Reply.....	349
PERSONAL: Notes and Gossip—Movements and Whereabouts—Army and Navy.....	350-351
THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.....	352
THE TUNEFUL LIAR.....	352

France and the Vatican.

Several readers have requested us to state briefly the questions at issue between France and the Vatican. Although the situation is very complicated, and much clouded by disputes as to the exact issues, this is a fair statement in brief according to our understanding.

Napoleon in 1801, as First Consul of France, made a contract with the Vatican called the Concordat. Prior to that time, after the fall of the Monarchy, the French Revolutionary Government had practically overthrown all public religious observances. By the Concordat it was provided that France should officially recognize the Roman Catholic Church; that the Government of France should select all Roman Catholic bishops in France; that these selections should be subject to the approval of the Vatican. And here is one of the disputed points—whether the Vatican had a veto

or whether lack of approval meant a veto. The Concordat also provided that the governmentally selected bishops should appoint the lesser clergy, and that the State should pay the salary of the archbishops, bishops, and lesser clergy. Thus the Roman Catholic Church in France became practically a part of the State. Its prelates and ministers were appointed by the State and were paid by the State. The State also paid out the people's money to the Protestant and Jewish congregations, but naturally, a much smaller amount than the scores of millions paid out to the Roman Catholic clergy.

For more than a hundred years the Vatican has chafed under the Concordat, and there have been perpetual complaints from the Pope over the unfairness of that document. The Republican government therefore determined to begin the separation of Church and State by ostensibly acceding to the complaints of the Vatican. There were many Roman Catholic schools throughout France which were conducted by religious orders, were not supported by the State, and not under Vatican or diocesan rule. As they were outside of the Concordat, they did not come under the protection of that document. In 1901 the Waldeck-Rousseau government passed the "Associations bill," directing all these religious corporations to file lists of their members, pupils, financial conditions, etc., whereupon licenses would be issued to them, legalizing their existence. As these religious corporations had no standing under the Concordat, and were only indirectly under Vatican control, there was no legal impediment to this action. The French government allowed it to be understood that the cause for its action was the inculcation of ideas hostile to Republican government in these religious schools.

The religious corporations very generally refused to comply with the law. Out of 17,000 monastic or religious organizations nearly 8,000 were dissolved because they defied the law. Many of them established their schools in the United States and other countries.

An incident which seems to Americans a trifle greatly envenomed the dispute between the French government and the Vatican. President Loubet while in Rome visited the King of Italy and did not visit the Pope. The reason is plain. The Vatican holds that the Italian government is a usurping one, and that the Roman States belong to the Pope as their temporal sovereign. If President Loubet had visited the Vatican the Pope would have insisted on being treated as reigning as sovereign of the Roman States; this would have implied that President Loubet believed the King of Italy to be a usurper. France and Italy are friendly. Hence President Loubet wisely did not call at the Vatican.

The final step in the separation of Church and State began about a year ago, when the Chamber of Deputies by a two-thirds majority formally adopted the bill separating the Church from the State. This bill provides that the State does not recognize, salary, or subsidize any particular form of worship; that where church property was originally purchased with money raised by individuals or congregations, religious associations should be formed, in which such property should vest. In the United States title to such property is vested in the bishops. Concerning church property purchased originally by or originally belonging to the State, the bill provides that each such piece of property

shall vest in the State, and that the State shall loan it to a religious association made up of its congregation for the purpose of holding religious services; that instead of paying regular salaries from the State to the clergymen, pensions shall be paid by the State to the older clergymen only.

All of the foregoing seems to Americans simple and just. We in this country believe that Church and State should be separate. That belief is strong also in Great Britain and Ireland, as the disestablishment of the Irish Church and of the Anglican Church have been burning questions for many years. It is probable that within twenty years there will be no established church in the British Empire. Even Spain has recently shown signs of cutting loose from the Vatican in the matter of the regulations concerning marriage; this is the first step toward disestablishment. Why then there should be such excitement among Roman Catholics throughout the world over this domestic concern of France, it is difficult to understand. If the French government is confirming the title of certain Roman Catholic congregations in France to the property which originally belonged to them, and if it is causing to revert to itself property which originally belonged to it, where is the harm? The Roman Catholic Church in France, as a corporation holding property, is one thing. The Vatican in Italy, as a corporation holding property, is another. Spiritually, the Church in France and Italy may be the same thing. As a property owner, tax-payer, and citizen, it can not be. This view must appeal to every Roman Catholic in the United States, where the Church has thrived wonderfully with a complete disassociation from the State. Do American Roman Catholics, for example, believe that Pope Pius X owns the Cathedral of Notre Dame on the island in the Seine, where it has been the property of the French government since Louis VII laid the first stone in 1163? And if so, does Pope Pius X own St. Patrick's Cathedral on 49th street and Fifth avenue, New York City? And if so, does he own St. Mary's Cathedral in San Francisco?

The Ananias Club.

Under the heading "The Presidential Liars' Gallery" the New York *World* has compiled a roster of gentlemen who have been unfortunate enough to disagree with Mr. Roosevelt. Other papers call it "The Roosevelt Ananias Club." Mr. Bellamy Storer, who has just been elected a member by unanimous vote of the club, says plaintively: "The past has shown that few men can differ with either the wishes or the memory of the President without at once becoming a scoundrel and a liar."

The *World* begins its roster of the Ananias Club with Mr. Bellamy Storer's name, followed by the President's letter of December 2, 1906, in which he said of Mr. Storer's statement: "The assertion that I took an opposite position is not only an untruth, but an absolute untruth."

In the Presidential campaign of 1904, Judge Alton B. Parker charged that corporations were induced to contribute to the Republican campaign fund by National Chairman George B. Cortelyou because he had official knowledge of their affairs. On November 4, 1904, the President issued a signed statement in which he said: "Mr. Parker's accusations against Mr. Cortelyou and me are monstrous. The assertion * * * is a falsehood. The statements are unqualifiedly and atrociously

false." Judge Parker has since pointed to the fact that Mr. Cortelyou received \$148,000 from the Equitable, Mutual Life, and New York Life Insurance Companies as proof that what he said was true.

In the controversy over the Railroad Rate bill, last May, ex-Senator Chandler said that he had received verbal instructions from the President to open negotiations with certain Democratic Senators for the support of that bill. To this President Roosevelt replied through Senator Lodge: "The statement of Mr. Chandler was a deliberate and unqualified falsehood."

Henry M. Whitney of Boston, Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts in 1905, quoted what purported to be statements made in a conversation with the President on the subject of reciprocity. Mr. Roosevelt, in a speech to a Massachusetts delegation, said of Mr. Whitney: "Not only did he misquote the words I used, but he absolutely * * * and deliberately misrepresented what had occurred."

When removing Herbert W. Bowen, Minister to Venezuela, President Roosevelt wrote to Secretary Taft on June 6, 1905, saying: "Mr. Bowen's statement is shown to be absolutely untrue."

G. O. Shields, president of the League of American Sportsmen, said that the President favored a bill to prohibit the use of automatic shot-guns in the Territories. To this the President replied, February 19, 1906: "You used language which was in no sense accurate. Not one single sentence you quoted as I said it. Some of the sentences are sheer inventions; others are inventions in part."

When Chief Engineer John F. Wallace of the Panama Canal resigned, Secretary Taft, speaking of some of Mr. Wallace's statements, quoted the President thus: "These statements are utterly untrue."

The industrious *World*, which has dug up these facts, thinks the Ananias Club is only in its infancy. Mr. Storer, therefore, instead of finding himself alone in his misery, will discover that he has joined a large and growing club.

The Albany *Argus* has also been resurrecting the facts, but it classifies them differently. It says that, as classified by the President, Judge Parker was an "atrocious" liar; Mr. Whitney a "deliberate" liar; Mr. Chandler a "deliberate and unqualified" liar; Mr. Bowen a "disingenuous" liar; Mr. Wallace an "utter" liar; Mr. Shields an "inventive" liar, and Mr. Storer a "peculiarly perfidious liar."

Publishers, Prunes, Raisins, Tariffs, and Linotypes.

Some weeks ago we were surprised to see in the San Francisco *Chronicle* an article stating that the Mergenthaler Linotype Company of New York, through its Paris office, was offering its latest models of linotype machines to French publishers at tremendous discounts—from thirty to sixty per cent below the prices charged to American publishers in the United States. The *Chronicle* article urged American publishers to purchase these American-made machines through French publishers, and then reimport them to the United States; as returned American manufactures are not subject to duty, the American publishers would thus save a large amount of money. This disclosure surprised us beyond measure. The *Argonaut* is a protection paper, but its protective enthusiasm is not to be compared with the Dingley delirium which devastates the *Chronicle*. The *Argonaut* believes in that protection which protects the American producer. The *Chronicle* believes in that protection which skins the American consumer alive.

Our esteemed contemporary goes so far that hitherto it has defended even the curious tariff evolution known as "dumping." This, be it understood, means that when a tariff-protected trust in the United States has sold all of its protected product that it can at twenty dollars a ton at home, it sells the rest of it at fifteen dollars a ton abroad. This is an awful hard thing to explain—why the American consumer should pay five dollars a ton more than foreigners for an American-made product in order to "protect" a millionaire trust. But so it is. The *Chronicle* has frequently attempted to explain satisfactorily this anomalous and unsatisfactory working of the tariff. Yet one rises from its reading with merely a confused sense of words, words, words.

But it is only embalmed beef, steel rails, desiccated hams, and concentrated sausages that cause the *Chronicle* to rise in wrath in defense of the tariff. The *Chronicle*, as such, does not consume desiccated hams, or use steel rails, but it does use linotype machines. When it comes to these costly pieces of machinery, the *Chronicle* seriously objects to paying sixty per cent more for an American made linotype than the French publisher does for an American-made linotype. Hence it printed the article sent out by the Publishers' League some weeks ago. It printed the article conspicuously, but not in its editorial columns. It wanted its readers to see the article, but it gagged slightly at the idea of printing it in the editorial columns where the same old sophistries in defense of "dumping" had so often appeared.

Unlike the *Chronicle*, the *Argonaut* has no embarrassing traditions about the tariff. We believe in the tariff, but not too much of it. We think we have enough tariff-

protected trusts and millionaires to last for a few years. In the interim the *Argonaut* would like to be allowed to buy American machinery and other products at least as cheaply as English, French, and German consumers. Therefore, we incline an attentive ear to the plaint which comes from the Publishers' League. This body, which consists of more than 5000 newspaper owners in the United States, writes to us thus:

"The basic patents of the Mergenthaler Company will expire in September, 1907. In order to perpetuate the present monopoly it is trying to force foreign manufacturers of linotypes (also working under the same original patents) into a territorial agreement which will give the Mergenthaler Company the sole right to sell machines on the whole of the American continent.

"Do you want this monopoly to continue? Are you willing to continue paying from \$2000 to \$3000 for machines or high rentals for them?"

We interrupt our friends long enough to remark in a still small voice, "No." We will add that we are quite willing to buy the machines cheaper. The Publishers' League thunders on:

"The present Congress will be asked to pass a bill removing the tariff of forty-five per cent on linotype machines. A similar measure was introduced in the last session through the efforts of the Publishers' League. Although a large proportion of Congress was in favor of the bill, it was not considered by the Committee on Ways and Means, to which it had been referred. We expect during this session to secure recognition of the rights of newspaper publishers."

We sincerely hope that the optimistic Publishers' League may secure such recognition. But Speaker Cannon often denies recognition to a Representative, to a great city, or to a whole State. When the chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means can sandbag any just bill, when the Speaker under the rules can bludgeon into insensibility any member presenting such a just bill, we can not felicitate the publishers on the imminence of coming success. The letter goes on:

"If you are in favor of such a measure, kindly sign and forward to your member of Congress the enclosed petition, adding to it such reasons as you may desire. A personal letter also to your member would help."

We would be delighted to sign and send the petition to our member, who happens to be Mr. Julius Kahn. But we fear Mr. Kahn will not fall over his feet in hastening to pass such a bill. Something or somebody has hypnotized Mr. Kahn and the rest of the California Congressional delegation, where the tariff is concerned. When San Francisco was destroyed by the catastrophe of last April, a unanimous demand arose for the removal of the tariff on building materials for a specified term, in order to enable the stricken city to get upon her feet. This unanimous demand, at a special session of the Legislature, was crystallized into a formal request from the State of California. It was also incorporated into the platforms of both the political parties during the gubernatorial campaign just concluded. Our delegation in Congress is a solid Republican one. Did they get any such suspension of the tariff on building materials? Not on your life. They got nothing from the Speaker, the Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, and other Republican leaders, except hot air. They got jollied. They got their legs pulled. And they came home with nothing but the request from the Republican party and the Republican leaders to go away back and sit down.

As the gubernatorial campaign was just beginning, this was extremely embarrassing for all of us Republican editors. True, at that time we of San Francisco were not thinking of buying next year's linotypes with the tariff removed. We were thinking of buying linotypes and other machinery at once with the tariff, high freight rates, and every other exaction on top. But it was extremely embarrassing for us to touch upon this weakness of the California delegation when we reflected that our candidate for Governor, Mr. Gillett, had quite recently been a member of that delegation. Therefore, we corked up. During the campaign we emitted no sound concerning this slight defection of our Congressmen. We talked about Labor Unions; we invoked justice on the grafters; we bitterly denounced Mr. Gompers; we raved about the tyranny of Organized Labor; but we never said a word about the tariff. It was only after the campaign was over that we sat up and took notice. Then we began to remember that there was a tariff, and that our delegation had failed to have it temporarily suspended for the benefit of stricken San Francisco. So we began to ask urgent questions. Again our Congressmen cheerfully informed us, that they "would look into the matter," and again they began weaving their rope of sand. Fortunately for them, just at this moment the President ordered out the army and navy, and declared war on California, and the California Congressional delegation hastened to try and stand by their State and stand by the President at the same time. They are still trying.

To return to the publishers of California. The Publishers' League, including some five thousand newspaper owners, want to have the tariff removed on linotype machines. They want to buy them cheaper. So do we. But here is a sticker. We here in California lost several hundred millions by the recent catastrophe. We want the tariff suspended on building materials for a year or two. We want to buy such materials cheaper. If we all agree to urge Congress to take off the tariff on linotype

machines, so that the Publishers' League may buy them cheaper, will the five thousand publishers agree to urge Congress to take off the tariff on building materials so that we may buy them cheaper? We very much fear that the publishers will refuse.

There are a whole lot of side issues to this matter—disgusting, narrow, petty details, into which we dislike to enter. The Publishers' League will doubtless reply to us that if Congress should take off the tariff on building materials, it might also remove the tariff from raisins, prunes, oranges, and other products on which California has a cinch. This would cause a dreadful roar to rise from the rural districts of our Golden State. If the Publishers' League should ask us what we would say to that, like our esteemed contemporary, the *Chronicle*, we would be forced to side-step. We want the tariff removed on building materials, linotypes, and a few other things. But we do not want it removed on raisins, prunes, and a few other things.

However, it will be an interesting spectacle to see what Congress is going to do about this linotype matter. Protection for the Fresno raisin-dryer and the Santa Clara prune-grower, who have thousands of competitors at home and abroad, is one thing. Protection for the only corporation manufacturing a single piece of machinery, like the Mergenthaler Company, is another. The raisin-growers, the prune-pickers, the fruit-farmers, most of them, are poor. But the gentlemen composing the Mergenthaler Linotype Company, like Mr. D. O. Mills, Mr. Ogden Mills, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, Mr. Phillip Dodge, and others, are many of them multi-millionaires. Perhaps they require forty-five per cent protection. But we really think they ought to shave it a trifle.

The Roosevelt-Storer Correspondence.

Last week in commenting on the correspondence between Mr. Roosevelt and Mrs. Storer, we remarked that our impulsive and generous President seemed to have been betrayed by designing friends. These remarks were based on the comparatively meagre telegraphic summary of the Associated Press, which naturally gave much more space to the President's letters than to those of the Storers. Since then, there has come to hand a much fuller report, giving the letters of both sides verbatim. From these it is evident that the President has been amazingly indiscreet. It is not too much to say that his epistolary indiscretions would seriously impair his chances for re-nomination were he again a candidate for the Presidency. These revelations have also greatly damaged the Presidential aspirations of those of his immediate followers who are known to have the backing of the Administration. Among these may be included Judge Taft, Secretary Root, and Mr. Cortelyou. The cause of this damaging of booms is the intriguing of this and the previous Administration with the Roman Catholic vote. Once before has this step been fatal to a Presidential candidate in American politics. It was fatal to Blaine. It would greatly damage Roosevelt if he ran again, and perhaps defeat him. If there are those who differ from us they need only note his alarm over the threatened publication of his letter denouncing "Protestant fanaticism." It will be fatal to Judge Taft if he should be a candidate; he is past all saving, for he is deeply enmeshed in various intrigues with the Vatican, including his active work at Rome in the matter of the Philippine friar lands. Root and Cortelyou have been "mentioned" as candidates; if they ever had any chance, they have none now.

The admirers of President Roosevelt—and that means practically all of the American people—have been under the impression that he is a frank and forthright man, and that there has been nothing subterranean in his politics—no "skulduggery," to use the political slang phrase. But from the revelations in his letters to the Storers, it is evident that Mr. Roosevelt is not above "doing politics"—and sectarian politics at that—when it will work to his advantage. The letters which appear in Mr. Storer's pamphlet—written by Mr. Roosevelt, Mrs. Storer, and himself—show that both the McKinley and Roosevelt administrations endeavored in various ways to win the Roman Catholic vote. Of course, they had the right to do so. But, owing to the existence of a strong distaste for such methods among the Republican voters of this country, they considered it expedient to keep their operations secret. This may or may not have been wise. But now that the facts have been brought to the light, the unwisdom is patent. The affair bears an unpleasant aspect, as nearly everything clandestine does when the light is thrown upon it.

Many of the letters in Mr. Storer's pamphlet are designed to show that Mr. Roosevelt, when Governor of New York, urged Mr. Storer to use his influence with the Vatican to make Archbishop Ireland a cardinal; also, that the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Storer were converts to Roman Catholicism could be used to advantage in this solicitation. In the furtherance of this line of policy, Mr. Roosevelt, when Governor, used his influence to have President McKinley exert himself for the elevation of Archbishop Ireland. Mr. Roosevelt forwarded his correspondence with Mr. Storer to President McKinley, who thereupon commissioned Bishop O'Gorman to say to Leo XIII that Archbishop Ireland's appointment would be considered "a

personal favor to President McKinley, as well as an honor to the country." Mr. Storer gives as his authority for this statement "a letter written to me [Mr. S.] by Bishop O'Gorman from Paris on June 19, 1899." At this time (says Mr. Storer), the Roman Catholic population in the Philippines, with their many pressing religious questions, and particularly the matter of the friars' lands, made President McKinley and his Cabinet think that the relations between the Vatican and the American Government should be much closer. It was at this time that Governor Roosevelt wrote to Mrs. Storer, strongly expressing the wish that Archbishop Ireland be given the red hat, although declining to "interfere directly in the election of a cardinal." He authorized Mrs. Storer to show this letter to "any one you see fit," but not to have it published. He wrote other letters repeating his keen desire to have the Pope promote Archbishop Ireland. The Storers say they used these letters without hesitation, because Mr. Roosevelt did not withdraw the permission he had given so to use them. At this period Mrs. Storer "received many other letters from Judge Taft concerning the situation of church affairs in the Philippines. Mrs. Storer and I were regarded by the Government as available for use in [Roman Catholic] Church matters, and we were so used."

This takes us down nearly to the Presidential campaign of 1900. Then it gradually leaked out that there were letters in existence written by Governor Roosevelt (then candidate for the Vice-Presidency), urging the Pope to make Archbishop Ireland a cardinal. The Republican campaign managers learned that there were certain passages in them about "Protestant fanaticism," which if published they feared would ruin the Republican chances.

It must be admitted that the revelations would not have helped the Republican ticket. The anti-Catholic voters in the Republican ranks are up in the hundreds of thousands, and their suspicions of any dealings with the Vatican would have at once aroused their hostility. Correspondingly, the Roman Catholic voters in the Republican ranks were new recruits, and the dread that Mr. Roosevelt displayed about admitting his interest in Archbishop Ireland's promotion would have awakened doubts and hostility among them. Ireland was their idol—"Why," they would have demanded, "why is Roosevelt ashamed to support Archbishop Ireland? Ireland is not ashamed to support Roosevelt." And the question would have been difficult for Mr. Roosevelt to answer. It has not been answered yet. This omission would not tend to placate the Roman Catholic voters now. And they have the further fact to anger them that after all this row and scandal the Vatican never will make Archbishop Ireland a cardinal.

But the letters were not published. If the Storers kept such firebrand documents locked up during the two Presidential campaigns of 1900 and 1904, Mr. Roosevelt certainly can not tax them with treachery at that time.

But he became restless about them again, shortly after he was seated in the Presidential chair. January 16, 1902, he wrote:

"DEAR BELLAMY:—Will you ask Maria again if there is any letter of mine to her, or a copy of any letter, which, so far as she is aware, is in the hands of any one else? It is stated with the utmost insistence that Rampolla has one. * * * It is obviously not wise that any letter of mine should be in the hands of any one to whom it was not addressed at this time."

Cardinal Rampolla was asked by Mrs. Storer to return the [copies of the?] letters, and did so. She notified the President, who wrote February 17, 1902:

"MY DEAR MARIA:—* * * You need not bring the letters. All I want you to do is to keep them yourself. Evidently some people at Rome have been talking. A most resolute effort has been made to mix up facts, and try to show that as President I have been endeavoring to interfere with ecclesiastical matters."

At last, in 1903, Mr. Storer, while in Rome, sought an audience with the Pope and delivered the President's message concerning Archbishop Ireland. He was not the only envoy, for the President had sent a similar request to the Pope by Monseigneur O'Connell, who had delivered his message on December 24, 1903, and sent to the President the Pope's answer, which spoke encouragingly of Archbishop Ireland's chances. Mr. Storer became somewhat uneasy when he learned that Monseigneur O'Connell's errand to the Pope had got into the newspapers and "had called out from the President's Secretary a statement flatly denying that the President had authorized it." Some three weeks after Mr. Storer's audience with the Pope he also heard from Mr. Roosevelt. A sharp letter came, telling him to "take no part * * * in such matters as this, and hereafter repeat to no man what I have said to you concerning the subject of the article." Mr. Storer was filled with astonishment at this letter, for, he writes, "I had spoken at the President's express request." He further says: "My letter reporting the interview was wholly ignored by the President, and he assumed the air of one who had just learned from the newspapers for the first time and with pained surprise anything about the affair."

After this the relations between the President and the Storers continued ostensibly cordial until the end of 1905. Mrs. Storer—at Vienna—heard that Mr. Roosevelt had

abandoned Archbishop Ireland and had taken up Archbishop Farley of New York, as his candidate. She could not believe the story, and wrote to the President about it. She also wrote to Secretary Taft to the same effect. Of the result of Mrs. Storer's "confidential letters," Mr. Storer says:

"It appears that the letter of Mrs. Storer to Judge Taft was shown not only to the President, but to Mr. Root, who had then become Secretary of State. Mr. Root, I may point out, was probably ignorant of what had been previously done by me and others in [Roman Catholic] Church matters during the Secretaryship of Mr. Hay."

We may interject here that not only was Mr. Root probably ignorant of what had been done in Roman Catholic matters during the Secretaryship of Mr. Hay, but so most certainly was the nation at large. We would all of us be interested to know what it was. Who are "others"? And what did they do?

In reply to Mrs. Storer's "confidential letters," there came from the President two letters, one to Mr. Storer, the other to Mrs. Storer. The letter to the lady was so severe that most of the newspapers call it "savage." Mr. Storer was intensely indignant over this letter to his wife; he did not answer it and requested her not to answer her letter either. As a result the President wrote demanding an answer. Thereupon Mr. Storer mailed his resignation—intended for the President, but addressed to the Secretary of State, as required by diplomatic regulations. But before it could have reached the President by mail, Mr. Storer received his summary dismissal by cable.

This act produced such profound indignation in the bosom of Mr. Storer that it brought about the publication of a pamphlet containing these incendiary letters. In reply to the President's answer Mr. Storer said: "There is no need of violent and insulting adjectives. The past has shown that few men can differ with either the wishes or the memory of the President without at once becoming a scoundrel and a liar."

The press generally comments on the publication of the letters as being most unfortunate. In the opinion of the leading Eastern journals all the parties concerned have suffered by the publication. The *Springfield Republican* thinks Mr. Roosevelt was in error in writing as he did to Mrs. Storer. It says: "If Mr. Roosevelt had reached a point where he had to secure the restraint of the wife of another man, even a public official, in the public interest, it was his business to bring his correspondence with her to an end and address himself solely to the husband." The same journal says of the interpolation in the President's reply of a letter from Mr. Cortelyou (stating that President McKinley never sent a message to the Pope in the spring of 1899 through Bishop O'Gorman), that it is purely negative testimony. Mr. Cortelyou was an assistant private secretary to McKinley, and it is absurd to say that he could have known everything about the secret workings of his chief's mind. Mr. Storer alleges that he has a letter from Bishop O'Gorman stating the exact opposite to Mr. Cortelyou's letter. Mr. Storer also asserts that President Roosevelt sent a message in 1903 through Monseigneur O'Connell to the Pope in favor of Archbishop Ireland, and quotes the text of the Pope's reply. This statement has not been denied by Monseigneur O'Connell, and presumably, therefore, Mr. Storer's allegation is true.

The most direct impeachment of President Roosevelt by Mr. Storer is when the latter claims that the President at Oyster Bay in 1903 again expressed his wish concerning the Pope, Archbishop Ireland, and Mr. Storer. This the President flatly denies, and says that it is "not only an untruth but an absurd untruth." Mr. Storer then prints an extract from a letter to Mrs. Storer from Archbishop Ireland, narrating an interview he himself had with Mr. Roosevelt at Oyster Bay. Archbishop Ireland wrote:

"The President said to me, 'Mr. Storer has told you what I said to him about you, Archbishop?'"
"I replied, 'I do not remember—'"
"'About his going to Rome?'"
"I said, 'No.'"

"'Well,' he said, 'I told him I would not write a letter to the Pope asking for honors to you, but I said that he could go to Rome and say, *viva voce*, to the Pope how much I wish you to be cardinal, and how grateful I personally would be to him for giving you that honor.'"

To this allegation of Mr. Storer, President Roosevelt has not replied.

The most alarming statement in Mr. Storer's pamphlet is that in which he says that the publication of many of Mr. Roosevelt's letters to himself and wife about public men and measures would be "too staggering" to contemplate. This sounds as if he did not intend publishing them. But if the other faction continue to hurl rags, sacks, bottles, old tin cans, and brickbats over the fence into the Storer's back-yard, no one can tell what may happen. Diplomats are supposed to keep a padlock on their tongues, but it is not so with diplomat's wives. And if Mrs. Storer gets good and mad she might publish the rest of the letters.

Graduating Japanese in San Francisco.

On December 20, 1906, the San Francisco Board of Education published its usual list of the graduates for 1906 from the high schools. There are five high schools in San Francisco, and the list is long. It enumerates

pupils whose names betray their origin—French, German, Irish, Spanish or Mexican, Russian, Polish, Hungarian, Slavonian, Dutch, and American. Among them we note the names of three Japanese students, ARANOSKI NOMOTO, KATSUYE HIROTA, AND TOSHIHARU KATAGIHARA. To this list we call the attention of President Roosevelt, his Cabinet, and those other persons in the East who have been denouncing San Francisco for "excluding Japanese" from her public schools. The action of the Board of Education on December 19, in issuing this their list of graduates, could not have been formulated in a day. The certificates of graduation of these students are based on percentages of scholarship extending over many months. Our school trustees are not prophets or sons of prophets. They could not have foreseen months ago, when these Japanese students began the school year, that before the term was over the President of the United States would denounce San Francisco and her school trustees for "excluding" the Japanese from the public schools, and stigmatize this alleged action as a "wicked absurdity." Therefore, it is quite evident that the graduation of these Japanese students is a routine matter. This proves beyond all question what we on this Coast have maintained, namely, that the Japanese have not been "excluded" from the public schools of San Francisco, but that adult Japanese have been segregated from the primary and grammar schools where hitherto they have been thrown into contact with white girls of tender age, and where they have no business to be.

These accusations fall to the ground now by their own falsity. We call upon President Roosevelt to withdraw and retract the accusations he has made against his fellow citizens of San Francisco.

Government by Cabinet Amendment.

"Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad." We do not know whether the gods have got it in for the present Cabinet, and sincerely trust that they will not be destroyed other than by the natural processes of decay, senile or otherwise. But that they have, if not gone mad, at least had their brains slightly affected, is beginning to be suspected by thoughtful men. Secretary Root's extraordinary pronouncement at a recent banquet in New York, when he announced to the forty-five States of this federal union that in the eyes of the Administration they had ceased to exist, excited profound amazement. But from the President's previous utterances, and from the remarkable proceedings of other members of his Cabinet, there would seem to be either an outbreak of midwinter madness or a carefully planned attack on our present system of government. It is like a systematic attempt to amend the Constitution by executive order. The members of the Cabinet, who are nothing if not zealous, are following closely in their master's foot-steps. He amends the Constitution by executive order. They—good, honest, superserviceable Secretaries—attempt to amend it by Secretarial order. They are already hearing from the Senate. Soon they will hear from the House. And later they will hear from the people.

The most recent instance of Secretarial amendment of the federal laws is an act of Secretary Hitchcock of the Department of the Interior amending an act of the Congress of the United States. In time, doubtless, the titles of these new-fangled laws will come to read thus: "An executive order by the President, amending [or repealing as the case may be] article Tenth of the Constitution of the United States." Or "An act by the Secretary of State to amend the Constitution of California." Or "An act by the Postmaster General limiting the powers of the Congress of the United States."

This new method of legislation has been utilized by Interior Secretary Hitchcock to suspend a statute of the United States, thus withdrawing from allotment some four million acres of land belonging to the Five Civilized Tribes in the Indian Territory, for the purpose of creating a forest reservation. A Senate committee looked into this usurpation. Secretary Wilson of the Agricultural Department endeavored to uphold his colleague, and said they both "had the best interests of the Indian at heart." Chief Forester Gifford Pinchot also spoke in the highest terms of the motives of the Secretaries. Mr. Pinchot, who is an intimate friend of the President, probably had encouraged the two Secretaries in their legislative functions; it is a weakness of the Presidential circle. But the Senate Committee, consisting of Teller, Long, Brandegee, and Clark, refused to accept this mixture of legislative and judicial functions on the part of the Cabinet and Forestry officials. Secretary Hitchcock pleaded that "the suspension was only temporary." To this the Senate Committee replied that a Cabinet officer had no right to suspend the operation of a statute for a single hour or a single minute. "If we have violated the law, I am sorry for it," said Secretary Hitchcock, "but my only motive was in the interest of the Indians, and because I desire to accommodate the Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Wilson."

At first the two legislative secretaries seemed inclined to recede from their tutelational action. But after a conference with the President they stiffened up, and

What a substitution between friends?

Such would seem to be the opinion of Messrs. Hitchcock, Wilson, and Pinchot. But the Senators do not agree, and demand that the extra-official functions of the Cabinet officers should cease, and their illegal orders be cancelled.

JAPAN'S SOCIAL EVIL.

The Yoshiwara, or Pleasure City of Tokyo.

"The Japanese have won in a single generation the right to stand abreast of the foremost and most enlightened peoples of Europe and America. They have won on their own merits and by their own exertions the right to treatment on a basis of full and frank equality. The overwhelming mass of our people cherish a lively regard and respect for the people of Japan. * * * The feeling that has been shown in shutting them out of the common schools in San Francisco * * * is a wicked absurdity. * * * We have as much to learn from Japan as Japan has to learn from us."—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Throughout the discussion aroused by the President's remarkable message on the Japanese question, the *Argonaut*, in common with most of the conservative journals of California, has expressed itself with moderation. In fact, we are glad to say that such has been the general tone of press and people in California. Of course, there are yellow newspapers among the press and hot-heads among the people, but such have been rarer than usual at times of public crises. All of the excitement, all of the heat in this discussion has been in the Eastern press and—with respect be it spoken—at the White House.

The *Argonaut* does not believe that the President or our people in the East are conversant with Asiatic habits or Asiatic morals. On the Pacific Coast our knowledge of such matters has been forced upon us. We did not seek it. But their very ignorance makes it a duty at this time to set forth some phases of Japanese life for the enlightenment of American men and women in the States east of the Rocky Mountains.

The statements in the annexed chapter are from a book entitled "The Real Japan," by Henry Norman, who is widely and favorably known as explorer, publicist, and member of Parliament. Mr. Norman—or rather, Sir Henry, for he was knighted by the Liberal Government last month—was educated in England, America, Germany, and France; he is a graduate of Harvard and Leipzig universities; he has, therefore, little provincialism in his make-up. He stands high at home as well as abroad. Any statements that he makes may be accepted as trustworthy.

A further word of explanation may be necessary. What is here printed must not be distorted into "an attack on a friendly nation." This is not an attack. It is a photograph. With the systems of morality which prevail among other peoples, Mohammedan, pagan or Polynesian, we in this Christian and Occidental country can have little sympathy. We do not believe in polygamy; we do not believe in polyandry; we do not believe in miscegenation; we do not believe in concubinage; and we certainly do not believe in Governmental harlotry. The Japanese have a perfect right to follow their own customs of morality, but they are not ours. And to show how different their customs are, and likewise to show the repugnance, nay, the horror with which American fathers and mothers think of association between their children and adult and semi-adult Japanese, it is only necessary to read this picture of a certain side of Japanese life by an impartial pen:

"We have as much to learn from Japan as Japan has to learn from us."—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE YOSHIWARA: AN UNWRITTEN CHAPTER OF JAPANESE LIFE. BY HENRY NORMAN.

There is a place in Japan which every male tourist visits to gaze on its outside; a place that contains probably the most remarkable attempt ever made to solve the great problem of human society; yet a place entirely unknown to the Western world, for nobody has ventured to make in print more than an airy passing allusion to it. No foreigner, indeed, has ever been in a position to write seriously of this place from his own knowledge, for the police authorities tell me that I am the first to whom opportunities for thorough investigation have been afforded. I hesitated of course, a good deal before sitting down to write of it, but I long ago concluded not to make one of the conspirators of silence upon all matters of the sexual relations of men and women. I have therefore tried to write simply and without impropriety of what I have seen and learned of this remarkable and secret place.

On the furthest north-western outskirts of Tokyo, an hour's ride in a *jinkisha* from anywhere, there is a large colony apart. You enter it through a wide gate on one side of which is a large weeping willow—"The Willow of Welcome" in Japanese—and on the other side a post of police. The streets are long and wide, shops and tea-houses alternating; down the middle is a beautiful flower garden, six feet across, where a succession of flowers in full bloom is maintained among pleasant fountains and quaint stone lanterns. From the eaves of the bamboo-peaked roof hang two rows of brilliant red lanterns, and from the shops and the tea-houses at the side hang two more rows, in daytime four long lines of red are waving in the wind, and at night four streams of dancing scarlet—appropriate color!—make the darkness gay. At the end of the principal street is a large and handsome building surmounted

by a clock-tower dominating the entire colony. And when you have walked for a quarter of a mile under the lanterns and beside the flowers you find not only one but a dozen such buildings, massive structures of stone and brick with pillared verandas and lofty vaulted entrances through which you get a glimpse of great stairways and columns of polished wood, with cool, green gardens extending temptingly beyond. There are no finer buildings in Tokyo than these, and they have cost hundreds of thousands of dollars. They bear no sign or mark outside to indicate their purpose, though if you look up in passing you will probably see a graceful figure or two in bright gowns strolling upon the balcony, or a pair of black eyes will look curiously down upon you, or perhaps you may catch sight of a graceful head with monumental coiffure resting upon a tiny hand and bare arm. This is the Yoshiwara as you may see it any day. What is it, however, if you can look behind the flowers and the lanterns, and read the unwritten story of these silent palaces?

"We have as much to learn from Japan as Japan has to learn from us."—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The word "Yoshiwara" means literally "the Plain of Reeds," and so long ago as the reign of the Shogun Iyemitsu in 1659 was the favorite quarter of the city for the residence of the courtesan class. At the Restoration, however, twenty years ago, the authorities determined to suppress houses of prostitution in the City of Tokyo proper, and confine them to this part. Now the word "Yoshiwara" has become the generic name for the quarter inhabited by the Japanese *demi-monde* in any town. There are no fewer than six of them in Tokyo alone, but the Shin-Yoshiwara, or new one, which I am describing, is the chief and most remarkable. It seemed to the authorities that public morals would gain by the removal of the licensed houses, or *kashi-zashiki*, from all the respectable quarters; then the system of regular medical inspection would be easier and more certain; the tax upon each member of the *demi-monde* could be better collected; the whole system, which is regulated by very intricate laws enforced theoretically with great strictness, would be much more under police control; and last, but not least in weight, such a quarter would be a happy hunting ground for the secret police.

To understand the peculiar Japanese point of view in this matter, we must go to the Department of Police. There is a special Bureau of Prostitution (included in the Bureau of Trade), with a dozen busy functionaries, and there, too, I was permitted as a special favour to be present at the enrollment of recruits. In a small room on the ground floor sat two officials behind desks on a raised platform. Opposite them were sliding-doors in the wall, and as these were opened from outside by a policeman three persons entered, the girl applying to become a licensed *shogi*, her parent or guardian, and the keeper of a *kashi-zashiki*. They all make very low bows and remain in an attitude of the greatest respect. The girl is questioned, she replies automatically with downcast eyes; the parent is questioned, he replies apologetically, with many explanations; the keeper is questioned, he replies profusely, with practiced fluency. There is a good deal of talk, and the official makes many entries in an elaborately ruled ledger before him. Then the three retire, in a moment the sliding-doors open again to admit another trio, and so on without variation, without emotion, formally and relentlessly the stream of victims is rolled on.

"We have as much to learn from Japan as Japan has to learn from us."—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Some of the girls are no longer young, but coarse in person and brazen in manner. Others are delicate and pretty, and very frightened. Some look little more than children, bewildered. The parents are quite commonplace people, and the bawds are like their fellows the world over, smug scoundrels.

The whole system is based upon the theory of a civil contract. When a girl is forced by her parents or desires of her own will to become a *yujo* or "lady of pleasure," the keeper of a *kashi-zashiki* is immediately ready to advance to the parents a certain sum of money, say twenty dollars, or fifty, or in very exceptional cases perhaps a hundred. The girl, her parents, and a surety thereupon enter into a bond for her to become an inmate of his house under the ordinary conditions for three years, or until the proportion of her earnings which goes to the keeper, is sufficient to recoup him for the sum advanced, together with his outlay for her clothes and board. Should she wish to leave before his complete reimbursement she must refund all the money advanced or expended for her up to that time. If she runs away, the keeper recovers possession of her by a civil action for debt against her parents and surety. But she can escape altogether by getting beyond her parents' reach and leaving them to settle the debt. When her time has expired, if the refunding process is complete, she is at liberty to leave or re-engage herself for another term. If it is not complete, she has no choice. Therefore she stays and stays. She is not allowed to go outside the Yoshiwara without a *kansatsu*, or local police pass, and even then she would probably be accompanied by a male attendant.

"We have as much to learn from Japan as Japan has to learn from us."—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The official examination takes place every Monday morning at the police station, the upper floor of which is converted into a sort of surgery for the purpose, and any *shogi* found diseased is immediately conducted by a policeman to a special hospital for such cases. As in England, the ordinary hospitals will not receive them. This hospital is supposed to be supported by the associated keepers, but as a matter of fact they in turn levy a regular tax upon all their *shogi* for the purpose.

All the circumstances of each case, the names of the parents, the reasons why they give their consent, the name of the keeper and the details of the contract, are scrupulously and fully entered in the official ledger of the Department of Police, and the authorities and the law have set up every possible theoretical safeguard between the *yujo* and the keeper.

It is very unusual, by the way, for one of these houses to be owned by the keeper; such profitable property is generally owned in Japan as elsewhere, by highly respectable

capitalists who are never heard of. And profitable, indeed, it must be, for the market value of land inside the Yoshiwara, as compared with the general average in Tokyo, is as four to one. In this Yoshiwara there are 100 *kashi-zashiki* and about 1850 *shogi*. The government tax upon each house is three dollars a month, and upon each courtesan from half a dollar to three dollars a month, according to her class. There are four classes or grades in the occupation, the remuneration of each being prescribed by law.

"We have as much to learn from Japan as Japan has to learn from us."—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Of the four grades, *oiran* is the politest name, *shogi* the most frequent, *joro* the most accurate and severe, and *yujo*—"fille de joie"—the prettiest. The majority of the girls who enter the Yoshiwara are there that their parents may have money in consequence; but there is not one case in hundreds where they are not unwilling and unhappy victims. The duty of filial obedience is the primal and imperative virtue among the lower classes of Japan. A daughter yields absolute unquestioning obedience to her parents under all circumstances. Therefore when they say to her "You will marry so-and-so" she does not dream of objecting. No more does she when they say "You must enter the Yoshiwara." Of course when she is asked at the Department of Police, "Do you take this step of your own free will?" she replies, "I do," but the case is parallel to the condemned criminal who walks up the steps of the gallows of his own free will.

The reason that such a life in Japan is regarded differently from a similar life in other countries is simply that it is different—with just the difference between a person who becomes immoral under compulsion and one who is immoral from choice. The Japanese have their own view of all sexual matters, including this one. *Iroko to kasake uo*, they quote philosophically, *nai monowa nai*. And courtesanship among themselves they estimate at precisely its true value. An ineffaceable stain and an irredeemable lowering of personal dignity they know it to be, but they know also that there are not a few cases in which it leaves the moral character untouched. The biography of a famous and beautiful *oiran* named Murasaki says of her, "She defiled her body, but not her heart," and describes her tenderly and prettily as *deichiu no hasu*—"a lotus in the mud." Consequently many an *oiran*, understanding this, looks forward to a respectable marriage with a man whose acquaintance she has made in the Yoshiwara, and a few of them are thus fortunate every year, though perhaps not a larger proportion than in other countries.

To complete the picture of the Yoshiwara, I must add that in the lower-class houses the inmates sit at night in the front room on the ground floor, behind wooden bars and plate glass, and the passers-by examine them critically at their leisure, like goods in a shop window. Some of them are dressed in what passes for European costume. A sight of indescribable vulgarity and horror, this exhibition is barbarous and offensive in the extreme.

HENRY NORMAN.

"We have as much to learn from Japan as Japan has to learn from us."—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Yes, but we of the West do not want our children to learn all the Japanese know. And, God willing, they shall not.

Opinions on the President's Message.

FROM THE PACIFIC COAST PRESS.

The President's intemperate utterances, his threats to enforce his ideas with the bayonet are merely absurd.—*San Francisco Call*.

The President's statement that the Japanese are excluded from our schools is a gross and amazing blunder. His threats to use force to compel California's submission to his dictation cause just resentment. He is a servant, not a Master.—*Sacramento Bee*.

His language is violent, almost threatening. His references to employing civil and military power to enforce treaties is distinctly menacing. He forgets he is not a ruler like Emperor William, but only the administrator, for a certain period, of the people's laws.—*Oakland Tribune*.

Californians are not obsequious subjects of the President's dictatorship. We object to converting our State into a dumping ground for Asiatic hordes.—*San Jose Mercury*.

He does not understand the situation and is too stubborn to be open to conviction after forming his opinion.—*Bakersfield Californian*.

His assertion of Federal authority to force the public schools is monstrous. It is in excess of the Constitutional authority. In his indictment he states what has the effect of a falsehood. He shows a feeling of contempt and hostility against his own fellow countrymen. When he speaks of "mutterings against the Japanese because of their efficiency as workmen" he states what is grossly untrue.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

His statement that our school authorities deny the Japanese the advantages of the public schools is untrue. His intemperate language on this subject is absolutely inexcusable.—*Labor Clarion*.

Metcalf's neglect to discharge properly the duties of the investigation required by Roosevelt does not excuse the President's language; he seems to forget that he is an American President. Even Emperor William would not have eulogized foreigners at the expense of his own people.—*San Francisco News Letter*.

Our schools are our own. We will not turn them into establishments to Americanize Orientals. It is a matter beyond the Constitutional powers of the President.—*Sacramento Union*.

The public schools are not a national institution. They are supported by voluntary State taxation.—*Humboldt Times*.

He assumes the power to oblige our young school children to associate with adult Asiatics not up to our standard of morals. He has no such authority.—*Berkeley Gazette*.

School matters belong to the States alone.—*Colusa Sun*.

Foreign children can not be forced into any school that may be selected. None can claim special privileges, and the Japanese demand for special school privileges will be resisted and resented, even should it result in war.—*Stockton Independent*.

The President's language to California and San Francisco is offensive, and is intended to be so.—*Fresno Republican*.

The California public schools will be directed by the State, and what the opinion of the President is will matter not. The President's Message is manifestly crude and ill considered, and his stand will not be sustained by the people of the South and West. His Japanese recommendation is a blunder. It was unfortunate, and has a tendency to humiliate the people of this Coast.—*Marysville Appeal*.

He can not force the people of the Pacific Coast to accept his views in this matter, and the Japanese will not be admitted to citizenship or social equality.—*Vallejo News*.

The Administration can not coerce us into receiving Japanese or other Oriental aliens into our schools with our own children.—*Modesto Herald*.

The Japanese are not our kind, and will not merge. They belong to Asia.—*Portland Oregonian*.

His statement concerning coercion with military force is a plain threat. Such language is uncalled for. He is not authorized to threaten California with the Big Stick.—*San Diego Union*.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"Are They Up to Their Jobs?"

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—I read with great pleasure your article "Are they up to their jobs?" but I think you have confused two classes of men—those who have had a chance of training, and those who haven't.

No man is ever up to his job, unless he is trained, except a genius. Our generals in the early part of the civil war had had no training in handling large bodies of troops, such as the generals of military countries have in their annual manoeuvres; in these circumstances it would have been surprising if generals up to their jobs had been found, because (pace George Bernard Shaw's dictum, apparently shared by you) "capable persons engaged in military pursuits are so scarce that the existence of two of them in the same time in the same hemisphere is extremely rare"; it is the difficulty of the pursuit, rather than the incapacity of the person engaged in it. A really great general is the quintessence of moral and mental force, and were he not so extremely rare, all the world would be under military rule.

Your strictures upon the management of the Hearst-Hughes campaign, according to this way of looking at things, seem to be unwarranted; for this was really a campaign of revolt—a thing so rare that a man who trained himself to manage such a campaign would have as precarious a livelihood as a man whose sole occupation was to sell smoked glasses for eclipses.

But *minora canamus*: you purposely ignored "the ordinary every-day man" not up to his job. I hold that most of our woes come from him. Wars are few and far between and we can endure the vagaries of politics, but the day's bread and butter and the day's comfort are the important things, and here the not-up-to-the-job-ness becomes serious.

Lack of training again: I really believe that no serious deterioration in their respective services would ensue if our street-railroad managers became head-waiters in our restaurants, and vice-versa. Certainly there could be no more vexatious and nerve-destroying delays in our daily movements, and no more disgusting crowding than now exists. They are all at a maximum now, and therefore could not increase. Hence a maitre d'hôtel manager would be stoically accepted by the public.

Mutatis mutandis, could the railroad man turned head-waiter beat this? In one of our most expensive restaurants a bottle of claret was ordered, and it came to the table chilled so that it tasted like a cross-cut saw. An appeal to the maitre d'hôtel brought out the statement that he served all claret at the temperature of the cellar. He was asked if he had ever heard of claret being *chambre*; but he had never heard either of the term or of the custom. He offered to bring hot water to pour in the glasses, and the waiter did his best to make things even, by bringing the salad at the temperature of the kitchen. Further protest was useless, as it is a two-to-one shot that the proprietor of the restaurant could not have told whether or not his maitre d'hôtel's sole previous training was in a Maine country town.

But let us not despair; there is one man in town thoroughly up to his job—the cashier. No matter how forlorn and inadequate the cars are, the cash-registers are of the latest model; and I found no mistake in the charging of the cold claret and the warm salad.

San Francisco, December 16.

C. H. H.

Notes, Beams, and Jobs.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—The article, "Are They Up to Their Jobs?" in your issue of December 15 struck a chord of sympathy in my nature. I had begun to think I was old-fashioned, out of tune with present methods, and am glad to see that at least one other recognizes the seemingly general inefficiency. Perhaps not general, but very nearly so. For instance: In other days, books and magazines of the better class were remarkably free from typographical errors, and usually bound with care and with some effort toward artistic excellence. Some of the great publishing houses of the East still have a reputation for fine printing, but it would seem that they do not care to preserve it. In the December number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, on pages 722 and 723, are typographical errors that never would have appeared in earlier days of the Riverside Press. In the December number of the *Century Magazine*, on page 289, is a typographical error to be seen at a glance. The *Century* is printed by the De Vinne Press, a name notable among good printers. To turn from greater to lesser lights, in the December *Bookman*, in an editorial note on page 336, is the phrase "would have liked to have aired them." I have marked more than twenty "wrong-font" letters in the same number.

Are the proof-readers up to their jobs? Are the old-time striving for thoroughness and pride in good workmanship dying out? I do not think I am a pessimist, but I deplore the hasty, slipshod, impudent ways of the time, and especially in the homely arts that affect every interest of my middle-class life.

Yours in sympathy,
Los Angeles, December 20, 1906.

A. B. L.

There are occasions when a little less than the whole truth seems expedient, otherwise we would unhesitatingly endorse the criticisms of our correspondent. He has touched a delicate topic. For many years the *Argonaut* had its own composing-room, proof-room, press-room, and mailing-room. The paper was produced under conditions that made careful supervision of all the departments easy. The results may not even have approximated perfection, but they rarely threw a dun-colored gloom over the interested members of the staff. After this period of watchful but agreeable care and its reward, the flood.

Now, the conditions are changed. Other hands, other machines, have at least temporary charge of the mechanical details. There are painful slips, and now and again typographical errors, and semi-occasionally omissions that seem really important to us. We can not consistently speak of the notes that others find in other eyes. Our

own eyes are beaming, but not continually nor with irrepressible, long-enduring joy. Let us speak of politics, or humor, or poetry, or the masters thereof. They are fair game. Printers are in a class by themselves.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Death of the Old Year.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing;
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the Old Year lies a-dying.
Old Year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old Year you shall not die.

He lieth still; he doth not move;
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above,
He gave me a friend and a true true-love,
And the New Year will take 'em away
Old Year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old Year you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see,
But though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old Year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I have a mind to die with you,
Old Year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste,
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New Year, blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro;
The cricket chirps; the light burns low;
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands before you die,
Old Year, we'll dearly rue for you;
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone,
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin;
Step from the corpse and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

—Alfred Tennyson.

Ring Out the Old.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night—
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new—
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true,

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress for all mankind.

Ring out the slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land—
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—Alfred Tennyson.

President Roosevelt's official family, in October, 1901, when he wrote the letter to Mrs. Storer praising Root, consisted of the following cabinet members, besides Mr. Root, who was Secretary of War: John Hay, Lyman J. Gage, E. A. Hitchcock, John D. Long, James Wilson, Charles Emory Smith, P. A. Knox. Of these, only Mr. Root and Mr. Wilson remain—Mr. Hitchcock being about to retire. The *Los Angeles News*, in commenting on the President's quoted words, "There is no one of them, with the possible exception of Root, to explain and champion my administration," says the sentence is rather surprising when it is considered that several of these men were well accustomed to public speaking, and were regarded highly as authorities upon statecraft.

POLITICO-PERSONAL.

Senator Bailey of Texas finds the opposition to his reelection firm and active, but still insists that he will be triumphant.

Reports from all parts of New Hampshire indicate that the candidates for United States Senator are the incumbent, Senator Burnham, and Winston Churchill, the author. Senator Burnham is said to be sure of reelection because he has a majority of the Republican members pledged to his support. Winston Churchill has not even formally proclaimed his candidacy.

In an obviously sardonic mood, Ibsen suggested that when doctors experiment on new medical and surgical theories, that the least damage would be done to the world if they would perform these experiments on politicians. There are a few aldermanic candidates in Boston, remarks the *Traveler*, that would be spared with great pleasure for this purpose. Other cities, doubtless, would be glad to name local favorites for the waiting list.

General Grosvenor of Ohio is finding much difficulty in his task of pushing through the ship subsidy bill, and it may be that his term will expire before success is won, as he is not to be a member of the next Congress. Congressman Burton, his colleague, has announced his decided opposition to the bill. Those who favor the measure are now concerned over the attitude of Speaker Cannon, who used to be outspoken in opposition, but is now silent.

The President gave a dinner at the White House in honor of Governor-elect Hughes of New York, on the occasion of the recent visit of the latter to Washington. Those invited to meet the Governor-elect were the Secretary of War, the Postmaster-General, the secretary to the President, Speaker Cannon, Senator Lodge, Representative Payne, Sherman, Littauer, Parsons, Fasset, and Cocks, of New York; McKinley, of Illinois; Loudenslager, of New Jersey; Watson, of Indiana; Assistant Secretary Bacon and Assistant Secretary Keep. During the dinner there was much discussion of the campaign and general congratulation over the defeat of Hearst. After his return to New York Mr. Hughes denied the report that he had a long private conference with the President during his visit.

Irving B. Dudley, who has just been promoted in the diplomatic service from Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Peru to the same position for Brazil, is named as a Californian. He was for a time a resident of San Diego, a city judge there, and a member of the executive committee of the California Republican Central Committee. His home, however, is really at Evanston, Ill., though for the past four years his wife and 6-year-old daughter Helen have been living with him at the United States legation in Lima. Mr. Dudley has a fine command of the Spanish language and had hoped that when appointed to a more important post he would be given the post of Minister to Spain or Portugal. His two brothers, Charles E. Dudley and William Dudley, hold high positions with the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad.

Although Senator Platt of New York is feeble in the extreme and moves about only with great difficulty, he has savage aversion to any one hinting at his condition, remarks the *Chicago Record-Herald*. He tottered out of the Senate while the President's message was being read, and made for a waiting carriage. A stiff breeze blew his coat-tails widely about and his thin frame shook like a reed. A Capitol policeman made bold to take hold of the old man's arm as he tried to mount the steps of the carriage and assist him to enter. Fiercely the New Yorker turned on him. "What are you doing, sir?" snarled the Senator. "Only trying to help you in your carriage, sir," politely replied the bluecoat, with a tremor in his voice. "Get away from me," snapped Senator Platt imperiously, "I don't need the help of you or anybody else to get into my carriage."

The House of Representatives defeated the bill to increase the pay of members of Congress. Representative Sullivan of Massachusetts made a slashing speech in favor of the proposed increase from the standpoint of one who has found by experience that it is practically impossible for a Representative to live within the income provided by the government except through practicing economies and thrift that are incompatible with the dignity of a member of Congress. Mr. Sullivan said that the salary now paid to Senators and Representatives of \$5,000 per year is not enough to attract men of capacity and brains who might be compelled to live upon it, and that if it continued it will in time fill the legislative halls with idle rich men who get into politics to cure themselves of ennui, and political heelers who have no visible means of support outside of politics. The House voted to increase the salaries of the Speaker, the Vice-President, and members of the Cabinet from \$8,000 to \$12,000 per annum.

President Fallieres of France recently confided some of his troubles to a reporter of *L'Illustration*, and among the striking features of his lament are these sentences, which seem to show that official cares in republics are much alike even if they are not always given the same treatment: "When the general appears, surrounded by his officers, I assure them of the solicitude of the republic, and I thank them for their devotion to the regulations and to the country. If I go into a chamber of commerce I declare that we are striving victoriously against foreign combinations. To the farmers I promise higher prices, and to the consumers the lowering of the cost of food-stuffs. At the close of banquets I extol the benefits of mutuality which must peacefully resolve the social question, and, if I touch foreign politics, it is to state that France, conscious of her rights and of her power, has no warlike designs. I am obliged to use such phrases, and I blush for them. But what can I do? In order to be original, shall I own that I am ignorant of the desiderata of the province and that I am only slightly interested in the local budgets? Must I confess that the manufacturers and the merchants of Germany, of England, and of America, compete advantageously against our products? Shall I cry out loudly for war? I do not hide from myself that such a proposition would be coldly received and might even throw the world in trouble. So I resign myself to the commonplace—that is the will of the high function which has been confided to me."

"THE COLLAR AND ELBOW."

A Wrestling Match in the Mines on New Year's Day.

Should you meet Father Ryan, you'll know in a minute that he isn't "Frinch"—that is to say, you'll know that much provided you've any skill in seeing tribal characteristics. The father is short and stout, and round about, but not at all clumsy or unwieldy. He has a broad, flat back, short neck and square shoulders. His feet are small and shapely, while his hands are not only small, but soft as an idle woman's, and he has a soft fatherly way of turning those hands one over the other upon his full chest, as though he were a very helpless, amiable, and kindly person. Amiable and kindly no doubt he is, when it comes to be helpless—ow-wow-wow, that is another matter entirely.

Father Ryan's hard, square head is set upon his shoulders as though it were put there to stay, and his neck is one of the last necks in the whole world that an athletic would think of trying to break. The back of his head is a feature of great expression, and the meaning of it is—war. Were it not for a face as fresh and bland as the face of a blonde young female saint, Father Ryan would pass for a belligerent person. The expression of his face and hands contradicts all the other points about him. And then his general manner, especially in his approach to strangers, is as fearlessly pacific as a four-year-old child's. In fact, his manner seems to confide in the innocence and goodness of every creature.

It is not known to all people how the religious organization known as the Roman Catholic Church determines upon the local fitness of the priests and missionaries it sends to all points of the compass; but it is known by observation that it often finds the proper man for the right place. If this work of pious selection were done away off yonder in the Roman city of Italy, as some persons charge that it is, it would be little less than miraculous. If done by the local bishops, as perhaps it may be, it shows a wondrous knowledge of men and places.

Before Father Ryan came quietly into our tough mining town, we had never observed any suspicious religious character mousing around for a gospel ranch. In fact none of us ever had taken thought to ask if any man in the camp had any religion of any kind; but when Father Ryan came there he seemed to know all about it. He called the people of his faith together, or visited them one at a time, and among the first things we knew, he began with his own hands, assisted by others, to grade a level spot on one of the rock-faced hills surrounding the town.

When we stopped on our way to and from work, and asked: "What'r goin' to put up?" the father, embracing his shovel-handle long enough to seem to be about to spit on his gloved hands, stood up and replied:

"A small edifice to the worship of God."

"Oh! church, eh?"

"Well, begging your pardon, hardly a church; but a bit of chapel just."

"What kind?"

"Catholic." And the father went on shoveling the loose earth and small rocks over the side of the grade as if he had no greater concern in the matter than the employment of his time until sundown. By-and-by the chapel began to assume the form of a structure, which, like each of the various hoisting works, looked down from its stony eminence upon the town of cabins, clustered in the hollow of the hills.

When the house was roofed in, and externally complete, the irreverent wits of the camp dubbed it "Purgatory 'tist' Works."

This new title coming to the ears of Father Ryan, he smiled meekly and said:

"Sure, it's not a bad name at all; and, glory be to God, I've great hopes I'll be the means of hoisting many a poor soul into eternal glory."

It was no easy matter to collect the money to pay for the religious building in our camp, because we had all been so long away from what are called religious influences, and free from the so-called restraints of divine grace, that we thought such notions superfluous. We had seen our fellows sicken and die, or die without being sick; we had cared for, nursed, or buried them without the "benefit of clergy," until we were in a great degree emancipated from the self-instituted guardianship of the pious gatekeepers and toll-gatherers who infest the journey through life. Full many a harsh refusal and profane snub fell to the lot of Father Ryan, as he went from mine to mine on pay-days in his effort to gather into the treasury of the Lord a small part of the hard earnings, much of which otherwise was destined to cross the green cloth of the gaming table, or disappear through the till of the bar-room counter. But his "reverence" abated no jot of his good humor, nor one iota of his perseverance.

Regularly during the first day after every pay-day he came up the pathway to each mine, puffing and complaining of shortness of breath, hat in hand, smiling and beaming with benevolence, and he seldom if ever went empty away.

"It's a fearful atmosphere this, on the lungs," he would say; "it makes me puff like a fat man in a fut-race."

"I'll tell you what'll cure ye of that."

"Deed I wish you would then."

"Change 'shifts' with me for a month."

"Deed I would then if I could believe that either of us could do the work of the other as it ought to be done; I'd take your advice, and be glad to do it."

"I'm 'fraid you'd peter, padre, in the lower levels. Mighty warm down there."

"Pull well I know it's truth you're speaking about the heat and hard labor down below," said the father, with his kindest smile, "and I know I'm not equal to you in bodily powers; but there is still a lower level, where it's not to say warm, but powerful hot, and I'm striving my utmost to keep you out of that."

"All right, padre; if you can copper hell we'll chum on the chips," and the hard hand of the miner passed his religious contribution into the soft hand of the priest.

"I can not say that I clearly comprehend your words, but your actions have an elegance that moves me to thank you now and forever."

Thus he went about the hills, puffing, talking, and gathering the soul-tax. The miners, with or without regard to his religious exertions, came to like him in a pale, mild, moderate sort of way; but there came a time at last when he developed traits—or, as the miners say, "let

himself out"—in such a way that their liking became almost enthusiastic.

The pay-days in the mines in our camp were from the 1st to the 4th of each month, but in the year when Father Ryan was building his chapel two of the largest works announced that their mines would pay off on the day before Christmas, and shut down for repairs during the holidays.

Now, about half-way between these shut-down mines and the town, there was a little swale in the hillside at an abrupt elbow in the road. In this little swale, and on the level with the road-bed, an enterprising spirit graded into the hill, forming a smooth level place. On the front half of this level, and occupying about half the space, the man of enterprise erected what the poets call a hostelry, that is to say, a place of refreshment—mostly alcoholic and nicotian—for the accommodation of the constant goers to and fro between the town and the mines. It was a rough log-on-end building, roofed with willows overlaid with rye-grass, and weighted down with a coating of earth. The two ends fitted up against the rocky sides of the graded recess. The front was not imposing as to architecture, and the rear was like the front, only instead of facing any road-view, it formed one side of a square, unroofed theatre, the other side of which was walled about by the quarried faces of the natural rock. This rear theatre had a native rock flooring, quarried and chipped smooth, for no purpose originally other than for a place of storage for empty barrels, boxes, etc. But shortly after the inauguration of alcoholic entertainment in the house, and before the yard could be dedicated to its intended use, there was an impromptu wrestling bout in this convenient but crude arena, and from that day forward the house and place became known far and wide among the silver hills as the "Collar and Elbow."

The "Collar and Elbow" thenceforth became a sort of fierce gymnasium, at which all feats of strength were performed—mostly, however, confined to wrestling, lifting, and boxing, and the like, with now and then a square fight in dead earnest.

The hard stone floor of the arena was a cruel place to fall or be dashed upon; but then the natural man envelops a stalwart savage, and the savage is true to his instincts.

On New Year's day the "Collar and Elbow" was hospitably dispensing free egg-nog to its patrons, and the low log house was full of noisy, brawny men, talking, gesticulating, drinking, smoking, and profaning the King's English artistically. Father Ryan came beaming like a stout cherub into the crowd, and, taking off his hat, said in a mellow, soft voice, as he laid the hat upon the end of the counter:

"A happy New Year to you, gentlemen, one and all, and many happy returns of the same."

"Hello, padre, come up and take a drink with the boys," said a stout miner in a rough yet kindly way, looking inquiringly into the father's face, and laying a hand gently on his shoulder.

"Well," said his reverence, "not wishing to spoil conviviality in moderation, I'll do it."

"Bully for you, old man. Give the padre a bumper o' nog. Damn the padre that can't stand in with the boys."

"No, if you will excuse me," said the father, "it's not egg-nog I'll take, but a glass of wine. I've a poor head for mixed liquors."

"All right, padre—anything you like."

The bar-keeper, with a respect tempered no doubt by inherited regard for the church, quietly passed the wine to the priest.

"Here's—" the recipient of the wine was beginning to say.

"Stop your damn noise. The padre's goin' to drink. Let's all jine him."

"Indeed, then, I'm in hopes you will all join me, not here alone, but elsewhere."

"Good enough! The padre means to meet us all in the 'sweet by-and-by.' That's a damn fine sentiment. We'll drink on it. All fixed? Here we go."

"Now, gentlemen," said Father Ryan, after emptying his glass, and with his hat still on the counter, "if you will kindly excuse me, I have a little business with each of you."

"Well, we'll excuse you. What's the little business?"

"Well, then, it's just this. I'm in sore need of a few more dollars to finish the little house on the hill, and I'd be obliged to each of you if you'd put what you think you can spare into my hat there on the counter, as a holiday contribution to the good cause."

"See yer, boys, the padre wants to finish his 'h'ist' works. Let's all chip. There's mine," and the miner threw his half-dollars into the hat.

The example was contagious, and the silver was piled into the hat. Father Ryan stood beaming on the boys as they contributed to his holy store.

"Has everybody anteed? See yer, Nate," to a big-boned, American built man, who sat on the end of the board bench in the corner, "come up and pool."

"Not if I know myself," said Nate, sulkily.

"Go fer him padre—speak a piece to him. Jerk a hunk o' hell fire at him. Damn a man that won't ante for the gospel!"

The men turned about and faced the dissenting Nate, jeering and going at him.

"Oh, now, gentlemen, be aisy," said his reverence with a light wave of the hand. "Every man has a right to give or refuse as his feelings prompt him; and I'm thinking it's not for regard of the money that the gentleman refuses to contribute. If I might I would ask him if he does not think some kind of religion is a good thing?"

"You can ask me anything you damn please; but I'm not building meetin'-houses."

"Do you not think they ought to be built?" asked the father softly.

"I don't care a damn whether they are built or not. I'm not in the business."

"Wouldn't you give toward a charity?"

"Meetin'-houses are not charity."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said the priest, "if you'll add ten dollars to the amount in my hat, I'll agree to show you before next New Year's day, if you are alive, that it is a charity, or I will on that day pay you back the money and two per cent a month interest; or, if you die before that day, the money shall be paid toward your funeral expenses. Come, now, what do you say?"

"I don't say nothing to that. But I'll tell you what I'll do."

"What?" asked his reverence.

"I'll put up twenty dollars against any man's twenty that I can throw any man in the house, best two falls out of three, and if I lose, the money goes in the hat."

"O-a-ah!" growled some one, "yer don't want to challenge a priest do ye?"

"You can take it up, if you want any of it."

"I ain't no champion rustler, but I'll be—"

"Whist! Wait a moment," said Father Ryan, interrupting the speaker. Then turning to the challenger, who still sat in his corner: "When and where do you propose to wrestle?"

"Right now, and right here, in the back yard, on the stone floor."

"What hold?"

"Collar and elbow."

The men in the room became silent, as they stood watching and listening to the controversy.

"Gentlemen," said Father Ryan, blandly, as he turned to the crowd, "if one among you will be kind enough to put up the money, with the help of God I'll try my best to win it."

"Here's your money!" said the bar-keeper, spanking the heavy gold twenty on the board.

"And here's the mate to it," said Nate, rising from his place in the corner and striking a second twenty on top of the first.

Now all was excitement. The egg-nog was forgotten, while betting became the order of the hour.

"Twenty dollars even that the padre wins! Damn if I don't bet my last dollar on religion every pop."

"Two to one on Nate Smith—from ten dollars to a hundred."

And so the shouting and buzzing went on with a vehemence and rapidity beyond the power of written report. When it had somewhat worked off the babel of its confusion and settled down, Father Ryan, in a business-like way, asked:

"Who is to hold the stakes?"

"Oh, let the bar-keep hold 'em," said Nate, carelessly.

"What kind of shoes have you on?" said the father. And the knowing ones in the crowd winked wisely at each other, while the stalwart Nate turned up the heavy, hob-nailed, steel-tipped soles of his feet.

"Has any one a pair of brogans, No. 7, steel-toed, high in the instep, to lend me?"

"Here they are, old man," said a respondent, as he sat down on the bench to take them off his feet.

"All right," and the father stamped his feet into the hard shoes. Then, stripping off his coat, vest, and outer shirt, he said: "I want now to borrow a stout, twilled, blouse-jacket, or jumper, as I believe you call it—if some one will kindly oblige me."

"Will buckskin do, father?"

"Yes, indeed. Any stout jacket which will give my friend a fair hold on my collar—something that will not tear out."

"Yer ye are," said a teamster, stripping off his buckskin roundabout and presenting it to the father. "Ye can't tear this more'n hell'll freeze over."

When Father Ryan had donned and buttoned the leather garment, he said:

"Now I'm ready. Show me the ground."

Being marched with the pell-mell crowd into the back-yard, he rubbed the iron-bound sole of his borrowed shoes over the natural rock-floor, and, smiling like a cherub in a leather jacket, said:

"It is a cruel, hard place to fall—hard as the arena of pagan Rome."

The preliminaries being all settled, the impromptu athletes stepped to the centre, shook hands, and then standing front to front, took each other by the collar with one hand, and by the elbow of each with each other hand, and the muscular bout began.

The collar-and-elbow wrestle between skilled contestants is really, so to speak, a fist fight with the feet. One would think in reviewing the kicks of the nailed feet that shins would be broken like pipe-stems, but it is not often one wrestler is permitted to get a square-toed kick upon the shins of the other, where there is science on both sides.

But really to describe the tripping, kicking, fending, foiling, and muscular writhing of the contestants on this New Year's day in the stone amphitheatre behind the log-saloon is not in the power of this or any pen. But the result was that, after posing on the brink of alternate success and defeat, Nate Smith went down, solid, on the flat of his back, taking care, however, to stiffen his neck against a sounding rap of his conscious cabesa on the eternal hard floor.

"Score one for the church!" shouted a knowing fellow in the crowd.

"Hurrah for the padre—he's a little bull with the clay on his horns!"

"Damfearint! Jersey too."

"Gentlemin," said Father Ryan, puffing and panting violently, and half gasping out the words, "will yees—oblige me—be standin' back—to give us a bit more air—it's near smothered I am."

"Stand back! Everybody stand back!" shouted the men at the front, charging rearward upon the rear.

"Yis; do stand back. Let us have good ordther throughout. It's sairious business, and I hope there'll be no levity on the part o' the spectators," said the soldier of the cross, whose later utterances were less broken by reason of his getting what the popular voice called his "second wind."

Once again the strugglers came to the center, and now again the contest was waged with all the vigor of the human animal supplemented by that essence of immortality known as the intellect. This second bout was even more warily worked through than the first—each man having already tested the skill of the other—but it ended in a drawn battle, both men coming down together with a terrific fall upon the hard floor. This time there were serious inquiries to know if either man was hurt.

"Hurt, is it? Yis, indade I am; but I'm not injured."

"I'm not injured either, but I've got as much of this thing as I want at present," said Nate, and then added, "we'll postpone the other fall 'til next New Year's."

"No, we won't!" shouted the crowd; "that's a dead give away."

"All right, boys. Father Ryan are you ready?" said Nate.

"Ready, please God," and he stepped to his place. "I'm here among the tigers, like an early martyr in the amphitheatre."

Nate extended his hand, which the martyr grasped good-naturedly, but instead of taking hold of his collar, Nate, holding the priest still by the hand, turned to the crowd and said:

"Boys, here's a man that has throwed me once, and 'tied' me once. I've done my level best to save my own money and to win his, but it can't be done. The best I can do is to fall with him. I throw up the sponge. The money goes in the hat."

At this speech there was cheering and grumbling, but the cheers predominated.

"Gentlemen," said the father, resuming instantly the educated tone, "my opponent has acted throughout this journey like a Christian knight and a chivalrous spirit, and I wish to say that, if there is any dissatisfaction with his conclusions, I will waive any claim that I may have upon the sum of money at issue in this wager; and, further, if he is willing, we will, turn and turn about, wrestle with any dissatisfied person or persons, one at a time of course, until there is no shadow of complaint of unfairness. But I want it understood that all that we both earn goes into the hat."

"I'm willin'," said Nate, "and I'm agreeable to that last prop., but my twenty goes into that hat all the same, and no more jaw-bone about it."

There being no takers of the last proposition, the wrestlers resumed their ordinary garments. The egg-nog drinking began again, while the priest, after stowing the collected money away in his various pockets, placed his hat upon his head, took another light glass of wine in compliment of the season, then shook hands all round, and said:

"Gentlemen, let your mirth be seasoned with moderation, all your contests with kindness, and so strive, in season and out, that all your days shall produce good citizenship. I am deeply obliged to you for the hearty fairness and squareness of my reception today. Good-bye."

It is needless to add that the "bit of chapel" was entirely finished, and that Nate Smith, with "the boys," drops in now and then on Sunday—"not," as he says, "that I care a damn for hallelujah in Latin, but just to give the padre a send-off."

J. W. G.

Renewed agitation of the subject of an occupant for the vacant niche in the Washington City Hall of Fame assigned to Indiana has resulted from the interest aroused by diversified opinions as to the proper statue to stand by the side of Governor Oliver P. Morton. Morton's statue is there, and has been for several years, but no agreement has been reached as to the other figure. Indiana is entitled to two statues. General consent seemed to give the first place to the great war Governor. Several Indians are proposed as companions to Morton, chief among them of course, General Harrison. Another favorite is the author of "Ben-Hur," General Lew Wallace. Governor Thomas A. Hendricks is often suggested.

A Calcutta trade journal calls attention to the demand for crocodile skins in America, and from time to time has urged the natives living contiguous to crocodile haunts to engage extensively in the business of killing this creature for his skin, guaranteeing that they will be able to sell to American buyers at remunerative prices all the skins they can take. There are thousands of crocodiles in the lagoons and tidewater streams of India, easily accessible, and there are Indians in plenty to hunt them and take their skins. Consequently there is no reason why a big trade in crocodile skins should not be built up between the United States and India.

Many eminent architects have long expressed grave fears as to the safety of St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, and it is estimated that an expenditure of between £40,000 and £50,000 will be necessary to safeguard the building. The southwest tower is more than a foot out of the perpendicular, and there are numerous ominous cracks in the structure due to subsidence.

The Island of Zanzibar has been under British protection since November 4, 1890. It is the great storehouse and distributing centre for trade of the whole East African coast, although with the development of the resources of the mainland and increased shipping facilities of the several mainland ports its relative commercial importance is not so great as in former years.

The only open unimproved lot in the business district on Fifth avenue, New York, is owned by an elderly spinster, a descendant of the Astor family. She will not sell the lot, for which real estate dealers have been scrambling, even though offered \$650,000 for it, as she prefers to keep it so that her pet dog may have a place to exercise.

An invention of Frau Antoinette Arntzen and exhibited at the recent musical exposition in Berlin consists of a method of increasing the resonance of the voice by inserting a film under the roof of the mouth, making a sort of sounding board. The apparatus is intended for the use of orators, officers, sea captains, etc., as well as for singers.

The number of skins of fur-bearing animals obtained every year in British America is much greater than it was half a century ago. Muskrats outnumber all other animals trapped or killed for their furs in Canada by a large margin, and these rodents yield about 1,000,000 pelts annually.

A bureau has been established at Budapest for supplying schoolboys with ready-written essays and prose and verse compositions and translations in any language at eight cents a page. The Budapest education authorities have applied to the government to suppress it.

The oratorio of "The Messiah" was given entire by graphophone to an audience of over a thousand persons in Weymouth, England, the other night. It was considered a complete musical success.

A monument to Captain James Cook was recently unveiled in New Zealand.

THE RING OF A COUNTESS.

How It Involved the Honor of a Young Russian Diplomat.

Paris remarked with complacency in the season past the frequency—greater than ever before—of American voices and American beauty on the boulevards. Without doubt the visitors from the republic across the sea are in high favor, but not all the customs, or, shall I say, the traits, that come and remain. Three encounters, which have taken place in as many months, seem to demonstrate that even in France there is a change of feeling and methods—an adoption of novel revenges. The recent disorder at Longchamps race-course, when the pavilions were overturned and burned, I recall at once, though in point of time it was not the first of the three. The first and last are associated, as the later incident is but a natural development in the new order from the earliest event. A distinguished guest at a Brittany chateau last August was accused of theft by his hostess, and a charge against him actually placed with the public prosecutor. Later it was withdrawn but no satisfaction was offered to the victim of the complaint. When satisfaction was demanded the husband of the hostess refused to meet the man whom his wife had dishonored. Today, in the Bois de Boulogne, the guest met the host of three months before and lashed him severely with a riding whip. Tonight all the gossip of the strange affair is being revived to augment discussion of the assault.

At the castle of Ker-Stears, near Brest, a large party was entertained last summer by the Countess and Count Rodellec du Portzic. Among those enjoying the hospitality of the country seat was M. Alexandre Greger, a Russian of rank and a diplomat who has had a brilliant career for one so young. He has been secretary of the Russian embassy at Rio de Janeiro and at Washington, and in each city he soon became an especial favorite in diplomatic and in social circles. Here he was a councillor of state attached to the embassy, and was looking forward to early advancement. He is married, and his wife is an American. The Countess du Portzic also is an American, though of French blood. Her father was Armand de Trobriand, who went from France to New York when a boy, was an officer in the war between the Northern and Southern States, and afterward achieved prosperity in commercial affairs. He married a Miss Jones, and two daughters survive them. The elder of the daughters married an Englishman of wealth, John B. Stears, and at his death she was left with a fortune. This widow, after a respectable interval, was won by the Count Rodellec du Portzic, who is at least twenty years her junior. Rumor has carried abroad the intimation that the couple are not in harmony.

One evening the countess favored her guests with music, and near her stood the diplomat. The lady took off her costly rings and laid them on the piano shelf, and, later, when the music was over, the young councillor assisted her in extinguishing the lights. Next morning one of the rings had vanished. It was a jewel worth fifty thousand francs, its setting a blue diamond once in the possession of Louis Philippe, and in after years coming down to be a favorite ornament on the shapely hand of the actress, Leonide Leblanc. Suspicion was directed toward M. Greger, the diplomat, and almost immediately the gem was found in a bottle of tooth-powder packed in his hand-bag. Without hesitation the countess denounced her guest, and, going further, placed a legal charge against him.

M. Greger denied the accusation with scorn, and said that the ring might have been secreted by a servant. But appearances were against him. It was known that he was embarrassed for lack of funds, being deeply in debt in Paris. He wrote to the Russian ambassador, forwarding his resignation, and retained an advocate, M. Feillard, of Brest. Before the first shock of the misadventure had passed, M. Greger admitted that there were strained relations between the Count du Portzic and himself, and that they had been caused by his advice to the countess to relieve herself of an uncongenial and cruel mate, by divorce. Before the time set for the formal trial, the countess withdrew her charge from the hands of the public prosecutor, but is said to have declared her continued belief in the guilt of her guest.

In Paris the cause of the young Russian had many supporters, and the action of the countess was almost universally regarded with disfavor. It was said that no Frenchwoman would denounce or accuse a guest. The journals took up the matter and printed many letters to sustain their criticism. *L'Echo de Paris* exhibited nearly a hundred communications which declared that the countess had violated the unwritten law of society in charging with crime one who was under her roof by invitation. The antecedents of the countess were again made the subject of remark, especially her second marriage. It was said that the Count du Portzic, though a younger man than might have been attracted naturally by the widow, had won her hand only after threats of destruction that would involve both. Finally, after days, the incident seemed destined to join other topics of the hour in a quickly forgotten past.

M. Greger, however, could not rest under the imputation that weighed upon him. He sent a challenge to the count which was ignored. Then he began a suit to dispel the defamation and slander, but may have realized that this, even if successful, would not heal wounded honor. The meeting today could not have been premeditated, but seems rather the sudden bursting into flame of a smoldering desire for revenge. That the Russian is convinced of the count's responsibility for the indignity thrown upon him can not be gainsaid.

Such a story seems like a chapter from Balzac. If the sorrows of the young man are not indicated with force in this letter it is because of the weakness of my pen. Not all is told when is shown the sacrifice of a career that seemed most promising. His friends were aware of the councillor's circumstances, and they looked with admiration on his brave resolution to rise superior to them, as many another has done in Paris. But all the petty details of his misery were given by the newspapers without remorse, in the first days of the affair. That he had invited his diplomatic associates to a supper far beyond his present means, and was paying the account of the restaurateur

in small installments, was made public. That his tailor and his laundress were unpaid for long terms was found no less interesting by the reporters. That there were motives sufficient to induce one less distinguished to seize a rich prize carelessly displayed is not to be denied, but that he could stoop to such an act is not credible in his circle. Even a diamond worth fifty thousand francs could not have tempted him. Had such a degrading impulse overpowered him, a moment's reflection would have brought to his view the utter impossibility of disposing of so remarkable and costly a ring.

Now that M. Greger has chosen to return a deadly insult to his defamer in an unusual way, the result is once more a matter of speculation. A duel can not be avoided now. The count must recognize and meet his assailant. The diplomat is a practiced swordsman. It is said that in Washington he crossed foils more than once in a fencing bout with his excellency President Roosevelt. Before this letter reaches you the cable may have brought the intelligence that the tragic-comedy which opened at Ker-Stears castle in Brittany last August has closed on the field of honor under the leafless trees of a friendly French nobleman's estate.

ST. MARTIN.

Paris, December 17, 1906.

CURRENT VERSE.

On an Old Russian Candlestick.

Once, long ago—I know not where nor when—
It cast its light upon some strange-set board,
Around which, fur-enamelled, lounged a horde
Of hot-eyed youth and swart, thick-bearded men.
Its flame lit up their wine-wild faces, then
It caught the studded hilt of djik and sword,
And stopped till, coarse-carousing with her lord,
Some jeweled woman flashed it back again.

Far from those mingled scenes of mirth and ire
This bit of brass forlornly braves its doom—
'Tis waste with me the silent days' desire,
To watch long nights of quietness and gloom,
To share the lonely glimmer of my fire,
And cheer the hired baroness of my room.

—Margaret Ashmun in *New England Magazine*.

The Vampire City.

Come with me into Babylon! Here to my woodland seat
Over the miles she lures and smiles—the smile of the bitter-sweet;
I hear the distant cadence, the siren-song she sings;
I smell the incense burning where her great red censers swing.

Out of the night she calls me, the night that is her day;
I see the gleam of her million lights a thousand miles away;
As the roar of a mighty army I hear her pulses beat
With the tramp of the restless vandals, the rush of the wearied feet.

Ever and ever onward a white procession goes;
Youths with the strength of lions, maids with the breath of the rose—
Toward her, but never from her, throned on her armored isles;
They give her their lives for homage, but the City only smiles.

They know that her breasts are poison; they know that her lips are lies,
And half revealed is the death concealed in the pools of her occult eyes;
Yet still she is calling ever, and echo is never dumb;
Follow us into Babylon! Mistress of Life, we come!

—Reginald Wright Kauffman.

That fictitious personality of legal creation, John Doe, has finally been given a black mark. Last May the Supreme Court of Brooklyn handed down an opinion that too much use was being made of the John Doe fiction, and that justice often miscarried on that account. Five justices agreed in this conclusion. A more important and binding decision along this line has now come from the New York Court of Appeals in the case of a head book-keeper for Klaw & Erlanger, the heads of the theatrical trust. He was handed a "John Doe" subpoena and asked to testify, and he refused. He was threatened with contempt proceedings, and the court ruled that he did not have to obey such a summons. It held that many subpoenas issued in that manner are worthless, and that "no business secret would remain unknown if such a command were obeyed."

Congressman Pollard of Nebraska, recently introduced in the House, as a matter of personal privilege, a resolution which seeks to open a way by which he can get back into the Treasury the sum of \$1861, back salary, which was unearned but accepted. Apparently Mr. Pollard was not much worried about this matter until last fall, when his constituents discovered the fact and came near defeating him. After he was re-elected, Mr. Pollard set about squaring himself with his conscientious constituents.

The convict cobbler Voigt, whose exploit as a counter-feit captain at Koepenick set the world laughing, was sentenced to four years' imprisonment for his escapade. At the trial the court-room was crowded with distinguished officials, army officers, jurists, and fashionable women. Voigt conducted his own case with self-possession and skill. He declared that his raid on the town treasury was primarily for the purpose of securing a passport with which he could leave Germany.

A proposal was introduced recently in the French Chamber of Deputies requiring all members to sign the working list each day, and providing that absent members should be reported and the lists published. Further, the measure proposed to fine members absent without leave. It is hardly necessary to say that the proposal was not warmly received.

An edition for blind readers is now published by the London *Daily Mail*. The paper is issued every Saturday, and besides giving the news of the week is elited with especial regard for the misfortune of its readers. It is said that in England one out of every five who are without sight can read the Braille characters in which the paper is printed.

It is estimated that not less than \$20,000,000 is paid out in tips yearly in Paris.

A CELTIC-GREEK POET.

"The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn."

A personality as strange and romantic as has the hero of one of his own fantastic tales, a nature at once charming and bizarre, a man of exquisite sensibility and astounding sensitiveness, who pursued the beautiful as children chase butterflies, is revealed in "The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn," by Elizabeth Bisland (Wetmore). Mrs. Wetmore, who enjoyed the author's friendship for thirty years has done well in giving up the bulk of her work to Hearn's correspondence. One must needs be blessed, or cursed, with a genius as illusive and eccentric as his own, to be able to interpret so unusual a life-story.

Lafcadio Hearn was born of Greek and Irish parentage in the Ionian Islands, in 1850. When England ceded the Ionian Islands to Greece, in 1856, Dr. Hearn, who was a surgeon-major in the British army, returned to Dublin with his beautiful Greek wife, and their two boys. The Irish soldier's romance ended shortly after, for Mrs. Hearn fled to Smyrna with a Greek cousin, whom she subsequently married. The father also married again and Lafcadio, an extremely sensitive boy of seven, was adopted by a grand-aunt and removed with her to Wales. The household into which he now passed was devoutly religious, but the odd little Greek child steadfastly refused to accept Christian instruction. Stories of ghosts and goblins, nymphs and fauns and nereids, he listened to with feverish interest, but he would have none of the saints of the Pictorial Church History. In an amusing reminiscence, Hearn tells this incident of the fate of several books on Greek mythology, which he discovered in his aunt's library:

One day the beautiful books disappeared; and I was afraid to ask what had become of them. After many weeks they were returned to their former place; and my joy at seeing them again was of brief duration. All of them had been unmercifully revised. My censors had been offended by the nakedness of the gods, and had undertaken to correct that impropriety. Parts of many figures, dryads, naiads, graces, muses had been found too charming and erased with a pen-knife;—I can still recall one beautiful figure, whose breast had been thus excised. Evidently "the breasts of the nymphs in the brake" had been found too charming; dryads, naiads, graces, and muses—all had been rendered breastless. And, in most cases, drawers had been put upon the gods—even upon the tiny Loves—large baggy bathing-drawers, woven with cross-strokes of a quill-pen, so designed as to conceal all curves of beauty, especially the lines of the long fine thighs. . . . However, in my case, this barbarism proved of some educational value. It furnished me, with many problems of restoration; I often tried very hard to reproduce in pencil-drawing the obliterated or the hidden line.

After spending several years in a Jesuit college in the north of France, and at Ushaw, the youthful Hearn seems to have wandered about London in direst poverty. He never alluded to this painful period in his conversations, although the following from his fragmentary autobiography probably refers to an episode in his terrible experiences:

I take off my clothes,—few and thin,—and roll them up into a bundle, to serve me for a pillow: then I creep naked into the hay! . . . Oh, the delight of my hay-bed—the first bed of any sort for many a long night!—oh, the pleasure of the sense of rest! The sweet scent of the hay! Overhead, through a skylight, I see stars—sharply shining: there is frost in the air.

The horses, below, stir heavily at moments, and paw. I hear them breathe; and their breath comes up to me in steam. The warmth of their great bodies fills the building, penetrates the hay, quickens my blood;—their life is my fire.

I wish I could tell them how thankful I am,—how much I like them,—what pleasure I feel in the power that proceeds from them, in the sense of force and life that they spread through the silence, like a large warm Soul.

It is better that they cannot understand. For they earn their good food and lodging;—they earn the care that keeps them glossy and beautiful;—they are of use in the world. And of what use in the world am I?

Those sharply shining stars are suns,—enormous suns. They must be giving light to multitudes unthinkable of other worlds.

In some of those other worlds there must be cities, and creatures resembling horses, and stables for them, and hay, and small things—somewhat like rats or mice—hiding in the hay. I know that there are a hundred millions of suns. The horses do not know. But, nevertheless, they are worth, I have been told, fifteen hundred dollars each. They are superior beings! How much am I worth?

To-morrow, after they have been fed, I also shall be fed—by kindly stealth;—and I shall not have earned the feeding, in spite of the fact that I know there are hundreds of millions of suns!

In 1869 or 1870, Lafcadio Hearn, half blind and in frail health, came to America, and lived for two years in extreme penury on the East Side of New York. In 1874 he was working as a reporter on the Cincinnati papers, but it was not until he arrived in New Orleans, in 1877, that Hearn found himself in an environment suited to the development of his peculiar genius. During the next twelve years he labored with infinite pains to perfect himself in word mastery, which eventually made him one of the greatest stylists of the times. Hearn's first literary work, translations from the "Nouvelles" and "Romans et Contes," by Theophile Gautier, was published in 1882, under the title of the initial tale, "One of Cleopatra's Nights." The charm of the book attracted the attention of a discriminating few, who acclaimed the advent of a brilliant new star in the literary firmament. Among the critics who encouraged the sensitive author by kindly reference to "One of Cleopatra's Nights" was Jerome A. Hart, editor of the *Argonaut*. Like Hearn, Mr. Hart was then engaged on translations from Gautier, de Maupassant, Loti, Prosper Merimee, and other French writers, which made the more welcome this sympathetic notice of the book in the pages of the *Argonaut*:

Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, a talented writer on the staff of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, has just translated some of Gautier's fantastic romances, under the name of "One of Cleopatra's Nights." The book comprises six fascinating stories—the one which gives the title, "Clarimonde," "Arria Marcella, a Souvenir of Pompeii," "The Mummy's Foot," "Omphale, a Rococo Story," and "King Candale." Mr. Hearn has few equals in this country as regards translation, and the stories lose nothing of their artistic unity in his hands. But his hobby is literalism. For instance, of the epitaph in "Clarimonde,"—

"Ici-gît Clarimonde,
Qui fut de son vivant
La plus belle du monde,"

he remarks: "The broken beauty of the lines is but inadequately rendered thus:—"

"Here lies Clarimonde,
Who was famed in her life-time
As the fairest of women!"

Very true—it is inadequate. But why not vary it? For example:—

"Here lieth Clarimonde,
Who was, what time she lived,
The loveliest in the land!"

The fleeting archaic flavour of the original is not entirely lost here, and the lines are broken, yet metrical. But this is only a suggestion and a kindly one.

The biographer remarks of this criticism and the general reception of the book:

Other notices had been less kind. The *Observer*, as Hearn quotes in a letter to Mr. Hart, had declared that it was a collection of "stories of unbridled lust without the apology of natural passion," and that "the translation reeked with the miasma of the brothel." The *Critic* had wasted no time upon the translator, confining itself to depreciation of Gautier, and this Hearn resented more than severity to himself.

Hearn expressed his appreciation of Mr. Hart's article in the following letter:

New Orleans, May 1882.
Thanks for your kindly little article. I suppose it emanated from the same source as the charming translation of Gautier's "Spectre de la Rose"—which we reproduced here comparing it with the inferior translation—or rather mutilation—of the same poem which appeared in the *Monthly*.

Your translation of the epitaph seems to me superb as far as the first two lines go; but I can hardly agree with you as to the last, "La plus belle du monde" can not be perfectly rendered by "the

loveliest in the land"—which is a far weaker expression, by reason of the circumscribed idea it involves. "La plus belle du monde" is an expression of paramount force, simple as it was; it conveys the idea of beauty without an equal, not in any one country, but in the whole world. But I think your second line is a masterpiece of faithfulness; and, as you justly remark, my hobby is literalism.

Hearn never ceased to be grateful for the *Argonaut's* encouragement of his early efforts, and the subjoined letters were the beginning of a correspondence with Mr. Hart that continued at intervals until Hearn's death in Japan:

New Orleans, May 1882.

We have the same terrible proverb in Spanish that you cite in Italian; but it certainly can never apply to the *Argonaut's* exquisite translations—preserving metre, colour, and warmth so far as seems to be possible. Still, I must say that I do not believe the poetry of one country can be perfectly reproduced in corresponding metre in the poetry of another: much that is even marvellous may be done,—yet a little of the original perfume evaporates in the process. Therefore the French gave prose translations of Heine and Byron: especially in regard to the German poet they considered translation in metrical form impossible. Nevertheless it is impossible also to refrain from attempting such things at times,—when the beauty of the exotic verse seems to take us by the throat with the strangulation of pleasure. I have felt impelled occasionally to make an essay in poetical translation; the result has generally been a dismal failure, but I venture to send you a specimen which appears to be less condemnable than most of my efforts. I can not presume to call it a translation,—it is only an adaptation.

As for the lines in "Clarimonde," if the book ever reaches a second edition, I think I will be able to remedy some of their imperfections. Skaldic verse, I suppose, would be anachronistically vile; but something corresponding to the metre of "La Chanson de Roland," unrhymed, what the French call *vers assonances*. This corresponds exactly with your lines in breadth; also in tone, as the accent of the assonance is thrown upon the last syllable of each line.

Just received another note from you. Have seen the reproduction; I am exceedingly thankful for the compliment; and you know that so far as the copyright business is concerned, the credit must do the book too much good for Worthington to find any fault. I suppose you receive the *Times-Democrat* of New Orleans. I forwarded last Sunday's issue, containing a little compliment to the *Argonaut*.

New Orleans, December, 1882.

I venture to intrude upon you to ask a little advice as a brother-student of foreign literature you could probably give me better than any other person to whom I could apply. I am informed that in San Francisco there are enterprising and liberal-minded publishers, with whom unknown authors have a better chance than with the austere and pious publishers of the East. It would be a very great favor indeed, if you could give me some positive indication in this matter. I desire to find a publisher for that excessively curious but somewhat audacious book, "La Tentation de Saint Antoine," of Flaubert, of which I have completed and corrected the MS. translation. You who know the original will probably agree with me that it would be little less than a literary crime to emasculate such a masterpiece in the translation. I have translated almost every word of the Heresiarch dispute, and the soliloquy of the god Crepusus, etc.

Consequently, I have very little hopes of obtaining a publisher in New York or Boston. Do you think I could obtain one in San Francisco? I would be willing to advance something toward the cost of publishing—if necessary.

New Orleans, January, 1883.

Writing to San Francisco seems, after a sort, like writing to Japan or Malabar, so great is the lapse of time consumed in the transit of mail-matter, especially when one is anxious.

I am not surprised at the information; for the difficulty of finding publishers in the United States is something colossal, and my hopes burned with a very dim flame. I do not know about Worthington—as he is absent in Europe, perhaps he will undertake the publication; but I fear, inasmuch as he is a Methodist of the antique type, that he will not. Now the holy *Observer* declared that the "Cleopatra" was a collection of "stories of unbridled lust without the apology of natural passion;" that "the translation reeked with the miasma of the brothel," etc., and Worthington was much exercised thereat. Otherwise I should have suggested the publication in English of "Mademoiselle de Maupin."

I regret that I can not tell you anything about the fate of "Cleopatra's Nights,"

but the publisher preserves a peculiar and sinister silence. As the translations were published partly at my own expense, I am anxious only regarding the fate of my original capital.

Yes, I read the *Critic*—and considered that the observation on Gautier stultified the paper.

"Salammbô" is the greatest, by far, of Flaubert's creations, because harmonious in all its plan and purpose, and because it introduces the reader into an unfamiliar field of history, cultivated with astonishing skill and verisimilitude. It was twice written, like "La Tentation." I translated the prayer to the Moon for the preface to "La Tentation." I sincerely trust you will translate it. As for time, it is astonishing what system will accomplish. If a man can not spare an hour a day, he can certainly spare a half-hour. I translated "La Tentation" by this method—never allowing a day to pass without an attempt to translate a page or two. The work is audacious in parts; but I think nothing ought to be suppressed. That serpent-scene, the crucified lions, the breaking of the chair of gold, the hideous battles about Carthage—these pages contain pictures that ought not to remain entombed in a foreign museum. I pray you may translate "Salammbô"—a most difficult task I fancy—but one that you would certainly succeed admirably with. In my preface I spoke of "Salammbô" as the most wonderful of Flaubert's productions. Verily the path of the translator is hard. The Petersons and Estes & Lauriat are deluging the country with bogus translations or translations so unfaithful to the original that they must be characterized as fraudulent. And the great American public like the stuff. One who translates for the love of the original will probably have no reward save the satisfaction of creating something beautiful, and perhaps of saving a masterpiece from desecration by less reverent bards. But it is worth working for.

With sincere hopes that you will not be deterred from translating "Salammbô" before some incompetent hand attempts it, I remain, Sincerely,

LAFCADIO HEARN.

Hearn's gorgeous sketches of the West Indian isles, and a remarkable story of the Gulf of Mexico, entitled "Chita," attracted publishers and readers to him. He was commissioned by the Harpers in 1890 to visit Japan to obtain material for a book, but he had a disagreement with the publishers, and decided to accept a position from the Japanese government. The author married a Japanese, by whom he had four children. became a subject of the Mikado, and remained in Japan until his death in 1904. Hearn's early letters from Japan are full of extravagant praise of the country and people, but towards the end of his life he made extraordinary efforts to return to America. In a letter to Mr. Hart, written shortly before the author's death, Hearn says:

During the last fourteen years I have had many kind words from your paper; and once you were good enough to reply to a letter like the present one. Let me venture to trouble you again, though I have indeed no claim upon your time outside of literary sympathies.

I should like very much to pass a season or two on the Pacific Coast; but I can scarcely afford that pleasure unless I am able to obtain an easy position of some kind. Are there any literary possibilities in San Francisco; something in the way of regular contributions, signed or unsigned (which I should prefer) would be very nice. My sight forbids anything like hard newspaper work—though I might attempt much with a typewriter. Could I be of use on the *Argonaut*? I should be very thankful for a kind reply—however discouraging.

In forwarding the letters he received from Hearn to the publishers of Mrs. Wetmore's work, Mr. Hart commented on the foregoing note as follows:

It seems to controvert the idea very generally entertained that Lafcadio Hearn had lost all desire to return to this country, even temporarily; that he had become so thoroughly Orientalized that he was unwilling to quit Japan. There is something pathetic also in the desire expressed by him to secure regular work on the Pacific Coast, although he was half-blind. It is an eloquent commentary on the pecuniary gains of the literary artist for no one could deny that Hearn ranked high as an artist.

The two volumes (\$6 net; Houghton Mifflin), of the "Life of Lafcadio Hearn," are illustrated with portraits of the author, his family and friends, and with pictures of his home and haunts in Japan.

D. A. D.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Governor Hanly of Indiana has appointed Miss Mary A. Stubbs to the office of State statistician, made vacant by the death of her father, Joseph H. Stubbs. This is the first appointment of a woman to a State office in Indiana.

Queen Alexandra celebrated her sixty-second birthday at Sandringham December 1. The queen was delighted at having most of her children and grandchildren present for her birthday. Last year King Haakon and Queen Maud, and the Prince and Princess of Wales were all abroad.

Charles M. Jacobs, consulting engineer of the Pennsylvania, New York, and Long Island Railroad Company, has been retained for the construction of a tunnel under the river Seine from Rouen to Havre. Mr. Jacobs, who has already prepared plans and submitted them to the French officials, has had charge of the entire work of the big Pennsylvania Railroad tunnel under the North and East rivers, and Manhattan.

Ex-Senator Henry G. Davis is to build a Presbyterian church to cost \$25,000 at the new town of Gassaway, W. Va., which place is named for him. Gassaway is a rapidly growing town and is the seat of the Coal and Coke Railway shops. The church will be built of native stone. The Davis Memorial Presbyterian Church at Elkins was built by Mr. Davis in memory of his son, who was lost at sea while cruising on the coast of Africa.

Senator Tillman of South Carolina is as careless regarding his own attire as he is about giving offense by his manner and mode of expressing himself. Oddly enough, however, in the matter of feminine dress it is said he has developed such fine taste that his wife and daughter depend almost entirely upon his judgment in the selection of their hats, gowns, and wraps. He never goes to a large city that he does not carry back home some article of attire for Mrs. or Miss Tillman, and he keeps up with the latest modes more carefully than they do.

James Alexander Campbell, who was Conservative member for the Universities of Glasgow and Aberdeen in the British Parliament from 1880 till his retirement at the last election, is an elder brother of the recent Prime Minister of England, yet was opposed to him in political policy.

William E. Gladstone's elder brother, Sir Thomas Gladstone, sat in opposition to his brother on the Tory side of the House of Commons. John Bright sat in the House of Commons as a Liberal Unionist, with his brother, Jacob Bright, and his son, W. L. Bright, who were Home Rulers.

Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn has been named to succeed the late Prof. Samuel P. Langley as secretary of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. He is not yet 50 years old, and has been for six years paleontologist of the United States geological survey, and from 1901 to 1903 held the same place in the Canada geological survey; he has been for several years curator of vertebrate paleontology (besides vice-president and trustee) of the American museum of natural history in New York City, and he is also Da Costa professor of zoology in Columbia University. Though the place to which he is invited is an important one, Professor Osborn may decide not to accept it.

Richard C. Kerens of St. Louis, long prominent in business and in politics, and who served on the Inter-Continental Railroad Commission with President A. J. Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania railroad, and former Senator Henry G. Davis, is in New York in the interest of a projected trunk railroad through the republics south of Mexico. He gives it as his "deliberate judgment that from three to five years and \$75,000,000 would be sufficient to complete a continuous all-rail line through all the republics, opening such a field as the dream of man can not possibly comprehend. The republics through which it would pass have stated willingly that they stand ready to contribute ten or twenty times the amount necessary."

The distinguished men of science and letters who share with President Roosevelt the honor of winning a Nobel prize this year are representatives of three nations. J. J. Thomson, professor of experimental physics at the University of Cambridge, England, was given the prize for researches into the nature of electricity. Mr. Moissan, professor of chemistry at the Sorbonne, Paris, was awarded the prize for his experiments in the isolation of fluorine, his researches regarding the nature of that element and his application of the electric furnace to the service of science. Professors Ramon y Cajal and Camillo Golgi, of Paris, received the prizes for their works dealing with the anatomy of the nervous

system. Giosue Carducci, professor of Italian literature at the University of Bologna, was awarded the literature prize.

In a volume on French foreign policy, "La France Conquise," which has just appeared from the pen of M. E. Flourens, the well-known deputy and ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs, a high compliment is paid to King Edward VII. M. Flourens considers the king to be a great politician. He says: "An attentive and sagacious observer, knowing thoroughly the strength and weakness of all the politicians of both continents, having from East to West penetrated the secrets of all the courts, the mysteries of all the chancelleries, Edward VII, when he ascended the throne, had fewer illusions than any on the difficulties of the present or the dangers of the future."

Rear-Admiral Joseph B. Coghlan, commandant of the New York yard, one of the most popular officers in the navy, has reached the age limit and will be placed on the retired list. He received his appointment to the Naval Academy in 1860, from Illinois, where he grew up, an orphan, "bound" to a farmer. He was commissioned lieutenant in 1866, lieutenant-commander in 1868, and commander in 1882. Rear-Admiral Coghlan has been noted in the navy for his frankness of comment. He has been twice court-martialed, once in 1876 for having sent an abusive letter to an employee of the Navy Department. He was sentenced to suspension and the loss of thirteen numbers. In 1890 he criticized the administration of naval affairs and was tried. Civilian witnesses refused to testify, and he was acquitted of the charges. He was in command of the *Raleigh* in the battle of Manila Bay, and commanded the expedition for the capture of Isla Grande in Subig Bay in 1898. He brought his vessel to New York in 1899, and two days later, in a speech at the Union League dinner to his officers, he not only spoke his mind freely about German meddling at Manila, but recited the "Hoch der Kaiser" doggerel. The following evening, at another club dinner he repeated his remarks, and was then ordered by the Secretary of the Navy to go on board his ship. He was asked for an explanation, and later reprimanded, but the reprimand was not made public. He applied to President Roosevelt for a restoration of the numbers he had lost through the court-martial sentence, and was successful, being made senior captain, and reaching the grade of rear-admiral a week later.

IT IS EASY WITH
ELECTRO SILICON
to Clean and Polish
SILVERWARE
Send address for a FREE SAMPLE, or 15c. in stamps for a full box. Electro-Silicon Soap has equal merits.
THE ELECTRO SILICON CO., 30 Cliff St., New York.
Grocers and Druggists sell it.

Del Monte Offers
During the reconstruction of San Francisco. Hotel Del Monte offers a welcome shelter to those desiring a homelike place for rest and recreation. The park-like grounds, the golf links, the flowers, the many walks and drives were never more attractive than at the present. The entire Hotel has recently been renovated and improved, with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones in every room. Why not make this attractive resort near San Francisco your permanent home? Special terms for families. Address Geo. P. Snell, Manager, Del Monte, California

A Permanent Home
THE OCULARIUM
Perfect Fitting
Eye Glasses
At Moderate Prices
Lenses Replaced, 50c
Henry Kahn & Co
OPTICIANS
1309 VAN NESS AVENUE
Between Bush and Sutter

PRINTING CARES of Business People taken care of by
SPAULDING-GRAUL COMPANY
Formerly GEO. SPAULDING & CO.
being a concern where the wants of those desiring Printing, Lithographing, Bookbinding, Designing, Engraving, Etc., are given prompt attention. Give us a trial.
914 Howard Street at Fifth
Phone Temp. 2351
San Francisco



See that Lea & Perrins' signature is on wrapper and label.

Beware of inferior sauces put up in bottles similar to the above.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

is invaluable to the fastidious cook. It adds zest to her Gravies and spice to her Salads, and improves the flavor of Fish, Game and Soups. Its rare rich flavor makes it the most useful of all sauces.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce is in every well-equipped kitchen

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York

LITERARY NOTES.

Rambles in the Mississippi Valley.

The photographs by the author, Clifton Johnson, in "Highways and Byways of the Mississippi Valley," give one a more vivid idea of the picturesque features of the region than could be obtained from a library of descriptive writings. There are over sixty illustrations, most of them pictures of homely scenes in actual life, or of nature in characteristic and interesting sections of the vast valley. There are surprisingly realistic snapshots of plantation laborers in the cotton and sugar cane fields and in their cabins, of primitive dugouts and of houseboats and the water-gypsies, of colored mammies and pickaninnies, of alligator hunting, of "crap shooting," and quait playing.

In the text, Mr. Johnson is entertaining and instructive. As in his previous volumes of travel, he concerns himself with the humbler folk of the farmhouses and smaller villages, recording their conversations, their ways and habits, their familiar daily life and amusements, and always with simple art and sympathy. The author sought out the unconventional, living in rude quarters, and roughing it in the rustic hamlets along the historic river. There is an interesting chapter on Mark Twain's boyhood home, and the comments of the villagers on their distinguished townsman are quaint though slighting.

Published by The Macmillan Company, New York; \$2 net.

The Princess Pocahontas.

"The Story of Pocahontas and Captain John Smith" is told and pictured by E. Boyd Smith of that ilk, for he may be descended from Captain John himself, although he boasts not thereof. At one time many of the first families of Virginia were glad to trace their descent to Pocahontas, and did so until the number outran all reasonable belief. In fact, the number of white ladies in Virginia descended from Pocahontas was exceeded only by the number of colored ladies who used to be nurse to George Washington.

Mr. Boyd Smith has made a pleasing volume of the life, adventures, and marriage of his great predecessor. It is told in a pleasing vein as if he himself believed it, which, as one knows, adds infinitely to the impression of truth seeming. No one who disbelieves in Santa Claus, for example, can ever convince a child that the good Saint exists. It is a pleasant story, whether it be strictly true or no. There are those of us who do not believe Indian Princesses are so pretty and so proper as was the daughter of the great King Powhatan. There once was a Plute Princess in Nevada, the daughter of Chief Winnemucca, who was called Sarah. Well-meaning Easterners, noting the thriftless ways of Sarah's paternal, took her "back East" with them, educated her at one of the great almshouse foundries, and would have started her in life. But most people get tired of Indians after a comparatively short period. The good Easterners got tired of Sarah Winnemucca and she floated back to Nevada. It was not long before the Princess Sarah went back to the wickiups and ways of her tribesmen and became the mock and jeer of Virginia City's streets. After a year or two all that remained of civilization in the Princess Sarah was a taste for bon-bons and a desire to wear high heeled boots.

But this Princess Pocahontas doubtless differed greatly from the Princess Sarah Winnemucca. She is certainly much prettier in the twenty-six colored pictures of Mr. E. Boyd Smith.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$2.50 net.

An Important History of Korea.

Out of the fullness of his knowledge of, and sympathy for, Korea, the Poland of the Orient, Homer K. Hulbert has written an important and authoritative history of the country, with an account of the names of the people, the people, entitled, "The Passing of Korea." The Koreans have been frequently maligned, and seldom appreciated says the author. Over-shadowed by China in respect of numbers, and by Japan in respect of wit, their fates are such as follow in the wake of ignorance everywhere. Yet they have played a very important part in the history of the East, and enjoyed a high degree of civilization when Japan was made up of savage tribes. Korea's new birth can not come from Japan; the latter can bestow only what she has, the mere garments of Western life. Mr. Hulbert gives a narrative of the events that led up to the eventful night of November 17, 1905, when, "at the point of a sword, Korea acquiesced 'voluntarily' in the destruction of her independence."

Over sixty remarkable photographs illustrate the book.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$3.50 net.

Japan.

"Childreth's Japan As It Was and Is—A Handbook of Old Japan" now appears in a new edition with supplementary notes by Ernest W. Clement. The original edition is dated "Boston, June 1, 1885," the editor's preface is dated "Tokio, July 1, 1906," hence it is brought quite down to date. There is an illuminating "Fore-word" by William E. Griffie who was one of the first American teachers in Japan (1870-72). The work is in two volumes, and contains over one hundred illustrations and several maps. The pictures are mainly from photographs. An elaborate index is provided. The work is rendered particularly timely by the present strained relations existing between the United States and Japan.

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co.

A Nature Book.

"The Log of the Sun, a Chronicle of Nature's Year," by C. William Beebe, contains 52 full page illustrations by Walter King Stone with numerous vignettes and photographs from life. It is made up of 52 short essays, the subjects being the beauties of Nature in woods and fields. Parts of the text have been published in various periodicals. The following titles from the contents will indicate the

nature of the book. "Birds of the Snow," "Cedar Birds and Berries," "Spring Songsters," "Insect Pirates and Submarines," "Secrets of the Ocean," "Night Music of the Swamp." The color illustrations, those printed in monotone, and the half-tones in black and white, are all excellently done. The work is an admirable piece of book-making.

Henry Holt & Co. \$6.00 net.

History of the Panama Canal.

Willis Fletcher Johnson, for twenty-five years a close student of Isthmian Canal affairs, reminds the reader, in his book, "Four Centuries of the Panama Canal," that the design of Spanish adventures in the fifteenth century is being fulfilled by American engineers in the twentieth century. Columbus was the original promoter of the Panama Canal when he proposed a search for a water highway from Europe to Asia, westward, by way of the Atlantic. Mr. Johnson traces step by step the various enterprises and futile schemes which seldom went beyond the discussion of the survey. He believes the United States owes its work well, and that the skill and energy of our engineers are moving toward success where Ferdinand de Lesseps met with egregious failure. The author brings his data up to the present year.

The book is illustrated with portraits and views, and there are six interesting maps. At the conclusion of the volume, which contains some 450 pages, are copies of the several treaties, and other documents.

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$3 net.

The Colorado Desert.

Those who have gazed through car windows at the monotonous wastes of the desert region of Southern California, or who have the popular conception that a desert is all sand, barren, unfruitful, without plant or animal life, will marvel at George Wharton James' description of its beauties and resources in "The Wonders of the Colorado Desert." Although Mr. James has limited his account to that portion of the desert confined within the counties of San Diego and Riverside, he has not exhausted the story of its tragedies and mysteries, its horticultural possibilities, its life, both of man and animals, its lost mines, its former bandits, and its wonderful river, in two good-sized volumes. The author has set down his observations and experiences with fascinating vividness.

In addition to the full-page illustrations from photographs, the work contains nearly 300 pen-and-ink sketches by Carl Eytel, who knows the Colorado Desert as no other man knows it.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$5 net.

Heredia's Sonnets.

Edward Robeson Taylor has prepared a new edition of the "Sonnets from the Tropics of José-Maria de Heredia." Dr. Taylor has made a number of changes, recasting some of the sonnets almost entirely, and has added more notes. Those who delight in the sonnet form will be grateful to the translator for his labor of love. Dr. Taylor has reproduced the exquisite imagery and splendor of fancy of Heredia's verse with consummate art. Although Heredia's literary baggage is not large—he was elected to the French Academy because he wrote one hundred and eighteen sonnets—his fame is safe. His "Trophies" win "the world of letters in all the aggregation of their perfection and splendor" in 1893, introduced Heredia's work to discriminating readers, and since then the force and beauty of his sonnets have given them high place among the classics of that difficult form. Several notable poems by Dr. Taylor are included in the present volume.

Published by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco.

Is Mars Inhabited?

"Mars and Its Canal," by Percival Lowell, is a review of past Martian discovery, and science's latest words on the strange markings on the planet's disk, which have baffled astronomers since they were first detected by Schiaparelli. Since Professor Lowell's first work on Mars was published, eleven years ago, the planet has approached the earth five times within suitable scanning distance. His continued work has confirmed his early conclusions: That the canals are of artificial origin, therefore Mars is inhabited by intelligent beings. The canals are interconnected in a regular manner, and it is supposed, they were built to husband the water that comes from the semi-annual melting at the poles. The book is written in a popular vein, and is profusely illustrated by maps and charts.

Published by The Macmillan Company; \$2.50 net.

New Publications.

Finley Peter Dunne's latest Dooley book, "Disquisitions by Mr. Dooley," contains a number of papers that were followed by the laughter of the country when they first appeared. "Oats as a Food," "The Race Question," "The Labor Problem," and "The Automobile," are among the themes that the genial philosopher discusses with wisdom and sanity. Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

Few books that have been published this season are more genuinely entertaining than "Random Rhymes and Odd Numbers," by Wallace Irwin. There are verses in every mood and every measure in the jingling collection, most of them frankly humorous, but one or two in a serious vein. The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

"Tiles from the Porcelain Tower" is the title of a volume of pleasing verse by Edward Gilchrist. Most of the poems are Oriental in theme and treatment.

The "Book Room," Boston; \$1.25 net. Poems written "with vivid coloring of pain," by one who would have illumined California letters, if a few more years had been vouchsafed him, make up a little volume of verse by Stanley Coghlin, entitled "Hathor." It is the work of a rarely gifted writer. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco; 75 cents.

With a sympathy and intimate knowledge almost native, George William Knox discusses the awakening of the East, in "The Spirit of the Orient." Mr. Knox writes in entertaining and enlightening fashion on the peoples, customs and spirit of India, China, and Japan. The book is illustrated from photographs. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; \$1.50 net.

The story of a hustling boy and a wide-awake girl who invent wonderful machines which bring them into astonishing difficulties is told in Ernest Ingersoll's stirring tale for juveniles, entitled "Eight Secrets." Counterfeiters, Secret Service officers, railroad detectives, and other interesting people are involved in the mysteries of the story. The Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

The advice of the American Federation of Labor that trade unions enter politics has inspired Victor S. Clark to consider the political views of the Australian labor parties in an untechnical volume, "The Labour Movement in Australasia." The author's observations were made during visits to Australia and New Zealand under a Commission from the government. Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.50 net.

"Half a Rogue," by Harold McGrath, illustrated by Harrison Fisher, is an up-to-date story concerning politics, bosses, labor unions, playwrights turned candidates, elections, defeats—ending, oddly enough, with a proposal of marriage. (Robbs-Merrill Co. \$1.50.)

To Edmund Gosse.

Fame is a food that dead men eat—
I have no stomach for such meat.
In little light and narrow room,
They eat it in the silent tomb,
With no kind voice of comrade near
To bid the banquet be of cheer.

But Friendship is a nobler thing—
Of Friendship it is good to sing.
For truly, when a man shall end,
He lives in memory of his friend,
Who doth his better part recall,
And of his faults make funeral.

—Austin Dobson, in Century Magazine.

Books for Boys and Girls.

Two books to delight the hearts of little ones at Christmas time are "The Goose Girl" by Lucy Fitch Perkins, and "The Good Fairy and the Bunnies," by Allen Ayrault Green. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

A wholesome and merry story of four fun-loving girls and their adventures with their father, who is the author of an unprinted novel, and the plan by which the novel was published, is told in "Daddy's Daughters," by Marion A. Taggart. Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.50.

THE
LIQUEUR
OF
POLITE
SOCIETY



THE
LIQUEUR
OF
POLITE
SOCIETY

LIQUEUR
Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

This famous cordial, now made at Tarragona, Spain, was for centuries distilled by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, France, and known throughout the world as Chartreuse. The above cut represents the bottle and label employed in the putting up of the article since the monks' expulsion from France, and it is now known as Liqueur Pères Chartreux (the Monks, however, still retain the right to use the old bottle and label as well), distilled by the same order of monks, who have securely guarded the secret of its manufacture for hundreds of years, and who alone possess a knowledge of the elements of this delicious nectar.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafes.
Batjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for United States.

P. Centemeri & Co.

KID GLOVES

New Location

1551 Van Ness Ave.

Between Pine and California

San Francisco

Blake's Book Store
or
At the Sign of the Lamp
WHICH DO YOU PREFER?

A complete set of Dickens will be awarded to the writer of the best letter stating preference and giving reasons for same. Letter must be 150 words or less, and be received before Jan. 15th. Judges, Mr. Jerome Hart, Editor of The Argonaut, and Mr. T. F. Bonnet, Editor of Town Talk. Address letters to

JAMES D. BLAKE

now at

646 Van Ness Ave., near Turk St.

SPENCERIAN
STEEL PENS

Spencerian Pens are ink savers, time savers, temper savers.

They never balk or splutter the ink.

If you buy a dozen pens, or a box, you'll find each pen perfect and even of point.

There's a Spencerian Pen made that will just suit your style of writing.

We will send you a sample card of 12 pens, different patterns, upon receipt of 6 cents in postage.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 349 Broadway New York.

PARTICULAR PEOPLE

USE GOOD

Stationery

EMBOSSSED
LETTERHEADS FROM
STEEL DIES

is one of our Specialties

WRITE FOR SAMPLES

Isaac Upham Co.

Stationers

Printers

Bookbinders

17th and Folsom Sts.
and Pine and Front Sts.

SAN FRANCISCO

ROBERTSON'S

NEW LOCATION

1539

Van Ness Ave., near Pine

"Next to the White House"

Mr. Robertson calls attention to the above address, which is very centrally located.

EDUCATIONAL

St. Matthew's Military School

Burlingame, California

Easter Term begins January 10, 1907

For illustrated catalogue address

REV. WILLIAM A. BREWER, Rector

IRVING INSTITUTE

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Accredited by the universities. Special advantages in music art, and elocution. Twenty-eighth year.

MISS PINKHAM and MISS MACLENNAN, Principals.

2126 California Street, San Francisco.

Easter Term opens Monday, January 7, 1907, 9 a. m.

MISS HARKER'S SCHOOL

Palo Alto, Cal. Home and Day School for Girls, Intermediate and Primary Departments. Certificate admits to Stanford Vassar and Wellesley. Number limited. Reopens August 20th.

MR. HUGO MANSFELDT

Announces his removal to 2090 Fell St., corner of Shradar. Telephone West 1736.

What Press Clippings Mean To You

Press clipping information is information you can obtain in no other way. As a business aid, Press Clippings will place before you every scrap of news printed in the country pertaining to your business. They will show you every possible market, big and little, for your goods, openings that you would never hear about in the ordinary way, and—they give you this information while it is fresh and valuable.

If you have a hobby or wish information upon any subject or topic, press clippings will give you any subject or topic, press clippings will give you all the current information printed on the subject.

The cost for any purpose is usually but a few cents a day. The International Press Clipping Bureau, the largest press clipping bureau in the world, reads and clips 55,000 papers and other periodicals each month, and even if you are now a subscriber to some other clipping bureau, it will pay you to investigate our superior service.

Write for our book about Press Clippings and our Daily Business Reports, and ask about The International Information Bureau, which supplies complete manuscripts or materials for addresses, essays, lectures and debates, and complete and reliable information upon any subject at a reasonable cost. Address

INTERNATIONAL PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU
Boyce Bldg., Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Town in Verse and Prose.

An anthology that will be received with a grateful greeting is "The Friendly Town," which contains over two hundred selections in verse and prose from some one hundred authors, compiled by that discriminating lover of choice literature, E. V. Lucas. Mr. Lucas calls his beautiful volume, "a little book for the urbane." It is a book for winter nights when

Shut in from all the world without.
We sit the clean-winged hearth about.

Here are poems that one can not avoid reading aloud—to yourself, or a sympathetic single listener. More than one listener, as Lamb observes, and it degenerates into an audience. Here are exquisite bits in prose from the heart of books by Walpole, Pepys, Lowell, Lamb, Sir Thomas Browne, Hazlitt, Thackeray, Boswell, Hunt, Lang, Hawthorne, and other masters of English. None of the selections is too long, although Mr. Lucas is careful to cull complete passages. There are from ten to a score of old favorites under the following headings: Winter and Christmas; Friends and the Fire; More Friends; The Table and the Binn; Midnight Darlings; Music and Painting; The Play; Youth in the City; The Tavern; The Past; Two Londoners; Good Townsmen; The Courty Poets; The Post; The Wise Men; Awakening.

The publishers have given the gems artistic setting. The flexible covers are very handsomely designed in gold, and the end pages are illustrated from drawings by William Hyde. The book is a companion volume to "The Open Road," which contains classic selections celebrating the delights of country life, as "The Friendly Town" is compiled from authors who have loved the city.

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.50.

Sketches of the Romantic Composers.

An interesting volume of essays on the so-called period of romanticism in music—the first half of the nineteenth century—is Daniel Gregory Mason's "The Romantic Composers." Mr. Mason has selected the composers who immediately followed Beethoven, including Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Berlioz, Chopin, and Liszt, to illustrate the musical peculiarities and aesthetic principles of the romantic school. While a technical mastery of music has little to do with the character of the composer, the author yet believes that temperament is reflected in compositions. With that as his keynote, he reveals to us the human side of the several maestros—characteristic anecdotes, hits of letters and table-talk, contemporary descriptions of manner, etc.

The composers of the nineteenth century were men of more cultivation, of greater intellectual versatility than their predecessors. Schubert alone of the six musicians in Mr. Mason's book, was a composer pure and simple.

The volume is illustrated by seven photogravures, several of them reproductions from paintings. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.75.

Italy in the Fifteenth Century.

Edward Hutton, author of "The Cities of Spain," and several books on Italian subjects, has written a volume on Italy during the Renaissance, "Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta, Lord of Rimini." In this story of a typical medieval Italian despot, Mr. Hutton writes fact as fiction. He wishes, he says, to give, in the form of a romance, an impression of the first part of the fifteenth century without using a single incident that is not authenticated; to write the life of one of those tyrants who were without morality, honor, or justice, yet in some way did subsequent generations signal service. While there is nothing in the book that might not appear in an historical or controversial work, the novel dress of the narrative makes of it a book that will be read with delight. The author is master of a vivid style, and his word-pictures of the period when wars were never seemed to end, and of the softer side of life, are very striking.

There are ten artistic illustrations in photogravure of bas-reliefs and a medal-image of the hero of the book. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$4.00 net.

Pioneers of the Middle West.

"Pilots of the Republic," by Archer Butler Hulbert, the romance of the pioneer promoter in the Middle West, is history that reads like fiction. Beginning with Washington, as a promoter of Western investments, the author reviews the careers of Richard Henderson, the founder of Transylvania; Rufus Putnam, the father of Ohio; David Zeisberger, hero of "The Meadow of Light"; George Rogers Clark, founder of Louisville; Henry Clay, as promoter of the first American highway; Lewis and Clark, as explorers of Louisiana; and the more prominent companions of the valiant men who led the expedition that opened the West. The story of the achievements of the army of pioneers with axes on their shoulders is a marvelous chronicle, and the "miracle" they wrought in a century's time is one besides which the Seven Wonders of the Old World must forever remain commonplace.

There are sixteen portraits in photogravure, and illustrative initials by Walter J. Eoright. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$1.50.

A Forty-Niner's Diary.

A kinetoscopic picture of mining life in California in the early Fifties that will be read with absorbing interest by the pioneers, who remember "when the water came up to Montgomery Street," and also their descendants, whose reminiscences will date from

when "the fire reached Van Ness Avenue," is "The Diary of a Forty-Niner." The book purports to be a record of the experiences of one Alfred T. Jackson, a pioneer miner who cabinied and worked on Rock Creek, Nevada County, California; Chauncey L. Canfield is the editor. The entries range over a period of two years, and give a graphic account of the days when the Argonauts built their cabins beneath lofty sugar pines, baked their bread in the Dutch oven, ate their primitively cooked meals on rough planked tables, smoked their pipes in the gathering twilight while they discussed the luck of the day. Even if the diary be apocryphal, the book is still a notable contribution to the scant literature of the era subsequent to the discovery of gold.

Published by The Morgan Shepard Company, New York and San Francisco.

A One-Volume Shakespeare.

The Cambridge edition of "Shakespeare's Complete Works" will be welcomed by those who wish the dramas and poems in one volume. The text of the Cambridge Shakespeare is the result of an independent examination of the early Quarto and the First Folio editions. The editor, William Allan Nelson, has a summary biography of the Bard of Avon, and a special introduction to each play, giving the ascertained facts on such questions as date, authenticity and sources. Copious textual notes and a satisfactory glossary are appended.

The frontispiece is the "Droeshout Original" portrait of Shakespeare. The book is printed in clear type on opaque paper, and is so stitched that it opens easily and stays open. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; cloth, \$2.00.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Still another mousing critic points out that Jack London's story, "A Wicked Woman," published in the November number of the *Smart Set*, is very much like a tale by Josephine Meighan, entitled "Her Past," printed in the New York *Commercial Advertiser* in 1903. In general motive and in climax there is to be noted a marked similarity when the two stories are shown side by side, and another peculiar coincidence of thought may now be placed in the ample collections.

The average public library subscriber reads 75 to 100 volumes a year, but a wealthy lady of Philadelphia, now 73 years old, has read more than 15,000 volumes from a library there since 1851, or 300 volumes a year.

It is announced that a forthcoming volume is "Fairy Tales Told by the Seven Travelers at the Red Lion Inn," compiled by David Belasco and Charles A. Byrne. A paragraph says that this is an extraordinary as the President's investigation into the ancient Irish sagas. Mr. Belasco has given us fairy tales before, but this is the first time he has acknowledged them.

William Shakespeare is the hero of a new and striking novel by the Danish woman writer, Sophus Banditz. Queen Alexandra, who recently read it in the original, was so much impressed by its merits that she advised the authoress to have it translated into English. This translation is now proceeding and the English version is to be dedicated to the Queen, who is, of course, herself a Dane.

The cottage at Nether Stowey, England, in which Coleridge wrote "The Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," and others of his finest poems is to be purchased and kept as far as possible in the state in which it was during the poet's residence. It was in this cottage that Coleridge entertained William and Dorothy Wordsworth, Charles Lamb, William Hazlitt, and others.

The Yudin collection of 80,000 volumes on Russia, one of the most extensive in existence, has been purchased in Krasnoyarsk, Siberia, for the Congressional Library at Washington.

In Herr Paulsen's "Recollections" of the dead master, are these words: "Ibsen once remarked in my presence that there were three things he did not care about—children, flowers, and music." It is not surprising that in Ibsen's eyes "modern society is not a human society."

Jeremiah Curtin, a distinguished linguist and philologist and well known also as a translator of Russian and Polish novels, died December 14 at Bristol, Vt., aged 66. Mr. Curtin was proficient in sixty languages, excelling as a linguist, it is said, any other man. He was born in Milwaukee and after his graduation from Harvard in 1863 he became secretary of the United States legation in Russia and later acting consul there. He then spent several years in literary work in London and other European capitals. He traveled with the party of the Grand Duke Alexis when the latter visited the United States in 1872. In 1883 he began his long connection with the Smithsonian Institution, in the bureau of ethnology. In 1891 he retired from this work. He was a close friend of Henry Sienkiewicz long before the author of "Quo Vadis" became noted and it was Curtin's English translation which made the book popular in America. The following is a list of works which he has published: "Myths and Folk Tales of Ireland," "Myths and Folk Tales of the Russians," "Western Slavs and Magyars," "Hero Tales of Ireland," "Fairy Tales of Ireland," "Creation Myths of Primitive America and Their Relation to the Religious and Mental History of Mankind," "The Mongols," "Religion and Ideas of the Mongol Race." In addition to his translation of "Quo Vadis," Mr. Curtin has worked into English eight other novels by Sienkiewicz.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Dramatic Notes.

The testimonial benefit to Henry Clay Barnabee and the widow of W. H. MacDonald at the Broadway Theatre in New York, was an event of note for players and public. The list of stars and other members of the profession who appeared is a long one, and the audience was no less distinguished and enthusiastic. The programme was long and varied, and, best of all the net results were large.

Francis Macmillen, the young American violinist, who had already won high praise in London and on the Continent, is now on his first concert tour in this country. At his first appearance in New York the critics were enthusiastic in describing his success.

Peter F. Dailey actually knits fancy work in the third scene of the burlesque, "The Great Decide," and he donated some specimens to be sold at the Professional Women's League bazaar at the Waldorf-Astoria hotel in New York a few days ago.

Lillian Russell will appear in Kellett Chambers's new comedy, "The Butterfly," in fifty-two towns in twenty-three States of the South and Middle West in sixteen weeks, beginning early in the year.

Second Week of Grand Opera.

The second week of the Lambardi Opera Company at the Central Theatre will see Verdi's famous opera, "Rigoletto," on Monday and Thursday evenings, and at the Saturday matinee, with Sig. Angelo Antola as the Jester; the favorite tenor Domenico Russo as the Duke; Sig. Olinto Lambardi as the Bravo; the pretty, piquante song bird Adalina Tromben as the daughter Gilda, and Maria Millon, as Maddalena, the bravo's sister.

At the New Year's matinee Puccini's great work "La Boheme" will be given with Velia Giorgi as Mimì; Bianca Nunez as Musetta; Salveneschi as Rodolfo; Scifoni as Marcello; Lambardi as Shaunard, and Canetti as Colline.

Tuesday, Saturday and Sunday evenings, Verdi's greatest triumph, "Il Trovatore," will be sung with an all-star cast, including Esther Adaberto as Leonora; Matilde Campofiore as Azucena; Filippo D'Attavi as Manrico; Roberto Scifoni as the Count di Luna, and Ugo Canetti as Ferrando. This opera was one of Adaberto's greatest successes in Italy and Russia, and her rendition of the unhappy heroine is said to be one of the finest dramatic and vocal performances on the operatic stage. "Faust" will be repeated on Wednesday evening and at the Saturday matinee, with Giorgi, Millon, Patti, Paccini, and Lambardi in the cast.

The repertoire for the third week will include "La Tosca," with Adaberto; "The Barber of Seville," with Tromben; and "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" with all the Italian opera stars in the cast.

For the fourth week several new operas are promised—"Chopin," "Iris," and "Germania," in addition to "The Masked Ball," "L'Africaine" and "The Elixir of Love."

The Orpheum.

May Edouin and Fred Edwards will make their first appearance in this city at the Orpheum this Sunday afternoon. Miss Edouin's mother, Alice Atherton, was a great favorite in the early days of musical comedy and extravaganza in San Francisco, and the daughter is said to have inherited exceptional talent. Mr. Edwards is a clever and versatile performer, and their skit, "A Bachelor's Dream," will receive a warm welcome. Emelia Rose, recently from Europe, is also new here. She does some remarkable feats of foot balancing and is assisted in her act by two well-trained and accomplished little canines. Other attractions include "Menetekel," the extraordinary illusion, Ned Wayburn's "Rain Dears," Ed. F. Reynard, the ventriloquist, Walter C. Kelly, "The Virginia Judge," Work and Ower, the acrobatic comedians, and Wilson's monkey, "Jessie." On the grounds of the Chutes, where the Orpheum is located, are to be found attractions of every description. The Circle Swing, "A Day in the Alps," Scenic Railway, trip "Down the Flume," and numerous other amusement devices are popular, while the Zoo contains one of the finest collections of animals in the United States.

The Novelty Theatre.

James O'Neill, a sterling actor, whose fame is as closely connected with "Monte Cristo" as was that of Jefferson with "Rip Van Winkle," is appearing this season in a revival of the dramatization of Dumas's great romance. Mr. O'Neill will appear at the Novelty Theatre all next week in "Monte Cristo," with a strong supporting company. Younger theatre-goers, and older ones as well, will find the attraction to their taste, as the play is full of action and striking stage pictures.

Hotel St. Francis

a credit to
San Francisco

PERFECT
SERVICE
EVERY
COMFORT

THEY WHO
GO TO SEE
GO
TO STAY

The famous
Grill Room
is unsurpassed

Take your friends to lunch there

AMUSEMENTS.

ORPHEUM

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee Dec. 30
Matinee Every Day Except Monday

MAY EDOUIN and FRED EDWARDS,
presenting "A BACHELOR'S DREAM,"
EMELIA ROSE, in Her Novelty Acrobatic
Act; and last week of the

Orpheum Road Show

PRICES—10c, 25c, 50c. Down town Box Office
at Donlon's Drug Store, Fillmore and Sutter Sts.
Phone, West, 6,000.
CHUTES AND ZOO—Open daily from 10 a. m. till
midnight. Admission 10c; Children 5c.

Central Theatre

Market and 8th Sts. Phone, Market 777

LAMBARDI Grand Italian
Opera Company

Matinee this afternoon at 2:15 - - - "LUCIA"
Tonight and tomorrow (Sunday) matinee - - - "AIDA"
Tomorrow evening - - - "FAUST"

NEXT WEEK
Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, Sunday matinee, "RIGOLETTO"
Tuesday, Saturday, Sunday matinee, "IL TROVATORE"
Wednesday night and Sunday matinee, "FAUST"
Friday night - - - "LA BOHEME"
Special Mat. (Tuesday) N. Year's Day "LA BOHEME"
Superb Casts
Enlarged Orchestra
Splendid Chorus
Correct Costumes
PRICES—\$2., \$1.50, \$1., 75c and 50c. Boxes, \$21.
\$3.50 per seat. SEATS NOW SELLING. Box office
open 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.

Novelty Theatre

Cor. O'Farrell
and Steiner
Sunday Night, Dec. 30th, last time of "Yon Yonson"
Beginning Monday, Dec. 31st—two weeks
First appearance here in over ten years
JAMES O'NEILL
Firt week including special matinee, New Year's Day
Regular matinee Saturday—Great revival of
"MONTE CRISTO"
Second Week—"The Voice of the Mighty"
PRICES—\$1.50 to 25c

RACING! RACING!
NEW CALIFORNIA
JOCKEY CLUB

OAKLAND TRACK

Six or more Races each Week Day
RAIN OR SHINE
Races start at 1:40 P. M. sharp

For Special Trains stopping at the Track take the
S. P. Ferry, foot of Market Street, leaves at 12, there-
after every twenty minutes until 1:40 p. m.
No smoking in last two cars, which are reserved for
ladies and their escorts.
Returning, trains leave the track after fifth and
last races.
PERCY W. TREAT, Sec.
THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, Pres.

These trade-mark and cross lines on every package
Cresco Grits and
(Formerly called CRUTCHER'S GRITS)
BARLE CRUSTALS,
Perfect Breakfast and Health Cereals
PANSY FLOUR for Pastry, Cake and Biscuit
Unlike all other goods. Ask grocers.
For book of sample, write
FARWELL & RHINES, WATERTOWN, N. Y., U. S. A.

Headquarters for Renting
Pianos. Little pianos for
small rooms. Medium size
pianos for average rooms.
Big pianos for big rooms.

YOU WILL SAVE MONEY
BY RENTING THEM FROM

Scott-Curtaz

560 Hayes Street

VANITY FAIR.

A crusade against woman's alleged extravagance in dress is being organized in Berlin by Felix Heinemann, a leading German publisher. His scheme is to form an international league to fight against the passion of most women for ultraluxurious costly clothes and ornaments.

As an object lesson in the lengths to which women will go in arraying themselves, Herr Heinemann proposes that illustrated books shall be published in Berlin, New York, Paris and London, with photographs showing fashionable women of all nations wearing gorgeous gowns, rich furs, and magnificent jewelry.

The pictures are to be accompanied by letterpress describing the careers and habits of the women, specially noting their methods of spending their money; the object being, of course, to point out the waste on fashion as practiced by wealthy people.

Herr Heinemann thinks that such a book would be a powerful argument for a return to sane and simple tastes.

Some of the most noted Parisian artists have contrived to transform Edmond Rostand's country home, Arnaga, into a fairyland. The walls of his magnificent apartments, whose windows look out over the crest of the Pyrenees, are covered with the ever-delightful tales which Hans Christian Andersen and the Grimm brothers have immortalized.

But the gem of this poet's dwelling is his wife's boudoir. Familiar stories of "Cinderella" and the "Beauty and the Beast" are told again, with a wealth of color and fantasy, by the famous decorator, Jean Weber.

In this artistic retreat, which is a happy combination of Byzantine palace and Basque chalet, Rostand lives part of the year, with his wife and son, in a retirement only broken to receive some brother poet or an artist friend, who is requested never to mention Paris and its strenuous ways.

To escape from the continual excitement of city life and the feverish search for amusement found at fashionable resorts, and also to be able to devote himself entirely to work, the creator of "Cyrano" fled eight years ago to the half-savage and wholly picturesque fastness of the Spanish frontier. First he rented a tiny cottage, nestled against a tiny church. But his view lacked the traditional poesy and splendor of Basque landscapes, so he built Arnaga. It is not constructed along the conventional lines of the French chateau, but standing on a high hill, surrounded by parks and terraces, it at first gives the impression of a Moorish palace.

Those who wonder how Rostand's earnings as a dramatist suffice to keep up such a pretentious establishment forget that he married Rosemonde Gerard, the daughter of a Paris banker. Her millions are the magic wand which called into being this fairy castle.

On one side it overlooks a verdant plain, sprinkled with semi-tropical blossoms and watered by the winding stream of the Nive. On the other rises a majestic chain of rugged hills, which in the glory of the Southern sunset flush to a deep crimson and then pale to a somber purple.

Not in years has death claimed so remarkable a centenarian as Miss Adeline Thomson, a belle of long ago, who has just passed away in Philadelphia, (notes an editorial writer in the New York World).

Miss Thomson was born when Jefferson was President, and she lived to be one hundred and three. Punctilious in social conventions to the end—still wearing full evening dress at dinner—she was a picturesque figure from a society which gave tone to American manners long before the day of that "proud old rayjeem," as Mr. Dooley says, "which has ruled the wurruld iv fashion since th' repeal iv th' Sherman act." She was an antique portrait such as Boston, Baltimore and Charleston may still occasionally show, removed from its familiar background of Chippendale and chintz—a madeira survival in an age of champagne and froth.

What a career it was, begun with a girlhood passed under Dolly Madison traditions and lasting through Nellie Grant to the latest bride of the White House! To have spanned a century of American society while maintaining an alert interest in it to the last was a rare distinction. What a story of fashion's vagaries the old presses and trunks in her home could tell, from the clinging Empire draperies through the voluminous crinoline and the chignon to the sober tailored skirt! Though a good American, the sister of a Senator and a Rear-Admiral, Miss Thomson swore allegiance to Victoria and Eugenie in turn and to the Princess who succeeded them as ruler of the world of modes.

She danced with beaux resplendent in ruffled shirts and satin "smalls," and again with fastidious gentlemen arrayed in blue swallow-tails and white waistcoats, and

in her later years with partners in conventional black. Yet she remained heart-whole and unweid. But what an aunt she must have been to three generations of debutantes!

The news of the birth of his grandson is said to have come to the Kaiser in anything but a ceremonious way. The Kaiser was cruising on the *Hohenzollern* in Norwegian waters, and anchored off Bergen, where Dr. Oscar Stuebel, the German minister at Christiania went aboard. Dr. Stuebel and the German consul at Bergen were commanded to remain to lunch, and during a momentarily conversational pause the consul casually remarked: "The flags flying in the town ought to show your majesty how the Norwegian people rejoice over the birth of your august grandson."

This remark gave the emperor the first intimation of the birth of a son to the crown princess. The emperor pounded the table with his fist so that the plates and the glasses clattered and turning to Dr. Stuebel who sat next to him, exclaimed: "Fellow, must I learn this news merely as an item of casual gossip?"

Every one present looked at the unfortunate Stuebel, who turned as pale as the table cloth and tremblingly confessed that he had forgotten four hundred telegrams which had arrived at Bergen for the emperor.

Messengers steamed full speed ashore to bring the telegrams. The first one the emperor opened was from Abdul Hamid and requesting the messenger to bring a telegraph blank, and apparently regaining his good humor, the Kaiser, addressing a dispatch to the crown prince, wrote:

"I have just learned from the Sultan that a son has been born to you."

"Any one who swears," declared the Bishop of Carlisle, "manifests the beggarliness of his vocabulary." The Concord *Patriot* puts it in this fashion:

"People swear because they do not know the possibilities of plain English, or have not the skill to manipulate it so that it will yield the amount of fire they want. You can do almost any thing with common words. No matter how tame and lifeless they look, standing in stupid rows as if they didn't know enough to come in when it rained, they can be made to dance like imps, to frolic like fairies, to float, angel-wise, on light wings, to glow like fire spirits. They can do things that make the ordinary bits of profanity look like feeble scarecrows stiffened up with a fence stake. The cure for profanity—reformers and educators please make a note—is merely wit enough to handle your words so that swearing will seem like baby talk in comparison."

Now America's leading papers are printing the extract from the Concord *Patriot* and London's leading papers are commenting on the sermon of the Bishop of Carlisle, because both men had a new phrasing of an old idea. That idea was the futility of profanity.

There is one oath, however, of which the language should not be deprived, (declares the New York *Evening Mail* editorially). "Much virtue in an 'if,'" is conceded. Much more virtue in a "damn!" It must not be uttered often. To be effective, it must be explosive and unexpected. The censors of swearing whose words we have quoted with approval had in mind the dribblers of profanity—the weaklings not only of language, but of life.

We are content to let the women decide whether a modicum of swearing is not needed for use in emergencies. Do not they, themselves, sometimes feel called upon to close a door so quickly that the "slam" sound really constitutes a wooden swear word? Do they not some times solace their souls and relax their nerves by forming their lips into the "D" position even though they may end by uttering only "Dear me!" Do they not revel in spirit, even though they afterward reprove the speaker, when a clean-thoughted, clean-lived, deep-voiced man is surprised into a resounding "Damn!"

Swearing as a habit is the mark of the imbecile, the vulgarian or the blackguard. But there is something wrong with the man from whose lips there never has sprung an oath unstudied and unexpected, but resonant with the full strength of resentment, indignation, or the note of strife.

The Man Shopper.

(By W-Jt Wb-tm-n.)

I am a man shopper.
I am one of a million souls, and yet I am a million souls in one.
I stride hither and thither, looking for something to give to Lizzie, and for the talking doll for my sister's cousin's niece.
I have in my vest pocket the list. Mine is one of a million vest pockets, and mine is a million vest pockets in one.
I must find pearl-handled opera-glasses for Cousin Jennie (if I can get anything decent for \$3.89).
I must get a hundred other things, for this is the season of joy and gladness.

I am the man shopper.
I feel that my heart is big within me. I unbutton my vest to give it room.
I say my heart is big and I unbutton my vest, and a Kind Old Lady warns me that I am tempting the pneumony.

I wonder what the world would do without Kind Old Ladies. (Confound it, Madam, you may be kind, but your umbrella's jabbed me in the short ribs.)
I asked the man in the wondrous apparel at the door to direct me to the novelty counter. I am gone, but he is still telling me how to go there.
I shall follow the crowd. I am the crowd. I am embodied gladness. I am the ebullient soul of all those that seek pledges of affection for friends and kindred.

I am the man shopper.
I wonder what friends and kindred would do without us.
I see a man with a game eye and a striped cravat. He is buying a silver flask. He is bappy. He is kicking about his change.
I see a man in a frock coat and a white tie—a pastor. He is sporting the slipper counter and looking for members of his flock.
I am bumped into by a cash boy; I am scolded by a woman with a pompadour and a trusting child for stepping on her dress.

I am the man shopper.
I bear a hundred gay girls giggle about what they will get for him. I also hear them gurgle about what he ought to get for them.
I am pained. I have leaned against some bolly. I

am told by another floor walker how to get to the novelty counter.
I tell him how to go somewhere else.
I am asked by seven hundred people if I have been waited on.
I am full of the fierce joy of being in and among, and up, and through, and altogether and utterly of the great mass of humanity.
I feel Tiny Timmified, and all the world may hang up its stocking.
I am the ——— For the last time, sir, get off my feet.

—W. D. Nesbit, in Chicago Tribune.

The five tunnels on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore cut-off have been completed. Their aggregate length is 1.9 miles. All five tunnels have cement floors and walls, and are brick roofed. They are electric-lighted and have a clear width of thirty feet. Only the track-laying remains to complete the line, aside from bridge work in San Francisco. The double track line should be ready for operation in March. Work has been commenced on the Dumbarton bridge, and it will probably be completed by midsummer.

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

are now showing complete lines of

Carpets, Rugs, Furniture, Office Desks, Upholstery
Draperies, Linoleums, Window Shades, Etc.

at their new store at the corner of

Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street

Nordhoff
Grill1545 Pine Street
Below Van Ness Ave.Finest and Largest Dining
Room in the CityMerchants' Lunch 11 A. M.
to 2 P. M. DailyLadies' Afternoon Teas
and Dinner Parties a Specialty

SIEVERS FLORAL CO.

1660 California Street, near Van Ness Ave.

Choicest Collection of Plants, Flowers and Holiday Baskets

PHONES: Franklin 1015
Franklin 1014

L. KREISS & SONS

CABINET MAKERS
UPHOLSTERERS
DECORATORS

Dealers in Fine Mahogany, Early English Oak Furniture; reproductions of rare examples of Antique Fabrics of all the important periods of English, French and Italian Arts in Tapestries, Brocaded Silks, Damasks, Embroideries, Etc.

Our stock is complete and contains many Odd Pieces suitable for Gifts.

1219-23 POST ST.

Above Van Ness Ave.

San Francisco, Cal.

Murphy, Grant & Company

Jobbers of Dry Goods
Furnishing Goods
and Notions

Temporary Office: Eighth and Franklin Sts., Oakland, Cal.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A golfing judge, according to the story, had occasion to interrogate in a criminal suit a boy witness from Bala. "Now, my lad," he said, "I want to know if you are acquainted with the nature and significance of an oath?" The boy, raising his brows in surprise, answered: "Of course I am, sir. Don't I caddy for you at the Country Club?"

A farmer on his first visit to New York was ignorant of city ways. "Everything was fine," this farmer said, when he got back home from New York. "Everything was fine except the light. They kept the light burning in my room all night long—a thing I ain't used to, and I couldn't sleep on account of it." "Well, Hi, why didn't you blow it out?" said his wife. "Blow it out? How could I?" said the farmer. "The blame thing was inside a bottle."

At a recital it so happened that two ladies were making their way to their seats at the very moment Von Buelow finished his introduction of the first movement of Beethoven's Sonata Pathetic. This so irritated him that he purposely commenced the allegro at such an absurdly slow pace as to make the quavers in the bass correspond exactly to the time of the ladies' footsteps. As may be imagined, they felt on thorns, and hurried on as fast as they could, while Von Buelow accelerated his tempo in sympathy with their increasing pace.

A lawyer in Washington was telling some colleagues of neat retorts he had heard in court, when he was reminded of the interchange of compliments between a Western judge and a sharp-tongued attorney from Chicago. The judge, a quick-tempered man, had had several "run-ins" with counsel, when suddenly he observed: "I can teach you law, Mr. Perkins, but I can not teach you manners." "That is true, your honor," retorted the Chicago lawyer.

Senator Long, of Kansas, was rather diffident when he went to his first big reception in Washington, at the home of Senator Elkins. Mrs. Long tried to steer him down the line and succeeded admirably. When they had shaken hands with everybody Long mopped his face and said: "Well, my dear, I guess I got through that all right, and I think I knew everybody with one exception. Tell me, who was that man at the end of the line with whom I shook hands." "That," Mrs. Long replied freely, "was the butler."

Among the interested visitors at the marine barracks at Washington on one occasion there was a party of young girls from a Maryland town. They proved very much interested in everything pertaining to the life and discipline of the post. "What do you mean by 'taps'?" asked one young woman. "Taps are played every night on the bugle," answered the officer. "It means 'lights out.' They play it over the bodies of dead soldiers." A puzzled look came to the face of the questioner. Then she asked: "What do you do if you haven't a dead soldier?"

A well-known Washington correspondent, when a reporter on the New York Tribune, was sent one Saturday night to interview Father Ducey, a priest famous both for his wit and his good deeds. Father Ducey was in the confessional, Norcross was told, and that he could go in and see him, and come out before anybody went in, without any doubt. He found the reverend father waiting and began a timorous conversation with him, being somewhat awed by his unaccustomed surroundings. "Good-evening, Father." "Good-evening, my son." "Father, I am a reporter from the New York Tribune." "Very well: I absolve you from that."

Bernard K. Green, the well-known consulting engineer of Washington, said the other day, in a discussion of the new Pennsylvania Capitol, which he helped to build: "The trouble with every question is that self-seeking enters into it. Were there no self-seekers, the world would be a very Utopia. But as it is—" He smiled. "Why, yesterday," he said, "in a talk about filtration in a cafe, I heard a well-dressed man say earnestly: 'I maintain that all water used for drinking and culinary purposes should be boiled at least one hour.' 'You are a physician, I presume?' said a thin man, respectfully. 'No, sir,' was the reply, 'I am a coal dealer.'"

Joseph Choate, when he was a very young man, just starting out to practice law, was once retained by a shopkeeper to defend him in a suit for damages brought by an employee. Unfortunately for Mr. Choate, his client lost his head completely

under cross-examination, furnishing evidence so favorable to the prosecution as to result in a five thousand dollar verdict. The merchant was, nevertheless, highly indignant with his lawyer for having lost the case, and when they encountered each other at the court-room door, he blustered: "If I had a son born an idiot I'd make him a lawyer." "Your father seems to have been of another opinion," replied young Choate, coolly.

Colonel John Cosgrove, afterward Congressman, defending a client accused of some crime, in an eloquent climax shouted: "What does the State's attorney expect? Does he expect my client, like Daniel, to command the sun to stand still, and have it obey?" Judge James W. Draffen, lawyer for the opposition, interrupted: "May it please your Honor," he said, addressing Judge James E. Hazell, who was on the bench, "I object to Colonel Cosgrove's misquoting Scripture." "I beg pardon," blandly replied Colonel Cosgrove, "I forgot for the moment that it was not Daniel, but Solomon, who commanded the sun to stand still."

DIVIDEND NOTICES.

The Continental Building and Loan Association, corner of Market and Church sts., San Francisco, Cal., has declared for the six months ending Dec. 31, 1906, a dividend of 5 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits and 6 per cent per annum on term deposits—interest on deposits payable on and after Jan. 2, 1907. Interest on ordinary deposits not called for will be added to the principal and thereafter bear interest at the same rate.

WASHINGTON DODGE, President.
WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE RENTERS' LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY of San Francisco, Commercial and Savings Bank, Safe Deposit Vaults, 115 Hayes Street, between Van Ness Ave. and Polk St.—For the half year ending Dec. 15th, a dividend has been declared at the rate of FOUR per cent (4%) per annum on Savings Deposits, free of taxes payable on and after Monday, Dec. 17, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from Dec. 15, 1906. Also, Two per cent (2%) per annum paid on Commercial Deposits, subject to check, credited monthly.

C. S. SCOTT, Cashier.

Dated, San Francisco, Dec. 4, 1906.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco, 706 Market St., opp. 3d.—For the half year ending December 31, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-half (3½) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1907.

GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 316 Montgomery St.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1906, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of three and one-half (3½) per cent. per annum free of taxes, will be payable on and after January 2, 1907.

FRED W. RAY, Secretary.

HOME MUTUAL DEPOSIT LOAN CO.

SAINT MUNGO BUILDING.

1300 Golden Gate Ave.

Dividend of five (5) per cent. per annum declared for six months ending December 31, 1906.

GEO. M. MITCHELL, President.

E. B. CLARK, Secretary.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

526 California Street.

For the half year ending December 31, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1907.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

N. W. Cor. California and Montgomery Sts.

For the half year ending December 31, 1906, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and eight-tenths (3 8-10) per cent. on term deposits and three and forty-two one-hundredths (3 42-100) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1907. Depositors are entitled to draw their dividends at any time during the succeeding half year. Dividend not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof and earn dividend from January 1st.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST CO.

Cor. California and Montgomery Sts.

For the six months ending December 31, 1906, dividends have been declared on the deposits in the savings department of this company as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 3-4 per cent. per annum, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2nd, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as principal from January 1st, 1907. INTEREST PAID FROM DATE OF DEPOSIT.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

MECHANICS SAVINGS BANK.

143 Montgomery St., cor. Bush.

For the half year ending December 31, 1906, a dividend has been declared on all savings deposits, free of taxes, at the rate of three and one-half (3½) per cent. per annum, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2nd, 1907. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as principal from January 1st, 1907. INTEREST PAID FROM DATE OF DEPOSIT.

JNO. U. CALKINS, Cashier.

BANKING.

The Anglo Californian Bank, Limited

This old and well-known institution has become so thoroughly identified with the financial and commercial development of San Francisco, during the past thirty-five years, that its name is synonymous with prosperity and advancement.

The management has been quick to recognize the changes in the business districts, brought about by the fire, and in order to meet the convenience of its clients and the business public generally, has established branches on Van Ness Avenue, near Geary Street, and at No. 2049 Mission Street, near Sixteenth, the latter being temporary quarters, pending completion of its four-story Class A building, now in the course of erection on the northwest corner of Sixteenth and Mission Streets.

The last published statement of the Bank's condition shows as follows:

Loans.....	\$7,242,714.62	Capital.....	\$1,500,000.00
Bonds and Stocks....	1,294,293.06	Surplus and Undivided Profits..	1,272,634.28
Bank Premises and Real Estate.....	145,212.16	Deposits.....	12,880,511.02
Cash and Sight Exchge.	6,970,925.46		
	\$15,653,145.30		\$15,653,145.30

Safe Deposit Vaults in a Safe Deposit Building

Mercantile Trust Company of San Francisco

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS

These Safe Deposit Vaults have withstood the Greatest Test to which Safe Deposit Vaults have ever been subjected, and are in the same condition as on April 17, 1906—entirely unaffected by earthquake or fire—

The Strongest and Best Appointed Safe Deposit Vaults in the West

Special Attention to Overnight Storage of Ledgers

INSPECTION CORDIALLY INVITED

464 California Street

San Francisco, California

French American Bank

Union Trust Building (Third Floor)

Ready to accommodate its customers and do a general banking business. We will collect on insurance policies for those wishing our services.

THE FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

occupies offices in the same building.

Officers—Charles Carpy, President; Arthur Legallet, Vice-President; Leon Boqueraz, Vice-President.

Directors—J. E. Artigues, O. Bozio, J. A. Bergot, E. J. DeSable, J. M. Dupas, J. S. Godeau, J. J. Mack, Geo. Belaney, Leon Kaufman.

Our Branch Bank is Now Open

at No. 810 Van Ness Avenue, near Eddy St.

Mutual Savings Bank

710 Market St., Opposite Third

SAN FRANCISCO

Guaranteed Capital.....	\$ 1,000,000
Paid-up Capital.....	300,000
Surplus.....	320,000
Assets.....	10,000,000

Interest paid on deposits.

Loans on approved securities.

Officers—President, James D. Phelan; First Vice-President, S. G. Murphy; Second Vice-President, John A. Hooper; Secretary and Cashier, Geo. A. Story; Asst. Secretary and Asst. Cashier, C. B. Holson; Attorney, Frank J. Sullivan.

Directors—James D. Phelan, John A. Hooper, Frank J. Sullivan, Jas. M. McDonald, S. G. Murphy, James Moffitt, Roht. McElroy, Charles Holbrook, Rudolph Spreckels.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus.....	\$ 2,552,719.61
Capital actually paid up in cash.....	1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 30, 1906.....	38,476,520.22

F. Tillmann, Jr., President; Daniel Meyer, First Vice-President; Emil Rohde, Second Vice-President; A. H. R. Schmidt, Cashier; Wm. Herrmann, Asst. Cashier; Geo. Tourny, Secretary; A. H. Muller, Asst. Secretary; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.

Board of Directors:

F. Tillmann, Jr., Daniel Meyer, Emil Rohde, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, N. Ohlandt, F. W. Van Bergen, E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

PAYING BY CHECK THE BETTER WAY

Steamer Day will soon be only a memory. Progressive San Francisco merchants now mail checks when accounts are due instead of keeping large sums of money on hand and waiting for a collector to call. It's a better, safer and far more convenient way.

The California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Extends an invitation to all San Francisco merchants—large or small—to open an account at its Home Office or most convenient branch. The Bank pays interest on checking accounts and treats its patrons with utmost courtesy.

HOME OFFICE

California and Montgomery Streets

West End Branch.....1531 Divisadero
Mission Branch.....927 Valencia
Uptown Branch.....1740 Fillmore near Sutter

Helping the Homeless

The Continental Building and Loan Association

Has helped build up several interior towns and cities of California but for the next few years its funds will be used to help restore the burned homes of San Francisco

Dr. Washington Dodge, President
Gavin McNab, Attorney
Wm. Corbin, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr.

Office: Corner Market and Church Streets

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS

Ready for business at 1165 O'FARRELL ST., bet. Franklin and Gough

Pianos Tuned, Repaired, Moved and Stored

SOHMER-CECILIAN PLAYER-PIANOS

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

It is announced that the wedding of Miss Elsa Lichtenberg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Lichtenberg, to Mr. Harry Disbrow Johnson, will take place on Wednesday afternoon, January 2, at 3 o'clock, at St. Paul's Church, San Rafael.

The wedding of Miss Katharine Powers, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. George Herman Powers, to Mr. Edward Russell Chapman took place on Wednesday at St. Paul's Church, San Rafael, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Nichols, assisted by the Rev. Ernest Bradley, rector of the parish. Miss Ruth Powers, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor and Miss Mary Foster, Miss Mabelle Toy, Miss Ida Wilhelm and Miss Grace Dollar were the bridesmaids. Mr. Allen Powers, the bride's brother, was the best man and the ushers were Mr. Wilberforce Williams, Mr. Spencer Bishop, Mr. W. J. Ward and Dr. Donald Smith. About 500 invitations were sent out to the ceremony but there was no reception afterwards. After their wedding journey Mr. and Mrs. Chapman will go to Detroit to make their future home.

Miss Jennie Crocker will be the hostess at a ball at "Uplands", her home at San Mateo, on Wednesday next, at which she will entertain a large number of guests. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear entertained at a dinner on Friday evening of last week at the home of Mrs. McNear's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, on California street. Miss Jennie Crocker was the guest of honor and sixteen guests were present.

Miss Helene Irwin will be formally presented as a debutante at a large tea to be given early in January by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, the date of which has not yet been decided upon. Mrs. Mary Prentice Huntington will entertain at a tea on New Year's day in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Huntington, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Brockway Metcalf.

The members of the Claremont Country Club will give a ball at their club house on New Year's eve, to which a large number of guests will be invited.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was the hostess at a theatre party recently at which her guests were: Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Miss Helene Irwin, and Count de la Rocca.

Mr. and Mrs. George Armsby entertained at a dinner on Friday of last week at the Palace Hotel. Their guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll, Miss Gertrude Jolliffe, Miss Armsby, Mr. Frothingham, and Mr. Raymond Armsby.

Mrs. Albert P. Niblack, the wife of Commander Niblack, U. S. N., entertained at a tea last week on board the U. S. S. Charleston, at Santa Barbara, in honor of Admiral and Mrs. Swinburne.

Mrs. Charles G. Lyman was the hostess at a luncheon at the Palace Hotel last week at which her guests were: Mrs. Charles Farquharson, Mrs. Bray, Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mrs. William Gerstle, Miss Castle and Miss Baldwin.

Mrs. Flora Louise Clement, of Washington, D. C., and Capt. Sidney A. Cloman,

military attache of the American Embassy at London, were married at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond, in Lakewood, N. J., on December 18, by the Rev. Dr. William Guthrie, of San Francisco. The bride was the widow of Victor Clement, a mining engineer, who made a fortune in South Africa. It was there that Mrs. Clement met Mr. and Mrs. Hammond. Capt. and Mrs. Cloman will sail Saturday for London. Capt. Cloman is to assume his duties as military attache of the embassy January 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Marye at their home in Washington entertained at dinner a number of friends last week, after the christening of Baby Helen Marye. She was baptised with water brought from the River Jordan by one of her godmothers. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Whittell, and Mrs. Austin Tubbs of San Francisco.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resume of movements to and from this city and Coast and of the whereabouts of absent Californians.

Mr. and Mrs. John I. Taylor (formerly Miss Daisy Van Ness), arrived last week from the East and will spend some time here as the guests of relatives.

Mrs. William S. Tevis spent several days last week here and at Burlingame, returning to her ranch at Bakersfield for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin, who have been in Paris for several weeks, are leaving there this month for a Mediterranean trip, going early in the new year to Egypt, where they will spend the rest of the winter.

Mrs. Henry M. Newhall and her family, and the Rev. Dr. J. A. O'Meara and Mrs. O'Meara (formerly Miss Alice Newhall), who have been in Europe for the past two years are at present in London, and will spend some time in England.

Miss Genevieve King, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Helene Irwin, and Miss Mary Keeney have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear at Menlo Park.

Miss Lily McCalla and Miss Alice Hoffman have spent the past week in Santa Barbara, with Miss McCalla's parents, Admiral and Mrs. McCalla. They were the guests of honor at a tea given by Mrs. McCalla on Wednesday last.

Mrs. Orestes Pierce and Miss Florence Dunham have recently arrived in Paris.

Dr. and Mrs. Harry M. Sherman and their family spent the Christmas holidays in Ross Valley, as the guests of Mrs. Sherman's mother, Mrs. Kittle.

Miss Mary Foster has returned to her home in San Rafael, after a visit in the East, of several weeks' duration.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, who has been travelling in Europe for the past few months, is at present in Italy.

Mrs. William P. Morgan and Miss Ella Morgan, have returned from their Eastern trip. Miss Morgan has recently been at Del Monte as the guest of Miss Flora Low.

Mrs. Camilo Martin has returned from a stay of several weeks in Riverside and is again at San Mateo, where she will spend the winter with her mother, Mrs. George Hyde.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Sherwood of Spokane are in the city for a visit.

Miss Mary Baily and Miss Helen Baily are at present at Camp McKinley, near Manila, with their brother, Dr. Howard Baily, U. S. A., where they expect to spend the winter.

Miss Elsie Tallant has returned from a visit to her aunt, Mrs. J. J. Brice, at the latter's home in Napa county.

Mrs. Deane and Miss Marie Rose Deane, who have been living in Berkeley for several months past, will come to San Francisco next month to remain until the spring.

Dr. and Mrs. Redmond Payne, who have been in Europe since the early summer, have arrived in New York, but will not return to California until February, as they will travel in the East.

Mrs. Wendell Simpson, the wife of Captain Simpson, U. S. A., went down last week to Santa Barbara, where she is visiting Captain and Mrs. James H. Bull.

Mr. Balfour Adamson returned last week from an Eastern trip.

Mr. Eugene Gallois has postponed his departure for Paris, to join Mrs. Gallois and Miss Jean Gallois, and will not leave for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Oddie, who have been East on a visit, have returned to California, but will leave shortly for their home in Tonapah.

Mr. Dixwell Davenport has arrived from the North and will spend several weeks here.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles de St. Maurice (formerly Miss Lattie Belle Goad), whose wedding took place early this month, spent their honeymoon at Del Monte.

Among the navy men in Los Angeles, for a few days last week, were Admiral Lyons, Captain J. H. Bull, and Lieutenants L. S. Lacy, and Henry O'Neil. Major J. H. H. Lesterne, U. S. A., was also visiting in Los Angeles last week.

On American Extravagance.

An aspect of American wealth that distressed Mr. H. G. Wells, is the showy extravagance and competitive spending by our smart set. He writes:

Before I came to America it was in his capacity as spender that I chiefly knew the American; as a person who had demoralized Regent Street and the Rue de Rivoli, who had taught the London cabman to demand "arf a dollar" for a shilling fare, who bought old books and old castles, and had driven the prices of old furniture to incredible altitudes, and was slowly transferring our incubus of artistic achievement to American soil. One of my friends in London is Mr. X., who owns those two houses full of fine "pieces" near the British Museum and keeps his honor unsullied in the most deleterious of trades. "They come to me," he said, "and ask me to buy for them. It's just buying. One of them wants to beat the silver of another, doesn't care what he pays. Another clamors for tapestry. They trust me as they trust a doctor. There's no understanding, no feeling. It's hard to treat them well."

And there is the story of Y., who is wise about pictures. "If you want a Botticelli that size, Mr. Record, I can't find it," he said; "you'll have to have it made for you."

These American spenders have got the whole world "beat" at the foolish game of collecting, and in all the peculiar delights of shopping they excel. And they are the crown and glory of hotel managers throughout the world.

They swarm in the pleasant places of the Riviera, they pervade Paris and Rome, they occupy Scotch castles and English estates, their motor-cars are terrible and wonderful. And the London Savoy Hotel still flaunts its memory of one splendid American night. The courtyard was flooded with water tinted an artistic blue—to the great discomfort of the practically inevitable gold-fish, and on this floated a dream of a gondola. And in the gondola the table was spread and served by the Savoy staff, mysteriously disguised in appropriate fancy costume. The whole thing—there's only two words for it—was "perfectly lovely." "The illusion" — whatever that was—we are assured, was complete. It wasn't a nursery treat, you know. The guests, I am told, were important grown-up people.

John T. Doyle, the prominent San Francisco lawyer, died at his home at Menlo Park December 23, of pneumonia, after two weeks' illness. Deceased was born of Irish parentage in New York City November 26, 1819. He was a graduate of Georgetown College, D. C., and of Columbia Law School. He practiced in New York until 1851, and came to California in the winter of 1852-53. In 1853 he recovered for the Archbishop of California the mission lands from the Mexican government. He also began to investigate the claim of the Catholics of California to money due from the Mexican government, known as the "pious fund," and in 1876 made a recovery of a large sum for the diocese of California. In 1902 he made a second recovery under an award from The Hague tribunal. He made his home in San Mateo County in 1866 at Menlo Park. In 1874 he was appointed trustee of the town of Menlo Park, and became the first president of the Board of Trustees. In 1877-78, under appointment, he served as Railroad Commissioner.

The New Zealand International Exhibition, now in progress, is the most important one ever held in Australasia. It covers fourteen acres, and the cost of the main buildings is estimated at \$500,000, though the entire expenditures before opening were probably three times that sum. All nations were invited to exhibit, and it is regretted that American manufacturers did not respond. The Standard Oil Company, through its New Zealand representatives, is the only American concern with an exhibit.

A new company capitalized at \$6,000,000 has been formed by John D. Spreckels, A. B. Spreckels, John D. Spreckels, Jr., William Clayton, and Harry L. Titus, with the avowed purpose of building a railroad from San Diego, California, to Yuma, Arizona, by way of the Imperial Valley. The articles of incorporation have been filed in San Diego, and the official title of the corporation is the San Diego and Arizona Railway Company.

Lieutenant Daniel Shean, U. S. A. and Mrs. Shean (formerly Miss Ursula Stone), are rejoicing in the arrival of a little son in their home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Huie, (formerly Miss Reis), are rejoicing in the advent of a little son in their home recently.

A pair of properly fitted glasses will chase away that headache.

HIRSCH & KAISER.

1757 Fillmore Street

Opticians

ARGONAUTS FOR OUR FILES.

We would be glad to have any of the following numbers from any disconnected copies of the *Argonaut* that our readers have and are willing to part with.

Numbers Required to Complete an Argonaut File.

Volume VI, 1880—Nos. 6, 13, 15, 17, 18, 22, 24, 26.

Volume VII, 1880—Nos. 3, 8, 14, 16, 19, 20, 23, 24.

Volume IX, 1881—Nos. 1, 3, 6, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 19, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25.

Volumes X and XI, 1882—All numbers. Volume XII, 1883—Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 14, 15, 16, 17, 24, 25, 26.

Volume XIII, 1883—All numbers. Volumes XIV and XV, 1884—All numbers.

Volume XVI, 1885—All numbers. Volume XVII, 1885—Nos. 1, 2.

Volume XX, 1887—Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16.

Volume XXI, 1887—Nos. 11, 13, 22, 23. Volume XXII, 1888—Nos. 3, 7, 11, 18, 25.

Volume XXIII, 1888—No. 3. Volume XXIV, 1889—No. 6.

Volume XXV, 1889—Nos. 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19.

Volume XXVI, 1890—Nos. 21, 23. Volume XXVII, 1890—No. 1.

Volume XXVIII, 1891—Nos. 1, 7. Volume XXIX, 1891—Nos. 8, 12, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, 22.

Volume XXX, 1892—Nos. 6, 20, 22, 24. Volume XXXI, 1892—Nos. 2, 3, 7.

Volume XXXII, 1893—No. 16.

J. S. DINKELSPIEL

Importer of

Diamonds, Precious Stones

1021 Van Ness Ave.

San Francisco, Cal.

Fine Set Pieces a Specialty

The Little Palace Hotel

corner of

Post and Leavenworth Sts.

IS

OPEN

The same excellence in cuisine and service that obtained in the Old Palace is duplicated in the new "Little Palace."

JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK
Manager

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Healthful cream of tartar, derived solely from grapes, refined to absolute purity, is the active principle of every pound of Royal Baking Powder.

Hence it is that Royal Baking Powder renders the food remarkable both for its fine flavor and healthfulness.

No alum, no phosphate—which are the principal elements of the so-called cheap baking powders and which are derived from bones, rock, and sulphuric acid.



THE STRONGEST
AND MOST ROBUST OF MEN AND
WOMEN OCCASIONALLY REQUIRE
A PURE TONICAL STIMULANT.
THE PURITY AND EXCELLENCE
OF

HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

MAKES ITS USE PREFERABLE
AT SUCH TIMES.



CHARLES M. REYNOLDS CO.,
Agents for California and Nevada,
912-914 Folsom St., San Francisco, Cal.

CLUBBING LIST FOR 1907.

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

American Magazine and Argonaut.....	\$ 4.25
Argosy and Argonaut.....	4.35
Atlantic Monthly and Argonaut.....	6.70
Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.20
Century and Argonaut.....	7.00
Commoner and Argonaut.....	4.10
Cosmopolitan and Argonaut.....	4.35
Criterion and Argonaut.....	4.35
Critic and Argonaut.....	5.10
Current Literature and Argonaut.....	5.90
English Illustrated Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.70
Forum and Argonaut.....	6.00
Harper's Bazaar and Argonaut.....	4.35
Harper's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.70
Harper's Weekly and Argonaut.....	6.70
House Beautiful and Argonaut.....	4.75
International Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.50
Judge and Argonaut.....	7.50
Leslie's Weekly and Argonaut.....	6.70
Life and Argonaut.....	7.75
Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.20
Littell's Living Age and Argonaut.....	9.00
Mexican Herald and Argonaut.....	10.50
Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.35
Nineteenth Century and Argonaut.....	7.25
North American Review and Argonaut.....	8.00
Out West and Argonaut.....	5.25
Overland Monthly and Argonaut.....	4.50
Political Science Quarterly and Argonaut.....	5.90
Puck and Argonaut.....	7.50
Review of Reviews and Argonaut.....	5.75
Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.50
Smart Set and Argonaut.....	6.00
St. Nicholas and Argonaut.....	6.00
Sunset and Argonaut.....	4.25
Theatre Magazine and Argonaut.....	5.75
Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut.....	4.25
Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) and Argonaut.....	4.50
Weekly New York Tribune, Weekly New York World, and Argonaut.....	5.25



Hotel del Coronado

A gem set in semi-tropical surroundings
Drvest marine climate known
No winter, but perpetual spring or early
summer.
Outdoor sports 365 days in the year
Golf, Polo, Tennis
Fishing, Boating, and Bathing
Choiceest cuisine of any hotel in the West
American plan only
All modern conveniences
All outside rooms
Send for illustrated booklet

MORCAN ROSS, Mgr., Coronado Beach Cal.
H. F. NORCROSS, General Agent
334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles

PERSONAL.

Army and Navy

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Admiral Henry W. Lyon, U. S. N., and Mrs. Lyon left last week for Santa Barbara, where they will spend a fortnight, going thence to Los Angeles to visit friends for a short time.

Colonel Charles H. Noble, U. S. A., retired, has upon the advice and consent of the Senate, been retired with the rank of brigadier-general.

Colonel George S. Anderson, U. S. A., who is one of the best-known and most popular officers of the army, and who has recently returned to the United States on the transport *Kirkpatrick*, via the Suez Canal, has been ordered as Chief of Staff of the Atlantic Division, with station at Governor's Island, New York.

Colonel William S. Patten, U. S. A., Chief Quartermaster of the Philippine Division, arrived here on Saturday last from Manila, on leave of absence.

Colonel John A. Lundeen, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., Commander of the Artillery District of San Francisco, and Captain LeVert Coleman, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., District Ordnance Officer, have returned from Fort Rosecrans, San Diego, where they went for an artillery inspection of the post, and to be present at the first artillery practice for the year 1906-7.

Lieutenant Colonel George H. Torney, deputy surgeon-general, U. S. A., is detailed as a member of the Army retiring board, appointed to meet at San Francisco, vice Lieutenant-Colonel Daniel M. Appel, deputy surgeon-general, U. S. A., relieved.

Captain Franklin J. Drake, U. S. N., is to be rear-admiral on the retired list from December 10, in accordance with a provision included in the Naval Appropriation Act approved June 29, 1906.

Civil Engineer Harry H. Rousseau, U. S. N., who has been stationed at Mare Island for some time, left last week for Washington, D. C., where he has been ordered to be Chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks, with the rank of rear-admiral.

Major Thomas Wilhelm, U. S. A., retired, on duty with the organized militia of the State of California, has been designated to make the annual inspection of the militia.

Major Zerach W. Torrey, Inspector General's Department, U. S. A., has returned from an inspection tour of the Presidio of Monterey, within the past fortnight.

Major John R. Lynch, assistant paymaster, Department of California, U. S. A., has been granted a brief leave of absence, which took effect on December 26.

Major Lewis H. Strother, Twenty-eighth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted four months' leave of absence, on a surgeon's certificate of disability, with permission to go beyond the sea.

Captain Patrick J. Hart, chaplain Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been promoted to be major.

Lieutenant Commander G. W. Brown, U. S. N., is detached from the *Pennsylvania* and ordered to the Naval Hospital, Mare Island, for treatment.

Lieutenant C. C. Fewel, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty at the Naval Training Station, San Francisco, on December 31.

Captain Peter W. Davison, Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., Fort McDowell, Angel Island, has been ordered to the Presidio of San Francisco.

Captain Henry H. Rutherford, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., who went East in charge of a detachment of insane, has returned to his station at the Presidio of San Francisco.

Lieutenant Guy B. G. Hanna, Artillery, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, has been granted leave of absence and has gone East.

Lieutenant Emory T. Smith, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted four months' leave of absence, to take effect on the date of the departure of the Ninth Infantry from the Philippine Division, with permission to return to the United States via the Suez Canal.

Lieutenant James P. Castleman, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been ordered to Oakland on official duties connected with court-martial business.

Lieutenant Charles Keller, Third Infantry, U. S. A., is granted three months' leave of absence, which took effect on December 15.

Lieutenant C. L. Foster, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., is assigned to duty at the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco.

Ensign S. M. Robinson, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Baltimore* and ordered to the Naval Hospital, Mare Island, for treatment.

Paymaster F. K. Perkins, U. S. N., has been detached from duty as pay officer of the U. S. T. S. *Pensacola*, Naval Training Station, San Francisco, and ordered to settle accounts and wait orders.

P. A. Paymaster J. S. Beecher, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty as pay officer

of the U. S. T. S. *Pensacola*, Naval Training Station, San Francisco, from December 31.

Lieutenant Adolf K. Berners, Philippine Scouts, U. S. A., who has been a patient at the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, has been ordered to proceed to Washington Barracks, D. C., Hospital, for observation and treatment.

Among the well-known officers of the army and navy who will be retired on account of the age limit during the year 1907 are: Rear Admiral Charles D. Sigbee, U. S. N., January 16; Rear Admiral George C. Reiter, U. S. N., July 6; Rear Admiral Henry W. Lyon, U. S. N. (now commandant of the Mare Island navy yard), November 8; Brigadier General Stephen P. Jocelyn, U. S. A. (now in command of the Department of the Columbia), March 1; Colonel William H. Heuer, U. S. A., March 2; Colonel Alfred C. Markley, Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A., April 18; Brigadier Constant Williams, U. S. A., May 25; Lieutenant Colonel Elijah W. Halford, Pay department, U. S. A.; and Colonel Edward S. Godfrey, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A.

The United States Fish Commission steamer *Albatross* arrived a few days ago from the Orient, where for six months the scientists on board have been engaged in oceanography and research in marine biology. The *Albatross* was nine days coming from Honolulu, at which port she arrived November 24 with her flag at half-mast as a tribute to the memory of her commander, who had been washed overboard and drowned three days before. The *Albatross* was in the vicinity of Perry Island either at the time or shortly after that latest peak of land poked its nose above the water.

Mr. and Mrs. Norris Davis are rejoicing in the advent of a daughter in their home.

Specially adapted to Asthmatics; always relieves, generally cures. Brooks' Homoeopathic Cough Syrup; 25c. at druggists.

A. Hirschman
Jeweler and Silversmith. Now at 1641 Van Ness Avenue, bet. California and Sacramento Streets.

The Christmas buying in San Francisco this year was even more remarkable than usual. Raphael Weill, of the White House, says that Saturday, December 15, was the banner day in the history of the establishment. It is estimated that between 25,000 and 30,000 people were in the store on that day.

Korn The Hatter
Now at 926 Van Ness Avenue Near Ellis Street

Dr. J. J. Henderson
Specialist for Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
1434 Post St., near Octavia.

HIND, ROLPH & CO.

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION

204-210 California Street Telephone Temporary 2540

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Pacific Coast Agents

Hebburn House Coal Gillingham Portland Cement

Golden State Limited

between

CALIFORNIA—CHICAGO

DAILY

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO 5:00 P. M.
ARRIVE CHICAGO 10:15 P. M.

ELECTRIC LIGHTED
OBSERVATION PARLOR CAR
BEST OF DINING SERVICE

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Husband—My dear Emily, why is it I am always in the wrong? **Wife**—Because I am always in the right.—*Quips*.
"Give me the lunch-basket, wifey. Don't you see we are sure to lose each other in this crowd?"—*Sketch*.
Elderly Coquette—I don't like this furniture. It isn't suitable for my style.
Dealer—What do you say to something antique.—*Life*.
"What are you in such a great hurry for?" "I am going to the funeral of my chief, and there is nothing he hates like unpunctuality!"—*Fly Leaves*.

A race of men who had never before seen a white man have been discovered in the arctic region. They will live to regret the incident.—*Mexican Herald*.

"But, captain, the most happy marriages are often made between people who are quite opposites." "That is the reason why I am looking out for a rich wife!"—*Dallas Post*.

"Do you intend to inaugurate any great reforms this year, Senator?" asked the beautiful girl. "No," replied the statesman. "My present term will not expire until 1909."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"And shall you carry out your plan of visiting Blue Grotto at Capri this year, Frau Lammer?" "Alas, no, Frau Spits: we are in mourning this summer, so we are going to the Black Forest."—*Figaro*.

She—What interested you most in your travels, major? **Major**—Well, the mummy of a queen I saw in Egypt. It's wonderful how they could make a woman dry up and stay that way.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

"How much postage will this require?" asked the young author. "It is one of my manuscripts." "Two cents an ounce," answered the post-office clerk. "That's first-class matter." "Oh, thank you!"—*Judge*.

American Tourist (suspiciously)—Say, guide, haven't we seen this room before? **Guide**—Oh, no, Monsieur. **Tourist**—Well, see here. We want to see everything, but we don't want to see anything twice!—*London Punch*.

The food-inspector's wife was looking over her husband's notebook. "George," she said, "how do you pronounce the last syllable of this word 'butterine'?" "The last syllable," the inspector answered, "is always silent."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

"Did your husband have any luck at the races?" asked the neighbor who comes looking for news. "Wonderful luck," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "He inadvertently put a twenty-dollar bill in his vest pocket and forgot to bet it."—*Washington Star*.

"Did ye get damages fer being in that railway accident, Bill?" "Sure: fifty dollars for me and fifty for the missus." "The missus? I didn't hear she was hurt." "She wasn't; but I had the presence o' mind to fetch her one on the head with me foot."—*Harper's Weekly*.

"Mamma, what's the use of putting all those things for the baby in that sterilizing machine?" "Why, Willie, so that no bad germs will enter his system." "That's what I thought. But I know an easier way." "What's that?" "Why, while you were out I sterilized the baby!"—*Life*.

First Clerk—Say, Bella, do you remember the swell fellow who used to come in every day last year, give us a good jolly, and buy candy for his grandmother? **Second Clerk**—Yes; he doesn't come any more. Is his grandmother dead?—**First Clerk**—No; he's married to her.—*Harper's Weekly*.

Automobilist (to another who has broken down)—Can I be of any assistance to you? **The Afflicted One** (under the machine)—Yes, sir. That lady you see is my wife. I'll be obliged if you will kindly answer her questions and keep her amused while I'm fixing this infernal machine.—*Woman's Home Companion*.

"Darling," said the bride, "I had a terrible feeling of sadness come over me this afternoon—a sort of feeling that you were doing something that would break my heart if I knew of it. Think, sweet, what were you doing, now, this afternoon at four o'clock?" "Dearest," replied the husband tenderly and reassuringly, "at that hour I was licking stamps and pasting them on envelopes."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

A Chicago gambler, whose first name was George, used to visit a Chinaman's establishment and smoke opium and gamble almost daily. One day he rushed into the place and said, excitedly: "Hip, loan me \$10. Thanks. I'll come in and pay you tomorrow noon, if I'm alive," and out he went with the money. About 3 o'clock the next afternoon a friend of the gambler dropped in on the Chinaman and said: "Hip, where is George today?" and the confiding Celestial wiped his eyes with the

corner of his blouse and replied: "George, him dead."—*The Earth*.

Patient (who has been overdoing it)—Well, tell me, doctor. Hoo many whus-kies may I tak' durin' the day? **Doctor**—Weel, ye maun be regular. Tak' ane afore yer breakfast, anither after; anither at eleven, anither at twelve; anither afore yer lunch, an' ane after; ane at four, ane at five, ane at six; ane afore yer dinner, ane wi't, an' anither after; ane at nine, ane at ten, an' syne ane when ye're in yer bed. But, mind, ye mauna keep on dram, dram, drammin' a' day.—*The Sketch*.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Revised.
Of modern philosophy
Here is a peep;
Beauty is oftentimes
Only clothes deep! —*Life*.

Dashing.

Once more will Peary dash
Once more the records smash;
Listen: He calls for cash.
Bravest of men,
Then, when the trip is made,
Frost-bit, but not afraid,
Beaten, but undismayed,
He'll call again. —*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Winter Miseries.

The furnace fire's started now
And trouble has begun.
For it is difficult to see
The whims of every one.
Elvira thinks it is too hot—
You know, she's rather stout—
While Eunice says, "I'm freezing cold!"
Don't let the fire out! —*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Maria wants the damper up
And Mildred wants it down.
Whichever way I fix the thing
I'm greeted with a frown.
Oh, I shall welcome with a whoop
The advent of the spring.
And when the winter is all gone
I'll cheer like everything! —*Somerville Journal*.

The Wise Man's Almanac.

They ain't no sense, as I kin see,
In mortals, sech es you an' me,
A-faultin' Nature's wise intents,
An' lockin' horns with Providence.
It ain't no use to grumble an' complain;
It's jest as cheap an' easy to rejoice;
When God sorts out the weather an' sends rain—
Why, rain's my choice! —*James Whitcomb Riley, in Technical World Magazine*.

It Was His Meat.

The ladies stopped a little boy whose legs were
briar-scratched,
And laughed to see the novel way his little pants
were patched.
"Why did they patch with white?" they asked.
"Why not with blue or red?"
The small boy scowled and touched the spot. "That
ain't no patch," he said. —*Dallas News*.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

Footpad (with revolver)—Hold up yer hands! **Victim**—You can go through me if you want to, but I'll be dad-dinged if I'm going to hold up my hand any more! I'm tired of doing it. You're the third since I left the lodge.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Any remedy that will relieve a teething baby or a feverish child is invaluable. Steedman's Soothing Powders have done this for fifty years

First Physician—Has he got an hereditary trouble? **Second Physician**—Yes. I hope to hand his case down to my son.—*Harper's Bazar*.

NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS.—You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the Springs, and the entire expense of the trip is \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

Goodyear Rubber Company
Have Returned to Their Old Home, Where They Were Located Before the Fire,
573-579 Market St., near Second
Tel. Temporary 1788

Press Clippings
Are money-makers for Contractors
Supply-houses, Business Men
and Corporations.
Allen's Press Clipping Bureau
Kohl Building

THE LATEST STYLES IN
Choice Woolens
H. S. Bridge & Co.
Merchant Tailors
1176 O'Farrell Street

THIRD STREET PROPERTY

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN

137½ Feet and Two Corners

\$75,000. MUST BE SOLD

Two 50 Varas

Vicinity North Point and Taylor Sts.

Fine Manufacturing Site or Lumber Yard

Particulars at office

GUY. T. WAYMAN

517 Market St.

REAL ESTATE

San Francisco

Steamship Lines

AMERICAN LINE

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON
Philadelphia... Dec. 29 | New York... Jan. 12
St. Paul... Jan. 5 | St. Louis... Jan. 19

Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool
Haverford... Dec. 29 | Merion... Jan. 19
Noordland... Jan. 5 | Haverford... Feb. 2

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE
NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT

Minnehaha... Dec. 29 | Minnetonka... Jan. 12
Mesaba... Jan. 5 | Minneapolis... Jan. 26

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE
Sailings Wednesdays as per sailing list.
Potsdam... Jan. 2, 6 a m | Statendam Feb. 20, 10 a m
Ryndam... Jan. 23, noon | Ryndam, Feb. 27, 5 a m
Potsdam, Feb. 6, 10 a m | Noordam, Mar. 6, 10 a m

RED STAR LINE

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS
Zeeland... Dec. 26 | Vaderland... Jan. 9
Kroonland... Jan. 2 | Finland... Jan. 16

WHITE STAR LINE

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.
Majestic... Dec. 26 | Majestic... Jan. 23
Oceanic... Jan. 2 | Teutonic... Feb. 6
Teutonic... Jan. 9 | Baltic... Feb. 13

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Cymric... Jan. 19, Feb. 23, Mar. 30
To the Mediterranean and Egypt, via Azores

FROM NEW YORK

Cedric... Jan. 5, 9:30 a m, Feb. 16
Celtic... Jan. 19, 9:30 a m, March 2 (21,000 Tons
Cretic... Mar. 30, noon, May 9, June 20

FROM BOSTON

Canopic... Jan. 12, 8:30 a m, Feb. 23
Republic... Feb. 2, 1 p m, March 16
G. U. KOEPEL, Pass. Agt. Pacific Coast.
Room 207 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

ORIENTAL S. S. Co. have opened their general
offices at 217-221 Brannan Street
SAN FRANCISCO

S. S. Nippon Maru (Calls at Manila) Dec. 28, 1906
S. S. Hong Kong Maru (Calls at Manila) Jan. 24, 1907
S. S. America Maru Feb. 13, 1907

Steamers will leave wharf, corner First and Brannan streets 1 p. m., for Yokobama and Hongkong, calling at Honolulu, Kohe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamer for Manila, India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Sts. W. H. AVERY, Assistant General Manager.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER
A Positive Relief
PRICKLY HEAT,
CHAFING, and
SUNBURN,
and all skin
Removes all odor of perspiration
Keeps the skin soft and smooth
Sold everywhere, or
by mail on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original) Sample Free.
GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, New York, N. Y.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co.

OF HARTFORD
ESTABLISHED 1850
Cash Capital... \$1,000,000.00
Cash Assets... 5,340,136.94
Surplus to Policy-Holders... 2,414,921.16
Benjamin J. Smith
Manager Pacific Department:
525 THIRTEENTH ST., OAKLAND
San Francisco Office:
2310 CALIFORNIA STREET

Bonestell, Richardson & Co.

Have Plenty of Every Kind of
PAPER
Phone Temporary 1273
473 TO 475 SIXTH STREET
San Francisco

For YOUR

BREAKFAST

GERMEA

At All Grocers

The Johnson-Locke Mercantile Co.

AGENTS

SAN FRANCISCO

Mt. Tamalpais Railway

Via Sausalito Ferry—Foot of Market St.

Lv. San Francisco	W'kday	Sun.	Leave Tamalpais	Sun.	W'kday
8:25 A	9:50 A	11:00 A	10:40 A	1:05 P	
1:45 P	1:45 P	3:15 P	1:05 P	2:30 P	4:30 P
4:35 P			4:30 P	5:45 P	9:30 P

Legal Holidays, Sunday Time

TICKET OFFICE AT SAUSALITO FERRY

Thos. Cook & Son

Now Located
1168 Broadway, Oakland
And North Nave, Ferry Building
San Francisco

REMOVAL NOTICE

JOHN G. ILS & CO.

Beg to announce their removal to their permanent store

827-829 MISSION STREET

Between Fourth and Fifth Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

OUR SPECIALTIES:

HIGH GRADE FRENCH RANGES AND BROILERS
BAKERY AND KITCHEN SUPPLIES

